

# **Bobby Cam**

**Howard Beck**

Bobby was in the Emilio's Italian restaurant's restroom at the sink washing his hands, when out of the corner of his eye he saw the glint of a revolver slowly coming in from the restroom door, he quickly moved to the left and turned and slammed his body into the door to close it, but to no avail, the man with the gun pushed him aside and started to fight with him, Bobby tried to get the gun away, but it went off, striking Bobby in the upper left shoulder, missing his organs and doing a through and through. The assailant dropped the gun and dashed out of the restroom, leaving Bobby on the floor bleeding. Bobby's girlfriend Carol heard the shot and came running into the restroom finding Bobby bleeding, quickly calling 9-1-1.

Bobby was conscious and talking to Carol for the 2 minutes before EMT's showed up and assisted in stabilizing Bobby's vitals. Good thing he saw what was coming and reacted quickly, this could have turned out worst than it was.

Two months later, Bobby was healthy and back to work.

Bobby was temporarily assigned to the Hollywood Division Detective Squad that's why he received the text, a murder in "the hills".

He was just finishing up on an incident at the Mondrian Los Angeles, a misunderstanding between two wannabe actresses and management about paying of the bill. He settled the dispute between the parties and was finishing up his report when his phone lit up.

It was just a normal partly sunny day in L.A. Fog coming from Long Beach to Downtown making its way up the basin to his little part of heaven.

He was fine with driving the twisted roads north of Sunset Blvd to the address texted on his Galaxy 3K, it was still early, just after 11, he could check out the scene of the crime and still make it over to Emilio's on Santa Monica to meet with his girlfriend Carol for happy hour.

The squad car assigned to him today was an old Audi R8, all the other squad cars were signed out, he lucked out today, this was a cool ride, lots of power and still in great shape. He had fun taking the R8 a little faster around the couple of curves of Sunset Plaza Dr. until it straightened out on Rising Glen Rd.

Traffic was pretty light, but then again the hills weren't really a big travel destination. The main freeways of LA were clogged as usual at this hour, but the hills above Sunset were residential and the only people using them were landscapers and repairmen taking care of the expensive homes overlooking the city.

Bobby, thought someday, he'd like to buy a place up here and retire in luxury, but with his salary, that was just a pipe dream, no way could he afford a place in the hills. Bobby turned his vehicle onto Blue Jay Way from Thrasher Ave. to where the murders took place, a one lane type of road, well, it was a two lane street, but with all the repair trucks and equipment, you could only get your car through the narrow uphill street to the 1500 block.

The home was similar to the other homes around it, costing in the millions, nothing standing out to make it cause any concern about what might have happened. Looking at it from the outside, this could be a domestic thing, he thought. Maybe the owners were having an argument and it got out of hand. He wasn't sure and just speculating. Not very professional he mused to himself, but he had other things on his mind, like happy hour with Carol.

He parked his car about a half a block away, the closest spot he could and walked back to the scene of the crime. Caution tape surrounded the exterior of the driveway with only one squad car on scene, the coroner hadn't even arrived yet.

Officer Tommy Jones was standing outside the residence of the "alleged murder".

Bobby waved, " 'Sup?"

Tommy smiled, "Oh you know, Tuesday."

"Oh yeah, know it all too well." Bobby said reaching out with his hand to shake Tommy's. "Been awhile."

"Yep, sure has, a couple of years." Tommy agreed.

"Yeah, about that, been working out of Pacific Division." Bobby said.

"PD, that's why you have the R8?" Tommy asked nodding to the Audi Bobby drove up in.

"No, they can't afford a R8 in Culver, that's totally Hollywood man." Bobby said with a chuckle. "And besides, it was the only car available today, which I don't mind."

"What year is that, pretty loud engine?" Tommy asked.

"I think it's 2014, a relic." They laughed.

"Yeah, well, I'd like a relic like that!" Tommy joked.

"Well, time's a ticking, better go in and check out the scene."

"Okay, Bobby, doors open."

The house was in really good shape, nothing out of the ordinary, except for the two bodies in the living room covered in blood.

Bobby could make out a male, young around 20 and a female also young around the same age. No one else was in the house, so Bobby looked around the living room quickly and then moved closer to the bodies, blood was dry around the pair, spreading a few feet from their bodies. They both were covered in dry blood, on their backs, eyes open, mouths agape and fully clothed. It didn't look like a murder suicide or a sex crime or any other random murder. It did look like a calculated and thoughtful and willful premeditated crime. From the gashes, possibly a machete of some sort, brutal, but controlled, possibly a drug deal gone bad or cartel. It was a pretty expensive house, and these kids couldn't afford it unless they were dealers or rich kids, which was a possibility.

Bobby looked in all the rooms, slipped out back to the patio and pool area and quickly looked at the view, LA was still foggy, but the sun was peeking through making the view stunning. Bobby went back into the house and did a once over of the crime scene again and headed out the front door.

"So Tommy, anyone else been in the house since you've been here?" Bobby asked lighting a cigarette offering one to Tommy.

Tommy nodded and accepted the smoke, "Nope, just me."

They both lit up and Bobby looked back to the house. "Pretty gruesome." Bobby took a long drag on his cig, "Looks like someone wanted them dead and wanted to send a message."

"It's not all rainbows and palm trees, Bobby, but that's my take too, pretty much a cut and dry." Tommy agreed. "But you know, no one heard anything."

"How do you know?" Bobby asked.

"Well, no neighbors out here asking questions." Tommy puffed away and took a last drag before dropping the half smoked cigarette on the driveway. "not even with my squad car and lights on."

Bobby gave a small laugh, "Yeah, that's weird."

"So, I'm thinking this happened early last night." Tommy continued to give his take on the scene. "Because the blood was dry and they sort of smell a bit."

"You know, I'm really off today, I didn't even check the bodies for temps." Bobby dropped his filter on the driveway, he liked smoking them down to the end, they're expensive, you can't waste them.

"Well, the coroner should be here soon. We'll find out then." Tommy said to Bobby.

Just then the coroner's van slowly crawled up the hill and parked near Tommy's squad car.

"Speak of the devil, well, I still have a few hours to kill, I'll just hang around here and see what the doc has to say." Bobby reached for another cigarette, offered one to Tommy, who declined.

"Naw, one a day is all my wife will let me have, but thanks." Tommy side stepped Bobby to make way for the coroner to pass.

"How you guys doing?" Dr. Johnson asked as he walked pass.

"Doing good, can't wait to hear your verdict." Bobby said.

"You know, those things will kill ya," Doc Johnson said grinning. "mind if I have one after I'm done?"

"No prob, I need to get a new pack soon anyways." Bobby laughed.

Dr. Johnson continued into the house to work. Tommy bumped Bobby's arm with his hand.

"Hey you know what, I have a couple folding chairs in the back of my trunk, if you want to sit and wait for the doc." Tommy offered.

"Sure, he might be here a while." Bobby replied.

Tommy went to his squad car opened the trunk, gathered up two chairs and set them down open for the both of them.

"I might go for another cigarette if the offer is still there." Tommy said smiling.

"Sure, no problem, less cancer for me." Bobby laughed.

"So, Bobby, since we have some time, tell me something about yourself, I really don't know you that well. I just really see you around."

"Well, I'm from Seal Beach..." Bobby started. Tommy interrupted him, "A native?"

"No, originally from Vegas."

"Vegas, Wow!" Tommy was taken aback, "You don't look Vegas."

Bobby laughed, "Well, the folks were from Texas originally, El Paso."

"El Paso?, so your name, Bobby Cam is not your real name?" Tommy asked hinting at Bobby's complexion.

"No, birth name was Roberto Camarillo." Bobby replied. "I just shortened it when I got here. You know, how Californians like to make everything a syllable or less." They both laughed.

"Yeah, my folks are from Laguna Beach, that's the way they talk, beach lingo, cutting every syllable to one. Yo, brah, wat up?"

They laughed and rolled their eyes, thinking Californians.

"So, born and bred here in SoCal?" Bobby asked.

"Yep, never been anywhere else." Tommy said placing his two fingers to his lips.

"Oh, right, that cig, forgot." Bobby drop his cigarette butt on the driveway, stomped it out and reached for his pack, brought out two and handed one to Tommy, and lit them up.

The coroner was in the house for about 30 minutes when he came out, Bobby quickly brought out his cigarettes and offered one to the doc.

"Here ya go." Bobby waved the cig to the doc as he was approaching.

"Thanks man." Doc Johnson took the cigarette and Bobby lit him up. "I don't get too many of these, but sometimes, you just gotta live a little, before you die, am I right?"

They all laughed. It wasn't like they took the murder scene lightly, it was just their job five or more days a week, and crime scenes are just like going to the grocery store to these guys.

"I'll call a wagon to pick up the bodies, prelim is they died last night, about 8ish. Looks like they were killed while drugged. No struggling, just laid out and hacked up. I'll have to test for drugs in their systems when I get back to the office, sorry morgue."

Tommy and Bobby thanked the doc for the intel.

"Well, I'm off to another death scene, something normal, like natural causes over in Glendale, "catch you guys later!"

"Thanks doc!" Bobby said.

"You need to get back in there and look around more Bobby?" Tommy asked, getting up from his chair to secure the front door of the house.

"Nope, I'm cool, aces and eights!" Bobby replied. It was almost 1, he had to get going if he wanted to get to Santa Monica and Westwood before happy hour, and he just might make it if he left now.

## **Chapter 2**

Emilio's was on Santa Monica and Bundy, but Bobby wanted to have some fun before meeting up with Carol for their usual happy hour get together somewhere in the basin, this time, driving up Sunset to PCH and down to Santa Monica was what the doctor ordered, just to free his mind and do a fun drive through the twisty road through Pacific Palisades and hit the beach. The R8 handled really well in the curves pass Will Rogers Park, and zooming up the hill to Brentwood was a breeze for the Audi. Damn good car, Bobby thought coming out of turn and slamming on the brakes before hitting the car in front of him stopped at the red light.

"Fuck!" he half whispered and shocked.

"Boy, gotta watch what I'm doing or I'll miss happy hour."

He sat at the light behind the foreign made sports car in front of him, he casually looked at it while waiting, good thing he didn't hit it or his premiums would go up on the insurance, don't want the department's insurance rates blossom more than his pay hikes. The foreign car was a bright yellow Lamborghini, brand new from what he could tell. He'd hate to dent that baby.

## **Chapter 3**

Vrayler just set up his station at Raytheon Industries doing research analysis on a secret project his supervisor just put him on. Just about an hour into his shift, he accidentally pricked his index finger with the syringe and thought nothing of it.

Later that day he started hearing voices and seeing visions and feeling angry.

Blackout while awake, he found himself in a room of dead bodies and blood everywhere, but his anger subsided.

TO BE CONTINUED....WORK IN PROGRESS.