

Da Vinci's Inquest 1/3 (Dena)

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She

Yeah, that's Brad's phone.

He

Okay. Would you like anything? We could go upstairs, it might be more comfortable for you.

She

I can't walk just yet.

He

Okay. That's okay. We can talk here.

She

He was just talking about quitting.

He

Why was that?

She

They just last month took the tent down around it...

He

The tent.

She

We had mold. From the leaks.

He

So the whole building got renovated.

She

Yeah, the walls, the roof, and Brad, he felt responsible, you know? He wasn't, of course, but he's the one that people see, he's the face people complain to and he'd take it all on himself... I'm sorry. I'm rambling.

He

That's alright. I ramble too. Your husband was working on the garage gate this morning, is that right?

She

Yeah, third time this month.

He

He was having some problems with the wands not working?

She

Sometimes it was that. It was just, it was a finicky gate, he said.

He

Why wouldn't he just call the maintenance guy?

She

It was an emergency, people needed to get their cars out.

He

One of the tenants said he saw Brad arguing with a Mr. Cooney down here this morning.

She

Oh, that's perfect. That would be a wonderful way to start his day.

He

Your husband had problems with Mr. Cooney before?

She

Yeah, off and on. What were they arguing about this time?

He

I haven't had the chance to talk with him yet.

She

There was always something.

He

Okay. Have you got anybody you want us to call?

She

That's okay. I'll call his family later.

He

I meant somebody for yourself.

She

Brad was the person I'd call for myself. I'm just gonna sit here for a while, if that's okay.

He

Okay, you need anything you ask the officer here.