

2022-2023
Rhode Island Mock Trial Tournament

State of Rhode Island

v.

Joey Cards



Presented by:

Rhode Island Legal Education Foundation (RILEF)

www.rilef.org

INTRODUCTION

This introduction is of no legal consequence in terms of the trial and is not admissible for impeachment purposes or for any other purpose.

It is a cold and blustery night. Al Plunket is Anchor's local loan shark and has built a good business for himself and his family. One of Al's "clients," Joey Cards, is called by Al to meet him on the top level of Anchor Parking Garage on the night of January 28, 2022 to repay an overdue loan. Al is accompanied by his younger sibling, Rory Plunket, to the meeting. They drive into the garage in Al's custom 1967 Golden Anniversary Ford Anglia and park on the top level. While Al goes to talk to Joey, Rory stays in the car to stay warm. The meeting but quickly turns violent. Al and Joey argue and then fight over a gun. Before it's over, both Al and Joey wind up back down at the ground level of the garage; Joey by way of the south stairwell and Al with the help of gravity. Al was pushed over the edge to his death. Just before being pushed, Al was shot with his own gun. The gun was tossed over the edge with Al. Joey claims someone else was the pusher, that s/he was at the door to the stairwell across the deck when s/he heard and saw someone else arguing with Al before he was pushed over the edge. Joey says that it could have been one of Al's crew. Al's crew leader, Jesse Williams, was at the movies that night. Rory claims that s/he saw Joey do the deed then run to the stairwell. Lt. Honor Mayfield investigates the scene and comes to the conclusion that Joey is the murderer. Devan Johnson, a retired Baltimore detective, lives in the apartment across the street from the garage. From Devan's windows, s/he has a bird's eye view of the top level of the garage and has witnessed previous meetings between Al and his clients. Devan sees the push occur and says the pusher does not look like Joey. Leslie McCloud is the parking garage attendant at the main entrance of the garage who saw both Al and Joey enter the garage and later Al fall to the driveway below. Leslie saw Joey and another person exit the stairwells after Al fell. If it wasn't Joey, could Leslie and Devan have seen the real pusher? The question becomes, "Who killed Al?" January 28, 2022 was a cold and blustery night. And the temperature wasn't the only thing falling in Anchor that evening.

DISCLAIMER: The Rhode Island Legal Education Foundation (RILEF) would like to remind the teams that this problem is a problem created for the educational and competition needs for the Rhode Island High School and Middle School Mock Trial Tournaments and, as such, is a work of fiction. Portions of this year's problem dealing with forensics collection and analysis have been simplified to fit the limits of the mock trial time constraints and the confines of a scripted problem. Neither this problem, nor any previous problems, should be taken as an accurate reflection of police practices or forensic capability. This case is a work of fiction. **NOTE:** All characters appearing in this work are fictitious. Any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

The 2022-2023 Rhode Island High School and Middle School Mock Trial case, *State of Rhode Island v. Joey Cards*, has been adapted from the 2014 Georgia High School Mock Trial case, *State of Georgia v. Sam/Samantha Pyke* and the 2018 State of Mississippi High School Mock Trial case, *State of Mississippi v. Sam/Samantha Snape*. RILEF would like to thank Georgia and Mississippi for making this case available.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND
PROVIDENCE, SC.

SUPERIOR COURT

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND

v.

P1-2022-0411AG

JOEY CARDS

INDICTMENT

The Providence County Grand Jury of the State of Rhode Island charges:

COUNT 1
MURDER

That JOEY CARDS, alias John/Jane Doe, of Providence County, on or about the 28th day of January, 2022 in the City of Anchor, in the County of Providence, did murder Al Plunket, in violation of §§ 11-23-1 and 11-23-2 of the General Laws of Rhode Island, 1956m as amended (Reenactment of 2002).

COUNT 2
FELONY ASSAULT

That JOEY CARDS, alias John/Jane Doe, of Providence County, on or about the 28th day of January, 2022, in the City of Anchor, in the County of Providence, did assault Al Plunket with a dangerous weapon, to wit: a .32 caliber Bersa semi-automatic pistol, in violation of § 11-5-2 of the General Laws of Rhode Island, 1956, as amended (Reenactment of 2002).

COUNT 4
USING A FIREARM WHILE COMMITTING A CRIME OF VIOLENCE

That JOEY CARDS, alias John/Jane Doe, of Providence County, on or about the 28th day of January, 2022, in the City of Anchor, in the County of Providence, did use a firearm, to wit: a .32 caliber Bersa semi-automatic pistol, while committing a crime of violence, to wit, murder, in violation of § 11-47-3.2(a) of the General Laws of Rhode Island, 1956, as amended (Reenactment of 2002).

COUNT 5
USING A FIREARM WHILE COMMITTING A CRIME OF VIOLENCE

That JOEY CARDS, alias John/Jane Doe, of Providence County, on or about the 28th day of January, 2022, in the City of Anchor, in the County of Providence, did use a firearm, to wit: a .32 caliber Bersa semi-automatic pistol, while committing a crime of violence, to wit, felony assault with a dangerous weapon on Al Plunket in violation of § 11-47-3.2(a) of the General Laws of Rhode Island, 1956, as amended (Reenactment of 2002).

COUNT 6
ASSAULT AND BATTERY

That JOEY CARDS, alias John/Jane Doe, of Providence County, on or about the 28th day of January, 2022, in the City of Anchor, in the County of Providence, did assault Al Plunket in violation of § 11-5-3 of the General Laws of Rhode Island, 1956, as amended (Reenactment of 2002).

IMA B. GOODE
Special Assistant Attorney General

A TRUE BILL

FOREPERSON
PROVIDENCE COUNTY GRAND JURY

Stipulations

1. All records have been properly subpoenaed.
2. Al Plunket died as a result of falling off of the Anchor Parking Garage.
3. The view from Devan Johnson's apartment is exactly as depicted in Exhibit 25.
4. Exhibit 17 – Map of Anchor Parking Garage is an accurate and proportional depiction of the scene on January 28, 2022.
5. Each witness in this case has waived and agreed not to assert his or her federal and state constitutional rights against self-incrimination.
6. All exhibits are what they purport to be and are considered to be self-authenticating.
7. The coroner's report found that the cause of death of Al Plunket was blunt force trauma, and the manner of death was undetermined.

STATEMENT OF JESSE WILLIAMS

My name is Jesse Williams. Most people near Anchor know me from my rebellious days as: "Fighting Ferret." It's even written on the front of my old bomber jacket. I was a WBO regional champion welterweight boxer before my manager had me take that fall back in '03. I realized that money really did make the world go round, y'know? I mean, I coulda been a contender. Now I can't even get a pick-up fight in the local gym. Well, to say I fell on hard times after that would be fair, I guess. I admit I went to a dark place, and I did have some contact with the so-called "justice" system. I got picked up for carrying a concealed weapon. I always had to have a piece on me because everyone wanted to try me. Not that I can't handle myself with my fists, but people back down a lot faster when they see that gun. And there was that conviction for drugs. That was when I was still trying to make a comeback. Thought steroids could solve my problems in the ring. Shoulda known the same people who made me take that fall would want to keep me down. Can't trust anyone anymore. Except Al Plunket. I met Al back in my fighting days. He went to all the local fights and was always in my corner, if you know what I mean. When I started to travel around, Al made some of those fights, too. Of course, Al was a busy man, had a lot of business going on. I didn't really understand a lot of it, still don't. But when I was down, Al gave me work. True, I owed him for the loans he gave me to get the steroids, but I've paid that debt off a hundred times by now. Al said he needed me. Ya see, a lotta folks would touch Al up for money, some for a little, some for a lot. And some of them just didn't like to pay up when the loan came due, so they needed a little encouragement. That's where I came in. When you've been a fighter, you know a little trash talk can go a long way. Of course, some people needed a little more physical motivation, if ya know what I mean, but there weren't a lot of them. Joey Cards was definitely one of our problem children. Cards owed Al a lot and kept borrowing more. Cards was always making promises to pay, claiming that s/he would make enough off his/her next deal to pay Al back. They had been going back and forth about finally settling Cards' account. S/He tried the whole "my momma's sick!" bit on Al, but he didn't buy it. We did think it was pretty pathetic, if not funny, though. Anyhow, Cards kept claiming that party drugs like Ecstasy would make a comeback. Man, even the night Al was killed, Joey said s/he would make a killing on 'X' at that Ondara concert. That's why Al said he would meet Joey at the parking deck. Al didn't want Joey to have an opportunity to spend the money s/he got at the concert before s/he paid Al back. I had heard through the grapevine that Joey had a little bit of a party habit, too, so Al didn't want him/her blowing his/her stash. I've known Joey for a while. Back when I thought the steroids were going to help me, Joey was just in high school, but s/he was already known in the community, so to speak. I never finished high school myself, but everybody knew s/he was the drug connection at Anchor County High. Of course, s/he was only selling then. It was later, when s/he started using, that his/her business went bad. That's when s/he got in with Al. Joey used to pay Al back pretty regularly, but in the last year or so, it got out of hand. Me or Arty Monahan, one of the guys in the crew, would go with Al to these meetings. Arty was a real muscle-bound dude who liked to look the part and wear dark sunglasses all the time. A bit too flashy if you ask me. We'd usually hang out by the elevator shaft while we were waiting, out of the wind. Sometimes it'd be a while waiting for the client to get there (Al hated people showing up late), so I'd take a smoke or two to pass the time. We'd probably meet clients up there a few, three times a week. Normally at a meeting like this, Al would play it kinda quiet and calm: like nothing Joey said could change his mind. My job was to let the client know the consequences if s/he didn't follow through. It's not too hard, really. I usually carry my Glock and some extra demonstrative aids, so to speak. Brass knuckles, knives, you know, that kind of thing. Arty liked the traditional baseball bat approach usually. I really felt like I should go with Al on this Joey thing. At an earlier meeting, Cards went all crazy on Al saying, "You ain't so tough by yourself, are you Al? If you didn't have them goons around, I'd take care of you all by myself!" Al didn't like being showed up like that and said, "Next time, I'll leave them at home, how

about that?" I don't get scared by anybody, but Cards going off like that and threatening Al did worry me a bit. Cards could be a problem, particularly if s/he was high, but Al said he would be fine this time. Said he was bringing his "little friend," and I know he didn't mean Rosco. Al always had a .32 with him. Said anything bigger would be too big for his hands. Al really didn't know too much about guns, though. In fact, he usually had me load the .32 for him. I always gave Al a full clip since he wasn't a really great shot. Anyway, when he said he was taking the gun, I figured Al would be OK. I feel bad that I wasn't there for him. I was with Al the afternoon before he was killed. Al was kind of making it up to me, since he had been forced to get a little rough with my cousin, Lucius "Lucky" Williams. I hadn't been part of that. Al felt like I would have a conflict, and I did feel bad. Lucky's kid had some physical problems and the medical bills had just gotten out of control. Lucky had gotten in deep with Al, and wasn't paying, since construction work has been slow. The winter weather we were having wasn't helping Lucky get jobs, so Al had to get one of the other guys/gals onto Lucky. I could tell Al felt bad. I think that's why he gave me the night off. I left Al's place around 7:00 PM, and I never saw him alive again. I feel really bad that I was at that re-make of Flatliners at the Anchor Place Mall movie theater across town when Al was killed. The show started at 7:30, so it must have been right in the middle of that thing with the hitchhiker. The movie wasn't that great, the original is much better, but the effects were pretty realistic. With Al gone, there's still a whole lot of people out there that still have unsettled accounts. That isn't the kind of transition that you handle in a will, ya know? It just isn't right that so many deadbeats would end up profiting from Al's death. So, in honor of Al, I am going to see about settling those accounts. Who knows? With all that capital, this may be the start of something big. Lt. Mayfield found me Sunday evening and asked me all sorts of questions about Al and Cards' "relationship." I had heard that Cards had been arrested already for Al's murder, and I was more than happy to help our fine friends in law enforcement put a murderer behind bars. I told him all I knew about the debt and meeting and the past they had. Mayfield was really interested in Cards' threat towards Al and kept saying "Uh huh, makes sense" every now and then throughout the whole talk. I was happy to help catch that scumbag. Towards the end, Mayfield asked me where I was Saturday night and I told him/her about the movie. I gave him/her my movie ticket stub; I don't know how the cops lost it. I guess they figured I coulda been a suspect, even though Joey is clearly the culprit. Anyway, I don't have a credit card receipt or anything. Al always paid in cash, and I don't trust banks. Besides, cards leave a trail. Al was really the only friend I had, so I had no reason to hurt him. I'm really sad that he's gone.

SIGNED AND SWORN to me at 2:45 p.m. January 31, 2022.

/s/ Jesse Williams

Jesse Williams

Notary Public:

STATEMENT OF RORY PLUNKET

My name is Rory Plunket, and I am 17 years old. I will graduate from Anchor High School in May, 2022. I have been accepted to the University of Rhode Island and will be moving to Narragansett in August. I plan to attend the Veterinary School there and come back to Anchor and open my own Veterinarian Hospital. I love animals and have been doctoring animals since I was a little kid. Al was my brother. You're probably thinking "They're related?" Yeah, I know but that's what happens when you're adopted. My birth mom gave me up for adoption when I was a few months old, and I got adopted by the Plunkets. My mom is the only mom I've ever known, and that makes Al my brother. Al is 15 years older than me; I mean was 15 years older than me. I can't believe he is dead. Everybody thinks Al was such a bad guy, but the Al I knew was never anything less than kind and caring. When Al graduated from high school, he started his own loan sharking business. Al's old friend, Jesse Williams, helped Al with collections. Al claimed he was doing people in need a favor by loaning them money and that he never really hurt anyone who couldn't pay him back. Al said he would just scare them really good. He showed me the gun he carried around for show. I think it is a .32 or something like that. Al said he had to do that so people would respect his authority and make an effort to repay the loan. Al made good money loan sharking. Al helped Mom pay off our house, paid for me to go to private school, and even set up a college fund for me. Al bought himself a really nice ride too – a completely loaded 1967 Golden Anniversary Ford Anglia. It was in mint condition and Al had the motor all souped up so it would really roll – some might even say fly. Al paid me a weekly allowance to keep the car cleaned up and waxed. It was really cold outside the night that drug dealer Joey Cards killed Al. I was wearing denim jeans, a gray sweatshirt and a navy blue knit toboggan. Al and I were on the way to the Ondara concert. Al was dressed in his "casual business" attire, always wanting to keep up his image. He wanted to show off his new, good Oxford shoes and made sure to grab his favorite Burberry scarf for the cold. He always looked nice, no matter where he went. Our dog Rosco was in the back seat because he went everywhere with us. Rosco kept people away from Al's car. Rosco would bark up a storm if anyone came near the car. That night when we pulled into the parking garage Rosco was curled up under a dark blanket on the back seat. Al let me drive that night. I was thrilled because he rarely let me drive. And I had never been on a work call with him – Mom strictly forbade me from participating in Al's line of work. I didn't even know Al planned to do some work before the concert until we got to the garage. Al said, "Drive on up to the top level. I have a little business to take care of with Joey." Since I did not want to complain about getting to the show late because I wanted to go to the concert, I did exactly what Al said. We were going to miss the opening act, but it was Nickelback so it didn't matter that much. I pulled into the garage, paid the attendant, got a parking ticket, and drove to the 9th floor. I noticed it was pretty dark up there. I drove around and backed into a space in the middle of the deck between the stairwells. Up there in the open air, it was freezing cold with the wind blowing around so Al told me to leave the car running and windows up. He also told me to not look out the windows and keep the music playing while he was out there. A minute later, I saw someone walk out of the stairwell up the ramp to our left and wait. It was Joey Cards. She/he/they was wearing a big thick coat – almost like a robe – with the hood pulled up and dark jeans. Al reminded me to keep inside before he got out of the car, walked that way, and disappeared into the darkness. I tried to do exactly what Al told me because I didn't want Mom to know I was with Al on a business call. But after a couple of minutes I heard a loud bang – it sounded like a gunshot. So I rolled down my window and stuck my head out. I heard Al scream and saw Al wrestling around with Joey Cards,

arms and legs flailing all over the place. Al's scarf went flying. It was hard to see what they were fighting about since it was kind of dark up there and they were moving around so much. Then Joey Cards started pushing Al backwards. Al's feet were skidding... it must have been his new shoes being slick on the bottoms because Al couldn't seem to get any traction to stop, let alone push back. By the time Al hit the wall, Joey used that kind of momentum to hurl Al backwards over the garage wall. It all seemed to be happening in slow motion. I couldn't believe my eyes! After Al went over the wall, I heard a loud crack below. Then Joey looked over the wall, turned and ran down the ramp past the car and down the stairs to my right. I ducked down flat on the seat as he/she ran past me so he/she wouldn't come after me too. But I could totally tell it was Joey. I was stunned. I knew that I needed to get to Al fast so I slammed the car out of park and floored it. I drove down the nine levels of the parking garage like a stunt car driver. I flew out of the smaller exit and onto the street and parked in a lot across the street from the main entrance. I could see Al laying on the driveway. His arms and legs were all twisted. There were blood stains all over his khakis and his neck was twisted and he was face down on the pavement. I sat in the car in shock. Rosco jumped in the front seat and began to howl as Al's body was put on a gurney and loaded into an ambulance. I knew I needed to do something, but I didn't know what. I really didn't want to go talk to the cops because I knew that would probably get me in trouble with my probation. But I couldn't let Joey get away with this! So, after the ambulance pulled off with sirens blaring and lights blazing, I swallowed hard, told myself to "do it for Al" and finally got out of the car and walked over to the police detective at the scene. I could barely speak because I was shaking so hard, but I finally managed to tell the detective what I had seen. The detective asked me if I was sure it was Cards up there, asked me a few more questions, thanked me for the info, then called Mom. She came and picked me and Rosco up, and we went to the hospital. But Al never knew we were there because he was dead when he hit the ground. Mom was furious with me for being there in the first place and is still heartbroken over it all. She said I should have called her when Al got out of the car. She doesn't blame me, though – she just wishes Al was still here. I know Al usually brings someone from the crew like Jesse or Arty with him to these meetings, but I don't know why he didn't this time. I guess he felt like Joey wouldn't be a problem but he guessed wrong. Now Cards' got problems of his/her own. I swear I don't remember getting out of the car after Joey pushed Al over the wall, but the police detective says they found my fingerprint on the rail on the top of the garage wall. I have tried to remember what happened right after I heard the gunshot then saw Al disappear over the wall and have to admit that part is a little foggy. I may have run over to see if Al was okay. I was hoping he would land on the bushes below and be okay. But I am sure that I did not see anyone else on the 9th floor of the parking garage – just Al and Joey. There was no one else in the car with me, except Rosco, of course. Unfortunately, Rosco will not get to see Al get the justice he deserves. Once we got to our house from the hospital, Rosco just laid around the house looking all sorts of depressed. He didn't eat, didn't want to play, didn't want to do anything. He looked so sad; it was pitiful. When I got up this morning, Rosco wouldn't wake up. We're going to bury him under the elder tree in Mom's backyard. I just hope that Joey gets what he/she deserves for killing Al, (and Rosco for that matter) – I hope Joey spends the rest of his/her days waiting for execution on death row.

Signed,

Rory Plunket

Rory Plunket

SIGNED AND SWORN to me at 10:25 AM, February 11, 2022.

Notary Public:

STATEMENT OF LT. HONOR MAYFIELD

My name is Lt. Honor J. Mayfield, and I am the lead crime scene investigator for the Anchor County Sheriff's Department. I have been working for Sheriff John Brown for 16 years, and I have worked in almost every unit of the force. I started out on patrol, then I worked vice and narcotics, and I even spent a couple of years in homicide. But five or so years ago, the Sheriff said we needed to join the twenty-first century and focus more on science and forensics. We were all tired of complaints from jurors who believe everything they see on television. Our department needed an expert, and that's me. Sheriff Brown has sent me to basically every available training course related to the processing of a crime scene. I learned about fingerprint comparison, ballistics, bullet trajectory, and blood spatter evidence. I picked up quite a bit of knowledge about forensic pathology along the way. I generally rely on the medical examiner's report when reaching my opinions in cases, as I did in this investigation. I have conducted well over 200 fingerprint comparisons, and I've testified about the results in court a couple of times. Most people are smart enough to plead guilty once they find out we have their fingerprint at the scene of the crime. I know both Joey Cards and Al Plunket - in my law enforcement capacity if you can catch my drift. Plunket and his goons have cornered the market on high interest loans in Anchor. Word has it there are "consequences" for paying late, but no one has reported any such violence directly to me. Of course, that probably would have resulted in "consequences" as well. Al was not a big guy, but he had big friends. His crew leader, Jesse Williams, has been arrested so many times before. You'd think he/she would get tired of taking the fall for Plunket. Plunket was actually pretty close to his own family and crew. They were loyal as long as the money was coming in. But he loved that yapping little mutt, Rosco, more than life itself. That dog went everywhere Plunket went. My department has been keeping a very close eye on Joey Cards' movements for the past few years. Well, considering the events of January 28, 2022, apparently not a close enough eye. Cards has been up to no good for a while, and my guys in vice were building a case on him/her as the leader of one of the local gangs, the Bad Boys. That's not exactly a creative name for a gang, but what can you expect from lowlife drug pushers. Most of them dropped out of high school, just like Cards. And most of them have an affinity for guns and violence, just like Cards. Not too many people will complain if this case is wrapped up neatly with a bad guy murdered, and a worse one in jail for it. Two for the price of one! I responded to the Anchor Parking Garage as soon as the call came in to 911, at about 8:13 PM. As the local guru on everything forensic, I must say it was a unique crime scene, so it's a good thing I got there first. The Anchor Parking Garage has nine levels. The automobile entrance and one exit are located on the north end of the deck. There is also an automobile exit on the west side of the deck on Carley Avenue, but that exit is only open during major downtown events. The deck has two stairwells, one on the north side, nearest Main Street and the other on the south end. There is an elevator in the center, but it was out of order that evening. I know because I would have taken it to avoid the nine 9-story climb. It was really cold and the wind was gusting. The news said a cold front moved through late afternoon, and this would be our first real taste of winter. I'm just hoping to avoid an ice storm this season. I began at the main driveway of the garage. Plunket's body was located on the driveway just below the north end of the parking deck. He had a gunshot wound to the shoulder but based on the relatively small

amount of blood found, it's obvious that the fall killed him. Dead people stop bleeding. After the bullet was removed from his shoulder by the medical examiner, the bullet was discovered to be a .32 caliber round. The only other thing that was remarkable about the body was that Plunkett had some bloody knuckles on his right hand and something that appeared to be skin under some fingernails, like he scratched someone recently. There wasn't enough material under the nails for a DNA comparison, but you could tell that Plunkett was in a fight. Getting beaten, shot at, and then pushed off a roof in the same night? Looks like Al Plunkett had a bad day. I briefly spoke to the main parking garage attendant on duty that night, a Leslie McCloud. S/He was pretty shaken from seeing Plunkett's body fall from the sky right in front of him/her. S/He tried to explain what s/he saw but didn't have a lot to add except the obvious: Plunkett fell off the top of deck and landed right at McCloud's feet. I asked about any security camera footage, but s/he said that half the cameras don't work and not all of the recorders are even plugged in, so we didn't have any "eyewitness" accounts as to what happened up there. Well, except for Rory Plunkett, but I'll get to him/her in a minute. After talking to McCloud, I started looking around the area in front of the garage to see what else may have come down with the body. It was then that I found a .32 ACP Bersa semi-automatic pistol in the bushes on the ground level of the garage property, about 10 feet from Plunkett's body. I took the photo of the gun at the scene and bagged it for safekeeping and forensic testing that evening. I took a second photo of the gun back at the station. Based on the reports from dispatch, I knew that most of the pertinent events of the evening took place on the top level of the parking garage, so I proceeded up the north stairwell to the top floor. It was fairly well lit up there, but not enough to accurately process a crime scene. I had asked some uniform patrol officers to come set up lights so I wouldn't miss anything, but they were all being used for traffic control around the arena area for the concert. I got to work to music that night - I could hear the occasional refrains of some sort of amazingly creative music by someone named Ondara. He sounded great. It got pretty loud out there at times, but thankfully the noise wasn't constant. I photographed the scene to the best extent possible, but some didn't turn out very well because of all the conditions. I did map out everything on paper so I could document where things were. I decided to return the next morning at daybreak to re-photograph the scene for better documentation. Before we left, we did recover the body and the gun, took swabs of blood droplets, and then secured the active areas of the scene. Nothing else was moved and the 11 hour delay didn't hurt anything. The overall scene pictures were taken the next morning. However, all of the evidence tents were in the original locations so you can see where everything was. After I made sure the top of the garage was secured properly, I headed back down to the driveway to oversee the coroner's office taking the body away. While the driveway was being secured for the evening, Rory Plunkett, Al's younger brother/sister approached me from across the street, saying s/he needed to talk to me. S/He looked pretty shaken up, and it took a while for him/her to start getting his/her words out. Rory said that s/he was in Al's car on the top level of the deck when everything went down. At that point, I realized that Al's Ford Anglia wasn't parked on the top level when I got there. Apparently, Rory moved it across the street after Al took the plunge. I asked Rory where s/he parked the car, and s/he said it was on the Carley Avenue side of the ramp, between two light poles, about halfway between the stairs. I asked what s/he and Al were doing up there, and Rory told me that Al was there to meet up with Joey Cards about a loan. S/he saw Al and Cards get into

a fight, and Rory heard a gunshot. Rory said s/he then saw Cards push Al over the rail and Cards then ran down the south stairwell. I asked Rory if s/he was sure it was Cards and s/he said "Yes, it was definitely Cards. You can't let him/her get away with this!" I knew Cards was dumb, but not this dumb. But I guess you can't fix stupid. I called Rory's mother to come get him/her and take him/her home. I told Rory s/he needed to come by the station the next morning and make a formal statement about what s/he saw. At that point, there wasn't much else I could do there until daybreak, so I headed back to the station with the gun to see what it would tell me. When I got back, I inspected the weapon for any forensic evidence. Like I said, the gun is a Bersa .32 caliber semiautomatic pistol. It has a six-round magazine and wood carved grips. Both the magazine and chamber were empty. When a semi-automatic handgun shoots its last round, the slide locks open. The slide on the gun was closed, but the impact with the ground may have jarred the locking lever and let it close. The serial number was filed off so I could not determine an owner but I figured it was probably stolen. I couldn't get any prints off the grips due to the way they were designed, but I lifted a latent fingerprint off the slide of the gun. I ran the print through the Automated Fingerprint Identification System (also known as AFIS) but the print wasn't readable through the automated system. That happens sometimes. That left me doing it the old-fashioned way, with a microscope. Cards' prints were in the system from a loitering arrest a few years ago. I compared Cards' known prints to the latent print lifted from the weapon. Every person's fingerprints are unique. The ridge details are unique "points," and we experts use those points to make a positive identification. The expert community varies on the minimum number of points that have to be identical before fingerprints are considered a match. Some say nine, some say twelve, and the others are in between. I found nine identical points between the latent print from the slide and the defendant's known right ring finger, so I can conclude that the defendant handled that weapon that night. Even though I couldn't determine the weapon's registered owner, guns leave their own kind of "fingerprints." I was able to determine through ballistics testing later in the week that the exact same gun was used by a member of the Bad Boys crew in a shooting several months ago. I remember how hard we tried to connect Cards to that shooting, but he/she claimed to have taken his/her mom to the doctor that day. We couldn't make any charges stick, but I thought to myself, I won't get fooled again, not by this punk. Knowing that Cards was on the roof and handled the gun that most likely put the bullet in Al's shoulder, I had a uniform officer go by Cards' house and bring him/her in for a chat. It was probably about 12:15 a.m. Sunday morning. Yeah, it may have been a bit late, but I didn't want Cards to have a chance to rethink his/her story about what happened up there before I got to talk to him/her. The officer brought Cards in and put him/her in one of our interrogation rooms. I went in and thanked him/her for coming in on his/her own. S/He got all defensive right away. I asked where s/he was at 8:00 the night before, and s/he gave me some cockamamie line about watching a movie on Lifetime or something. I knew s/he was lying. I asked him/her if s/he minded if I swabbed his/her hands for gunshot residue. Of course, s/he refused and stuffed his/her hands under his/her arms really quickly. After a few more questions, Cards clammed up and asked if s/he was free to go. I told him/her that s/he was and s/he scooted out of there pretty quick. At this point, I was sure Cards had something to do with all of this. I was ready to get back to the garage as soon as it was daylight, to look for the last bit of evidence to make it a grand slam. When I got to the garage, at about 7:20 a.m., I retook the evidence photos and started bagging and tagging all of the

evidence. At the rail, where Al Plunket was pushed over was a set of blood droplets. The blood swab that was taken the night before went to testing and the DNA came back a few days later to Al Plunket. A scarf was found here as well. It was later identified by Rory Plunket as being Al's. A second set of blood droplets were found near the South stairwell. Again, the swab that was taken the night before was sent to the lab and came back to being a match to Joey Cards. S/He must have gotten popped pretty hard during the fight with Al. I didn't see any additional evidence to lead me to believe there were more than two people up there during the murder (aside from Rory being in the car). One spent shell casing was found in the middle of a parking space. Due to the open nature of a parking garage and the fact that a shell casing bounces a good bit when it's ejected, it is impossible to tell which way the gun was facing when it was fired solely by the orientation or location of the shell. A second shell casing was found next to the wall of the elevator shaft. Both casings were from .32 caliber rounds. The first casing had a partial print on it that had 7 points matching Jesse Williams. Ballistics later showed that this shell was fired from the gun recovered at the scene. The second casing didn't have any usable prints. Next to the second casing by the elevator shaft, a cigarette butt was found as well. DNA was extracted from that cigarette butt, and it matched the DNA on a swab obtained from Jesse Williams. I also found three fingerprints on the rail of the garage, over the spot where the body fell. They were lifted and run by one of my techs and came back to Rory Plunket. His/Her prints are on file due to his/her probation for taking those iPads and headphones at his/her school. Imagine that...another Plunket getting into the family business! Rory's probation says that he/she can't be near any crimes being committed, so I'm not sure what's going to happen to him/her because of all of this. At this point, with Cards' fingerprints on the gun, Rory's eyewitness account, and the fact that Cards obviously lied to me the night before, I felt I had enough to arrest Joey Cards. Even though the ballistics and DNA testing took a few days to process, they just confirmed Cards' involvement. This time, for the arrest, I personally went to the house and put him/her in custody. Once I had Cards back at the station after the arrest, I swabbed his/her hands for gunshot residue. That test was negative, but that's not uncommon when a semi-automatic is used. Revolvers leave the most residue since the cylinders are open to the back. Semi-automatics expel all of their gases and particulates out the right side of the slide along with the shell casing. There was also plenty of time for Cards to wash his/her hands in the hours after the murder. I did observe some dark circles under his/her eyes. Yes, they could have been injuries, but they could have been the result of a late night of partying after our little chat. I also saw some scratches on his/her forearms. I didn't spend all day looking at him/her - I didn't need to. I was glad we finally had gotten Cards on something that would put him/her out of our hair for a long time. I'm sorry it took someone getting killed, but at least it wasn't someone innocent. Like the night before, Cards kept telling me that he/she was home all night at the time of the murder. Of course, no one in the department believed that since he/she has pulled the alibi trick before, so I wrote up a subpoena for Cards' phone records. That yielded an interesting series of text messages between Cards and Al. Apparently Cards was low on cash (odd for a drug dealer) and was in pretty deep with Al. Cards missed a few payments and Plunket requested a meeting that night to sort things out. That puts all the evidence in a pretty clear picture. The picture cleared up really nicely once I finally talked to Jesse Williams. I was surprised s/he wasn't at the meeting with Al being the chief dope of his crew, but Williams said s/he was at a

movie. I'm not sure if s/he gave me a ticket stub or receipt, but no matter, I had Cards booked by that point. Williams told me that his/her fingerprint on the shell casing was normal since s/he usually loaded Al's gun when they went shooting at the range. I doubt s/he was loading it for recreational purposes, but I didn't really see much that made me think Williams had anything to do with what went down...I mean, what happened...that night. I didn't do a swab for GSR on Williams since it had been over 24 hours since the incident. I'm glad we got Cards off the street. It's a good arrest and should be a good conviction. I just hope that the rest of Cards' and Al's thug-life friends get the idea that this drug dealing and loan sharking isn't the best use of their time and decide to drop out of the crime business.

Signed, Honor J. Mayfield

/s/ Lt. Honor J. Mayfield

SIGNED AND SWORN to me at 10:25 AM, February 11, 2022.

Notary Public:

STATEMENT OF LESLIE MCCLOUD

My name is Leslie McCloud, but my friends (and a few others) call me by my nickname: "Effort-Leslie" – I reject the "Know-it-all" stereotype of visibly stressing out to achieve. I work hard, but I try to maintain an air of calm, even serene excellence...and let other people notice that my performance is good. I do my best to get along with everyone, and to find ways to highlight what they're doing well, so they feel better about themselves and work cooperatively with me. It works –or, so far, it's worked for me. "Leadership through service," as they say, brought home. Currently, while I'm looking for a better job – and I have been for two years or so – I work at the Anchor Parking Garage. It's on Main Street, just down the street from the "new" Anchor Arena where the old paper mill used to be before the company went conglomerate and donated the land in exchange for naming rights to advertise its new association with the Rhode Island Lottery (and some environmental credits). I think this land was actually supposed to be green space in the original plans, but the previous owners went bust, abandoned the land for taxes and Anchor turned it into the parking deck. Al Plunket, our local "popular financier" loved it. I think our Level Nine may have been about the only thing "on the level." Certainly this was the only place he worked "off the top of the deck" – but he seemed to like this place a lot. Before almost every concert, I'd see him driving up there "to do business" I suppose; I never went up top when he did. I just minded my own business, taking care of the cars 'n trucks coming in and out for the concerts (talk about "rock 'n roll"). It's no fun being in my little attendant's booth on a cold 'n blustery night like January 28th. I'd rather be snug in my single, rented room across the street, like Devan Johnson, than "makin' nice" to all those folks on their way to the "Ondara" concert. But it's a promotion over holding down the fort during the middle of the day when there's not as much business and management doesn't pay as much money. This wasn't quite what I had in mind when I started my Urban Planning degree at RIC, fresh out of Anchor High, but it's good practical experience, and it's my road back into school (seriously, this time!). Lately, the only time I'm seeing Joey Cards is when s/he's taking his/her parking stub, not thinking about buying anything s/he's selling. So I'm keeping my head down and my nose clean. I'm only here to testify because Joey Cards subpoenaed me, and because I guess it's right to speak up when an innocent person is on trial. That night, about 7:45 PM, right on schedule, Mr. Plunket's Ford Anglia (perfectly shined, as usual, even in lousy weather when it could only get dirty again) pulled into the machine, and the driver took a ticket and headed toward the ninth floor. As it vanished, I think I saw a silhouette moving in the back of Mr. Plunket's car, as well. I don't –didn't– like the guy. I suppose you never really like people who frighten you, however much they try to dress preppy & respectable... the pressed khakis, blue Oxford button-down, Italian loafers and chocolate, brushed-goatskin overcoat topped with the cashmere scarf for the weather. I didn't approve of what (I'm pretty sure) was going on up there, but I didn't follow to watch. I don't want to get in trouble with management by being "involved" with something they wouldn't approve of. I definitely don't want to get in trouble by making an issue of something management might've been tolerating quietly (Plunket had lots of influential contacts, after all). Besides, I had my job to do at the booth. Customers came in, faster and faster as the time for the concert approached. I guess it was about eight o'clock (by then I was busy, so I have to estimate) when I noticed Joey Cards enter the garage. Joey Cards was similarly dressed to "blend in" with a crowd of concertgoers later, around the arena; I could guess why. Of course, having grown up in Anchor, before going off to URI, I was familiar with Joey Cards, so I easily noticed him/her pull in. Back in the day, perhaps I was too familiar with Joey Cards for my own good. It's strange to think that now, across the street,

I live just below a retired cop, Devan Johnson, and we're at least on civil terms. Not back in the day... I've been thinking about it since everything happened. Plunket had a driver (although I didn't get a clear look) and maybe somebody else with him, too. Joey Cards was alone at that point, I'm pretty sure. We have security cameras on every floor, although management won't pay to keep the digital recorders functional. I'm frequently too busy to do much with the screen anyway, as it flicks from one scene to the next, beyond glancing to see that nothing's too obviously wrong. So I saw Mr. Plunket's car reach the top of the ramps, but I lost Cards in the crowd fighting for spots as they got ready to go to the arena. Some were waiting for the elevators, and some taking the stairs. In spite of the lousy maintenance by my employers, the Level Nine camera by the north stairs works most times, because it's sheltered, but the others up there at the rooftop didn't. When it all went down, I was surprised (as were the customers – panicked, really) by the sound of gunshots from above. I looked at the camera screen but saw nothing (literally) as the selector moved to the next faulty camera. I heard shouting and echoes off the raw concrete, but not discernible words. Then something, well, “squished” really loud and sudden onto the driveway, right in front of my little booth! Mr. Plunket's overcoat wasn't all brown any more, nor was it neatly brushed leather. The khakis were sticky-damp, red with blood. I puked. I didn't see the gun fall as well, but apparently Lt. Mayfield found it lying in the bushes later. As I'm on my knees on the driveway, I looked back into the parking deck where the chaos was clearing for a moment. I suppose Al Plunket's body falling over the parapet had attracted the gawkers towards the street. Another noise caught my attention, and I looked up – wa-a-ay up. As I've said, it was a lousy night, but some of the lights on top of the roof were on. Caught against their glow, I saw the head and torso of a figure looking over the edge of the concrete wall surrounding the top level. A moment later, the figure was gone. Yes, it could've been Joey Cards, but then it could've been anyone else, as well. I just don't know. Off to one side, air escaping from Al Plunket's body – corpse? – made a ghastly, ghoulish sound, and I puked again. This time, as I looked up, behind the horrified crowd, the door to the rear stairwell (at the south end of the garage farthest away from Main Street, emptying next to the west exit on Carley Avenue) banged opened with a sharp slam. Through the gap emerged the fur-trimmed parka, dark jeans and work boots I'd seen Joey Cards wearing when s/he'd gone upstairs before. A brief pause, a turn, a flash of the red flannel underneath the parka (no, because the shirt was red, I don't know if it was also bloodstained), and Joey Cards hustled out of the garage, away from me, out onto Carley Avenue. A few minutes later, the roar of a large, well-tuned engine separated the remaining on-lookers still inside the garage. Plunket's car came flying down the ramps and out the west exit onto Carley as well. In the close but brief glimpse I got, I'm sure the passenger side was empty and the back seat too (unless somebody was all the way down onto the floor, below the windows). No, I couldn't identify who was driving or if there was a passenger in the car. With that shocking me out of my own sensory overload, some measure of sanity returned. At first, I thought about calling to see if Johnson was at home since s/he was the closest police available, since the Ondara concert had our Anchor force stretched tighter than one of the artist's musical strings, but then I realized I needed 911... And an ambulance. Nothing effortless, I'm afraid, in giving this statement of what I saw to Lt. Mayfield. S/He asked me what I saw, and I told him/her about the Al's final descent and the noise it made as well as the Ford Anglia doing its best audition for a spot in the next Fast and Furious movie. S/He didn't ask a lot of questions and didn't really seem too impressed with what I had to say. I guess with all of the commotion and the weather, s/he had a thousand things running through his/her mind. It's not like I saw what made Al take the express route down to my booth; I just saw him when he got here. And that's about all I can remember, I guess. I'm probably going to get into trouble

with deck management for just dragging them this far into the public mess by taking the lead in calling to have Plunket carted off. Oh, yeah...one more thing. I didn't see him/her do anything, y'know, but there was this hulky figure (well, I don't know how hulky; the heavy shoes and shearling-collared bomber visibly put on a lot of weight) just wandering around the scene, after the incident. I think they came out of the stairwell right by the main entrance and just hung out with the crowd. Once Plunket's car had cleared out, so did the hulk. It's my job to keep my eyes peeled for possible trouble, so I just had a feeling that this guy/girl was someone I should notice.

SIGNED,

/s/ *Leslie McCloud*

Leslie McCloud

SIGNED AND SWORN to me at 9:50 AM, January 29, 2022.

Notary Public:

STATEMENT OF DEVAN JOHNSON

Okay, my name is Devan Johnson, and I've probably been on the witness stand a thousand times from my days as a detective with the Baltimore Police Department. I got to say this has to be my first time testifying for a defendant. But you just have to do as you do. And what I was doing was looking out my apartment window watching to see what was going to go down that night on the parking deck across the way. The top floor is always the last to fill up for a big event downtown, and I figured it would lead to a few fender benders with the concert goers hurrying to park their cars and get to the show. This new guy, Ondara, is supposed to be an incredible singer. Guess he fell in love with Dylan when he was a kid in Kenya and came to the States to follow in his shoes. He even chose to move to Minnesota, where Dylan is from, instead of The Big Apple or Nashville. I have to say, I did listen to him on Google and his music is great. So I figured it would be a busy night even if it was super cold out. What I saw, though, was more like my days in Bird Town. Have you ever seen that TV show, The Wire? In some respects, it's a pretty good depiction of what us drug detectives would do back in the day (though from my perspective the police corruption was a bit exaggerated). In real life, we'd zero in on an area where the kids were out on the pavement dealing blow and set up surveillance from the rooftops. We'd take rolls and rolls of film--back in the day, as they say, meaning before the digital age--and tack up photos of the key players on the wall as we made sense of the dealers' organization. I took a bullet to the hip in a raid -- "friendly fire" as it turned out. After that I took a desk job at the precinct to wait for my pension, but all that paper made me crazy. I was accused of losing some reports that really embarrassed the department. The next thing I knew, the department let me retire early on disability, so I decided to come to Anchor to be near my daughter and grandson. She's a professor of anthropology at Anchor State. I guess you could say she's a chip off the old block, but she found a safer way of studying indigenous populations. It's hard relocating when you are my age. Okay, I've tried making friends with some of the folk in my building. Like that Leslie McCloud who lives in the apartment below and took issue with the sounds of my morning fitness routine. I tried to explain it is physical therapy for my bad hip and sometimes I can't help moaning and groaning, and okay, just crying out, with the pain. Whenever I feel like I made a mistake and should have just retired in Florida instead, I think if I'd done that, I wouldn't have been able to take my grandson to see the Sox play the Yanks. All my years in O-Town, but I'm still a Sox fan from my childhood. And if I was in Florida, I wouldn't have been here in Anchor to take that photo of Al Plunket getting plucked. Old habits die hard. I keep picking up my camera. There's no point these days not snapping away with a digital camera. If the picture turns out to be nothing, it's not like there's been any film or photo processing wasted -- just hit delete to free up a little memory. And I sit for my grandson on nights when my daughter is teaching. So, after I put him down, there's really nothing else to do but turn out the light and look out the window at the parking garage. Being up on the 10th floor, above the garage, gives me a good birds-eye view of the whole top. What I've seen makes me think more and more that Anchor is getting to be just like Charm City. I've seen drug deals and loan collections happen on the top of the parking garage before. It's like the garage management doesn't care what happens up there. They have to know, especially these flashy guys like Al Plunket. I've caught a few of his meetings with my camera over the past few months. I've even tried to show my pictures to the mayor and the police zone commander at community organization meetings, but they just brush me off and say I'm living in the past. Anchor, they tell me, is no Baltimore. Well, they got that right when I'm wishing I had a Natty Boh to drink after it's lights out for my grandson. I guess I should just forget the garage and enjoy my Sox more. I

can't believe they almost beat the Yanks to get in the ALCS. I'm not sure if we're gonna be able to pull that off again this season. So it was, on January 28. My daughter was out of town at an anthropology conference, and I was keeping the kid. Bedtime normally is 8 p.m., but it gets dark so early in January that I was able to get him down a little sooner. I had just sat down in my Barcalounger in front of the window when I saw Plunket's Ford Anglia pulling up onto the top deck from the ramp. This fit his usual MO, where he'd pull up, back into a space and wait for his "client" to show up. He usually had one of his goons lurking around, typically hanging around in the background by the elevator shaft smoking a cigarette until Al needed some persuasion to be dealt out. Al didn't like to get his hands dirty, so he would let one of his meatheads handle the negotiations while he stayed in the car with that old dog that he always carried around with him. So, I thought this time was going to be the same. Instead, Plunket got out of his car when a young kid came up out of the stairwell. (Okay, okay, I know 21 is legally an adult, and it's a sign of my age that I thought this was a kid based on the bounce in the step and the tennis shoes.) The north stairwell is right outside my windows. They have windows all the way down, so I can typically see people coming and going up and down the stairs. I saw the kid enter the stairwell on level 7 or 8, put his/her/their coat on over a red shirt and come out at the top of the deck. The kid walked over to the north side of the lot and waited for Al to make his grand entrance. I have no way of knowing whether this kid was the Defendant, Joey Cards, because it was dark, and I couldn't make out a face. But it looked like the person was wearing a dark parka with that fake fur around the hood and a red shirt. Okay, I thought my grandson was down for the night, but at this point he cried out for a drink of water. So I got up to fix a fresh sippy cup, and the next thing I heard was the sound of shouting, followed by gunfire. Wouldn't you know it, I was in the kitchen! With this bad hip, I move kind of slow. I made it back to the window just as Plunket went over the edge. It was pretty dark, but the pusher didn't look to me like the kid I'd seen coming out of the stairwell a few minutes earlier. The jacket seemed darker and she/he/they was wearing a hat. The pusher shuffled off – more like slip sliding away – toward the north stairwell and went down. I didn't see them exit the stairwell until they were out of sight. They definitely didn't get off at level 7 or 8, so I imagine they went out at street level. At that point, the passenger side of the Ford Anglia opened and the person who got out and ran to the edge of the deck, looked over, and screamed. I'll never forget the sound of that anguished, gut wrenching cry, but I didn't get a chance to snap a photo because by that point, my grandson was wailing for his water. I saw the lights of the ambulance and cops on the street below soon after. I could see the investigating detective up on the roof of the garage starting the investigation. I don't know how anyone could see much with the weather and most of the lights not working, but I could see the flashlights bobbing around and the strobe light of the camera flashing every now and then. They set up several of those pop-up tents that people use during tailgating and stuff real low to the ground to cover the evidence for the night. The detective came back the next morning and did more looking around and photographing the evidence. I'm glad to see that the kids doing the police work nowadays still use the tried and true methods of days past, with the footwork, keen eyes, and documenting everything. There must have been a dozen of those little white evidence tents all over the roof by the time it was all done. However, I was surprised that no one ever darkened my doorstep to ask if I had seen anything that night. I mean, I've got a front row seat to all the happenings up there on the deck and did see a good bit. But to not spend the time on a proper canvas of the surrounding areas to see what anyone saw. Like I said, I was surprised. Back in my day, we'd have uniforms out in all the buildings knocking on doors, especially if they had a picture window to the scene! By the end of the week after Plunket got pushed, I contacted the sheriff's department to get in touch with the detective and

make sure they knew what I'd seen. I was surprised that an arrest had already been made without my eyewitness account, but I guess they had enough to scoop up Cards. The detective who stopped by didn't seem too impressed with my photos or with what I had seen with the earlier meeting between Al and his clients. The detective took the snapshots and my statement and was gone. Only talked to me for a few minutes, I suppose. I'm just not so sure they did enough pounding of the pavement to cover all the angles. I wonder how much more would have been done if Anchor had a real police department. No matter, I hope this puts a damper on some of the crime around here. Hopefully now the local force will listen to experienced people like me. If they had taken my earlier photos seriously, you know what would have happened? Al Plunket would have been indicted, tried, and convicted well before this happened. Being in prison is never a good thing, okay, but at least he would have been alive.

SIGNED,

/s/ Devan Johnson

Devan Johnson

SIGNED AND SWORN to me at 10:25 AM, February 11, 2022.

Notary Public:

STATEMENT OF JOEY CARDS

My name is Joey Cards and I'm 21 years old. I was born down in Alabama on a farm way back up in the woods. My Papa was a great ol' man, but life had kicked him down to the ground and when he tried to get up, life would kick him back down. One day, when I was 13, Papa called me to his dying bed. He put his hands on my shoulders and in tears he said "I'm dependent on you to pull the family through. It's all left up to you." Two days later Papa passed away, and I became head of the household that day. And at the age of 13, I thought I was carryin' the weight of the whole world on my shoulders.

Soon after Papa died, we moved to Anchor so Mama could be closer to her sister after my Papa. She got a job at the paper mill. I attended Anchor High School through eleventh grade, but I did not graduate. I had to drop out to get a job to help support Mama and my younger brothers and sisters. Mama told me not to quit school 'cause she said that was daddy's strictest rule. But, you see, I was the oldest of the family and everybody else depended on me. I'm hoping someday to go back and get my GED and maybe even go to college. In Anchor, we live on the poor side of town. "The wrong side of the tracks" as some people say. There's a seedy side to Anchor that the Chamber of Commerce or the rich folks at Anchor Country Club never see, but that's the part of Anchor that I'm from. You grow up fast when you grow up poor. I know others who joined gangs or deal drugs, but I don't do that. I know Lt. Mayfield thinks I'm the biggest drug dealer in all of Anchor. The cops have been hasslin' me for years because of some vendetta by their boss, Sheriff John Brown. Sheriff Brown always hated me. For what? I don't know. I can't spit chewing gum on the sidewalk without the cops coming down on me. You think someone the cops are watching that closely could be dealing drugs? No way man. Yeah, of course I knew Al Plunket. Everybody knew Al. Al was the biggest criminal in all of Anchor! He drove a custom Ford Anglia. He had an Eldorado, too. He also had a .32 gun in his pocket for fun and a razor in his shoe. Al was famous for saying "Be a money maker, not a player hater." Al was a bad, bad dude. The world's better off with Al out of it. Ain't nobody going to be crying over Al being dead. I tried not to deal with Al, but times got bad and Mama lost her job when they closed the paper mill. We needed money to pay the rent, or we'd lose the house. I couldn't let that happen to my family, so I went to Al and borrowed some money. Doing business with Al is like selling your soul. You try to bring Al some money, but he'd say that the payment was "late" and "interest" had been added so now you owe even more. Ain't no getting out of debt to someone like Al. Once you owe him, then he owns you. And if you can't make a payment when Al wants it, then Al or one of his goons like Arty or Jesse will hurt you or your family. So you do what you gotta do to pay up. I remember January 28, 2022, the night Al died. Al called me that afternoon and told me to meet him on the top of the Anchor Parking Deck at 8:00 p.m. It was cold that night. It almost smelled like it could snow at some point. Regardless, it wasn't a fun night to be hanging out outside, freezing my tail feathers off. Despite the crummy weather, there were lots of people downtown that night.

Some band was playing at the Anchor Place Arena about a block away from the Parking Deck. It was a party atmosphere going on, but I wasn't there to go to any concert. I don't have money for that sorta stuff. Further, Al wanted to see me, and you don't make Al come looking for you. We had been going back and forth on texts about settling up my debt. I tried to get 'til Monday to see him, but he made me meet him up there Saturday night. So at 8:00 o'clock sharp on January 28th, I went up to the top of the Deck because that's where Al said to meet him. I got to the deck and climbed up the north stairs to the top. The top of the deck was pretty dark, except for a few lamps, but they don't help much. Most of them were burned out. The top deck was also empty except for a few cars parked here and there. When I got there, I saw Al's Ford Anglia parked on the up ramp between the stairwells. Looking at Al's car, even in the dim light, I could tell there were at least two people in it, one in the driver's seat and one in the passenger seat. Al spotted me, and he got out of the driver side and came over to me. Al immediately demanded his money, and I told him that I didn't have it all, but I'd give him what I could. Al said, "That's not good enough," but I said "I just need a little more time to get the rest of it together. Please, Al, Momma's been sick so I had to pay the doctor." Al said, "I don't care about no doctor. What do I look like to you, a freakin' health care exchange? Give me my money, Cards!" I said, "I will, Al, I will! Just give me a few more days to get the money together. I'll get it to you, I promise." With that, Al kinda snorted, pulled a gun, and waved it in my face saying that he "ought to pop a cap" in me. Then, he shoved the gun into my chest, poking me real hard like. Reflexes just got the better of me, and I grabbed the gun from on top. While we pulled back and forth on it, he shoved it hard at me, and I got whacked in the nose, but I held onto the gun. I took a couple of swings at him and landed one or two and then grabbed Al's arm trying to get him to let go. All of a sudden, his feet went out from under him, like he slipped on some ice, and he lost his grip. Suddenly, I've got the gun in my hands. As Al slowly steadied himself, he just glared at me. I was so scared I was shaking. I pointed the gun at Al and warned him "leave me alone!" Yeah, I coulda shot Al then, but I ain't no killer. Besides, between Al's goons and Sheriff Brown's posse, they'd be aiming to shoot me down like a rabid fox in the chicken coop. I'd rather deal with a mad Al than a dead Al. But Al just gave me this evil stare and kind of grinned, like he's daring me to shoot him down. Instead, I chucked the gun over behind the elevator shaft out of the way. Al laughs and says, "I knew you didn't have it in you. You're such a wimp!" I didn't stick around to see if Al had something else up his sleeve, so I high tailed it out of there, running down the ramp to the stairs at the other end of the deck. I just wanted to get out of there as fast as I could. As I got to the door for the stairs, I wiped out and cracked my knee pretty hard. I was lying there, hoping Al wasn't right behind me looking for Round 2, when I heard someone yelling back where I was a second ago. It wasn't Al, but someone else. They were really mad, saying somethin' about not getting paid like they should. Then I heard Al shouting back about loyalty and "getting your payment too" or something like that. I glanced up there and couldn't see this other person; they must've been back behind the elevator. I didn't see anyone over there before,

but then again, I wasn't really looking around when Al had the gun stuck in my face. I was pickin' myself up and was just starting through the door when I heard a "bang" from behind me. Then Al screamed this high-pitched shriek of pain, like a pig gettin' stuck. I looked back and saw Al just flat get pushed back over the edge of the deck where we'd been fighting. Then he was gone.... Like I said, I have no idea where this other person came from; I hadn't seen anyone else up there. After Al disappeared into the night, this other person walked over to the other staircase nice and calm like, opened the door and disappeared, like they were all business. They were wearing dark pants, heavy boots, a black leather bomber jacket with one of those sheepskin collars and a black knit hat. The person was big and looked like they could handle himself/herself pretty well. From across the deck and in the darkness, I couldn't make out a face. That's the best description I can give you. Although I wasn't really sure what just happened, I knew Al was probably dead, and I needed to get outta there before anyone decided that I did it. I hobbled down the staircase as fast as I could, hit the street next to the garage and got myself home to clean up my cuts and bruises. At about midnight, this uniformed cop was at my door wanting me to come in to talk about what happened up on the garage. I asked him if I was under arrest, and he said I wasn't but they just wanted to find out what happened, nothing more. I knew in my gut I probably shouldn't have gone, but since it was "voluntary," I figured I'd be okay. Boy, that was a mistake. Now that I think about it, I shoulda just stayed home. Well, when I got there, they put me in one of those interrogation rooms with a metal table and mirror, just like you see on TV, and shut the door. They made me wait about 15 minutes before the wonderful Lt. Mayfield made his/her grand entrance. S/He started asking me about the deck and what happened to Al. I told him/her I didn't know what happened to Al. I had a feeling s/he was trying to pin this on me from the start, and I got all panicky and said I wasn't there. I know I shouldn't have lied to Mayfield, but I was scared and I knew I had nothing to do with Al's murder. Yeah, I was there, but I left before Al got tossed. Lt. Mayfield then told me they got an eyewitness, Rory, Al's little brother/sister, who they say saw the whole thing happen. Rory says s/he saw me shoot Al and push him off the deck and that it was cold blooded murder. I thought, "No...there ain't no way! I didn't do it!" All of a sudden, I snapped out of my panic and realized I didn't have to be there. This was voluntary, right? I asked Mayfield if I was under arrest or anything and s/he said no, I was free to go, so I used that open door and ran through it back home as fast as I could. A few hours later, just after the sun came up, someone's back beatin' on our door again. It was Mayfield. Out in the yard were several cops with their guns drawn and a bunch of cop cars out in the street with their lights blazing, right out of a movie. I'm sure it gave all the neighbors a great show that early in the morning. When I opened the door, Lt. Mayfield says that I'm "under arrest for murder" for pushing Al off the top of the downtown parking deck. I said "What? You're crazy, Mayfield! I just talked to you and told you I wasn't there! I was home all night!" S/He pushed his way in the house, tossed me up against the wall in the front hall and put the cuffs on real rough and tight. S/He was grinning the entire time like s/he was saying "I told you I'd get

you, you little creep, one way or the other.” Mayfield claims that the scratches on my arm were from the fight. That ain’t true at all. My cat was sleeping on my chest and freaked out when Mayfield started bangin’ on my door that morning. I tried to get out from under her but she was trying to run off the bed and caught my arm under her claws. It hurt like something crazy! Look, if I am guilty, I will pay. But I’m telling you, as I sit here right now, what Mayfield said went down ain’t what happened at all. From all the way across that dark parking deck, if Rory was the other person inside that car, then maybe s/he saw the person in the bomber jacket push Al off the top and thought it was me because I’m the one Al was there to meet with. Heck, for all I know, maybe it was Rory him/herself that murdered Al. I don’t know! Either way, I had nothin’ to do with Al’s murder. Nothin’! What good would come out of me killing Al? Nothin’! You got to believe me. I’m telling you the truth. When I left Al, he was standin’ on his own two feet. I’m innocent I tell you!!

Signed,

/s/ Joey Cards

Joey Cards

SIGNED AND SWORN to me at 8:40 AM, February 4, 2022.

Notary Public: