

It was the same cast of characters as before in the same drab, dreary interrogation room: Frank and I on one side of the table, Detective Lo on the other side. No one looked happy. I was the unhappy, nervous guy.

Frank and I had already gone over things together so Frank took the lead again.

“Detective, this is obviously just a coincidence. No one is trying to kill Mr. Thomas. The helicopter got too close...”

“I don’t believe in coincidence, Mr. Bonza.” The detective turned to me: “Who wants you dead Mr. Thomas?”

I squirmed as much from the heat of the room as the question. “No one, detective. No one. I’m a 38-year-old middle manager. I haven’t fired anyone in five years. I don’t gamble, smoke, or play around.”

“What about your wife? What about Mr. Geanosa?” Lo eyed me suspiciously.

“Why would either of them want me dead?”

“Cause you’re playing around with Mrs. Geanosa?” he suggested.

“Detective, please,” Frank said, coming to my defense. “Now you’re trying to implicate Mrs. Thomas *and* Mr. Geanosa? I spoke with them earlier. They are both in L.A. working. Mr. Thomas has told his wife all about his ‘encounter’ with Mrs. Geanosa. She is not upset. She sounded amused actually. As for Mr. Geanosa, he’s quite aware that his wife is a flirt. If you’re concerned that they are somehow involved why not interview them yourself.”

Lo snorted and took a new track: “What about insurance?”

“Life insurance?” I scoffed. “I only have a modest policy. Believe me; I’m worth more alive than dead.”

Frank added: “Do you think Mrs. Thomas fired a missile at the helicopter? You’ve been watching too much television detective.” He paused. “Detective, last night you tried to blame Mr. Thomas for killing someone he had just met. Now you’re suggesting that someone is trying to kill him? Are you going to charge him with kidnapping the Lindbergh Baby?”