

The Outsider – Stephen King

Studying Samuels now, Ralph began to get an idea of how he had risen so high so quickly. While the two of them were standing on the other side of the one-way glass, the DA had simply looked a bit young for the job. Now, facing Frankie Peterson's rapist and killer, he looked even younger, like a law office intern who had (due to some mixup, probably) landed this interview with a big-time perp. Even the little Alfalfa cowlick sticking up from the back of his head added to the role the man had slipped into: untried youth, just happy to be here. You can tell me anything, said those wide, interested eyes, because I'll believe it. This is my first time playing with the big boys, and I just don't know any better.

"Hello, Mr. Maitland," Samuels said. "I work in the county DA's office."

Good start, Ralph thought. You are the county DA's office.

"You're wasting your time," Terry said. "I'm not going to talk to you until my lawyer gets here. I will say that I see a sizeable wrongful arrest suit in your future."

"I understand that you're upset, in your position, anyone would be. Maybe we can iron it out right here. Can you just tell me where you were when the Peterson boy was killed? That was on last Tuesday afternoon. If you were somewhere else, then—"

"I was," Terry said, "but I intend to discuss that with my lawyer before I discuss it with you. His name is Howard Gold. When he gets here, I'll want to talk to him privately. I assume that's my right? Since I'm presumed innocent until proven guilty?"

Quick recovery, Ralph thought. A career criminal couldn't have done it better.