

## Chapter Forty-six

Able Kane tossed his unfinished Marlboro onto the sidewalk as he opened the street door to *Banco J. G. de Honduras, N.A.* He wore a leather jacket, zipped to the chin. He had a black Kangol cap on his head, the brim in the back. His Glock was in a shoulder holster on the left side and a roll of duct tape was in his inside pocket. He pulled a small wheeled black piece of luggage behind him. Lifting the Samsonite, he took the steps two at a time until he reached the top. He tried the door to the computer room and found it locked. He opened the door to the reception area and walked in. The woman he assumed was Maizie was reading a copy of *People Magazine*, her attention fully vested in Brad Pitt's alleged ill treatment of Jennifer Anniston. She looked up at Able Kane with ill disguised annoyance. She looked more like an Arab than the Bronx babe Travis had said to expect. This didn't surprise him since half the women in New York looked like they had just gotten off the boat.

She asked, "May I help you?"

"Yeah. I want to see Mr. Said. I'm Wilbur. I work in maintenance at his building and he said he had some work for me and to come by and talk about it so here I am."

She replied officiously, "Well, he isn't here. He's out of town and he won't be back for a week or so."

"Well fuck me. I come all the way downtown and he ain't here."

"Puh-leeze, whoever you are. Maybe you better leave and come back some other time."

"How about Ghadir? Is he busy? I could talk to him."

Her eyes cut involuntarily for a split second toward the door to Said's office. She said, "He's much too busy. Like I said, come back next week."

Kane unzipped his jacket and reached inside with his right hand. He came out with the Glock. "I'm not coming back. Get off your ass. Let's go see Ghadir."

Her eyes widened with fear. "Don't hurt me. I'll do whatever you say."

"Then get up, Maizie, and let's go in and see the acting president."

Her voice trembled as she asked, "How do you know my name?"

"Don't worry about it. I know all about you and this place. Now, get a move on."

Maizie stood and opened the door to the inner office. Kane pushed her through and saw Ghadir at the desk. His back was to them as he sat playing solitaire on the computer. He turned and saw Kane and the gun. He stood shakily and said, "What is this? We don't keep money here. It's not that kind of bank."

Kane said, "I know what this bank does, asshole. Come out from behind that desk. And you, Maizie, sit down in one of these side chairs. Now!"

Kane tossed the roll of tape to Ghadir. "Strap Maizie down in that chair."

Ghadir said, "Look, man, I don't know what you think you are doing here, but you are dealing with something that will get you into very big trouble. Powerful people own this bank. You should leave now before you really screw up."

Kane's hand shook slightly as he waved the Glock at Ghadir, indicating he should move out from the desk. "Get around here, you Jihad motherfucker, and do as I say. If you think you can perform better with a bullet in your kneecap, then keep fucking with me."

The Iranian hesitated only a moment, then reluctantly came around and began taping his receptionist to the chair. She moaned a plaintiff, “Oh, dear God, he’s going to kill us.”

Kane said sternly, “I might if you don’t shut up. Put a strip of tape over her mouth while you’re at it.”

When she was secured, the acting president stood and glared at Able. Kane said, “Now take me into the computer room. Is anyone else in there?”

“No.”

“Let’s go.”

Across the hall, Ghadir took a set of keys from his pocket and opened the door. An IBM z800 server was against the wall, with a heavy duty printer cabled to it. Inside, Kane instructed him to load the printer with continuous paper. “I want a run of all your open accounts, with six month history on each one.”

It began to dawn on Ghadir that this was not a bank robbery, but actually could be something much worse. He said, “What do you want this information for? It would be of no use to you, I’m sure.”

Kane smiled enigmatically. “You know why I want it. I want it to fuck up your cellular structure, asshole.”

“I can’t do it. I don’t have the pass code to be able to run what you want.”

Kane took careful aim and shot Ghadir just above the right knee. It doubled him over, screaming in pain. “You shot me! In the name of Allah, please don’t do that again. Oh, it hurts like hell.”

“About that code. Do you happen to recall what it is now?”

“Yes. Please, I will do what you ask. Don’t kill me.”

“Then get busy.”

Holding his knee, he hobbled to the printer and loaded it. He pulled the keyboard to the edge of the small workstation and entered a series of commands. The printer clicked, then began chunking out a long stream of information, the paper folding upon itself in a neat stack. In two minutes, it stopped .

Able Kane walked over to the printer and tore off the report. He picked up the mound of data and put in his small valise.

Ghadir sniveled, “Now, for God’s sake, will you leave?”

“Not quite yet. I want the file folders on all the individuals or companies this bank does business with.”

The wounded man, bent slightly to hold his bleeding leg, said, “And then will you leave?”

“Of course.”

Ghadir hobbled to the other side of the room, moaning loudly. He opened a file drawer marked ‘Active’. “Help yourself.”

“Go back to the computer where I can keep an eye on you.”

Ghadir did as he was ordered. Kane rifled through the files, then lifted them out in large handfuls and placed them in the luggage. There were twenty-eight folders in all. He zipped the top on the bag and put it upright on the floor, with its handle extended. He went to where his captive stood.

“Turn around.”

When he had done so, Kane shot him in the back of the head. After he fell to the floor, he shot him twice more in the torso. The violent act he had just committed, his first murder ever, almost brought him to his knees. He thought he would vomit right there, but steeled himself.

Pulling the suitcase behind him, he went across the hall into the president's office. Maizie stared at him with terrified eyes. He knew he should kill her also, but he found it was more than he could do. Ghadir had been the first person he had ever shot, and he wasn't ready to do it again, at least not to someone who didn't deserve it.

He said to her, "Listen to me as if your life depends upon it, because it does. I'm going to let you go. When the police question you, tell them I wore a mask and you wouldn't be able to identify me. If you don't, if you tell them anything about me, I will find you and kill you. I know where you live. I know who your family is. I'll kill them all. Do you fucking understand me?" The part about his knowledge of her family was a lie, but he thought if she believed him she would probably do as he demanded.

She nodded her head in the affirmative. He removed the tape that bound her, and ripped the piece from her mouth. "Don't do anything for thirty minutes. Then call the police and tell them what happened. Tell them I was looking for money, and that I got mad when there wasn't any. If you do anything other than what I have just told you to do, you will be as dead as your friend in the next room is."

He backed out of the room, picked up the suitcase and took the stairs down to the street in the same manner as he had on arrival, two at a time. Outside, he began to tremble uncontrollably. He sat down on the upended luggage. His mouth was dry and

began to fill with saliva. He fought off a rolling wave of nausea, then stood and grabbed up the bag and scurried down Broad toward the subway station.

When Maizie heard the door below slam, she got up and went across to the computer room. She took in the disaster at a glance. Ghadir was obviously dead. The open file drawer told its own story. She went to the receptionist area, locking the door behind her. Back at her desk she picked up the phone. She hit the speed dial and waited for an answer. When someone came on the line she said, "Seyed Mahmood, please. Tell him it is Darya Saleh. I must speak to him at once. It is urgent."

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