





State your name.

Alexandra Marie Underwood.




Time is 3:06 p.m.  
This is Detective Victoria Roseland interviewing Ms. Underwood.



Where do you want me to start?



How about we start at Detective Groves's home?



The night you killed him.



2 days earlier

"Blake Groves was beating his wife Myra for years. She finally worked up the nerve to press charges, but he walked.

"Myra wasn't answering her phone, and I knew something was wrong.

"He was brandishing his service weapon, screaming, totally out of control. I feared for my life and Myra's life.

"I did what I had to do."



Is he dead?



I...I think so. I'm so sorry...



I'm not.

Somebody will be here soon.

We have to make this look right.



Good riddance, Alex.

That's what they'll say.

That you did humanity a favor.





My name is Alex Underwood.



Yesterday, I was shot and killed.

Blake would have killed us both. He told me he'd do it if I tried to leave him.  
Alex saved my life.

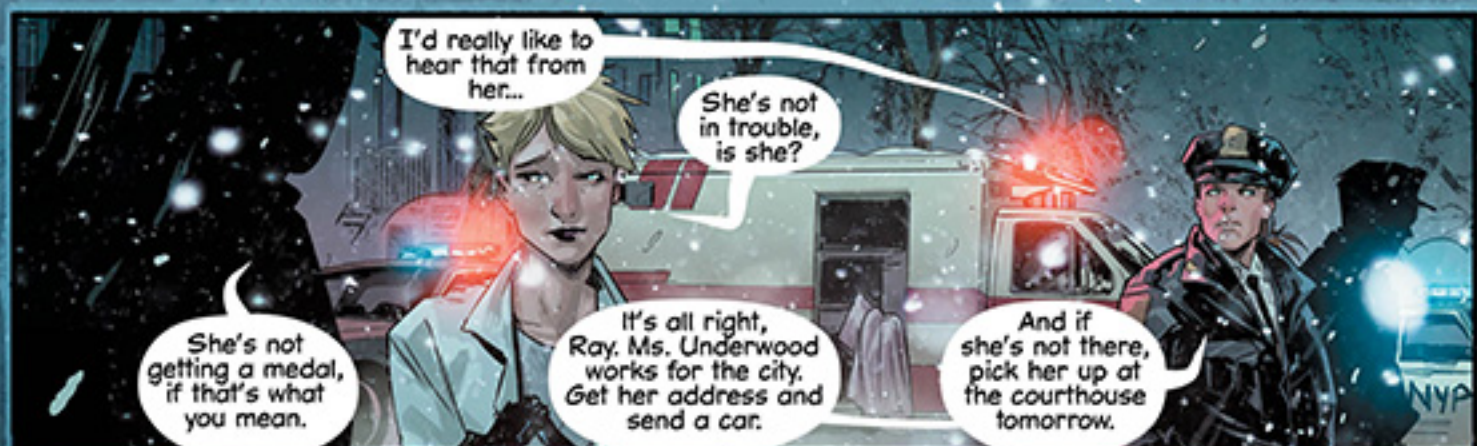
We still have to treat this like a crime scene until the house is processed and we get statements from you and this Alex.

You understand.



When I woke up, I had become someone else. Something else.

It was self-defense. Ask anyone in the 78th. They all knew what Blake was like.  
And none of them did a damn thing. Alex was the only one.



I'd really like to hear that from her...

She's not in trouble, is she?

She's not getting a medal, if that's what you mean.

It's all right, Ray. Ms. Underwood works for the city. Get her address and send a car.

And if she's not there, pick her up at the courthouse tomorrow.

I don't know how I killed Blake Groves. I don't know what I am, just that I'm no longer the Alex Underwood who died on that roof.

And that scares me.

