

JACK SPADE

*Dream
Detective*

CARL A. CHASE

outskirtspress
DENVER, COLORADO

This is a work of fiction. The events and characters described herein are imaginary and are not intended to refer to specific places or living persons. The opinions expressed in this manuscript are solely the opinions of the author and do not represent the opinions or thoughts of the publisher. The author has represented and warranted full ownership and/or legal right to publish all the materials in this book.

Jack Spade
Dream Detective
All Rights Reserved.
Copyright © 2014 Carl A. Chase
v4.0

Cover Photo © 2014 JupiterImages Corporation. All rights reserved - used with permission.

This book may not be reproduced, transmitted, or stored in whole or in part by any means, including graphic, electronic, or mechanical without the express written consent of the publisher except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews.

Outskirts Press, Inc.
<http://www.outskirtspress.com>

ISBN: 978-1-4787-2364-6

Library of Congress Control Number: 2013917660

Outskirts Press and the “OP” logo are trademarks belonging to Outskirts Press, Inc.

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

It's in the 1980s, and it's another one of those hot, suffocating California summer days in the City of Angels, Los Angeles. You know the ones that I'm talking about, when it's 100 degrees in the shade. The ones like when you were a kid and it was so hot that you took off all your clothes and went skinny-dipping with your best friend in the river or lake. This was especially true if you were a kid who grew up in the south. Times were so much more simpler then, but I guess most people felt that way about their past. Everyone seemed to think that his or her childhood was the good old days. In this particular case it would have been in North Carolina. Yes, those were the days- nothing to do except go to school. Nothing to worry about except being a kid. James loves to swim, in fact he loves it so much he is always playing hooky or playing blind man's bluff with his friends. There was one night James and his best friend were out on the lake swimming, when all of a sudden; his friend began to yell out in pain. James quickly came to his rescue, grabbed him before he went down, and carried him to the bank of the lake. They stared at each other for a while, and then began to laugh. I guess you could say he saved his friend's life that night. They never made a big deal about it; he would have done the same for James if it had been him. But one other night, his friend was out swimming with another classmate, a girl, and he drowned. This incident had always plagued James. He has always felt that the death of his friend was somehow his fault. He felt he should have been there. But how could

he have known? Mark went out with a young girl, and she could not save him when it happened. It weighed on James' young mind for a long time; it was a heavy burden placed on his young mind. It was the first time he had experienced death of someone as young as he was. Kids always have that attitude that they are invincible; it was a humbling experience for him, and I guess that's why from then on, he never took anything for granted. But I digress. Let's get back to the present.

James Harper is no longer a kid; he is 37 year old, out-of-work private investigator. And once again, he is at his office, with his feet propped up on his desk, sound asleep, dreaming, a routine that has become all too far familiar to him. He has had so many pitfalls in his life, it has gotten to a point where all he does is sleep his life away. Right now he is dreaming that it is 1947, and he is a private investigator, working out of San Francisco. Whose name is Jack Spade?

Who unlike James is very successful in his work? Spade is about 6'4" and weighs about one hundred Seventy Five pounds with a virile buoyant personality and a smile that spread from cheek to cheek. I guess you could say he is sort of a ladies' man. His office is located on the Barbary Coast of old San Francisco, right on the corner of DuPont Street. It's not still the wicked city in the world, but they still have some pretty tough characters here. But that doesn't bother Spade, because he is also a veteran of the last war and can handle any situation that may come up.

You know the Big One WW II, He enlisted in the army in 1941, just after the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. Just like a lot of other pissed-off Americans, he went in as a

JACK SPADE

private, and came out a top 1st sergeant. He also saved the life of his buddy, Corporal Joe Sawyer, and five other men in his platoon. His growing up was hard in the beginning, especially him being an only child. His first twelve years were a living hell with his father. And since he was the only child he was very independent. Pig-headed and stubborn, you could also say he takes after his father, John Henry Spade, a world war 1 veteran, who was as tough as nails. He didn't believe in showing emotions, especially towards Jack. Growing up, it kind of made Jack hard, in some ways. But never as hard as his father.

I guess you could say Jack Spade the man, is a man's man, you know, the strong silent type. Tough as nails, But not too tough, that he wouldn't give a dime to a down and out man on the streets, who wanted to buy a cup of coffee. for a cup of coffee. He is always looking for his true love; a soul mate, someone to spend the rest of his life with. I guess you could say He was a hopeless romantic. At the moment, he and his partner are working on a missing person case. It's a lady who has been reported missing by none other than her husband. It has been about a week since her disappearance. Her husband is Thomas Jefferson; he is in Jack's office discussing Jack's progress on his case. "Okay, Mr. Spade, where are we at? Have you any leads yet?" Jefferson asks impatiently.

"Not yet, Mr. Jefferson," replies Jack. "These things take time." He is trying to assure him that he has everything under control, and that there was no need to worry. But he knows that Jefferson is an impatient man and does not believe him. He is also not a trusting man, and a man who is not used to being told what to do. He is used to giving orders, not

taking them, and he will not believe anything unless he sees it for himself. So you can be sure he doesn't think Jesus ever walked on the waters, or rose from dead.

He is a highly successful banker and realtor. He owns property all over the city. He is also a silent partner in a nightclub, that is called the Blue Cage. But Jack is unaware of his connections with the nightclub at the moment. He only knows that he is a very rich and important man.

Jefferson is around 5'10", maybe 5'11". Not quite six feet. He is in his early 60s, with gray hair that's thinning a little on top, with a neatly trimmed moustache. He is in pretty good shape, priding himself on working out daily at the gym. He was born into most of his money, but has earned a lot of it on his own, through his investments. He is a highly educated man, who graduated from Harvard University.

He was married to his first wife for 30 years, and after she died, he re-married to a woman much younger than himself. He then married a third time after they devided. His current wife is in her mid twenties; a real looker, the kind of woman that make you want to go home and shoot your wife. Yes, she is a woman a man would kill for. Long black wavy hair down her shoulders, and long silky legs, with a. And a figure like an hourglass. "Look here, Mr. Spade, I was told that you were the best," rumbles Jefferson. I'm the best said' jack "but it has been a week, and you have not told me anything about my wife's whereabouts!" Jefferson is pacing up and down the room as he puffs on a cigar. He's walking so fast the taps on the soles of his shoes almost sound like a song. Just then, the phone rings.

"Hello? Yeah, are you sure?" says Jack into the telephone.

A voice on the other end says, "Maybe." "Okay," replies Jack, "I'll be there in about thirty minutes."

"Was that call about my wife?" inquires Jefferson eagerly.

"I'm not sure," replies Jack, "I'll let you know. Now will you please go home, Mr. Jefferson, and I will call you later."

After Jefferson finally leaves, Jack goes outside and gets into his 1947 custom-style Chevrolet master two-door coupe. It's cheery red his favorite color. He heads to a cheap joint on the south side of the city, a place called the Blue Delilah. He looks around until he sees Joe, the man who had called earlier, and also his partner in crime. He is sitting in a corner, having a drink. "So what's so important you couldn't tell me over the phone?" asks Jack.

"Right over there," Joe says, pointing to a lady sitting at the corner end of the bar. It's the missing Mrs. Lauren Jefferson; she is wearing an all-black outfit, even a veil, which is kind of funny, seeing how she loves to show off her figure. The way she looks, you would think she was in mourning. Right now she seems to be having a heated conversation with a young man, who looks to be about in his early twenties. He seems to be pleading for something while she sips from her drink. She seems to be laughing at him, in a cruel kind of way.

Finally, the young man has had enough of her rudeness and abruptly leaves. This is Jack's cue to confront her. He walks slowly over to the bar, saying, "Hello, Mrs. Jefferson." She looks up from her drink and then turns away without saying anything. "You are Lauren Jefferson," said Jack. Still she does not answer him. "Your husband is worried sick, he is!"

She replies at last, saying, "Why?" From her reaction to Jack's statement, she doesn't seem to give a damn.

"He told me that you were missing," Jack replies.

"He did? That's funny," she replies. "I told him to drop dead." Then she smiles.

"So you're not missing?" asks Jack.

She looks up at him with those big blue eyes and says, "Do I look like I'm missing? I just left him, I told him that I was leaving him, and I did. How much is the son of a bitch paying you, anyway?"

"Enough," replies Jack. As they are talking, Mr. Jefferson comes in. Jack had told Joe to call him. "Wow, that was fast! Or did you follow me here?" Jefferson does not speak to Jack; he has only one thing on his mind: his wife. "So that's why you didn't call the police," says Jack.

"You knew she was not missing all along!" Jack is understandably is a tiny bit upset. "You can have each other, I'm out of here."

"Yes, thank you, Mr. Spade," says Jefferson "I'll send you a check in the morning."

"You can bet on that," replies Jack.

Then Jefferson turns his attention back to Lauren, "Well dear, are you ready to come home?"

"What's the matter with you, Tom?" she screams. "It's over, can't you get that through your thick head? You self-righteous hypocrite, now leave me alone." She then gets up and hurries out of the club. Lauren has had enough of Jefferson's wandering eyes, for the women as well as the men. It is a well-known fact around town that he likes the men as well as the ladies. She wouldn't really care that much if he

hadn't been so open about it. He's bisexual and he doesn't care who knows it. He runs after her, but she jumps into a cab and speeds away.

Jefferson scurries after it on foot, being the very persistent man he is, but of course he is unable to catch the cab. However, he does manage to get the cab's license number. He repeats it over and over to himself until he gets to his car, where he asks his driver, Henry, for a pencil. Quick Henry give me a pencil, The driver searches his pockets for one, and then remembers that there is one in the visor. He reaches for it, and hands it to Jefferson. He quickly writes down the number. "Do you want me to follow the cab, sir?"

"No, it's too late for that, take me home."

He drives him to his hotel, where Henry asks him, "Will you be needing the car further, sir?"

"No," replies Jefferson. "Park it for tonight." very well sir As soon as he is inside his room he goes to the telephone and calls the red top cab company. He tries to get information about the destination of where Lauren was going. The dispatcher informs him

that the company does not give out that information, unless it is for the police. But Jefferson is determined to have his way, and sure enough, he gets it. He convinces the dispatcher to give him the destination of that particular cab. I guess That old saying that money talks is true, because Jefferson gets all the information that he wants. The cab driver had driven Lauren to a location that shocked Jefferson; in fact when he heard the address, he was not sure he had written it down correctly, and asked the dispatcher to repeat it. "Are you sure this is the correct address?" he asks.

“That’s where the driver took the passenger,” replies the man.

Jefferson then folds the paper up and puts it away and retires for the night.

A week has passed, and Jack is in his hotel room. He has settled down on his sofa, after fixing himself a drink. While he is sitting there, he lays his head back and closes his eyes and tries to take a short nap. But as fate would have it, just as he does he gets an unwanted visitor. There are a couple of light taps on his door. He gets up reluctantly to open the door. The visitor is Thomas Jefferson. “Hello, Mr. Spade,” he says as he rushes into his room, past Jack as he stands there holding the door open.

“Come right in,” he says sarcastically.

“I’m sorry to rush in like this,” says Jefferson as he holds out a piece of paper for Jack to read. “I have information about my wife that I—”

“Hold it right there,” interrupts Jack. “I’m not working on your case any longer, Mr. Jefferson, or did you forget that I quit your case?”

“But Mr. Spade—”

“No buts about it,” said Jack. “I’m done with it.” he is pretty stern with his decision.

“Alright, Mr. Spade, I can’t say that I blame you.” Reluctantly, he leaves and says, “Maybe the police will believe me.” After Jefferson has gone, Jack goes into his bedroom to lie down. But then the phone is ringing and James awakes from his sleep. When he does it’s morning, and James Harper is at his apartment, about to have his breakfast. This is James’ real world, as he knows it, a divorced, out-of-work

private investigator, and things does not seem to be picking up. He has a ten year-old daughter who, luckily for her, lives with her mother and new husband. James and his ex-wife have been divorced for the last five years, she remarried a year ago, but they have remained friends. He gulps down the rest of his breakfast then goes to his office. Walking past the YMCA building, he thinks about going inside and getting a morning swim. "Why not, he thinks to himself. "I'm not on any clock," he murmurs, and so he goes in. "Good morning, Mr. H," said the attendant at the front desk.

"Good morning, Billy," replies James. "Just want to get in a couple of laps."

"Of course, no problem, replies Billy."

"Just let me know when my ten minutes are up," says James. Billy has always calls James Mister H. James really likes it because it makes him feel important. It's like a little pick me up; every man needs a little pick me up every now and then, he thinks to himself. As James is swimming, he does 20 laps, much more than he had planned. He just lost all track of time. It's a good thing he had told Billy to let him know when it was ten past nine. He is so entranced with his swim he does not hear Billy shouting at him, so Billy, being the energetic young man that he is, jumps into the pool to get his attention. "Finally he gets James attention' Oh, Billy, what's going on?"

"Your ten minutes were up ten minutes ago, Mr. H."

"Thank you, Billy, but you didn't have to get wet to let me know," he says, laughing a little. In fact, they both get a big laugh out of it. "I completely forgot about the time," says James as he lifts himself out of the pool and helps Billy out.