

Q And you think, you're assuming that Butkovich was the second.

A Yeah.

Q He was buried in the garage.

A OK. And I remember getting into an argument with him, but again, it's not like the way they see it. Butkovich was out to my house with three others, they came out there, they were drinking, I was drinking, we had drugs--all four of them left ...

Q Including Butkovich?

A All four of them left, Butkovich and his three friends, they all left. OK? Because John was doing the driving.

Q OK. What happened then?

A OK. I think they left around 10:00 or 11:00, I think that I either took a nap or still was high enough that I got a notion to go out driving. I went out around midnight. I went down to Bughouse Square which was the usual routine. In the process, there was nobody down there, there was nobody that looked right so I cruised on down Lake Shore Drive, got off at Montrose, was cruising around Montrose Avenue lakefront, Foster Avenue lakefront. I ran into Butkovich on Lawrence--no, I ran into him actually first, I spotted his car down at the Foster Avenue beach at the Lawrence Avenue exit. Then he had stopped his car at Sheridan and Lawrence and I pulled up. I double parked, I never even parked the car. And I stopped. And he asked me what I was doing. I says I was just out cruising around. He said, "I'll drive with you." Now this is after we had just had an argument less than two or three hours ago. Because this had to be around 1:00 in the morning. He got into my car--he got into my car, we drove around for awhile, then he wanted something to drink. So I said "well instead of spending any money, let's go out to my house". We went back out to my house, we drank some more ...

Q In your car?

A In my car. We drank some more, we smoked a couple of joints. I think the handcuffs were behind the bar. And then he started talking again about that he was going to kick my ass. Cause he was telling me about his problems with his dad and that he needed the fuckin' money. And I said "well that's fine, who's gonna pay for the goddamn carpeting?" He said "we'll just go in and tear it out of the apartment and shit like that", and I said "fuck no, you're stickin' me for \$325 and then you want me to give you a check for \$150?"

Q What's the \$325? What was the argument about initially?

A He had left because he had gotten into it with his dad and his dad took an apartment away from him. With his dad taking the apartment away from him--now meanwhile, the day before he had just gotten into a fight down on Halsted and Ohio street--no, not Halsted & Ohio, Halsted & Clinton or somewhere in that area--they had gotten into an argument, in fact, they beat up somebody with a pool stick.

Q They--you mean him and his friends?

A The Puerto Rican buddies of his, yeah. And uh, he wanted to get out of town because they were gonna come and get him. That's why he wasn't going home. His dad had kicked him out of the house, his dad had kicked him out of the apartment, told him that he was no good and all that shit and wanted to get rid of him. Ya know, just • get out' • I said "well, somebody is gonna have to pay the carpeting." He charged the carpeting to me, ya know, and then his father took the apartment back from him to rent it out and then he was gonna not pay for the carpeting, which was \$325. He had a check coming of, I believe, \$125 to \$150, somewhere in there. He wanted his check and he said I could get the carpeting back from his dad. I said "like hell then I gotta go argue with your dad" . Then he got into an argument with me. That's what the argument was over. The same argument was expressed to his dad and his dad knows it, he even says that today. John knew he couldn't get his check until he paid the \$325, cause I told his dad. Then his dad says "well"--this was after John disappeared--he says "the hell with John, make the check out to Marco Butkovich". I says "Like hell I am, are you going to pay me for the carpeting first, or I'm gonna take the carpeting out." He says, "No you' re not, you' re don't take no carpeting out." You know, in his broken English.

Q So when you got back to the apartment then

A No, we went to my house •..

Q I mean, your house, I'm sorry •.

A We were drinkin' and we got into a fight and then he felt like he wanted to fight again. So we were fucking around arguing back and forth and, um, I talked him into putting the handcuffs on. once he got the handcuffs on, I pinned him down and I told him, I said "Now you might as well settle down and get it straight for once and for all because I am not gonna give you your check", I says "I don't give a shit what the hell you do". And then he said "let me up, let me up". And I said "I ain't lettin' ya up until I get done explaining it to you." I said "You know goddamn well you owe me for the carpeting--you're not getting your money until I get mine." And then he told me that if I didn't let him, or if I wouldn't let him up he'd kill me. He threatened to kill me. He said "If I get loose, I'll kill you." He says that he had nothing to lose. I says "If that's the way you think, then its either you or me." I'm assuming from that point forward--! don't remember--if I killed him or I just left him on the floor there. I do know that he was dead.

Q When do you remember him being dead?

A Around 6: 30 to 7: 00 in the morning when I came out of my bedroom. He was still laying on the living room floor.

Q Did he have his clothes on?

A Yup.

Q Were his hands still handcuffed?

A Yup.

Q In back of him or in front of him?

A In back of him.

Q But he was dressed?

A Yeah.

Q How was he dressed?

A I don't know--I don't know if they found him with his clothes on or off, cause I don't know if I took his clothes off to bury him or buried him with his clothes on.

Q How was he killed?

A There was a rope on his neck.