

Sandy Trent,
Bartender
Ht 5'6 – Age 34
Check fraud



Hi, My name is Sandy Trent. I'm 34 years old, divorced twice, with no kids. I never had any use for them, kids or husbands. I've been a bartender since I turned 18 for several local bars around town, and I never killed any of them when they fired me.

So I can't believe you all think I killed her. The best thing she ever did for me was to fire me. I should be getting my first unemployment check any day now.

I got to the Club around five, and Cindy was walking in behind me. The afternoon shift was walking out the door. Not sure what her real name is, but everyone calls her Java. Then Hope walked out, and a few minutes later, so did Ted. Cindy and I started prepping the bar for the night and getting everything ready.

About an hour later, Max showed up, and then a minute later, in walked Hope and Ted. It kind of looked like they were all out together. Hope announced we were closing early so they could do some repairs, and we needed to do our closing work around midnight so they could lock up as soon after closing as possible. I never did much for closing work anyway and was happy to leave early. When Max announced last call, the guests cleared out pretty fast. I brought my drawer to cash out with Ted, and that's when Hope asked if she could have a word with me. To be honest, I don't remember anything she said. I was just so pissed. I tossed my apron and key on the table she was standing near, and she asked me for my bar keys. I put them on my apron and walked out.

That was just petty! I couldn't steal her priceless tequila and cutlery if I didn't even have the keys to get into the building.

Ya, I probably said a few things that could have been considered threats. But Hope deserved it; I was pissed. She made me work all night, then fired me. Why couldn't she have done it before I even got there?

By the time I was done handing in my Keys, Cindy and Max were gone. Not sure how much they heard, but I used the restroom and walked out the door for the last time. It felt good that I would never have to return to that place again. When I got to the parking garage, Cindy's car was pulling away, and Max, the bouncer, was running to his car like he was in a race. I looked at my phone to check the time, which was 1:15 am. I left, went home, and passed out alone in my bed. I was out cold by the time some bastard stabbed her.