

Danny's Apartment

There was a musty room off the gymnasium at the old New York DEA office located at 555 West 57th Street. The room had bunk beds, a gray metal table and chair, and was for the convenience of those agents too exhausted to drive home after a long nights work. However compared to the inconvenience of a tiring drive to sleep in one's own cozy bed, the use of the office bunk bed was not even a close second and the room was rarely if ever used. That is until an agent named Danny P. broke up with his second or possibly third wife.

Faced with the unenviable position of having an almost negative cash flow after alimony for his wives and child support for his numerous children was deducted from his check, Danny moved bag and baggage into his new studio next to the gym. Although broke, Danny added a portable T.V., hot plate and even a few pictures to cheer up his nest. However the biggest concern for Danny's supervisor was that Danny continued to show up late for work although he now lived only one floor away from his desk. But a lot of things were overlooked because Danny was one of the best and "ballsiest" undercover agents in the office. It was sort of expected that Danny would march to a different drum than most everyone else.

After about six months of "squatters rights", Danny was formally evicted when the "suits" in the front office were made aware of the "studio" next to the gym by an uninformed brand new agent who was making the "duty agent's" rounds for the first time. And when Danny moved out, another agent with a similar problem moved in.

DANNY'S SECOND JOB

Constantly strapped for cash, Danny also needed a second job. And legend has it that there were numerous sightings of Danny driving the DEA surveillance Taxi cab on weekends and holidays to make ends meet. Although the published rates on the door and the Taxi's meter were outdated, no one in the Bronx objected to the nice young man with the reduced rates.

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