

Larissa Robbins Interview Transcript

Tuesday, December 13, 2022 – 4:00 p.m.

Larissa Robbins is Jackson Walker's next-door neighbor.

Detectives Murphy and Parker went to her home to ask some follow-up questions about the information she had provided previously.

Participants

Detective S. Murphy

Detective E. Parker

Larissa Robbins

Detective Parker: Hello, anyone home?

Larissa Robbins: Yes. I am. Who wants to know?

Detective Murphy: Detectives Murphy and Parker of the Yoknapatawpha County Sheriff's Department. I'm Detective Murphy.

Larissa Robbins: Good to meet you. I'm Larissa Robbins.

Detective Parker: And your address here?

Larissa Robbins: The Flamingo Apartments, 1013 University Avenue, Apartment #4.

This is about Jackson Walker, isn't it?

Detective Murphy: Yes.

Larissa Robbins: He lived across the hall there.

Detective Parker: Yeah, we know.

Larissa Robbins: A police officer talked to me yesterday. And you're already back again? Oh no, was there something more serious going on with Jackson? I thought he was just sick.

Detective Parker: This is just routine. We'd like to ask a few more questions if you have the time.

Larissa Robbins: Oh, sure. Where's my head? Come in, have a seat. Would you care for something to drink?

Detective Murphy: Thank you. Nothing for us.

Larissa Robbins: All right, then. How can I help you?

Detective Murphy: How well did you know Jackson Walker?

Larissa Robbins: We were neighbors, of course, so I'd say pretty well. If we were coming or going at the same time, we'd make small talk. I knew he was a professor at the university and enjoyed his quiet time. He always mentioned that he could get socially burned out by all the students sometimes and liked that he could come home, away from the hustle and bustle.

Detective Parker: But your apartment building is nearly in the center of downtown.

Larissa Robbins: Yes, but it's hardly what you'd call fancy. Most professors would have expensive homes or more extravagant apartments. Jackson didn't go for that. He lived modestly. I did get him some fine furnishings for his bedroom, however.

Detective Murphy: For what reason?

Larissa Robbins: I work as a designer at Something Southern Furnishings. I outfitted his bedroom with top-of-the-line Sam Moore upholstery. He was really pleased with it. Our apartment building has great hardwood floors, so I asked him if I could design his living space, but he wouldn't have it.

Detective Parker: Too expensive?

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Larissa Robbins: No, it wasn't that. He had too much sentimentality. He wouldn't part with some of his old furniture, especially this nasty old red Naugahyde chair. I told him that I'd talk him out of it one day. That day never came.

Detective Murphy: Ms. Robbins ... or Mrs. Robbins?

Larissa Robbins: I'm a Ms. now. I was married a decade ago and had a daughter Elly, who now lives and works in Atlanta. I divorced Mr. Robbins but kept the name.

Detective Murphy: I'll go with Ms. Robbins, then. Ms. Robbins, when was the last time you saw Jackson Walker?

Larissa Robbins: Three days ago, on the 10th. That morning, I delivered him a care package.

Detective Parker: Care package?

Larissa Robbins: Yeah, a care package. You know, a neighborly get-well present.

Detective Murphy: Was Jackson sick?

Larissa Robbins: Yeah, I saw him go out to get his mail the day before on the 9th, and he looked miserable. He had a slight cough. And he was still wearing pajama pants even though it was Friday. I asked him how he was doing, and he said, "Rough. I'm not heading to campus today. I'm calling in." I told him it was a good idea since he worked too much anyway. He smiled weakly, and then he began to cough again.

Detective Murphy: So the next morning, you brought him the care package?

Larissa Robbins: Yes, at about 10:00 a.m.

Detective Parker: How did he look to you then?

Larissa Robbins: Oh, he was still sick, but he seemed a little better. I asked him how he was feeling, and he said, "I don't think it's terminal." He smiled without coughing. I told him he needed to use everything in the care package I brought him so that he doesn't infect the entire apartment building. To that, he said, "Absolutely, Nurse Robbins." That was the last thing he ever said to me.

Detective Murphy: What was in your care package?

Larissa Robbins: Vitamin C, cough drops, cold medicine, Earl Grey tea, some raw honey, some lemons, a small bottle of bourbon, a little book about the pets of the U.S. Presidents, things like that.

Detective Parker: When you spoke to investigators yesterday, did you tell them about this care package?

Larissa Robbins: I think so. Ah, I guess I don't rightly know now that you ask. Maybe I didn't. I know I told them how sick Jackson was, and of course, I was concerned about all of the police that were here. I guess I didn't think much about my care package at the time. Besides, it's commonplace for me to do right by my neighbors. It wasn't the first care package I've delivered, that's for sure!

Detective Parker: It seems you go out of your way to care for your neighbors.

Larissa Robbins: Well, to be honest, I was hoping that Jackson and I would be more than neighbors at some point. He was so smart and charming. If I wasn't 15 years his senior, I might have gotten up the gall to ask him out before he got involved with that other woman.

Detective Murphy: What other woman?

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Larissa Robbins: He was dating some woman named Sylvia something. A sad shrew of a woman if you ask me. She always seemed to have something to complain about.

Detective Parker: Had you talked with her?

Larissa Robbins: No. I only know her from seeing her from my peephole and hearing her bitch occasionally through the walls. I avoided talking with Jackson when I knew she was around.

Detective Murphy: When was the last time you saw her?

Larissa Robbins: In the afternoon of the 10th.

Detective Parker: What was she doing?

Larissa Robbins: Dropping something off for Jackson. She didn't stay long. Probably afraid that Jackson would give her his cold, I suppose.

Detective Parker: Were you in your apartment yesterday morning from approximately 9:00 to 10:00?

Larissa Robbins: No. I was at the store. I left for work at about 6:00 a.m. I didn't see anyone in the hallway then—not Jackson, not anyone.

Detective Parker: All right, Ms. Robbins. Thank you for your time.

Larissa Robbins: Thank you, detectives. I sincerely hope you find out what happened to Jackson.

Interview ended – 4:22 p.m.