

Joshua Walker Interview

Monday, December 12, 2022 – 6:00 p.m.

Joshua Walker is Jackson Walker's younger brother.

Detectives Murphy and Parker spoke with him at the Yoknapatawpha County Sheriff's Department.

Participants:

Detective S. Murphy

Detective E. Parker

Joshua Walker

Detective Murphy: Thank you for coming in today, Mr. Walker.

Joshua Walker: No problem. I got to leave work a few minutes early.

Detective Murphy: Glad it wasn't an inconvenience. If you'll please state your name and address for the record, we'll get started.

Joshua Walker: Joshua Walker, 2000 Lexington Pointe Drive, Oxford.

Detective Murphy: Where do you work, Mr. Walker?

Joshua Walker: Oxford University Bank. I'm a float teller.

Detective Parker: What's a float teller?

Joshua Walker: I float between the two branches.

Detective Parker: Do you work full-time?

Joshua Walker: Yes, I work full-time for the bank, just at different branches depending on staffing needs.

Detective Parker: Did you work Friday?

Joshua Walker: Yes, I worked Friday. Like I said, I'm full-time. So I work weekdays. Friday is a weekday. I worked.

Detective Murphy: You sound a little defensive, Mr. Walker. Is that intentional?

Joshua Walker: I just don't know why I'm here.

Detective Parker: We're investigating your brother's death. That's why you're here.

Joshua Walker: I didn't have anything to do with my brother's death.

Detective Parker: When was the last time you saw him?

Joshua Walker: It's been a while.

Detective Murphy: A while, like a couple of weeks? A while, like six months?

Joshua Walker: A couple of weeks, at least. We weren't siblings in love, okay? No buddy movie moments for Jack and Josh.

Detective Parker: You weren't close?

Joshua Walker: Uh, no. We weren't close. I pissed him off by being born. Pretty hard to make amends for that.

Detective Parker: He resented you?

Joshua Walker: Big time.

Detective Murphy: Why?

Joshua Walker: I was born the day after his birthday. Both birthdays are crappy, so I guess I got born and made his birthday crappier. I blame my parents, though. I mean, they should've avoided sex in late April.

Detective Parker: What?

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Joshua Walker: Jack's birthday was on Christmas Eve. I guess Christmas was all about him. Then I came along. Stole Jack's thunder. Pretty sure Baby Jesus hates me for the same reason.

Detective Murphy: Because you ruined his birthday?

Joshua Walker: Yes, that's what I've been told. For Jack, anyway. Still waiting for Baby Jesus to weigh in.

Detective Parker: So Jackson resented you. How did you feel about him?

Joshua Walker: He was an ass.

Detective Murphy: Did you and your brother ever get along?

Joshua Walker: Not really. Listen, he and my sister got me in trouble a lot. It's hard to get along with people who do that.

Detective Parker: How would they get you in trouble?

Joshua Walker: They'd break things. Toys and things. Sometimes things belonging to my mom. Jack and Jen would lie and say that I did it. I'd get in trouble big time. My mom was stupid to believe them. I mean, how could they know I'd done it since we didn't live together? But my parents always believed them and punished me.

Detective Murphy: Did you ever do anything to deserve punishment?

Joshua Walker: Of course. I was an active kid whose parents were not in the best marriage, even back when I was born.

Detective Murphy: Any extreme behavior?

Joshua Walker: Extreme? No. They totally deserved it.

Detective Parker: Who deserved what?

Joshua Walker: Jack and Jen. One time I pissed on Jackson's MP3 player. It was neatly packed in a suitcase nestled in his clothes. It wasn't a giant piss. Just the letter "J" — lowercase, so I could piss that sweet little dot on it. There was some overspray that dampened his clothes. I hope when he opened the suitcase, he got a good whiff of "screw you!"

Detective Murphy: You don't consider that extreme?

Joshua Walker: No. No, I don't.

Detective Parker: You only targeted Jackson, not Jennifer?

Joshua Walker: That they knew of anyway because I didn't always get caught. I eventually grew out of it. Sure, revenge is best served cold, but sometimes it's so cold you forget what triggered it and then bore yourself trying to think of clever ways to get back at people.

Detective Parker: Did you serve some cold revenge on your brother yesterday, Mr. Walker?

Joshua Walker: God, no. No, of course not! I just told you I grew out of it!

Detective Murphy: Why should we believe you?

Joshua Walker: Look, I didn't get along with Jackson, okay? But he's not really in my life, so what would I gain by killing him?

Detective Murphy: Why don't you tell us?

Joshua Walker: Tell you what?

Detective Murphy: What you'd gain by killing your brother?

Joshua Walker: Nothing! I'd gain nothing, okay? It's ridiculous to suggest such a thing!

Detective Parker: Is it? Where were you this weekend, Mr. Walker?

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Joshua Walker: All weekend?

Detective Parker: Yes, I'm asking you to account for your whereabouts all weekend, beginning with what you did after you left work Friday night.

Joshua Walker: Friday after work, I was home. Saturday and Sunday, I was out, okay? I was...busy with someone. Or trying to be anyway.

Detective Murphy: We need specifics, Mr. Walker.

Joshua Walker: Great. No problem! Friday after work, I spent a couple of hours online gaming with complete strangers. One was from Sweden. One was from Texas. One said he was from Canada, but he sounded more like he was from—

Detective Parker: I'm going to stop you there, Mr. Walker. We need verifiable information. Names, dates, times, locations, receipts, contact information — you know, specifics that create an alibi. The sooner you provide information, the sooner we can be done here.

Joshua Walker: Fine. As I said, Friday I was home. I was alone. I ordered takeout from China Royal—moo shu pork—and picked it up. I ate while I was online gaming. I haven't emptied my trash, so those food containers are still under my kitchen sink, along with the receipt, which I hope is legible even though it may be smeared with plum sauce.

Detective Parker: Thank you. Saturday?

Joshua Walker: Saturday morning at around 10:30, I went to Walgreens on University to get the lame exchange gift for Wednesday's bank holiday party. I mean, who has a company holiday party on a Wednesday?

Detective Murphy: Did you purchase something?

Joshua Walker: Yes, a very imaginative \$10 Chick-fil-A gift card. Yes. I have the receipt.

Detective Murphy: And then? You mentioned you were busy with someone. Who?

Joshua Walker: No. I tried to be busy with someone. There is no name, detective. At least not— I mean, I met someone— God, this is so embarrassing. I met a woman in Walgreens. She flirted. Joked that she'd help me spend my gift card. Said she loved Chick-fil-A. I asked for her number. She didn't give it to me but said she worked the ice skating rink at Holly Jolly Holidays.

Detective Murphy: The festival at the Old Armory?

Joshua Walker: Yes. She said her name was Candace but that everyone called her Candi. She said if I find myself at the festival, to stop by the skate rental booth and say hi. She smiled. She touched my arm. I watched her walk toward the cashier's stand. She turned and waved to me. I picked up another Chick-fil-A gift card in case I saw her again.

Detective Parker: Mr. Walker—

Joshua Walker: I went to Holly Jolly Holidays. I got there around 2:00 p.m. and wandered around. I passed the skate rental booth numerous times. No Candi. I bought hot chocolate. I paid cash. I looked at crafts and ornaments and quilts and cards.

Detective Murphy: How long did you stay?

Joshua Walker: I left around 5:00 p.m. to get something to eat. Went to Newk's. Had some pizza. Yes, I have the receipt. Yes, I eat like crap.

Detective Murphy: And then?

Joshua Walker: Well, at this point, you'd think I'd go home, but...she touched my arm, detective. So I went back to the Armory, wandered around looking for her, stayed until around 8:30 p.m., then went home.

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Detective Parker: What did you do then?

Joshua Walker: Ate leftover moo shu and watched reruns of "CSI: Miami." And drank. Beer. A little too much. Fell asleep in the recliner with the TV on. Woke up at around 2:00 in the morning, turned off the TV, took a giant piss, and went to bed.

Detective Parker: Can anyone corroborate? Neighbors, anyone?

Joshua Walker: Nope. Just me all by my lonesome.

Detective Murphy: And Sunday?

Joshua Walker: Sunday was pretty much a repeat, except I went ice skating and I ate at one of the food trucks.

Detective Murphy: What about the morning? The festival opens at 1:00 p.m. on Sundays, doesn't it?

Joshua Walker: Why, yes, detective, that's correct. I slept in. No one to corroborate unless my neighbors heard the toilet flush and the shower running at around 11:30 a.m. Actually, that's totally possible—paper-thin walls.

Detective Parker: We'll be sure to ask. When were you at the festival?

Joshua Walker: Got there at 1:00 p.m. and stayed until 5:30-ish?

Detective Murphy: Any receipts for the ice skating or the food truck?

Joshua Walker: Nope. I paid cash for everything, but I'm pretty sure the dude working the skate rental booth could pick me out of a lineup.

Detective Parker: Why is that? Did something happen?

Joshua Walker: No. Not really. He just saw me passing by several times. He started giving me weird looks. I finally rented skates so he wouldn't suspect anything.

Detective Murphy: What would the guy at the booth suspect you of?

Joshua Walker: How should I know? I guess he started to get bothered that I was walking past and looking around like looking for Candi.

Detective Murphy: So nothing happened?

Joshua Walker: When I returned the skates, I asked if he knew where I could find Candi. He said he wasn't sure about candy, but he thought there was a booth where you could buy homemade fudge. Stupid bitch.

Detective Parker: I'm sorry?

Joshua Walker: Stupid bitch. That was Jack's nickname for me. He'd really get a kick out of that story, let me tell ya. Good ol' Josh, can't get a woman. Well, he'd sure be surprised.

Detective Parker: About what?

Joshua Walker: About...my...you know, abilities to get women. I have no problem getting women. Aside from the Candi incident, I'm—he'd just be surprised, that's all.

Detective Murphy: Where were you Sunday evening after you left the festival?

Joshua Walker: I bought beer and went home. Got good and drunk. I'm sure I have the receipt for the beer, and I sure as hell have all the empties. They're in the trash bag next to the garbage where the takeout containers are.

Detective Murphy: Were you aware that Jackson was sick?

Joshua Walker: My brother doesn't get sick.

Detective Parker: Is that a no?

Joshua Walker: Yes, that's a no. I wasn't aware.

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Detective Parker: Mr. Walker, can you think of anyone who might want to hurt Jackson?

Joshua Walker: I'm not the guy to ask. He wasn't really in my life. I don't know anything about his work relationships, but I do know he can be a real hardass.

Detective Murphy: Do you know anything about his personal relationships?

Joshua Walker: Not really. I heard he had some kind of girlfriend, maybe? But that's, like, something Jeff mentioned to me. Jeff is the no-drama sibling who everyone still talks to, so I only hear second-hand information about the others from him.

Detective Murphy: If you think of anything that might help with the investigation, please call.

Joshua Walker: Will do. Am I excused, then?

Detective Parker: Yes, for now. We're going to need those receipts from this weekend.

Joshua Walker: Okay.

Detective Parker: Thank you for your time. We may need to talk to you again, Mr. Walker.

Joshua Walker: No problem.

Interview ended – 6:39 p.m.