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That same morning, the prosecutor walked up one flight of stairs to meet with Bobby Bond for the first time at the prisoner's cellblock on the 7M floor of the courthouse. Standing by the narrow hallway leading to the cells was a friend of his — Jack Gillen, a huge court officer frequently assigned to guard the most difficult defendants. Big Jack made the formal introduction.

“Bobby, this is Mr. Burke. Are we gonna dance today or are you gonna behave?” Gillen asked as he eyeballed the large black man seated behind the heavy-mesh steel cell door.