

Ninety Degrees South

EPISODE SEVENTEEN: Kinda Denouement

INTRO MUSIC

FADE IN. IN THE ARCHES, FRANKLIN'S ROOM. STANDARD BACKGROUND.
STANDARD FRANKLIN MUFFLED SOUND WHEN SPEAKING.

FRANKLIN

(Surprised)

So all charges are dropped?

BASS

All charges are dropped. Mr. Brewster...

SOUND OF HANDCUFFS CHAIN DROPPED ON TABLE.

BASS

You are free to go; there is one...request I have.

RENO

Go ahead

BASS

I'm convinced that you are not the killer, nor did you have any connection to that crime; however, the real killer thinks they successfully managed to have this crime pinned on you and that you're going to take the fall.

INDISTINCT HALLWAY NOISE

BASS

I'm almost positive I know who the real murderer is, and for the moment, we have the element of surprise. I intend to lay and spring a trap this evening. Catching the killer. To do that I need to maintain this element of surprise. To keep that, I need...I'd ask for your help and have you stay here one more day.

FRANKLIN

I need a moment with my client.

BASS

Go right ahead; I'll stand over there.

5SP. SOUND OF SOMEBODY WALKING BY OUTSIDE THE DOOR

FRANKLIN

(Surprised)

Alright. First, I notice you dropped the charges and let my client know he could walk out before you asked for the favor. You could have easily bargained for that favor. By law, you could still hold Mr. Brewster for another 24 hours without charging him.

BASS

I don't intend to perform an act I know is wrong to achieve a result I know is correct. That's not who I am.

FRANKLIN

And I will remember that. My client agrees to help your investigation and the façade of still being under arrest, but with caveats.

BASS

I'm open to it, what are they?

FRANKLIN

Even if there is no current reward money, the Marshal's office will redirect some of those forfeiture earnings to a reward fund, say...twenty thousand US. That reward will be wired to David's daughter in Alamogordo.

BASS

(Considers)

It might take a day or two, but I'm reasonably sure I can get that arranged.

FRANKLIN

A formal public apology to Mr. Brewster and public acknowledgement of his assistance to you in this investigation. He also wants the declaration in writing to go to his daughter alongside the money.

RENO

(Firm)

I want to show my daughter that it is possible to turn your life around. My life around, and that I'm not the same man she knew growing up.

BASS

(agreeable)

Certainly, the least I can do, and I do kinda owe ya, not just for hanging out in here for another day, but for thinking you were automatically guilty.

FRANKLIN

(Stated quickly)

And also set Franklin free.

RENO

(Confused)

Wait...I didn't ask for that.

BASS

(Earnest)

Mr. Brewster, I'm a big enough man to admit when I was wrong, and in this instance, I was very wrong. About you and your motivations. Don't expect you to accept it, but I am sorry for what it's worth.

FRANKLIN

(Struggling to be heard)

Seriously, scratch out the Latin writing on the front access panel, and I'll be able to free myself!

RENO

I'm too old to be holding grudges, Deputy Marshal. Don't have many days left, and those I do, I want to be doing good for people, not holding onto anything...negative.

SOUND OF HANDS CLASPING AND SHAKING.

BASS

I appreciate that, Mr. Brewster.

FRANKLIN

Am I still speaking English here, yeah? Didn't revert to Lilim all a sudden, did I?

RENO

(Sincere)

Franklin, I don't know how to pay you for your services; but I can't free you. That's simply not in the cards.

FRANKLIN

Can I at least get that Netflix thing people talk about when they forget I'm in here? For starters?

RENO

That I can do. I'll show you how to download it on your iPhone.

BASS

You got him the phone! I should have guessed. Okay. How's he charging it?

RENO & FRANKLIN

Demon!

BASS

.....Maybe the air quality too! Not just the water. (Pause) Can I get anything brought down to you, Mr. Brewster? Magazines, a laptop, deck of cards? Everything goes the way I'm hoping, you should be out of here in...a little less than 12 hours.

RENO

Well, then I wish you good hunting Deputy Marshal.

FOOTSTEPS ON METAL FLOORING AND FADE OUT

FADE IN, OUTSIDE...WIND STRONGER THAN PREVIOUSLY. WINTER IS COMING (Don't use that line...Lawsuit!!!) BASS ON THE PHONE WITH CHARLIE, CALL IN PROCESS.

BASS

(Louder voice to be heard)

So that, in a nutshell, is where we stand.

CHUCK

(VO)

You were pretty sure about the last one. You positive that...

BASS

(Louder voice to be heard)

They're the one, Charlie! I'd bet my badge on it. Once I dug around a bit. Alibis fell apart. Abnormalities in the background stood out even more, and then there was the aptitude report in the NSF files. That was the clincher.

2SP

BASS

(Louder voice to be heard)

Hang on Charlie. Now the sensitive stuff is done with, I'm going to step back in the VMF bay door.

WALKING ON SNOW; WIND DIES A BIT. GARAGE NOISES THROUGH REST OF SCENE

BASS

Okay. I won't have a line of sight to the Satellite, but I least you should be able to hear me clearly.

CHUCK

(VO)

Night and day better. Those Sat-phones...great thing but the optimal outside performance is a pain in the ass. So...when you planning to spring the trap?

BASS

Next flight back to McMurdo leaves at 16:30. It's only going to have one passenger from the original 43 winterovers and mostly waste and equipment being flown out. The bulk of the staff won't start leaving until 48 hours from now. I've already let everybody know that we feel we have our killer, putting the real person at ease....I shouldn't be talking about it inside Charlie.

CHUCK

(VO)

No problem! So, I heard from the Office of Polar Projects inside of the NSF. They officially petitioned Washington for a full Deputy Marshal to be assigned to Antarctica with jurisdiction over McMurdo, Palmer and Amundsen-Scott. As I suspected, they're asking for you, specifically.

BASS

(Clarifying)

Didn't you mention there was internal disagreement over this decision?

CHUCK

(VO)

From what I know, there still is! However, the voices that want it and you are louder and have more clout than those not in favor. When you check your email next, you'll see the official transfer papers. I've already signed and dated it; all that is needed is your signature and to scan it to the DC head office. You still inclined to reject?

BASS

Are you giving me a choice? Typically when we get reassigned, we go.

CHUCK

(VO)

And if it were Tallahassee we were talking about or a Marshal OTHER than me, you wouldn't have that choice. But we're talking about Antarctica, boy. Little bit different situation than Tallahassee. So, you accepting or not?

2SP.

BASS

Tell the NSF I'm not rejecting outright, but I'll need a week or two for consideration. Like you said...not exactly Tallahassee.

CHUCK

(VO)

I'll let Panchanathan know. Head of the NSF, the offer came directly from his office. A nice man, by the way. Hell of a golfer! He said if you wanted, they'd fly you to Virginia so they can make their pitch to you in person. It seems that's how much they like you. I know you have an insane amount of unused vacation piled up. May want to consider going.

BASS

My game's been dimensioning the whole time I've been down here. Not much opportunity to tee up in minus 50 with 45 Mile per hour winds.

CHUCK

(VO)

Well then, first week you're back on the Island, A round and lunch at the club are on me! (Pause) Seriously Bass. Think about their offer. If you say yes, they get you back down there

to start after the winter season ends. Not saying it'll be a plum assignment, but the first full Deputy Marshall assigned to Antarctica...that's making history.

BASS

I'll take you up on the Country Club, Charlie. (pause) As to their offer...I need to have a conversation down here before giving it much more thought.

2SP

CHUCK

(VO)

I think I understand, and I hope that the conversation goes well.

BASS

(Back to Business)

Okay, I still have things to set in motion down here to get our person. I should be sending you an update by this time tomorrow with good news. Otherwise...I may be stuck down here for the Winter while the investigation goes on.

CHUCK

(VO)

Just keep your nose on that grindstone. You'll get 'em.

BASS

(Happy)

Talk to you in 24 Charlie.

CHUCK

(VO)

That's my boy!

FADE OUT VMF GARAGE BACKGROUND NOISE

ROBOTIC VOICE – RECORDING STARTED

SOUND OF PHONE NUMBER TONES, PHONE PICKS UP OTHER END

IT CHRIS

(VO, Excited)

(walkie talkie squelch mouth-noise) Come in rogue two, this is echo-base, over (walkie talkie squelch mouth-noise)

BASS

(Unamused)

Yeah, not doing that.... I'm in position. Berth A1-205

IT CHRIS

(VO, Excited)

(walkie talkie squelch mouth-noise) yeah, that's a negative copy rogue two. Negative copy, please use appropriate call signs, over (walkie talkie squelch mouth-noise)

2SP

BASS

You know I have the authority to subpoena your browser history, yes?

IT CHRIS

(VO, let down)

Oh c'mon, Deputy Marshal, this is exciting. Going undercover, setting an ambush, waiting for the bad guy!

IT EMERY

(VO background, fainter)

Don't be sexist...or genderist.

IT CHRIS

(VO but covers the mouth piece a bit)

'Genderist' isn't even a word, Websters. Just watch the tracker.

BASS

(doubtful)

Are you two sure this will work? Run me through it again.

IT CHRIS

(VO, positive)

100% it will work D.M squared. Once you told us the initial plan, Em went to Doctor McKendrick and got a hold of her laptop two days before she shipped out. He slipped a Xerfay R.F.I.D. plate inside the unit and put it back together. She never knew we installed it, and the laptop was back to her quickly.

BASS

Xerfay Plate?

IT CHRIS

Internal tracking device.

BASS

(Listening)

Okay, go on.

IT CHRIS

(VO, recounting)

So this morning, she stopped by IT, dropped off her laptop and radio, and said her goodbyes. We left them on the counter like we usually do. A few hours later, her computer had been swapped out with another identical one, just like you said would happen!

BASS

Simply a guess. How will you know when the laptop with the RFID tag is in the room?

IT CHRIS

(VO)

See over on the wall to the right of the door, that grayish box that says 'Sargas'?

IT EMERY

(VO, fainter, in the background)

It's more silver than gray.

IT CHRIS

(VO, frustrated)

Ughhhhh! That's an RFID reader. As soon as that laptop comes within 20 feet, we have monitors here that will start to light up. Once they connect to the data port, Em will confirm they're transmitting, and you'll have your killer, your treasonous spy, and attempted cop-killer all in one!

IT EMERY

(VO, fainter, in background)

Don't forget; he removed the hard drive without adequately ejecting first.

IT CHRIS

(VO, angry)

Economy of scale! Kind of down there on the list of charges huh?

BASS

(Calming things down)

Alrights guys, great work. I'm going to lower the volume on the phone here since this room is supposed to be empty, but let's keep the line open. Now, we wait.

3SP

IT CHRIS

(VO)

Huh.

IT EMERY

(VO, fainter in the background)

What huh?

IT CHRIS

(VO, Thinking aloud)

You ever think...that in every episode of Scooby-doo; the actual show now, not that Scrappy doo abomination...that when the gang was ready and the laid out the trap to catch the bad guy; like we are now... they'd describe how the trap would work; like we just did.

BASS

Gentlemen...

IT CHRIS

(VO)

No no Deputy, think about it. They'd describe the trap, and almost *every time* something would go wrong, and the trap wouldn't work like intended. They'd still get the bad guy, but not in an intended way!

BASS

(frustrated)

So you're saying...what then?

IT CHRIS

(VO)

Have we just doomed the plan to fail by outlining it?

IT EMERY

(VO, Gasps in background)

A predestination paradox!

IT CHRIS

(VO)

Exactamundo!

IT EMERY

(VO, Background)

No no wait... that can't work.

IT CHRIS

(VO, frustrated)

Oh, okay, here we go, Mr. Spock; enlighten us.

BASS

(Frustrated)

Gentlemen...please feel free to discuss this while we wait. I thought ahead, brought me a deck of cards along, so I'm going to play some solitaire, but trust me...I'm all ... Vulcan ears listening to your trekie talk.

IT EM & CHRIS

(Together, VO)

TREKKER!!

IT CHRIS

(VO)

Trekie is a slur, Deputy Marshal! Have respect for the Rodenberry, the Majel, and the son!

SOUND OF CARDS SHUFFLING

BEGIN FADE OUT.

IT EMERY

(VO Explaining)

You first have to accept that we live in a deterministic universe. The initial state of the universe and laws of nature together determine *everything* that will happen. Next.....

FADE BACK IN. LITE SNORING FROM BASS. THE IT GUYS ARE STILL BICKERING ON THE PHONE.

IT EMERY

(VO, extrapolating)

So when Freddy is explaining the ghost trap, it *assumes* that determinism IMPLIES predictability, at least when the laws and initial conditions are provided. Turning's paper on computable numbers all but PROVED that the halting problem is undecid... (low) we got a hit!!!!

2SP. WE HEAR A BEEPING IN THE VO BACKGROUND, LITE SNORING CONTINUES

IT CHRIS

(VO, Whisper loud)

Deputy Marshal?.....DEPUTY MARSHAL? BASS!!!!

BASS

(Jolted)

I'm up.

IT CHRIS

(Vo, whisper)

Shhhhhhhhh! The detector went off. They're in range.

BASS

(Whispers)
Okay, let me know when they try to start uploading the file?

2SP

IT CHRIS
(VO whisper)
Wait for it . . .

2SP

IT CHRIS
(VO whisper)
Wait for it . . .

2SP

IT CHRIS
(VO whisper)
Download in process from Doctor McKendrick's laptop and
her port.

SOUND OF GETTING UP FROM CHAIR, AND THEN SLOW DOOR OPENING

BASS
(Low voice)
Here we go.

2SP

DOOR KICKED IN

BASS
(COMMANDING VOICE)
US MARSHALS, HANDS ON YOUR HEAD AND STAND SLOWLY.

2SP

LIGHT SWITCH TURNING ON

BASS

Now, go ahead and turn around slowly. (Firm) I said, hands on your head, not in the air...Mr. Nickels.

JOSH

(nervous)

Deputy Marshal, this is all a colossal misunderstanding. I have something here that will explain...everything.

GUN DRAWN FROM HOLSTER

BASS

(Calmly)

Now you need to listen to me carefully, Mr. Nickels. Those hands need to be moving up to your head, not whatever you're reaching for behind you. I've going to say this one last time, and whatever happens next...that's your decision and that outcome will also be based on what you do.

2SP

BASS

(Calmly)

You make a sudden move; I'll shoot you. You try to rush me, and I shoot you. You sneeze or pass gas right now; I'll shoot you. The way I see it, you only have two options. Option 1: You put your hands on your head, I handcuff you, and we go talk to find out what's going on. Option 2: You continue reaching for whatever that is behind you; and as the divine wind dancing caribou spirit as my witness, I will put a round through your heart. (Pause) That's it, that's my spiel. The choice is now yours.

2SP

BASS

Wise choice, Mr. Nickels. Now, this gun will be trained on you until both handcuffs clampdown. Option 2 is still on the table until that time...Oh, that was just so the attorney general investigators who will investigate your homicide; hear me make that clear on the body cam footage and will absolve me of having to shoot you!

SLIGHT PAUSE, THEN SOUND OF TWO HANDCUFFS BEING APPLIED.

BASS

Another wise choice Mr. Nickels. I'm placing you under arrest for the Murder of Rodney Marks, Attempted Murder of a Federal Officer, Attempted treason against the United States of America...oooooh and lookie in your back waistband. A rather ominous-looking knife that ...exactly matches the kind of homemade murder weapon that killed Doctor Rodney. So that was what you were reaching for. (pat on the shoulder) We'll add concealed weapon charges later.

2SP

BEGIN A SLOW FADE OUT

BASS

All right Mr. Nickels, need you to listen up...(ahem)
You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney.....

2SP

DIGITAL RECORDER BEEP. SOUND OF WALKING DOWN METAL FLOORING, ARCHES BACKGROUND

ZEKE

Everything good, lawman?

BASS

(Distracted)

Uh...no no, fine. I just couldn't get a hold of Char...of my Boss. Wanted to tell him that Nickels is making a full confession and the case is more or less solved.

ZEKE

That unusual?

BASS

No, not too much. It's...23:30 now, which means it's 1:30 in the morning yesterday in Honolulu. He's probably asleep. I'll catch up with him tomorrow morning. The cage working out?

ZEKE

Oh yeah, he's in there. He is acting all...weird; even for a Beaker.

BASS

(Tired)

Well, since he's willing to offer a full written and vocal confession, I don't think this will take too long. I'm sure word is around the station by now. (chuckles) I wouldn't be surprised if Waynewright isn't already planning my flight out?

ZEKE

Does he know you've been offered a full-time gig here yet?

BASS

(thinking)

Not sure. If he does, he hasn't mentioned it to me. He was more interested in having the remaining staff that should have departed, ready to be sent back home.

ZEKE

So, you decided yet?

BASS

(focused)

First things first. I need to put this investigation to bed, and then I can have the necessary conversation.

ZEKE

Hey, you never told me...what was it in the Sauna last night that showed you he was the killer?

BASS

He said he was in the Sauna from 10 to 10:30 the night Doctor Rodney was murdered. You had mentioned you took the sauna offline that entire night until late for preventive maintenance. He was lying.

ZEKE

But...what if he just remembered wrong, got the wrong night he was in there?

BASS

I thought about that too. So, I took another look at his NSF aptitude tests and reports. Kid has an eidetic memory. What we call photographic. He can remember everything he sees or does in vivid and incredible detail. There was no way he could have been mistaken on where he was or what he was doing. I'm betting he wasn't aware that maintenance was being done on the mechanical room feeding the Sauna that night.

ZEKE

Oh man!! We weren't supposed to do the P.M.'s on those units until the week after. Remember I told you after the poker game we decided to do them ahead of time to get ahead. Little punk musta got a look at the repair roster schedule but didn't see that on the list...cause we decided to do it off the record.

BASS

That's it exactly. That's when I knew he was the killer. Only thing left I needed was to find him in the act of trying to send the data to his Chinese buddies.

2SP

BASS

OK, I have a confession to gather. Catch up with you later on.

SOUND OF DOOR OPENING AND THEN CLOSING. WALKING ON METAL TILE AND THEN A CHAIR SCOOTING OUT.

BASS

(FORMAL)

This is US Deputy Marshal Bass Marlow, Mark Rodney Homicide investigation. 5-February 2022. 23:40Hrs. Third interview of Josh Nickels. Currently under arrest for the homicide and other associated charges.

2SP

BASS

(Formal)

Mr. Nickels, for the record, can you confirm you have been read your legal rights, also known as Miranda rights?

JOSH
(Disconnected, emotionless)

Yes.

BASS
Mr. Nickels, for the record, can you confirm you have waived all your legal rights?

JOSH
(Disconnected, emotionless)

Yes.

Mr. Nickels, for the record...you give this statement freely and nobody has harmed or persuaded you to give this statement.

JOSH
(Disconnected, emotionless)

Yes already. Now, can we please get on with it? I have things to do.

BASS
Alright. Simply then. Mr. Nickels, on the evening of April 1, 2021 did you Murder Doctor Mark Rodney?

JOSH
(Disconnected, emotionless)

Yes.

BASS
How did you murder him?

JOSH
(Disconnected, emotionless)

I hit him across the head with a paperweight. You'll find it in my Berth. After he dropped to the floor, I stabbed him with the knife you found. Again, and again, and again, and again...

BASS

I...get it. May I ask...why you murdered Doctor Rodney?

JOSH

(Disconnected, emotionless)

Ohh...several reasons, really. He was an ass; he was obnoxious, he discovered my work in proving the existence of Cold Dark Matter and solving the missing Dwarf Galaxy issue and my attempts to trade it to Beijing.

BASS

(Inquiring)

So he threatened to expose you, and you killed him?

JOSH

(Disconnected, emotionless)

He tried to blackmail me and told me to finish my work and hand it over so he could get the credit. The man was so arrogant and short-sighted that he didn't see the work was already done, nor that I had hacked his secret accounts and was using that to pay him off. He was blackmailing himself.

BASS

Why the Chinese? Why not just publish the work itself and take credit. You'd have gotten the Nobel, probably any number of other awards and notoriety.

JOSH

(Disconnected, emotionless)

I don't care about notoriety, money or prestige. No, Deputy Marshal. That I have elected to keep to myself for now. Sufficed to say...it was fun trying to allude you.

BASS
(Prodding him)
Trying to allude me, how so?

JOSH
(Disconnected, emotionless)
Dispense with the games, Deputy Marshal. My IQ has been tested, and depending on which method you ascribe to, it's between 220 and 240. I'm probably more familiar with the Reid interrogation technique and verbal and non-verbal cues than you are. With a little practice, you can control your breathing, pupil dilation and perspiration. It's not overly difficult.

BASS
That, coupled with you being ambidextrous...

JOSH
(Disconnected, emotionless)
Let me save you the trouble. Yes, Deputy Marshal, I fully and freely confess to attempting to murder you as well. Yes, Deputy Marshal, I fully and freely admit to trying to trade secrets to the people's republic. I am guilty. Now, if you will please excuse me.

FRANKLIN
(Muffled)
Deputy Marshal...a moment?

CHAIR SCOOTS OUT, WALKING ON METAL FLOORING

BASS
What is it?

FRANKLIN
(Muffled, low voice confused)

He smells...wrong, different.

BASS

(Low voice)

Wrong? What do you mean?

FRANKLIN

(Muffled, low voice confused)

All you humans...have a similar smell. The sin heightens it, but the; I guess the best way to describe it is 'base smell' is the same.

BASS

(low voice)

You mean like...steak smells like steak, but different cuts and sauces change it?

FRANKLIN

(Muffled, low voice confused)

Similar...I guess. He's not possessed; nor touched by the divine...very different smells. This is...new.

2SP

BASS

This is all fascinating Franklin, but I have a mountain of paperwork to prepare and prisoner transport to arrange, so If you'll excuse me.

WALKING ON METAL FLOORING, DOOR OPENS, FADE OUT AGAINST
BACKGROUND NOISE

FADE IN, ELEVATED STATION. BASS' OFFICE

BASS

(Frustrated)

No, no operator. US Marshal's office; Honolulu. They're located in the Prince Kuhio Federal Building. 808 541-3000. Charles Goodwin.

OPERATOR (Rando)

(VO Speaker phone)

Yes, sir...that's the main number we've been attempting, lines are not connecting.

BASS

(Confused)

You mean like they're all busy? At once?

OPERATOR (Rando)

(VO Speaker phone)

It's not that uncommon sir. Sometimes solar flares can disrupt normal satellite communications.

BASS

That's fine; I'll try again in a few hours.

CLICK ON THE SPEAKERPHONE. LOTS OF HALLWAY TRAFFIC.

2SP

KNOCK ON THE DOOR FRAME

BASS

(Doesn't look up, distracted by paperwork.)

Come in.

CHERYL-LYNN
(Upset)
Oh shug. Oh, I'm...I'm soo sorry!

BASS
(Looks up, sees she is upset)
Ms. June...what's the matter?

SOUND OF CHAIR BEING PUSHED BACK, BASS GETS UP

BASS
(Genuine concern)
Is everything okay? Are you okay?

2SP

CHERYL-LYNN
(Upset)
Oh darlin, we just got this in on the main NSF line to the station. It's from your Marshal friends...

PIECE OF PAPER BEING HANDED OVER AND OPENED

3SP

BASS
(Shocked, holding it together)
Thank you.....Miss June. I'll ...um...I need a minute, please.

CHERYL-LYNN
(Upset)
Bless your heart; you take all the time you need, Shug.

DOOR CLOSES

SOUND OF BREATHING. STEADY, BUT GETTING HEAVIER.
SUDDENLY ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE. PHONE IS GRABBED AND THROWN
AGAINST THE WALL, CONTENTS ON THE DESK ARE SWEEPED OFF AND THEN
THE DESK IS FLIPPED, FILE CABINET IS TOSSED DOWN. THERE IS A MIX OF
ANGRY, RAGE, MOURNFUL AND GUTTERAL SOUNDS COMING FROM BASS

BASS

(Sound of your spirit being destroyed)

NOOOOOOOO! GOD DAMN YOU, NOOOOOOOO!

DOOR IS PUSHED OPEN AND ZEKE COMES FLYING INTO THE ROOM

ZEKE

(Rushing Bass, concerned)

Lawman! Lawman, ease down! Ease down man; you're going to hurt yourself.

SOUND OF BEING TACKLED AND TAKEN TO THE FLOOR

ZEKE

(Trying to comfort)

Ease down, Bass. Ease Down. It's okay man; we'll figure this out. Calm down.

BASS

(Distraught)

They killed him. They killed him.

ZEKE

Who?

BASS

(Distraught)

They killed him. I.....can't believe it.....They would kill him.

ZEKE
(concerned)
Who Bass, who got killed?

BASS
(In Shock)
They killed him...Charlie ...my father-in-law. They killed him,
my last connection to my wife.

2SP

BASS
(In shock)
They killed him...They killed him...They... are going to pay.

Credits and Outtro