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Death Sentence

By Ian Mackenzie Jeffers

Okay. Can't get that, that...
Okay, guys. Ready?
- We wish you a Merry Christmas.
- T's just the...
bike wanted.
Yeah, do you like it?
S that the one?
Good. Merry Christmas.
Oh, the new hockey stick.
S it a good size?
Yeah, it looks fine to me.
Let me see that snapshot.
Hey, don't knock anything off the table.
Am the greatest.
Am the greatest.
Show me what you got. Oh.
Hang on one sec.
Ready?
A right, flip it up.
You okay?
You okay?
Okay, you're on your own.
Oh, my gosh. Luke.
Oh, honey.
Watch out for the tree though.
Do a trick.
Do a trick.
How proud are you of him?
Oh, my God. He's amazing.
Did mommy do that?
Te me the truth.
Did mommy do that painting for you?
Hey. Wow. Look at that.
Just got one question.
What the heck is it?
T is abstract.
So when get signed,
' buy you a new house, okay?
Hey, what's wrong with this house?
Ready?
Oh, shit.
Okay, make a wish.
So how old are you, mom?
- How old am?

- We were just wondering.
You ook gorgeous.
You don't ook a day over...
Just spit it out, dad.
Brendan Hume, you've just won MVP.
...our goden boy.
Number one...
Get this baby it.
Can sap him when we wake him up?
No...
Pease?
He's going to ki us.
Surprise!
- Surprise!
- Happy Birthday, Lukey!
- Happy Birthday, Lukey!
- Happy Birthday.
Fourteen,
it fees no different that yesterday
when was thirteen.
Do you want your
fourteen punches now or?
A itte ater, after wake up.
Get off me.
Ah man. Amost had you.
Shoud od acquaintance be forgot.
And never brought to mind.
Shoud od acquaintance be forgot.
And days of aud ang syne.
Can bother you?
Just you think there's no order anywhere,
there's order ooking right at you.
Okay.
What do you need here?
Annie just said need you to approve this.
This guy worked here
at Starfish for six years...
but his wife's dead, no kids, no wi.
Just want to ro his pension
back up into the fund,
make it easy.
Come on, don't make fie with the state.
We fie with the state so that one day...
if someone ooks back at this guy's death,

he wi see that we did ourjob.
You're right.
You've got to cover our asses.
Got it, sorry.
No... we do ourjob,
and we do right by a guy who worked for us.
Lest he died in vain.
What's that 'order in the universe' thing?
We, you know, our insurer spent
three hundred thousand bucks...
on this new mode, new fied data,
new society.
Who is the idea empyee?
Who dies how and when?
And they sent it over to show
what a great job they're doing.
And you know what it says?
T says that peope with kids ive onger
than peope with no kids...
peope with two ive onger
than peope with one...
smoking is bad...
speeding is bad...
deaths in a famiy are bad...
divorce is bad.
T's kind of nice...
to see that a that junk is sti true.
You know?
Hey, you're the one with perfect kids.
Brendan, you're such a kiss-ass.
God gave me the skis.
- Can't hep it.
- Oh. God. Mom.
Need to go ki mysef.
Of course you do, Lukey.
May be excused?
No.
'Ve got a cretin for a brother.
'Ve a no-dick for a brother.
Okay, you stop. Right now.
You shoud know better.
What?
Let's be a famiy, shoud we?
Can say no?

No.
Demand emancipation. Want a awyer.
Okay, am fiing right...
- 'm home.
- Now.
Sorry 'm ate. Did miss dinner?
No, there's penty.
' Heat something up for you.
Hey, dad,
need a ride to the city on Saturday.
The city?
Yeah, it's an exchange game.
'M the first ine again.
No kidding.
- That's fantastic.
- Yeah.
Wadren must ove you.
Yeah, because he's a kiss-ass.
We, good for him. We a going?
No, Lukey's got soccer.
Yeah, but 'm not starting
so you can just go on...
- Maybe you shoud just kiss some...
more ass, orjust not suck so bad.
Dad, he was just kidding.
Okay, he was just being an idiot.
Don't ca him an idiot.
Lucas, you have a oya and oving brother.
Agree.
A oya and oving kiss-ass.
Look, shoud we just a pease
be civiized for once
before ki somebody?
Whatever, wease.
Duh, whatever, wease.
Luke.
Pate.
Come here, itte punk.
Get off me.
See what you miss
when you don't come home.
Yeah, we, at east
they're not throwing food.
Pay a heck of a game, kid.

'M proud of you.
Heck of a game.
Thank you...
Love the way you're handing the puck.
T's great.
So some of the guys have been talking about
maybe going to coege in Canada.
Canada, huh?
Canada is far.
You' sti have Lukey.
Now there's a comfort.
Oh, no, come on, 'm kidding.
You get to kid about your kids
or you ose your mind.
You' see.
Look, you had a great game.
You've had severa great games...
but professiona hockey, is that
what we're taking about here, Bren?
Mean maybe, don't know.
That's a risky business.
And this is coming from your
extensive professiona sports background
- or...
- No, my extensive...
risk assessment background,
thank you very much.
Risk, iabiities, the stuff of ife, son.
No, it's the stuff of your ife, dad,
your thriing ife.
Hey, don't make fun of your father,
you bum.
'M the ony one you get.
Guess we can tak to Coach Wadren...
and you can research schoos in Canada...
and find somebody who
coud educate us on hockey
- versus aw schoo.
- Dad...
What?
Educate us?
Look, just want to pay some hockey.
Hey, ights.
Dad, so what do you say?

Said we could look into it,
- a right? - Okay.
Please don't tell your mother.
Would never.
Where the heck is the damn expressway?
Oh, great.
Hey, where do you think you're going?
Need my fluids, dad.
Oh, yeah, the obligatory Sushee stop.
They have them in there, right?
That, or something worse for you.
- Do you have money?
- Yeah.
Okay, quick in and out,
because we got to get home.
A right.
Hey, honey, it's me.
Just wanted to let you know...
that our son is going to
Canada to play hockey...
and we didn't want any kind of
long drawn-out goodbye,
so dropped him off at the airport.
He says he's fine,
but of course we may
never see our son again.
But as long as he's happy, right?
Okay.
Love you.
And we'll be home soon. Bye.
Watch your ass, bitch.
Back up off me, a right. Whatever, man.
Get the fuck down
or we'll blow your fucking head off.
Get the fuck down.
Hey, yo, this is your man.
This is your man.
- He's going for his gat, dog.
- Come on, Biv.
Get this fucker.
That's your guy.
Do this or you're not one of us. Do it.
Hey, you can do this.
Joey.

Ki that motherfucker, Joey.
That's my boy.
Let's go. Let's go.
Give me the gun. Let's go.
- What about Joey.
- Get the fuck in the car.
What the fuck!
Goddamn it.
Fuck you.
Motherfucker.
Brendan.
Brendan.
Oh, God.
Hep.
Hep me.
Somebody hep me.
Hep.
Where's Joe?
He's a man now.
He can take the subway.
Can you get some hep?
Can somebody hep us, please? Please.
Doctor.
Need a gurney.
He was cut. Somebody cut him in...
Get an airway open. Create an airway.
He's my son.
- That's my son.
- Maggie.
- Okay, get him.
- Brendan,
we're in the hospita now, okay?
They're going to take care of you now.
Get your fixed up.
Sir, 'm sorry.
You need to stay back here.
- What?
- No, the doctors need to do theirjob, sir.
- Know,
but can't go in there?
Sorry.
Okay, he' be okay, right?
T's my son.
His name's Brendan.

Five
t's number five.
That's Joe Darey.
He's...
a kid.
He's a runt. Amost twenty-three.
And he's an anima.
Supposed to have some kind of a...
pre-tria, a hearing, tomorrow...
and they want me to go make a statement.
You want to go with me?
You go.
Put that anima in jai.
That's what the cops caed him.
Anima.
You're going to take that off?
The schoo said
they wanted to do a memoria
at the next game.
The team wanted to do something.
That's nice of them.
He woud have been paying.
Ti my body is dust.
Ti my sou is no more.
Wi ove you.
Love you.
Ti the sun starts to cry.
And the moon turns to rust.
Wi ove you...
ove you.
But need to know...
Wi you stay for a time forever...
and a day?
Then ' give my heart...
ti the end of our time...
forever and a day.
Today's easy.
Need you to sit there,
put the fear of God in this guy.
F the judge asks you,
you te him what you tod us,
and identify Darey in court.
Okay?
The minute get your statement in,

with you sitting right there...
the public defender's going to
wet his pants and fud.
' Make a deal in five minutes.
Get this guy in jail today, easy-peasy.
Deal? Wait.
Hang on, what do you mean?
What deal?
Want this guy to go away
for the rest of his life.
No.
Can get you 3 to 5, guaranteed.
That's a very decent result.
'M taking guaranteed time,
not maybe, not the jury
didn't feel up to it.
That's worth more than chasing some
make-believe 10 to life
and the guy walks free.
You want that?
He killed my son.
Mr. Hume. 've got one eyewitness. You.
That's nice.
But do you know how many cases
with one eyewitness
don't even bother to try for a deal on?
The machete magically disappeared.
The only blood we could
find on that weasel was his own
from when the car clipped him.
And you picked
the only gas station in America
without a working surveillance camera.
We've just got your word.
That's not bad,
if it can scare the guy into a deal.
You're using my son's death
like some kind of card trick.
Look, get a banger off the street
a year or so,
somebody does my job for me...
he doesn't get out of there alive.
Fine with me.
He finds Jesus. Fine with me.

But we get reigion and go to trai,
as much as 'd ove to...
and the defense starts working on.
"When was your ast eye exam?"
"What do you have
against inner city youth?"
And how unfair it is for them
to grow up so vioent...
how they're forced into initiation kiings
or face execution themseves.
You want ajury feeing sorry
for this fucker? Huh?
You want him to wak?
Wait, you said...
initiation kiing.
Thought this was a robbery.
T ony ooked ike one.
T was an initiation.
You ki someone at random
to get made in a gang.
T's the price of admission.
Are you saying that Brendan was kied...
so that some asshoe
coud fee more ike a man?
So that he coud be in some cub?
This is a 'take it or eave it' thing,
sorry to say.
Your Honor, 'd ike to enter
the statement of a witness...
present at the time of the attack,
father of the victim.
We can enter that at tria,
can we not, Mr. Behring?
Beieve, your honor,
if we enter it today...
defense wi change their pea to guilty.
Save the peope the time
and expense of a tria.
That's the statement?
Mr. Hume?
Mr. Hume?
You're giving evidence that
Mr. Darey here, before your eyes...
attacked your son and caused his death?

You're saying you wi testify to that
in a tria?

No, your honor, am not.

What?

T was dark.

There were a ot of them.

Can't be sure anymore.

Mr. Behring...

do you expect to obtain evidence
other than Mr. Hume's here?

No, your honor, do not.

'M dismissing this case.

Mr. Darey, you're reeased from custody.

You may return with a baiiff

to the hoding ces...

to retrieve your persona effects.

Joe.

You beat that shit. You beat that.

You the man.

That's it.

Come on, et's go.

You beat that rap pretty fucking good,

huh? 'm proud of you.

Who's a man now?

Know.

Get in the car.

Have a nice fun time

with this one here, wease.

- Okay. - A right?

'M proud of you.

A right?

Dad?

Dad?

What are you doing?

Nothing.

Hey, what are you doing?

Don't pay with that. Put it down.

So it was...

ike a...

gas station.

Where Bren got kied?

Yeah, it was a gas station.

Why do you want to know?

Just...

you know, wondered where he died.

Yeah.

T was...

a Stop-Spot in Rockside.

Do you...

Do you think he was scared?

Yeah, Luke, do.

Think he was scared.

How did it go?

They et him go.

They did what? Why?

Don't think it was him.

We, but you said it was him.

You said they had him.

Are they going to keep ooking?

Yeah, they said they woud.

Oh, Jesus.

'M sorry. What do you want me to do?

'M sorry.

Eft something at the office.

'D better go back.

Now?

- Nick.

- ' Be home as soon as can.

Oh, God, what am doing?

Fucking piece of shit.

Fuck.

Jesus.

Fuck man. You fucking scared the shi...

Hey, wait a minute.

You fucking kidding me?

You?

Fuck.

Fuck.

Fuck.

Fuck.

Oh, God.

Oh, God.

Oh, fuck.

Oh, you know mom's perfect.

Oh, we, that's for sure.

Nah, got nothing.

Want to be just ike you, dad.

Oh, that's what ike to hear.

'Ve been meaning to do this for months.
T's very grown-up of you to hep.
Hi, guys.
Hey.
What happened?
Sipped in the driveway.
Honey. Oh, my God. Look at you.
You're a mess.
T's okay, cut my head. That's a.
Are you a right?
Fine, yeah. That's okay.
No, it's not okay.
'M going to take a shower.
Okay, 'm going to get bandages.
' Bring them up.
How you doing, kid?
You okay?
'M okay.
Guess.
Good.
That's good.
'M going to take a shower.
Brendan Hume, you've just won MVP.
What do you have to say for yourself?
Can take this aready? Can take this?
Number one...
Brendan Hume, our goden boy.
Oh, honey.
Oh, God.
- Oh, God.
- Baby. T's okay.
'M so sorry.
- Oh, God.
- T's okay.
- 'M so sorry.
- T's okay.
Oh, God. 'm so sorry.
Yo, Biy.
Watch the fucking pieces.
For Chris' sake, they're worth something,
unike you.
Where you been, Nancy?
What the fuck you ca that?
That's our night.

When take pity on you
and your faggot haf-wit friends...
give you a coupe of corners to run...
you better deiver for me...
or ' know you been deaing,
and ' ki you.
You coud be the prince of Pan-Yan...
if you fucking ight-bag me,
' fucking ki you.
Lord knows 've been patient.
Yes.
You can get the fuck out of my sight now.
Fucking haf-wit.
What?
What?
Somebody fucking te me
what the fuck is going on.
You hear?
Joe, dude.
Somebody stuck him.
He's dead.
What?
You're ying.
Man he's gone.
Hey.
How you guys faring?
You getting through?
Yeah, we're okay.
You find compensations.
That's what we do, right?
We compensate for our osses.
Move on.
F anything ike that
ever happened to me, 'd just...
don't know, think 'd snap.
We, you reay don't know
what you'd do unti it happens.
Surprise yoursef.
Excuse me, Nick.
Detective Wais is here to see you.
Yeah, come on in.
Hi, 'm sorry to break in on your day.
No, it's fine.
The guy we thought kied your son?

Somebody kied him.
We, what was that?
Some kind of a gang thing or?
We think so.
Man, guess there is justice, huh?
Yeah, suppose there is.
Thought you'd ike to know.
F he was the guy, mean.
Yes, we, thanks for etting me know.
A right, ' eave you to it then.
Guess don't need to say anything,
Nick...
but you know the company woud pay
for counseing if you guys want it.
We' manage.
Thanks, Owen.
Okay.
He didn't deserve that.
No way he deserved that.
He was a true fucking sodier.
To Joe.
He was a good fucking boy.
A good fucking boy.
So that's what we're going to do?
Why don't you show
a itte fucking respect at east?
See, that's why you guys are nothing.
That's why you're bunch of fucking punks...
because you woud rather drink up
and toke yoursef fucking witeess.
Witeess and scared shiteess.
My bad.
Let's... here, cheers.
Get your fucking gasses up.
A of you.
Joe just wasn't made for this shit.
That's a.
He wasn't ike us.
No, wasn't ike you, you mean.
He was not ike you.
He was better than you.
We as good as brothers
since we was kids,
and you fucking go this way?

What. Am not as good as you now?
Joe was ike bood to me, dog.
As good as fucking bood. You, too.
We.
Woud ike to catch the motherfucker
that did this.
Oh, we wi.
Ain't no motherfucking doubt.
Do the right fucking thing for Joe, yeah?
So who fucking did it?
T wasn't the Cutty Macks, man.
Woud know about it.
Uness you were high.
'M not high.
We, it wasn't B-street, Biy.
Wasn't the Ha.
Wasn't any of those assshoes.
Yo, my sister said she saw some fucker
in a suit down there.
Just chiing.
How many 'fuckers in a suit'
you ever see at Stokey fucking Ha?
See, here's a comica thing.
When one of us gets kied,
we don't make the paper.
But the son of a senior VP
of Starfish Capita...
Go tak to your sister.
Hey, Amy, what's up?
'M going home.
You okay? You need anything?
No, 'm fine.
'M just going to finish
this risk anaysis and then...
Actuay,
coud you drop this off with Owen, pease
on your way out?
- Sure.
- Thank you. Good night.
Wait, dude.
Get his ass. Come on.
Come on.
Get him...
Where's he at?

Go...
Go...
Go...
Go...
Come on.
Hey, which way is 1801?
Through the boiler room, there.
Where the fuck did he go?
Heco, Dog, Spink, go cut him off.
Ki him.
Go.
Go.
Go.
Go.
Where is he at?
Oh, God. Okay.
Oh, shit.
Did you talk to Say?
Yeah.
Move your ass, it's go.
Tommy, go.
Jamie, get your Willie Neson ass up there.
You ain't going to make
a fool out of me, motherfucker.
Fuck.
Biy, we got to go, man.
Biy, we got to get the fuck out of here.
Come on.
Go. Come on.
Oh, fuck. Oh, Jesus.
Hi honey, 'm sorry 'm ate.
What?
Wait, what do you mean?
You can't find him?
Where the hell is he?
Well, did you call his friends?
Oh, Jesus. Honey.
Look, got to call you back.
Think you know where he is.
A right.
Get whatever prints you
can from this stuff. Let me know.
Look, need you to start a canvas,
a right?

Pu people from the street if you have to.
Someone had to see something.
Luke.
Luke, what the he are you doing?
Your mother's worried sick.
Now get in the car.
No.
Said, get in the car.
No, don't want to get in the car.
Said get in the car.
Fuck you.
Lucas.
This is not a safe pace.
Yeah, know that much, don't?
Woud it have been better if it was me?
S that what it is?
You guys coud
have handed that a ot easier
than osing Bren the goden boy.
Luke...
Pease get in the car.
Come on.
Luke, get in that goddamn car right now.
Right now.
Oh, God.
Oh, baby. Honey.
'M sorry.
Don't ever do that again, okay?
Yo, we're going to do this?
You need to sign in.
Sir, you need to sign in.
Messengers drop-off over there.
No, need to hand deiver this,
to Nichoas Hume.
You can sign in and
drop it off ike everyone ese.
Ca upstairs.
Shit.
Nichoas Hume.
Move.
Nichoas Hume.
Nichoas Hume.
Nice office, motherfucker.
What the he do you want?

That's the gift of freedom, baby.
Sir, should we escort this person out?
Sir?
Free from wondering
how you're going to die now.
You're free from wondering
if you're going to die alone, you hear?
Get him out of here.
Because you'll get joy and grace all over
when you finally meet your maker.
Get off me!
Where are you, you bastard?
You want to send me a reward
for finding that walet of yours?
Tell me where the fuck you are, right now.
No, I tell you where the fuck you are.
You're in my end of the fucking sewer,
buddy.
Say who lives. Say who dies.
Now, you better get that through
your fucking skull,
because there's no more warnings.
I'm coming for some fucking family time.
No. You listen to me.
You go near my family...
and we cut out your goddamn guts
like did your fucking friend,
you hear me?
He wasn't my friend.
He was my brother.
And now I'm coming for the rest
of your family.
You just bought them
a death sentence, motherfucker.
Wait.
Don't.
Fuck...
Nick, what's going on?
Pick up...
Nick?
Honey, are you okay?
Is Luke home from school?
Yes, we're fine.
All right,

just stay there ti the poice come.
Promise me.
Why, what's wrong?
Honey, just stay there
ti the poice get there.
'M on my way.
Oh, come on...
Hey, can have Detective Wais, pease?
Detective Wais
Give me Detective Wais, right now.
Shit.
Homicide, this is Wais.
They threatened my famiy.
Mr. Hume?
Fucking trash...
threatened to ki my famiy.
A right, where is your famiy right now?
They're at home.
They're both at home.
Just hep us, pease.
Heen? Luke?
Nick?
God.
What the he is happening?
Honey, why the poice?
Nick, you're scaring me.
Oh! God.
Nick, tak to me.
Dad, what's going on?
Nick.
What's going on?
You stay there.
Thank God you're here.
Your son was a hockey payer.
Yes.
The car wi stay here tonight.
Now, Mr. Hume,
think it's time you tod me...
exacty who did what to whom?
You make war on the wrong dog, hm?
That what you did?
Thought you coud just go ki
some itte asshoe
because you ive a the way out here?

What are you saying?
What is she saying, Nick?
'Ve done nothing wrong.
We, then,
why don't you te me how you make
Biy Darey this pissed off at you?
You asked for my hep.
A right.
A right.
Just try to get through tonight, Mr. Hume.
And be gratefu you're sti aive.
But if you started a war...
God hep you.
What have you done?
How do make it stop?
Did you start it?
Listen...
don't reay care what happens to me.
Just need them to be safe.
Te me how to stop this?
We, first of a,
do everything they te you.
Everything.
Don't worry, Mr. Hume.
We've put out an APB
for Biy and his gang.
Can't believe didn't see
what was going on with you.
How coud you do what you did?
You thought you coud baance the equation?
Put order in the universe?
Ost my boy.
Your boy.
You are a good father.
And nothing that's happened changes that.
And ove you.
And aways wi.
T's good that
you're getting rid of it anyway.
Yeah.
No.
Mom.
Fucking get out.
Mom.

Get over here.
Get over here.
Sup, Biy.
No.
No.
No.
Tonight ack the strengthen to even move.
And you waked and watched me die.
But know this is harder for you.
Because ove has beat you down.
Yeah, come on.
You know you're not aone.
Doctor.
Doctor.
Hod the egs.
Sedate him.
Hod him down.
Can you turn that off?
The monitor or your heart?
' Ask the doctor.
This thing stops. Right now.
God knows why you're sti aive,
but you're being given a second chance.
You think that officer's out there
protecting you?
He's protecting you from yourself?
He' hau your ass right tojai
if say so.
You want your retribution,
and you kied a coupe of punks,
and it bought you what?
Everybody thinks they're right in a war.
Everybody sti dies in the end.
You were never going to win this, Mr. Hume.
Nobody is.
Kied them.
Kied my famiy.
We, your son's sti aive.
What?
Barey.
Where is he?
S he here? Where is he?
Hey, come on. Wait a second now.
Luke.

Luke.

Luke?

- He's alright. Let him go.

- Lucas?

- Sir, you need to get back to bed.

- Where is my son?

Te me where my son is.

He's in room 206.

Lukey?

Luke?

We're taking care of your son.

- Doctor... t's ok. Just et him through.

- Luke?

S he going to wake up?

Can't say right now.

T was never going to baance.

What did you say?

The equation.

Sometimes it's just chaos.

That's a there is.

'D ike a minute with him.

Pease.

' Be waiting.

Hey, Luke, can you hear me?

Can you move your fingers?

Son, just move your fingers

if you can hear me.

Luke, know that

you think that...

didn't care about you

as much as your brother.

God...

don't know, maybe didn't at first.

You know...

when you mom and

first had Brendan...

he was just...

he was so amazing to me, you know.

He was ike this mirace kid.

But aways knew exacty

what to expect with him.

And then when you came aong...

don't know, kind of expected to

have another Brendan, you know.

Expected you to be just like him,
but you weren't.
Mean you were so different,
just different than him, different than me.
You were just so much more...
so much more like your mom, you know...
stubborn and...
Too much passion.
Your mother.
Oh, she meant the word to me.
And so do you.
Just want you to know that I love you.
Love you so much.
Love your brother
and love your mother...
love our family
and...
'm so sorry
that wasn't a better father.
'M so sorry
that couldn't protect you guys.
Shit.
Hey you, get a doctor, right now.
Hey, Owen.
Need you to check a number for me.
Yeah, 5550128.
We, check somewhere else.
Just get it for me.
And the savings too, huh?
Yeah, everything.
A of it.
Putting out the kids' college fund, huh?
Heo?
Hey, Nick, it's Owen.
Yeah, got that number run.
It's a bar. 'The Four Roses.'
Nick, what's going on?
Do you need me to call anyone?
Thanks. Goodbye. Owen.
Nick?
'M looking for Big Dary
or any of his friends.
"N SPANSH"
"N SPANSH"

Fuck you.
Fuck you.
Fuck you. Back it up.
Let me go...
You te me where Biy Darey is.
Te me right now.
Right now.
You don't want Biy Darey, buddy.
Got business with him.
Okay, et me go.
Let me go.
"N SPANSH"
His boy Heco is crashing at 113,
up the bock.
He's usuay hooking up
around dinner time, you know?
Okay?
"N SPANSH"
One more thing.
Need to buy some guns.
Hep you?
Need guns.
Don't know you.
Came from the 'Four Roses.'
'M going to guess
you're a itte bit far from home.
We, don't et me sme fear on you.
Fear is for the enemy.
Fear
and buets.
Lots of fucking buets.
You got the bastard of bastards.
.357...
for guaranteed head remova.
That's a sweetie.
You got your standard size.45,
super size.
That's a fucking 'Hungry Man' right there.
And you got the king of mayhem.
Haf cannon, sword of justice.
Take this fucker to the Hoy Land,
start your own crusade.
Any one of these...
is bound to make you fee better

about what's bothering you.
What about that one?
This one?
A right, ' take this and these.
That's three fucking grand worth
of kiing.
You got three grand worth of kiing to do?
There's five.
We, that makes
you a preferred customer.
'M going to give you some accessories.
Just because you got a thing about you.
You have got a kiing thing about you...
you surey do.
You the motherfucker after my son Biy?
He's your son?
That'd make you
the motherfucker kied Joe, that right?
You kied my youngest?
Now you're after Biy, yeah?
Yeah, 'm after him.
We, Biy is no damn doing of mine.
Anything he did is no damn doing of mine.
So somebody needs to
make somebody pay for something
to make themseves fee better...
Biy'd be the one to pay.
Ki the itte piss-pants.
See if it makes
a damn day's difference to me.
Dad to dad,
don't te me about it.
Just go do it.
Lord knows 've been patient.
And you're a cash fucking customer.
But you think about
asking me where Biy is.
' Ki you.
Go your way, now.
Go with God...
and a bag fu of guns.
Going to focus on the pain.
The...
What the fuck?

What the fuck? Who the fuck?
You?
We fucking kied you.
What the fuck?
Get the fuck out of here.
Where is Biy?
Fuck you.
That's my tooth, you asshoe.
Te me where the fuck he is.
The office.
The office.
What the fuck is that?
T's the abandoned menta hospita.
T's where we cook our shit, dude.
T's by the bridge on Stygian Street.
A right, man? Stygian Street.
Ca him.
Good thing your daddy
got you some training whees...
so you don't have to Roerbade over here
for your fucking sister's habit, huh?
She's been a good customer
of mine for a whie.
Been a pretty great customer of hers too.
Fucking prick.
Heco, you sandbagging son of a bitch...
it is the second time this week...
- had to cover for your ass.
- Biy.
That fucker didn't die, Biy.
That fucker didn't die, Biy.
What the fuck are you taking about?
He says you're sentenced.
So what?
So this, motherfucker.
What are we fucking up tonight, son?
What the fuck do you want now?
You ook ike you're in a fucking hurry.
You know how much got to
wipe your fucking nose?
Got to get some
Fortune Five Hundred faggot off my back...
by teing him he can fucking have you,
you think enjoyed that?

What you don't get is...
care about what happens to you
because it can fucking hurt me.
Now do you need any more
fucking instructions?
No. Thanks, dad.
'M taking the car.
What the fuck?
Shit.
Dog.
Son of a bitch is coming.
Straight at you, man.
My eg.
Dog.
Go. You fuck.
'M gonna ki you.
Son of the bitch.
Go get him. Go...
Come on...
...Go that way...
You know you're going to die in here.
Fuck.
Look at you.
You ook ike one of us.
Look what made you.
Ready?
Tonight ack the strengthen to even move.
And you waked and watched me die.
But know this is harder for you.
Because ove has beat you down.
Yeah, come on.
You know you're not aone.
Any New Year's resoutions?
No, you know mom's perfect.
Oh, we, that's for sure.
Nah, got nothing.
Five, four, three, two, one.
Happy New Year.
Happy New Year.
A right, what do you expect this year?
Your son.
He started moving.
Think he's going to pu through.
Shoud od acquaintance be forgot.

And never brought to mind.