

# JOHN F. KENNEDY AIRPORT.

I want to jitter and jive. I want to hop and bop.

Remain calm, Eddie.

Whoa, you're here, Trippy.

I'm going crazy for a fix, Roland.

Steady. I still have enough steel left in my spine to loan you. Remain calm and you will get through this.

That's a very interesting red mark on your chest.

I picked up an allergy in the Bahamas. I told you that.

I mean, we've been through all of this several times.

I'm trying to keep my sense of humor, but it's getting harder.





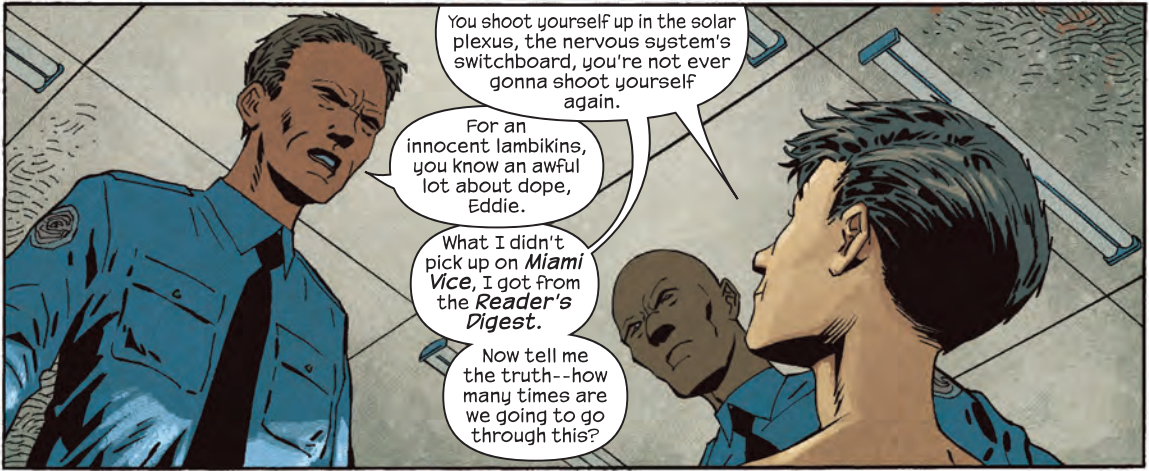
Screw your sense of humor.

What about that hole in your gut? Where'd that come from, Eddie? Publisher's Clearing House?



It itches. I fell asleep on the plane. Check the stew if you don't believe me...

Why wouldn't we believe you, Eddie? Why would we think that might be...oh, a needle mark?

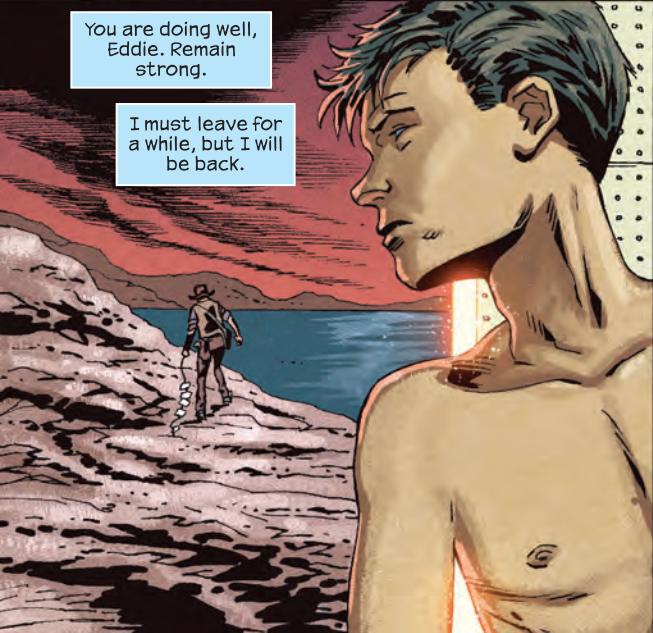


You shoot yourself up in the solar plexus, the nervous system's switchboard, you're not ever gonna shoot yourself again.

For an innocent lambikins, you know an awful lot about dope, Eddie.

What I didn't pick up on *Miami Vice*, I got from the *Reader's Digest*.

Now tell me the truth--how many times are we going to go through this?



You are doing well, Eddie. Remain strong.

I must leave for a while, but I will be back.



Why do you have to go?

Them.

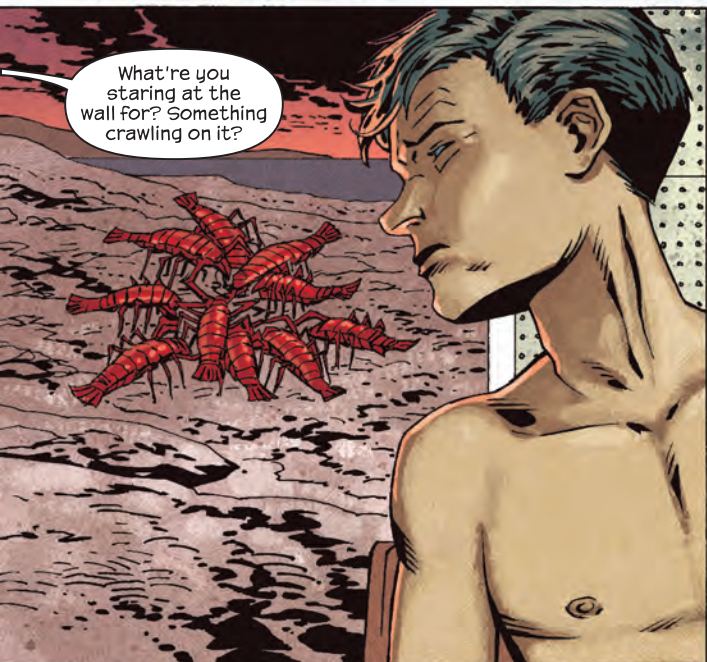
The lobstrosities have already maimed me sufficiently for one day.





Jesus.

Yes.



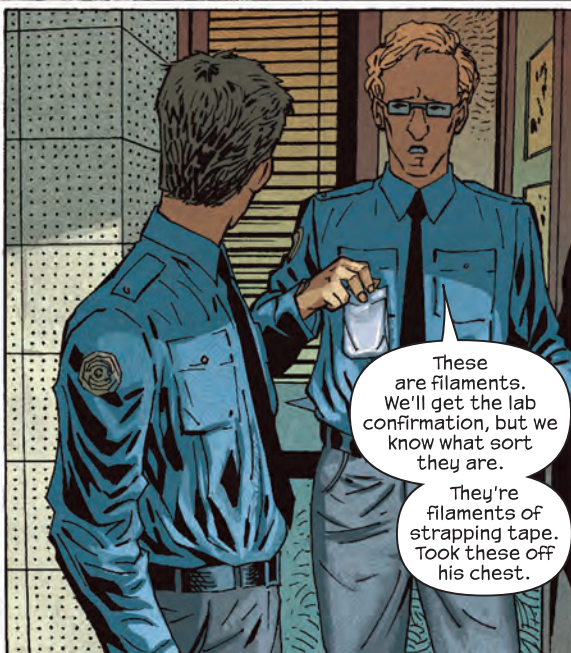
What're you staring at the wall for? Something crawling on it?



Crawling the walls. Heh. Hehhh heh...

What's so damned funny?

You are. This is.



These are filaments. We'll get the lab confirmation, but we know what sort they are.

They're filaments of strapping tape. Took these off his chest.



And those marks on your arm? They're not needle tracks?

Mosquito bites. I told you. Almost healed. Jesus Christ, you can see that for yourself.

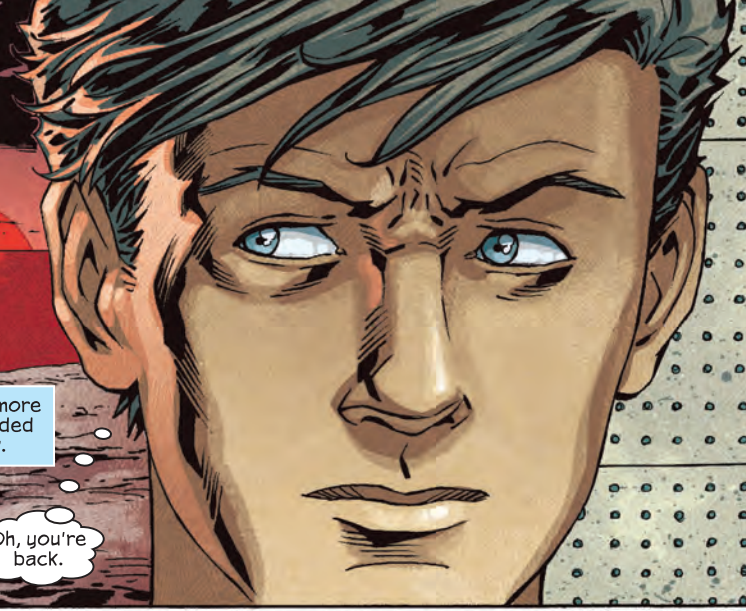


For once I'm not lying. I stopped shooting in my arm a month ago, to get ready for this trip.

Now I shoot in my upper thigh, and my balls hide it.

That is far more than I needed to know.

Oh, you're back.



What in hell is he staring at?

Tell me, Mr. Dean: Is this some kind of game to you?



Yeah. "Hungry, Hungry Hippos." So why don't you eat my marbles?

Where did you hide the skag, funny guy?!



You know I'm clean. You guys have emptied the crap tank on that plane already.

You've been up my ass, you've been through my stuff--

WAK



If you're clean, why don't you take a blood test?

'Kay. Bring in someone to do it.

But I want each one of you to take the same goddamn test, and then I want the results turned over to my lawyer.