BALTIMORE, SEPTEMBER 12, 1981
KLAK
CHK--

NNF!

RRR--

HELLO...?
KRETCH?
KRETCH, IS THAT YOU?
KLAK
TOK
YOU'VE BEEN GONE ALL NIGHT.
TINK
IS EVERYTHING OKAY?
JESUS.
URRN...
JESUS! WHAT THE [redacted] HAPPENED?
WHAT THE [redacted] DOES IT LOOK LIKE? BACK THE [redacted] OFF.
WHO SHOT YOU? WAS IT SCOTT?
IT'S ALL GOING TO [redacted]
I KNEW IT.
IT WASN'T SCOTT. EVERYTHING'S FINE.
IT HAPPENED GETTING THE PACKAGE WE TALKED ABOUT. THE PLAN B.
I PULLED MY STITCHES OUT CARRYING IT UP THE STAIRS.
I-I'M SCARED, KRETCH. IT'S ALL TOO REAL....
HOLD ME.
PLEASE.
I'M [redacted] SHOT, YOU STUPID [redacted]!
NO. I DON'T WANT TO HOLD YOUR DISGUSTING [redacted]!

CHRIST.
"sniff"
MY DAMN GUN ARM...
BREAK ME OFF A PIECE OF SURGICAL TA--
"sniiifff..."
REALLY?
AHH--
KLAKK
CHNK
I-I'M OUT....
HERE. TAKE IT IN THE BEDROOM AND OD OR WHATEVER. JUST SHUT THE WHINING UP OR I'LL BEAT YOU UNCONSCIOUS WITH MY GOOD ARM.
KRETCH?
WHAT?
D-DID BETH AND ORSON PULL OFF THE JOB? DO YOU KNOW?
ARE THEY OKAY?