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GREYBAND

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The = Speaker's notes

The = Speaker's indirect notes

The = Descriptive notes

The = Speech emphasis (light)

THE = Speech emphasis (heavy)

The = Actions by speaker

Chapter 1

The Black Hole

10/31/21 A prison door slams shut. Guards walk down the halls and leave the prisoners to sleep. All lights are off, the full moon supplies light in through the bars of the cells. Up on the roof sits a person, with their legs hanging over the edge. The person reads their watch, waiting for it to hit 10 o'clock. Once the roof-dweller's watch hit 10 PM, they swung their legs back over the edge, and began walking to the vent. The secretive person navigates through the vents and ends up in the main hallway, where at the end, the cells were locked with their inmates inside. The person walks down the hallway, reaching behind their back; pulls out a sword. The katana-wielding ninja walks in front of a cell and holds up a clipboard. The ninja reads the inmate number, and compares it to that of the clipboard, once they confirm their target, they give a soft knock on the bars with the katana. The prisoner wakes up.

Inmate 39: The hell with it.

Ninja: Good evening.

Inmate 39: This certainly ain't the bundle I'm lookin for.

Ninja: Evidently, you were charged on the count of first degree murder of a 28-year old woman?

Inmate 39: Man what is this? Why you think I'm in this cage?

Ninja: Were you falsely convicted? Or are you really a killer?

Inmate 39: Who am I answerin' for?

Ninja: Me, and only me.

Inmate 39: Why would I confess to you? You lookin like you just came out the Party City.

Ninja: You were put in here all day, but, you don't really regret what you did. Do you?

Inmate 39: Man listen, that girl had the ass like KK, she wouldn't show me none of that sweet love you see in the movies, so I came at her and told her what the deal-e-o was. She punched me first anyway. I let loose, she scratched me with them daymn big nails. I said "You cut me, I cut you". Man, you ain't got an idea what it's like to throw down with a dead girl, she gave it to me real good-

Slash! The ninja had drawn his sword and plunged into the inmate's chest.

Ninja: Don't you dare talk about women like that.

Inmate 45: ...Yo look at this guy, bro he just stabbed Ronny!

Inmate 31: Ohhhh, you're goin' down kid!

The alarm was raised, the ninja finally turned a glare to the cameras, and guards began to run down the hall. The ninja fully expected everything. Guards busted into the room, and as they made their way in enough, the ninja appeared at the top of the door frame and started running down the hall.

Inmate 42: He's behind you!!

Guard #1: ...Subject approaching Northern T-junction.

The ninja grabbed a hold of something on his back, it was a skateboard. He dived on the skateboard and rode head-first to the end of the hall. He pushed off the floor and dived into the vent he left unscrewed. He barely fit and wouldn't be able to flex his arms, but a metal cable lay in front of him, he reached for it, and managed to grab it. He then hit a button on his wristband that began to turn a wheel outside- retracting the cable, pulling the ninja through the confined vents and to the exterior.

Guard #1: Infiltrator is at the Northernmost exterior, set up a perimeter for anything within 10 blocks!

Guard #2: Who the hell was that?

Guard #1: I don't know, but whoever it was had a solid plan in order.

Guard #3: ...Uh guys, let's go!

Guard #1: Right!

The ninja had climbed down the side of the station, and lifted up a nearby sewer lid. He then made his way through the tunnels as the police searched for him upstairs. All of the sudden, he got a call.

Ninja: Hey man, what's up?

Caller: Hey, I got takeout at the barbeque place, and I was wondering what time you'd be back?

Ninja: Ok, yeah, I just finished up, I'm about to catch the bus. I should be back around 11 or so.

Caller: Okay, sounds great.

Ninja: Yeah, hey what'd you get?

Caller: Sausage and beef brisket. Large Mac N Cheese. Extra barbeque sauce.

Ninja: You had me at sausage. Save me a bit will ya?

Caller: Sure thing man, see you in a bit.

Ninja: See ya.

The ninja hung up his call and continued down the sewer. He swiped left on a small screen on his left arm, and much of the costume turned red- his disguise began to disguise itself. He began to look like a certain antihero. He then emerged from the sewer and began walking among the people.

Police Radio: Got any traces?

Police Patroller: It's Halloween night Gary, he could be standing right in front of me, we're not gonna find him.

Gary: Copy, report back, we've got some janitorial business back at the station.

The Deadpool-ninja caught the bus and headed down to the edge of town, then headed out to a desolate, seemingly abandoned building.

Knock* *Knock

Answerer: Password!

Ninja: At the bay, I molded clay, every day. I would stay, if I may, until I have to pay- and they send me away. Forever.

Answerer: Hey man, come on in.

The door opened.

Ninja: Home sweet home.

The building looked like an abandoned warehouse from the outside, but inside, it was a whole new world. Floors were carbon brindle flaked, light pillars were scattered across the floor, and

the walls were lined with smooth, polished concrete. The walls were lined with appliances and small rooms. A metal RV sat in the middle with an overhang. A tall silver statue of a man holding a torch- one who looked like an explorer, sat in the corner.

Ninja: Alright, time to kick back.

Camera sees the ninja undoing the red pigmentation, storing the boots, hanging the suit, racking the swords, and removing the mask. Then to his friend unpacking takeout.

Ninja: Ty, what happened to extra barbeque sauce?

Ty: Dude I literally was making the left turn to come in here, and it fell between the console.

Ninja: So you spilled barbeque sauce in the car??

Ty: No, I don't think the lid came off.

Ninja: You didn't get the container out?

Ty: No, but I found my phone, I found- a 2 dollar bill, and then- oh yeah, I found that library book from sophomore year.

Ninja: Couldn't get the sauce though?

Ty: It's a black hole man, I'm still missing that calculator. Brought it to school, set it on the console, looked back a minute later, gone.

Ninja: Gosh. Hey, we forgot to pray.

Ty: Oh yeah, here.

Both: *Clearing throat* Bless us, O Lord, and these, Thy gifts, which we are about to receive, from Thy bounty, through Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Ninja: ...Brisket huh?

Ty: It's the Ferrari of meats dude.

They sat quietly and ate for a moment, then...

Ty: So, I got a job at the movie theater.

Ninja: Really? What kind of perks do you get?

Ty: Free-to-take leftover popcorn and candy, plus free viewing of the movies. And I get 50% off a friend.

Ninja: Wow, you're livin' the fine life aren't you?

Ty: I guess so. So what've you been workin' on? Aside from, you know.

Ninja: ...Eh, nothing really.

Ty: C'mon dude you can't live off your dad's fortune forever.

Ninja: Well I can support both of us comfortably until we're 41.

Ty: Yeah, that's like 15 years.

Ninja: Yeah. That is plenty of time for me to figure my life out.

Ty: Is it?

Ninja: Yes.

Ty: When was the last time you did anything significant?

Ninja: ...Well, the other day I- helped an elderly woman cross the street.

Ty: Nice, how about the last time you did something where you- really got involved.

Ninja: ...I mean.

Ty: Grey, you graduated college with a bachelor's in quantum astro-engineering, capable of doing things no man has ever done. Your IQ is like what? 150?

Grey: 'Bout 183.

Ty: ...Regardless, you resorted from all that potential to a life of- "justifying", and watching Impractical Jokers on a Friday night.

Grey: I don't need to make these big life decisions when I'm 25. I mean, hey, I just got my prefrontal cortex, maybe now I'll start making rational life choices.

Ty: Maybe, yeah.

Grey: ...You want to go play some Minecraft?

Ty: Yeah, sure.

Chapter 2

Excessive Butter

Police Chief (Gary): Grey Benjamin Anderson. 25 years old, graduated top 10% in class of '17 from MIT, perfectly clean record.

Investigator (Jonathan): Until now.

Forensicist (Lewis): What would motivate an intelligent, young man to kill a prisoner?
(Rhetorical)

Gary: Did we already run background on the prisoner?

Lewis: Yes, we haven't found any connection between Mr. Anderson and Jackson.

Jonathan: Then what could be the trigger? Have we got tracking on Anderson?

Lewis: Well, he certainly doesn't use his card a lot. We haven't found a phone, email, or anything else. He bought new car tires 44 days ago, evidently he paid all with cash.

Jonathan: Gosh. So how are we going to find this guy?

Lewis: ...What we need is a trap.

Gary: How do you mean?

Lewis: Once we find the motive, we can replicate it and exacerbate it, so that Anderson is intrigued.

Jonathan: How are we supposed to just find the motive, and how would we replicate the motive to lure Anderson?

Lewis: Exactly. Let's get to work.

Jonathan: ...Wait. No, Lewis that was an actual question. What are we- ?

...

Gary: This might be just what we need.

Back at the warehouse...

Ty: Going out tonight?

Grey: Nope, I'm gonna try to start doing 2 or 3 justifications every OTHER day, just in case I have something important come up.

Ty: What important issue were you thinking would come up?

Grey: I don't know. A flat tire, a fever.

Ty: Dude if you're going to open up your schedule, put some things in it!

Grey: I mean yes, but, okay here- what's showing tonight?

Ty: You are not going to spend every other day watching movies for 12 hours.

Grey: I know. The theater would run out of movies at that rate, they'd have to resort back to serials.

Ty: Listen, how about, you come with me to the theater, and I'll see if maybe they'll hire you.

Grey: I don't know man.

Ty: I do, you're going to get yourself out of this room and you're gonna get into the world.

Grey: Fine. I'll go.

Ty: That's more like it.

Grey: Just give me one minute.

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Ty: You better not come out here with that golfing outfit again.

Grey: This is professional dress!

Ty: Sure, alright let's go Mr. Palmer.

Grey: Oh ha ha.

At the station...

Jonathan: God this is a mess.

Gary: What do we know about Jackson?

Lewis: 34 years old, charged with first degree murder. Decent behavior. Cause of death was a puncture wound.

Jonathan: Man, it went all the way through!

Gary: Mr. Anderson must've had a very large knife.

Guard #1 (Richard): It wasn't a knife. It was a katana.

Lewis: Excuse me?

Richard: ...Anderson came in, talked with Jackson, stabbed him with a 2 to 3 foot sword, then managed to bypass all of us and get away through the vents.

Gary: Officer, do you have any significant information on Anderson?

Richard: I think... Anderson may have killed Jackson, because-

Guard #2 (William): *Runs in* I think you're right.

Richard: Positive?

William: This is some compelling data.

Gary: What's going on?

Richard: After checking back over the video feed, we were able to make out one of the last things Anderson had said. Jackson had talked down about the woman he murdered, and Anderson gave him the score along with "Don't you dare talk about women that way".

Jonathan: So what does that mean?

William: We think Anderson killed Jackson because he wanted to even the score.

Lewis: Even the score?

Richard: That was the other thing, please don't summarize for me.

William: Apologies.

Richard: I got a call from our old friend Hector at Houston East. He said that they had a case about 5 months ago where a man broke in and killed 6 inmates, all of which were charged with first-degree murder.

Jonathan: Are you saying Anderson is a killer OF killers?

Richard: I think Anderson is the direct definition of "an avenger".

Gary: *Intrigued face*

In the Cinemark parking lot...

Ty: Why in the world did you think that was a good idea?

Grey: I'm sorry okay, I just love the butter.

Ty: It is trans fat on a spoon! You put 30 seconds worth of butter on your small popcorn!

Grey: Worth it.

Ty: You're lucky they consider excessive vomiting a "permissible excuse".

Grey: Hey I get a callback do I not?

Ty: Maybe. I really don't know.

Grey: ...I'm sorry man, really, I just I- I love the butter.

Ty: It's alright bro, I love it too.

In the car...

Grey: Hey look at this.

Ty: What?

Grey: It's a Mickey D's burger.

Ty: What? How long has that been in here?

Grey: ...Tastes fresh.

Ty: Oh gosh.

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Ty: Hey can you try and grab that barbeque container?

Grey: Maybe, here. Woah, look at this.

Ty: Since when do you play hockey?

Grey: I don't. I never have.

...

Grey: Not seeing the container, buuut- check this out.

Ty: Is that a pillowcase?

Grey: It's a gunny sack.

Ty: What??

Grey: "Organic Blue Corn".

Ty: Did you shove that down there?

Grey: Why would I shove a gunny sack in between the car console?

Ty: ...Did you ever find the barbeque thing?

Grey: No, I most certainly did not.

They continued out to the warehouse, when they saw several police cars at a nearby gas station.

Ty: I'm guessing someone got in there last night.

Grey: Park on the side real quick.

Grey and Ty left the car and walked over to the crime scene.

Officer #1 (Lance): Woah, hold up there, can't let you go any further.

Grey: Sorry, we were just wondering what was going on here.

Ty: -Well, he was.

Lance: There was a break in last night, gunshots went off around 2 in the morning, we think the killer is hiding in the ceiling panels.

Grey: Killer?

Lance: Yep, clerk went down without a fight. Presumably all because of a pack of cigarettes.

Grey: Hmm. I see.

Gunshot* *Gunshot

Lance: Woah, back up boys, we're going in. Alpha team, cover the back!

Ty: ...Grey, let's go!

Grey: Alright start the car, I want to see something.

Ty: You- dahhh!

Ty went to start the car, and Grey stood behind the tape, waiting for something to emerge from the door.

***Inside yelling*:** Hands on your head! Now!! C'mon! ... Alright let's go! C'mon! Move!

Several officers came out of the building with a man in very oversized clothes, Grey stared intently trying to capture the face of the killer. As he was taken away, Grey walked slowly back to the car.

Ty: What were you doing?

Grey: I know what I said. I've got new plans for tonight.

Ty: Gosh dang it man, okay nevermind let's get out of here.

As Ty and Grey drove off, Chief Gary was watching intently from a cafe across the street viewing the whole show. He sipped his coffee and smiled. Then picked up the phone.

Gary: I believe I may have a lead. Indirect, yes. But this may be something big.

In the car...

Ty: How long are you gonna be out?

Grey: Well, this district would send him to the general station, then he'll be on trial tomorrow. If I can get a word or 2 out of him tonight, I think I can clear everything sooner rather than later.

Ty: Sooo?

Grey: Maybe like 11:30.

Ty: Alright.

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Grey: What do you want to do in the meantime?

Ty: *Smiles*

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Grey: I am not drinking before a job!

Ty: I never said you should, I'm here to pick me up a little something for the road.

Grey: You can't carry open alcohol in a moving car.

Ty: When did I even say anything about drinks?

Grey: What the- ? Oh no.

Ty: C'mon, I want you to see this.

Grey: I prefer not to.

Ty drags Grey by the arm.

Grey: *Groans*

The 2 walk over to a table with 2 women.

Grey: I'm not backing you up like Good Will Hunting.

Ty: I greatly appreciate that.

Grey: ...Hold on, where was the sarcasm in that? Because I take offense to that if there was none intended!

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Ty: Evening ladies, I seem to have misplaced my sunscreen. I'm gonna need it for all the heat I'm feeling right now.

Grey: Good lord.

Woman #1 (Janine): Well, I think we're going to need one or 2 more drinks to get on that kind of level.

Ty: Well I'm sure that Andrew Jackson here can help with that. Grey, come here.

Grey: Dude, I am not-

Ty: Just get me 2 martinis.

Grey: I don't know what a martini is!

Ty: Just say vodka when the bartender asks.

Grey: You are unbelievable.

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Grey: 2 Martin- martinis.

Bartender: Gin or vodka.

Grey: Who is Jen? Wait. Vodka. Yeah, vodka.

Bartender: You got it.

Grey: *Reliving exhale*

Grey looks over at Ty and just stares with confusion and a bit of disgust.

Bartender: Sir? Martinis.

Grey: Oh thank you. Uh, I think you dropped an olive in there.

Bartender: I'm sorry, you didn't ask for no olives.

Grey: Alcohol comes with olives?

Bartender: Pardon me sir, may I see your ID.

Grey: *Ugh* Yes.

Bartender: 25. You really are just THAT uneducated.

Grey: ...That just cut your tip in half.

Grey walks over back to the table and sets down the drinks, then crosses his arms.

Grey: Are you done yet?

Ty: Change of plans, we're out of here.

Grey: You are kidding me right now.

6:00pm

Grey: You know what, stop the car.

Ty: Where are you going?

Grey: I'm gonna start my infiltration planning. You head on home, I'll be back later tonight.

Ty: ...Wait, you're giving me both of them?

Grey: Was that not your prior intention?

Ty: One of them was for you.

Grey: ...You go home and do whatever it is you have planned. I'm going to scout out the facility.

Ty: Wait, you need your suit.

Grey: Already set.

Ty: Aw man, you're missing out bro.

Grey: Get out of here. Go on.

Ty: Ha haw, ladies are you familiar with the "negative 69"?

Woman #2 (Helen): No, what's that?

Ty: ...God bless you Grey.

Grey sat on the roof of the correctional facility, and after about 15 minutes, was ready to infiltrate and settle the score.

Grey: Alright buddy, ask and you shall receive.

Ring ring

Grey: Hello?

Ty: Dude listen to this.

"Hot noises"

Grey: Tyler, I did not ask for any of tha-!

Grey slowly hangs up the phone and looks down at the ceiling and notices a van with a camera. Confused, he looks around the rest of the perimeter from the roof, and sees multiple men with guns, then sees a man standing next to a helicopter on a neighboring roof.

Grey: What the heck is this? OH-

A guard was patrolling on the roof as well.

Grey: Okay. Something's up. **Calling** Tyler?

Ty: Hey man how's it going?

Grey: Something's going on, the facility looks like Fort Knox and Area 51 combined.

Ty: Is it an in-keep or an out-keep?

Grey: What?

Ty: Are the defenders facing toward the building or away from it?

Grey: Um, away.

Ty: Alright, that means they're trying to keep something out. Which means you are not getting in there. You should come on back.

Grey: **Exhale** Alright fine, be there in 10.

Grey got up, turned around a corner and came face-to-face with a guard.

Grey: Uh, hi.

Roof Patrol: He's on the roof! Get-

Swipe* *Punch* *Punch

Grey: So sorry. Thank you for your service.

Grey managed to get off the roof, and slide away before giving himself away.

Grey: **Heavy breathing** There's no way they knew. **Calling** Ty! I'm calling for a dormancy!

Ty: Are you serious?

Grey: **Deep breath** I might have just been compromised.

Chapter 3

Sex Ed

Ty: They saw you?

Grey: No, but if they really are trying to keep something out, what would it be other than me?

Ty: That's a good point. Alright so how long of a dormancy?

Grey: I'm thinking 6 days. We'll go out tomorrow, stock up, and camp here for a while.

Ty: Sounds great.

Grey: Alright. ...Hey do we have any leftover sausage?

Ty: You know good and well that we don't.

Grey: Fine. I've got Gushers.

At the correctional institution...

Gary: He's not coming.

Jonathan: Have a little faith.

Gary: We have alarms on the doorways right?

Lance: Yes sir.

Gary: ...Abort. Shut it all down.

Jonathan: Sir, it's only been 3 hours.

Gary: Tell the guy to come back tomorrow, and we'll reassess the plan.

Jonathan: The- okay. Everyone, we're wrapping up, we'll revisit tomorrow afternoon!

Background chattering

Jonathan: You don't think he knows do you?

Gary: I saw him, Anderson is a genius, even if he saw one guard out of place he would suspect something.

Jonathan: You saw all of that just by looking at him?

Richard: I'm not surprised. Anderson came up with that entire skateboard job and successfully performed it with no mishaps all alone. He's not just smart, he's very strategic.

Gary: Indeed.

Gas Station Killer: Hey, so if Anderson actually does try to kill me, what should I do?

Gas Station Clerk: And what if he sees me alive somewhere?

Gary: Just get back to the station, both of you, and we're going to formulate a new method of capture tomorrow.

Gas Station Clerk: Got it.

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Gary: Where are you Anderson? (To himself)

At the warehouse...

Ty: Dude, I cannot even begin to re-fathom what it was like.

Grey: I don't expect you to, because I don't really want to hear it.

Ty: Bro, we started off with the recycling triangle position, then later moved to the 6-6-9.

Grey: Okay, see this is what I meant. Just say it was fun and relax now.

Ty: *Ahh* The 20s are the best.

Grey: Mm hm.

...

Ty: Dude, c'mon, talk to me.

Grey: About what?

Ty: You know what about. When was the last time you even kissed a girl?

Grey: *Sigh* Well, I mean... high school.

Ty: *Eyes widen* WOAHHOHO!!

Grey: Calm down, the way I see it, it's nice- it's endearing that I never moved on.

Ty: You haven't been in a relationship in 7 years!?!

Grey: Look, it's not that big of a deal.

Ty: Grey, you are supposed to exploit the entirety of your 20s so you can experiment and have fun!

Grey: ...I do have fun.

Ty: ...Did you have sex in that high school relationship?

Grey: I- There was-

Ty: Just tell me.

Grey: Yes.

Ty: Was it not the most exhilarating feeling you ever felt?

Grey: It- *breathing groan* yes.

Ty: Then why have you been depriving yourself of that experience for so long??

Grey: Look, when I was in high school, we had a romantic, loving, sexually fulfilling time throughout senior year, then when I got accepted to MIT, we had a respectful, mutual break-up and agreed to be friends.

Ty: You know what's interesting?

Grey: That I haven't talked to her in a long time?

Ty: That you can't even say her name.

Grey: ...Elise. Happy?

Ty: *Smile laugh* What are you so afraid of now?

Grey: Okay, in high school, it's pretty obvious that I wasn't looking for absolute devotion, it was just a fun time that I'm glad I experienced and I'm good to be done with for a while. But now, I'm at the age where people can quite easily have a committed, progressive relationship.

Ty: Listen, I know that you have some of the highest respect for women out of any man I know, but that doesn't mean you can't play that little scene I just did.

Grey: I guess, but like, I don't feel the need to feel that every week.

Ty: Listen, we've got 142 hours of dormancy, we're going back to that bar tomorrow, and we are going to sit there all day if it takes, and you are going to get yourself back in the game!

Grey: I don't like the sound of this.

Ty: It's happening!

Grey: No it's not!

It happened...

Grey: I can't believe you threatened to delete my Minecraft account.

Ty: A strong man knows another man's weakness.

Grey: That is way excessive leverage.

Ty: I mean you know you need this.

Grey: Issac Newton died a virgin, and he was happy and successful.

Ty: Yeah, but once you do it one time, depriving yourself of it changes you for the worst.

Grey: That's only true for smoking.

Ty: Oh, you don't know the half of it. ...Hey, 2 Blue Ribbons please.

Grey: Hey, subtract one of those and add a Dr. Pepper.

Ty: ...Really man? You've been on a dry spell for 7 years, AND you won't take even one drink.

Grey: One of us has to drive.

Ty: *Sigh* Alright ...Grey, look around, take a pick.

Grey: ... Hmm. I feel like I look like John Travolta.

Ty: Minus the hat, on point.

Grey: *Mutters:* ♪Lookin' for love in all the wrong places♪ ...Oh am I supposed to be doing something?

Ty: Grey! Come on! Just keep your eye out. Something's bound to happen.

Grey: Alright, I'll be right here.

Across the room, the gas station killer (Roscoe) sat with a large hat on, watching the football game. That hat may just save a lot of chaos.

Ty: Cast your line anywhere you thinkin 'bout reeling back?

Grey: Please use a bit shorter idioms. "Do you see anything you like?" would suffice.

Ty: Alright, also that wasn't an idiom.

Grey: Whatever it was.

Ty: I actually don't know if it was a metaphor, or hey maybe personification.

Grey shakes his head and rolls his eyes, and looks to the right in the process. His eyes suddenly grow wider than the Grand canyon.

Ty: You know whether it's Horatian or Juvenalian, it's still funny you know what I mean. Grey? What are you-? *Inhale* Oh my God.

Grey and Ty stared like gnomes at a beautiful woman standing around the pool table, she was holding a Coors and laughing.

Ty: Is that Roxanne Stevenson? Gosh, I haven't seen her since high school.

Grey: Lord help me.

Ty: ...Dude, there you go man.

Grey: I- I can't talk to Roxanne Stevenson.

Ty: Come on, this is what you've been waiting for. I know you always wanted to hit that.

Grey: DON'T! Say that.

Ty: Sorry, I'm sorry. I know you always wanted to "get to know her better".

Grey: Yeah I guess she was my first ever crush.

Ty: Yeah! Now you've got a chance to make it up to your 15-year old self!

Grey: Yeah. Yeah! I'muhna go spit some bars! ...But first I'm gonna think of what to say, because I certainly regret saying "spit bars".

Ty: Just say what's on your mind. Get her to say that she wants you by reminding her of what you were in high school.

Grey: She was a goddess in high school, I was a nerd!

Ty: You were a genius! Now go! ...And play the innocence card!!

Grey lowered his sunglasses and walked over to the pool table, 5 feet from Roxanne, and 5 feet from Roscoe!

Pool Player #1: 8-ball, this corner pocket.

The guy lined up.

Grey: Middle pocket.

Pool Player #1: I'm sorry?

Grey: Based on the current projection you have lined up, and assuming you'll hit straight, the ball will hit right here, bounce off this wall, then it will hit the 12, but, will ricochet off the 12 at a 35 degree angle, you are anticipating a 45 degree ricochet. If you don't move at all, and hit straight and hard, it's going in here.

Pool Player #1: ...You serious right now?

Grey: Fire at will.

He hit the ball, hit the wall, then the next wall, and ricocheted off of the 12 ball at a 35 degree angle. It drove toward the middle pocket slowing quickly, the projection was true but the speed was uncertain. 12 inches- 6 inches- 3 inches- 1 inch- ¼ inch. The ball did not go in.

Pool Player #1: You just cost me 300 bucks!

Grey: Just wait.

The 12 ball had hit against the wall and was slowly creeping upon the 8 ball. It barely touched it, and the 8 ball fell over the ledge. That's game.

Pool Player #2: Holy crap! How did you know?

Pool Player #1: Who are you?

Grey: I'm Grey, Grey Anderson.

Roxanne: Grey?

Grey: Hey Roxy, nice to see you again.

Roxanne: Wow, how long has it been?

Grey: 7 years.

Roxanne: Wow. You look great.

Grey: Hey, not as good as you.

Roxanne: Thanks, so- wow... uh what've you been up to?

Grey: Well...

Grey managed to speak his way softly through, and Ty watched, shaking his head in enjoyment, but then he looked over and saw Roscoe.

Ty: What the? Oh shit. *Trembling*

...

Grey: What are you, uh, doing tomorrow night?

Roxanne: Well, I work tomorrow. But I'm free on Friday.

Grey: ...Would you like to... go get some... Subway sandwiches? *Smiles*

Roxanne: You've been working on that for 7 years?

Grey: Well I tend to second guess myself a lot.

Roxanne: *Smiles* ...I'll see you there at 7.

Grey: ...Sounds great!

Ty: Grey, we've gotta go.

Grey: Oh Ty, hey guess what.

Ty: I'll tell you what we've got to go!

Roxanne: See you Grey!

Grey: Bye Roxy!

Tyler was aggressively shoving Grey out the door of the bar, and shoving him into the car.

Ty: Damn it Grey, we've got a big problem here!

Grey: Dude, I've got a date with Roxanne Stevenson.

Ty: So I've heard. At Subway! The- moving on! Grey, you can't go outside!

Grey: What are you talking about?

Ty: There was someone particular in that bar that raises my brow.

Grey: Who?

Back at the bar...

Roscoe: Thanks man, hey where are the bathrooms?

Bartender: Down that hall and on the left.

Roscoe: Thank you.

...

Roxanne: Oh, excuse me.

Roscoe: I'm so sorry ma'am.

Roxanne: Thanks.

Roscoe: Have a good night.

...In the bathroom

Roscoe: I have a positive I.D. on Anderson, and he's got a rendezvous on Friday.

Chapter 4

Use Your Time Wisely

Grey: The killer from the gas station?

Ty: I'm sure of it man.

Grey: Well, did they have the wrong guy or something??

Ty: Don't ask me, I just saw him and made a decision not to stay.

Grey: Well I wish you had made the decision 5 minutes later.

Ty: Look, it was quick thinking. You taught me how to analyze things like that.

Grey: Yeah, alright.

Ty: On the other hand though. Nice! *Nods*

Grey: What am I gonna do? I've got a date with my middle school crush on Friday, and-

Ty: Middle school??

Grey: Well, 8th grade, yes technically.

Ty: You cast your line in 8th grade?

Grey: Dude, stop with the fishing pole reference.

Ty: Still, I didn't realize you've had your eye on her since 8th grade.

Grey: Well, it was kind of even 7th.

Ty: Aw man! After 12 and a half years you might just get exactly what you always wanted.

Grey: I know. But that's the thing, 12 and a half years of anticipation is going to kill me on that date. And also, how am I going to tell her that I live off my father's fortune and kill murderers on the daily??

Ty: Look, if she asks what you do, say you're an investor.

Grey: ...What?

Ty: They can work from home, their business is hard to track, and they make significant money.

Grey: Okay. Alright. How about the fact that I kill murderers!?

Ty: Explain it to her slowly.

Grey: She organized a women's rights program and a criminal injustice awareness program in high school, she will think I am men-ta-lly insane.

Ty: Well then say you hang out with me, watch football, and play Minecraft. Either way she's gonna think you're crazy.

Grey: I appreciate it.

Ty: Look, I know what it's like to have intense dates. Just be calm and be lovable.

Grey: I assure you, that will not happen.

Ty: Then spend tonight thinking it over, play scenarios over in your head. You do this all the time, I saw that little pool table move you played back there, you can think of a way to play the charm.

Grey: Alright, yeah. Gosh I'm already sweating.

Ty: ...Alright now back to the other thing. You can't leave the house between now and Friday.

Grey: Why not?

Ty: I think that the police are onto you from that last job, if you can maintain the dormancy for the next 72 hours until your date with Roxanne, I think you might just evade something bad.

Grey: Alright. Hey we're out of milk.

Ty: No we're not.

Grey: We're also out of Skittles.

Ty: Trouble in paradise? I'M not going to the store.

Grey: That's fine, I mean I've got a date with Roxanne Stevenson so-

Ty: Oh my gosh.

Grey and Ty would remain in dormancy for 3 days, until then they didn't have much to do.

Meanwhile, the investigation team would formulate their plan of attack...

Jonathan: So if we have one car on this side of the road, and another at the gas station nearby, we can put 2 guys on the roof, and have a couple of guys behind the counter and in the kitchen. There is no way in hell that Anderson will be able to take down all of them.

Richard: It all looks great.

Gary: I don't like it.

Jonathan: I'm sorry?

Gary: I think we're taking a far too aggressive approach.

Roscoe: Chief the guy's crazy, you should have seen him at the bar, he predicted the exact path of the 8 ball.

Gary: I'm thinking that we move to broadcast this case.

Lewis: Are you crazy? People will go insane.

Gary: Exactly.

Confusion

Gary: Anderson is able to be so quick and smart BECAUSE he has little excitement raised around it. If we put this case public, people will begin to protest this act of "justification". And I think that with public denunciation, Anderson's confidence and ability to strategize will be greatly reduced.

Jonathan: Sir we don't even know for sure if this really was just an "act of justifying", plus, we have the people and resources to catch him now.

Gary: ...I want him in the cocaine case.

Jonathan: Are you kidding me??

Gary: If we come at him less aggressively, he could be willing to join us in finally cracking down on this drug trafficking issue.

Roscoe: Ha, cracking, I get it.

Jonathan: Gary. These traffickers have very valuable information, AND, they have had a lot of past "casualties". You want Anderson, a killer of killers, to go in and stop them?

Gary: He has the potential to be a real-life superhero.

Everyone Else: *Groaning OHHH*

Richard: You are not Samuel L. Jackson. You are not meant to recruit remarkable people.

Gary: Then just give me this one.

Jonathan: Gary I think it's pretty clear that your window of rationality has closed. The Friday Attack is still in order, we move out in 71 hundred hours. Dismissed.

...

Gary: Come on Anderson, show me a smile. (To himself)

Grey and Ty's "How to make use of your time 101"...

Ty: Oink! We will steal your eggs! Oink!

Grey: Not today piggies! Terence go!

Grey lobbed watermelons spray-painted and costumed like Angry Birds at planks and glass.

Ty: You mother-oinker you will never win!

Grey: That's what you think. Mighty Eagle!!

Grey loosened a rope that brought a giant wooden cut-out of the Mighty Eagle down on the structures. It was glorious.

Grey: 3 stars!

...

Grey: Eyaw eyaw eyawww, weyaw weyaw! (Trying to play guitar)

Ty: Ba dom bom bom ba-dom. Bah dum ptss! (Trying to play drums)

...

Grey: "Hey baby".

Ty: Definitely not.

...

Grey: Uh. "Did you know I'm allergic to attractive women?" *Fake death impression*

Ty: ...Hard pass.

Grey: ...Okay okay, um, oo! "Ey. How you doin'?"

Ty: *Straight face* ...Could you LOOK more stupid?

...

Ty: Come on, come on! You got it.

Watching Dream's manhunt...

Grey: Yes. Yes!

Grey & Ty: YES!!!

Grey: No way.

Ty: For the win!!

...

Grey: You're going down.

Ty: I'm goin' down? You may be a quantum engineer, but I've got cup-holders!

LEGO car race...

Ty: Ready.

Grey: Set.

Both: Go!

Ty: ...What is that!?

Grey: Ha ha ha, yes!

Ty: Come on! Go faster you Prius!

Grey wins.

Grey: Ohhhh, and that's a win.

Ty: What do you have in there??

Grey: I've got a gear system, a light-reflective sensor, and you have something on your forehead.

Ty: What- ? Oh my God.

L ...

Grey: But what if we finish all our topics before we finish eating?

Ty: Just start flirting.

Grey: I clearly flunked flirting school.

Ty: Listen, you were trying too hard. Just, close your eyes, and imagine that you two are sitting together. Just tell her why you can't stop gazing at her.

Grey: ...Okay.

Ty: Just keep staring at that mental image. *Leaves room*

Grey: God she's beautiful. Okay, oh God she's looking right at me, what do I do what do I do I- I'm freaking out! ...Tyler?! Ty- ...God dang it.

...

Ty: You really think I'm gonna verse you in chess?

Grey: Why not?

Ty: Alright, fine.

Grey: Do you bet?

Ty: ... “Hundred bucks says you won’t not refuse to allow me to not at all lose”!

Grey: ...Double negative- positive, plus- Um. Yes!

Ty plays well, but loses.

Grey: Checkmate.

Ty: Oh no I lost. *Sarcasm*

Grey: ...Okay go through that with me.

Ty: Double negative, double negative- Hundred bucks says: “you allow me to lose”

Grey: You sneaky son of a gun.

Ty: Pass the Franklin.

...

Grey: Now I don’t know! I don’t know! I don’t know where I’m a-gonna go when the volcano blows! Lemme hear ya’ now I don’t know! I don’t know! I don’t know where I’m a-gonna go when the volcano blows!

Ty’s drumming certainly improved.

...

Grey: What if she falls in love with me?

Ty: Oh my g-*chuckle* You are hysterical.

Grey: Seriously! What if it only takes a few dates for her to make up her mind?

Ty: Well look at the flip side. Maybe this one won’t go well.

Grey: That’s supposed to be better??

Ty: No, Grey, life is indeterminate. If she falls in love with you, so what? You need a bit of a jump-start.

Grey: I thought I was just learning what it’s like to be with someone, not be in love with someone.

Ty: Well, considering that you have had a crush on Roxanne since 8th grade, and she just so happens to be on this side of the city on the first night you’ve gone anywhere other than the store or a prison in months...

Grey: Are you going to finish that?

Ty: I think that the Universe might be tryin’ to tell you somethin’.

Grey: Okay. No.

Ty: Tell me all you want. What are the odds?

Grey: Okay, even if you're right about this. What do I do? Now that I have this scenario in my head, I'm gonna be VERY stressed.

Ty: Again. 1 date. Learn what COULD happen, not what you THINK WILL happen.

Grey: *Deep breath* This is so crazy. And I've still got 50 hours until I see her.

Ty: Don't worry, you've got plenty of time to relax.

Ring

Grey: Hello?

Roxanne: Grey, hi. It's Roxanne.

Grey: It's-! It's Roxanne.

Ty: How did she get your number?

Grey: Hi Rox, how uh, how did you get my number?

Roxanne: I was looking through our old high school yearbooks, and I saw that you had written your number in there, which was weird, because I don't remember you doing that.

Grey: *Awkward laugh*

Roxanne: Anyway, I wasn't sure if you had changed your phone number since then, so I just called to check and I was right.

Grey: Ey! That's great.

Ty: Dude. No "Ey".

Grey: So what's up?

Roxanne: I got switched up and I'm working on Friday, and I was wondering if maybe you were free tomorrow night?

Ty: Yes, yes.

Grey: Uhh- yes! I am.

Ty: *Thumbs up*

Roxanne: Great, you still want to meet at Subway?

Grey: *Awkward laugh* Yeah that- that was a really bad line. Um. Here, I can meet you...

Ty: Not here not here.

Grey: Um.

Roxanne: Something wrong?

Grey: No- yeah- no. I'm just trying to think of where we could meet.

Roxanne: How about we meet in front of the high school, that way it can feel like we're starting off a little younger.

Grey: Yeah I- I like the sound of that. Still 7?

Roxanne: Sure.

Grey: Okay, great. Well then I'll see you tomorrow.

Roxanne: Alright, bye Grey.

Grey: *Deep inhale* *Deeply exhaling "Oh my God"*

Ty: Congratulations, you just talked to a woman on the phone.

Grey: ...That was a lot harder than it looked.

Ty: Don't worry I get nervous too.

Grey: *Deep exhale*

Ty: If I were to skydive, or propose to a woman.

Grey nudges Ty.

Subway...

Jonathan: When he completes his order and sits down, reach over- being discrete! And press the button. We'll be in and out in 5 minutes.

Subway Manager: Alright, you got it.

Jonathan: ...Okay, is that all of them?

Lewis: We've got every Subway in the Northwest side of the city, this one is closest to the Bear's Knuckles Bar, and to the station- where he killed Jackson, so we're gonna want the most officers on standby on this location.

Jonathan: Excellent. We're gonna get this guy.

Ty drives right by the Subway, but does not notice the officers. He heads to the store.

Ty: Alright, I got your milk and Skittles. Anything else?

Grey (Over the phone): Yeah, see if they have a Bowflex.

Ty: ...It's Target.

Grey: Oh did I say Bowflex, I meant Bowtie.

Ty: ...You have a bowtie. And you are not getting a Bowflex.

Grey: Fine. In that case, at least get bowtie pasta.

Ty: Alright you got it.

At the station, Gary has infiltrated the call!

Ty: They don't have bowtie pasta.

Grey: Well then get necktie pasta I don't care!

Ty: ...How about ravioli?

Grey: Alright fine.

Ty: Ravioli and Skittles, I take it back you DO need a Bowflex.

(In the midst) Using special technology, Gary pinpoints the call and writes down both the latitudes and longitudes of Target, and the warehouse.

Grey: Do you think I need anything else for my date with Roxanne?

Ty: Maybe just one more thing. *Grabbs condoms*

Grey: What?

Ty: Just a new sock.

Grey: "A" sock?

Ty: These are quality socks alright, don't worry.

Grey: Alright fine, just come on back, I want a rematch on that chess game.

Ty: You won the game.

Grey: Yeah but-

Ty: ...See ya Grey.

...

Gary: *Sets down phone* Nice to meet you Grey. *(To himself)*

Chapter 5

Meal Ordeal

Grey: You realize that in 21 hours?... I'm going on a date with my middle school crush.

Ty: Oh I realize it plenty, I think you need to save the excitement for her.

Grey: Never been good at balance.

Ty: ...Hey where are you taking her?

Grey: ...Well-

Ty: You don't know where you're taking her?

Grey: Well, we said we'd meet up at our old high school.

Ty: And what are you gonna do? Study calculus together?

Grey: Well, I-

Ty: Dude, actually, if you have sex with her on the football field, that'd be pretty legendary.

Grey: I am not going to have sex with her on the first date.

Ty: Okay, you won't. What do you think she's gonna do?

Grey: ...Roxanne's not gonna make a move on me on the first date. Right?

Ty: I don't know, but I can recall 7 times in high school when she did with other guys.

Grey: Well then what do I do? I don't want to be the rushing, advantage-taking guy, but I also don't want to displease her.

Ty: Then you both need to keep one hand on the wheel. Just be there for her if she needs you.

Grey: Needs me?

Ty: You never know.

Grey: Never know what? What does that mean?

Ty: Nevermind.

Grey: *Suspicious stare*

Ty: Also, you reminded me when you said “displease”...

Grey: What do you mean?

Ty: Are you gonna make it that long?

Grey: Okay “really?” I was actually thinking about that earlier- I- really don’t think she’d mind.

Ty: Probably not but, how long have you lasted in the past?

Grey: ...Well time is a relative thing-

Ty: Oh dear.

Grey: Okay, it was- Y- you know what, enough about sex! I still don’t know where I’m taking her!

Ty: Certainly not for the ride of her life.

Grey: *Frustrated stare* That is not, funny. Where am I gonna take her?

Ty: Dude, just go to a restaurant.

Grey: Okay like what? Applebees?

Ty: On the first date!? Are you insane??

Grey: What??

Ty: That is a 7 to 10th date restaurant! No exceptions!

Grey: Okay okay fine! Where else? The movies?

Ty: You’re not 15 anymore.

Grey: ...What if I take her to an open grass field and we watch the stars.

Ty: That sounds great. If you want to be Romeo and Juliet.

Grey: They never did that.

Ty: They could have.

Grey: Well then what do I do?! See, this is why, it’s impossible for me to have a love life.

Ty: Just because you can’t pick a date place doesn’t mean you’re unqualified for love.

Grey: Then where can I-...?

Ty: What?

Grey: I could bring her here.

Ty: Uh. No.

Grey: Why not? It's peaceful, secluded, and the lightning is really nice.

Ty: Okay, you may not know this about women, but when you take them to a desolate, abandoned warehouse in the middle of nowhere... They get a little suspicious.

Grey: I can just say I live here, cause I do.

Ty: Grey, bottom line, you cannot bring her back here.

Grey: Okay, fine. If I can't go to Applebees, then what does a first date restaurant look like?

Ty: Subway.

Grey: Really?

Ty: Yeah, unless you expect a second date.

Grey: Okay I get it, no fast food.

Ty: Right, and nothing more relaxed.

Grey: Relaxed?

Ty: Nothing lower-brow.

Grey: Okay, so if I wanted to go halfway between Subway and Applebees, minus a little, what would that look like?

Ty: Let me go get my charts.

...Ty ran over to a drawer and pulled out a large scroll, then set it down on the desk and unraveled it.

Ty: Okay, let's see here.

Puts on glasses

Grey: Taco Bell is the very bottom?

Ty: Right, statistical data points that she will be hesitant to accept, and the confidence interval for a second date will be approximately 22%, that is, if she doesn't get swayed by the 79% chance of leaving mid-date, margin of error: 1.5%.

Grey: Gotcha.

Ty: Under no circumstances must you go to a 7 to 10th date restaurant on the first date, that includes Applebees at 7, Cheesecake Factory at 8 to 9, and Bj's Steakhouse at 9.

Grey: Are you sure about this?

Ty: Hey I don't make up the data. Nothing I've ever told you was meant to be wrong.

Grey: Oh yeah okay. (Sarcasm)

Ty: It's acceptable to go to a 2nd to a 4th date restaurant if it is smaller and necessary. You want to make a good impression, so I'll start you with a 3rd date restaurant.

Grey: Okay.

Ty: How about a Chinese Buffet?

Grey: No, I always overload on the steamed rice.

Ty: Okay. Hmm. Burgers?

Grey: ...Well.

Ty: That's a no, alright we've got- Aha! Grand Maple Brewery.

Grey: That's a 3rd date restaurant?

Ty: Actually a 4th, but, they do have some lower class menu options.

Grey: Oh "great". (Sarcasm)

Ty: There you go, so now you have a location.

Grey: Alright, so now I just wait till tomorrow.

Ty: What are you crazy? You have to call her.

Grey: I have to- Why?

Ty: Because you have to present yourself, if she turns up at the high school early, then even if you show up a minute later, she will have been waiting for you.

Grey: Yes?

Ty: So you have to show up at her door and whisk her away!

Grey: Whisk-? No!

Ty: Just call her, tell her where you plan to go, and ask for her address.

Grey: I can find her address by referencing and tracking that call.

Ty: And when she asks how you got it, will you be able to explain THAT to her?

Grey: Good point.

Ty: Alright, so you'll call her, find her address, and tell her that you're going to Grand Maple Brewery.

Grey: Alright.

Ty: Second phone call with a girl. You ready?

Grey: It's a rite of passage, it takes a lot of strength.

Ty: Confidence does breathe a strong man.

Grey: Okay, recent calls... ahh man.

Ty: Wait!

Grey: What?

Ty: If she asks you what kind of car you have, just say it gets you from A to B.

Grey: Why would she ask what kind of car I have?

Ty: Just be prepared.

Grey: That's not- Alright. I did it, I hit "call"!

Ty: *Raises eyebrows* *Slowly leans in*

Grey: Come on. *Closes eyes slowly*

Roxanne (Over the phone): Hello?

Grey: Roxy! Hi.

Roxanne: Hi Grey, what's up.

Grey: ...

Ty: Talk!

Grey: I was going to tell you, um, I reconsidered Subway, and I have a new idea.

Roxanne: Okay well don't tell me.

Grey: Don't- oh okay. ...Uh, well I was wondering second where you live now.

Roxanne: Are you going to pick me up?

Grey: Yeah, I- I figured be a bit, uh-

Ty: Chivalrous.

Grey: Really?

Ty: Yes.

Grey: Chivalrous.

Roxanne: Okay, I like that. Well here let me just share my location.

Grey: Oh okay.

Ty: Pay attention.

Roxanne: Got that?

Grey: Yes, I- I see that here.

Roxanne: Alright, so I'll see you tomorrow at 7.

Grey: Right. See you then. Bye. *Hangs up* *Suffering groan*

Ty: Congratulations. Now let's get you a tux.

Grey: Wait what?

Ty: I'm kidding.

Grey: Oh my god.

Ty: Dude you are about to be the coolest guy in school.

Grey: Yeah I guess so.

Ty: Anxious?

Grey: Raised to the power of 10.

Ty: Well, don't take it for granite, it's a valuable thing, love is. And you just scored the chance of a lifetime.

Grey: I know. Also, take for "granted"

Ty: Yeah, granite.

Grey: No, granite is a rock made of mainly quartz.

Ty: Exactly, if you take something for granite, you'll never make it past the main courts.

Grey: *Snickers* Nice.

Grey would be going out with Roxanne in T-minus 20 hours, and the authorities would find an empty Subway at 7 tomorrow. Unintentional evasion was something that Grey had managed for a long time, and now it would pay off... this time.

11/04/21 - 10:11:39...

Ty: 8 hours. You've got clothes, breath-spray, deodorant, cologne, keys, wallet, phone, and here maybe like 5 or 6 of these.

Grey: No! Here, I'll take one, okay?

Ty: Just making sure you're prepared.

Grey: ...Gosh dang- is this how you feel all the time?

Ty: Well I just go pick up women from bars, but I can imagine that going out with your crush after 12 years feels a little scary.

Grey: Yeah. ...Alright, with all this anticipation, I don't really know what I'm gonna do to calm down before tonight.

Ty: ...How about you go to church?

Grey: Go to- you sure?

Ty: It's peaceful, you can clear your mind, and say a little prayer for God to give you confidence.

Grey: Alright, yeah. That's a good idea.

Ty: Plus you can clear your plate before you dirty it up again tonight.

Grey: Oh my- stop with the sex jokes!

It am- The Catholic Church.

Grey & Audience: Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done, on Earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day, our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

Audience: Amen.

Grey: *Contemplating the entirety of life* Amen.

Grey looks up at the shrine of Jesus on the cross, he seems troubled, he stares down the statue, seeming nervous. Suddenly, the statue moved its head, its back ripped from the cross. Its eyes shined bright orange, and in the ceiling, the words "V: THY SHALT NOT KILL" were engraved supernaturally. The statue of Jesus ripped its left arm from the cross, and pointed at Grey, Jesus struck grey with an orange beam, which vaporized him. The audience panics amid the event. Close up on the eyes of the Jesus statue. Grey woke up, having realized it was a dream, he looks at the crucifix- immobile. Shots between Grey's eyes and Jesus's eyes, one cuts to the empty church, where Grey stands on the altar, and he confronts the Lord with an inquisitiveness of repentance...

Grey: Lord I know what I do may seem wrong, but I believe that each of your children are precious, until they take the lives of your other children. If you believe that I have sinned in these doings, please, send me a sign. I will- if I must, I will repent. *Nothing* God rest your soul. *Sign of cross*

Driving home...

Grey: *Sigh*.

"Lord, I Need You" comes on the radio...

Grey: -♪- Lord I come, I confess. Bowing here, I find my rest. Without You, I fall apart. You're the one, that guides my heart. Lord, I need You, oh I need You. Every hour I need You. My one defense, my righteousness. Oh God, how I need You. Where sin runs deep, Your grace is more. Where grace is found is where You are, And where You are, Lord I am free. Holiness... is Christ

in me! Lord, I need You, oh I need You! Every hour, I need You! My one defense, my righteousness! Oh God, how I need You! -♪-

A cheerful, wonderful drive back home, and Grey would have more confidence than ever with Roxanne, and would continue to deem it non-immoral to “avenge”.

Lewis: Sir do you believe that Gary had a genuine idea back there.

Jonathan: No, the man is old, he’s losing his mind, if we let this go public then the entire country would be spewing over this idea. We’d have criminal injustice protests up and down every street and the crime rate would possibly exponentialize.

Richard: That’s definitely fair. Anderson doesn’t suspect anything anyway, at least, not that we’ve given him to.

Jonathan: He’ll be here, he’ll be right on time.

...Grey busts open through the door and...

Grey: Tyler!

Ty: Yes?

Grey: ...Game time.

Ty: ...Oh-ho yes.

Grey: Pull out the big guns.

Grey dresses for his date with intensity, his pockets are filled and his hair is smooth.

Ty: You are the man.

Grey: I’m the man?

Ty: Man, you’re the man of all men.

Grey: Man, that’s great.

Ty: Alright, I don’t need to go anywhere, your curfew is 3 am.

Grey: Sounds good.

Ty: ...Go get that girl, Greyband.

Grey: *Confidence blow*

...

Ty: He’s gonna get it goood.

...

Grey: Alright, left, right, left- You know what, no.

Siri: ...In a half mile, turn left.

Grey: Thank you.

Every light ahead turns red.

Grey: Great. *Feels pocket* What is-? Oh my-! Gosh dang it Tyler! **a dozen condoms**

Siri: ...In 500 feet, turn left.

Grey: Don't say left again.

...

Siri: In a quarter mile, turn left.

Grey: Dang stupid connection-! Okay, plan B.

Grey pulls off the road and opens up a laptop, he plugs the phone into it via USB. He begins reversing the signal that Roxanne had sent from the original call, therefore allowing him to recognize the micro-antenna in her phone and track it. Sly, yes, illegal, also yes.

Grey: Man's gotta do what a man's gotta do.

...

Grey: Alright, time to be a man.

Grey walks up to the door of the house that the supposed signal was coming from, hoping that the margin of error was only a few feet, and that a 300 pound dude with a sideways cap and a Diet Coke didn't answer the door.

Grey: Come on, few feet, few feet. No fat guy, no fat guy. *Knocks*

Roxanne: Well if it isn't my knight in shining flannel.

Grey: *Awkward laugh* Yeah, I rode all the way here on my noble- car.

Roxanne: ...So, where are we going?

Grey: Right, you wanted a surprise. Honestly I have a slight tendency to relay only half of the important information, so I might have forgotten anyway- but it was a long day. ...Anyway, yeah, it's a place called the Grand Maple Brewery.

Roxanne: Never heard of it.

Grey: No problem. It's just a few miles from here.

Roxanne: Alright, and what are you driving?

Grey: Well, it gets me from A to B.

Chapter 6

Breaking the Streak

Roxanne: I don't think less of you just because you drive a nice car you know.

Grey: Well, I know that women think that rich guys also have a high ego, and I wanted to present myself in the best way possible.

Roxanne: That you're a good man with a rich man's car?

Grey: Exactly.

Roxanne: Well, presentation is an A so far.

Grey: Nice.

Roxanne: So what kind of brewery is this?

Grey: Well, it's a... beer place.

Roxanne: Have you not been there?

Grey: Okay I'll be straight, I needed advice, and Tyler had to tell me what rank certain restaurants are for dates, and this is apparently what a first to third date restaurant looks like.

Roxanne: Ohh, yes of course, and like Applebees is about a 7th. Taco Bell is at the very bottom.

Grey: *Awkward confused face* Yes...

Roxanne: ...Tyler called me and said to say that.

Grey: Wait he wha- oh my gosh. You guys are already messing with me.

Roxanne: Nice to know you need advice.

Grey: Okay, look, I haven't done this in a while.

Roxanne: Asked for help?

Grey: **Sarcastic Stare** No, been out with a woman.

Roxanne: Really? How long has it been?

Grey: ...Uh, we should wait till we're sitting down.

Roxanne: We are sitting.

Grey: Sitting without motility in any way shape or form.

Roxanne: Okay...

...They arrive and are seated.

Roxanne: 7 years??

Grey: **“Be quieter”**

Roxanne: You haven't been in a-

Grey: Shhh!

Roxanne: Sorry I just- **Leans in** You haven't had sex in 7 years?

Grey: Nor have I kissed anyone, or anything of the sort.

Roxanne: Wow, I- I mean, you were with Elise in high school right? Did you have a bad experience or something?

Grey: No, it was quite amazing honestly.

Roxanne: Then why haven't you gotten back into it?

Grey: Well I- look, I have too much respect for women to go out and pick up women from bars, and I never was any good at “putting myself out there”. During college I just kind of focused on schoolwork, and I made it through easily, and then I just kind of spent time enjoying life.

Roxanne: And “enjoying life” didn't include women for you?

Grey: No, not really. I'm a space engineer who spends his life in luxury.

Roxanne: What kind of engineer?

Grey: I'm technically what's called a “quantum astro-engineer” **Roxanne's eyes widen** And, yes, basically that means that I study how to do anything in the Universe.

Roxanne: ...So you're basically a super computer.

Grey: Honestly it's not that hard, because we don't study many concepts, and none of them involve anything bigger than a proton.

Roxanne: *Smile laugh* You know everyone in our class knew that you would be some sort of scientist who discovers... teleportation, or something crazy and be super successful.

Grey: Well, in fact, teleportation is in fact possible, we supposedly just can't harness it.

Roxanne: See you just-! Oh man. Well... So how come you never asked me out in high school?

Grey: *Ah-huh* I was... unsure of what I wanted and... I didn't really see you much in high school because we didn't have any classes together. Then I asked out Elise because I had some random feelings. Plus, I just didn't find us compatible when I looked at you.

Roxanne: Well, I always thought that maybe something could work. You were so smart, creative, kind... I probably would have said yes.

Grey: Well. Thank you for that. I will say I regret not doing so sooner.

Roxanne: Well, now that you have, are all of your dreams coming true?

Grey: *Smile laugh* I mean it's indeterminate. I'm not sure what's going to happen and what's going to... you know. I- I just... Sitting here, looking you in the eyes, I see "adventure". An... odyssey of... possibilities, and perhaps something that could lead to more. ...God, I'm scaring you with my rhetoric aren't I?

Roxanne: No. I see all of those things too.

Grey: Oh, good. Alright enough with my pathetic anti-romance nerd life, what have you been up to?

Roxanne: Heh, well after high school, I went to online college-

Grey: Nice.

Roxanne: Yeah, I studied medicine, and I thought that I wanted to be a nurse, but I bailed out after 2 years because I was afraid of mis-helping sick people.

Grey: Oh. So what do you do now?

Roxanne: I work at Red Lobster.

Grey: Ah.

Roxanne: I know, I'm not a quantic engineer, but it works, I've got everything I need and don't spoil myself.

Grey: Well good, that's actually really great. You have what works and you enjoy it.

Roxanne: Yeah, I am saving up for a Tesla though.

Grey: Ah, is that your dream car?

Roxanne: Well, good mileage, all electric, and therefore, better for the environment.

Grey: *Subtle laugh* Yeah, yeah that's not the case at all.

Roxanne: What do you mean?

Grey: Based on recent study, the amount of fossil fuels it takes to simply manufacture a Tesla is about equivalent to a 25 mile per gallon car driving 50 to 100 thousand miles.

Roxanne: No way. Are you serious?

Grey: If I were you, I'd invest in an... electric bike, or a golf cart.

Roxanne: *Ungh* Wow. I can't believe it.

Grey: Simple solutions won't cut it, mainly because they're often worse. ...I'm sorry I'm sorry, I'm- ruining your plans. I don't hate Teslas I just figured-

Roxanne: No no no, if that's true, then, yeah I think I'm gonna reconsider.

Grey: Well good, happy to help.

Roxanne starts to smile

Roxanne: You want to get out of here?

Grey: *Mildly concerned* ...Sure.

They go out to the car.

Roxanne: So, any other plans?

Grey: ...Let's go to the park.

Roxanne: The park?

Grey: ...Okay, here's me admitting to my "line-crossing", I remember that every Sunday morning you would go to a certain bench underneath a large oak tree, you would read "To Kill a Mockingbird" and, ironically, listen to the sound of the mockingbirds in the tree.

Roxanne: That's, yeah that's- a little much. Would you not consider that stalking?

Grey: No, because I did it with a drone.

Roxanne: Oh. *Shakes head* That is not better.

Grey: Yeah I realize I'm not helping my case at all here, let's see um... I- I never spied on you anywhere else. Like- I never went to your house.

Roxanne: Wow I'm so relieved. (Sarcasm)

Grey: I *smile-laughs* yeah, there- okay. Nothing I say will make this sound any better. What do you say? Shall we go to the park?

Roxanne: Isn't it a little dangerous at night?

Grey: Danger for me is very predictable, so I can protect you.

Grey looks away and thinks about what might happen if they come across a scenario like that. He gets concerned, as he does have a loaded weapon in the car, as well as a sharpened blade. They park at the park parking lot.

Grey: Well what do you know, there's the mighty oak.

They get out and shut the doors.

Roxanne: That tree- it seemed like no matter when I came here and sat down, that tree always cast its cooling shade on me.

Grey: I like to think the trees are conscious beings too.

Roxanne: The wind always blew at just the right speed, the air was always so clear.

Grey: It's the one place in the city where you could find solitude huh.

Roxanne: Mm hm.

They walk over to the bench and we see Grey holding a sharp pocket knife. Back at the warehouse, Ty watches the Thursday football game, and listens to music, plus, grills.

Ty: Fine life.

"Chicken Fried" comes on.

Ty: Ooo a classic! ...-♪- You know I like my chicken fried. And cold beer on a Friday night, a pair of jeans that fit just right! And the radio oh-o-woah-woah-oh-o-woah. -♪-

Gary: You know it's funny, Zac Brown is a southerner, and yet he says /pē,kan/.

Ty: Grey, how was the date, did ya yoink her? No, sorry, sorry, did you... "have dessert"?

Gary: I can't speak for Grey, but I have a few questions of my own.

Tyler turns and sees Gary, the police chief holding a taser.

Ty: Okay, okay, we can do this peacefully.

Gary: I know, let's go find Grey.

Ty: Um, can you angle that away from me.

Gary: Don't run.

Ty: Yeah, no, we're cool.

Gary: Alright, let's go.

Ty: Um, you know I really didn't count on this tonight.

Gary: What? You thought you 2 could outrun the world?

Ty: Uh, well, any chance you could give Grey another 12 hours?

Gary: Why, so he can pull off another prison hijacking?

Ty: No. Heeee- is maybe getting lucky. ...For the first time in 7 years.

Gary: What is that supposed to mean? Where is Grey?

Ty: Well...

Back at the park...

Both: *Laughing*

Roxanne: I can't believe you think that.

Grey: I know- I- I thought I was destined for that life, but, I guess not.

Roxanne: You don't even look like Steve Carrell.

Grey: That, and I lost it 23 years ahead of him.

Both: *Laughter diminishing*

Grey: Hey. Do you believe in miracles?

Roxanne: Yes I do, but if you think that you being in my life is a miracle, then-

Grey: You don't need to finish that. *Profound sigh* It's just- I can't believe after 7 years, my feelings haven't aged at all.

Roxanne: ...Good, because I still want to get to know you.

Roxanne lays her head on Grey's shoulder, he smiles, and then looks to the left. His eyes widen, he sees a man following another man with what looks like a gun.

Grey: Um, you want me to take you home?

Roxanne: Already?

Grey: Well I didn't want to keep you, I mean if you work early tomorrow... lobster doesn't boil itself.

Roxanne: Grey, is there something I should know?

Grey: No of course not, I'm genuinely thinking in your best interest.

Roxanne: I can take off work tomorrow.

Grey: Ah that- great. Um. You wanna take a drive?

Roxanne: Where are we going now?

Grey: ...On- "an adventure".

Grey subtly guided Roxanne quickly to the car and he backed up rather quickly.

Roxanne: *Heh* Grey, are you sure you're okay?

Grey: Oh I'm great, I'm great, I just, my um- *idea* my self-consciousness is kicking in.

Roxanne: What do you mean?

Grey: Well, **ideas and widening eyes** I'm going out with the hottest girl in school and I'm very nervous that I'm going to say something I'll regret.

Roxanne: **Pitiful laugh** You are so adorable.

It was working, Roxanne turned right and Grey drove down the street, until he came to a stop sign, and about 70 feet away, he could see the gunman threatening his victim in the shadows.

Roxanne: You know Grey, I get that I may have been this hot girl who... really scored in high school, but, you shouldn't compare me to that anymore. I'm just an everyday, 9 to 5 working woman who's looking for a good honest man.

Grey: Uh huh, well that's, that's great. Hey um, have you ever heard of... Jalostine... Grento... mation?

Roxanne: **Laughs** No I haven't.

Grey: Well what you do is- and play along, you close eyes for 10 seconds- so, go ahead.

Roxanne: Okay. **Closes eyes**

Grey: Then, you...

Grey leans out the window and carefully aims... then throws the knife. It hits the gunman in the leg, he drops his gun, falls to the ground, and grabs his leg. The victim picks up the gun.

Roxanne: Yes?

Grey: **Mouthing "GO GO"**

The victim runs off...

Grey: **Relief sigh** **Mouths "OH"** You, open your eyes and shout the first thing that comes to mind- Go!

Roxanne: Let's break your streak.

Grey: Nice, they say it's a good awareness exercise, because it- it um. What was- it was called- *Roxanne reaches over and turns Grey's head toward her by his chin.*

Grey: -"Joliber Grandopiom"?

Roxanne: It's okay.

Grey: **Quick studders**

Grey leans in slightly, and they meet... Grey officially kisses his middle school crush, and ends a 7 year streak. After about 8 seconds, Roxanne backs off and Grey looks forward with wide eyes.

Roxanne: I'm sorry, that was probably a lot for you to take in.

Grey: No, no. That was... that was really good.

Grey finally lets off the brake.

Roxanne: ...You were pretty good not gonna lie.

Grey: No, surely not.

Roxanne: Really. You were.

Grey: I mean yeah I- well- I guess... I guess for a long time I had a kiss saved just for you.

Roxanne: *Smiles*

...

Roxanne: This was really nice, are you sure you don't want to... come inside.

Grey: No I'm good, but I would like to see you again.

Roxanne: Well, I'm free Sunday.

Grey: Really, they're not open?

Roxanne: The owner's Christian so...

Grey: Ah, well then, I'll see you at 7 on Sunday.

Roxanne: See you then.

...

Grey: *Deep rippled breath* (Turn-on breath)

Chapter 7

Silent Worship

Gary: You expect me to believe that?

Ty: Why not?

Gary: Grey is Deadpool?

Ty: Well- he uh- the- mmm... that was just to stall, honestly.

Gary: Sir, this is serious business, where is Grey?

Ty: ...I don't know if he's STILL there, but he just went on a date, at Grand Maple Brewery, and come to think of it... he's probably not having sex... so, he might be back at the house.

Gary: I need to see him here, this is a very important matter.

Ty: Yes, you've said that about 15 times.

Gary: And you've said nothing that can help me. Can you count on him being at the warehouse within 20 minutes?

Ty: I think that if-

Gary: ...What?

Ty: He's gonna pull another job.

Gary: How do you know?

Ty: He just felt a real connection, and he's gonna want to even out the adrenaline, he's gonna do something that satisfies him, and as far as I know, not even Minecraft can solve that.

Gary: Where's he gonna strike?

Ty: Probably at this same police station.

Gary: We've instructed all personnel to be on guard in the cell section, and all exterior vents are sealed with 5 layers of metal mesh.

Ty: ...What about the sewer system?

Gary: What are you talking about?

Ty: There are toilets in those cells, right?

Gary: Yes.

Ty: So, Grey has quite a few gadgets, one in particular that's about a half centimeter wide, and what it is is... it's a snaky... blow dart pipe.

Gary: Are you saying that he's gonna break into the sewer and shove a straw up the toilet and blow spitballs at them?

Ty: Sir, Grey is a quantum engineer, he can formulate a plan for anything, those darts are apparently tipped with polonium.

Gary: Polonium? That's the most toxic element on- how did you 2 get your hands on that?

Ty: Grey's dad delivered quite the windfall, and Grey didn't hesitate to start engineering something... moderately crazy.

Gary: How does it work?

Ty: From what I remember, he said it's a rubber tube lined with a copper inner-diameter. That may be the wrong term. Anyway, the bullets are spherical, and just large enough to fit through, when they escape the tube, tiny, tiny spikes will extend from springs, basically like a medieval spike ball that is prepared to inject polonium.

Gary: Good God. Does it have some sort of aiming attribute?

Ty: No, but when the guy has an urge... and sits down...

Gary: Oh my God.

Ty: It's effective.

Gary: Alright, well we need to prepare. We can't move the prisoners currently- bit of a situation, we need to tell them all to use the bathroom if needed right now and don't go at all for the rest of the night.

Ty: Alright. And hey, if you promise not to arrest Grey, I'll help you catch him.

Gary: This is not your fight Tyler, just sit here.

Ty: Just- sit here?

Gary: There's water there if you need.

...

Ty: Hmm.

10 pm...

Lewis: This was your idea.

Jonathan: My idea? Who wanted to "find the motive"?

Richard: Give it up, he's not coming. He must've had a change of plans.

Jonathan: When we get this guy, he's going away.

Lewis: We need to meet up with Gary.

Jonathan: No. I'm in charge, that guy is completely out of his mind.

Richard: Why can't you consider his idea?

Jonathan: Broadcast the case? Hell no, this needs to go away quietly as possible.

Richard: I think we need to consider a new plan at least.

Jonathan: And what may you suggest?

Richard: ...Well...

Jonathan: I thought so. *Concealed sigh*

...knock on the window.

Lewis: What the-?

Richard: Roll it down.

Jonathan: What've you got?

Gas Station Clerk (Darian): Gary just beeped.

Jonathan: Oh god, okay thanks.

Darian: No, he said he found Anderson's friend, and that Anderson is on his way right now.

Jonathan: Here?

Darian: No! Where do you think? To the place we're not!

Lewis: ...It's a diversion!

Jonathan: Damn it! Go, get there now!

Darian: Got it, all units, report to the station at once!

...

Jonathan: Bastard thinks he's got the hold on us?

Lewis: -He does.

Jonathan: He- *Breathing groan* Even if he's got a good explanation for all this, he's not gonna like what I have in store.

Richard: "Bottom 100 threatening one-liners".

...

Grey: Okay let's see this.

Grey opened a small box with a drone smaller than a cubic inch, and a corresponding remote control.

Grey: Alright, see no evil, breathe no evil.

Grey piloted the drone to the vent, and it sailed easily through the metal mesh, and into the larger rooms, it made a sound like a flea screaming, and he piloted it far enough away from the cameras to where no camera could detect it. He walks through the large sewer pipes and up to a smaller pipe chain.

Grey: Alright, "find my iDrone".

Grey checked his relative distance to the drone, and found that he was almost right under it, he opened another camera which was connected to his blow dart pipe, he fed the camera into the larger pipe, and then used a remote that piloted the head as he fed the blow gun into the pipe.

Grey: Alright, someone take a dump.

Grey waited patiently, with the snaky blow dart gun at a fork of smaller pipes and the drone watching at a 360° for one of the few prisoners to sit down.

Grey: Come on.

Ironically, one guy began unbuttoning, and partially shed his pants and then sat down. The guy had a lot of hair.

Grey: 56, is he a- he IS a killer!

Grey fed the gun into the corresponding pipe, and took off the other end cover. He opened a pack with 9 small balls, he pressed a small button on the side, and the springs retracted -once the ball was in the pipe, until the button depressed, the spikes would not extend- he fed the ball into the tube and hooked up a small air compressor. It builds up pressure and then releases a massive gust of air. The trap was set, and Grey just had to turn the release knob on the compressor. But

when he looked up, he saw the guy reach in his back pocket, and pull out a taser. Grey got confused, but didn't retract the pipe. The guy turned suddenly, and shoved the taser into the toilet, and lighted it up. The shock followed down the copper-lined tube and electrocuted Grey!

Grey: *GAH*!!

He became dizzy and disoriented, leaving time for the prisoner to unlock his cell, come outside, enter the sewer, and walk over to Grey. 56 removed the huge head of hair, and it was in fact Gary. He cuffed him and brought him up and into the questioning room to the right of Tyler.

Ty: *Whistling* *Humming*

Suddenly the sounds of doors closing made Ty look up.

Ty: *Leaning over to look*

The investigation team bursts in, and Jonathan points into Ty's room.

Ty: Are you talking to me?

...

Jonathan: There you are you son of bitch!

Ty: Excuse me?

Jonathan: Is this little "activity" a game to you? This is a serious problem Anderson!

Ty: You- I'm not Grey!

Jonathan: Gray my ass, it's all black and white buddy!

Ty: No, I'm not "Grey Anderson".

Lewis: ...I told you.

Jonathan: ...Well then who are you?

Ty: My name is Tyler, I'm Grey- or Anderson's best friend.

Richard: How'd you get in here?

Ty: Gary traced my phone call with Grey and found my location, and he took me in for questioning.

Lewis: He did what?

Jonathan: ...Where's Anderson?

(Camera sees) the 2 rooms separated by a wall, one with commotion in Ty's room, and one with a slowly waking Grey in the right.

Grey: ...*Gasping & Hyperventilating* ...Where am I?

Gary: It's nice to meet you.

Grey: Who are you?

Gary: My name is Gary, I'm the Houston West police chief.

Grey: You're- am I-

Gary: Maybe, maybe, but first, I need to know... why?

Grey's breathing slows... back to Tyler.

Jonathan: He considers THIS justice?

Ty: Yes, he does.

Richard: What kind of weird philosophy supports that?

Ty: One you haven't heard yet. That's exactly why you can't believe it.

Jonathan: What is this "philosophy"?

Grey's room-

Grey: I haven't figured out a title yet, but for now, it's called Mathematical Justice... T-M.

Gary: Huh, and what does this... consist of?

Grey: Well, if you uncuff me, I can write it out for you.

Gary: *"Portraying consideration"*

Ty's room-

Ty: He doesn't do it much, only every few days.

Lewis: That's pretty significant.

Ty: Look, it best comes from him. He explains it way better than I can.

Jonathan: Well we kind of can't do that can we!

Yes you can; Grey's room-

Grey: Alright so, the basis of Mathematical justice is... everybody, biologically and chemically, has a life "value" of 100% when they are born.

Gary: Okay ...agreeable.

Grey: So, theoretically everyone is equal. And you can say every person is all part of one massive equation, but the equation can separate into more specific points. So, in this case, the one guy decides to kill... a random city goer, for whatever reason, I don't know, and it doesn't matter. The city goer is now dead, and the math comes into play. I am not part of the equation yet. An act of murder, or in resonating math terminology, "subtraction" has been executed, therefore, 100% must have been taken from someone. Pre-murder, the killer and the city goer had equivalent life value- they were equal, so, for the killer to take 100% life value from the city

goer, he would have to subtract on the other side of the equal sign, aka, himself. Post-murder the city goer has 0% life value due to... unfortunate circumstances, and the killer now has 0% life value due to natural mathematical justification. Now, because the city goer is dead, his 0% life value is now irrelevant, but the killer is alive, so his 0% life value IS relevant. Once your life value is equal to 0, you are deemed as “expendable and no longer valuable”. The killer’s life no longer matters regardless of the reason they committed this crime UNLESS the city goer was a killer himself. By law of mathematics, removing a raw zero from an equation involving only addition and subtraction does nothing to change the equation, aka ME killing the killer would not lower my life value. If I were to instead let the killer strike again, the killer is now “subtracting 1 from both sides” again, he kills an innocent man subtracting 1 from him, then another subtracting 1 from his own “0”. That’s 2 people with an irrelevant life value of 0, and a killer with a life value of -1. Once this point is reached, it is deemed “irresponsible” not to end the life of a man with a negative life value, the only way to achieve a negative life value is to kill others, so there are no loopholes.

Gary: ...And... What if I were to save someone’s life? Would my life value go up?

Grey: Well, first of all, you are a twisted freak if you think you have the overabundance of life value to kill someone just because you rescued someone. And no, see, life value can reach immense negative values, but it can never go above 1. This is put forth by the equation of limit as x is approaching infinity, where x plus a certain number is divided by x minus a certain number, the 2 x ’s represent the victimized killer and the new killer, once solved, the limit equals 1. In other words, the maximum life value is 1, or 100%.

Gary: ...I don’t see anything misinterpretable so far. One last question, which may not be highly relevant, but why haven’t you hunted down serial killers who are left alive?

Grey: Ah, so, here’s the thing. Serial killers may be worth leaving alive, but for one reason only. This concept actually has a resonance with quantum mathematics- in perspective, we know THAT $1 - 1 = 0$, but we don’t know WHY. In this scenario, we DO know WHY $1 - 1 = 0$, or WHY people kill people, but what about $1 - x = x$ times -1, WHY do serial killers kill large numbers of random people. Serial killers should be left alive for research, as the people they normally are seem to be 30-something, educated, intelligent, white men. Statistically, this is not the kind of person who would mug you, or kill you, so their brain chemistry should be analyzed,

but they should NEVER be given any sort of freedom, as payment. That part is a bit more entangled and some of the historical data is up for debate, but hopefully that makes a bit of sense.

Gary: It does, yes. I am inspired.

Grey: Really? I figured people would hate this philosophy.

Gary: Let me tell you something Grey, from what I've just heard, I can tell that you are a young man, on his own, with no solid path in life, not much of a romance-seeker, but... a genius.

Grey: That's pretty accurate. You got all that from my philosophy?

Gary: You're a very peculiar man Grey, you have potential. I was a lot like you, I want people to pay for their mistakes completely fairly. I thought a robber should have his own things stolen, an arsonist should have all his things burned, and a murderer... should be sentenced entirely. Unfortunately, that way of thinking lost me my best friend, he didn't agree, and our opposing views drove us apart, almost 15 years ago. ...But! I am very impressed by how you have re-tailored this way of thinking. I watched back that footage of the skateboard job probably a hundred times, and then when Tyler told me about that blow dart gun, I nearly fell off my feet.

Grey: Tyler told you about that?

Gary: Yes, Tyler is in fact, here, and we talked for a little while. He's a very peculiar man too, certainly not in the same way though.

Grey: He's here?

Gary: Yeah, he's in the other room. But Grey, before you can leave, I have an offer for you.

Grey: What do you mean?

Gary: You're wanted Grey, whether or not you live by our philosophy, you live by our rules, you can't just kill random prisoners just because they've done the same.

Grey: Okay, I don't need this fatherly advice from you sir, I'm gonna do what's right by math and facts, not society's opinions.

Gary: Very well ...Speaking of society's opinions. I was thinking of publishing this case.

Grey: Publishing how?

Gary: Well certain cases we let go quietly, and some we broadcast on the news, or on TV shows.

Grey: Why would that matter to me?

Gary: Grey I got more from your philosophy, evidently you're quite the self-conscious introvert. A few people out there might agree with your ideology, but, the majority won't. There will be protests... violent ones. People will disagree and revolt, they will burn buildings and kill

hundreds in hope of supporting these prisoners' rights. **Speaking with ominous audacity** And to think, of all the destruction, the massacre, the horrific violence that will be wreaked all because you said no. All of them will die at your hands.

Grey: Damn it. STOP IT!! ...What do you want? You want to arrest me, huh, send me to a deserted island, the Sahara desert? I'm clearly of no value to you.

Gary: I never said that, in fact, I said the opposite.

Grey: You- what?

Gary: I'm inspired.

Tyler's room...

Richard: That is twisted.

Ty: Hey, you're just saying that because this is new to you.

Richard: It's nonsense! Killing one person who has killed before doesn't justify anything!

Ty: Alright, it's your opinion against math.

Grey's room...

Grey: Drug trafficking. ...**Subtle laugh** You're kidding right?

Gary: You're the only one laughing.

Grey: ...Sir, with all do respect, I... I'm not James Bond.

Gary: You're right, you're Grey Anderson, an educated, strategic, genius young man, who can outsmart a dozen policemen with a skateboard.

Grey: There were only 8.

Gary: You have the potential.

Grey: I have knowledge.

Gary: And WE have the resources. Grey you underestimate yourself.

Grey: No I don't, drug dealers have giant henchmen and machine guns, I have two katanas and a headband.

Gary: What you HAVE is knowledge, what you have is analysis, what you are is... strategic.

Grey: Those factors aren't gonna be of much use when I'm surrounded by 30 guys with 30 rounds each.

Gary: ...I guess it was far fetched, we'll just have to find another way to end this massacre.

Grey: Massacre?

Gary: Oh yes, any witnesses are gunned down on sight, and for 4 years, we've linked over 250 deaths to these people.

Grey becomes unstable, he trembles with anger, and turns around.

Grey: One week. If you can give me 7 days to think it over and collect myself... I think I can help.

Gary: Oh I know you can help, because that's what you do. You're an avenger.

Chapter 8

T-Minus 68 Hours to Waste

Grey stares at Gary with a strong contemplative stare...

Grey: I'm an avenger?

Gary: Exactly.

Grey: I'm an avenger...

Gary: By definition.

Grey: ...I AM an avenger.

Gary: Do we have a deal?

Grey: ...Full emancipation, if I shut this thing down?

Gary: Correct.

Grey: ...We have an accord.

Gary: Fantastic. Alright, now let's get you out of here.

...

Ty: I don't have any more information to give you.

Jonathan: You had no information to give as AT ALL.

Ty: Well maybe the information isn't there for me to give.

Jonathan: You gettin' smart?

Ty: I'm gettin' angry.

Lewis: Yeah, that's enough. Look, we don't have anything on him, who we want is Anderson.

Ty: And he ain't here.

Gary and Grey walk by the room, Ty's eyes widen, and he sits quiet.

Jonathan: Hey, who is that?

Gary: Just some kid who thought it was a good idea to sell concert tickets. **Turns to Grey and holds him by the shoulders** Now you know that's illegal, and you're not going to do it again.

Grey: ...I do, yes, it was an honest mistake, won't happen again.

Gary: You swear?

Grey: Yes.

Gary: ...Very good, off you go.

Grey: Thank you.

Gary: And grab that garden hose on your way out! **Wink**

Grey: Will do!

Grey leaves, grabs the blow dart gun on the table on the way out, and sits low in the car.

Gary: So what have we here?

Lewis: Tyler Daniels. Anderson's best friend.

Jonathan: You would know, wouldn't you?

Gary: Of course I would. But what I wonder is, do you have anything? Or do I have to do everything?

Richard: Well, he said that Anderson, or- what was it?

Ty: Grey.

Richard: "Grey" IS in fact doing this on a count of philosophy.

Gary: So he is in fact **Stares down Ty** ...an avenger.

Ty: **Shakes head in consideration** Pretty much.

Gary: Well then, since the motive is confirmed, we can put the plan in motion.

Jonathan: What plan?

Gary: Planning a plan... to find Grey.

Jonathan: **Suspicious face**

Gary: Tyler, you have been of sufficient service, feel free to leave.

Richard: You're letting him off?

Gary: We know the important elements. His contribution was valuable and sufficient, now it's our turn to make a plan.

Jonathan: You better have some solid starting evidence.

Gary: I have some ideas...

In the car...

Ty: A drug trafficking case!?

Grey: I know.

Ty: Dude, this is fantastic.

Grey: Excuse me?

Ty: Now you can actually do something that everyone can agree is good for the world.

Grey: What I do IS good, okay you can't argue with math.

Ty: I know, but you CAN argue with opinions. $\frac{1}{3}$ of the world would love this philosophy, $\frac{1}{3}$ would be confused, and $\frac{1}{3}$ would hate it. THIS however, 99% of the world agrees that these traffickers have no place in doing this illegal public distribution.

Grey: I mean-

Ty: Argue with THAT math. Hmm, is 99% less than or greater than 33%. (Sarcasm)

Grey: Okay, I told him I would do it, alright.

Ty: Yes-!

Grey: -BUT, I said I needed a week first.

Ty: A week? For what?

Grey: I've got another date.

Ty: Ohhh. When?

Grey: 7th at 7.

Ty: 7th at 7? That's... 68 hours.

Grey: Yep, I know.

Ty: Dude, are you gonna do it this time?

Grey: 4th or 5th date!

Ty: Alright, say as you will.

Grey: I'm not even itching to do it with her, okay. You may not believe this, but if I'm sitting across from a girl, and it's quiet around. It arouses me more than any sexual activity just to say "It's almost too hard to say how beautiful you are".

Ty: ...Really?

Grey: Yeah. Sex is a great feeling, and would like to eventually “interact” with her. But the best part of a relationship for me, is when I can tell all the wonderful things I see, and I don’t even have to exaggerate any of it.

Ty: ...Oh my gosh.

Grey: What?

Ty: ...Are you already falling for her?

Grey: Dude, you know I don’t believe in “happily ever afters”.

Ty: I never said anything about that. You are falling for her.

Grey: I am not, I just get sentimental.

Ty: Alright listen. If you are really falling in love with Roxanne, you have to come clean about the sentences.

Grey: What senten- NO!

Ty: You have to. Relationships NEVER work without honesty.

Grey: It wouldn’t be being dishonest, it would be neglecting to relay information.

Ty: That is no different.

Grey: It’s actually very differ-

Ty: Grey!

Grey: *Sigh* Alright, alright. I’ll tell her.

Ty: Good, and work on your following lines. You don’t want to say, “I kill murderers. Anyway, how have you been?”

Grey: I got the gist.

...

Ty: Alright, well then, tell me more about this case. Do you get a badge? Do you get to drive a police car? *Gasp* Do you get a discount at Dunkin’??

Grey: I don’t know yet, all I know is I have the suit.

Ty: What suit- you- You’re wearing the Greyband suit?

Grey: Yeah, I mean can’t go in there lookin’ like Arnold Palmer again.

Ty: You’re right. You’re gonna go in there looking like a Batman-Deadpool mashup.

Grey: Oh hey that is a good correlation.

Ty: Grey, this is a drug case, if they put you on the ground, you're gonna stand out like a firework.

Grey: ...You're just feeling like a plastic bag ain't ya?

Ty: Dude, wear something reasonable, okay. Button-down and jeans says "let's get to work".

Grey: They didn't sign up for ol' ranch hand Grey. They signed up for slick, stealthy, ready-to-kick-some-ass Grey.

Ty: Well Amen first of all, but also-

Grey: Tyler. Just leave it. This is my chance to be a powerful, contributive figure who does something good. Trust me, I'm gonna look like a mountain.

At the warehouse...

Ty: You look like you're about to say "Trick or Treat"

Grey: Oh come on, this is breathable, flexible, and it's got these convenient knives.

Ty: Do as you will, I'm just saying, it disappoints me that you take off the mask, and I see YOU, and not Ryan Reynolds.

Tyler walks off, and Grey sits in one of the picnic chairs.

Grey: It's nothing you can't handle. Everything you've ever done... This could be a chance. I guess you've got to follow the signs. (To himself)

He sits in silence for a bit longer, and then gets up to hang up the suit and go to bed. (Camera sees [bird's eye view]) Grey laying down staring at the ceiling.

Grey: For the Rusty Legacy...

Fades out... Next morning... Tyler begins sniffing the air.

Ty: *Sleep talking* "Yeh. Ba-ba-bac'n?"

Grey: That's right.

Ty: You makin' bacon?

Grey: Pork all Jamaican.

Ty: Jamaican bacon?

Grey: You awaken to me makin' Jamaican bacon, and you ain't mistaken.

Ty: Cool.

Grey: Shakin' that pan of bacon. *Yee-haw*

Ty: Man, you're in a good mood. Are you sure you didn't sleep with her?

Grey: Well I obviously didn't sleep with her, because we didn't wake up together.

Ty: ...

Grey: No. I did not sleep with her. I'm just really excited, I don't feel like I'm being hunted now, I've got a second date with my middle school crush, who by the way, is totally into me, AND, I get to stab some drug dealers next week.

Ty: Alright, slow your roll there.

Grey: Sorry, "slightly puncture".

Ty: Well until any of that happens, you've got another flat timespan.

Grey: It's 58 hours, I have plenty of things to fill my schedule.

...*Yeah.*

Grey: Alright, enemy at 12 o'clock, closing in, 40 meters. Lap 3 of 3, 1200 meters till the finish line.

Ty: There's a ramp up ahead, let him come up on your right and drive him off the cliff!

Grey: Got it! ...Alright paralleled! How about this for rush hour. *Gestures a "jerk right"*

Ty: You're in the clear.

Grey: That's it, homefree baby! Aaaaand, that's a victory.

Ty: 1,000 coins??

Grey: Oh yeah! It's Friday double!

...

Ty: Yeah can I get a double cheeseburger? Yep that'll be all.

Grey: I meant double in-game, how did you misinterpret that?

Ty: I'm just in tune. Normally I get a triple on Friday.

Grey: ...You ready for the finale?

Ty: Oh... track in all the mud you want, cause I'm about to sweep this game.

Grey: ...We'll see.

...

Grey: C'mon. ...Wait what? What?? WHAT?? HOW??

Ty: YES!!

Grey: You just bounced off of 4 trampolines and still hit that guy. If I can't calculate that how did you?

Ty: You understand gravity in THIS world, it's not the same in Angry Birds Island.

Grey: Still, how did you know to shoot high?

Ty: Well, as far as my bad analogies go, “Don’t shoot the tank with a pistol, shoot the thread holding a bomb suspended over the tank with a pistol”. In other words, aim high, shoot high, and you’ll go high”.

Grey: ...Alright then, thanks for that.

Ty: Anytime.

Grey: ...Although, you really shouldn’t have given me advice when we’re only halfway through the playoff, and now I can totally crush you.

Ty: Iiiii suspected nothing less. Or more. Man you suck.

Grey: Hey, it’s really laggy, and the lighting is-

Ty: -Aaaand that makes it 7 to 3.

Grey smiles with frustration, and they continue at it. They then watch Pirates of the Caribbean.

Ty: You know, you would never guess that Geoffery Rush were Australian based off of this.

Grey: I know, his voice is so distinct.

Ty: ...Do they not use the letter J in Australia, or is it just another way to spell it?

Grey: Let me look. ...“J in Australian English is pronounced like a Y”. Okay, so they just use GE instead of J.

Ty: Oh, cool.

Grey: ...You know what else, I used to think that Johnny Depp was Johnny “Depth”.

Ty: Oh totally, yeah me too. Yeah, and Justin Bieber was Justin Beaver.

Grey: Yeah, and Robert Downey Jr. was “Already J”.

Ty: ...He IS RDJ. That’s his initials.

Grey: Wait. ...OHHH “R-D-J”.

Ty: Yeah, not “Already J”.

Grey: Okay. My bad.

Ty: *Shrug Laugh*

6th at 7...

Ty: 24 hour marker.

Grey: I’m aware.

Ty: Hey man quick question... Have you ever been “genuinely wasted”?

Grey: One time, yes, I was supervised and I had about 50 cumulative ounces of beer. Content ratio was 7 ½%.

Ty: One time?

Grey: Yes.

Ty: Okay, do you trust me?

Grey: Only when you DON'T ask me if I trust you.

Ty: I think you need to know what it's like before you potentially have sex.

Grey: 4th or 5th date for the last time!

Ty: Dude, you can play by your rules as long as you want but she's gonna lay down the law.

Grey: Is that another sex reference?

Ty: ...Listen, there are nearly infinitely many things that can precede sex, and if one of them involves alcohol, you need to be prepared.

Grey: What is this with you being "prepared" with all of these scenarios? She needs to know the mpg of my car; my favorite type of tree, what temperature I like my drinking water, I mean that just makes me question what kind of scenarios YOU have been in.

Ty: Grey, I am a veteran. Not a single piece of relationship advice I give you is exaggerated.

Grey: ...Fine, give me the bottle.

Ty: There we go.

Ty goes to the bar and mixes up a little something, then walks over with an (8 oz) glass.

Grey: Okay, I feel like when it's clear, it's bad.

Ty: It's only 90-10.

Grey: 90-10?

Ty: 90% water...

Grey: And 10- okay.

Ty: Just chug steadily.

Grey: Alright.

Grey took a large sip unsuspectingly, and swallowed the moment he realized... the ratio was invalid.

Grey: THAT IS NOT 90-10!!

Ty: *Chuckling* It was 70-30.

Grey: You! Jerk!

Ty: Hey you can't stop now!

Grey: I can't chug this in 1 minute, that's gotta be lethal!

Ty: *Laughing* No, it isn't. Now finish that within 5 minutes.

Grey: What??

Ty walks off, and Grey stares at the glass as if it were a cursed amulet. He stands and sits in various spots around the room, taking sips here and there, then shaking his head in disgustful suffering.

Ty: Finished?

Grey: Well it's about time you show up!

Ty: Oh yeah, you're finished.

Tyler picks up the glass...

Grey: Hey where you going with that?

Ty: To the sink.

Grey: Well wait, let me come with you.

Ty: Alright.

They stand at the sink, Ty rinses the glass, and Grey stares at him with chin in hand.

Grey: Aw, you ever been to Spain?

Ty: Wha-ha-hat??

Grey: I'm so happy.

Ty: Grey...?

Grey: So what do you want to do?

Ty: I want to see your behavior.

Grey: Oh I'd love to show you.

Ty: Nope! Nope. Never mind, you should go to bed.

Grey: Oh, firm hand, that's nice. Hehe.

Ty: Grey, I regret this, don't make me further regret it.

Grey: You're so strong.

Ty: Okay, Everclear time!

Ty raced to the bar and came back with a shot glass... it only had about 5 mL of liquid in it.

Ty: Drink this buddy. *Smiling*

Grey: Oh, yeah, I'll do it nice and slow for you.

The moment the glass touched Grey's lips, Tyler pushed it upward and forced him to shoot it down. Grey suddenly stopped smiling, his eyes rolled back, and he collapsed.

Grey: You are never drinking again.

Grey wakes up the next morning in a picnic chair with the TV playing some football. Tyler sits next to him.

Grey: Tyler? *Augh* What happened?

Ty: You are never drinking again.

Grey: Why not?

Ty: You became very outgoing last night, you were very nosy, but particularly, very “gay”.

Grey: As in happy?

Ty: ...Exactly. (Sarcasm)

Grey: Yeah I don’t feel that good. I don’t really know how to describe that feeling last night.

Ty: Very. Very. Uncomfortable.

Grey: Man...

Ty: Also, be sure to throw up sooner rather than later.

Grey: Wait what? What do you me- *Hulp*

Grey runs off.

Ty: Bingo.

...Jump to post-vomiting stage, where Grey and Ty sit in their chairs watching football.

Grey: Why would anyone do that for fun?

Ty: *Sniff laugh* *Inhale* ...Oh you poor innocent man.

Grey: *Sigh*

Ty: Feel better at least?

Grey: I feel better knowing that that is a completely stupid thing and I will never do it again.

Ty: You say that now.

Grey: I say that for good.

Ty: That was level 10, okay. You’ll be more at a level 3 or 4 when you properly pace yourself.

Grey: ...That wasn’t proper pacing?

Ty: Hell no! That should’ve taken you 2 hours to drink.

Grey: ...You b- *arrgh*.

Ty: *Gentle laugh* *Ahhh* ...Alright, lesson 2- smoking.

Grey: *Eyes widen* *Turns head dramatically*

Chapter 9

A Heartfelt Apology

Ty: Alright, you ready?

Grey: I can only be more ready the second time around.

Ty: Alright. And where are you going?

Grey: To pick her up.

Ty: I know that- *Ungh* -where are you going out?

Grey: I- don't know.

Ty: Seriously.

Grey: Look, I know at least where I'm NOT going.

Ty: That is about the weakest beginning point you could possibly have.

Grey: Look, I'm going, whether I'm prepared or not. **Walks toward the car**

Ty: Do you not hear yourself?? You just said you aren't prepared! You're still walking away!

Grey! It's only 11 am! You're 8 hours early!

Grey: *Moves in frame* I know that.

...

Gary: And apparently, this is quantum mathematics.

Richard: ...I almost can see it.

The others turn to him with shock.

Jonathan: Are you crazy? This guy is a madman!

Gary: But does it not make sense?

Lewis: I mean... it makes sense, but that doesn't mean that's how it works!

Gary: All of the math here is right. See, 1 minus 1, and then negative 1, and there's the dividing on both sides, and then this, supposedly gives us a maximum life value. It's incredible.

Jonathan: Sir, you can't seriously be considering this. No matter the wrongdoing, no person is "expendable" or "invaluable".

Gary: Not to Grey.

Jonathan: Okay that's the other thing! Even if this "math" is right, nowhere is it stated that any particular person has any right to take the killer's life. That is out of dispute.

Gary: I'm afraid that the equation $2 + 0 = 2$ might argue. Take out the 0, nothing changes, both sides are equally balanced. Grey just happens to be the nearest person with an eraser.

Jonathan: This is not finished. Okay, there's plenty more to this, it's not right!

Gary: Even if there is, all of this adds up on its own. I'm sorry, but you're wrong about Grey, his philosophy is flawless, whether you accept him or not.

...

Lewis: Alright, alright. I think I can get on board with this.

Jonathan: What??

Lewis: But I have one question. Suppose Grey accidentally kills someone who in fact was not guilty. For ending that innocent person's life, would he have to personally sentence himself?

Gary: ...Well. There it is Jonathan, the last piece of the puzzle you wanted. That's a little question for Grey on Wednesday.

Richard: On Wednesday, what's on Wednesday?

Gary: Grey is coming in to assist in our devising of our next move on the cocaine project.

Jonathan: ...WHAT??

Richard: He's working with us?

Gary: That's right.

Lewis: You want us to work with a killer?

Gary: No. By definition *points at board* I expect you to work with a real-life... avenger.

All straight faces

Grey: -And then I'm gonna tell her about the drug case.

Ty: Sounds good. Alright 6:14, "build thee an ark of gopherwood".

Grey: Ah-haha, yep, time to sail off.

Ty: Gotchur socks?

Grey: Uh, yes? *Lifts pant legs*

Ty: Not those socks.

Grey: I don't need "those" socks.

Ty: You've got to play by her rules, she's the girl!

Grey: Fine I'll grab a few.

Ty: Just trying to help you! You better stretch those pockets thin.

...

Grey: Alright, I'm stocked.

Ty: Good luck!

Grey: Luck. There's no luck in love.

(Camera sees) Grey driving through the neighborhood...

Grey: Phone, check, wallet, check, anxiety, check, sweating, check, erection, check, dry mouth

**swallows* *Ahh* check, *puts hand on chest* 150 bpm, check, excessive itching, check...*

Slovakia, check, republic... Austria-Germany-Switzerland.

Grey parks the car and heads up to Roxanne's house.

Grey: You are strong, you are confident, but you don't need any of that because you love her.

No wait, you do need that stuff, and, I don't think you should take it to love yet. I'm speaking in second person, indicating that I'm about to pass out, let's mosey on back to first person, shall we? You know what? Let's go with Zero-th person, talking to yourself is not something you should do a lot of in this scenario. Okay! To the door!

Knock knock

Grey: *Deep breath* Just tell her how you feel.

The door opens, and Roxanne comes into view.

Roxanne: Hey Grey!

Grey: -I kill murderers.

Roxanne: ...What?

Grey: *Turns around* Oh good Lord.

Roxanne: What did you say? “You kill murderers”?

Grey: ...Do you mind if we sit down for this?

Grey comes in, and the door closes, they sit on the couch.

Grey: So, first of all, nice place.

Roxanne: Thank you.

Grey: Um. Okay. Rox, this is gonna sound really, really weird, and really bad.

Roxanne: It already sounded pretty bad.

Grey: *Sigh* I am not a quantum engineer. Well, not a practicing one.

Roxanne: Okay.

Grey: I don’t work. My father left me a sum of almost 6 million dollars when he died, and I’ve been living off of that for the past 3 years.

Roxanne: ...

Grey: See, what I do practice though... is, my unique philosophy. What that means is... I go out in the night, and I do “justifications”. And what THAT means... Damn it, I’m stuttering, why am I doing this? Roxanne, I kill criminals convicted of murder because I believe that life is mathematical and justice is only perceivable as an eye for an eye.

Roxanne: ...*Ungh* Are you serious, Grey? Is this supposed to be a joke? Because this is not funny.

Grey: It’s not a joke. I do this every few nights, and I have this suit, this- I call it the Greyband suit- and it has 2 giant swords on the back of it, and I- **Roxanne covers his mouth**

Roxanne: Grey, look me in the eyes, and tell me “this is not a joke”.

Grey: ...Roxanne. Under my full heart, and my steady hands, this is nothing but truth.

Roxanne: ... *Ungh* Oh my God. **Gets up and walks off**

Grey: Roxan- where are you going? Please, wait, hold on, wait, **Grabs her shoulder** I can’t let you walk away. Please. Just let me explain.

She walks the other way into the kitchen and around the corner.

Grey: Roxanne! I- Listen, I get if you’re confused, I get if you’re mad, even if you’re scared of me now. That- I promise I’m not gonna hurt you, okay, I just don’t want this to come between us. Please. ...If you want me to leave, I’ll leave, but just know I care about you so much.

...Alright, I got it. Have a good night.

Roxanne: ...Grey.

Grey: What?

Roxanne: Come here.

Grey walks away from the door and back to the couch. Roxanne was holding a white board and an Expo marker.

Roxanne: I'm not scared of you, just sit down.

He sits down carefully. Roxanne hands him the marker and board.

Grey: What's this for?

Roxanne: You wanted to explain, explain.

Grey: ...*Deep breath* ...I- I'm gonna need a bigger board.

At the warehouse...

Ty: What, too fast, oh yeah, can't catch me, lightning, oh, red shell, left turn, boom, easy win, what's that, oh yeah, first place bitch, nice. **Drinks a beer* *Ahh*
*Ringing**

Ty: Ohp, you got the Ty-Dye, what's up?

Gary: Tyler. This is Gary, the police chief.

Ty: Oh hey, man, how's it going?

Gary: Is there any chance that Grey can get here tomorrow morning?

Ty: Tomo- uhhh. M- Maybe- I- I don't know. He's currently on a date.

Gary: Alright then. Tell Grey that there's been a slight problem, the FBI is not willing to compromise, and we can't offer him our protection unless he takes the deal and shows up tomorrow.

Ty: ...Ooooookay. Um, uh- yeah I'll call him and make sure he can.

Gary: Good, alright, have a good night.

Ty: Uh by the way- Am on anyone's... list right now?

Gary: You are currently under investigation, for harboring a fugitive, and selling pornography without a license.

Ty: Okay, first of all, Grey harbors ME, I'm just a guy who hangs out at HIS place, okay. And B, it was a total fiasco of a music video with men in morphsuits, we bought the biggest size they had, and it was just a little tight downstairs. Plus, I didn't even sell it to anyone under 18, it was just a- **Steady frequency** Hello? It was an honest mistake.

...

Grey: And with limit where x is approaching infinity, infinity being a safe rounding point from 7.9 billion people, the limit of life value is 1- or 100%. Plus, it wouldn't make sense that just because you save someone you get a free pass to kill someone. ...Well there you go. What do you think?

Roxanne: I think you need a therapist, Grey. This doesn't really make much sense to me, but I'm pretty sure that math doesn't define anyone's lifestyle.

Grey: Well, I don't want to argue, but, lifestyle could not exist at all without math. These few equations are sufficient enough to convey the most logical and realistic definition of justice, and until someone disproves that $1 - 1 = 0$, this philosophy is flawless.

Roxanne: ...*Sigh*

Grey: Rox, I knew you wouldn't take this lightly, but I knew that I HAD to be honest with you... I love you.

Roxanne: *Turns in shock* What did you say?

Grey: I know, that was early, it was uncall-

Roxanne: Grey, think about this! Just because you have this opinion doesn't mean that you get to share it with the world. And certainly not in this way.

Grey: "This way" is all I know.

Roxanne: Why? Why would that be all you know? You can't expand your mind at all?

Grey: No!

Roxanne: Why?!

Grey: Because my dad was killed thinking elseways!

Roxanne: ...What?

Grey: I can't change! Because once you let your guard down, you become a wildebeest among lions!

Roxanne: What are you talking about?

Grey: *Sigh* ...Have you ever heard of Russell Anderson?

Roxanne: No.

Grey: Rusty Law Firm. He was my dad. He was the greatest lawyer in the city, in the state for that matter. He worked every day in college to get a degree in law practice, and he became known as "The Extinguisher". Best prosecution lawyer you'd ever meet, he's done 835 cases, and has won 784 of them. When I was a kid, he told me every day "You can be anything you

want to be when you grow up, as long as you put others before yourself. Look at me, I convict people who have torn apart families, thinking that they have the power to take the life of others. We are all God's children, and each of our fates are chosen by no man downstairs, only by the man upstairs". ...My mom had a heart attack when I was 6, my dad was rushing to get her in the car, he had to drive 10 miles to the nearest hospital, there was a train that stopped him, traffic, and a cop that tried to pull him over for speeding. She died only 3 miles away, my dad refused to pay any sort of speeding ticket, and he wasn't afraid of losing any case like that. Once I was 11, I realized that I wanted to found the concept of teleportation. That sounds ridiculous, I know- Everyone said it was impossible, granted, time travel is impossible, but once I learned about quantum physics, I realized atoms are constantly jumping throughout the Universe instantaneously across lightyears of distance. I became a quantum engineer because I wanted to put others ahead of myself. I went through something so incredibly traumatizing, and I wouldn't wish that upon anyone. I studied day and night in college trying to learn every aspect and how to harness quantum energy and prove my theory to be possible. ...But things changed my junior year. My dad was working a case on a drug dealer convicted of 3 counts of murder, he called me and told me that if he won, he would hook Tyler and I up with a graduation celebration trip to China. I was very excited, and I told Tyler all about it. What I didn't know was... the words "See you tonight" would be the last words I would hear from him. From what I've heard- he had an audio-equipped dashcam that the police let me view; he won the case, and was driving home that night down the highway to tell us the good news, when he noticed a bright light in the middle of the road. There was a line of orange cones blocking the road, but there were no road work signs, no construction vehicles, and there didn't seem to be anything wrong with the road ahead. A guy came up to his window and started talking with him about a flood problem, which was odd because there hadn't been any rain in a few weeks. All of the sudden, the guy pointed ahead, and my dad looked to see another guy aiming a gun at the windshield... I don't want to say the succeeding words, but this happened the day before my junior graduation. From what I learned, the flood-talking guy was tall, and had a nickname "Triple G", and the gunman was pretty short, and had a moustache. The dashcam picked up the words, "That was for Tim-Sim". The suspect that he had convicted just 6 hours earlier had the name "Timothy Simmons". After I saw the footage, I wasn't sad, or distraught, I was angry, furious... vengeful. I spent the entirety of senior year designing the Greyband suit, one that was stealthy, protective, and equipped. I

engineered weapons that I could use to hunt down bastards like them. Once I graduated college, I burned my credit cards, my social security card, and I engineered my own phone and virtual cellular connection- so I could never be tracked by anyone. Tyler had failed out of college, and was working at Jimmy John's. I offered him to come live with me, in the new hideout I had just found. My father's lifetime fortune paid for materials like bullet-resistant fabrics, lethal chemicals, and tons of microtechnology. And I did everything in my power to do the one thing I always wanted him to be proud of me for. I've killed over 270 people convicted of murder, and I know I've never been wrong before because I've gotten all of them to admit it. I've passed up 65 kills because I found them to be falsely accused. The ONLY regret I have in my life, is not finding Moustache and Triple G. But if I ever do, well, there are details I don't think are wise to share with a lady.

So that's it Roxy, I know that these doings are ambitious, and many may see it as "evil", but the "poison" I felt... It withers my soul to know that millions have gone unavenged for the loss of their loved ones. ...I get it if you're still mad, or if maybe I have finally scared you, but I just hope that when I walk out that door, you can see through my eyes that I only have good intentions for good people. ...Rox?

Roxanne: *Drying tears*

Grey: Wait? ...Is this a fairytale? (To himself)

Roxanne: Why didn't you ever tell me?

Grey: About my parents?

Roxanne: Yes. You've been all alone for 4 years.

Grey: Well I've had Tyler...

Roxanne: Grey. I'm sorry I got mad, it was just so hard to take in. It just sounded so awful in the beginning.

Grey: Well, I should have expected that.

Roxanne: I don't agree with your "anger management" coping, but I get that you just want to do what's right.

Grey: Only what's right. And not for me, but for the people who need done what's right. I don't want to mess this up just because of this, do you-

Roxanne: -You won't. I'm so sorry.

Grey leans in and out stretches his arms, he hugs Roxanne with strong sentiment, and they don't move for almost 60 seconds.

Roxanne: *Cry-Relief "Ahh"* I love you too.

Grey: *Eyes widen* *Funky sit-dancing*

Roxanne: *Cry-laugh*

Ringing

Grey: Oh, sorry. Tyler? What?

Ty: I really hope that you aren't having sex right now.

Grey: I am definitely not.

Ty: You need to get back here, if you don't take the case and go in tomorrow, your arrest warrant could be activated!

Grey: WH-! What?

Ty: I'm sorry to ruin what could have been the best night of your life, but-

Grey: No no no, no. **Turns to Roxanne** It was the best night I could have asked for.

Roxanne: *Smiles & Looks down*

Grey: It's fine, I'll be right there, I'll get all my things in order and I'll be ready to go in tomorrow. What? No, I didn't have anything to drink. Bye Ty.

Roxanne: Well...

Grey: I am so sorry. *Shakes head*

Roxanne: No no no, this was really good.

Grey: I didn't even get to tell you about the cocaine case but I promise I will.

Roxanne: What?

Grey: Gotta go, I'll call you tomorrow night! I love you!

Roxanne: *Shakes head and smiles* I love you too.

Well Hallelujah! Grey got in the car and sped off back toward the warehouse, and busted through the door.

Grey: Tyler!! I told her everything! (Proudly)

Ty: Shut the door. (Idiom)

Grey: *Shuts door* ...Gladly.

Chapter 10

Sharp-Dressed Warlord

Ty: You told her everything?

Grey: My mom, my dad, the cases, the roadblocking, even my kill count, which might have been excessive.

Ty: See man, that was the hardest part, honesty- it's a difficult thing.

Grey: Well, I think that was all worth it in the end. Because, I said I loved her-

Ty: Already? Dude what are you thinking?

Grey: -And she said she loves me back.

Ty: ...Woah-ho-ho!! DUDE!!

Grey: I know, it was amazing, she was so sympathetic, I thought for sure she might stab me!

Ty: You just told her you loved her??

Grey: Yeah!

Ty: Ah haHA! Dude! You are living a fairytale!

Grey: That's what I said!

Ty: You literally are! **Stands next to Grey and "paints a picture"** Man lives in isolation with his really cool friend, he learns a lesson about perspective and is recruited by an awesome task

force to take down criminals, and in the midst, his new ways and wonderful attitude wins him the love of his life!

Grey: Yeah, that's what else. So, what time do I need to be there by?

Ty: I would say as early as you can be, you should probably head to bed soon.

Grey: Yeah good point. Um, okay then- And did he say if I needed to bring anything?

Ty: He didn't, but just bring whatever you would normally have on you.

Grey: You got it!

Ty: And that means not wearing the Greyband suit!

Grey: ...*Frustrated stare* Fine.

Ty: ...Hey Grey, when you said that she was sympathetic, how sympathetic did you mean?

(Suggestive)

...

(Dramatic shot of) Roxanne laying down with her eyes open looking out the window, then to Grey doing the same (mirrored) (symbolism)

Ty: Dude! **Dramatically** You're gonna be late for your first day!

Grey: You're right! **Dramatically** I gotta get going! Hey, remember to turn the oven off when you're done!

Ty: Are you not gonna eat anything?

Grey: I'll grab a donut!

Ty: That's the spirit of a law man! Wait that might be offensive? Hm.

**♪Big Iron♪* Grey lip syncs. He drives down the road and up into the town, then he came to the station. He entered with confidence and walked up to the 2nd floor, and up into the central area. He spied Gary, Jonathan, Richard, Lewis, and Roscoe gathered around a table. He goes over.*

Lewis: Anderson is not worth much in this case, you need to tell him that the deal is off.

Grey: ♪...But see you've made one fatal slip, you've tried to drop the outlaw with the knowledge of his lips. Knowledge of his lips...♪

Gary: Welcome.

Grey: Alright analysts, what've we got?

**Frustration* (Jonathan & Lewis)*

*Back at the warehouse... *Ringing**

Ty: Hey Grey what's up?

Roxanne: Tyler?

Ty: ...Who is this?

Roxanne: This is Roxanne.

Ty: Oh hi Roxanne, uh, why do you have Grey's phone, are you with him at-...

Roxanne: ...Um, where did you say?

Ty: No nothing, sorry. Why do you have Grey's phone?

Roxanne: He left it here last night, and- I wasn't snooping, but it had a notification that there was a police car nearby.

Ty: Oh, yeah, I don't think he disabled that yet?

Roxanne: Disabled what? What is that?

Ty: He engineered a special program in his phone that allows him to track radios connected to a certain frequency, and he uses another system where he can locate each of those radios once he's detected them, therefore allowing him to find which ones are police vehicles and get notifications if one is nearby.

Roxanne: Okay I followed very little of that, are you saying that he's hiding from the police?

Ty: Well, he was. They weren't that big of fan of his "practices".

Roxanne: So, if he isn't hiding anymore, what is he doing?

...

Grey: The most important thing to remember, is that they will always be expecting you to be hiding in the obvious spots. If we're gonna ambush, we can't have anyone in shipping containers, old cars, or on the outside wall.

Jonathan: So where are we meant to hide?

Grey: Well, that's the thing, we won't. What we're gonna do, is go and set up large walls around the largest empty location, and then, we're gonna have people about a mile off behind this small set of trees, and then when the baiter gives the signal, the force rushes in and corners them.

Lewis: Alright, what if they don't meet in that specific location?

Grey: Well, we're gonna need to get one of their guys to set the meeting point.

Gary: How so?

Grey: So, if we can get one of their suppliers to deliver a sum to the exact location we want BEFORE their scheduled meeting time, then I think we can lure them to the location we want, without having to board up doors or obstruct anywhere else.

Richard: And why can't we obstruct any places? We could just lure the fox into the henhouse through the door we want.

Grey: No you couldn't, because you'll be leaving clues that someone was there. A dog will do most things for a treat, but if you put the treat inside of a carrier, the dog becomes a little suspicious. If they find nails on the ground, or doors boarded up that weren't boarded beforehand, they're gonna know something's up. Guys like this are smarter than you think.

Jonathan: We know that. They've been loose for 4 years, ever since one of the guys shot a man, they've been carefully living underground. And they've always kept an eye for the purple glare, just as we need to keep an eye for the orange one.

Grey: "Orange glare"?

Gary: It's a term that Jon uses to symbolize the "enemy" ambush. "Purple glare" is our police car lights coming to attack, "orange glare" is the trap they have set. We always try to keep a weather eye out for that "orange glare".

Jonathan: *Nods*

Grey: Mmm hmm, okay then, nonetheless, I've laid a foundation, what can you guys add?

Lewis: Grey this is a very weak foundation, we need-

Gary: Oh is it Lou? If I recall, the last time we tried to ambush this gang, you suggested that we leave a bag of cocaine in the middle of an open field, on the ground, and then have a gunner off on a hill.

Lewis: Hey, it worked did it not? We got the guy and took him in, and that's how we found out that their leader's name was "Triple G".

Grey: *Eyes widen* What did you say?

Gary: Lou had this weird idea to leave a bag of-

Grey: No I heard that. What did you say you found out from him?

Lewis: We found that there would be 2 shipments each month for the rest of the year, and that the gang leader goes by "Triple G".

Grey: ...Really? Triple G. Could've been double or quadruple, maybe even G squared, but... nope. ...Okay, well then. I believe I've given you all a lot to work with-

Gary: Certainly Grey, we will devise a plan furthermore upon this idea, but for now, I believe you have made a virtuous contribution.

Grey: Well. Thank you. I'll- I'll see you guys tomorrow.

Richard: Have a nice day.

Grey turns and walks quickly back down to the door, he didn't blink the entire time. When he got into the car, his shock turned to vengeance, he was about to make the ultimate justification.

Grey: *Grunts* Call it Deja Vu, you're about to meet your match, bastard.

Grey whips an illegal U right in front of the police station, and speeds off back toward the house.

Grey: Tyler! *Knocking* Open up!

Ty: Grey! Hey, Roxanne called-

Grey: I don't care.

Ty: Dude, that's your lover.

Grey: Not yet. Get me my gun.

Ty: I thought you already had it?

Grey: Not that one.

Ty: ...Ahhh.

Tyler goes around the warehouse and finds 5 random keys. He inserted 1 to open a door, he inserted 1 into a control panel, while Grey inserted the other, and by turning the 2 at the same time, it opened a button. Tyler pressed the button and a wall opened. There was a vault, Tyler used the 4th key to unlock the vault, and he used the final one to open the long safe in the middle of the vault, and inside was a very unique gun.

Grey: 0.02 kiloNewtons of recoil, 50,000 round capacity, up to 800 rounds per minute, automatic laser-pinoined depth perceptive adjusting targeting, firing off 3-millimeter spherical copper ammo infused with pure solidified rattlesnake venom- potent enough to kill a man in 6 minutes.

Ty: You sure you're gonna need that?

Grey: I've always got antivenom, just in case they do serve some value.

Ty: I'll sharpen the swords.

Dramatic process of Grey putting on the Greyband suit, the gray headband waves in the air. He stocks his swords, and prepares for the ultimate run.

Grey: Show time.

**♪Sharp Dressed Man♪* Grey walks with confidence down the sidewalk, he turns heads of hundreds, as he walks down the street toward the station, he enters the back lot, where the team was discussing and preparing to begin.*

Grey: Sup Garden Gnomes!

Jonathan: What the hell?

Grey takes off the mask...

Grey: Look familiar?

Richard: A little too familiar...

Grey: What've we got?

Lewis: You cannot wear that.

Grey: I beg to argue, this suit is the quantum version of Iron Man; Bulletproof, energy absorbing, **Stomps** silent, and all of my senses are ultra-stimulated, I can smell like a bloodhound, I've got the hearing of a bat, and the eyes are built in with a voice-activated zoom. Not to mention I've got the strongest weapons you've ever seen.

Gary: **Turns to others** "Avenger".

Jonathan: Whatever. I think we'll be juuuust fine.

Gary: Alright Grey, this is your plan, we've only accounted for a couple more logistics, but other than that, this is all your plan.

Grey: Great, 2 things. When are we headed out? And where is our perp?

Gary: 3 hours, and the perp-

Jonathan: Right here.

A short guy with a dense moustache came into view, he wore a white T-shirt, unbuttoned plaid, and khakis. Stereotype much?

Grey: Hi there. What's his name?

Perp: Moustache.

Grey: Moustache?

Lewis: He won't tell us his real name.

Jonathan: -Yeah, he's more into selling out his team... than himself.

Grey: Well then, Moustache, you're gonna be driving us out to the junk barn, and if you do everything we tell you to do, we might not throw you in the compactor.

Gary: Grey. **Throat Slashing gesture**

Grey: Good point. We'll have a guillotine-

Gary: Nah- mm-mm.

Grey: But I-

Gary: Mm-mm. No.

Grey: Okay fine. I'll be watching you though.

Moustache: You ain't as tough as you think you are.

Grey: I've killed men 2 feet taller than you. I'd stop talking right about now.

Moustache: What do you know, now he's even weaker.

Grey: You're threatening an armed man.

Moustache: So? You won't shoot. I've seen men with twice your guts not shoot.

Grey: ...Is he on record for having killed anyone?

Richard: Not that we know of.

Grey: All you have to do is confess and put a micro-bullet full of snake venom in your lungs.

Jonathan: Excuse me?

Grey: I'm scared of loud noises, I needed a better alternative.

Roscoe: So you have a machine gun that shoots poison bullets?

Grey: Technically venomous bullets. Small difference, but yep. These bullets are tough enough to kill on impact, or they cause a slow, suffering death. I've got 2 36-inch katana blades that are sharpened to only 8 micrometers. These weapons have killed over a quarter-thousand criminals. Call me weak again I dare you.

Moustache: *"Very well" head nod*

Gary: Alright team, we move out right at 10! **Everyone disperses** Grey, if this works, you will be freed of all charge, and you will be granted protection under one circumstance.

Grey: Let me guess...

Gary: No more "justifying".

Grey: I'll work on it, my new girlfriend has been helping me out with that whole perspective thing, and so has Tyler.

Gary: Well, under all else, good luck.

Grey: Thank you, for being one I can trust.

Gary: Call me a friend if you like-

Grey: What I needed was more than a friend, what I needed was a listener, someone who would consider my values before any judgement. Thank you most of all for that.

Gary: In my honor. Now let's go shut this down!

In the back.

Jonathan: I don't like that guy.

Roscoe: Well obviously! Which one of them?

Jonathan: Anderson! Gary is old, he's gotten confused over the years, but this adolescent is trying to manipulate the good state of society.

Roscoe: He just thinks differently. Who knows, maybe his thinking will take down these coke scoundrels.

Roscoe walks away, and Jonathan squints as if he were thinking over everything that was about to happen.

Roscoe: Grey.

Grey: Yeah?

Roscoe: I'd like to firmly apologize. For one, tricking you into thinking that I was a homicidal criminal. And 2, for not considering what value that you could bring to the table. Even "special" people deserve second chances.

Grey: Well thank you. I will tell you, you had me totally convinced when you walked out of that 7-11, I mean seriously, nice acting.

Roscoe: Well thank you! Say, how old are you?

Grey: I'm 25.

Roscoe: Well well, I'm not that much ahead of you than I thought. What say we grab a drink sometime.

Grey: That'd be great! But, you should know, according to my friend Tyler, I get weird when I drink. **Fading out as they walk away**

Jonathan: This- **Exhaling gasp** How do you people not SEE it?! **Sigh** **Ringing** Hello? Yeah, yeah, we'll meet you there. No, like I said, we've got it all set up, walls, bait, and if the kid knows what he's doing... It'll be a walk in the park. Alright, 10 sharp. **Hangs up**

Chapter 11

Provocation

(Phone Conversation)

Roxanne: Grey is working in a drug case??

Ty: Yeah he um, well, he kind of- he's doing it as payment for all the "justifications" that he's done, and if he shuts down this trading, he'll be a free man.

Roxanne: Okay, does that mean he'll stop with the... whatever you said, "justifying"?

Ty: I think so. And hopefully not just because you and I want him to, hopefully he'll realize it for himself.

Roxanne: Right.

Ty: And Roxy, he really does like you. Apparently he "loves you".

Roxanne: I know it's crazy, I mean, I'm actually not one to believe in love at first sight but... he is just so adorable. He's kind, he's caring, he puts my feelings so far ahead, and he's such a gentleman.

Ty: Yeah, I won't spread the butter much more but, he is really great.

Roxanne: Hey, can you tell him that, if he's off work tonight, I'd love to finish where we left off last night.

Ty: *Eyes widen* Ah-you have got ah-yourself a deal. I'll call him and tell him that he has got some unfinished ah-business.

Roxanne: Could you stop with the "ahs"

Ty: Uhhf... coursssss-sorry.

Roxanne: Thank you Tyler.

Ends call* *Tyler calls Grey

Grey: So, you guys come here often? You sit in a lot of tanks? You hold a lot of straps?

Richard: ...From time to time.

Grey: Cool. **Ringing** Hello? Tyler, what's up? She's off tonight? I mean yeah I'm guessing I will. Yeah, 8th at 8. Ironic. Alright, yeah. No, I won't, because this would be a continuation of the second date.

Confusion

Grey: -Well no. Look, there is way more to a relationship than hardcore sex. No, stop making references. No I don't need Sex for Dummies. No! Yes, I already have some of those. Yes I've checked the expiration date. 2023. Yes I got it. Thank you. See ya.

They all stare him down...

Grey: ...That was my friend Tyler, he was- just- checking the grocery list.

They continue down the dirt road until they approach an old metal barn with old garbage trucks and dump trucks. They veer right and head down a smaller dirt road toward a patch of trees, where a couple more cars were parked.

Richard: Alright, load out!

They stuff the cars behind the dense trees and prep the bait car.

Grey: Alright, where is our package?

Jonathan: Right here.

Jonathan opened the back of the small U-haul-like truck and a pallet with about 2 dozen metal briefcases lay on it. Grey steps up and opens one.

Grey: Holy moly! "Open Happiness" indeed.

Gary: It's actually all fine chalk powder, and we have special bags made with chemicals that resemble the scent of the real thing.

Grey: Nice. Alright, so, Moustache will drive us in, I'll be waiting in the back, and in the case that they have some sort of thermal detector, **Pats suit** I can resemble any temperature I want.

Gary: Alright, all teams go! We are about to be in motion!

Grey: ...Alright Moustache, let's get this show on the road.

Moustache: You don't know what you're getting into.

Grey: I always know, the problem is, nobody else ever expects that. Which is why YOU are really the one at the bottom of the rope.

...Grey walks around to the back and steps in to hide.

Lewis: Alright Grey, he's mic-ed and we've got 4 cameras in the truck, 2 in the cabin, 2 in the back. We've got micro-cameras in the barn, and we'll make sure that the bomb is properly placed right on their doorstep.

Grey: Now that's my language. ...Alright, going dark.

Moustache starts the truck and slowly moves toward the barn.

Lewis: Package is westbound!!

...

Gary: Alright Grey, we've got eyes on every sector of the barn, and we're watching Moustache closely. You've got 3 miles and closing.

Grey: Got it.

Gary: Any movement in the barn?

Lewis: No, nothing yet.

Gary: Alright, make sure that shock implant is working.

Electrician (Phillip): We're live and ready.

Gary: Alright Carter, where are you? (To himself)

...

Grey: Anything?

Gary: We're still blank here.

Grey: You said they'd be here at 11, right?

Moustache: He will.

Grey: Oh you can hear me?

Moustache: So much for expecting everything.

Grey: Alright, you are on thin ice!

Moustache: Shoot me and you'll have no driver.

Grey: I oughta drive my sword up your ass!

Moustache: You complain a lot.

Grey: Oh I never complain, this is a declaration! You shut up, and get with the program, or you're not gonna like the response!

...

Moustache: *Looks at left camera* He's not as smart as you think he is.

Grey pulls a sword and plunges it through the wall into the cabin.

Gary: I wouldn't talk to him like that.

Lewis: We've got movement!

Gary: On target?

Lewis: Yes, 2 vans, 2 U-hauls, and a Rolls Royce.

Jonathan: Carter.

Gary: Can we get a facial recognition?

A man in a white suit and hat steps out, and looks around.

Roscoe: Confirmed, it's him.

Gary: Alright. Grey, we've got eyes on the target, he's in a white suit. You're gonna keep going and once they open the door and confirm the shipment, you'll jump up and assert yourself, and then we'll be right behind you.

Grey: You got it. ...We're slowing down.

Gary: Yep, we've got that. 200 yards and closing.

30 men with guns stood guard around the circle, and Carter walked out into the further middle.

Carter: Eyes up!

All the men raised their guns as the truck entered the building.

Jonathan: Something else Grey, Carter is in fact "Triple G"

Grey: Wait what?

Jonathan: Yeah, we've run facial recognition, and we've found that Carter was in fact your father's killer.

Grey: H- Wait, how do you know about my father?

Jonathan: Grey, we've had that case for a long time.

Gary: Jon! Why would you tell him that?? The vengeance level he's gonna have on his father's killer will be monumental!

Grey: ...You're not muted Gary.

Gary: I-

Grey: And you're right, it is monumental. Plan B, don't help me, he's going down.

Gary: Grey. Stop! Don't-!

Grey removes his earpiece, and he hears metal bumping in the back.

Grey: You just gave me confirmation on my own father's killer. Well listen closely to this...

Grey sets the venom gun from machine to snipe, the door opens and Grey raises the gun... he fires off 8 shots killing 8 of the guards. He hops down and continues firing around at the guards, they fire back, and his suit deflects them entirely.

Carter: Eyes down!

All of the men stop firing. Carter walks over to Grey...

Grey: That's close enough!

Carter: Who the hell are you?

Grey: ...My name is Grey "Jones", you killed my father ...prepare to die.

Carter: Hold it there. You've got the wrong guy kid.

Grey: Oh really? **Raises gun** ...Your location, June 2nd, 2016.

Carter: ...Oh. You poor young man. I'm sorry, you've been hoodwinked.

Grey: Oh is that so? Triple G has a kill record of 23, and I'm sure you remember Russell Anderson.

Carter: I'm the only one here who hasn't killed a single soul.

Grey: You're telling me, with full sincerity, and think hard because I am not at all hesitant, that you are not Triple G?

Carter: I love people, but I also love money, that's why I'm in this business. I assure you, you just need to look a little harder.

With his excellent hearing, Grey hears a gun cock behind him, he turns around quickly and mathematically predicts the exact location of the gun and the precedent path of the bullet. It was Moustache, he had shot at Grey, but Grey had perfectly calculated what would happen, and he managed to draw his sword and slice the bullet in half! Nice!

Grey: You son of a-

Grey's eyes widened, as he had mental compared the way that Moustache was standing to the way that his father's killer was standing. It was nearly identical.

Grey: Moustache...

Moustache: Yeah?

Grey: **Aims gun* *Trembling Anger** Burn in hell.

Grey fires 2 shots into each of Moustache's legs, the venom was highly potent, and with that capacity, a death would succeed 4 minutes of agony.

Grey: You killed my father!

Moustache: He killed our friend.

Grey: Because your friend killed 3 people! You killers are all the same, you deserve nothing!

You are lifeless! Heartless! Rotten! Evil! No-good pieces of shit!! Die and regret forever!!

As Moustache began to fade out, the steakout van was silent.

Lewis: Gar?

Gary: ...

Jonathan: What'd I tell you?

Gary: ...Go. Bring him in.

Richard: Carter?

Gary: ...Grey.

The trucks began racing toward the barn.

Grey: It's not enough. Where is he?

Carter: I have nothing to serve you.

Grey: Speak now, or you're done.

Carter: Shoot.

Grey: **Anger & Hesitation**

Carter: You won't do it.

Carter's Bodyguard: Sir, it's all chalk!

Carter: Excuse me?

Carter's Bodyguard: It's a setup! We've gotta go!

Carter: You'll regret this Anderson.

Grey: Hey! I said my name was Jones. ...So you were telling the truth. You're not Triple G.

Carter: ...I-

Grey: Luckily with that honesty I believe you that your kill count is actually zero. So, here's some wake up juice.

Carter: Wake up-?

Grey fired a shot into Carter's foot, so that he wouldn't be able to move, but with the anti-venom, he could remain alive.

Carter: *Anguish* Kill him!

Grey: Upon your honesty you said only you were innocent...

As the guards aimed their guns, Grey turned and began firing off snake venom bullets into the chests of each of them. Once he gunned down the last one, he heard the sound of wheels

Carter: You've done no better than any of us.

He stood his boot on Carter's chest and leaned down and said:

Grey: Only 2 things determine a killer: Greed, or hatred. And if you believe that either of those anti-virtues outweigh the good heart and soul of an innocent person. Your life... is meaningless!

Grey rigged one of the U-hauls and it drove through the wall off to the North, while Grey ran South back toward town. The forces followed the dust-kicking U-haul off until it rolled over a mound and onto its side.

Lewis: Oh shit. It's a fake.

Gary: Are you sure? Go over anyway.

In the woods...

Grey: *Anguish* *Fury* Manipulators... I'll show you! I'LL SHOW ALL OF YOU!!

At the crash...

Roscoe: It was a complete diversion. There's nothing here.

Gary: *Sigh* Grey...

Jonathan: What did I tell you? You can't praise a man who has no regard for order. He completely ruined any chance of getting further information.

Lewis: He's right Gar, this is not okay.

Gary: ...Fine, all I can say- bring him in.

...

At the barn, Carter struggled to go over to the car, and he fell against the door. He reached for the handle and started pulling himself up. Then...

Richard: Take your hand off the car. ...Hands up and turn around, you're under arrest.

Lewis: ...Looks like we might have something.

Jonathan: Doesn't matter, he's out.

Gary: Jon. You should have known not to provoke him.

Jonathan: The problem is that he CAN be provoked. Nukes make for effective weapons, but in the wrong context, everything can go wrong in a second.

Lewis: He's right, I think you really need to consider silencing him.

Gary: He is more intelligent than any one of us. He's special. He just needs help.

Jonathan: And are you going to teach him that? Again?

Gary: ...

12 PM, the woods-

Grey: *Angry breathing* *Deep Angry Exhale* "Demons could be angels"

A rattlesnake slithered near him, he grabbed it by the "neck" and looked it in the face.

Grey: Look at you, you're a demon in this world, you bring shivers, panic, and terror to 9 out of 10 who cross your path. But you... you're a child of goodness, without you the world would be a very unstable place. You are an essential part of the food chain, and you responsibly keep the world in balance. You and I are much alike, we live in solitude, trust very few others, and are experts at responsibly loosening the tension of the world. I wish more people were like you, but instead, they use you, hunt you, find you to be a danger when all of your intentions are good and don't even involve them. I guess you would know what that's like. ...What say we bring good riddance to the world together, snake? You continue to live as the predatorial prophet which you are, and I will continue to give the world what it needs most of all... purity.

Grey sets the rattlesnake down on the ground, and it softly slithers away. Grey stands and pockets his swords, and sets the gun against his hip on a magnet. He removes his mask and stares through the trees into the horizon.

Grey: On the backs of mighty beasts, they led us to our world. Where they marched with their mighty boot, the mountains rose. Where they cry, rivers run, where they die, flowers grow. We are their children, with no smaller stride we walk in the footsteps of Gods. The clock ticks, the sun shines, the ocean waves, and the air whispers. We are all connected, because we are greater than sand, we are the saplings planted by divine chronicles, and as we bear our fruit, we prosper, we progress, we create, we become, we are, we can, we will... Thus spoke the Clairvoyant Philosopher, "Xerovetrus Ienkein". "(/Zair-oe-vay-truhs - hhhuhn-kiine/)"

(5 seconds)... *Ringing*

Grey: Hello?

Jonathan (Over the phone): Grey, this is Jonathan, I just wanted to let you know that you are off of this case. You ran a suicide mission and completely disobeyed direct orders. The FBI has officially activated your arrest warrant... it won't be long before we find you. I suggest you make peace now, the death penalty is pending. **Hangs up**

Grey: ... **Increasingly hysterical laughter** Oh you pathetic little man. You forgot one thing dumbass! I don't play by your rules! I'm a mathematician! A quantum mathematician! ...You can't hear me! Because you hung up. I'm making a very cool declaration to myself! I'm not gonna stop though. This is really powerful stuff, and you bet I'm gonna practice this tonight to say it to you sometime and blow your socks off! **Puts away phone**

...

Grey: Well... I suppose now is not the time for this. Right now, I think I should be getting back home. After all, I have a girl whom I will never let wait. That sounded better in my head. I'm gonna go. Yeah.

At the warehouse...

Ty: ... Oh come on! He was literally down! You can see it! Right! There! **Poking TV** God, these idiots! They have no clue how to do a darn thing!

2 minutes later

Ty: Yes! Now that is what I'm talking about! Perfect shot and you know it! That is how you make a call! You finally do something right!

Knocking

Ty: Who's there?

Grey: It's me, let me in.

Ty: I don't know you "me". I need "me" to go away.

Grey: Not "me"!

Ty: Then who!

Grey: Grey! Damn it!

Ty: Woah, you're swearing out of context? Something horrible must have happened...

Grey: Yep! I got kicked off the case, and there's a warrant out for my arrest.

Ty: ...Swell.

Grey: Well I'm happy because... I found Moustache.

Ty: You found- was it just laying around?

Grey: No. THE Moustache. I killed him.

Ty: **Eyes widen** ...Your ultimate revenge.

Grey: Exactly. And now, I've got a date with Roxanne.

Ty: Yeah. This- this is a lot to take in.

Grey: I know, but I had a peaceful conversation with a snake after everything went to hell-

Ty: A snake? You hate snakes.

Grey: Well... this one had a lot to say.

Ty: Wait, what??

Grey: A peaceful whisper... nothing more.

Ty: Nothing more?? How could there be anything at all?? ...Are you a Parselmouth?

Grey: No, it's just that, when I looked at it, I just realized that, no matter how much people try to underestimate me, or use me, or see me as a problem... I'm just part of nature. I always wondered if my philosophy was practical in the world, and now I realize... it's the most practical of all! That snake is just like me!

Ty: ...You sound like you need to lie down.

Grey: I do, yeah. I'll put all things aside. No worries about arrest, or drugs. All I wish for now is to make it up to her after all that-

Ty: Grey. She's not mad. She sounded very excited when she called.

Grey: Really?

Ty: I bet you could make something out of this quote... "I'm actually not one to believe in love at first sight, BUT...".

Grey: **Eyes widen** HaHA! Oh forget rest! I need a shower!

Ty: Hey, put the gun and swords away BEFORE you go pick her up!

Chapter 12

Race Against Time

Jonathan: No Gary, there's no buts.

Gary: It wasn't his fault!

Lewis: It doesn't matter! It's like Jon said, the problem is that he CAN be provoked! This team cannot function with him. He does things so selfishly, he killed everyone there without getting any information!

Gary: Roscoe gets heavy migraines every day. That doesn't mean he's worth any less to us.

Jonathan: That's-

Gary: YOU, Jonathan. We've only worked together for about a week, and I've never seen so much lust for control!

Jonathan: ...

Gary: Richard. You have severe trauma, which often puts you in a bad situation, even ON the job. But that doesn't mean you're worth any less. The problem here is that you guys won't consider what Grey is. He is not a killer, he is not selfish, and he is not wrong. He is different, and for God's sake, in these times, I thought that you would've learned to accept someone like him. And not be bent on his past mistakes!

Everyone else: ...

Gary: Get some word out of Carter. At the very least we can find out something more about this delivery.

Richard: Where are you going?

Gary: ...Exactly where I need to go.

...

Roscoe: Was that rhetorical?

In questioning...

Lewis: Alright Carter... Carter?

Carter: Yes, I am in fact "Carter Carter"

Lewis: Well then, you are currently on record of drug trafficking, public distribution of drug material, and kidnapping. Does that sound right to you?

Carter: I will neither confirm nor deny anything until I have my lawyer.

Roscoe: Do you have any information to convey?

Carter: ...

Jonathan: How about you leave him with me. I have an idea.

Lewis: ...Alright, everyone out. You sure you can handle him?

Jonathan: ...Quite certain.

...

Carter: Are they listening?

Jonathan: No. Go ahead.

Carter: I can't be sure. I'm not saying a thing.

Jonathan: I don't want to know about the delivery. What did Anderson say to you?

Carter: **Leans in** Anderson?

Jonathan: Anderson.

Carter: 3 things, he found out that I am not Triple G, he found that Moustache was the same guy who shot down his father, and he found out that I knew who he was.

Jonathan: He didn't find anything else? Nothing about a delivery?

Carter: I won't speak in regard to that.

Jonathan: Alright listen here. As of now, I am not interested in you, I want Anderson. Because he has the power to shut down everything. I want him locked away forever. And you are going to help me.

Carter: ...They aren't listening...?

Jonathan: Hear no evil see no evil.

Cut to a surveillance room- someone was watching.

Carter: What's the rendezvous?

Jonathan: Matagorda.

Dun dun dun! ...

Ty: I'm telling you, it's a lot better than being arrested in front of her.

Grey: I mean you gave me that whole speech about not bringing women to desolate abandoned warehouses. Like that was the "bottom line".

Ty: Why do you have to remember word-for-word everything I say? No, look, I know what I said, but her seeing you as "suspicious", is a lot better than her seeing you as, hmm, what's the word, "a fugitive".

Grey: Alright, cool, I got it, but if so, you've got to stay in the RV.

Ty: No, you might need it.

Grey: Well yeah, but I don't sleep until... No.

Ty: Dude, she could see this as a third date. Look, it doesn't matter, I'll just hang out over in the bar, and also, don't tell her you are a fugitive.

Grey: What happened to honesty?

Ty: Listen, if you do tell her, she is just gonna get more nervous and more skeptical. She might even want to stay away from you.

Grey: Well then what do I do? I'm at a deadlock!

Ty: Just, brush it under the bed for now. You can tell her later, or you don't have to tell her at all, BECAUSE maybe you'll be free somehow.

Grey: Doubtful, but, okay.

Ty: Cool, alright, 6:35, you ready?

Grey: Well, I'm not gonna leave for another half hour or so.

Ty: Not "ready to leave"! Why do you take things so concrete?

Grey: I'm a quantum mathematician what do you expect?

Ty: Are you ready to pick things up again?

Grey: I mean, I think so.

Ty: Alright, we need to go over this.

Grey: What? I said I think so.

Ty: Yes, and, loosely translated: “I’m a lost and confused little boy who is desperate for love and finally has a shot but I always act weird and don’t what to say, so, I need help from my intelligent friend Tyler to coach me through the anticipation, so that I end up being more charming, and potentially get down and get dirty tonight”.

Grey: Okay, what did we say about using FREE online translators?

Ty: ...Lesson 1. Never sell yourself to be too far up the spectrum. Obviously you’ve done well not looking like a homeless, lusting, greasy, uneducated loser-

Grey: -I’m glad you see that.

Ty: BUT, you don’t want to act like a supercomputer who is there to do everything for her. Okay? There’s a fine line between “stupid, lazy, greedy loser, and “Sheldon Cooper”.

Grey: Yeah I- I can agree with that.

Ty: See, women enjoy doing things for themselves nowadays. Sure, still hold the door, but if you’re 15 feet behind her, and you run up to grab it for her, she might perceive it as “He’s getting as much leverage as he can so he has an excuse to have sex with me”.

Grey: *Opens mouth- Hmm*

Ty: Lesson 2, be perceptive! Every woman is different and they all have different ways of silently asking.

Grey: Silently asking for what?

Ty: Many things, but, I think the one that you need most help on is “kissing”.

Grey: I know how to kiss, I’ve seen plenty of YouTube videos.

Ty: Not HOW to kiss. WHEN to kiss.

Grey: Um, when she wants to be kissed?

Ty: And how will you know when that is?

Grey: ...Ahh.

Ty: So, the most obvious indicator is if she closes her eyes for a long period of time.

Grey: She won’t curl her lips?

Ty: DON’T count on it. Women have a distinct ability to feel the presence of a man within a very close proximity. And even though her eyes are closed, when she senses you moving in, she’ll start to curl her lips.

Grey: Okay. Now, what if she doesn’t close her eyes.

Ty: Highly unlikely. Very few people initiate a kiss with their eyes open. You can sooner count on getting her pregnant while wearing 2 condoms.

Grey: Oh, okay.

Ty: So, be perceptive, if you are within kissing distance, which is approximately capped at 3 feet 4 inches from a sitting position, and you don't hear anything for about 3 or 4 seconds, turn to her, and check if her eyes are closed.

Grey: 3 foot 4, 3 to 4 seconds.

Ty: Perfect! Rule of 3-4. Alright, lesson 3. Always remember to achieve an even distribution of "excitement" in sex.

Grey: I already know that.

Ty: ...You do?

Grey: Yes, Tyler, I am very well aware that women also have orgasms.

Ty: Wow, alright save me 20 minutes. Okay then, last lesson. You 2 have already shared the words "I love you", but, it was not in the most appropriate character, right?

Grey: Yeah, I was frantically rushing out the door having heard that I was about to be a fugitive.

Ty: Right, so, here's the deal. "I love you" *Inhales*-

Grey: I love you too.

Ty: *Deflative laugh* Save that for Roxanne.

Grey: Got it sorry, carry on.

Ty: "I love you" can have a greater impact on 2 people than sex, easily. So be very careful where you use it. Depending on the "atmosphere" to use a big word that you know, it can be very powerful but very scary. So use it well, and use it wisely.

Grey: Alright.

Ty: Okay, I think that those are all of the basics you need to know, just keep calm and don't overthink anything. Remember, she is into you.

Grey: Yeah, don't say love because that isn't in character.

Ty: Yep, I think you'll be just fine.

Knocking

Grey: Um, that's not by any chance Domino's is it?

Ty: Not since the mushroom catastrophe of '19.

Grey slowly walks toward the door, and peers through the peephole, it was Gary!

Grey: It's-! It's Gary.

Ty: Well what do you wanna do?

Grey: He can't know I'm here.

Ty: Alright, go hide in the RV, I'll see what he wants. Go. Quick!

Ty waits for Grey to enter the RV and shut the door; and then casually opens the door.

Ty: Well good evening. How may I help you?

Gary: Where's Grey?

Ty: Umm. Currently unavailable.

Grey sat in the RV and looked at his watch, it read 7:20.

Grey: Uhhh...

Ty: Could I perhaps interest you in a... piña colada?

Gary: Tyler I need to know where Grey is.

Ty: Well listen, listen, he's kind of on date right now.

Gary: Where?

Ty: Well that's a bit invasive don't you think?

Gary: Tyler I don't have time for this, come on.

Ty: Okay look look look. Grey told me what happened and, I gotta say... you guys made a big mistake.

Gary: Tyler. If you don't tell me where he is, I will have you arrested for harboring a fugitive.

Ty: Okay again! He harbors me! I'm the friend who comes over and plays Call of Duty because he has the big TV. I bring him Taco Bell for crying out loud.

Gary: ...You've got 5 seconds.

Ty: ...(Sarcasm) Oh what I think I hear him should I go get him yes okay one sec, GREY!

Gary: Tyler, open the door! Open the door right now!

A garage door opened on the other side of the warehouse and Grey raced out in a beat-up old truck, Gary saw it and chased after him. He didn't call for backup though, hmmm...

Gary: Come on don't run.

...

Grey: *Dials* Tyler!

Ty: Grey, are you in the truck?

Grey: Yeah, listen, I need you to fix up the place, light some candles, hang some lights, prep some drinks.

Ty: Okay, what- how are you gonna get away from him?

Grey: When I went to the station this morning I left the Jeep in town, because I ran home from the drug barn! I'm gonna park the truck in front of the mall, and then I'm gonna run back to the Jeep, go grab Roxanne, and then come back.

Ty: So he'll think you're hiding in the mall!

Grey: Yeah, and it would be something that I would do, so that should keep him busy.

Ty: Alright, do you need anything else?

Grey: Yes, I'm pulling into the mall parking lot. Track the Jeep and the truck, and tell me how far apart they are, their codes are F2 and F6.

Ty: ...*Typing* Okay, it looks like about a mile and half.

Grey: Mile and a half, I can do that!

Ty: You sure you can make it there by 8?

Grey: I've run a 10 minute-mile for 2 miles once, it'll be close, but I think I can do it.

Ty: Alright, good luck. I'll get to work.

Grey races into a spot among some other cars.

Grey: Okay, okay. *Looks at watch* (7:38) Alright.

Grey takes off his clothes and reaches into the back seat of the truck, inside was a black morph suit, perfect for sprinting.

Grey: Alright, let's get this date going!

As Gary pulls into the parking lot aisle, Grey goes the opposite direction on the other side of the cars, and begins to make his way all the way back to the Jeep.

Grey: *Hyperventilating* Wow I'm fast! *Checks watch* 7:44. I've gotta go faster. How? Oh I know how.

**♪William Tell Overture♪* Grey leans forward and tucks his arms back initiating the fastest running style known... Naruto.*

Gary: *Running through the mall* *Sigh* Just come out.

...

Grey managed to run at almost 15 miles an hour, and was getting very close.

Grey: Alright slow down. Slow down! Slow-! **Crashes into Jeep** Okay, no big deal.

Checks watch 7:50. 10 minutes! Let's go!

Grey climbs in and races off to Roxanne's house, he obviously took timing very seriously. HE could make it, he would just have to change once he got there.

Grey: C'mon c'mon, no time for red lights! Hurry up!!

Grey looked both ways and saw no one coming, so he took off through the red light.

Grey: Wa-hoo! I've never done that before! I am on fire tonight!

At the station, Jonathan wanders among the desks, and sees a sticky note with 4 numbers on it, with very specific decimals. He picks it up and walks off looking at it.

Grey: 7:57! Almost there! Oh sh-!

A deer steps into the road, and wanders across.

Grey: ...Come on, jerk!

The deer stood there for a while, so Grey took it upon himself to change in the middle of the road. No one was behind him, it was a quiet neighborhood. The deer finally moved along, right as Grey had slipped on his shirt.

Grey: Buttons later! Time to go!

Whoosh! 7:59...

Grey: Oh God. Don't miss don't miss don't miss.

Grey pulls a smooth 180° drift and lands the car in a parallel spot right in front of Roxanne's house, he turns it off and runs up slowly butting each button.

Grey: Alright. **Heavy breathing** **Rings doorbell- 3-2-1-8:00** Nice! **Heavy breathing**
Roxanne opens the door, and Grey's eyes widen to see her wearing a high-cut red dress with a jean-jacket.

Grey: Well, aren't you a sight for sore eyes. **Heavy breathing**

Roxanne: **Giggles** Thank you.

Grey: Well then, ready? **Heavy breathing**

Roxanne: Are you okay? You're breathing really heavy.

Grey: Uh yeah I uh, **Heavy breathing** ...tried a cigarette. **Heavy breath**

At the station...

Jonathan: No one's listening.

Carter: Alright. Lay it down.

Jonathan: Shipment B is supposed to be here at 7 AM tomorrow. You won't be out of here for a while, so I'm gonna have to take this one.

Carter: Fine. How much is it again?

Jonathan: 250 kilos.

Carter: ...20 million dollars.

Jonathan: Exactly. Once you're out, I'll have your cut waiting.

Carter: And you're certain that nobody will be around.

Jonathan: I've given them nothing to suspect. **Leans in** Once I get Anderson locked up, we're off the grid. Gary can't track any of our activity, and once we get this final shipment in, we'll be able to relocate down in Mexico. We just need to get rid of Anderson.

Carter: And how do you want to do that?

Jonathan: I think I've already found him.

Jon holds up the sticky note with the coordinates.

Roxanne: Grey why are we headed out of town? Oh, did you have something planned out here?

Grey: Um. Somewhat, but I'm kind of in a situation right now.

Roxanne: What do you mean?

Grey: Well, I've kind of set up a new plan.

Roxanne: Okay...

Grey: I don't have a genuine house. Because I knew that it would be safer to have a base camp on land that was less monitored by the city. So, I took it upon myself to find a secluded building that nobody would touch in 20 years.

They came over the hill...

Roxanne: Umm-

Grey: I know what you're thinking, nobody around and I'm taking you out to an old abandoned warehouse, and I've got guns in the car.

Roxanne: You-!

Grey: Okay No-no-no-no-no-no-no-no, forget I said that. Look, it's not what you think. I promise you, you may not want to hear "don't judge a creepy warehouse by it's cover", but, listen, it's not what you think.

Roxanne: Grey, you admitted to me that you have killed over 200 people, with that kind of honesty, I have almost no reason to doubt you. **Inhale** I just find it very odd what kind of scenarios I'm being brought into.

Grey: Yep, totally fair. But I mean, if you really believe that, **Parks** I can assure you, you won't be disappointed.

...

Grey: The outside makes it look like nothing, but inside... inside! **Keys jingling** Inside!

Ty (From Speaker): Password.

Grey: Are you serious?

Ty: Just do it.

Roxanne: **Smiles** What?

Grey: **Sigh** At the bay, I molded clay, every day. I would stay, if I may, until I have to pay- and they send me away... Forever.

Roxanne: **Giggles**

Ty: Come on in.

Grey: Thank you. **Annoyed**

Grey opened the door and the building was decorated with hanging lights, and a group of chairs surrounding a table, overtop a large rug. The RV overhang was put out and an old-school vinyl player was playing smooth Jazz. Ty stood at the bar shaking up drinks wearing a fake moustache. Several snack trays were set on the table, and various scented candles were lit.

Roxanne: **Speechless laugh** Wow.

Grey: Yeah. Wow **Looks at Ty**

Ty: **Shrugs & Smiles**

...

Chapter 13

Midnight Magic

Roxanne: I will say, this is one of my more unique dates.

Grey: I second that.

Ty: May I take your order?

Grey: ...We don't have menus.

Ty: **Realizes** ...How about a cheeseburger.

Grey: ...I think we'll stick to carrots and cheese.

Ty: **Bows** As you were...

Roxanne: ...So, why didn't you tell me that you were in a drug case?

Grey: Well I was kind of, hysterically running out your door because I just heard that I had to go in that next day TO work on that case.

Roxanne: Right.

Grey: Listen, I know I left you with a lot to take in last night and, I'm guessing you have a lot of questions. Fire away.

Roxanne: Actually, I only have 2.

Grey: Okay.

Roxanne: First of all, you said you killed all of those people in your father's honor, right?

Grey: Exactly, my fury pushed me, and it was the revelation where I realized that this is exactly what my dad does, I just had to do it better.

Roxanne: Uh huh ...I'm sure you've heard this many times, but, do you think that this is what your dad would've wanted?

Grey: I know I- it's- *concealed sigh* The problem with ensuring that this is some reflection of what he wanted me to do with my life, is that I can pick between 3 sides. He might've wanted me to carry his fallen torch, or maybe he wanted me to light new torches with it.

Roxanne: ...Well, I'm sure-

Grey: Wait. There's another side. ...I think my mom saw a different path for me.

Roxanne: Oh?

Grey: She always believed that my dad exaggerated everything he did. I think that she wanted a better, more adjusted future for me- one that's a lot calmer and more simple. Maybe a farmer.

Roxanne: Grey. I don't think either of them would be disappointed. You saw a problem, and you came up with a solution. It takes a strong man to do a hard thing-

Grey: And an even stronger one to do the right thing.

Roxanne: Right.

Grey: ...You know. Tyler told me the night that I asked you out that the Universe was trying to tell me something. And I'm not normally one for superstition... *inhale* but, something just-

Roxanne: ...I know. I'm- kind of the same.

Grey: ...I asked you if you believed in miracles. I would consider you and your words, a miracle. Without you, I don't think I would've ever learned to be open and consider any other life. Thank you for that.

Roxanne: Well, if it weren't for you, I don't think I would've done anything interesting anytime soon.

Grey: Really?

Roxanne: My life really changed after high school, you may not believe this but... **leans in and whispers:* * I'm on a year-long dry spell.

Grey: **Eyes widen** ...Are you serious?

Roxanne: All the guys I've met lately have been jerks. I haven't been with a guy in 14 months.

Grey: If you're trying to one-up me, you're not doing so hot.

Roxanne: *Laughs* I mean, I don't remember what I said on Thursday, and it doesn't matter. This may be the miracle talking but... I love you.

Grey: *Eyes widen* *Watch reads an increasing heart rate from 86 to 156* ...Than- Nope.
Sigh He was right.

Roxanne: What?

Grey: There's no fighting it. I can only build a higher temple.

Grey steps off his chair and comes in front of Roxanne, then leans in to kiss her, but right as she closes her eyes...

Grey: I love you too.

3,4- And they kiss... HR: 171.

Roxanne: *Sudden breath* You've only kissed one other woman?

Grey: ...*Smile laugh* I'd say it's a gift, but, I'm calling it... magical.

...

*Jonathan walks down to the technician's office. *Knocking**

Technician (Aaron): *Sigh* I can't keep doing this man. I'm not trying to get arrested before college.

Jonathan: I just need you to tell me if these numbers are what I think they are.

Aaron: *Sigh* *Glances back and forth* ...Well what do you think they are?

Jonathan: Coordinates?

Aaron: Yep.

Jonathan: Can you tell me where they are?

Aaron: *Clears throat* 29 blah blah blah, negative 96. That's a little bit Northwest of here. And this one, is basically the same, but Northeast of here.

Jonathan: Can you give me a more specified location?

Aaron: It's goddamn numbers, man. Just plug 'em into Google Earth and you should find out where they are. Here, this one is latitude, and this one is longitude.

Jonathan: Excellent, thank you. *Walks away*

Aaron: ...I knew I should've been a Home Depot Major.

Jonathan sits at his computer and launches G-Earth. He enters the numbers (~29.5 & ~-96) into the search bar and finds the first location. Target.

Jonathan: What? No no NO.

He enters the second one and finds the location of the warehouse.

Jonathan: *‘‘Concealed-excitement’’ face*

Gary: What are you Google Earthing?

Jonathan: What? Oh, um, sorry. I was looking at the location of that... junk barn. Checking to see how close it is exactly. What are- you ask and don’t listen...

Gary: Shut up.

Jonathan: Okay, listen, I apologize for being controlling-

Gary: I don’t care. ...Grey is coming for Triple G and won’t stop until he’s dead.

Jonathan: He’s- coming?

Gary: I thought I could reason with him. But there are some things that that kid just can’t seem to let go of.

Jonathan: You’re right. He keeps dwelling on the past. This is why we need to bring him in.

Gary: And that’s YOUR problem, you can’t seem to let go of power. You lust for it and it’s turned you into a scholar of closed-mindedness and overconfidence. Just like Grey.

Jonathan: *Points* Do not compare me to him.

Gary: I can’t argue. Do you know that Grey diverted me into the South Cypress mall by parking his truck there? And I could not find him there for an hour.

Jonathan: Well, maybe he’s not yours to find...

Gary: Regardless. I just want to sit down with him. One more time. One more good listen.

Jonathan: Well. I’m sure you’ll get that wish. Very soon.

Gary: *Painful sigh*

Jonathan walks away with the information on Grey’s location, and Gary sits there at Jon’s desk thinking. Camera focuses on some white powder on Jon’s desk. Gary was in anguish. It wasn’t the end though. Grey and Roxanne would prove that for sure...

Grey: I won’t let you give up.

Roxanne: Grey I- I mean-

Grey: No. You’ve taught me what I can be and how much better I can be. I owe you the same and nothing less.

Roxanne: I mean, do I even have time?

Grey: You always have time. Don’t you already have an Associate?

Roxanne: Yes but, still that’s at least 4 to 6 years.

Grey: It doesn't matter. You backed out because you were afraid of not doing well, just like I backed out of my teleportation project because I thought I was incapable.

Roxanne: Well you didn't think you were incapable, you just did it out of anger.

Grey: Rox, don't fight me on this. If this really is still your dream career, you can't let your lack of confidence bring you down. You're never too old to call the shots.

Roxanne: *Smile laugh* Okay, I'll look into it.

Grey: Excellent. And, if you need me to take the SAT for you, I will.

Ty looks over from the bar and leans his head down with wide eyes still locked on the 2 of them.

Roxanne: Grey, I had one other question.

Grey: Yes?

Roxanne: You said that during your senior year you made weapons?

Grey: Yes, using quantum mechanics, I'm able to use tools that can separate single molecules. I've built a gun, several other weapons, and best of all-

Roxanne: Your suit?

Grey: Yes.

Roxanne: That was it- what does the suit do?

Grey: ...Give me 3 minutes. Ty!

*Tyler runs from the bar and follows Grey to the other side of the RV, where the room with the Greyband suit remained along with the swords. *Dramatic door opening* ...Roxanne sits in the chair on her phone, waiting for Grey, until Ty walks around the side of the RV.*

Ty: Don't be alarmed.

Roxanne: What?

Grey walks around the side of the RV with his mask down and swords scabbarded.

Roxanne: Oh my...

Grey: You have to be scared of me now.

Roxanne: *Smile laugh* Not- not really, it's just-

Grey: Okay how about now? *Draws swords*

Roxanne: Oh my *Slowly laughing*.

Grey: Seriously, does this not strike fear into your soul?

Roxanne: ...No, not really.

Grey: ...This woman is a honey badger.

Roxanne: Excuse me?

Grey: They- are afraid of nothing.

Ty: ...He's right.

Roxanne: *Turns from Ty back to Grey*

Grey: Alright listen, this is like the Iron Man suit, but a lot stealthier. Plus, here, punch me in the face.

Roxanne: Wha- I'm not gonna punch you in the face.

Ty: Here I'll do it.

Grey: No no no, I want her to know that I trust her. Come on. Just hit me.

Roxanne: ...*Sighing exhale*

Roxanne gets up and walks over to Grey. She makes a fist and holds it up

Grey: Go for it. *"Come on" palm gesture*

Roxanne: *Punch* *Forceful shout*

Grey: *Agonizing shout*

Ty: *Ohhh!*

Roxanne: Oh my God I'm so sorry-

Grey: No it's okay it's okay. *Suffering "ahw"* ...Okay, watch this.

Ty: This is awesome.

Roxanne: ...Are you trying to lift a 200 pound medicine ball?

Grey: Actually, I'm proving to you that I CAN in fact, *Lifts ball* lift the ball.

Grey held the ball up to his chest and did squats- something a man of his size could not possibly do. After about 10 seconds, he sets it down.

Roxanne: ...How did you do that??

Grey: The kinetic energy from the impact of your fist was preserved and reallocated into the suit, so I could utilize it like a source of strength. Yes I took the page out of Black Panther, but, that was a great movie so...

Ty: And now you're not strong anymore.

Grey: Oh yeah, say that to my face! With your fist!

Roxanne: *Strokes Grey's arm* This is amazing.

Ty: *Raises eyebrows at Grey*

Grey: *Reciprocates eyebrow raise*

Ty: Alright well, I'm checking out. You kids have fun. **Walks off**

Grey: ...**Smile laugh** It is getting late. You want me to take you home?

Roxanne: ...I mean, you could. Or I could sleep over.

Grey: **Opens mouth profoundly** That- yeah, that- that's a good idea. Or I mean, it could work.
Or wait-

Roxanne: Grey, why don't you go and put these in the fridge, I just need to use the bathroom.

Grey: Yeah sure, uh use that one over there, this one (*RV*) is being a bit testy.

Roxanne: Alright. **Walks off**

Grey: What? There's nothing in these. Alright, oh I should probably take this off.

Grey walks around the RV, he takes off the suit, and changes back into what he had worn prior. He hangs the swords and leaves, closing the door behind him. He then walks back around the RV and grabs the cans, brings them inside, and throws them out, then he washes his hands.

Mid-wash, he hears:

Roxanne: Grey?

Grey: Yep?

Roxanne: Do you believe in miracles?

Grey: **Heh** Well when I asked you if you did, I said it meaning that I did, and was just asking if you-

As Grey dries his hands, he turns to the right to see Roxanne wearing only undergarments.

Grey: **Deep rippled breath** (Turn-on breath) Uh...

He turns back toward the sink and grasps the edges of the counter.

Grey: You I don't normally devote myself to that kind of encounter until the 4th or 5th date, and if I recall this is like 3, or even 2 ½ because that last one didn't really- **Turns* *Shock (Oh!)**

Roxanne holds herself close and puts her hands on his shoulders, very slowly walking him backward.

Grey: This- this is very "hot", I- I think. You're- you're really into this huh?

Roxanne: Grey, I know you are a very noble and generous man, but, I think it's okay that you admit to me that you wanted this to happen.

Grey: I mean- yes. But, don't you think-

Roxanne: Grey, what did you see when you looked in my eyes that night?

Grey: ...I saw... wonder?

Roxanne: No.

Grey: Um... excitement?

Roxanne: No.

Grey: I saw... adventure.

Upon that word, Roxanne quickly leans in and kisses him, and they fall backwards onto the bed, obviously there's not much else that is needed to be said. But as (the camera moves backwards), you see Tyler watching through the window, and putting the blinds down.

Ty: *Heh heh* That boy's become a man. **walks out of frame, comes back in frame looking at 4th wall** Woah, hey, perhaps some privacy why don't you?

Tyler aims the camera toward the ground (as it fades black), and "the magic flows in peace".

Chapter 14

The Greyband Identity

12:30 AM... Grey and Roxanne lay together having just “done it”. They don’t speak for several moments.

Roxanne: So. How long have you been waiting for that to happen?

Grey: *Subtle laugh*...Um. 7th grade.

Roxanne: Shut up, are you serious??

Grey: Well I mean, you REALLY caught my eye in 8th grade, but, I think I first noticed you in 7th grade, our lockers were right next to each other.

Roxanne: *Breathing laugh* Wow.

Grey: Well, that ends a 14-month streak for you, and an 89-month streak for me?

Roxanne: 80-9??

Grey: Wait. No! 90! Exactly 90! From today!! Wow.

Roxanne: That’s crazy.

Grey: ...Hey, um. Was that good for you?

Roxanne: ...Um.

Grey: Like on a scale of 0 to 10. And be honest.

Roxanne: I’d say maybe a- 6.

Grey: Really?? Alright, I can work with that. I got some work to do but I can work with that.

Roxanne: *Smile laugh*

Grey: You were like a 15, by the way.

Roxanne: *Smile laugh* Yeah I figured.

Grey: ...You know *Sits up* I've envisioned this day for almost 12 years, and, I never imagined that it would harmonize exactly the way that it has. I guess I can answer your question with a yes; I do believe in miracles.

They come together and kiss again for a few moments. (Camera sees) A shot of the warehouse from the West-facing view. A tire rolls into view on the left side...

Grey: Let's get dressed, I want to show you one more thing.

They come out of the RV, and Grey goes over to the statue of the silver man holding the torch.

Roxanne: Who is that?

Grey: That's Joe.

Roxanne: Who's Joe?

Grey: *Turns around to her* You're lucky I've retired memes. Anyway, watch this.

Grey reached for the top of the torch, and from the conical shape came a plunger-like object fully made of metal, the fake fire fell off.

Roxanne: What is that?

Grey: A key.

Roxanne: To...?

Grey: Watch.

Grey walks over to a random piece of the floor, and turns the metal plunger face-down and it latches onto the floor.

Roxanne: What just-

Grey: It's a special magnet that's strong enough to...

Grey lifts the piece of the floor, there were no creases, no misshapen parts, no awkwardness, the floor just came straight up, it was about 30 pounds and could only be lifted out via that magnet. Grey set the floor stone next to the new hole.

Grey: Okay, and with this- my own personal rendition of the magnetic field deactivator, I simply turn off the magnet, and now I have to put it back.

Roxanne: You're just gonna leave the floor broken??

Grey: Look down the hole!

She looks over and sees a trapdoor.

Roxanne: Is this a tunnel?

Grey: Bingo!

Grey runs back over.

Grey: It only has my hand and Tyler's hand, if you want I can put yours in.

Roxanne: I'm good for now.

Grey runs over again to the stove and places his hand on the back left burner of the stove.

Computer: Access granted.

The trapdoor extends a handle...

Roxanne: So your keys are a statue and a stove?

Grey: And strength. 3 S's.

Grey lays down and reaches into the hole, and pulls up on the extended handle.

Grey: *Strength exertion anguish* *Relief* It's about 70 pounds, I've got a 30-second window to open it. ...Alright, go on.

Roxanne: You're expecting me to do some very odd things. You bring me to a warehouse, you come out wearing a weird jumpsuit, you lift 200 pounds, and now you're asking me to go down a deep hole?

Grey: I know I'm like Batman.

Roxanne: I mean-

Grey: Just go, I promise I'll be right behind you.

Roxanne: You say that now.

Grey: Rox, I just had sex with you, I physically can't separate myself from you for another 11 hours and 13 minutes.

Once Roxanne is in far enough, Grey begins to descend the ladder as well. He leans over the surface and grabs the stone, carefully lifting it back over the hole, and letting it down gently, as to preserve the nearly un-creased edges that give it its camouflage. He then goes a bit farther, and closes the trapdoor.

Grey: Alright.

Roxanne: What is this Grey?

Grey: Multi-purpose bunker. Tornado shelter, hurricane and flood shelter, zombie apocalypse bunker, and world-champion level hide-and-seek spot.

Roxanne reached the bottom and saw a large room lined with ridged-metal walls and shelves stocked with cans of beans and bags of rice.

Roxanne: What is-

Ty: Oh hey Roxy.

Grey: Ty what are you doing down here?

Ty: Oh Grey, perfect. Hey, you've got to look at this.

Grey: Hold on a second. So, I've found that the world is gonna go to all hell within a few decades, so I devised a survival bunker to ensure sanctuary for at least 2 years.

Roxanne: And you have cans of beans?

Grey: No, we've got hundreds of Vitamin bottles- fruit and vegetable servings in a single pill, and over there, we've got a bike hooked up to a generator, and then a treadmill. We've got a fridge with plenty of water, and then a 10-stage water filter to recycle- yeah. Plus plenty of weapons, and plus, I have the Greyband suit, Tyler has the "Tyiels" suit.

Roxanne: Okay I was meaning to ask you, why is it called the Greyband suit?

Grey: ...Well, and hopefully you think that this is adorable. It's a suit with a gray waistband and a gray headband, so logically it would make sense, but it needed a stronger basis, I felt. So I tied in my name. My full name is Grey Benjamin Anderson. ...Grey B. Anderson. Grey B- And. Greyband! I thought it was clever, it might not be. Then "Tyiels" was just Tyler Daniels. So, yeah.

Roxanne: So you actually are, like, a full-on superhero.

Grey: I mean, *Smile laugh* you could say, but I mean I'm not like- I- well I guess I am Batman. But, I mean, I'm not Superman.

Roxanne: *Shakes head profoundly* This is crazy.

Ty: ...Grey? Got a minute?

Grey: Alright, what's up.

Ty: That guy from the station was really sketchy to me.

Grey: Roscoe? The Gas station guy? No, I thought I told you he was undercover.

Ty: Not him.

Grey: ...Well then who?

Ty: Jonathan Gregory Gates.

Grey: *Annoyed stare* Are you snooping again? Look, I don't like the guy either but I mean-

Ty: Criminal investigator. Drug case investigator. One conviction of possessing 300 grams of cocaine. Unconfirmed conviction of murder.

Grey: ...What?

Ty: Jonathan. Gregory. Gates. And get this.

Ty points at the screen, Grey and Roxanne lean in.

Ty: Australian.

Grey envisions Jonathan, then the killers that night... Through his mental analysis, they were the same height!

Grey: Print that! Print that right now!! Roxy I'm so sorry I have to do this again but this might be all that's needed to clear my arrest warrant!

Roxanne: *Eyes widen* Your arrest warr- Why aren't you telling me these things?

Grey: Because I really wanted to fall in love with you tonight. I- yes, I know I'm talking fast and WAY out of line here but- this here might solve everything. Look, Ty and I are gonna go to the police station, um, you can take one of the cars back home if you want, I don't need all of them. Okay. Look, I promise I'll be back, and no more secrets after, okay.

Roxanne: Promise?

Grey: On my life, yes. Ty let's go!

Grey runs over to the ladder and starts climbing vigorously. Roxanne follows, and Ty prints the screen and follows holding it. Grey reaches the top and stops...

Roxanne: Grey why'd you stop.

He climbs out slowly. Jonathan and a group of troopers were there. Grey was at gunpoint.

Roxanne: *Gasp* Shit.

Jonathan: Come on. Out!

Roxanne slowly climbs out, and Tyler reaches the top and his eyes widen.

Jonathan: Let's go.

Ty: Um, I think I left the printer on, one second.

Jonathan: Out!

Ty: Okay, okay.

They all come out and stand shoulder-to-shoulder.

Jonathan: Ma'am do you affiliate with these men and their actions?

Grey: *Turns to her* *Mouths "no, no"*

Roxanne: No.

Jonathan: Regardless I'm gonna need you to follow us. We've got a couple of questions for you all.

Grey: *Fury* You. Asshole.

Jonathan: Excuse me?

Grey: You killed. My. Father.

Jonathan: Anderson I'm afraid you already killed the man who killed your father. You're on trial tomorrow for your punishment proposal.

Ty: Buddy we have proof. *Waves paper*

Jonathan: Not anymore. *Steals paper* I don't know how you got this, but it doesn't matter. Listen here, you think you can outsmart the rules of society, you are heavily mistaken. *Turns to crew* Alright everyone! We're bringing them back, and we're putting them under.

Grey: Rox. Get in the bunker.

Roxanne: What?

Grey: Go, hurry, and don't come out!

Roxanne: Okay, okay.

While Jon is turned, Grey commands Roxanne into the hole.

Crewman #1: Freeze!

Jonathan: What? Hey!

Roxanne slipped down the hole, and Grey shoved the stone over the hole, it was now locked!

Plus, Roxanne closed the trapdoor. Double locked.

Jonathan: Get it open.

Ty: You can't!

Jonathan: C'mon open it up!

Grey: Touch her and I'll kill you! *Deep*

Jonathan: ...You are in no position to give threats.

Ty: Hey! She has no affiliation with us. Just take us.

Crewman #2: Sir, it is actually SEALED shut.

Jonathan: Fine. Get them into the car, you 3, sweep the place. Leverage is critical. Anything suspicious- maybe he has a hitlist.

Shots of Grey and Ty being closed into a van.

Ty: ...You did so well covering it up and nearly get outsmarted by 2 young men.

Jonathan: If you can even call yourself that. You are pathetic children who think they know exactly what the world needs. What the world needs is equality-

Grey: I couldn't agree more!

Jonathan: Listen. You have a corrupt!-Completely insane sense of logic! That is NOT how the world works!-And it solves nothing!! If it were up to me, you would be sentenced to life without parole!

Ty: And your ideology is what's gonna SAVE the world? You think YOU know exactly what the world needs? You haven't any greater clue than Grey.

Jonathan: *Furious nose-sigh* ...And just so you know. I did not pull the trigger. I am not guilty of your father's murder.

Grey: But you are guilty of 23 murders.

Jonathan: Nope. All fake.

Grey: Oh really? *Sarcasm*

Jonathan: I've never laid a bullet to anyone, and you can't prove otherwise.

Ty: ...So what are you gonna do with all this coke?

Jonathan: It's a simple trade process. Next shipments come in tomorrow, then we're off to Mexico.

Grey: That's not exactly off the grid.

Jonathan: It's off the American grid.

Ty and Grey look at each other in suspicion and weariness.

Lewis: That's all you know. (Are you serious?)

Carter: There's only 1 shipment left. I clearly won't be a part of it. So, you'll just have to figure it out yourself. I ain't sayin' nothing else.

Lewis: *Nose-sigh* Alright. I'm done with this guy.

Roscoe: We've gotta find something.

Richard: Look I think we have enough.

Lewis: All we have is “the shipment comes tomorrow” we can’t do anything with that, we have no hint for location, timing, people, amount... We basically have nothing we can work off of.

Jonathan: ...I wouldn’t be so sure.

Grey: ...You jackass.

Lewis: Well, you’ve got some real explaining to do.

Grey: Oh I do??

Roscoe: You bet you do! And to think I invited you for drinks.

Ty: Guys, listen, he’s not who he says he is.

Jonathan: Excuse them.

Lewis: We’ll talk to Tyler. You and Richard can have Grey.

Jonathan: You heard him, let’s go.

Gun cocks

Gary: I don’t think so.

Ty: Woah!

Jonathan: ...What the hell are you doing?

Gary: I think we need to have a talk. You guys see if you can get anything. I think I’ll get quite a bit.

The 3 walk off...

Roscoe: What does he mean by that?

Lewis: I- I don’t know. C’mon Mr. Daniels, you’ve got some explaining to do.

Ty: Let me guess, for harboring a fugitive. Listen, for the last time, if I live under his roof, that-

Door closes

Jonathan: Why are you doing this?

Gary: Because there’s never nobody listening.

Jonathan: Excuse me?

Gary: Either you just happen to know from questioning Carter alone, where and when exactly the last of a ray of shipments are coming in and exactly how much to the kilo- WHICH would be a violation of critical information release. OR, you just happen to be a much different character than I thought.

Grey: You would be right.

Jonathan: Shut up. You don’t talk.

Grey: Sorry, I guess my presence in the “questioning room” didn’t make that clear.

Gary: ...So which is it? Shy Non-communicator? **Better-aims gun** Or Son of a bitch?

Jonathan: ...I think this meeting is over. You can’t prove anything.

Gary: You’re right, I can’t, but I can keep you here until proven innocent.

Jonathan: No you can’t.

Gary: Tell that to the barrel.

Grey: Nice.

They high-five

Jonathan: You realize that you’ll have your badge revoked.

Gary: Well until then, “hear no evil... see no evil”.

Ty’s room.

Ty: Listen, it’s literally a Vine, okay. The video didn’t work, so we just had bloopers that we threw together and put them on Vine. Vine isn’t even a thing anymore, how come this was just brought up 3 years ago??

Lewis and Roscoe look at each other confused.

Grey: Do I get a phone call?

Jonathan: Are you kidding me?

Gary: Go ahead.

Grey: ...Uh can I use my phone?

Gary: Sure.

Jonathan: He-! That is against regulation, you are literally getting put under.

Gary: Shut. Up. ...Let’s go.

Jonathan: You’re leaving?

Gary: And you’re not.

Gary followed Grey to the door, and Gary shut it quickly and locked it.

Gary: This way.

Jonathan got up and started banging on the door, he was unheard.

Gary: Alright, here, I need you to contact this number.

Grey: Sir, with all do respect, I have a better idea.

Dialing* *Ringing

Gary: ...Who?

Grey: Rox! Hey! I'm fine, it's all good. Listen, are you still in the bunker? Okay, good.

Listen, I need you to go over to the computer, wake it up, and tell me if you see a document with a lot of words on it. Okay, press "print screen". Alright, now, take the paper and get out of there, go to the top, and get my suit. Yes, the suit. And the swords, yes. **10 seconds** ...Alright, put it all in the car. ...Okay, now the next part is very important.

As Grey kept talking...

Ty: Listen. I have proof. Or- I can go get the proof.

Lewis: Look, if a single statement is out of line, you can be arrested.

Ty: I promise I know what I'm doing.

Lewis: What do you think?

Roscoe: I mean, it could work.

Lewis: ...Alright, give us 30 minutes, and we can go get this- whatever.

Ty: 30- he'll destroy the whole place in 30 minutes!

Lewis: He's playing.

Roscoe: Sir all you have is a hypothesis. Plus, Jonathan has an alibi for last night.

Ty: Last night- it's still the same night!

Lewis: He's right. **They start to leave** Unless you have physical evidence, I'm afraid we'll have to consider this a false fabrication.

Ty: No! Wait-wait-wait! **Door closes**

...

Grey: And just bring it to the police station, here I'll share my location. Okay, I'll see you in a minute, I love you.

Gary: ...You're already using "I love you?"

Grey: Why is that a big deal?

Gary: Sorry. Okay, next, we need to go and get Carter.

Grey: Is he in a cell?

Gary: I hope so.

Chapter 15

Outlanders

Carter lay resting on a bed in a cell.

Gary: Wake up! *Bangs on bars*

Carter: It's rather early wouldn't you say?

Gary: Not early enough. Let's go!

Carter: I'm not going-

Grey: Yes you are.

Carter: ...You.

Grey: Oh yeah. Now get up you son of a bitch, we're goin' downtown. Or- down the hall.

Ringing

Grey: Hello? She's here. Okay, Roxanne, put ON the suit. It might get hairy in here.

The 3 walk back down to the office area...

Lewis: What'd you get out of him?

Gary: Exactly what I needed.

Lewis: Why is he here?

Gary: He's gonna confirm for us when the shipment is coming.

Carter: Is that what I'm here for?

Grey: That's exactly what you're here for.

Lewis: ...Where's Jonathan?

Grey: Detention.

Shatter

Grey: Okay, well he was supposed to be.

Lewis: What did you do?

Jonathan: He locked me up and held me at gunpoint! He completely went against regulation.

Roscoe: Well, this guy had a very "convincing hypothesis" (sarcasm). Why don't you tell us all about your "plentiful evidence" (Double sarcasm)

Downstairs, Darian worked the front desk, nobody else was around. Until suddenly, Roxanne bursts through the doors wearing the Greyband suit, her hair flows out of the top, and she looks around.

Darian: Excuse me?

Roxanne: Oh God, can you tell me how to get to questioning?

Darian: Do you have an... appointment?

Roxanne: No, I have some very important evidence to give.

Darian: Let me see that.

Roxanne: ...Hey! How do I get to questioning?

Darian: It's uh- upstairs and straight ahead.

Roxanne: Sorry for this.

She ripped the document from his hands and ran upstairs.

Darian: Hey! Hold it right there!

She kept running.

Jonathan: Under conviction of drug possession? Since when?

Gary: Since 4 hours ago.

Gary pulled a bag of white powder out of his pocket, and threw it on the table.

Grey: Wait! How much is that?

Gary: About 300 grams.

Grey: You put in that conviction!

Gary: Yes, how do you know about that?

Distant hyperventilating...

Roxanne: Grey!

Grey: Rox!

Darian: I couldn't stop her.

Grey: That's okay, do you- damn you look good, you wear it better than I do.

Roxanne: *Smile laugh* Thanks.

Grey: Do you have the thing?

Roxanne: Yeah.

Jonathan: Excuse me! What the hell is going on here?

Grey: Well! Let's forget about that cocaine, maybe it isn't yours. What is your name, Jonathan?

Jonathan: You just said, you being a smart-ass?

Grey: State your full name.

Jonathan: Is this-?

Gary: Do it.

Jonathan: *Sigh* Jonathan Gregory Gates.

Grey: Right, now, where were you born?

Jonathan: This- *Smile laugh* This is ridiculous.

Grey: Tell me. "Mate".

Jonathan: ...Oh you son of a-

Grey: You're Australian aren't you?

Jonathan: What does that have to do with anything?

Grey: It's peculiar, cause Captain Barbossa, or Geoffery Rush, is also Australian.

Jonathan: Okay?

Grey: Upon my random research, I found that Australians pronounce J like Y, and J is substituted with G-E.

Jonathan: That's not always the case.

Grey: Maybe not, but fresh, engraved ink holds a stronger argument. **Hands Jon the document**

Doesn't it? "Geonathan"! Gregory, Gates. "Triple G"!

Everyone else: *Gasp*

Geonathan: ...

Gary: Grey you've proven my theory.

Geonathan: No he hasn't! This doesn't mean anything! There are hundreds of people with my initials.

Grey: How about people who carry 300 grams of cocaine in their pocket?

Gary: OR! People who know the location and time of the next of 2 shipments of cocaine?

Grey: OR! People who've shot Russell Anderson?

Ty: OR! People who look like idiots! Okay, never mind, I guess that doesn't help anything.

Geonathan: First of all, you can't prove that that cocaine is mine. Nor can you prove that I know anything about this case. And I didn't kill Russell, that was Moustache! I don't know anything about this case! Got it? Carter is Triple G, he knows everything about this case!

Carter: Oh really? Hear no evil, see no evil. That sure worked didn't it?

Grey: Triple G was 6-foot 2. And don't try to argue, I've spent years calculating. ...Lewis, is that a tape-measure behind you?

Lewis: *Turns around* *Picks up tape measure* Yes.

Grey: Back against the wall.

Geonathan: Fine.

Ty held the end to Geonathan's feet, and Grey ran the measure up slowly, being careful not to tilt it. It read 72 5/8 inches...

Grey: ...What did you do?

Geonathan: What did I tell you guys?

Grey: I-

Lewis: I can't believe it, the all-powerful Grey Anderson failed to calculate the easiest thing.

Grey: Wait- there's gotta be some-

Grey saw a pair of boots under Geonathan's desk, they were tall and dark. Grey recalled in his studies that an identical pair of boots was worn by Triple G that night, and in immediate mental calculation, he recalled all his research about that specific pair of boots. They elevated their wearer 1 1/2 inches.

Grey: Those boots... He was wearing those boots!!

Geonathan suddenly pulled a gun, and started shooting, everyone dived under desks, Carter pulled a desk gun as well, while Gary and Roscoe pulled guns and shot back. Grey grabbed Roxanne and dived behind a desk.

Grey: I am so sorry I put you through this!

Roxanne: It's okay, it's okay, you know, this suit definitely wasn't built for a girl, it's really tight in the chest.

Grey: I know, I- I figured, look it's completely bullet-proof, and remember what I said about preserving kinetic energy!

Roxanne: What?

Grey: Any energy from impacting projectiles can be redistributed.

Roxanne: Smaller words Grey, please.

Grey: Okay, nevermind, I've gotta get you out of here.

The shooting stopped.

Grey: Okay maybe not.

Downstairs...

Carter: You just couldn't keep your mouth shut!

Geonathan: Listen, we're home free in 3 hours! We need to get to the purlieu!

They board a van parked outside and race off West.

Gary: ...Everyone alright?

Darian: This is not what I planned for.

Roscoe: All good.

Grey: We're good here.

Ty: Hmm? Oh I'm having a blast. (Sarcasm)

Lewis: *Sigh* Okay, I'm sorry for doubting. It just didn't seem realistic.

Gary: When does it ever...?

Roscoe: Alright well, we need a new plan right?

Darian: A new plan? Heh, I'm calling SWAT. Yes, I'd like to place an order for a panic.

Gary: Okay look. Grey. You've gotta come to reality. What you did yesterday was not your fault, but it was your action.

Grey: I know, it-

Gary: Your impulses are corrupted, Grey.

Grey: Sir, I just-

Gary: You can't kill him.

Grey: He's guilty!

Gary: Of drug trafficking.

Grey: Of murder.

Gary: ...And how do you know that?

Grey: I just have a feeling.

Gary: There's no feelings in math. If you kill him, you contradict your own philosophy.

Grey: ...*Anxious Sigh*

Gary: We have no solid evidence, all we know about is the drugs.

Grey: You can trust me on this case.

Gary: Can we?

Grey: ...Please. Almost nobody agrees that what I do is right, so let me do something that I know is right.

Gary: And what is right?

Grey: ... "Justice".

Gary: *Smiles* ...Welcome back to the case Mr. Anderson.

Grey: Yes!

Ty: *Fist bumps Grey*

Grey: Alright! Let's do this.

Roxanne: Does that mean I can take this off?

Grey: It sure does, Greyband is on the job...

♪Back in Black♪

Grey: Alright!

- If we've done this before we canNOT do it again. We've taught them how to multiply so they can fully expect us to do that, now we have to come at them with division.
- The polar opposite of a baiter is a bomber. Last time we baited them in, so now we have to get them to ambush us!
- I was brought in last time, now I've got to make it look like I'm there to confront them.
- The suit can withstand up to 50 caliber. What we need is a record of all the types of weapons we've seen them with.
- Vehicles! I want to know about every known vehicle in their possession, everything short of a space shuttle and a Hot Wheels car!
- Can we get a structural blueprint?
- Fire up Google Earth, we need a 3D visual of the entire place.

- Drones, yes!

Lewis: We're sending you into their ambush and then we ambush them?

Grey: Precisely.

- Alright, gather round! I have microtech. **Opens a small container**
- An HD camera, only a half of a cubic centimeter.
- Electric throwing-darts.
- A fully-functional 30-second, half-mile radius EMP.
- 2 anchors that align to fire a fully corrosive laser. And the remote.
- A noise cancelling-speaker. This is one of my favorites, it can make an entire bomb sound like a hummingbird. Nope, I take it back, this is my favorite! This ½ inch-wide drone can lift any of these objects and carry them to certain points, plus, it's pitch is too high to be heard by human ears, and it's all piloted with this hand-orientation remote.

Roscoe: How in the world did you build all of this?

Grey: I-

Ty: He has an atom splitter.

Grey: Dude, Don't tell 'em about that.

Ty: Yeah um, nothing.

Grey: Along with the knowledge of quantum physics, gold can be hammered down to an atom thick, all the electrical and circuit boards in each of these are made with gold wires about 10,000 atoms thick, 10,000 sounds big, but that's about a tenth as thick as paper.

Shock

Grey: Not to mention that each of the gold wires is comfortably strong, because they are wrapped and infused with graphene. **Shakes aggressively** Perfectly fine.

Lewis: How do you get your hands on these materials?

Grey: Well, I've engineered a machine that splits molecules and reconfigures them how I want, and then can duplicate the configuration by splitting other random molecules. I can't split atoms, so I can't turn Helium into Lithium, but, it works here and there.

Gary: ...Grey you've accumulated the most valuable of all resources into this plan, and I can assure you, if we are successful, you will be emancipated properly.

Grey: As in...

Gary: You'll be a free man.

Grey: ...Then let's go get this son of a bitch.

Packing up...

Roxanne: Grey, be careful.

Grey: If I can do this, then I promise you, I will never overstep again.

Roxanne: That's a bold promise.

Grey: It is. But for you I can make it. Because as long as I'm with you, I can always fail to do right by the world again.

Roxanne: *Confused eyebrows*

Ty: You didn't say that right!

Grey: I didn't? Fail to do- oh wait. Yeah okay. I can never be wrong to do the right thing in the eyes that look down... I feel like I said that one wrong too.

Roxanne: Good enough. *Kiss* Go get him.

2 trucks, 2 vans, 4 cars, and a bulldozer-truck drove fast out of the parking lot, and headed West.

5:03 AM, 2 hours until the shipment arrives. In the parking lot.

Ty: You don't have a uh- a roommate, by chance?

Roxanne: ...

...

Grey: Alright where are we headed?

Gary: Matagorda Bay.

Grey: Matagorda?

Gary: That's what I heard.

Grey: Of course, there's a completely uninhabited stretch of land between the bay and Gulf... the shipment is by ship. That's how they're getting it over.

Gary: What?

Grey: If they smuggle via boat, they can drag the package underwater and account for visibility, thermal scanning, and general ease.

Gary: Philip! I need a radar scan on the island in between Matagorda Bay and the Gulf of Mexico.

Philip (Over radio): Got it.

Grey: How long will it take to get there?

Roscoe: About an hour and a half.

Grey: *Uhhh* By the skin of our teeth...

In the Gulf...

Captain: Raise package 3 meters.

Sailor #1: ...Clear.

Captain: 40 minutes.

The Skipper steered and held his eye patch in pain. A storm was a-brewing, both kinds for that matter. Roxanne and Tyler drove back to the warehouse.

Ty: Alright, go grab it and I'll drive you home.

Roxanne: Alright.

Ty: ...Hey Roxy! Did you hide the keys to the vault after you got the gun?

Roxanne: Yeah! First one under the couch, second one in the jar of nails, third one on top of the chandelier, and the fourth one under the toaster!

Ty: What about the fifth one?

Roxanne: There was no fifth one.

Ty: What?

She came out of the RV...

Ty: What do you mean there was no fifth one?

Roxanne: I mean I only had 4 keys, 1 to the door, 2 for the control panel, and 1 for the vault.

Ty: There should have been one more for the safe.

Roxanne: I don't remember that.

Ty: Wait, you cut out getting the fourth one didn't you?

Roxanne: I don't think so, what do you mean?

Ty: Did you stay next to the toaster after you got the fourth one?

Roxanne: Yes. After a few seconds I moved.

Ty: The damn toaster is a call-dropper. Grey did something with it trying to make it a time machine or something and now any call within a 5-foot radius of it is silenced.

Roxanne: So where was that last key?

Ty: In the 4th cabinet under the "I hate long-term social interactions" mug.

Roxanne: Here it is!

Ty: Okay, Roxanne. What gun did you get from that vault?

Roxanne: He said to get the one laying in the black container, there were 2 and one was locked, I looked in the open one and asked “The black gun with a case full of small balls?” And he said “yes”!

Ty: Was it on the left?

Roxanne: Yes...

Ty: **Inhale** That’s a bebe gun! That won’t serve him at all, he’s about to walk into there and shoot plastic at them!

Roxanne: Well, it’s not my fault, apparently it’s your damn toaster.

Ty: You’re right, I’m sorry, look we- we gotta get the rest of the keys and get the gun to him.

Roxanne: Do we have time?

Ty: They’ve only got like a 20 minute lead on us. Plus, they’ll probably recruit any cops along the way, leaving us room to go 20 over the limit.

Roxanne: Um.

Ty: Okay, maybe we won’t. Look, just get the rest of the keys, and we gotta get on the road.

Shot from inside the safe...

Roxanne: Woah... why is there supposed to be smoke coming out of the box?

Ty: Grey’s failed attempt to make it “dramatic” for an EMPTY audience.

Ty picks up the gun, cut to them running to the truck, (License Plate #: WTR SK8R) cut to looking-in windshield view...

Ty: You know you don’t have to come, this could be dangerous.

Roxanne: I told him I loved him. I have to go.

Ty: ...You guys are a fairytale come true.

Vroom!

Phillip (Over radio): Sir, there’s a problem.

Gary: What’s going on?

Phillip: That stretch of land that you mentioned, it’s not connected to the state of Texas.

Gary: Excuse me?

Phillip: It’s an island. There are no bridges of any sort that lead to it.

Gary: All the better reason for them to trade over there.

Phillip: Sir, unless they are abandoning their cars and boarding a boat, it is impossible for them to be on that island.

Grey: ...Wait. What if they are boarding the boat?

Gary: "Home free".

Roscoe: What?

Gary: They're not making the trade here, they're getting into Mexico!

Grey: Are you sure, I thought they said they needed to get the last shipment in.

Gary: Umm... Okay, hold on, you said that they could be delivering the package right now?

Grey: Theoretically the optimal way to smuggle drugs is via boat being towed underneath.

Gary: It's an instantaneous transaction. The boaters are bringing the drugs into America, and then Geonathan and Carter are gonna make like Black Friday and sail away.

Grey: That- *Smile laugh* That doesn't sound right to me. I'm guessing that those 2 and the sailors are gonna meet up, then travel to the island and make the trade.

Roscoe: That would be a smart play by them.

Gary: Can you count on that? Because that would be the most ambitious ambush plan ever, and if it didn't work, I don't think we'd ever stop them.

Grey: ...For 4 years I've studied the psychology of every kind of criminal; how they act, what they do, what they say, what they eat, where they go, literally any kind of character they display in any given situation. YOU can always count on being one step behind them, which is why they are trying to effectively outplay you, but I am always a step ahead, I know where they're going and where they're going is the Matagorda isthmus.

Gary: *Facial gestures of consideration*

Grey: Trust me. No one wants them done for more than me. 1 minus 1 equals 0, remember?

Gary: *Nose sigh* *Into radio:* All units head south toward Matagorda Bay Visitor Center. It's a nice day for a swim. *Hangs up*

Several: Copy that.

Gary: *Sigh* Alright. You better be right.

...

Darian: Hey guys, so uh, SWAT sent me straight to voicemail, so... what're we do- Hello? Guys?

Chapter 16

To Cross a River

Ty: *Looks at town sign (Wharton)* Ehhhh... (Anxious) *Looks at time (6:14)* Ehhhh!... (More anxious) *Looks at gas gauge (1/8)* Ehhhh!... (Very anxious)

Roxanne: We're getting close.

Ty: ...How much ammo does that gun have?

Roxanne: Um, it's this little clear box right here right?

Ty: Yeah.

Roxanne: Not much, maybe a quarter.

Ty: Alright, crawl into the back, and pull on the tab in the middle seat.

(Un)Click

Roxanne: Just pull it?

Ty: Straight out.

Roxanne: Okay, *Strength exertion stress* Woah.

She fell back to front as the seat opened up like a trapdoor.

Ty: Are you okay?

Roxanne: *Ungh* Yeah.

Ty: Okay, now, there should be a large clear box.

Roxanne: Okay?

Ty: Open it and look for a tab that says “venom rounds”.

Roxanne: Venom rounds... Venom rounds... Okay I see it.

Ty: Lift the lid and pull out the carton.

She lifted the lid, and pulled out a large, clear rectangular prism.

Roxanne: Is this it? *Shows Ty*

Ty: Yes.

Roxanne: Okay...

Ty: Alright, now, very carefully pour the bullets into the box.

Roxanne: Into the gun box?

Ty: Yes, from the rectangle to the trapezoid. Very carefully.

Roxanne slowly tilts the carton...

Ty: Stop-stop-stop!! Pot hole.

Bump

Ty: Okay. Very careful-

Roxanne: Could you stop?

As she begins pouring, Ty leans down slowly and watches with a highly concerned face.

(Overlap:)

- **Roxanne:** Hey, eyes on the road!

- **Ty:** Eyes on the venom!!

...

Captain (Marcus): Welcome aboard.

Geonathan: Good to be back. Where is the meeting point?

Marcus: About 10 miles down the beach. We'll be there just before 7.

Carter: ...Hey. If we're not moving we're slacking. C'mon, let's get going.

Marcus: Package elevation?

Sailor #1: About 5 feet.

Marcus: Descend to 25 feet in 2 minutes.

...

Roscoe: How're we getting over this water?

Gary: Still working on that.

Grey: We're gonna reenact our favorite scene from 2 Fast 2 Furious.

Gary: No we're not Grey.

Grey: I know, we need some sort of boat.

Roscoe: ...How useful. (Discreet Sarcasm)

The fleet of cars raced around the corner; (cool drift-stop shot). They load out.

Gary: Okay. We need to cross the river.

Ol' Man Frank: Mornin' boys, what's all with the rush?

Gary: Sir, do you have a motorized watercraft?

Ol' Man Frank: Ohh, I'm afraid not. I've got a couple of canoes over there though.

Gary: Well, I appreciate that sir.

Ol' Man Frank: Woah, no one told me the Lone Ranger would be here.

Grey: Oh sorry sir, I'm Grey. *Shakes hand*

Ol' Man Frank: ...You're tellin' me.

Lewis: *Walks up* Okay, what're we doing?

Gary: We need to find a way across the canal.

Ol' Man Frank: You know there's nothin' over there, maybe a couple o' tide gauges.

Philip: *Runs up* Sir, I'm seeing a long gray strip on the isthmus, it has no labeling, and it's not connected to anything.

Gary: ...Damn it!

Grey: What? What does that mean?

Gary: Airstrip. Well, now we can be even more sure they're on that isthmus. And we only have- 22 minutes to get over there.

Grey: Wait, so they're flying it out?

Richard: Are you sure it's a plane?

Gary: Well, they're not gonna carry 550 pounds of cocaine dangling from a helicopter.

Phillip: The airstrip seems like it's a part of this residence.

Gary: ...What kind of people live out there.

Thunder

Grey: That's a sign, let's get going.

Gary: We don't have a vehicle to get across, Grey.

**Vroom!* Tyler and Roxanne drift into the lot with the big white truck.*

Phillip: What is that?

Grey: ...Tyler?

Ty: Grey!

Grey: What the hell are you doing here?

Roxanne: Grey!

Grey: You brough- oh my God. What is going on??

Ty: She didn't bring you the venom gun, that's not the venom gun, this is!

Grey: Well then what is this? *Pop*

Ty: ...That's Ralphie's gun.

Grey: Well for God's sake, thanks. I was about to walk in there with a pair of sticks!

Ty: Alright, so what are you doing?.

Grey: Well see, we can't bring any of the vehicles across the canal, and we just found out that the drugs are being flown to Seattle.

Ty: "Hough-kay".

Grey: Even if we just had- all we need is a set of wheels to get over ther- Wait, you brought the white truck.

Ty: Yes, I know I shouldn't have brought it on dirt roads.

Grey: No-no-no-no-no *Runs to front of truck, reads license plate* Yes!!

Ty: What?

Grey: Give me the keys. Hey guys, we're gettin' over!!

Roxanne: Grey are you saying you're gonna drive this into the water?

Grey: I custom engineered these tires, they are incredibly strong and maintain excellent traction, while being inflated to 90 PSI!

Roxanne: ...Okay...?

Grey: That means due to concentration of air pressure, this truck is actually buoyant!

Gary: What did you just say?

Grey: Everyone in.

Roscoe: What are we doing?

Grey: We're going for a ride... and a sail.

Everyone got in the car, several climbed into the back, and Grey started the truck.

Lewis: Wait so, what are we doing? Woah!

Vroom!!* *♪Westbound and down♪

Gary: Grey, are you sure about this?

Grey: Let it all hang out...

Richard: What?

AT 40 mph, they came upon the canal.

Everyone but Grey and Gary: GREY!!!

**Splash!* It was true, the truck floats! Grey put it in 4-wheel-drive, and sped off across the water- at 4 miles an hour.*

Richard: Where did you get this car?!?

Grey: All of my cars are built by me. I do that Ikea trick where I just order a couple parts here and there until I have a whole car. Then, I don't have to worry about fees of any sort. Then, I just put a bit of personal touch on each of them.

Gary: ...Grey, I belie-

Grey: It is not illegal. I know that, unless the rule changed WHICH I was never made aware of if it was, so this doesn't count.

The truck ran aground and climbed up onto the isthmus, and Grey raced down the small dirt road.

Phillip: Okay! 9 miles 'till the beacon.

Grey: *Checks watch* 6:47. No problem.

**Vroom!* At the airstrip, a plane lands, lightning flashes in the background, and the boat drops anchor on the nearby beach.*

Marcus: Bury it deep, drop the sails!

Geonathan: Wind is howling. It's gonna be a walk in the park.

Carter: ...*Disagreement nod* You wish.

Geonathan: *Confused eyebrows* ...

Geonathan, Carter, Marcus, and Xavier (Sailor #1) walk up the beach and onto a small dirt path.

Geonathan: So, the house is clear, nobody's home.

Carter: That's the least of your worries.

Geonathan: ...Is he really that bad?

Carter: Not bad. Just... Rotten.

They continue up the path, and enter the house yard as the plane lands. “Zoom out→Truck right→Zoom in” shot to Grey and the crew.

Grey: I see flashing lights ahead!

Phillip: 3 miles!

Gary: Alright Grey, we’re not gonna have a lot of cover here, any obstructive cover you see within a mile radius, park there.

Grey: I got a better idea, YOU make the call. Take the wheel and slide over.

Gary: What?

Grey: **(Un)Click** Take the wheel and slide over!

Roscoe ...Where are you going?

Grey: On the roof.

Lewis: What??

Grey: I can attach the camera to the drone and fly it over there to see what’s going on!

Gary: Will you be okay up there?!

Grey: **Hangs over** Yes! I have metal bars around every inch.

Grey opened up his kit and opened the drone’s base jaws, he inserted the camera in and closed the jaws. He strapped on the remote and put on some special sunglasses. He could see the camera view through the sunglasses, he tilted his hand forward and the drone took off at almost 30 miles an hour toward the airstrip.

Xavier: He’s got lots of men.

Carter: What he’s got is the high end of the stick.

Geonathan: I think he just made that clear.

Carter: ...Once that plane turns around, it’s time for business.

Marcus: José is unloading the package right now.

Geonathan: You trust him.

Marcus: José made the mistake of underpaying him once before, and he lost an eye.

Geonathan: He- Wait what?

Marcus: Bold, yet a very stupid thing to cross Chuck Hades.

The plane began to turn around, and José brought the package up in an ATV truck.

Gary: What does he see up there?

Roscoe: I’ll check.

Roscoe opens the door and looks over the edge of the roof, it's extremely windy and loud...

Roscoe: What do you see!?!

Grey: I see a plane!! And a small house!!

Roscoe: *Ducks in* He said he sees "Dwayne, and a doghouse".

Gary: ...What?

Roscoe: Hold on. *Leans out* ...What was that!?!

Grey: I said I can see the package!! They're in the yard!!

Roscoe: *Ducks in* He said "Chinese cabbage, bear in the yard".

Gary: ...Are you sure?

Roscoe: Pretty certain. Let me check. *Leans out* Grey!! Why is there a bear in the yard!?!

Grey: What!?!

Roscoe: A bear!!

Grey: There's a bear!?!

Roscoe: ...Am I to correctly assume that Dwayne is eating Chinese cabbage in the doghouse in the backyard!?!

Grey: ...What are you talking about!?!

Roscoe: What do you see!?!

Grey: ...This is very inefficient!!

Roscoe: You're right!!

Grey: I'm coming back in!!

Roscoe: Okay!! *Ducks in* There was no bear.

Gary: So what did he say?

Roscoe: He said: "Who's on first, What's on second, I Don't Know's on third".

Grey looks at the ground and sees the ATV with all of the cocaine, and Chuck Hades steps out of the plane.

Carter: Eyes up.

Chuck Hades wore a gray fur coat and a lot of gold, he stepped down the stairs and walked up to Geonathan and Carter.

Chuck Hades: ...Big day.

Geonathan: Certainly.

Chuck Hades: ...I don't know you that well, who might you be?

Carter: Sir this is Geonathan Gates. Triple G. He's the Head Facilitator for this trading process.

Chuck Hades: Ah. Aren't you a cop?

Geonathan: "Investigator". I analyze the processes by which our blue friends handle these sorts of situations, and I mislead them temporarily.

Chuck Hades: ...Alright, show me the chalk.

...The truck sits parked across a field behind a cover of cattails.

Lewis: They're just talking.

Richard: He acts so intimidating.

Gary: Alright, well then we've gotta load out. A few extra minutes now is worth more to us than all that cocaine.

Grey: Alright, here let me unplug the sunglasses.

Gary: ...Alright Grey, no don't pull down the mask yet. Listen. Whatever happens, don't get provoked. Geonathan knows you, he's gonna use every sort of stimulation he can think of. Just think about the target.

Grey: ...Carter.

Gary: Without Carter's knowledge, this series of trafficking will be endless. We couldn't get that information from him before, so if you get a chance, try and pull some leverage. And do your best to try to stop that plane, if that really is Chuck Hades, we need to keep that bird on the ground.

Grey: Chuck Hades?

Gary: Yep, that's his name. Legal, I don't know.

Grey: ...Alright, I'll do my best.

Gary: And Grey, most importantly, don't treat them like numbers on a line. They may be of deceit, but they are not "expendable", nor "invaluable".

Grey: *Sigh* I'll try. *Begins to walk*

Gary: Alright. Serve that justice.

Grey: *Stops* Right...

About a half mile from the truck, the henchmen began loading the bags.

Carter: 20,000 yes?

Chuck Hades: Oh of course. *Nudges henchman* Be patient.

*Grey continues, mask down, 1 sword drawn, and bands blowing in the wind. *Thunder* The bald henchman walks out of the plane with a large metal briefcase...*

Chuck Hades: As agreed.

The henchman unlocks the case and hands it over.

Geonathan: Thank you.

Carter: Um, sir, is this all 10s?

Chuck Hades: 10,000 now. 10,000 after.

Carter: Sir I fail to believe that this even is 10 million, unless you're the best stacker-

Marcus: Carter? What is that?

Grey approaches at only 700 feet away... and he doesn't stop.

Chuck Hades: You set us up?

Geonathan: Sir, we have no clue what that i- *Angry breath* Anderson...

Grey kept walking, and the henchmen got their machine guns. The suit could withstand them, but Grey wanted maximum profitability. He had another gadget...

Henchman #1: Clear to fire sir?

Chuck Hades: Yes damn it! Light that thing up you imbeciles!

Grey held a small cube that instantly began forming a full-body shield- it was as if matter was forming off of the cube from thin air.

Marcus: What the hell?

They shot at him for almost 20 seconds before alerting:

All 4 henchmen: Out!

Grey's shield barely had any dents, he held it back up and it folded itself into its tiny cube-self.

Chuck Hades: What is that?

Geonathan: That's Anderson, the bastard who kills for sport!

Chuck Hades: *Childish panic* Get me out of here. Come on!

Carter: Hey! You didn't hold up to the deal!

Chuck Hades: Don't like it? Your friend there can share a story!

José: *Covers eye patch* *Angry bite*

Grey: *Into radio:* Move in. Move in!

...

Gary: Let's go!!

Chapter 17

Temptation Beyond Tribulation

The pilots began starting the engines, the turbines began to spin. Grey ran under the wing and next to the turbine, slapping on the EMP. As the henchmen followed, they noticed, and tried to rip it off, but couldn't. Gary and the truck crew approached...

Chuck Hades: Go! Just go!

Pilot: Sir-

Chuck Hades: That's an order!

The pilot began to push the lever forward, and the plane slowly started moving.

Grey: Come on.

The henchmen chased Grey, and then he drew his sword. They stopped, and then looked back at the plane.

Grey: Failure to prepare... *Presses button*

The micro-EMP burst and the right engine was knocked out, the plane began to make a circle. The henchmen approached him.

Grey: You don't have information! Ever killed an innocent man?!

No response, they slowly approached him until he decided to put down the sword and run.

Grey: I'll take that as a no.

...Geonathan and Carter run into each other.

Geonathan: Where is the money!?

He looks right and sees it on the ground. He scrambles over to pick it up, but who picks it up first?

Geonathan: Good work José.

José: *Aims gun*

Geonathan: Woah, what is this??

José: I'm sorry. But C. H. took far too much from me, as you can see *points to eye patch aggressively* Good riddance to you boys.

He started running back toward the boat. Grey caught eye.

Grey: *Nose sigh*

*He closed his eyes and turned away as he aimed the venom gun at José's legs. *Pop* He lands the shot and José falls and drops the case.*

José: *Ahhh!* *Agony*

Grey: *Heavy breathing* Okay...

Grey looked far down the airstrip and saw some sort of dark color.

Grey: Computer, zoom in 400%.

Grey saw a plethora of barrels all saying "airplane fuel". He looked at the plane, as it was stopped and facing the other direction, he then saw 2 3-foot poles laying nearby, and then back East to see the truck drifting to a stop.

Richard: Go go go!!

Grey: ...Computer, revert zoom.

Gary: ...Well, you've done pretty decent, now you just need to round 'em all up.

Grey: Look, I had to shoot José, he's down on the beach, take this antivenom.

Gary: Don't worry. We'll keep an eye on him. Now go stop that plane.

...

Richard: You have the right to remain silent.

Carter: You have nothing on me.

Richard: What is that response an instinct? You know exactly what you've done.

Carter: Where's Geon!?

Richard and Lewis with 2 other troopers arrested Carter, Marcus, and Xavier. 3 troopers cornered the 3 henchmen still on the ground. Gary and a final trooper attempted to help José. That left Grey to stop the plane.

Roscoe: What are you doing?

Grey: Oh shoot, yes! Okay listen, I need you to place these little things on these poles, once they're stable, hit this button to align them, then hit the power button!

Roscoe: Wait okay, what?

Grey: If we can get the laser in the plane's path- we can't cut it's wing, but we can pop it's tires. So! Place, Align, Power! Capiche?

Roscoe: I- I- Okay! Wait where are you going?

Grey: I've got a man to hunt!

...

Pilot: Don't worry sir, we just need to turn around.

Chuck Hades: Just take off!!

Pilot: Sir, we don't have enough room!

Chuck Hades: No room, no room, make room! How does this work?

Pilot: Sir, wait!

Geonathan ran out from behind the house and over near all of the airplane fuel. As he was looking in the opposite direction he walked, he was tripped. A sword was raised to his face.

Grey: I will say, that was pretty clever, "Orange Glare". Teasing me with hints! Don't think I didn't catch on! A trap that a criminal sets for a law officer? Orange cones, glare in headlights, you ambushed my father and killed him. And I can promise you, that was the biggest mistake you could've ever made.

Geonathan: ...*Deep breath* You may feel like the hero right now, but all you've done is show the world that you can't compromise. You are greedy, and selfish, and much lower than any of us.

Grey: I am caring, generous, honest, and arguably exactly what the world needs. Don't try and act like a freedom activist! You're the one who's selfish, you're the one who's greedy. For God's sake, the things you've done! **Better-aims sword** ...You shot my girlfriend!

Geonathan: ...She had the suit.

Grey: Yes! Those are the words that prove my case. With that disregard I could kill you where you lay. I- *nose sigh* I told him I wouldn't. ...Don't push me.

Geonathan: Well even if you wanted to. You're weak.

Grey: Oh you were there when I told Moustache...

Geonathan: And here you are now. I've already confessed! Where's my sentence? Can you not do it Grey? ...Oh look!

...

Pilot: Sir, please let go of the lever!

Chuck Hades: *Struggling noises*

...

Geonathan: How'd you like to die with no continuation of regret? You'll never have to question yourself anymore.

Grey: Actually buddy, I believe in Heaven, and with regret upon death, presents eternal regret in the afterlife. Killing you would not be wrong, mathematically.

Geonathan: ...Then lay it down.

...

Roscoe: Come on, align!

The laser anchors aligned, and the remote button dinged and lit up.

Roscoe: Yes! Come on!

He pressed power, and a nearly-transparent line formed between them.

Roscoe: Okay, excellent! Holy shit I better run.

The plane was slowly accelerating, it would run into the laser and supposedly pop the wheels, but it all came down to 2 things...

Medic: *Shakes head*

Gary: Oh God...

...

Grey: *Heavy breathing*

Geonathan: *Smiling* Come on Grey! Make a call!

Grey: *Panic breathing* *Deep inhale*

Geonathan: What are you gonna do?

Grey: ...You are a zero that I must erase.

Geonathan: ...*Denouncing Laugh*

Grey: You are in no position to denounce me.

Geonathan: Maybe not me, but the FBI might. *Holds up a tracker*

Grey: *Fury*

Grey aims the katana away from Geonathan's face, and instead, stabs him in the leg. He then punches a fuel barrel.

Geonathan: *Agony*

Grey leaves the sword and runs like hell away from the fuel barrels, he knew-

Pilot: Get off the controls!!

The plane runs into the laser, and with just enough time, the laser manages to pop the tires. The plane dives into the ground, dragging its nose across the asphalt. The plane's left wing digs into the ground, and it starts to head straight for Geonathan. He tried to crawl away, but the sword had gone straight through his leg and into some solid tar, it was semi-stuck.

Chuck Hades: *Complaining and crying*

Everyone watched from the end of the runway. The plane slowed exponentially, until it finally stopped, having gone a few feet past Geonathan and veering around to his left.

Geonathan: *Heavy breathing* *Huh?*

A flashing dart was stuck in the side of one of the barrels- barely leaking -and then turned red.

Geonathan: Ohh fuh-

BOOM!!! Grey's custom-engineered electro-dart ignited the fuel and blew up the plane and 4 guilty yet unfortunate bystanders. Roxanne and Ty witnessed the explosion from the canal, Roxanne jumped with fear and shock, she held her hands together up to her chin, Ty on her left put his hand on her right shoulder.

Grey: Good riddance ...jackass.

Grey walked slowly back to the more-populated.

Roscoe: Grey! Are you alright?

Lewis: What the hell just happened?

Grey: *Sigh* ...I solved the equation.

...

Gary: Grey. I'm afraid we couldn't do anything.

2 troopers brought up José, who was dead from venom corrosion.

Grey: ...Is he?

Gary: ...I'm afraid so.

Grey: ...*Sigh* Well, there the mighty beast bears its final fruit.

Lewis: Grey, it's not your fault.

Grey: Of course it is. I killed him trying to do what I thought was right. But 1 minus 1 is always 0. *Sigh*

Grey holds up the venom gun, then slowly aims it at himself.

Everyone: Assorted "Woah's!!"

Richard: Grey slow down!

Grey: ...It's only fair.

Gary: Grey listen, he confessed! He's guilty!

Grey: I knew that. But see- even then I feel just like- what I'm doing is logical, but it feels weird. I think something's come over me.

Gary: Grey, what did I tell you would be your terms of freedom?

Grey: ...No more justifying.

Gary: And yet here you are.

Grey: ...I mean- but it's-

Gary: Grey. I agree with you, society is a no-good, rotten, corrupt, horrible influence on people, but it's what defines our lives, not math.

Grey: But math defines our very existence!

Gary: Good! Shake its hand and kiss it goodbye once you're born! You, us, and all people live lives because of society. People do wrong, they learn, people redo wrong, they are punished, but as long as someone has the potential to do right, they are never invaluable; never expendable; and never "nothing".

Grey: ...*Sigh* Well then what do I do?

Gary: Come back to the world. A man like you who has learned this great value belongs in the world where others have yet to learn it. Come out, feel the sun, say hi to people you meet. Hang up the swords and the suit.

Grey: *Looks to the right* Alright, just one more thing.

Grey walks over to the grass, people follow. He walks up to a rattlesnake, coiled up watching him. Grey kneels down and sits near it.

Grey: Hey buddy. I see you followed me. Maybe, gosh I sure hope I'm talking to the same guy. If not, be sure to tell your friend. Look I- I'm sorry I didn't live up to our little deal. I thought that the world needed purity among anything else, turns out I was wrong. You know, everything I've done in the past 12 hours made me realize that I'm not alone on my own path. I guess I could say that I sit on the equation with all of my fellow humans... and animals. I think that we're still a lot alike, we fear things we don't know, we think we know everything we want, and most of all, the best thing we can do is follow along with God's plan. I think- I- I don't mean to assume your religious beliefs. Do you guys do worship? Honor your biblical- snake- gods? Well, nonetheless... I know I honor those who devote all they have for my sake. And, you know, whether you agree with me or not, I hope you can see it as I do, and perhaps even believe it a little. Again, I'm sorry the good riddance plan didn't work out. I hope you still continue being the best you can be. You don't have long on this Earth buddy, **Stands** None of us do. Some- **Looks at José** ...even less than others. But what we do in this world isn't the half of it... it's who we do it for. Good luck, snake. It's a brand new day.

The rain began to fall... and as it did, the spin of helicopter blades was heard.

Roscoe: What's that?

The letters F-B-I were painted on the helicopters, they landed, and several men began running from the helicopters toward Grey and the team.

Gary: No way.

FBI Officer: Grey Anderson. Clint Wayne, FBI. I'm gonna need you to come with us.

Gary: Wait hold up there.

Grey: It's fine. It's time I pay for my wrongs.

Gary: Grey, don't abandon your belief so easily!

Grey: I'm not. Don't worry. I'll be fine.

Tyler and Roxanne emerged from one of the helicopters. Roxanne ran to Grey and hugged him, Ty came up and hugged him after. The 3 were escorted back into the helicopter, and Clint talked with Gary, then returned. ...Up in the air.

Grey: ...Yeah.

Ty: ...Did it feel wrong?

Grey: Bad. No. Wrong... I can't say.

...

Clint: Grey Anderson, you are hereby convicted of several hundred counts of murder, and are sentenced to 4,000 days of field work under supreme governmental supervision and restriction.

Grey: ...*Nods* I understand- Wait. What did you say?

Clint: 4,000 days of field work under supreme govern-

Grey: Field work? Not- prison?

Clint: Not prison.

Grey: ...Well- so what do you mean by field work?

Clint: Grey Anderson will serve under jurisdiction of the Federal Bureau of Investigation as an infiltrator, ambusher, and further general forms of warfare practice. He will serve 10 hours a day for 4,000 days and will be emancipated at the end of the term in regard to adequate behavior.

Grey: *Eyes widen* *Looks at Ty (Who has wide eyes) and looks back at Clint* So, let me get this straight... For my punishment... I'm going in with the FBI... to take down criminals... for 11 years... and I don't have to- be strapped to an anchor or- have to cut off an arm.

Clint: Well, my whole team thought you should be sentenced to life, but- well, I got a tip a few hours ago from Mr. Garrison Wright, and-

Grey: Garrison Wright? You mean Gary?

Clint: ...Yes. He sent me a couple of video feeds, along with this letter.

Grey: Gary's short- *Takes letter* -for... okay.

The letter read:

Greetings Mr. Wayne,

I know I said we would never speak again after the 2007 Cuban Goods Trafficking Case, but I come begging that you reconsider the arrest of Grey Anderson. This young man took my way of thinking and built an empire out of it. He may be tunnel-visioned, and somewhat confused or lost, but he has the potential to protect the entire country as we know it. The videos I attached are a couple of his most well-performed stunts, all of which truly amaze me. The values of this young man are passed from our old teammate Russell Anderson. Grey will learn nothing behind iron, which is why I heavily advise that you utilize his incredible mind and creativity. Grey can do anything, by reason, he does not only have the power, he has the motivation. In official testament, I push Grey Anderson to be the first ever, real-life, "Avenger".

Your old friend,

Garrison Wright

Grey: ...These are his words?

Clint: Without any change.

Grey: ...You were the friend he lost.

Clint: ...And, of whom he has able to gain back.

Grey: ...This isn't a sentence. (Clarifying)

Clint: ...Welcome to the FBI, Avenger Anderson.

Grey: *Shock* *Turns to Ty*

Ty: *Silent Agreement*

Grey: *Turns to Roxanne*

Roxanne: *Smiles*

Grey: So. I just have to do this?

Clint: Yes, your term will last approximately until the beginning of 2032, you will be confined into the official FBI Headquarters in D.C.

Grey: ...Confined as in-?

Clint: Gotta be punished in some way.

Grey: *Sigh* I guess. *Looks at Roxanne*

Clint: Gary did tell me one thing though. He said that he gave you a week before you joined forces with Houston PD. Officially now, you are given the option for a test.

Grey: ...How so?

Clint: You can come with us immediately, and a certain allotment of your belongings will be delivered tomorrow by our escorts.

Grey: Okay...

Clint: OR. We give you a week, and you will get all of your things in order, and we will escort you ourselves on the 17th.

Grey: ...One week.

Clint: And if you attempt any sort of restraint or defiance, you will be sentenced to life in prison with eligibility for parole in 2071.

Grey: So I'd be 75?

Clint: Yes. Good math.

Grey: Well sir. I can honestly say that I greatly appreciate your pity, and-

Clint: Well, if it were not for Gary, you would be in a much different situation.

Grey: ...Yeah, but, nonetheless... I'd be leaving my 2 best friends.

Clint: Well, you have a week to make amends in any way you like, if you so choose.

Grey: Well I definitely will take the week.

Clint: And can you ensure that you will be waiting right where we left you at 9 AM on the 17th?

Grey: ...I- I can say it, but I just- can't mean it.

Clint: ...Grey you are being offered a chance to get off easy.

Roxanne: Grey, just do it.

Grey: What?

Ty: She's right, you have to do this.

Grey: I- I can't leave you guys-

Ty: We will be fine.

Grey: ...*Contemplative breath* But, 11 years! I mean-

Roxanne: We'll be waiting for you, we'll come visit.

Grey: Rox, I can't ask you to that. I can't let you do that to yourself. I love you too much to tie you down and deprive you of so many years of enjoyment.

Roxanne: Grey. I might have just met the love of my life and then I find that he's going to war for a decade? I mean you can't even deny the Universe is saying something.

Grey: I- Well- Tyler, what would you do?

Ty: Sir hold on- did you say something about bail?

Clint: Yes, if he steps out of line, he will not be eligible for parole until 2071.

Ty: What about if he doesn't step out of line?

Clint: Are you asking about pre-sentence bail?

Ty: Yes- I think.

Clint: Well I can't give you an official number yet, but given all of the factors, I can safely estimate 5 million.

Ty: *Eyes widen* Grey...

Grey: ...Oh.

Ty: Would it be possible to submit 4 million to lessen his timespan?

Clint: That would be slightly bending the rules... but with negotiation, that could probably drop him to only 2 years.

Grey: Are you serious?

Clint: I can't be certain but, the odds are with you I'll say that.

Grey: Well, I certainly will take that week.

Clint: And can you ensure that you will be waiting right where we left you at 9 AM on the 17th?

Grey: I certainly can. *Looks at Roxanne and Tyler* I will say, I don't think you'll get to know me as well as you might think.

Clint: How so?

Grey: ...Never mind. Nonetheless, I hereby accept my punishment and will proceed on the 17th to serve under the FBI.

Clint: Good. And, just for me, sometime within this week... Tell Gary an old friend is always sitting by the phone. ...And that he has a brand new set of golf clubs.

Grey: I will sir. Now, could you set us down at the warehouse?

Clint: Your hideout?

Grey: Call it as you wish.

They fly for a few more minutes.

Grey: Right down there.

Clint: Set her down!

The chopper landed, and the 3 of them stepped out.

Clint: We'll be waiting right here on the 17th! 9 AM!

Grey: I'm well aware sir! Thank you again!

Grey walks away along with Tyler and Roxanne, and Clint ducks back in the chopper, and it ascends and flies off East.

Roxanne: I'll visit you Grey, all the time.

Grey: Rox you might not even need to.

Roxanne: What do you mean?

Grey: Tyler, we have more than 4 million.

Ty: We do?

Grey: Oh heck to the yes.

Ty: How much?

Grey: 6 million can go by fast but it can also build a lot of interest.

Ty: How so?

Grey: Remember, I'm an investor.

Ty: *Profound mouth-opening* ...Right. *points at Grey*

Grey: The 5 cars don't even add up to 100K. The RV I got for sale from a guy who was converting to the Amish. We haven't spent as much as you think...

Ty: Even after building the bunker?

Grey: We have about 5.4 million.

Ty: Seriously?

Roxanne: Grey... um... are you sure you know what you're doing?

Grey: Oh I'm very certain. Tyler, allow me to write you a check for 5 million dollars.

Ty: ...Well. I'm not quite sure what to say- fuck yeah!

Grey: Please redact that word.

Ty: Sorry. Oh yeah.

Grey: Alright, so you can bail me out, maybe completely, and then... maybe I can finally finish that date.

Roxanne: ...I- I'm a little lost.

Grey: I thought I told you I have 6 million dollars.

Roxanne: You did, I mean I'm lost in chaos.

Grey: Well then, allow me to make it simpler.

Grey holds Roxanne and kisses her

Roxanne: *Smile laugh* That's- not quite how it works- woah.

Ty: Oh yeah.

Grey: Well then-

Ty: Grey hold on- cause this is a nice moment. Didn't you say that there was one thing that arouses you more than... you know.

Grey: Ummm... Oh, yeah.

Ty: Why don't you test that theory...

Grey: It's not technically a theory, it's- nevermind.

Roxanne: What are you talking about?

Ty: It's a very arousing sentence, I'll back up a bit.

Grey: ...Okay then. Alright, "aim high, shoot high, go high".

Roxanne: That's arousing?

Grey: No-no-no-no-no. *Sigh* *Inhale* "It's almost too hard to say how beautiful you are".

Deep Inhale "Hough! -My God!" *Trembling* *Deep-rippled breath*

Ty: *Subtle Laugh* Ohhh, that's fantastic. I was so sure he was lying.

Grey: I give you 5 million dollars and this is the first thing you want?!

Roxanne: What is this about?

Ty: Oh this is only a fraction of the beginning!

Roxanne: The beginning of what?

Grey: *Exhale* Let's just say- an adventure.

*The 3 of them walk back into the warehouse- and the camera sees a long shot of them- then focuses on a rattlesnake on a dirt mound- which looks at the camera and rattles. Back to the station- camera sees Grey's white truck outside- then into Gary's office. He signs papers. He then looks out the window at Grey's truck. *Gary sighs* He gets a call suddenly.*

Gary: Captain's office. Gary speaking.

Caller: This is "Fox-3-Jericho". Dispatch to Sector 9 on highway 290, we've got a reported homicide and stolen vehicle of which is on the run. 8 minutes to your location.

Gary: 10-4. We'll be on the scene shortly! *Sigh*

*Gary stands up and grabs a couple of things, then looks back at the phone. He leans down and picks it up and dials a number. *Ringing**

Gary: Grey. I heard about your situation- yeah glad I could help. ...Well, I'll be sure to give him a call. Anyway listen, I know it's your off-week, but I've got a murder and the suspect in a stolen vehicle headed Northwest on highway 290. I could use your help if you be responsible.

Grey (Over the phone): I will.

Gary: I need you to be sure... Are you sure?

Grey (Over the phone): I am.

Gary: Good, so what will you bring?

Zoom in on Gary

Grey (Over the phone): Justice.

- *“Grey ended up paying 4.85 million dollars which shortened his term to 3 months, he decided to endure the 3 months however to gain some experience and test if he enjoyed the idea of working under the FBI. He did not. Once the term ended, he returned home to Tyler and Roxanne, and to 10% of his original windfall”.*
- *“Grey and Roxanne realized the excessive haste in their relationship, and slowed things down to a steadier pace- things are going well”.*
- *“Tyler told Grey that the theater was willing to hire him, and he accepted. Even with minimum wage, the 2 of them managed to continue their comfortable living. (Though, they don’t really have any bills to pay)”.*
- *“Gary tied things up with Clint, and the 2 became friends and colleagues once again. They are currently working several drug cases and a museum robbery”.*
- *“Carter was arrested for drug trafficking, kidnapping, and attempted murder- he was sentenced to 35 years. Marcus and Xavier were arrested for drug smuggling- they were both sentenced to 10-15 years”.*
- *“Grey gets a call every now and then from Gary, he contributes his strategy and strength in several cases, and responsibly handles all of the suspects. He continues his life of solitude, but ends his life of justifying- mathematical justifying, that is”.*
- *“There have not been any reports of stabbed, poisoned, or any deceased criminals in the area since”.*

~ ~ ~

THE END

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