

STANTON, ARIZONA.
TWO YEARS AGO.



SO HOW'S RETIREMENT TREATING YOU, DENNIS?

TERRIBLE. NEVER RETIRE, TORIC. YOU DISCOVER WHOLE NEW LEVELS OF BOREDOM YOU DIDN'T KNOW EXISTED.

HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF PICKING UP A SECOND CAREER? NO SHAME IN IT, A LOT OF RETIRED MARSHALS DO IT.

I HEAR WALMART'S LOOKING FOR NEW GREETERS.



HEH. LOOK. I DIDN'T... I DIDN'T CALL YOU HERE TO TALK ABOUT SHUFFLEBOARD AND BINGO.



I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT JORDAN. I'M NOT SURE IF YOU--

I HEARD.

THEN YOU PROBABLY KNOW WHY I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU.



I'M NOT AN IDIOT. I KNOW THAT MY SON WAS A JUNKIE AND A GRADE-A FUCK-UP BUT HE DIDN'T DESERVE TO GET KILLED. NOT THE WAY HE DID. BEAT DOWN LIKE SOME SORT OF DOG, LEFT TO DIE IN A FUCKING DUMPSTER.

IT WAS THE DRUGS.

LOCAL PD GOT NOTHING. NO WITNESSES, NO... NOTHING.

THEY'VE MANAGED TO KEEP HIS DRUG ADDICTION OUT OF THE PRESS, BUT... WHAT'S THE POINT? HE'S GONE.

YOU WANT ME TO GO DOWN TO THE STATION? HAVE A LOOK AT THEIR FILES, SEE IF THERE'S SOMETHING THAT THE LOCALS MIGHT'VE MISSED?

NO.

NO. I WANT YOU TO FIND THE FUCKERS WHO DID THIS TO MY SON.

FIND THEM AND LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU DO.

I'LL DEAL WITH THEM MYSELF.




I DON'T HAVE THE CONNECTIONS LIKE YOU DO. NOT ANYMORE. OTHERWISE I'D DO IT--

I GET IT. YOU'RE ANGRY. BUT, DO YOU REALLY THINK THAT THIS IS GONNA GIVE YOU ANY CLOSURE? MAKE IT ANY EASIER FOR YOU TO DEAL WITH JORDAN'S DEATH?

I DON'T CARE.





YOU'RE ONE OF MY OLDEST FRIENDS. YOU MADE ME THE MARSHAL I AM TODAY. I WATCHED JORDIE GROW UP... OF COURSE I WANT TO FIND THE FUCKERS THAT DID THIS. MAKE THEM PAY.



THIS IS EVERYTHING I'VE BEEN ABLE TO GET ON THE CASE.



WHO IS THAT?

THAT'S JORDIE. TOWARDS THE END, HE LOOKED ROUGH. HE WAS--

NOT JORDIE...

...HIM.

OH. THAT'S DARCY. HE AND JORDAN WERE ALWAYS TOGETHER. DRUG BUDDIES. SHOOTING UP AND FUCKING UP. HE CLAIMS HE WASN'T THERE THE NIGHT THAT JORDAN...

I'LL GET HIM TO TALK. YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO, YOU CAN NEVER TRUST A JUNKIE.

NO OFFENSE.

JUST FIND WHO KILLED MY BOY.



DON'T WORRY, I'LL MAKE THIS LITTLE PUKE SEE THE LIGHT.



YOU KNOW, IT NEVER CEASES TO AMAZE ME...



... EVERY TIME I COME INTO ONE OF THESE SHIT INFESTED, MOLDY, PISS SMELLING APARTMENTS, I ALWAYS MANAGE TO FIND A BOTTLE OF BLEACH UNDER THE KITCHEN SINK.



NEVER SEEN EVIDENCE TO INDICATE THAT ANY OF YOU FUCK-UPS ACTUALLY KNOW WHAT THIS STUFF IS FOR, BUT THERE IT IS. ALWAYS UNUSED.



WHYNT I SHOW YOU ONE OF THE MANY WAYS IN WHICH BLEACH CAN BE USEFUL?



THIS IS GONNA BURN. A LOT. IF IT GETS INTO YOUR BLOODSTREAM, IT CAN KILL YOU. IN YOUR EYE, PROBABLY JUST BLIND YOU.

IT'LL MAKE YOU SEE ANGELS AND DEVILS AND ALL SORTS OF RELIGIOUS NONSENSE YOU HAVEN'T THOUGHT ABOUT SINCE SUNDAY SCHOOL.



ARRRRHHH

YOU STILL GOT ONE GOOD EYE LEFT, SO I SUGGEST THAT IF YOU GOT SOMETHING TO GET OFF YOUR CHEST ABOUT JORDAN'S DEATH...



Z'OKAY... PLEASE... PLEASE DON'T UHNN. FUCK.



HUURGH... >COUGH- KA...KA...



IT WAS THE SLAUGHTER... JORDAN AND I TRIED TO BUY... COUGH... HRK... AND THEY... HK... AND THEY KILLED HIM.