

*Romulous*

Averex realizes it was too late. He says, "Thank God for gridlock." He gets out of the vehicle and races to the device. He is confused as he sees the timer at one minute and twenty seconds. The last minute has been recognized and only seconds left. He pulls out the ground wire with only five seconds left, then calls the Dynamic Trio. Forty minutes later, Ecstasy exits the ferry and is en route to the Statue of Liberty. He has made arrangements to meet up with the priest unexpectedly. A surprise visit perhaps. Nicholas Styles locates Ecstasy heading towards the entrance of the Statue of Liberty. He is looking through his binoculars from a patrol boat that one of the warriors was pulling security inside. Nicholas Styles is closing in as Ecstasy continues to travel to the top of the monument. Finally, he reaches the top floor and looks at the priest. The priest is clueless to the fact that he is standing in front of Ecstasy.

Priest: Good afternoon, sir. I received a telegram that a businessman needed to see me for a confession. Are you the one that sent me this telegram?

Ecstasy: No, I am not here for business, only for pleasure.

Priest: I beg your pardon, sir. But I am not that kind of priest.

Ecstasy: Why, because you only specialize in little boys?

The priest begins to look puzzled.

Priest: Who might you be?

Ecstasy: Let's just say someone you knew a long time ago in the monastery.

Priest: We didn't have any whites in the monastery during the time I worked there. Most of the students were orphans

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and predominantly black. The only other kind of nationality in our neighborhood was Hispanic. I think you have mistaken me for another priest. Besides, I thought you came here to make confession.

Ecstasy: As a matter of fact, I did come here to make confession.

He unveils his disguise as the priest looks at his new appearance, having fear in his eyes when he recognizes his identity.

Priest: You are that terrorist that was trying to destroy that militia called the Katalambano.

Ecstasy: Ecstasy is my new identity during this new millennium, but as for the old millennium, it was Demetrius.

The priest looks closely at the eyebrows, as it matches the ones of Demetrius that he knew at the monastery. His heart beats fast as he speaks to Ecstasy in fear.

Priest: Demetrius, I haven't seen you since...

Ecstasy interrupts.

Ecstasy: Since you were caught masturbating in front me at the monastery! If they would have asked me for a sworn statement, then I would have mentioned the times you put your hands on me. You sick, dirty old bastard! Why would you want someone of the same sex for pleasure?

Priest: Demetrius, I am sorry for doing those horrible things to you. That was a long time ago. I have changed.

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Ecstasy: Never thought I would see the day that a priest would come to me and make confession. This is judgment day for you, priest. I will have no remorse when I kill you.

Priest: How can you do this? After all you learned in the monastery?

Ecstasy: How could you put your hands on a child? After all the shit I've been through. I guess you weren't aware of the trials and tribulations of being neglected or abused. Hell! How could you even go there?

Priest: Forgive me, Demetrius. I am sorry, for I was wrong.

Ecstasy: I don't give a fuck. It really doesn't matter now if you are sorry or not. Payback is a bitch, so take it like a man and stop crying like one.

Ecstasy pulls out the .45 chrome Magnum with the silencer and kills the priest.

Nicholas Styles is only three minutes behind Ecstasy, who has set up explosives at the viewpoint and blows out a bigger opening for his escape. Styles is approaching the top floor and hears an explosion. He is somewhat cautious and nervous as thoughts rush inside his mind. He wonders if a chain reaction will follow and destroy the Statue of Liberty. He continues to travel to the top floor. At the entrance, he sees an opening from the aftermath of the explosion. Ecstasy is standing over the remains of the priest with the danger sign on his forehead.

Styles: Killing a priest, Ex? Man, you are psychotic.

Ecstasy: Priests that go around molesting little boys.