

“With one push and the power of gravity,” Remmick continued evenly, “I erased that miserable c---s----- from the face of the planet. I don’t think I’ll ever be as pleased with any action as I was with that one. I don’t know if it says so in that folder there, but later that evening, I went home and had one of the most sensational bowel movements of my entire life. Before flushing I took a farewell look, as I’m fond of doing, and was reminded of how easily it flushed away, just like that human turd got flushed away.”

George Costanza broke his gaze and looked away. The red head remembered her mouth was open and closed it. The chairman never stopped looking Remmick in the eye.

“Alright,” the chairman finally said. “I think we get the picture.”

Remmick took a breath and said, “I hope there are no more questions about remorse and regrets.”

The chairman shook his head slightly and cracked the vaguest of smiles. “Mr. Remmick, I think we’re done here. You’ll have our decision before day’s end.”

“Goody,” Remmick said with a smile.

A corrections officer appeared and beckoned Remmick to stand up. He applied the metal bracelets to his hands and feet, then connected it all with chains.

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