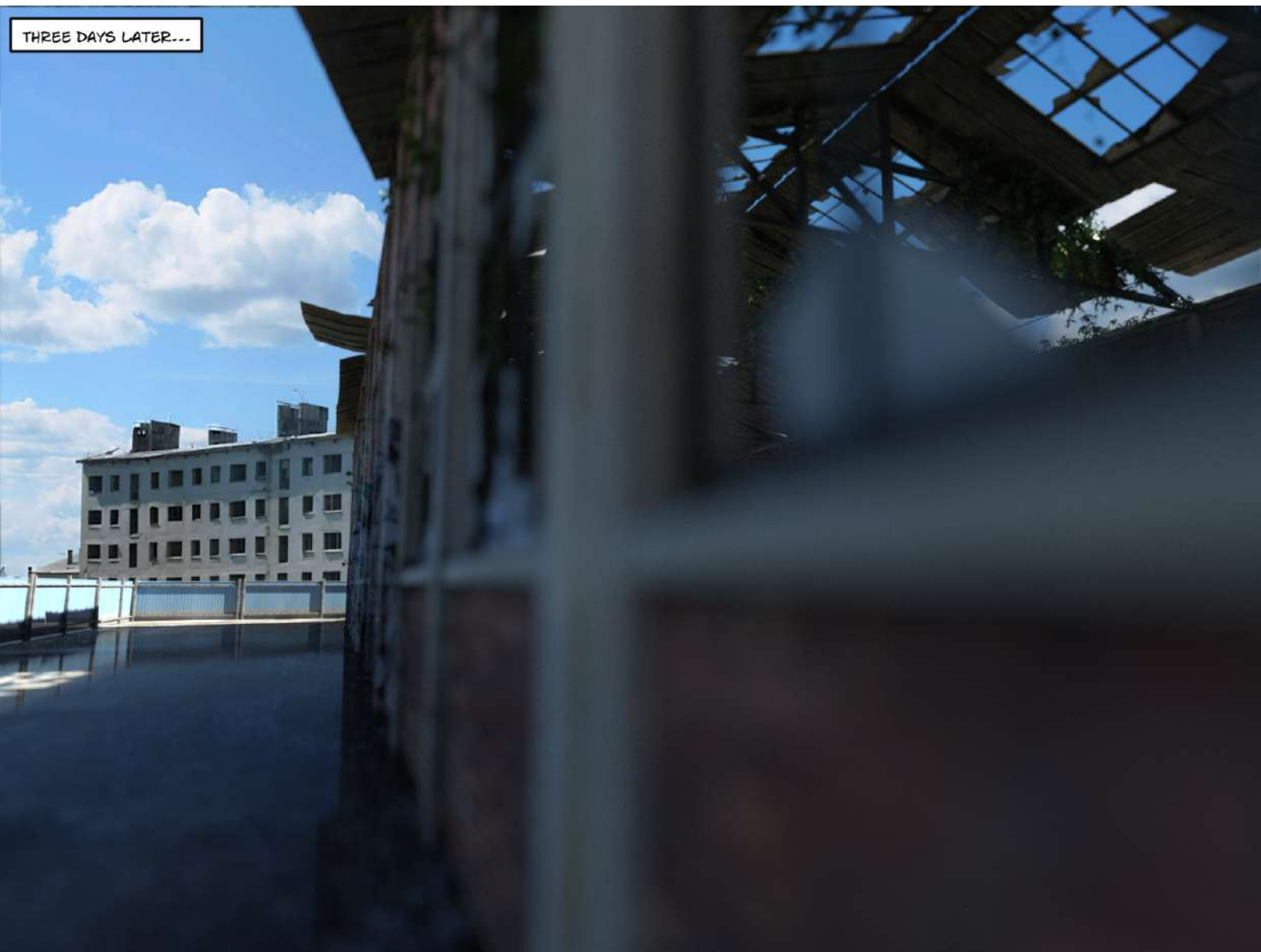
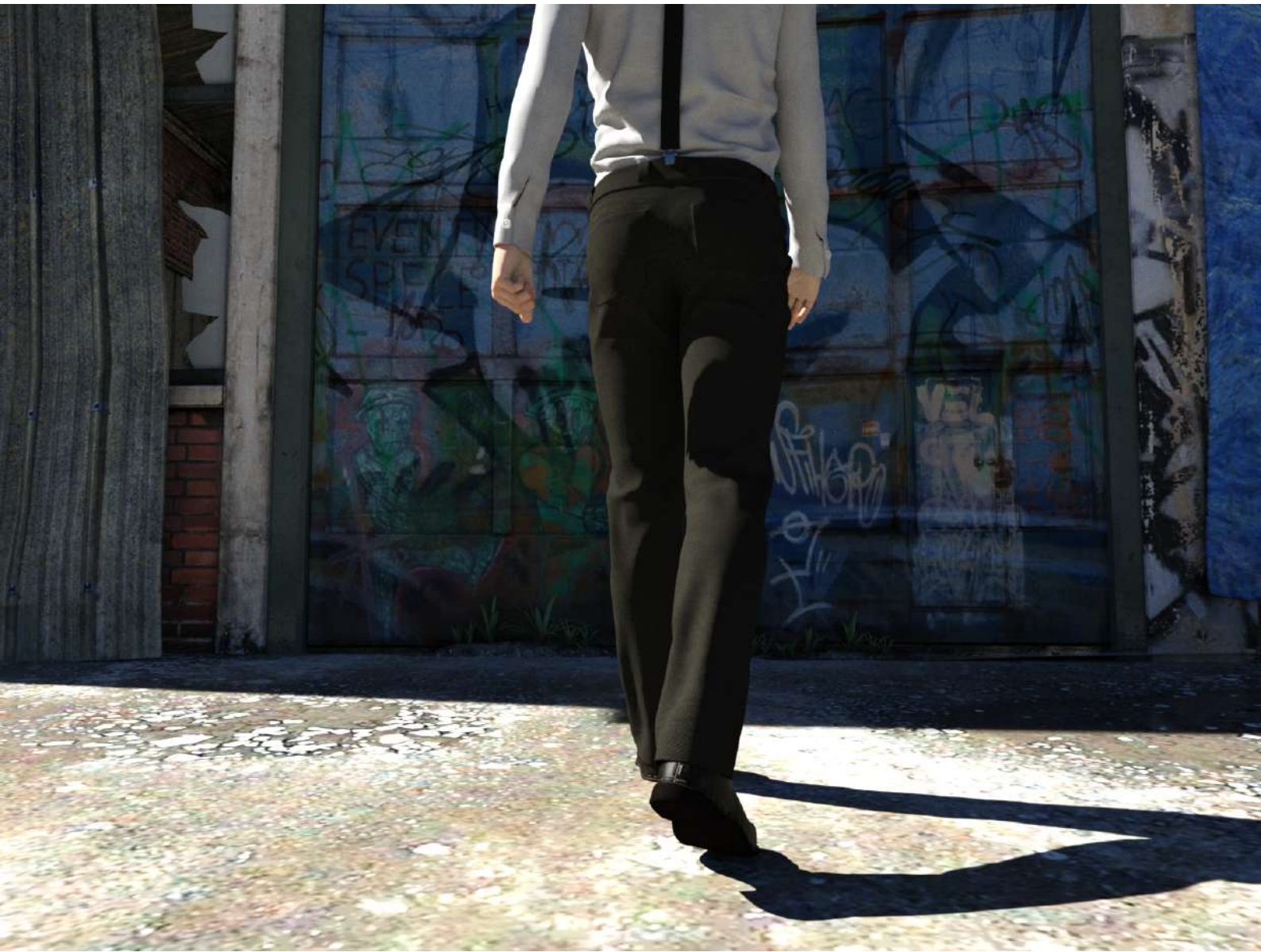




**CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO**  
**SWEAT, BLOOD AND TEARS**

THREE DAYS LATER...







A man in a light-colored suit and dark suspenders is seen from behind, looking towards another man in a dark suit standing in a courtyard. The courtyard is enclosed by a brick building with large windows and a glass roof. The scene is dimly lit, with sunlight filtering through the glass roof and casting shadows on the ground. A speech bubble is positioned above the man in the foreground.

YOU KNOW, SEFARI, YOU'VE ALWAYS HAD A THING FOR SETTING UP MEETINGS IN... UNUSUAL PLACES. I THINK THIS TIME YOU OUTDID YOURSELF, THOUGH! ANY PARTICULAR REASON FOR CHOOSING SUCH A CHARMING SITE?




YES, YES, I HAVE MY REASONS, JOEL.  
I SEE YOU'VE DECIDED TO KEEP UP  
YOUR "GOOD GUY" COSTUME  
TO SEE ME.





DON'T YOU LIKE MY GLASSES,  
DEAR UNCLE?

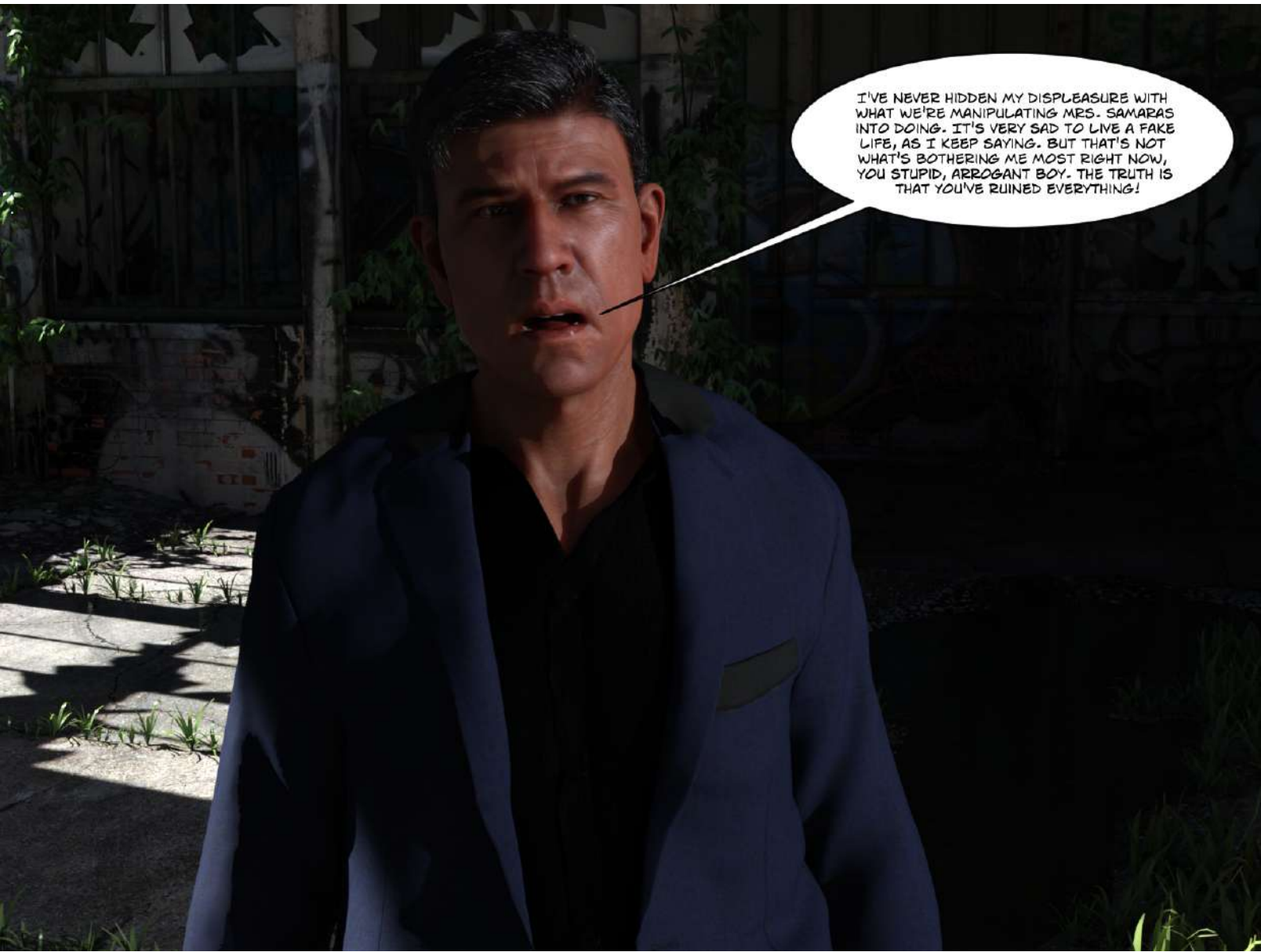


THE GLASSES ARE FINE, I GUESS.  
WITHOUT THEM, WE WOULDN'T HAVE  
GOTTEN HERE, WOULD WE?



THAT'S TRUE, UNCLE, BUT YOU KNOW...  
YOU DON'T SEEM SO PLEASED WITH  
HOW FAR WE'VE COME.

IS THIS STILL ABOUT YOU NOT BEING  
HAPPY WITH MRS. SAMARAS' FATE? FROM WHAT  
I'VE HEARD, SHE'S DOING BETTER THAN YOU  
MIGHT THINK! BUT EVEN IF SHE WASN'T,  
WHY WOULD THAT BE OUR PROBLEM?



I'VE NEVER HIDDEN MY DISPLEASURE WITH WHAT WE'RE MANIPULATING MRS. SAMARAS INTO DOING. IT'S VERY SAD TO LIVE A FAKE LIFE, AS I KEEP SAYING. BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT'S BOTHERING ME MOST RIGHT NOW, YOU STUPID, ARROGANT BOY. THE TRUTH IS THAT YOU'VE RUINED EVERYTHING!



WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!


MRS. SAMARAS WANTS TO SEE US. BOTH OF US... TOGETHER! SHE NO LONGER TRUSTS YOU AND ME. AND YOU KNOW WHY? BECAUSE YOU WENT TO HER TO TALK ABOUT TOSKA AND GJOKA. YOU WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO DO THAT AT THAT DINNER PARTY! YOU WERE THERE TO LISTEN AND OBSERVE!



I HAD NO CHOICE. YOU SAY YOU SPOKE TO HER AT THE HOSPITAL, BUT I THINK YOU DID A TERRIBLE JOB! SHE WAS ABOUT TO FORCE MARINA TO...



ENOUGH!

A man with dark hair, wearing a blue suit jacket over a dark shirt, is shown in a dark, possibly nighttime setting. He is holding a silver handgun in his right hand, pointing it towards the right. His expression is one of concern or determination. The background consists of a brick wall and a window with blue plastic sheeting covering it. A speech bubble is positioned above him, containing text.

NOW I'M THE ONE WHO HAS NO CHOICE.  
WE NEED TO REGAIN MRS. SAMARAS' TRUST,  
AFTER ALL!



WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?  
DO YOU INTEND TO REGAIN HER TRUST  
BY KILLING ME? HAVE YOU LOST  
YOUR MIND?!



WHAT? I'M NOT GOING TO KILL YOU!  
WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM? A SAVAGE? I'LL HAVE  
TO SHOOT YOU, THOUGH. TRUST ME, THIS IS GOING  
TO HURT. A LOT. I THINK SOON YOU'LL UNDERSTAND  
HOW SAD IT IS TO LIVE A FAKE LIVE. FOR NOW, JUST  
DON'T TRY ANYTHING STUPID, LIKE RUNNING AWAY.  
THAT'LL JUST MAKE THINGS DIFFICULT AND MESSY.  
LET'S BE CIVILIZED HERE.

CIVILIZED? YOU'RE TALKING  
ABOUT SHOOTING ME! PUT THAT  
GUN DOWN AND LETS...





АННННН!