





FLUCK! FLUCK!

WHAT THE FLUCK WAS THAT!



WHAT THE FUCK AM I DOING?!!



I JUST KISSED HIM.

I JUST FUCKING KISSED HIM OUTTA NOWHERE!



WHAT THE FLUCK IS WRONG WITH ME?!



I COULDN'T POSSIBLY LIKE HIM!

UHHHH!



NO! NO! NO! NO!

STUPID! SOFT! DUMBASS!!

A woman with short black hair is lying on her side on a light-colored, textured bed. She is wearing a red one-piece swimsuit with a white and blue plaid waistband. Her legs are crossed at the ankles and raised in the air. Her right hand is resting on her head, and her left hand is resting on her arm. A speech bubble is positioned above her head, containing the text "I FEEL SICK JUST THINKING ABOUT IT!". The background is a plain, light-colored wall with a silver door handle.

I FEEL SICK JUST THINKING ABOUT IT!



I KISS HIM LIKE A FUCKIN-

OH SHIT! OH SHIT!



I DID IT!

I FINALLY GOT AWAY FROM THEM!



THE HELL IS GOING ON?

HUFF... HUFF...



SHIT, HANK. I TRIED TO SNIPE
THE SPIKY BASTARD- MISSED!

THEN PEOPLE STARTED CHASING ME!



THEY SAW YOUR FACE?




YES... I'M SORRY,
I'M A HUNTED MAN NOW.



I'M DONE, HANK. I'M FUCKING DONE!

IT'S NOT JUST THE MONEY ANYMORE...
I CAN'T- I CAN'T DO THIS.




I'VE GOT A WIFE NOW, HANK.
A DAUGHTER WITH BRACES.

I CAN'T GO TO JAIL!

A close-up photograph of a woman's face, focusing on her nose and lips. She has a slight smile, showing her teeth. Her lips are coated in a vibrant, glossy red lipstick. A white speech bubble with a black outline is positioned on her left cheek, containing the text "YOU'RE RIGHT." in a bold, black, sans-serif font. The background is a light-colored, textured wall with a dark vertical line on the right side.

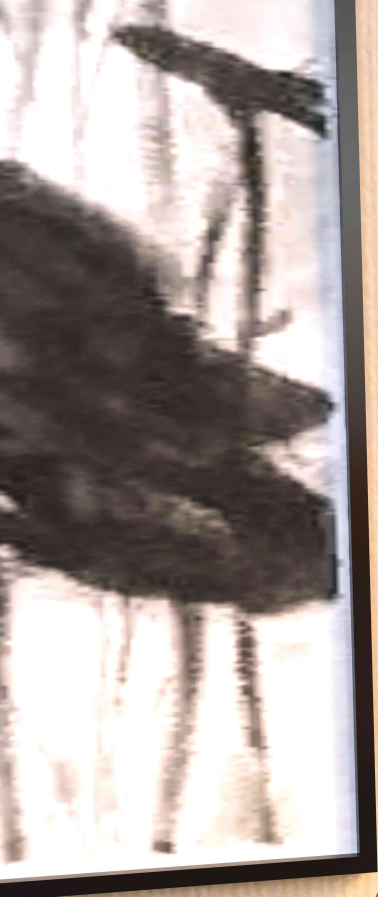
YOU'RE RIGHT.

A woman with short, dark, wavy hair and red lipstick is shown in profile, looking towards the right. She has a surprised expression. She is wearing an orange spaghetti-strap top. The background consists of a light-colored, vertically-paneled wall. There are three speech bubbles overlaid on the image.

YOU HEARD ME. YOU'RE RIGHT.
WE SHOULD STOP.

I CAN'T...
WE SHOULDN'T BE KILLING
INNOCENT PEOPLE.

WAIT... WHAT?



Y-YEAH. I MEAN.
I TOTALLY AGREE WITH THAT.

BUT... I THOUGHT YOU
NEEDED THE MONEY. DESPERATELY.



NOT ANYMORE. LET'S JUST GO HOME.

YOU'RE ACTING WEIRD.
WHAT HAPPENED WITH THE BLONDIE?

YOU DIDN'T BLOW YOUR COVER, RIGHT?
YOU'RE NOT WEARING A WIRE, ARE YOU?



WALD, PLEASE!
I WOULD NEVER BETRAY A FRIEND.






HANK...

YOU DIDN'T DO *SOMETHING* TO HIM, DID YOU?

A close-up shot of a woman with short, dark, wavy hair and bright red lipstick. She has a surprised or questioning expression on her face, with her mouth slightly open. She is wearing a light-colored, possibly orange or yellow, spaghetti-strap top. The background is a modern interior with a grey textured wall and a cylindrical gold-colored lamp hanging from the ceiling.

**SOMETHING?!
WHAT SOMETHING?**

**YOU MEAN I LIKE
I'M SOMETHING-FUCK HIM OR WHAT?!**


A shirtless man with dark hair and a light complexion stands in a room. He is looking slightly to his left with a neutral expression. His arms are crossed over his chest. Behind him is a large abstract painting with dark, swirling patterns. To the right, a bed with a patterned coverlet is visible. On the wall to the right, there are three light switches. The lighting is soft, suggesting an indoor setting.

UH-TRUE ACTUALLY...
LIKE LITERALLY *FUCK* HIM...

WHAT?!!

UH... MAYBE YOU
NEED A LITTLE PERSPECTIVE.
SO, HERE'S THE THING...

EHM-HOW DO I SAY IT...



YOU REMEMBER THAT NIGHT
WE LOST THE MONEY, THEN WE GOT
DRUNK IN THE SAFEHOUSE?

YEAH?

AND THE REASON WHY YOU
WOKE UP NAKED, IT'S BECAUSE
YOU AND BROOK HAD SEX.

HUH?



I... WHAT?!

YUP. YOU TWO WENT FULL ANIMAL PLANET.

A woman with short black hair, wearing a red bikini top with the word "SUMMER" and a graphic, and white checkered bottoms, is sitting on a bed. She is looking at a shirtless man who is standing and facing her. The man is wearing black shorts. The background shows a bed with white pillows and a headboard, and a window with a view of pink flowers.

T-THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

FUCK-THAT'S NOT TRUE!

UNFORTUNATELY, IT'S TRUE.
GO ASK BROOK IF YOU NEED PROOF.



OH FUCK!!

**DID HE RAPE ME?!
HE MUST HAVE, RIGHT?**

**ACTUALLY... YOU WERE THE ONE
WHO FORCED YOURSELF ON HIM.**

FUCK!



WHY ARE YOU TELLING ME THIS *NOW*?!

WHO ELSE KNOWS?!

I THOUGHT NOW WAS
THE APPROPRIATE TIME.

WELL... BROOK, OBVIOUSLY.
AND... SAUL.




OH FUCK...

NO... I FEEL LIKE I'M GONNA PUKE...

YOU GOOD?



A man and a woman are in a room. The man is shirtless and wearing black shorts, standing with his hands behind his back. The woman is wearing a red and white bikini, leaning over a bed. In the background, there is a bookshelf with books and a teapot. A blue cat figurine is on a table to the right. A gun is on the floor in the foreground.

MAYBE THIS WHOLE MISSION'S CURSED.
MAYBE THE UNIVERSE'S TRYING TO STOP US.

EVER SINCE WE TOOK IT, IT'S JUST
BEEN BAD LUCK AFTER BAD DECISION.

SO, WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

A close-up, high-angle shot of a woman's face. She has dark hair, dark eyes, and is wearing red lipstick. She is looking down and to the left with a slight, knowing smile. The background is a tiled wall, possibly in a bathroom. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing dialogue.

LET'S FUCKING END THIS.

TELL MARINO WE'RE OUT.
I'LL... DEAL WITH JOHN.

WHATEVER *DEAL* EVEN MEANS NOW.