

DAYS LATER...



PACKAGE DELIVERED, NO ISSUES.  
OUR FRIENDS ON THE OTHER SIDE SEND  
THEIR REGARDS.





SEE? THAT'S WHY I LIKE YOU, HANK.

A man with a short beard and tattoos on his arms is wearing a grey tank top. He is pointing his right hand towards the left. The background features floral wallpaper, a framed abstract painting, and a checkered floor. A hanging lamp is visible above him.

YOU DON'T OVERTHINK, YOU DON'T PANIC, AND BEST OF ALL, YOU DON'T ASK DUMBASS QUESTIONS.

NOW, TELL ME, DID YOU SEE THEIR GUY? WHAT'S HIS NAME...? CHICKEN SOMETHING?

THAT LAST ONE'S A LIE, BUT I APPRECIATE IT.



CHICKEN JOE? WHAT  
KIND OF NAME IS THAT?

CHICKEN JOE.

HAH SO THEY'RE TAKING GRAMMAR  
VERY SERIOUSLY NOW.

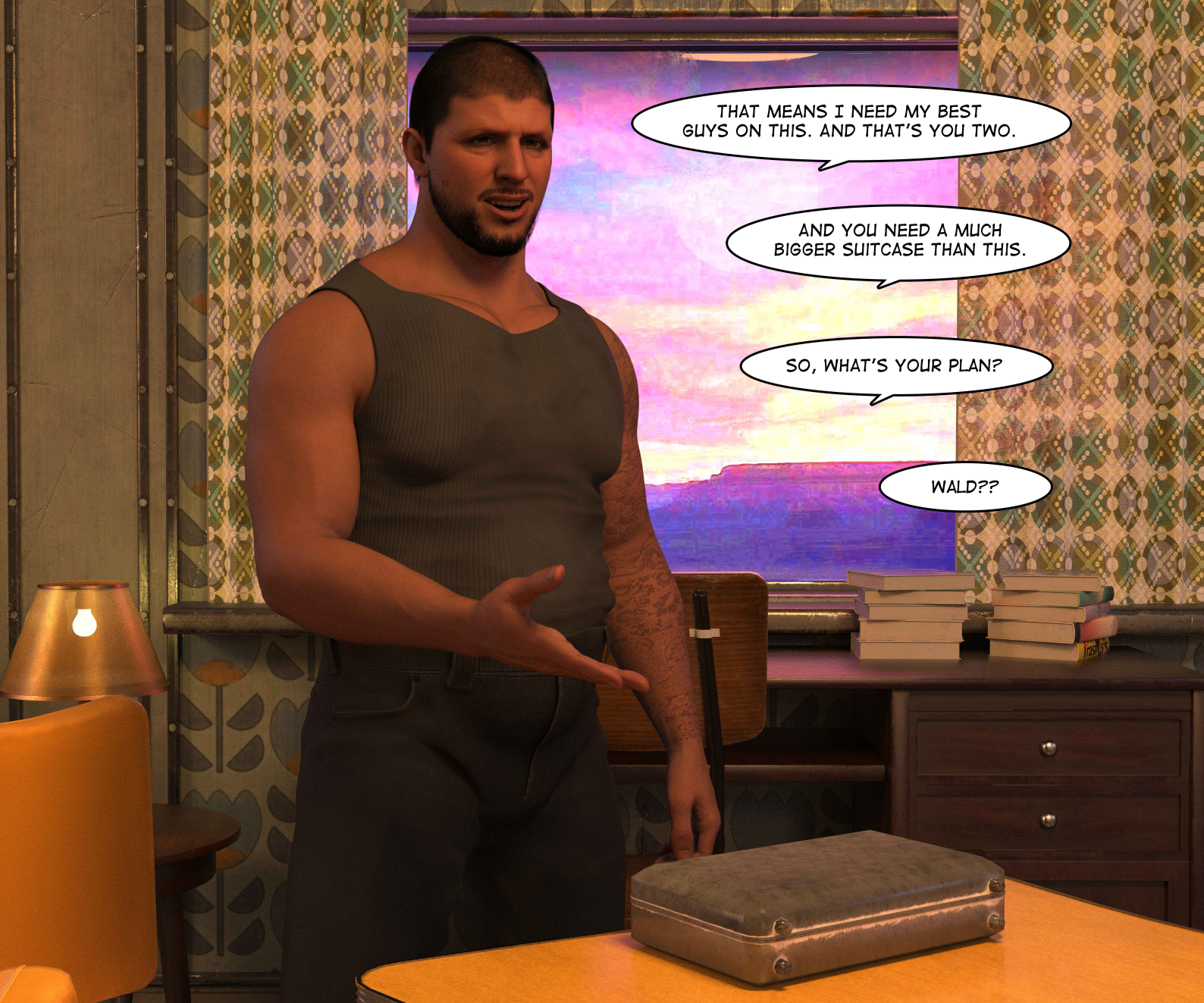
RIGHT? I THOUGHT HE WAS A JOKE, BUT NAH,  
DUDE'S A LEGIT PSYCHOPATH. STABBED A GUY OVER  
A MISPLACED COMMA IN A TEXT MESSAGE.



WELL, THANKS AGAIN, BOYS. YOU DID  
A GREAT JOB. BUT YOU CAN'T REST JUST YET.

WE GOT A BIG CLIENT TOMORROW.  
VERY VIP. RICH, POWERFUL. OUR BIGGEST  
TRANSACTION YET.

THE KIND OF GUY WHO COULD  
MAKE US VERY HAPPY- OR MAKE US  
DISAPPEAR IF WE SCREW THIS UP.




THAT MEANS I NEED MY BEST  
GUYS ON THIS. AND THAT'S YOU TWO.

AND YOU NEED A MUCH  
BIGGER SUITCASE THAN THIS.


SO, WHAT'S YOUR PLAN?

WALD??



WELL, THE MONEY IS BIG THIS TIME, SALL.  
AND YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS—  
BIG MONEY MEANS BIG RISK. FLYING IS OUT.  
TOO MANY EYES, TOO MANY VARIABLES.

IF SOMETHING GOES SOUTH MID-FLIGHT,  
WE'RE DEAD BEFORE WE HIT THE GROUND.

A man with short, light brown hair, wearing a black t-shirt, stands in a room with patterned wallpaper. He has his right hand to his chin in a thoughtful pose. The room features a lamp, a patterned curtain, a potted plant, and a television on a stand in the background.

AND WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT SOME ROOKIE CUSTOMS AGENT GETTING A LUCKY BREAK.

WE'RE GOING BY CAR. IT'S LONGER SURE, BUT WAY SAFER. WE CONTROL THE ROUTE, WE CONTROL THE STOPS.

AND THAT'S WHY 'MR. DANES'S HONEYMOON' IS THE MOST SUITABLE PLAN.



*OH, COME ON! REALLY?!*




*CLITE!*

WHO'LL BE MRS. DANES?



HANK. OBVIOUSLY.



GOOD CHOICE, I CAN SEE WHY...

**FUCK!!!**


I SWEAR TO GOD,  
I'M KILLING YOU TWO AFTER THIS JOB.

MEANWHILE AT SOME BAR...




**BAR MENU**

ON TAP	BOTTLED
SPIRIT OF THE WEST 15	BUBBLY SALLY
REAL FROSTY 12	COWBOY'S DREAM
ALE FOR BAIL 12	CATWALK ALE
REAL BREWSKIE 13	WILD BORE BREW
BEER FOR CHEER 11	REAL MAN'S BEER

A man with grey hair, wearing a black hoodie and blue jeans, is sitting in a dark brown leather booth in a restaurant. He is holding a black smartphone to his ear and talking. The restaurant has white brick walls and large windows that look out onto a city at night. A green upholstered chair is in the foreground, partially obscuring the view of the man. On the table in front of him are two glasses, one containing a drink with a straw. A speech bubble is positioned above the man's head, containing text.

HEY. IT'S ME... I KNOW, I KNOW, I SHOULD STOP CALLING,  
BUT HERE'S THE THING- I WAS THINKING ABOUT THAT ONE TIME  
WE GOT STUCK IN TRAFFIC FOR THREE HOURS, REMEMBER? YOU  
WERE RANTING ABOUT HOW MUCH YOU HATE COLDPLAY, AND THEN  
FIVE MINUTES LATER, YOU WERE SINGING ALONG TO FIX YOU.  
THAT WAS NICE. I MISS THAT. I MISS YOU.

A person wearing a blue hoodie is sitting at a dark wooden table. Their hands are resting on the table. There are several clear plastic glasses on the table, some containing a brown liquid. The background shows a dark, textured wall or booth.

ALSO, JUST SO YOU KNOW, I HAVEN'T BEEN TO THAT PIZZA PLACE WE USED TO GO TO BECAUSE I RESPECT THE BREAKUP BOUNDARIES. I MEAN, I TRIED GOING ONCE, BUT I JUST SAT THERE STARING AT THE MENU, FEELING LIKE AN IDIOT BECAUSE I COULDN'T DECIDE WHAT TO ORDER WITHOUT YOU. SO I JUST LEFT AND GOT MCDONALD'S INSTEAD.

A young man with grey hair is shown in a close-up, looking down and to the side while talking on a smartphone. He is wearing a dark jacket. The background consists of a brick wall and a window with a view of a city at night. The lighting is warm and focused on the man's face.

JOHN... WHAT DO YOU WANT?

AH- NOTHING!  
I MEAN- OKAY, SOMETHING,-



JOHN. IT'S BEEN MONTHS.

I HAVE A BOYFRIEND NOW.



BUT! YOU SAID YOU'LL LOVE ME FOREVER...

JOHN... PLEASE. I THOUGHT WE AGREED, NO MORE CALLS.

OKAY, TECHNICALLY, WE AGREED THAT YOU WOULDN'T CALL ME. I NEVER SAID ANYTHING ABOUT ME CALLING Y-

A man with short, grey hair is shown from the chest up, looking down at a black smartphone held in his right hand. He is wearing a dark blue or black zip-up hoodie. The background is a light-colored brick wall, with a warm, golden light source from the upper left casting soft shadows. Two speech bubbles are positioned to the right of the man's head.

SHE DIDN'T EVEN HESITATE.


SHE USED TO CALL ME 'DUMMY' WHEN  
I MESSED UP. NOW I'M JUST JOHN.



SHE'S REALLY DONE, HUH?

WHAT'S SHE DOING RIGHT NOW?  
SLEEPING PEACEFULLY? LAUGHING AT SOME  
DUMB ROM-COM WITH HER NEW GUY?

DOES SHE EVEN THINK ABOUT ME AT ALL?



*GOD, I SUCK.*

*I'M SO FUCKING PATHETIC...*

A dark, polished wooden table with a smartphone lying on it. The phone is a dark color with a prominent camera module on the back. In the background, there are four clear glasses on the table. A white speech bubble with a black border is positioned above the phone, containing the text '\* DRRRRR! DRRRRR! \*'. The lighting is dramatic, with a strong highlight on the table surface and the phone's camera lens.

*\* DRRRRR! DRRRRR! \**



*LUNA?!!*



LLUNA, SO YOU'VE  
CHANGED YOUR MIND??



LUNA WHO? AH, YOU  
MUST BE DRUNK AGAIN.

IT'S BLAKE, MAN. DON'T FORGET  
TOMORROW IS A BIG DAY! DON'T MESS UP,  
OKAY? AND DON'T DRINK AGAIN!

...OH. IT'S YOU.