A man with a short beard and tattoos on his arms is sitting in a car seat. He is wearing a dark grey tank top. The car's interior has light green fabric seats. A speech bubble is positioned above him, containing text. The background shows a blurred city street through the car window.

I'M TELLING YOU, WALD! THAT WAS SMOOTH.
THREE MILLION BUCKS, BACK TO DADDY.

A man with dark hair and a beard, wearing a light-colored tank top, is sitting in the driver's seat of a car. He is looking out the window with a slight smile. The car's interior is visible, including the seats and windows. A speech bubble is positioned to his left, containing the text: "AND NO ONE GOT SHOT! THAT'S A RECORD FOR US." The background outside the car is blurred, suggesting motion.

AND NO ONE GOT SHOT!
THAT'S A RECORD FOR US.



GENTLEMEN... YOU'RE WELCOME.

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS
WHEN YOU PLAN WITH A GENIUS.



I'M JUST SO GLAD IT'S NOT
A BUNCH OF CONDOMS, HAHA.



OR SOME PANTIES, BRAS,
A PAIR OF NASTY MEN'S UNDERWEAR...

OR WORSE-A USED SOCK
WITH SPERM STAINS, HAHAHA.



UH-WELL... THAT'S FUNNY...

EHM-DOESN'T HURT TO CHECK IT AGAIN, RIGHT?

BROOK!

YES, SIR!



UH...

A close-up, top-down view of a person's hands and arms as they look into an open suitcase. The suitcase is filled with folded clothing: a yellow shirt, a light blue shirt, and a bright pink tank top. The person is wearing a grey long-sleeved shirt and a tan hat. The suitcase's interior has a dark, patterned lining. A speech bubble is positioned above the suitcase.

WELL... IT REALLY IS A PANTY.




**IT'S A PILE OF PANTIES IN THERE!
IT'S A WHOLE FUCKING PANTY!**

W-WHAT?!

**I TOLD YOU- THAT
COP IS A MAGICIAN!**

HOW-



IS... IS THIS...

VICTORIA'S SECRET?



**WHAT THE FUCK, HANK!
SAY SOMETHING!**

**WAS IT YOUR NEW
'BOYFRIEND' WHO DID THIS?!**



NO.

3 HOURS EARLIER...



IT'S YOURS.






WHAT DO YOU WANT?




NOTHING. I JUST... I FEEL LIKE-
I OWE YOU. FOR... A LOT OF THINGS.



SO, YOU THINK GIVING THIS
BACK ERASES WHAT YOU DID?



NO. BUT MAYBE... IT'S A START.


A man and a woman are sitting at a dark wooden table in a room with stone walls and a large arched window. On the table is a large, light blue, textured duffel bag with multiple straps and zippers. The woman, on the left, has short black hair and is wearing a denim jacket. The man, on the right, has short brown hair and is wearing a black t-shirt and blue jeans. They appear to be in a conversation.

A START? YOU USED ME!
SURE, MAYBE YOU DIDN'T KNOW-
BUT STILL, YOU LIED TO ME.

YOU DON'T GET TO JUST DROP
THIS ON THE TABLE AND CALL IT EVEN.

I KNOW, AND I'M SORRY...
BUT I'M NOT CALLING IT EVEN.

I'M JUST... TRYING TO FIX
ONE THING. EVEN IF IT'S SMALL.



YOU'RE LUCKY I'M NOT
CUFFING YOU RIGHT NOW.




MAYBE I DESERVE IT.



MAYBE I COULD FORGIVE YOU...


MAYBE I COULDN'T...
I DON'T KNOW.



TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, HANK.



JOHN...



IF WE EVER MEET AGAIN
SOMEDAY... I'LL BUST YOU.