

DAYS LATER...

IT'S BEEN DAYS SINCE WE STARTED DIGGING,
AND IT'S LET US TO OUR FIFTH PLACE.

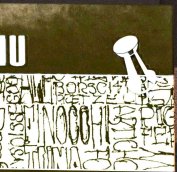


WELCOME! WHAT CAN I GET YOU TWO?

BAR MENU	
ON TAP	BOTTLED
SPIRIT OF THE WEST 15	BUBBLY SALTY
REAL FROSTY 12	COWBOY'S DREAM
ALE FOR BAL 12	CATWALK ALE
REAL BREWSKIE 18	WILD BOBE BREW
BEER FOR CHEER 11	REAL MAN'S BEER

BEER, PLEASE.

VODKA MARTINI. DIRTY.
AND... MAYBE A LIL' GOSSIP IF
YOU'RE FEELING GENEROUS.



BOTTLED

- BUBBLY SALLY
- COWBOY'S DREAM
- CATWALK ALE

ONE VODKA MARTINI, ONE BEER. HERE YOU GO.

SO, WHAT GOSSIP DO YOU WANT ME TO SPILL?

BAR

ON TAP

SPRIT OF THE WEST	15
REAL FROSTY	17
ALE FOR BAIL	12
REAL BEYEWIDE	11
BEER FOR CHEER	11

YOUR SPIRITS

A close-up photograph of a person's hand with light-colored nail polish resting on a stack of Euro banknotes on a dark green table. The background is a blurred indoor setting with a wooden floor and a green circular object on the table.

WE'RE LOOKING FOR SOME INFO.
A TALL BLONDE GUY, AND ANOTHER
ONE WITH SPIKED HAIR.

DID YOU SEE ANY OF THOSE
PEOPLE AROUND HERE?



NOW YOU'RE SPEAKING THE LANGUAGE.

SO... YOU KNOW THEM OR NAH?



YOU'RE DESCRIBING HALF
THE DUDES WHO ROLL THROUGH HERE.
BUT-BLONDE GUY? I KNOW HIM.

COMES HERE MOST WEEKENDS.
GETS WASTED ON GIN, CRIES OVER A GIRL,
THEN LEAVES HIS TAB UNPAID.

LOOKS LIKE THE KIND OF GUY
WHO GETS DUMPED BY TEXT AND
STILL REPLIES 'I UNDERSTAND.'


A man with short dark hair and light eyes is sitting in a diner. He is wearing a light blue denim button-down shirt over a dark brown V-neck t-shirt. He is looking out a window to his right, which shows a city street at night with illuminated buildings and streetlights. The diner has white brick walls and a dark brown leather booth. A menu is visible on the table to the left.

THAT'S PROBABLY THE GUY.



LAST TIME I SAW HIM,
HE WAS SLURRING AEROSMITH
LYRICS INTO HIS GLASS.

POOR BASTARD!



HE'S GOT THIS BUDDY-
SPIKY HAIR, SERIOUS FACE.

CARRIED HIM OUT LIKE A SACK
OF POTATOES. HAVEN'T SEEN THAT
GUY SINCE, THOUGH.

BUT I REMEMBER SPIKY ONCE
SAYING HE LIKES TO SWIM AT THE PARK
POOL JUST NORTH OF TOWN.

A close-up shot of a man with short dark hair and a slight smile, wearing a blue denim shirt over a dark V-neck t-shirt. He is looking slightly to his left. The background is a dimly lit bar with white brick walls, a window showing a street scene at night, and a framed picture of a flame on the wall. A yellow diamond-shaped sign is visible through the window.

AND, IF YOU HANG AROUND
TILL THE WEEKEND, BLONDIE USUALLY
STUMBLES IN HERE LIKE CLOCKWORK.

THAT'S DEFINITELY OUR GUY.



YEAH! NOT BAD FOR THAT \$100 BRIBE.

LATER AT THE HOTEL...



A man and a woman are sitting on a rooftop terrace at night, facing each other. The man is on the left, wearing a light blue button-down shirt and black shorts, holding a glass. The woman is on the right, wearing a dark t-shirt and dark pants. They are sitting on wooden chairs with patterned cushions. In the background, there is a railing and a view of a city at night with many lights. Five speech bubbles are floating above them, containing their conversation.

ARE WE SURE ABOUT THIS?

IT'S 3 MILLION DOLLARS.

YEAH, BUT WE COULD DO THIS ANOTHER TIME. MAYBE LAY LOW FOR A BIT.

AND WAIT WHAT-YEARS? I CAN'T WAIT THAT LONG.


THAT WAS OUR BIGGEST DEAL, MAN. AND NOW MARINO'S HANDING US A SECOND CHANCE.

A man with dark, wavy hair is sitting on a wooden chair with a patterned cushion on a balcony at night. He is wearing a dark, short-sleeved, ribbed t-shirt and dark trousers. He is looking off to the side with a thoughtful expression. The balcony has a metal railing with a glass sphere on top. In the background, a city skyline is visible at night, with lights reflecting on water. A potted plant is on the balcony behind him.

STILL FEELS RUSHED.

LOOK, WALD... THIS MIGHT BE
MY LAST JOB. I WANNA MARRY KAY,
HAVE A NORMAL LIFE...

WHITE FENCE, BREAKFAST,
DOG POOP ON THE PORCH-ALL OF IT.

A man with short dark hair, wearing a light blue denim shirt over a black t-shirt and black shorts, is sitting on a wooden chair with patterned cushions. He is on a rooftop at night, with a city skyline and lights visible in the background. He has a thoughtful expression, with his hand near his chin. Two speech bubbles are positioned to his right.


YOU SAY THAT EVERY TIME.
'THIS IS MY FINAL JOB, I SWEAR...'
AND BOOM-

NEXT MONTH, WE'RE SMUGGLING
DIAMONDS IN A BLENDER.



YEAH, BUT THIS TIME?
ONCE WE WRAP UP THESE
TWO SCUMBAGS...

I'M OUT. FOR REAL.

A man with short dark hair, wearing a light blue button-down shirt over a black t-shirt and black shorts, sits on a wooden armchair with patterned cushions on a rooftop. He is looking slightly to his right with a neutral expression. The background shows a vast cityscape at night, illuminated by numerous lights, with a dark blue sky above. A metal railing with a spherical finial is visible to the right.

WELL... YOUR CHOICE, MAN.
JUST DON'T GO DYING ON ME.

NOW, LET'S TALK TARGETS.

A man with dark hair and a denim jacket is looking out at a city at night. The city lights are visible in the background, and the man is wearing a denim jacket over a dark V-neck shirt. The scene is set on a rooftop or balcony with a metal railing.

WE GOT A BLONDE SAD BOY WITH WOMEN
ISSUES AND A SPIKED HAIR MAN WHO MAYBE
LISTENS TO TOO MUCH LINKIN PARK.

HOW MANY DUDES HAVE
SPIKED HAIR IN THIS TOWN?
WHAT IS THIS, 2007?



I KNOW RIGHT? HONESTLY,
SOUNDS EASIER THAN I EXPECTED.

SO, HOW'S THE PLAN?



WE SPLIT UP.
I'LL HUNT DOWN SPIKY. YOU?
YOU CHARM BLONDIE.

SINCE HE'S A SUCKER FOR
WOMEN, I'M SURE YOUR SKILLS
WILL BE PUT TO GOOD USE.



HAH, FAIR ENOUGH. THIS TIME,
I DON'T REALLY MIND THAT...

SINCE IT'S GOING TO BE
MY LAST JOB ANYWAY.

LATER...


HEY, BABY... SORRY,
I DIDN'T WANNA CALL THIS LATE, BUT...
I JUST NEEDED TO HEAR YOUR VOICE.





DON'T 'BABY' ME.
WHAT HAPPENED THIS TIME?

PLEASE TELL ME YOU DIDN'T GET SHOT AGAIN.



DEFINE HICCUP!

NAH, NOT THIS TIME.
WE'RE BOTH IN ONE PIECE. JUST...
DEALING WITH A LITTLE HICCUP.

HANK! WHEN'S THIS ALL GONNA
END? EVERY TIME I HEAR FROM YOU,
IT'S DANGER, GUNS, NOW THIS?!

SO, THAT WAS A FLUKE. THIS TIME
IT'S DIFFERENT. WE JUST LOST SOMETHING
AND WE'RE TRYING TO GET IT BACK.

A woman with dark, wavy hair is shown from the waist up, talking on a blue smartphone. She is wearing a dark, short-sleeved, textured top and a dark belt. She is standing on a balcony with a wooden floor and a metal railing. In the background, there is a city skyline at night, a potted plant, and a chair with a patterned cushion. Two speech bubbles are present, containing dialogue.

I KNOW, I KNOW.
BUT THIS TIME IT'S DIFFERENT.
IT'S THREE MILLION, KAY.

WE'VE GOT A PLAN. A CLEAN ONE.
AND WE'RE GETTING IT BACK.



JESUS, HANK!
JUST FIND A NORMAL JOB...

IT'S NOT ABOUT THE MONEY...
I... I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOU.



I SWEAR, AFTER THIS.

JUST... WAIT FOR ME A BIT LONGER, OKAY?