




IT'S BEEN THIRTY MINUTES.
NOT EVEN A WORD.
IS HE MUTE? OR JUST...
REALLY, REALLY DUMB?


OR MAYBE...
I'M NOT PRETTY ENOUGH?!
UGH! WHY DOES THIS PISS ME OFF SO MUCH!


HOLY MOTHER OF-
THIS IS INSANE. A HOT, SEXY-ASS WOMAN IS SITTING BESIDE ME!
IS SHE INTO ME?


SHIT. I'M TREMBLING.
GET IT TOGETHER, JOHN.
THIS IS YOUR CHANCE. MAKE A MOVE!
YOU HAVE TO SAY SOMETHING SMOOTH. SOMETHING CHARMING.
MAKE HER COMFORTABLE.


UH... HEY.


EHM- HERE'S THE THING. I'M NOT GREAT AT THIS. TALKING TO STRANGERS, I-I MEAN...
YES..?


BUT I SAW YOU AND...
THIS SOUNDS CRAZY- BUT I THINK
I MIGHT BE IN LOVE WITH YOU.


SERIOUSLY?
THIS GUY IS AN IDIOT!


NOT GOOD, HUH?
I'VE NEVER OPENED WITH A COMPLIMENT BEFORE. MY EX SAYS I SUCK AT IT.
WELL, SHE DIDN'T LIE.
BUT ATLEAST- IT'S... ORIGINAL.
BEATS "NICE DRESS" OR "DO YOU COME HERE OFTEN."
BAR MENU
BOTTLED


YOU DO HAVE A NICE DRESS, THOUGH.
NOT THAT I WAS LOOKING. I MEAN, I WAS- BUT NOT IN A WEIRD WAY.
OH GOD, I'M TALKING TOO MUCH.


UH-HUH, YOU DO TALK A LOT, DON'T YOU?
SO, ROMEO... SHOULD I BE THE ONE ASKING YOUR NAME?


MY NAME IS JOHN.
AND I'M A COP AROUND HERE.
BINGO! HE'S THE ONE.
BUT... JOHN?! CAN'T BE THAT JOHN, THE NAME'S TOO COMMON. BESIDES, THIS JOHN IS... HANDSOME.


OH, YOU MUST BE SO BUSY CHASING BAD GUYS, HUH?
YEAH, I'VE CAUGHT LOTS OF BAD GUYS...


BUT... YOU'RE NOT ON DUTY RIGHT NOW, RIGHT, OFFICER?
NO.
IT'S NOT THE BAD GUYS THAT I'M CHASING RIGHT NOW.


WELL...
NICE TO MEET YOU, JOHN.
I'M *LEA*. LEA DANES.


LEA... WHAT A BEAUTIFUL NAME.
SO, LEA, WHO ARE YOU..?


WELL, SINCE YOU'RE A COP, TELL ME, AM I :
A) A MAGAZINE WRITER WHO HATES EVERYTHING SHE WRITES.
B) AN EX-ARMY TURNED WOOD CRAFTER.


OR...
C) AN ASSASSIN WHO SEDUCES LONELY SOULS AT MIDNIGHT.


OKAY, WELL...
I'VE BEEN READING MAGAZINES FOR QUITE A WHILE NOW, AND I'VE NEVER SEEN YOUR NAME IN THE CREDITS.
ALSO, YOUR HANDS ARE WAY TOO SOFT, AND YOUR BODY'S TOO SKINNY TO BE IN THE ARMY.


WHICH ONLY LEAVES US WITH 'C'.
SO... WHEN EXACTLY DO YOU WANT TO MURDER ME, MISS ASSASSIN?


JOHN... YOU'RE SO FUNNY~
AND I PREFER 'FUNNY' MEN.


LEA...
YOU ARE VERY PRETTY.


JOHN...
IT'S GETTING LATE...
WOULD YOU... WALK ME HOME..?


SURE.


LATER...




LOOK AT HIM.
SO FULL OF HOPE OVER A STRANGER HE JUST MET.


SO DESPERATE TO FEEL SOMETHING GOOD AGAIN.
GOD, HE HAS NO IDEA.


NO IDEA THAT TONIGHT...
MIGHT BE THE LAST GOOD THING HE'LL EVER FEEL.