LATER, ON THE YACHT...

YOU KNOW, MOST WOMEN WHO COME ABOARD SPEND THE FIRST HOUR TELLING ME HOW WONDERFUL I AM.

AND HERE I THOUGHT YOU INVITED ME BECAUSE YOU WERE TIRED OF HEARING THAT.

HA! TOUCHE. SO, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF ME SO FAR?

WELL, THE YACHT IS IMPRESSIVE. THE CHAMPAGNE'S GOOD. AND YOU HAVEN'T BORED ME TO DEATH YET.

NOT BAD THEN...

TELL ME SOMETHING, VICTORIA. IS THERE A LUCKY MAN WAITING FOR YOU BACK HOME?

WOULD YOU BLAME ME IF I WERE?

WHY? ARE YOU PLANNING TO BE JEALOUS?

THAT DEPENDS. ARE YOU ALWAYS THIS POSSESSIVE WITH WOMEN YOU'VE JUST MET?

ONLY WHEN I'M TEMPTED TO MAKE SURE THEY DON'T LEAVE TOO SOON.

GREAT, AN HOUR OF FLIRTING... UGH, I'M SO SICK OF THIS!

WHY THE HELL IS DAMON BUSY TALKING TO THAT BODYGUARD?! ISN'T THIS SUPPOSED TO BE HIS JOB?

SERIOUSLY, WHAT'S YOUR ROUTINE? PUSH, PULL, LEGS?

MAN... I BARELY MAKE IT THREE.

SIX DAYS A WEEK. CHEST TWICE. AND I NEVER SKIP LEG DAY.

WELL, I THINK I'M GONNA GRAB ANOTHER ROUND FOR YOU BOYS~ IF THAT'S OKAY WITH YOU?

OF COURSE! JUST DON'T GET LOST OUT THERE, OKAY?

I COULD ACCOMPANY YOU, MISS. THIS YACHT'S BIGGER THAN IT LOOKS. IT'S EASY TO TAKE A WRONG TURN.

OOH, SUCH A GENTLEMAN! THAT'D BE PERFECT. YOU TWO HAVE FUN UP HERE~

YEAH... BRING ME SOMETHING STRONG, OKAY?

OKAY THEN... LOOKS LIKE IT'S MY TURN.

MEANWHILE, AT THE REESE BUILDING...

SURRENDER? DID I HEAR THAT RIGHT?

HAHAHAHA!

YOU HEAR THAT, BOYS? HE WALKS IN HERE ALONE, HANDS ON HIS HEAD, AND TELLS ME TO SURRENDER!

YOU MUST'VE HIT YOUR HEAD ON THE WAY UP, HECTOR!

HUH... WELL...

THEN HOW ABOUT THIS? LET'S TALK ABOUT YOUR BOYS' LITTLE SECRETS.

LET'S START WITH YOU, TOUGH GUY. STILL TELLING EVERYONE YOU DID FIVE YEARS UPSTATE?

IT WAS EIGHT MONTHS. FOR STEALING A MALL SANTA'S SLEIGH.

H-HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?!

AND YOU... PAUL, RIGHT? DOES THE BOSS KNOW ABOUT YOUR BOYFRIEND? OFFICER DANNY, PRECINCT NINE. CUTE COUPLE.

HUH?! WHAT?!

AND YOU, HUGO. REMEMBER THAT PHOTO YOU ACCIDENTALLY POSTED ON FACEBOOK YEARS AGO? YOU, IN YOUR MAMA'S PINK PANTIES WITH THE LITTLE HEARTS? YOU DELETED IT AFTER FIVE MINUTES... BUT I'VE GOT A SCREENSHOT.

NO, NO, THAT'S FAKE! IT WAS ONE TIME! IT WAS LAUNDRY DAY!

THEN YOU, MY PAL BRUNO. WHAT WOULD YOUR WIFE SAY ABOUT THOSE 'BUSINESS TRIPS' TO THE APARTMENT ON FIFTH STREET... AND THE GIRL YOU KEEP THERE?

...ARE YOU BLACKMAILING US?!

WELL... YEAH.

IF CHRIS AND I AREN'T OUT OF HERE IN FIFTEEN MINUTES, MY GUY POSTS EVERYTHING. YOUR FRIENDS, YOUR FAMILIES, EVERYONE YOU KNOW... THEY'LL ALL FIND OUT YOUR LITTLE SECRETS.

HOW THE HELL DOES HECTOR KNOW ALL THAT...? QUERY. IT'S GOTTA BE QUERY'S WORK...

DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF IT, BOSS! HE'S LYING!

B-BUT WHAT IF IT'S TRUE?! WE'RE... I'M... WE'RE FUCKED, BOSS! JUST LIKE THESE GUYS!

DAMN IT...!

YOU'RE ONE LUCKY BASTARD, HECTOR.

LUCKY? NAH.

I'M JUST MORE PREPARED.