



One more step and she dies.

I ain't foolin'.

Think about this, Clay!

She signed a waiver before she was allowed in to interview you!

We don't negotiate!

Ohgod ohgodoh god!



Shut up, lady!

We're trying to save you!



Please! Please! I've got two boys at home. Their names are Teddy and--

Ahh!

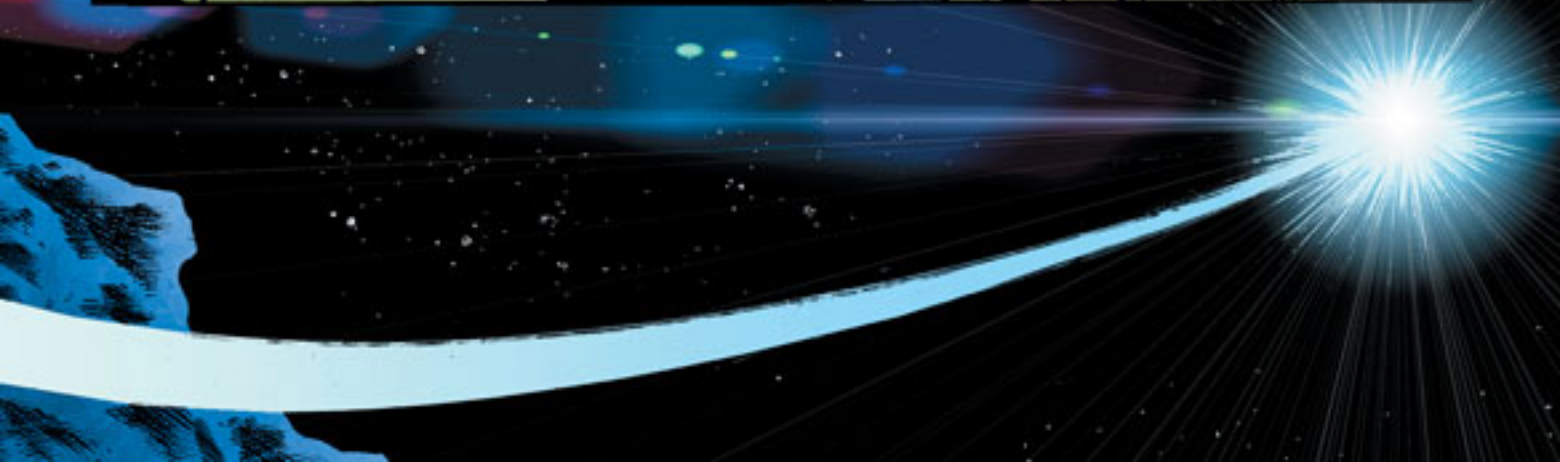
You boys heard the stories. 'Bout how many armed men I killed with my bare hands.

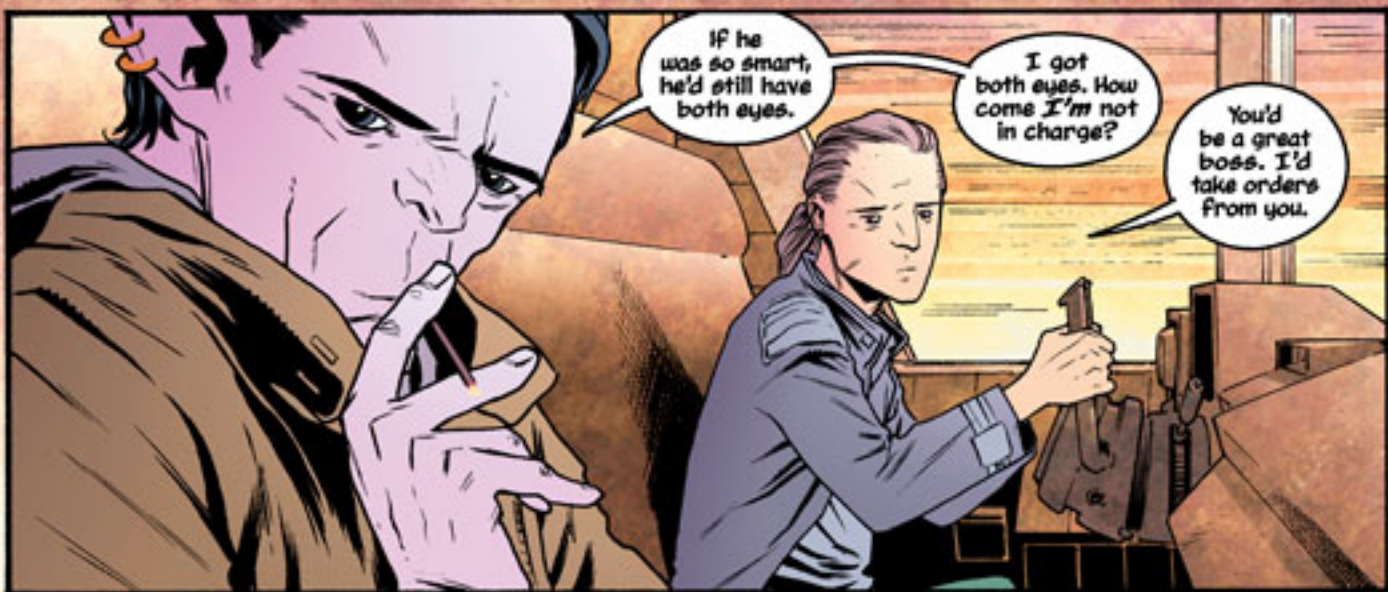
You really want to find out if they're true?



...

Okay... all right...







All due respect?

I lost count how many times that brother of yours got us in trouble.

I didn't sign onto this gang to be a babysitter.

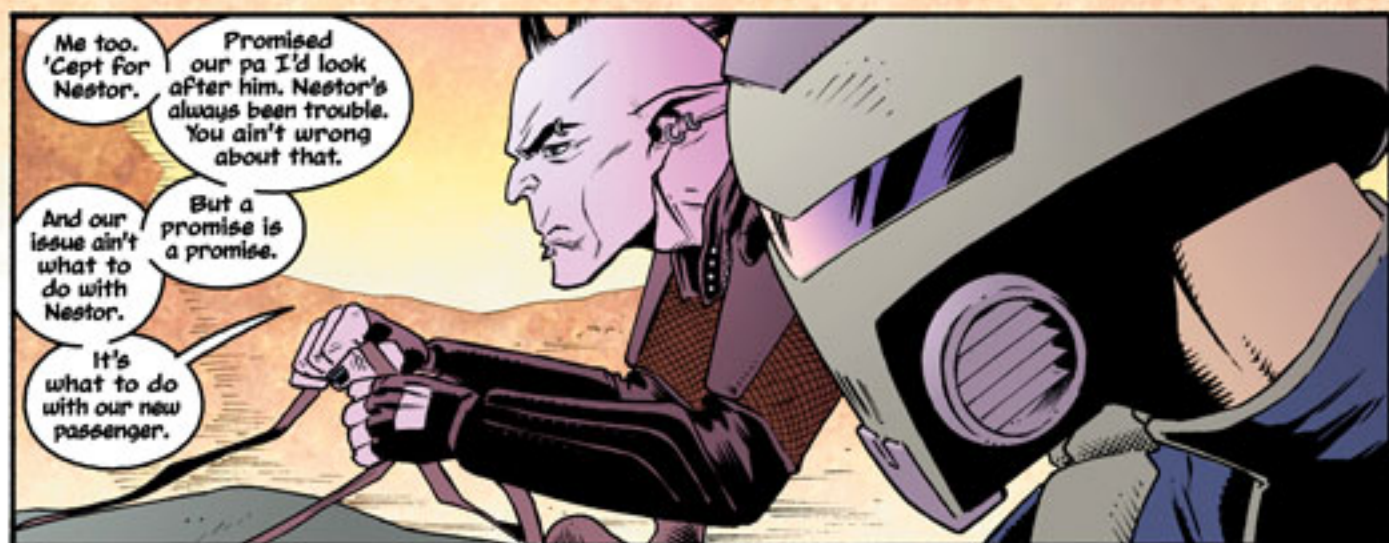
You got a funny way of showing respect.



Sorry. I just meant--

I know what you meant. You got kin, Pierce?

All dead.



Me too. 'Cept for Nestor.

Promised our pa I'd look after him. Nestor's always been trouble. You ain't wrong about that.

And our issue ain't what to do with Nestor.

But a promise is a promise.

It's what to do with our new passenger.



Brexinfoyle, come in.

How's our precious cargo?

So far, so good...

He's still out cold, near's I can tell.

He hadn't better be dead.

He's alive. I can hear him breathing back there.

*I'm just sayin'. He dies, I hold you personally responsible. He's our only piece of leverage.*

Ain't nobody killing him. Relax, boss.

Brexinfoyle out.

So how's it feel to be so important?