

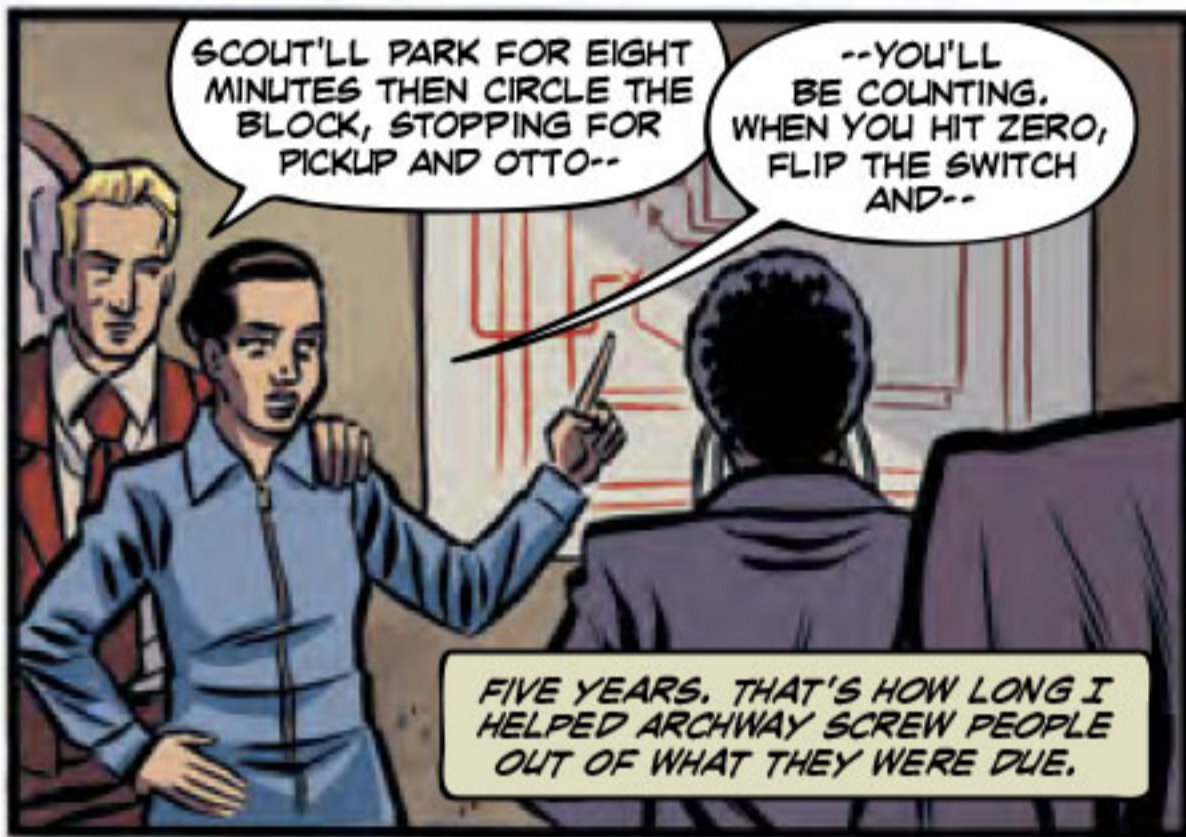


LET'S DO THIS THING.

FIVE YEARS. THAT'S HOW LONG THEY SAY I HAVE TO LIVE.

HALF AS LONG AS IT WOULD TAKE ME TO PAY OFF MY HEART.

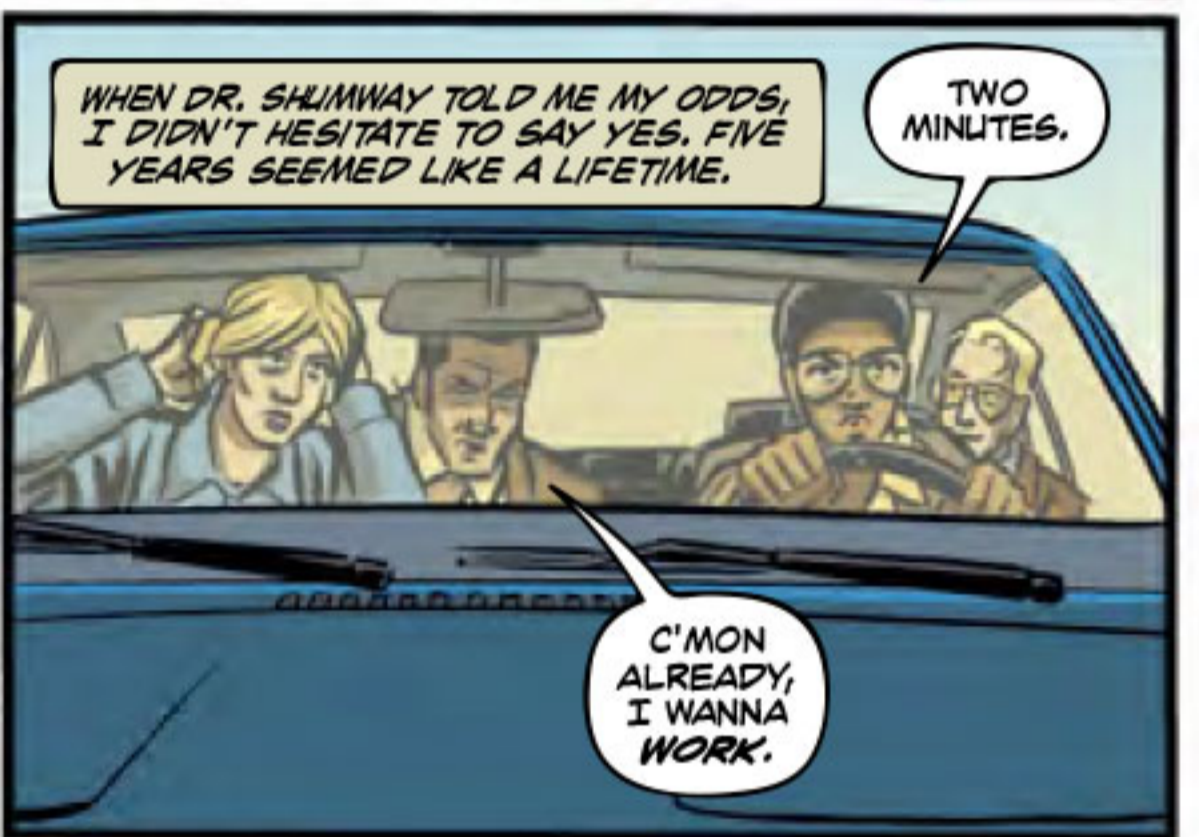
PROBABLY SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THAT.



SCOUT'LL PARK FOR EIGHT MINUTES THEN CIRCLE THE BLOCK, STOPPING FOR PICKUP AND OTTO--

--YOU'LL BE COUNTING. WHEN YOU HIT ZERO, FLIP THE SWITCH AND--

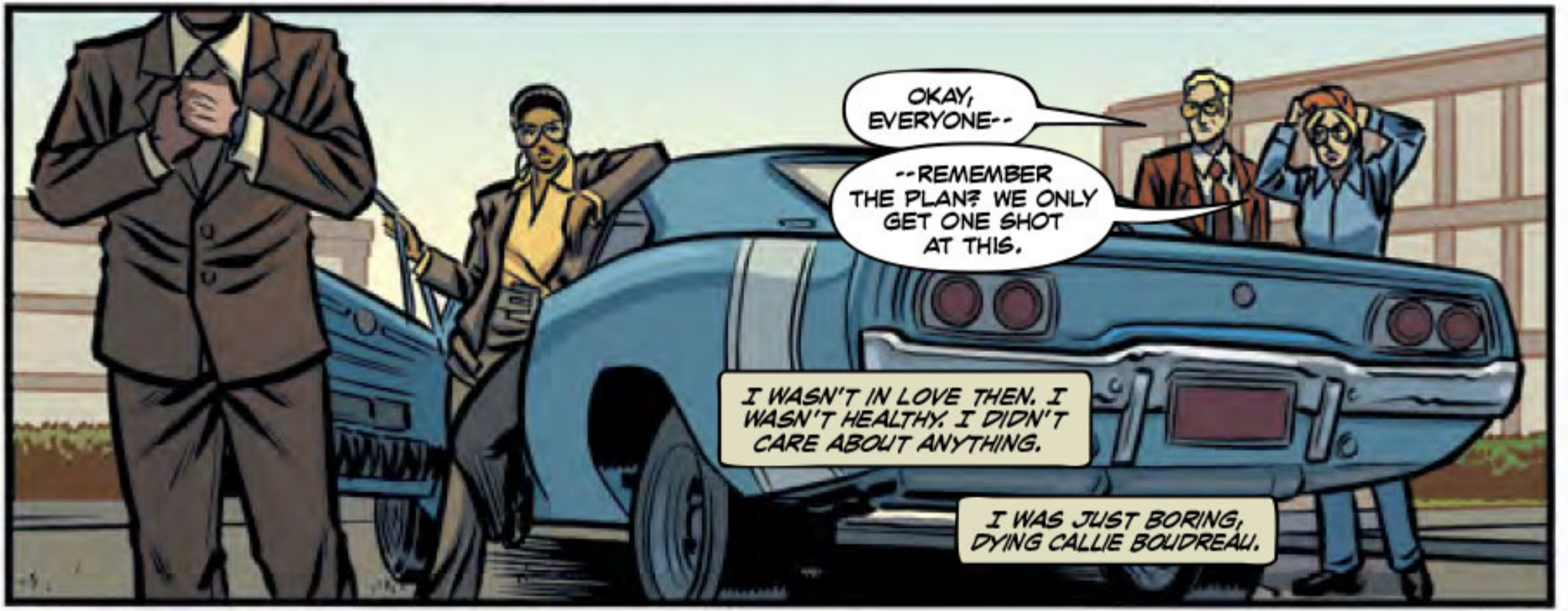
FIVE YEARS. THAT'S HOW LONG I HELPED ARCHWAY SCREW PEOPLE OUT OF WHAT THEY WERE DUE.



WHEN DR. SHUMWAY TOLD ME MY ODDS, I DIDN'T HESITATE TO SAY YES. FIVE YEARS SEEMED LIKE A LIFETIME.

TWO MINUTES.

C'MON ALREADY, I WANNA WORK.



OKAY, EVERYONE--

--REMEMBER THE PLAN? WE ONLY GET ONE SHOT AT THIS.

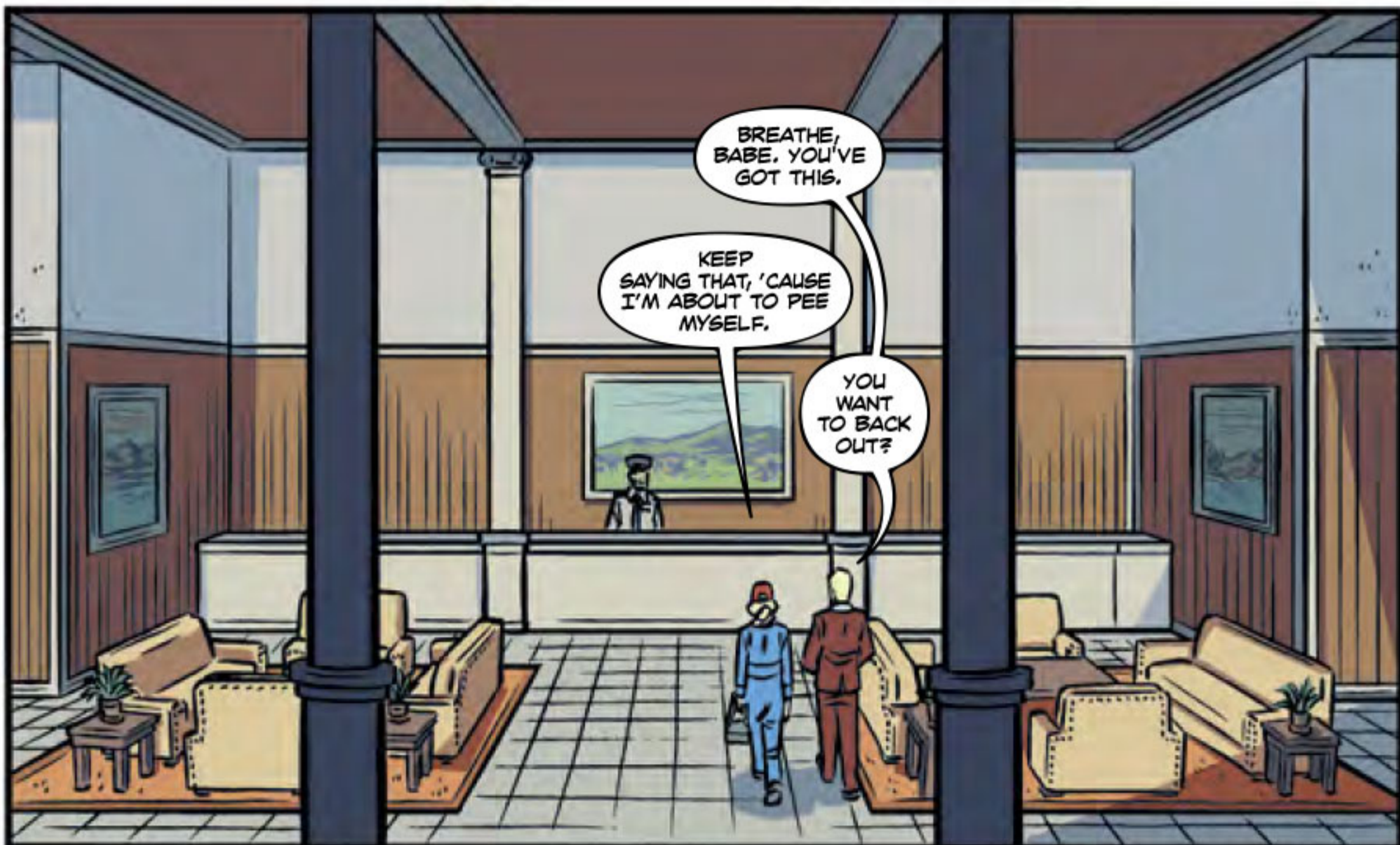
I WASN'T IN LOVE THEN. I WASN'T HEALTHY. I DIDN'T CARE ABOUT ANYTHING.

I WAS JUST BORING, DYING CALLIE BOULDREAU.



LET'S GO GET RICH.

NOW I'M MUCH BETTER.



BREATHE, BABE. YOU'VE GOT THIS.

KEEP SAYING THAT, 'CAUSE I'M ABOUT TO PEE MYSELF.

YOU WANT TO BACK OUT?



I CAN DO THIS, MERCER. I DON'T NEED TO BE TALKED OUT OF IT.

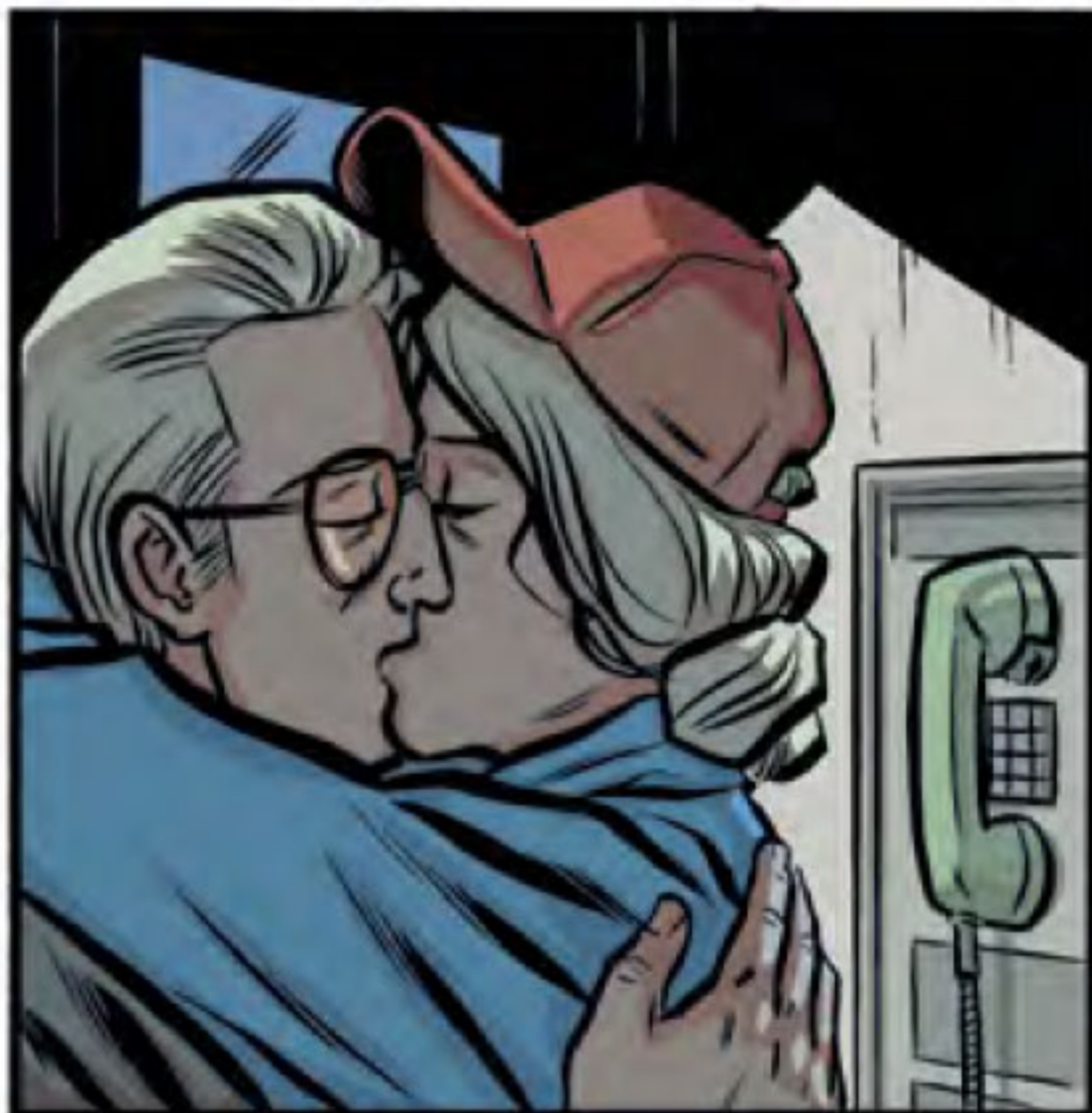


I KNOW. I WANTED TO GIVE YOU THE OPTION.

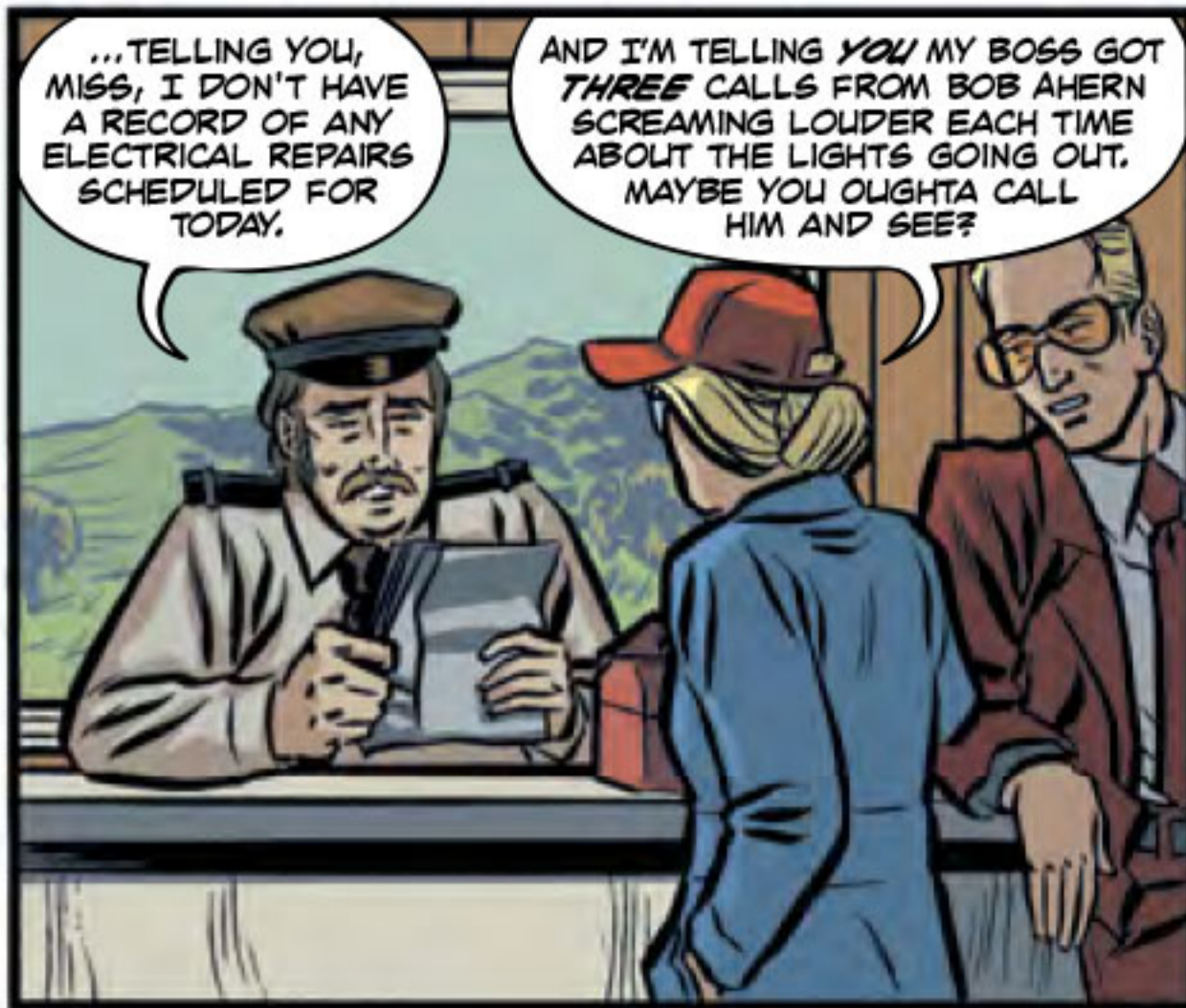
THIS IS THE ONLY OPTION IF I'M GONNA SET THINGS RIGHT.

SO WHY ARE WE IN HERE?

'CAUSE I WANT TO DO THIS FIRST. JUST IN CASE.



NOW I'VE GOT THIS.



...TELLING YOU, MISS, I DON'T HAVE A RECORD OF ANY ELECTRICAL REPAIRS SCHEDULED FOR TODAY.

AND I'M TELLING YOU MY BOSS GOT THREE CALLS FROM BOB AHERN SCREAMING LOUDER EACH TIME ABOUT THE LIGHTS GOING OUT. MAYBE YOU OUGHTA CALL HIM AND SEE?



THAT'S OKAY. I BEEN YELLED AT PLENTY TODAY.

GO ON UP.



WHAT WAS WITH THAT ACCENT?

HOLD IT! STOP!



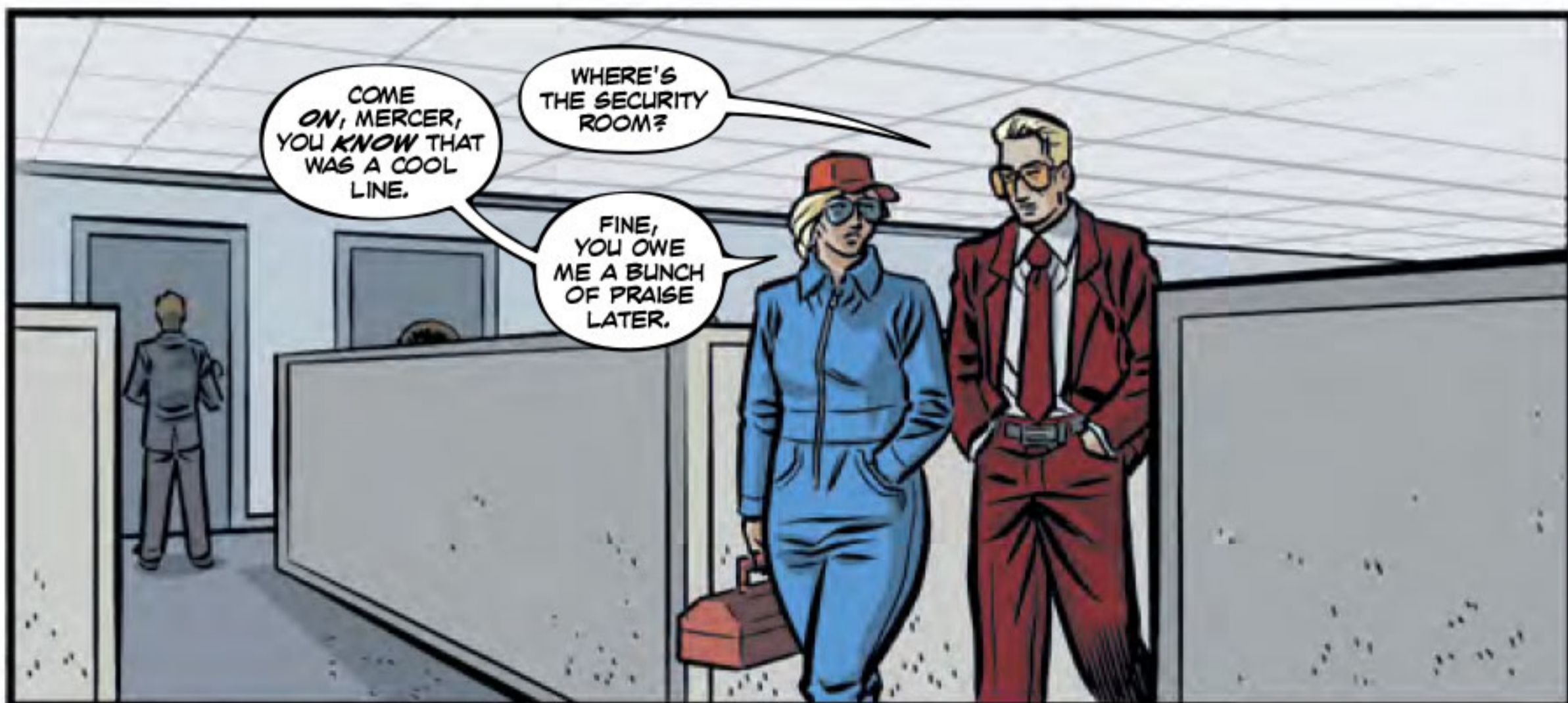
YOU FORGOT TO SIGN IN.

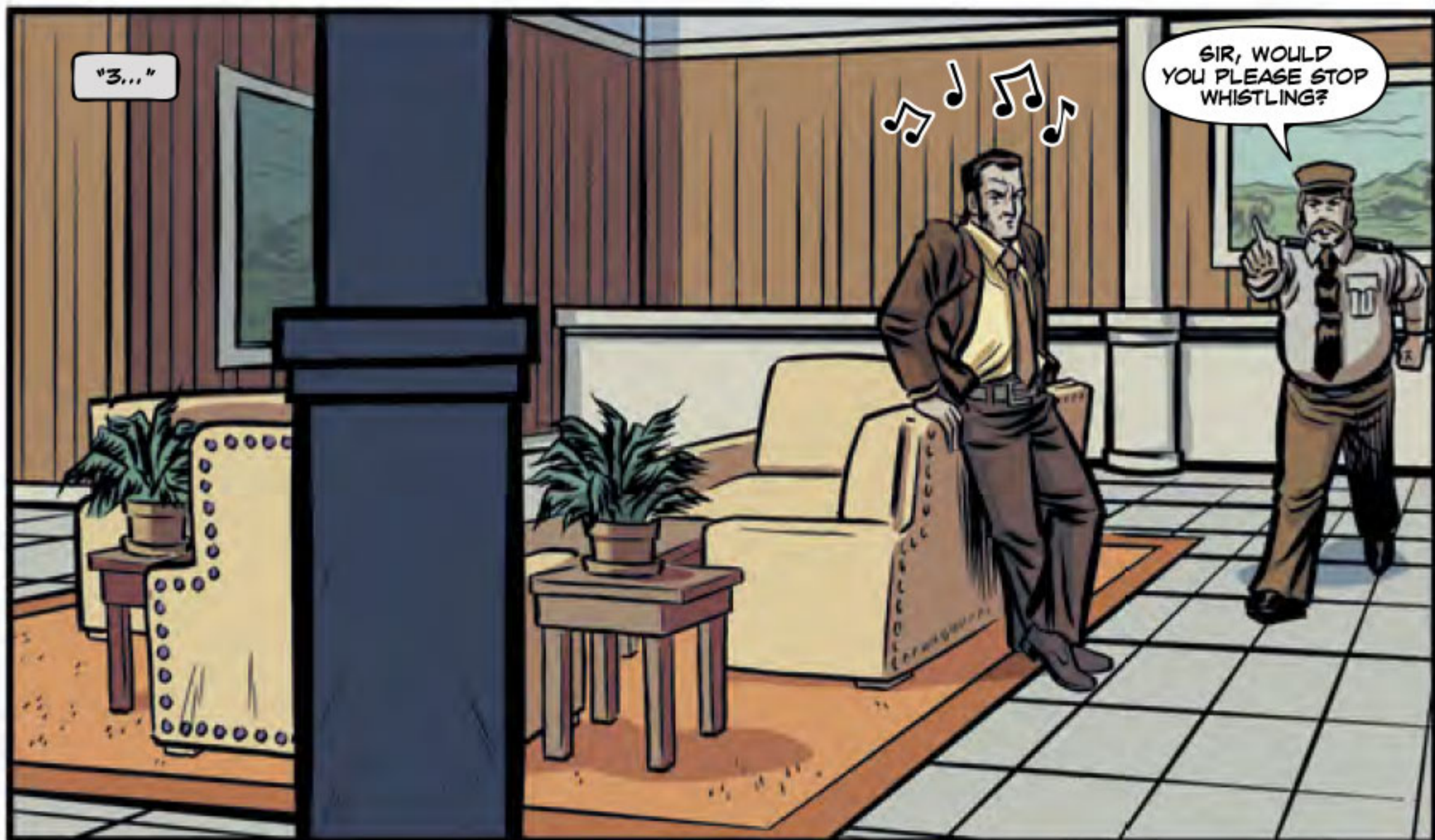
RIGHT. SORRY, HAVEN'T HAD MY COFFEE YET.



GOOD LUCK.

DON'T BELIEVE IN LUCK.





"THE CHAIN" IS THE ONLY SONG ON THE ALBUM FLEETWOOD MAC WROTE TOGETHER.

FEELS LIKE A SIGN. EVERYONE WORKING IN SYNC TO MAKE THAT ONE THING HAPPEN.

I HUM IT LOUD, TRYING TO HEAR IT OVER THE TORCH, THE ALARMS BLARING ALL AROUND ME.



ALARMS MEAN OTTO'S DOING HIS JOB. PROFESSIONAL ██████████ BUT ONE WHO CAN FIGHT.

LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO TAKE WHAT ARCHWAY OWES.

TWO MINUTES.

AND THEN SOME. SO MUCH MONEY I CAN'T COUNT IT.

ENOUGH FOR A FEW HEART TRANSPLANTS.

OR SOME JUSTICE.

ENOUGH TO MAKE SURE I SLEEP SOUNDLY AT NIGHT.

KEEP TRYING, PIGS. I GOT ALL DAY.

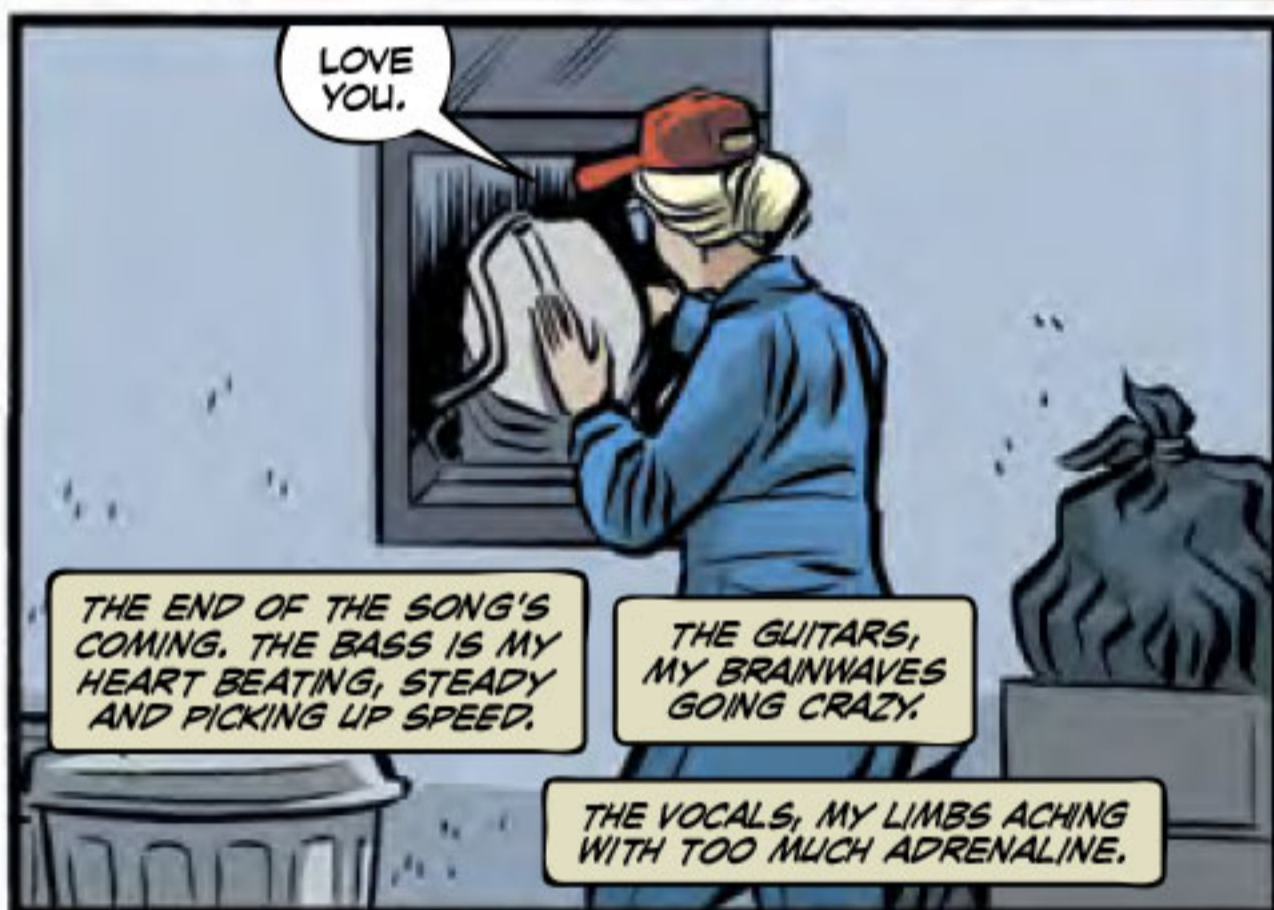
KRASH



"FOUR MINUTES."

"SO HELPFUL, HONEY."

"SORRY."

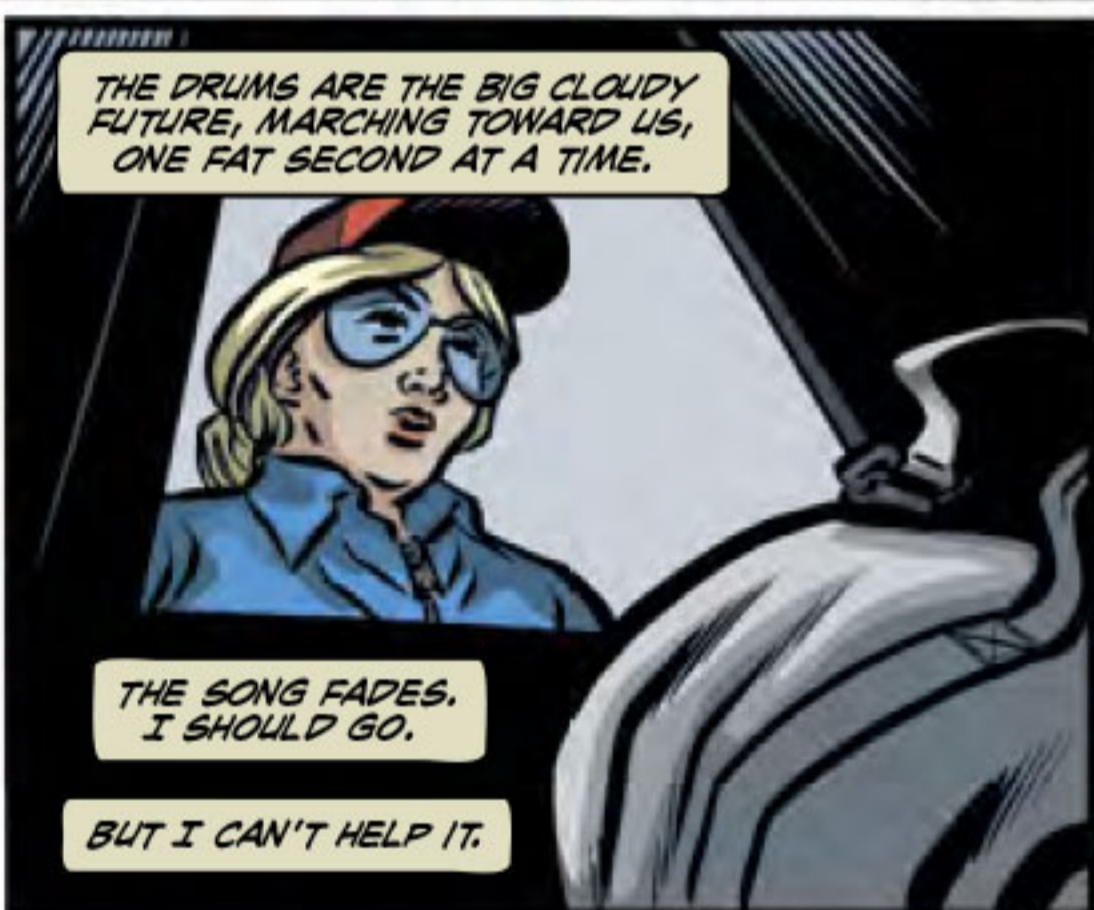


LOVE YOU.

THE END OF THE SONG'S COMING. THE BASS IS MY HEART BEATING, STEADY AND PICKING UP SPEED.

THE GUITARS, MY BRAINWAVES GOING CRAZY.

THE VOCALS, MY LIMBS ACHING WITH TOO MUCH ADRENALINE.



THE DRUMS ARE THE BIG CLOUDY FUTURE, MARCHING TOWARD US, ONE FAT SECOND AT A TIME.

THE SONG FADES. I SHOULD GO.

BUT I CAN'T HELP IT.



IF MERCER SAYS THE TIME AGAIN, I DON'T HEAR HIM.

I'VE LIFTED THE NEEDLE, STARTED THE SONG OVER.

I'M FORTY SECONDS FROM GETTING AWAY WITH MY BIGGEST CRIME YET.

BUT MAYBE I CAN FIT ANOTHER IN BEFORE I GO.



JESUS, LADY!
HI BARRY.

FWAM



STOP! DO I EVEN KNOW YOU?

NOT ANYMORE.



BUT I KNOW YOU.



NO-- THINK



I'M SORRY...

KRAK



...CALLIE.

THWOK

I HOPE THAT FELT GOOD, BABE.



WHAT DID... OH...

'CAUSE IT'S GONNA COST US.