



Mister Mayor... wait!



You...you still have meetings.

And other mayor things.



That'll have to wait Marissa.

Something more important's come up.



Oh, really?



And what could be more important than running this city?



Mister Hickory,  
I've just learned  
that Clara believes the  
mayor's wife either  
killed him, or had  
him killed.

She's on her  
way to confront  
the prostitute  
the mayor was  
sleeping with.



And you're  
racing off to...  
what? Provide  
backup? Like a  
good deputy?

Well I  
got news for  
you. You ain't  
a deputy no  
more. You're  
a mayor.

Time  
to start  
acting  
like it.



I wanted this  
murder treated  
like a political  
assassination.

But since  
it seems like that  
horse has left the  
barn, we need to think  
through the ramifications  
of a mayor who got  
killed by his damned  
wife. Or girlfriend.  
Or whatever.



Your job is  
to help me figure  
out what's best  
for this city. Even  
if it ain't what's  
best for Sheriff  
Bronson.



So this working gal was killed the same way as the mayor?



If I didn't know any better, I might think you doubted my professional opinion.



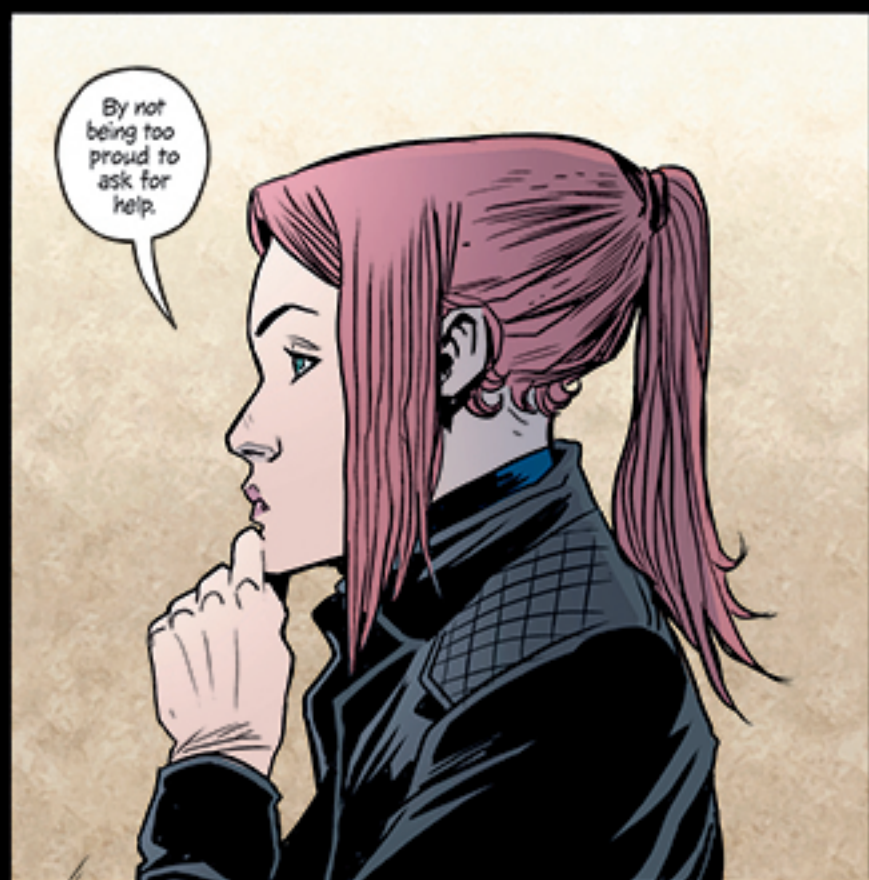
Well, keep in mind you ain't a coroner by trade. You're the town doctor.

And by the swell of your breath, you're already half in the bag.



I found the same kinda killer worm in both the mayor and his hooker friend.

And I coulda made that call *all* the way in the bag.





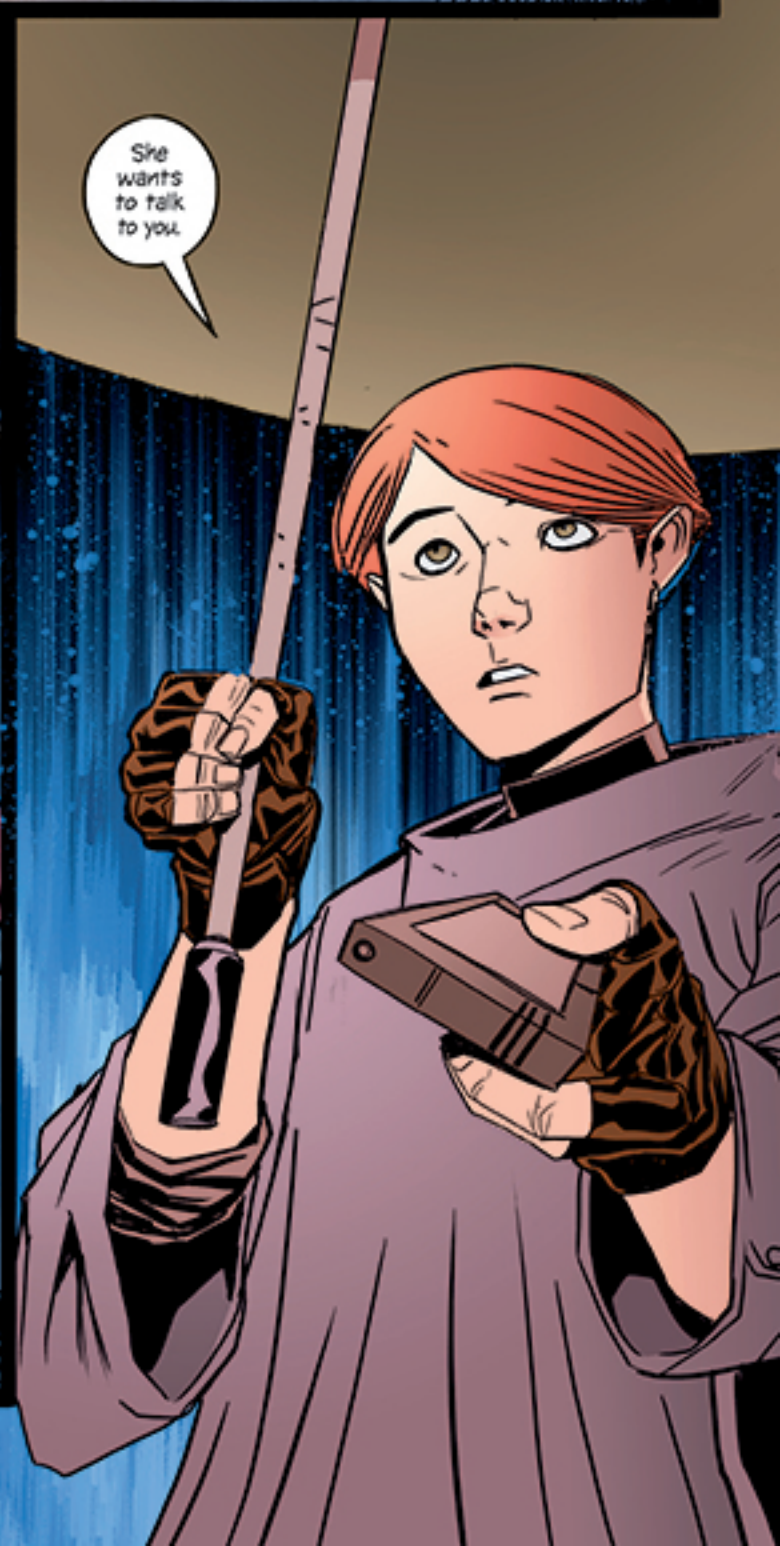
Ishmael?



Heckwa  
night for  
a stroll.



My  
mom's  
on the  
phone.



She  
wants  
to talk  
to you.