



Sam Rover spent a lot of time in small spaces.

As a child, his old brothers Teo and Ricky would force him into trunks, lockers and closets.



And now Sam found himself again in a small space to recuperate.

A maintenance worker's shed behind the local golf course.



Hiding from his brothers.

Becoming paranoid.



Afraid they would return and inflict more pain.

But what he didn't expect was...

... other people
to be looking
for him.

HELLO,
SAM.

I THINK
WE SHOULD
TALK.

The golf clubs
are for show. But
I'm not going to
tell Sam that.





Sometimes you don't need to be a detective to know a person's weakness.







THAT'S ODD.
THERE SHOULD
BE TWICE AS
MANY DRIVES.
I WONDER...

...PERHAPS
YOUR OLD MAN
HELPED HIMSELF
TO SOME OF THE
ACTION?

SO YOU AND
YOUR BROTHER'S
WANTED REVENGE,
RIGHT?



SO DID
YOU?

DID YOU
KILL HIM?



DID YOU
KILL HIM?!



JOE...
JOE! TAKE
IT EASY.



NO...NO,
I DIDN'T
KILL HIM.

RICKY?
TEO?

MY
BROTHERS AND
I DON'T ALWAYS
SEE EYE TO EYE,
BUT WE'RE NOT
KILLERS.

BUT
I WOULDN'T BE
SURPRISED IF
OUR SUPPLIERS
DID IT.