



CARTER...



SO WHAT,
WAS HE POISONED
OR SOMETHING?

I CAN'T
SAY FOR SURE.
I WAS HIS ASSISTANT,
NOT HIS DOCTOR.

HE COULD
HAVE SUFFERED A
SEVERE ALLERGIC
REACTION...



I SWEAR,
I JUST GOT
THE TRAY
STRAIGHT FROM
THE KITCHEN.

AND THE WINE
BOTTLE, WAS IT OPEN?
DID YOU OPEN IT?



I DON'T
REMEMBER.
I THINK... I
THINK OPEN?

DO YOU
NEED HELP
REMEMBERING?

I...
I DON'T...



LISTEN UP. NOW
THAT CARTER IS GONE,
AS FOREMAN I'M NOW
IN CHARGE OF THIS
RIG UNTIL ZEMI
SENDS SOMEONE.

IF
THEY SEND
SOMEONE.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, DO WITH?

AND THEN THERE'S THE PROBLEM OF WHAT TO DO WITH YOU.



I HAVEN'T DECIDED YET, BUT--

SNIFF
SNIFF

HE WAS SO YOUNG... SO FULL OF LIFE.

I'M SORRY, I JUST NEED A MINUTE.



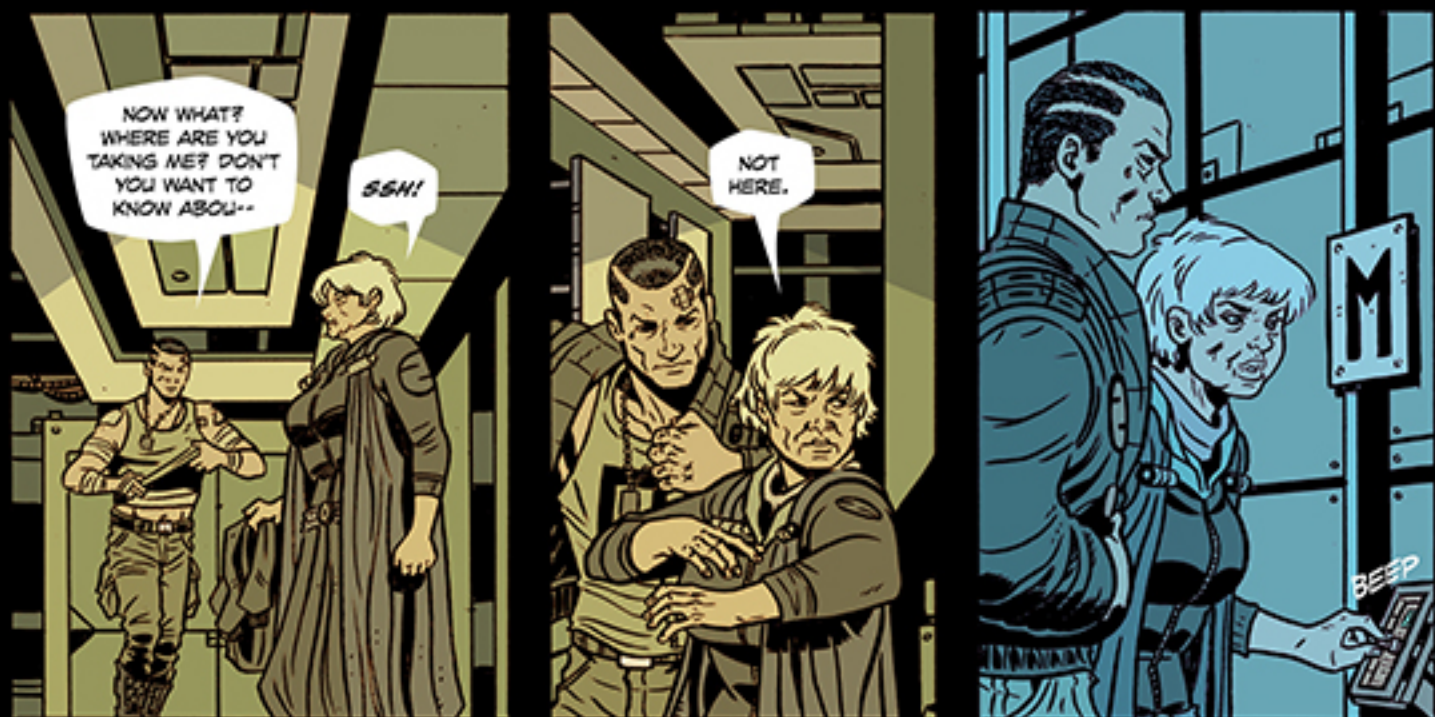
WRAP IT UP, HAZEL. WE HAVE TO SEAL THE ROOM UNTIL WE CAN CONDUCT A PROPER INVESTIGATION.

AND COVER THAT DISGUSTING THING UP. WE HAVE TO MOVE IT TO THE CRYPT.



OF COURSE.



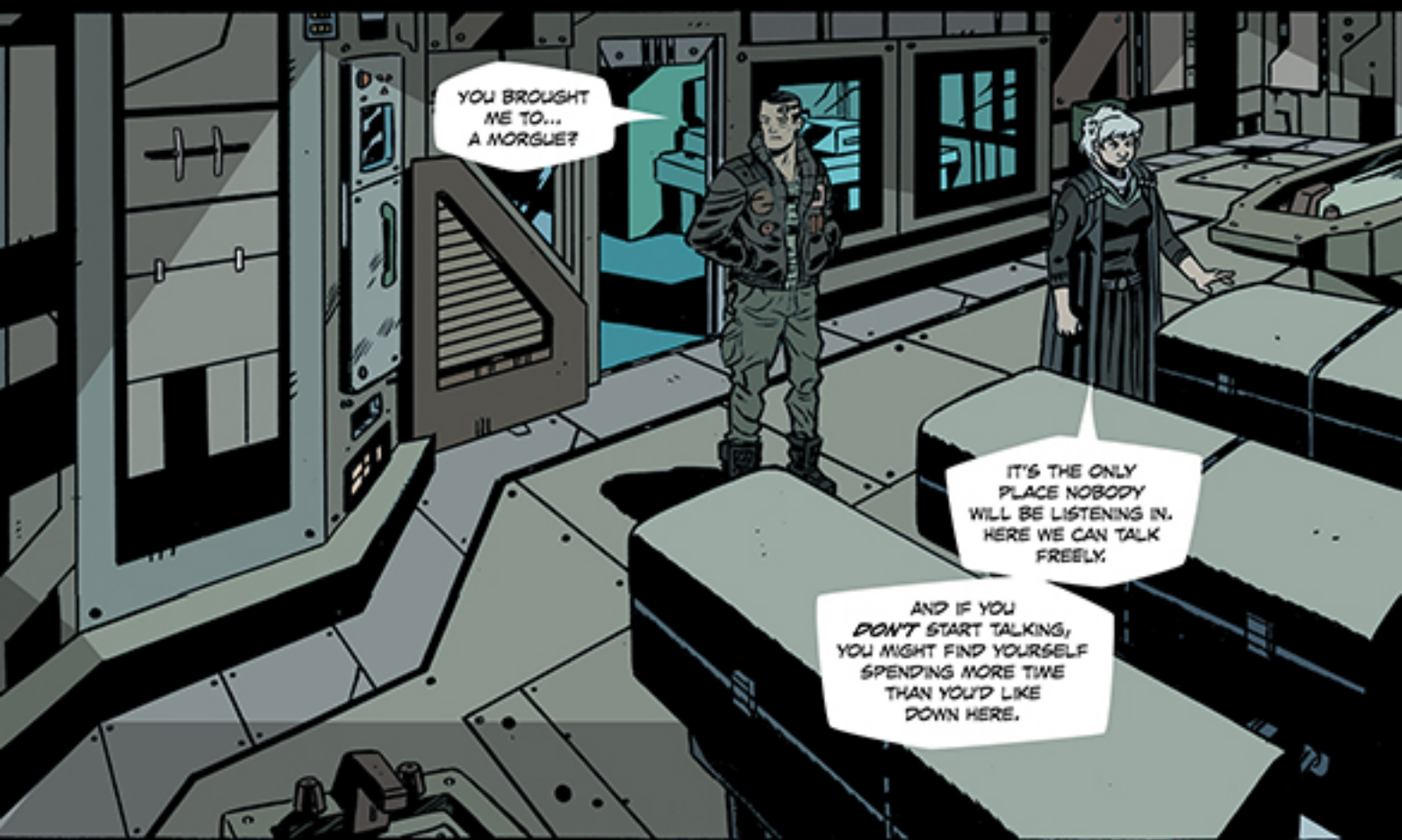


NOW WHAT?
WHERE ARE YOU
TAKING ME? DON'T
YOU WANT TO
KNOW ABOUT--

SSH!

NOT
HERE.

BEEP



YOU BROUGHT
ME TO...
A MORGUE?

IT'S THE ONLY
PLACE NOBODY
WILL BE LISTENING IN.
HERE WE CAN TALK
FREELY.

AND IF YOU
DON'T START TALKING,
YOU MIGHT FIND YOURSELF
SPENDING MORE TIME
THAN YOU'D LIKE
DOWN HERE.



FACE IT.
I'M YOUR
ONLY FRIEND
ON THIS RIG.

AND I
DON'T EVEN
LIKE YOU.