



...told you to let her run free. She could lead us straight to the data!



She has killed half a dozen of my men! You did not warn us about this woman!

She wouldn't even be free if you'd frisked everyone to begin with! We could have tortured Felton, got the data, and cleared off hours ago!



Look, forget it. Take the CH down to the fuel stores, set the charges, and ready your boats. The chopper will be here in fifteen minutes...

And five minutes after I take off, this ship will be history.




This is the Captain! Forget the woman. We are moving the cargo, immediately. Send the munitions team to the hold!




*wait*


I do not care how ready you are! Come and set the charges now, or I will make sure you never leave this ship!



Clean insertion,  
down into the lung.  
He doesn't deserve  
the dignity of a  
final scream.



So this was Stirling's  
plan all along. Steal the  
data, leave in a chopper,  
then blow up the ship to  
cover his tracks...and  
fake his own death into  
the bargain!



But not if  
I can help it.



Gyorgy, you have to delay the coastguard! Stirling has filled the hold with C4. He's going to blow up the ship after he escapes!

Then you should also get out, while you can.

That's not an option. I won't--wait, stand by.



All clear up top. Chopper ETA thirteen minutes. Over and out...



AAAAAH!



I wouldn't cry over Rozaj or Lady Mbeke, it's true. But Stirling tricked me, and I won't let him get away with that.

Besides... I have an idea.



...I repeat, come in! For god's sake, man, where are you? I need to know when that chopper arrives!



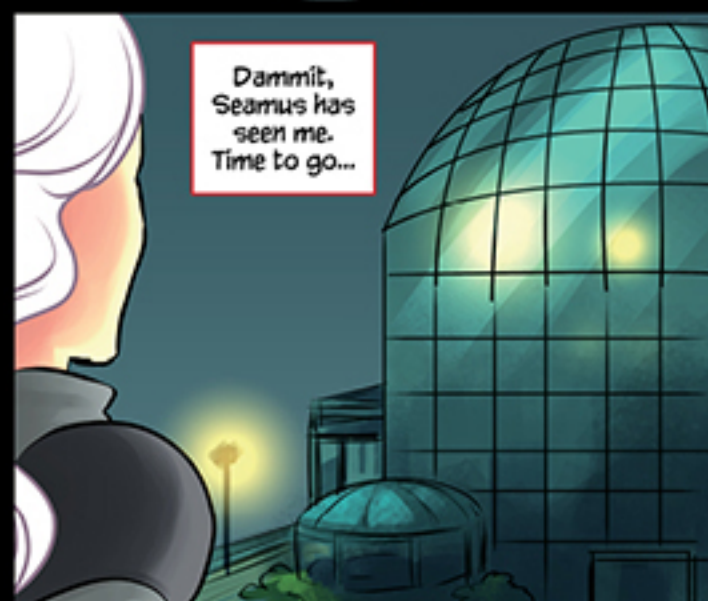
Give me those! If that idiot's abandoned his post, I'll have his guts for garters!



Oh, hell.



I should have known.



Dammit, Seamus has seen me. Time to go...



...I just need a few more minutes.



You want something done right, you have to do it your bloody self...

You, girl! What's your name?

J-Jenny.



KLK

Lovely name, lovely girl.

Let's see if the Contessa agrees.



Now listen up, Baboushka! I know you can hear me!



My patience has run dry! You've got five minutes to get to the dining room and give yourself up...



...or young Jenny here is going to have the most awful headache.

And she won't be the last.