





"IN THE MOVIES AND THE AIRPORT BESTSELLERS I MEAN, WHAT DOES THE DETECTIVE EVER ACHIEVE?"

"A CASE WALKS INTO HIS OFFICE..."



"HE FOLLOWS THE TRAIL. HE'S CHASED, BEATEN, SHOT, AND LEFT FOR DEAD, BUT HE KEEPS FOLLOWING THE TRAIL."



"AND WHEN HE GETS TO ITS END... WHAT?"

"SOMEONE GOES TO PRISON, OR ENDS UP DEAD, AND HE GOES BACK TO HIS OFFICE AND HAS A DRINK."



"AND THE CITY KEEPS CHURNING, WRINGING UP NEW EVILS TO WALK THROUGH HIS DOOR AND SEND HIM DOWN THE NEXT TRAIL, ON THE NEXT LOOP."



"THE DETECTIVE IS INSANE."

"THE DETECTIVE IS SISYPHUS."



ROLLING THAT BOULDER UP THE HILL.





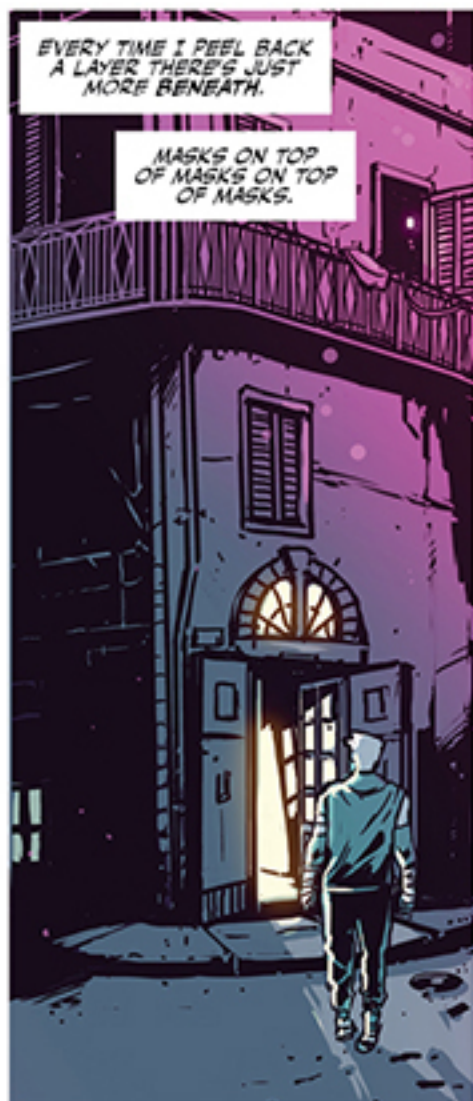


IT'S NEAR MIDNIGHT AND THE AIR SMELLS LIKE UNWASHED BODIES AND RUBBER BEDSHEETS.



I SAW WHAT'S ON THE TAPE... BUT TAPE CAN BE MANIPULATED. DOCTORED. THE TELEGHAMAN DID ALL KINDS OF STUFF LIKE THAT.

IT CAN'T BE THE TRUTH. THERE HAS TO BE MORE TO IT THAN THAT.



EVERY TIME I PEEL BACK A LAYER THERE'S JUST MORE BENEATH.

MASKS ON TOP OF MASKS ON TOP OF MASKS.



STRIPPING BACK OFF IN THE HOPE THAT THE REAL "I" LURKS BENEATH.



AND REMOVING EACH ONE HURTS.

SANDY?



AND EACH ONE THREATENS TO REVEAL THAT THERE'S NOTHING UNDERNEATH.