

I hate  
St. Louis.

Every time I come  
here somebody  
tries to kill me.



I RECOGNIZE  
HIM.

YEAH,  
HE'S THAT  
COMPANY  
GUY.

JOHN  
SOMETHING,  
RIGHT?



JACK  
MCGINNIS, AND  
I'M A FORMER  
COMPANY  
MAN.



I DON'T  
WANT YOUR  
LIFE'S STORY.

JUST  
GIVE US THE  
CASE. YOU'RE  
OUTNUMBERED  
FIVE TO ONE.

I CAN'T  
HAND OVER THE  
CASE UNLESS YOU  
KNOW THE *PASSWORD*.  
AND YOU ONLY GOT ONE  
MORE GUN THAN ME. I  
ALREADY KILLED THE  
OTHER TWO.

THEY DIED  
BADLY.





LOOKS LIKE THEY CLIPPED YOU.

ARE YOU BEING PAID ENOUGH TO DIE FOR THAT CASE?

NO, BUT I WAS PAID ENOUGH TO HIRE A RIFLE.

GOOD ONE, TOO.

YEAH, MAYBE...OR MAYBE YOU'RE BLUFFING.



YOU GOT THE ADVANTAGE ON GUNS TO BE SURE, BUT I PICKED THIS SPOT.



GOOD SIGHT LINES FROM MULTIPLE VANTAGE POINTS. HELL, THE ONLY THING I REGRET RIGHT NOW IS NOT SPLURGING FOR A SECOND RIFLEMAN.

THIS IS MY ALAMO.

IF I WAS CHASED TO THIS BENCH, THEN I'M SUPPOSED TO START ON MY RIGHT, AND THEN SHOOT MY WAY LEFT.





AND MY HIRED GUN SHOTS TO MY LEFT FIRST.



I DROP ONE. RIFLEMAN DROPS ANOTHER. THEN WE HAVE A CONTEST TO SEE WHICH OF US KILLS THE GUY IN THE MIDDLE.



I DON'T SEE NUTHIN'.

NO, BUT THEN-- YOU WOULDN'T WOULD YOU.

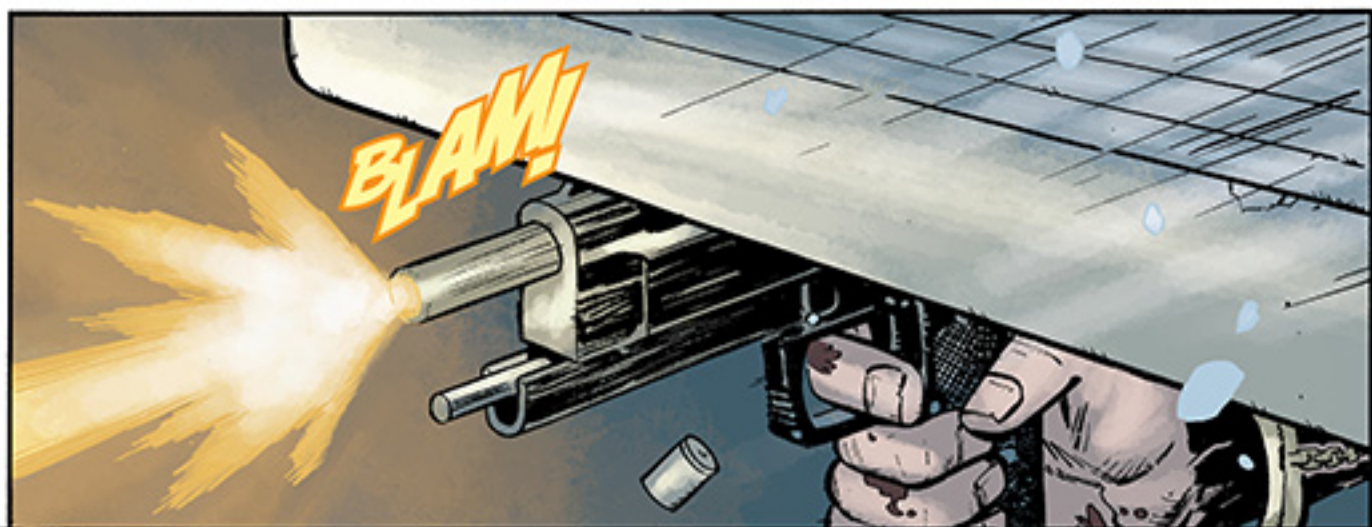
LAST CHANCE TO WALK AWAY. IF I START SHOOTING, YOU ALL DIE.

LET'S WASTE HIM!



I AIN'T DYIN' IN ST. LOUIS.









LOOK, I'M OUT OF BULLETS. COULD YOU JUST LAY DOWN AND DIE NOW? IF YOU DON'T THEN SHE'S GOING TO SHOOT YOU AND SHE WINS.

