



Now,
JOHNNY
NORTH...

...SAN.

WHERE
shall we
start?

Where do
I start?

I guess by
saying...



In MY mind
at least. In
my heart.

With me being
American, her
Russian, that's
sure how it seemed.

To me.

At the
time.



...WE WERE
ROMEO
and JULIET.



Yeah, I'll admit it
now. She **TOOK** me,
what can I say?



FOOLED me.



America and Russian
went into Afghanistan
together, not that
long ago...

Holding Hands for
five minutes in a
war on drugs.



Heroin
by name.

*"Fruit of
the poppy."*



And while the press took note
of all the whiz-bang from both
armies' helicopters and men
taking out Afghan drug labs...

...no one knew about the
secret teams cleaning
up the periphery.



Alena and me
were one
such pairing.



Tried to keep
it professional,
too, at first.

Honestly...



...I tried.



What are we going to do when this is over?



You're seriously asking me that?

All right, I'll tell you.



Absolutely nothing.