



BELLE REVE PENITENTIARY, LOUISIANA.

HOME BASE, TASK FORCE X.

PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS, DIRECTOR WALLER?

I'M WONDERING WHY THE NSA FELT THE NEED TO SEND SOMEONE LIKE YOU TO MY PRISON TO DELIVER MISSION INTEL. BELLE REVE IS A VERY DANGEROUS PLACE.



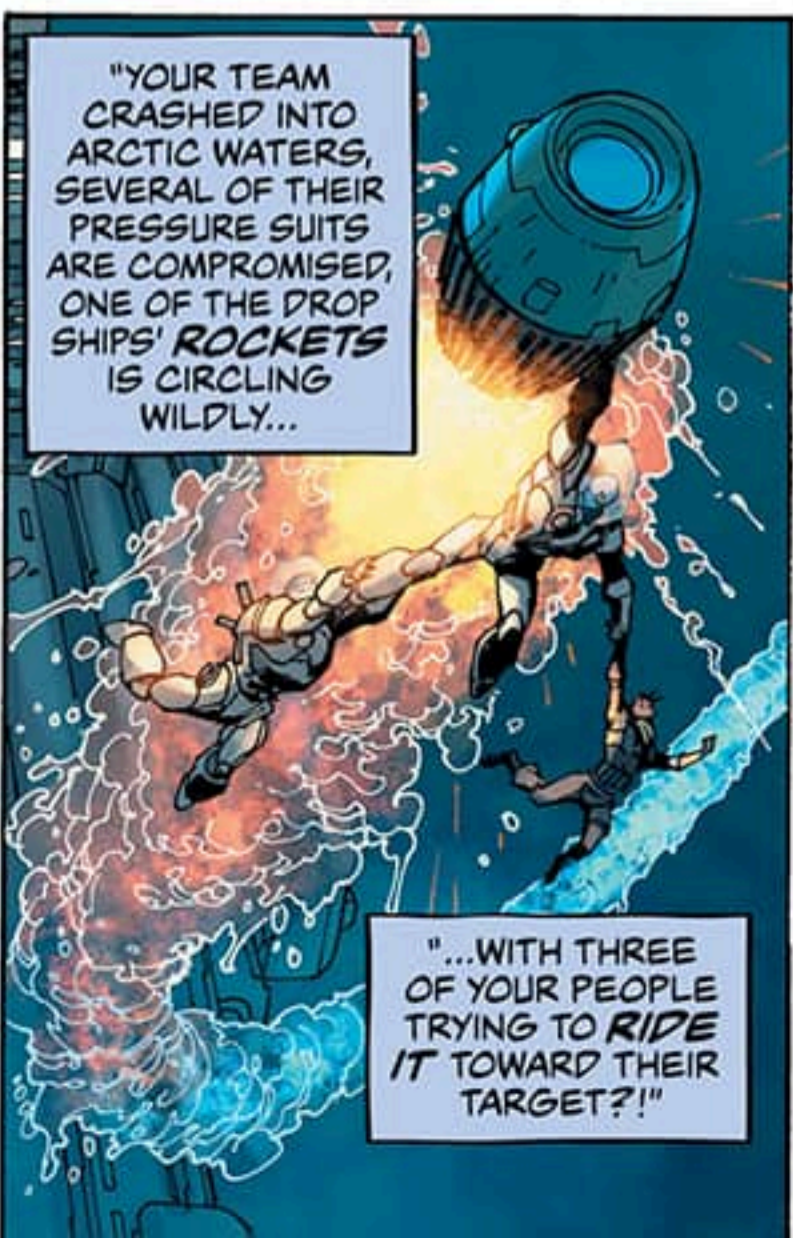
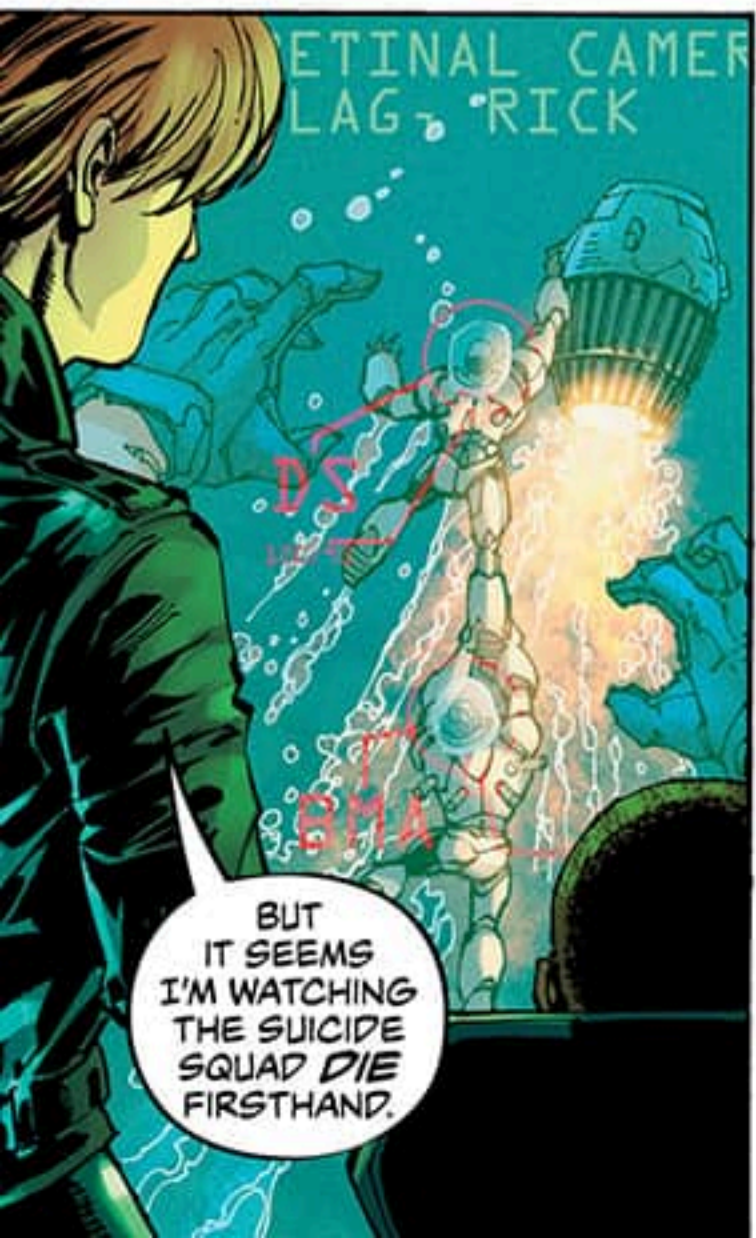
"THE WEAK GET RIPPED TO SHREDS HERE."

YOU DON'T JUDGE A BOOK BY ITS COVER, MS. WALLER. YOU KNOW THAT BETTER THAN MOST.

YOU CAN CALL ME HARCOURT. AND I CAN LOOK AFTER MYSELF.

I REQUESTED TO COME HERE BECAUSE I'M A FAN. I WANTED TO SEE IF THE TALES ABOUT YOU WERE TRUE.

"AND TO SEE THE SUICIDE SQUAD IN ACTION FIRSTHAND."



RETINAL CAMERA LAG - RICK

"YOUR TEAM CRASHED INTO ARCTIC WATERS, SEVERAL OF THEIR PRESSURE SUITS ARE COMPROMISED, ONE OF THE DROP SHIPS' ROCKETS IS CIRCLING WILDLY..."

"...WITH THREE OF YOUR PEOPLE TRYING TO RIDE IT TOWARD THEIR TARGET?!"

THEY ARE SCUMBAGS, BUT THEY ARE RESOURCEFUL SCUMBAGS. HAVE FAITH, HARCOURT.

BUT IT SEEMS I'M WATCHING THE SUICIDE SQUAD DIE FIRSTHAND.

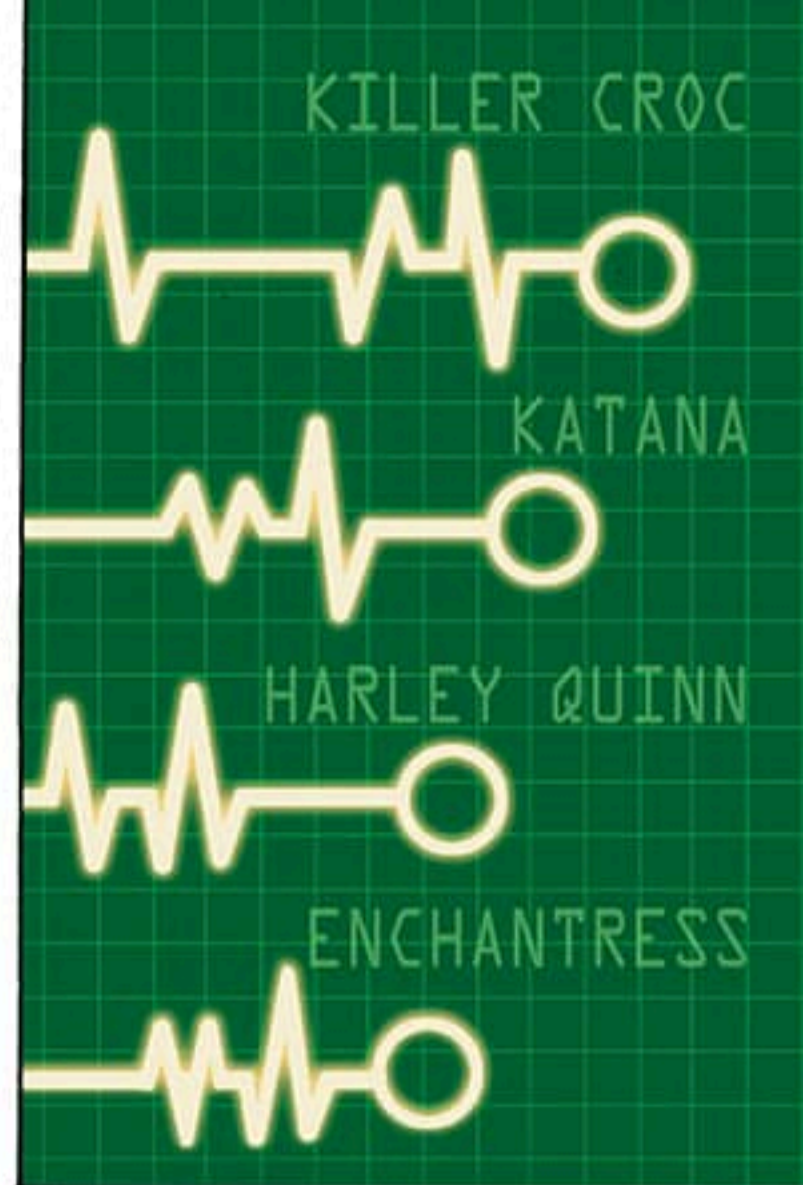
BUT THE OTHERS...



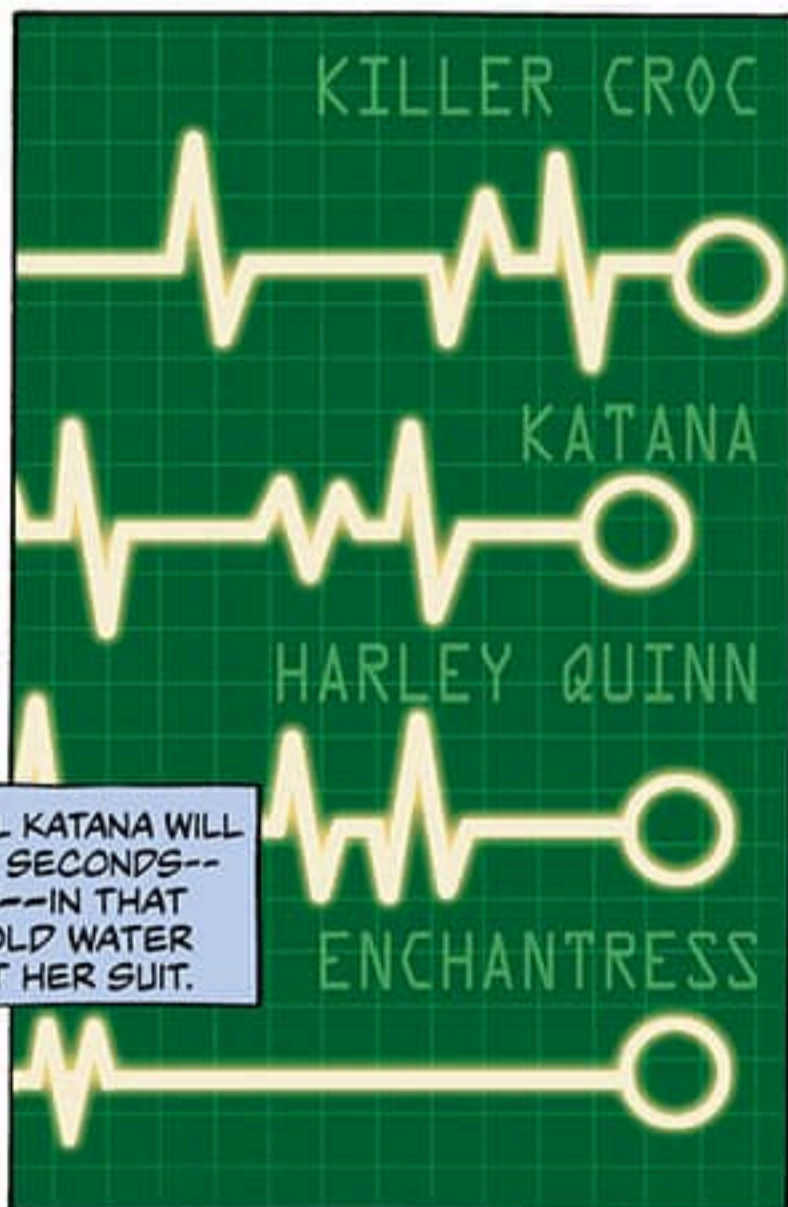
"WATER HAS FILLED THEIR SUITS. THEY'RE DROWNING..."



...SINKING TO THE BOTTOM OF THE LAPTEV SEA LIKE CONCRETE COFFINS.



"YOUR GIRL KATANA WILL LAST 60 SECONDS--TOPS--IN THAT ICE-COLD WATER WITHOUT HER SUIT."



"SELF-SACRIFICE..."



"IT SEEMS EVEN VILLAINS ARE WORTH DYING FOR."



I THINK YOU JUST LOST OVER HALF YOUR TEAM, MS. WALLER.

THE OTHERS HAD BETTER GET THE JOB DONE.



"OUR ENEMIES CANNOT POSSESS THE COSMIC ITEM."



YOU'RE ALL HEART, HARCOURT.
YOU'LL FIT IN NICELY AROUND HERE.

CAN YOUR PEOPLE STILL LOCATE OUR CONTACT ON THE INSIDE?



"THE SCHEMATICS OF THE PRISON YOU PROVIDED SUGGEST A WEAK POINT BETWEEN TWO BULKHEADS."

"DEADSHOT AND BOOMERANG LOATHE EACH OTHER, BUT THEY CAN AIM LIKE LEE HARVEY OSWALD PROBABLY DIDN'T. THEY'LL FIND THEIR CONTACT."



I NEED TO UPDATE MY SUPERIORS.
AND THEY ARE?

CLASSIFIED. BUT TRUST ME WHEN I SAY...

...WE'RE GOING TO DO GREAT THINGS TOGETHER, MS. WALLER.



DEADSHOT! ME HANDS FEEL GOOD ON YOUR WARM METAL BACKSIDE, MATE!

UGH.

THE TRAJECTORY IS RIGHT! LET THE DAMN ROCKET GO!



BOOMERANG, YOU MORON! THE ROCKET'S HEADING IN THE WRONG DIREC--



--WAIT... WHAT?!



YOU BOOMERANGED A ROCKET?

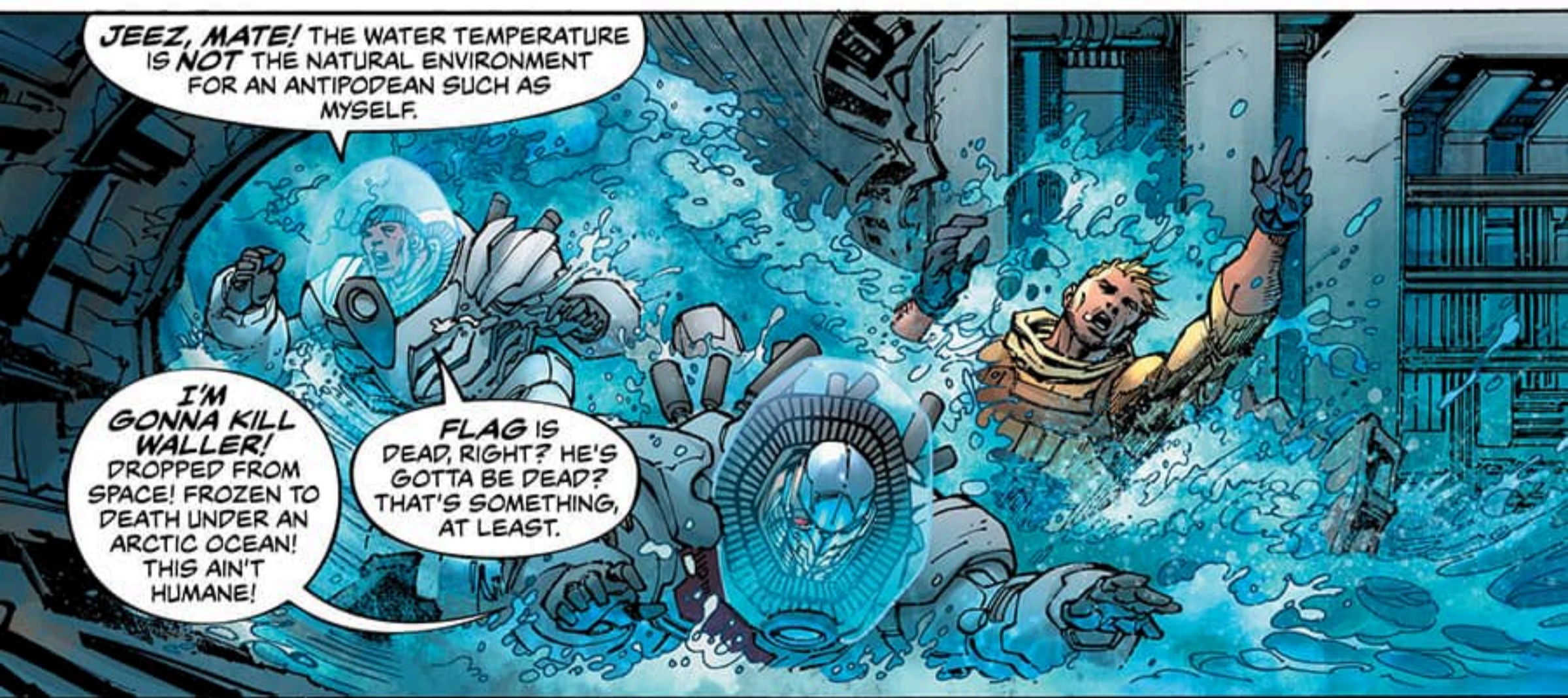
I'LL BOOMERANG ANYTHING!

KABOOM



AAAAHH!

WE'RE BEING SUCKED IN!



JEEZ, MATE! THE WATER TEMPERATURE IS NOT THE NATURAL ENVIRONMENT FOR AN ANTIPODEAN SUCH AS MYSELF.

I'M GONNA KILL WALLER! DROPPED FROM SPACE! FROZEN TO DEATH UNDER AN ARCTIC OCEAN! THIS AIN'T HUMANE!

FLAG IS DEAD, RIGHT? HE'S GOTTA BE DEAD? THAT'S SOMETHING, AT LEAST.



>KAFF<
>KAFF<

I'M... NNN...NOT...DEAD, BOOMERANG.

KNICKERS.

F-F...FORM UP...ON ME. LOOKS LIKE ONLY...NNN... THREE OF US MADE IT. AND WE'VE GOT A MISSION.

DAMN IT, I SWORE I'D KEEP THEM ALIVE.



RIP

AAAAAH!
ALIEN! I KNEW IT!
ALL THE CORRIDORS
AND SPACE AND
STUFF!

IT'S
THE BIG
ALIEN FROM
ALIEN!



HEY!
YOU GUYS! IT
TURNS OUT CROC IS
SURPRISINGLY GOOD
AT SWIMMING!

WHO
KNEW,
RIGHT?

I'M
NOT AN
ALIEN.

THANK
YOU...CROC...
YOU'RE SO...
HEROIC...

...FOR A
RELENTLESSLY
BRUTAL DEATH
DEITY!