



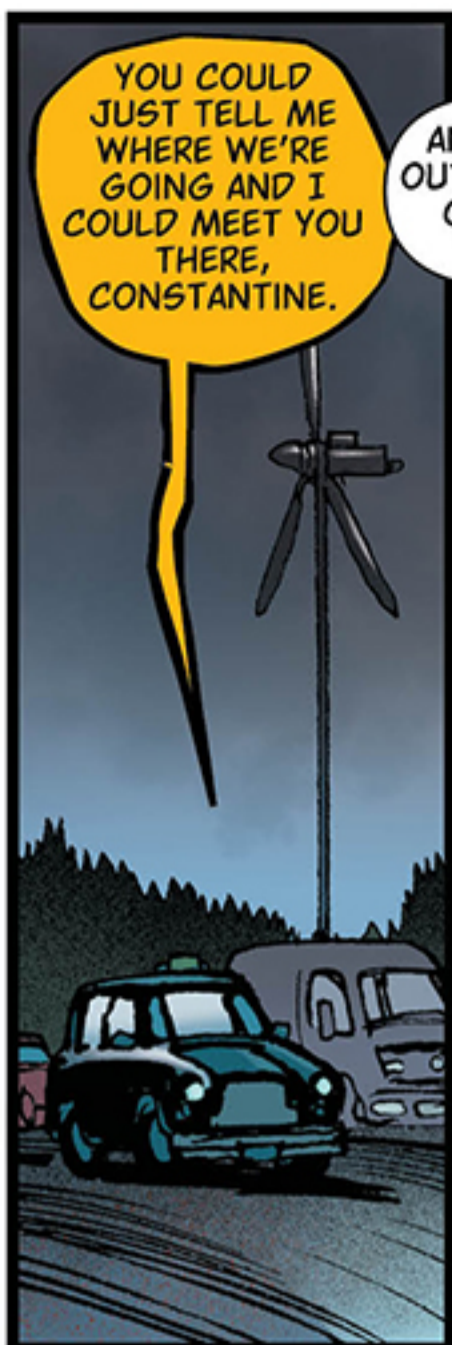
JOHN  
CONSTANTINE...

...I BELIEVE YOU  
OWE ME A FAVOR.



I'M HERE TO  
COLLECT.

CHAS,  
KEEP THE  
SECATEURS  
CLOSE BY...



YOU COULD JUST TELL ME WHERE WE'RE GOING AND I COULD MEET YOU THERE, CONSTANTINE.

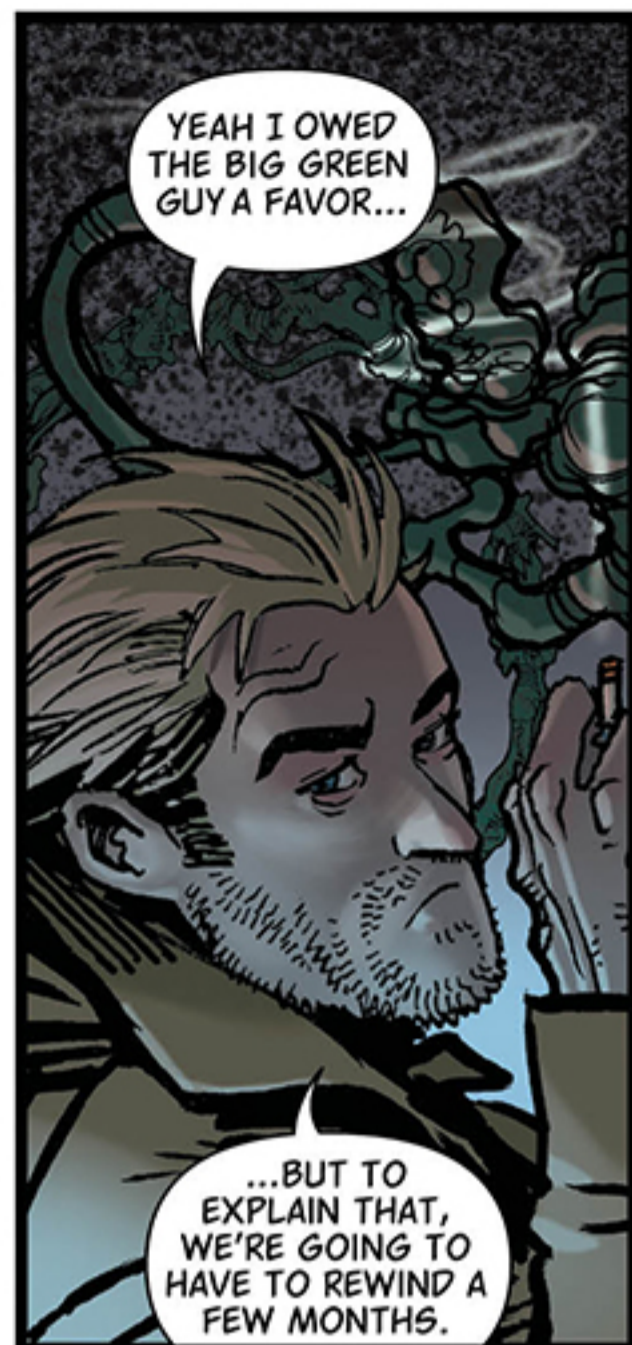
AND MISS OUT ON THIS QUALITY TIME?

BESIDES, YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN YOU MIGHT GET HUNGRY AND FANCY A MARROW.

THE SMELL OF STALE CIGARETTES AND LAST NIGHT'S WHISKEY IS ALMOST OVERPOWERING.

SORRY ABOUT THAT, SWAMP THING--I PANICKED, THOUGHT YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN A TRIFFID...

CHAS, WE'VE BEEN THROUGH THIS, TRIFFIDS AIN'T REAL.



YEAH I OWED THE BIG GREEN GUY A FAVOR...

...BUT TO EXPLAIN THAT, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO REWIND A FEW MONTHS.



BACK TO NEW YORK CITY, AND ONE OF THOSE TIMES IN YOUR LIFE WHERE IT WAS ALMOST LIKE BEING A DIFFERENT PERSON ENTIRELY.



...TWO PACKS OF YOUR FINEST BOOTLEG SILK CUTS, BALWINDER.



ADMITTEDLY NOT THE EASIEST OF PLACES FOR AN AVATAR OF THE GREEN TO PHYSICALLY MANIFEST...

CONSTANTINE, WE NEED TO TALK...

BUT YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY--NATURE ALWAYS FINDS A WAY...



BALWINDER, I'M NOT BEING FUNNY, BUT WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU CLEANED OUT YOUR PRODUCE SECTION?



NO MORE JOKES, CONSTANTINE?

NO--I FIGURE IF YOU'VE GONE TO THIS MUCH TROUBLE TO ASK *ME* OF ALL PEOPLE A FAVOR, THEN SOMETHING MUST BE SERIOUSLY MESSED UP.

IT'S ABBY.

OH.



WELL, JUST FOR THE RECORD, I'M NOT YOUR KINKY BOOTY-CALL, BODY-SWAP SEX OBJECT...



I HAVE NO NEED TO USE YOUR BODY IN THAT WAY AGAIN...

REALLY...?



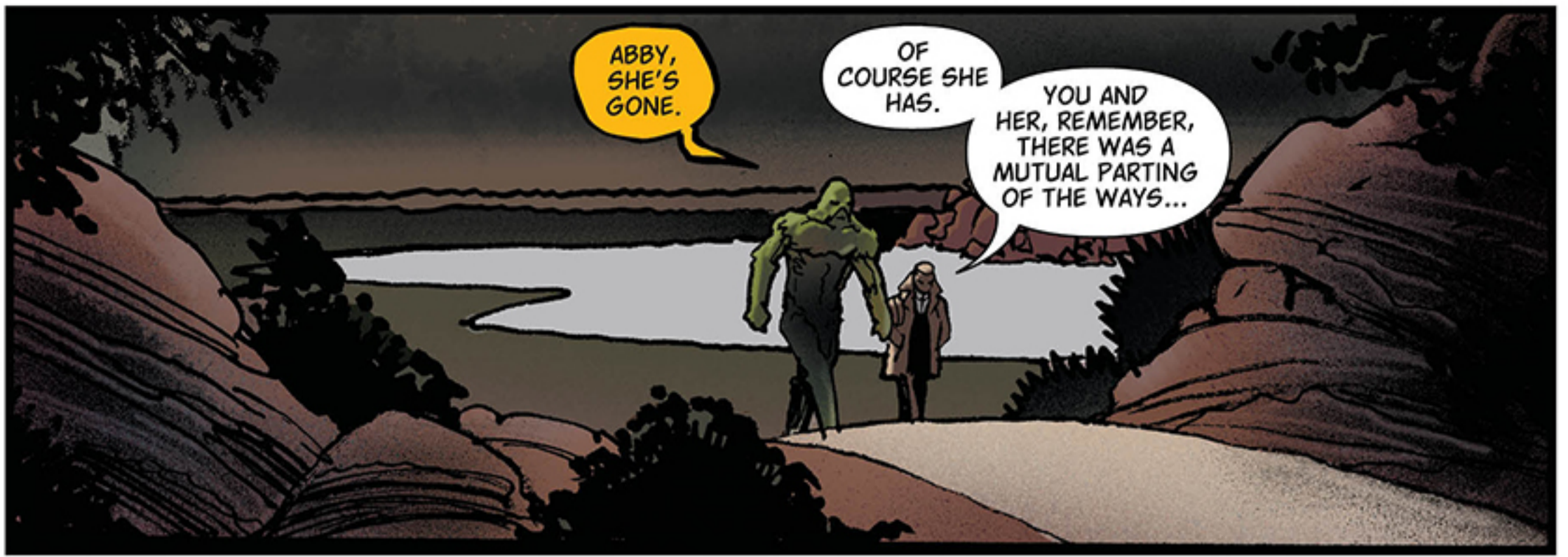
REALLY. YES. THAT'S NOT WHY I'M HERE.

BECAUSE DEGRADING AS THAT WAS...YOU ARE A MATE AND EVERYTHING--



FOR THE LAST TIME, I DON'T WANT YOUR BODY TO HAVE SEX, CONSTANTINE.

WELL, IF YOU'RE SURE.



ABBY,  
SHE'S  
GONE.

OF  
COURSE SHE  
HAS.

YOU AND  
HER, REMEMBER,  
THERE WAS A  
MUTUAL PARTING  
OF THE WAYS...



...YOU'RE BOTH  
FREE TO SEE OTHER  
PEOPLE, PLANTS,  
VEGETABLES AND  
WHATEVER.



HATE TO  
BREAK IT YOU, OLD  
FRIEND, BUT ABBY'S  
LIVING YOUNG, FREE  
AND SINGLE IN THE  
ROT, IT'S LIKE A CLUB  
MED FOR COMPOST  
DOWN THERE.

THAT'S JUST IT,  
JOHN, ABBY'S NOT  
IN THE ROT...

AND NOTHING  
SAYS "LOVE" LIKE  
A BIT OF  
STALKING.



I WASN'T  
STALKING.



I WAS  
CONCERNED.

TRY TELLING  
THAT TO THE  
JUDGE...



I'VE SEARCHED THE ROT, THE GREEN-- EVERYWHERE I CAN GO, EVERYWHERE MY INFLUENCE IS FELT. NOT ONLY HAS ABBY VANISHED, I CAN FIND NO TRACE OF HER.

AND YOU WANT ME TO HELP FIND HER?

YES. AND IN RETURN, WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WHO SAYS I WANT ANYTHING?



YOU ALWAYS WANT SOMETHING, JOHN CONSTANTINE.

I WANT YOU TO HELP ME GET BACK TO LONDON.

AND WHAT ABOUT THE CURSE?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE CURSE, I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT.



HOW WELL DO YOU GET ON WITH THE JUSTICE ROUND TABLE OR WHATEVER THEY'RE CALLING THEMSELVES THIS WEEK?

WHY?

BECAUSE WHEN WHATEVER GOES DOWN GOES DOWN, I'M GONNA NEED YOU TO PUT IN A GOOD WORD FOR ME, BUY ME SOME TIME, TELL THEM WHAT A GOOD GUY I AM...



YOU WANT ME TO LIE TO THE JUSTICE LEAGUE?



JESUS, TAKE AWAY THE CHLOROPHYLL AND SOMETIMES I FORGET JUST WHAT A BOY SCOUT YOU ARE...

THINK OF IT MORE AS PRUNING THE TRUTH.