



The jet is waiting, Renato... and so is the list.

Everything is about the list. As long as I've had this life anyway.

Names on paper. A spreadsheet of evil that travels the world.

An endless list of columns and rows with no end...



Only a beginning.



Boo.



Ack.

SPLASH!



Quiet! C'mon, we don't have much time...

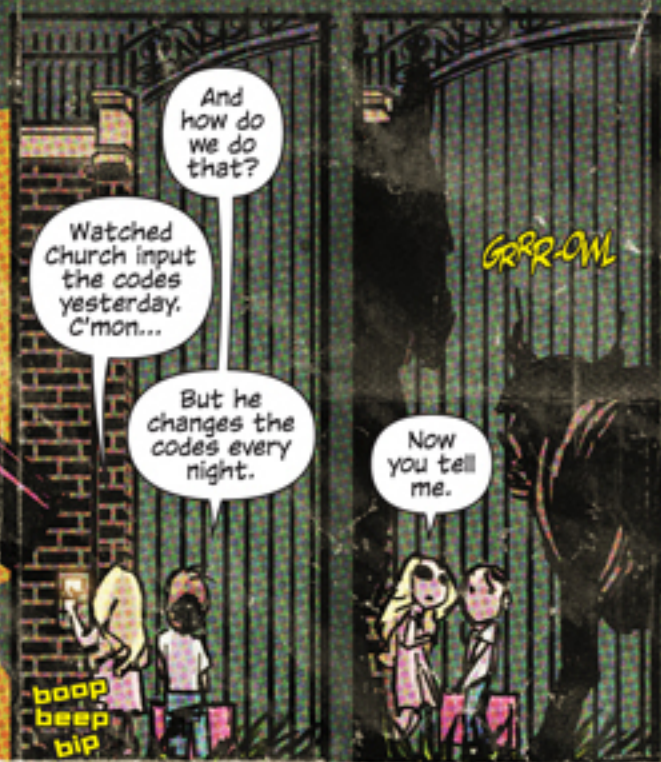
Don't worry about a thing. I packed for you.

Where are we going?

Not going--GETTING!

What are we getting?

Out!



And how do we do that?

Watched Church input the codes yesterday. C'mon...

But he changes the codes every night.

Now you tell me.

GRRR-OW!

boop
beep
bip

Okay, no problem. I've been in worse. Yesterday the code was two-nine-zero-four. What's that mean?

Nothing?

What do you mean, "NOTHING"?!
GRRR-OW!



I mean it's simply a bunch of numbers Church makes up every night, or we'd need another code to try to figure out some sort of pattern or--

The night your grandmother died--two-eight-three-one!

How do you?...





Renato!

Um...
Okay...Um...
two-nine-
zero-five!



beep
blip
bop

CH-CHANG

How are
we going to
outrun wild
dogs?

Never outrun,
outmaneuver!

Who wants
steaks?!

You think
greed is just
for people?

Plants reach
for sunlight. Fish
for minnows. Dogs
for steak...

