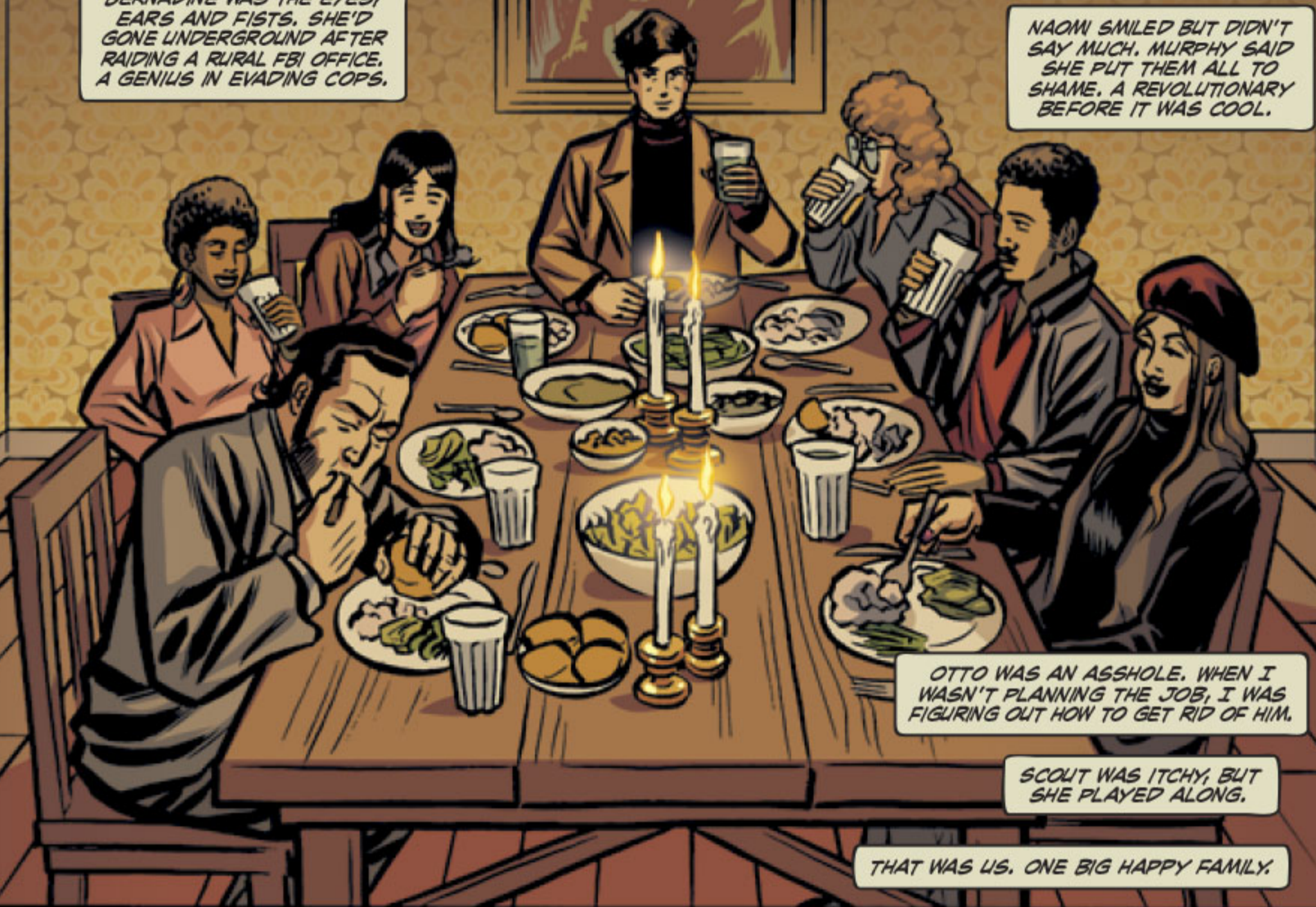


MURPHY MADE THE CALL, HE WAS THE LEADER, EVEN THOUGH HE SWORE UP AND DOWN THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE IN BOURGEOIS THINGS LIKE TITLES.

BERNADINE WAS THE EYES, EARS AND FISTS. SHE'D GONE UNDERGROUND AFTER RAIDING A RURAL FBI OFFICE. A GENIUS IN EVADING COPS.

BILL COOKED, MOSTLY DUMPSTER-DIVED VEGGIES AND GRUEL. SOMETIMES HE BROUGHT HOME MEAT BUT WE NEVER ASKED WHERE FROM AND HE NEVER SAID.

NAOMI SMILED BUT DIDN'T SAY MUCH. MURPHY SAID SHE PUT THEM ALL TO SHAME. A REVOLUTIONARY BEFORE IT WAS COOL.



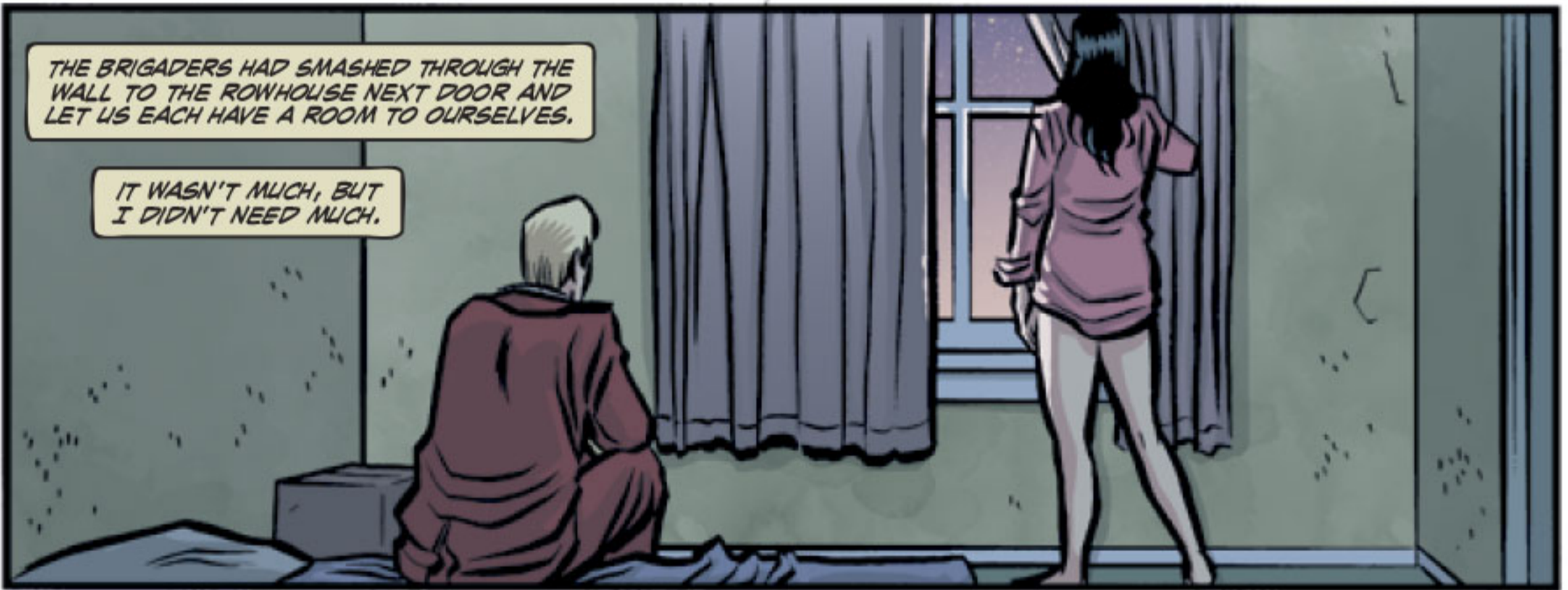
OTTO WAS AN ASSHOLE. WHEN I WASN'T PLANNING THE JOB, I WAS FIGURING OUT HOW TO GET RID OF HIM.

SCOUT WAS ITCHY, BUT SHE PLAYED ALONG.

THAT WAS US. ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY.

THE BRIGADERS HAD SMASHED THROUGH THE WALL TO THE ROWHOUSE NEXT DOOR AND LET US EACH HAVE A ROOM TO OURSELVES.

IT WASN'T MUCH, BUT I DIDN'T NEED MUCH.



JUST A FEW DAYS ALONE. TO GET MY HEAD STRAIGHT.

TO GET US BACK TO WHERE WE SHOULD BE.





JESUS, IS SHE BUNKING UP WITH THESE COMMIES, TOO?

NO, SHE'S ALONE IN THERE.

LEAVE IT ALONE, OTTO.

THAT BETTER OR WORSE?



PARIS.

MARSEILLES IS MUCH NICER.

PLUS I KNOW SOME FOLKS WHO CAN HELP US GET SET UP.

WHAT ELSE DO YOU KNOW?



I KNOW I LOVE YOU.

I KNOW THAT WE'RE GOING TO LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER.

THEN IT'S JUST YOU AND ME AND TO HELL WITH THE WORLD.



BUT I LIKE THE WORLD, I'M NOT READY TO CHECK OUT OF IT.

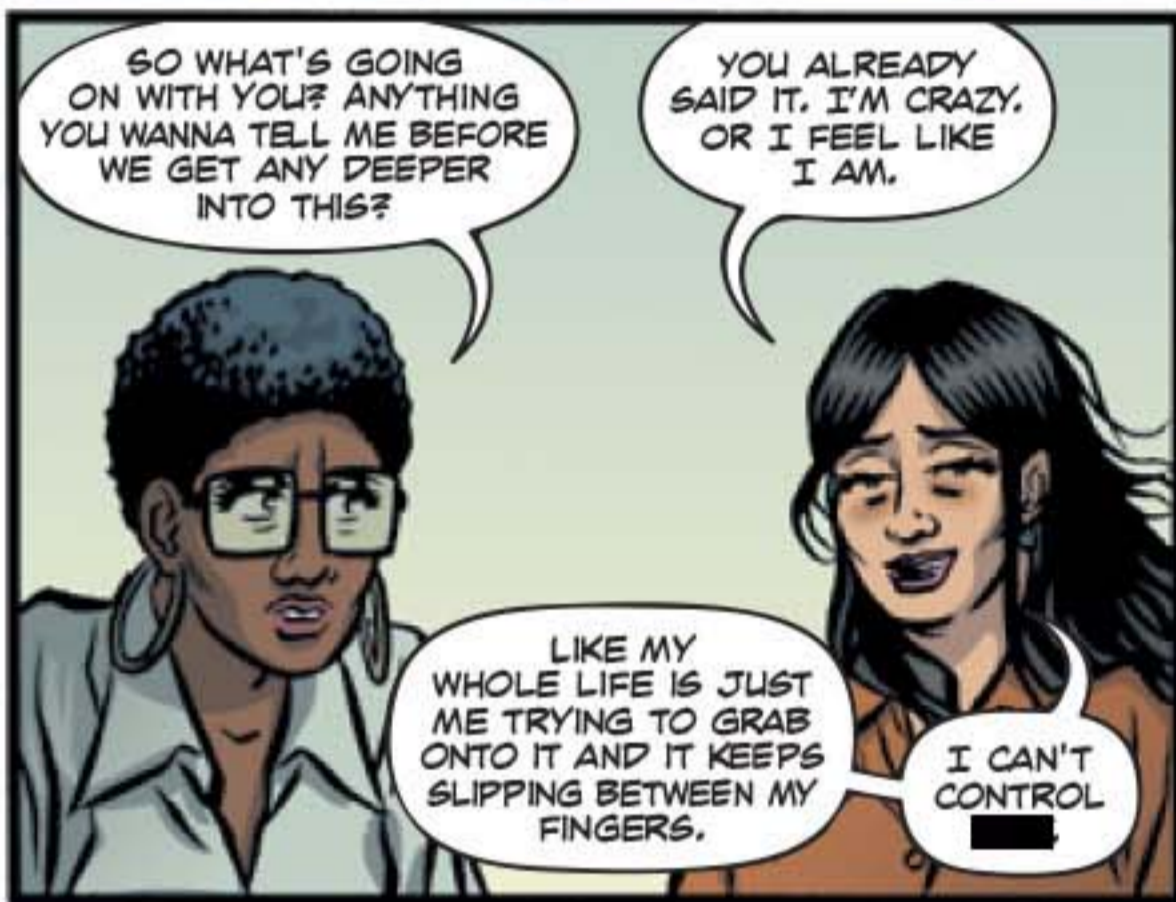
THEY'LL ONLY DISAPPOINT YOU, BABE.

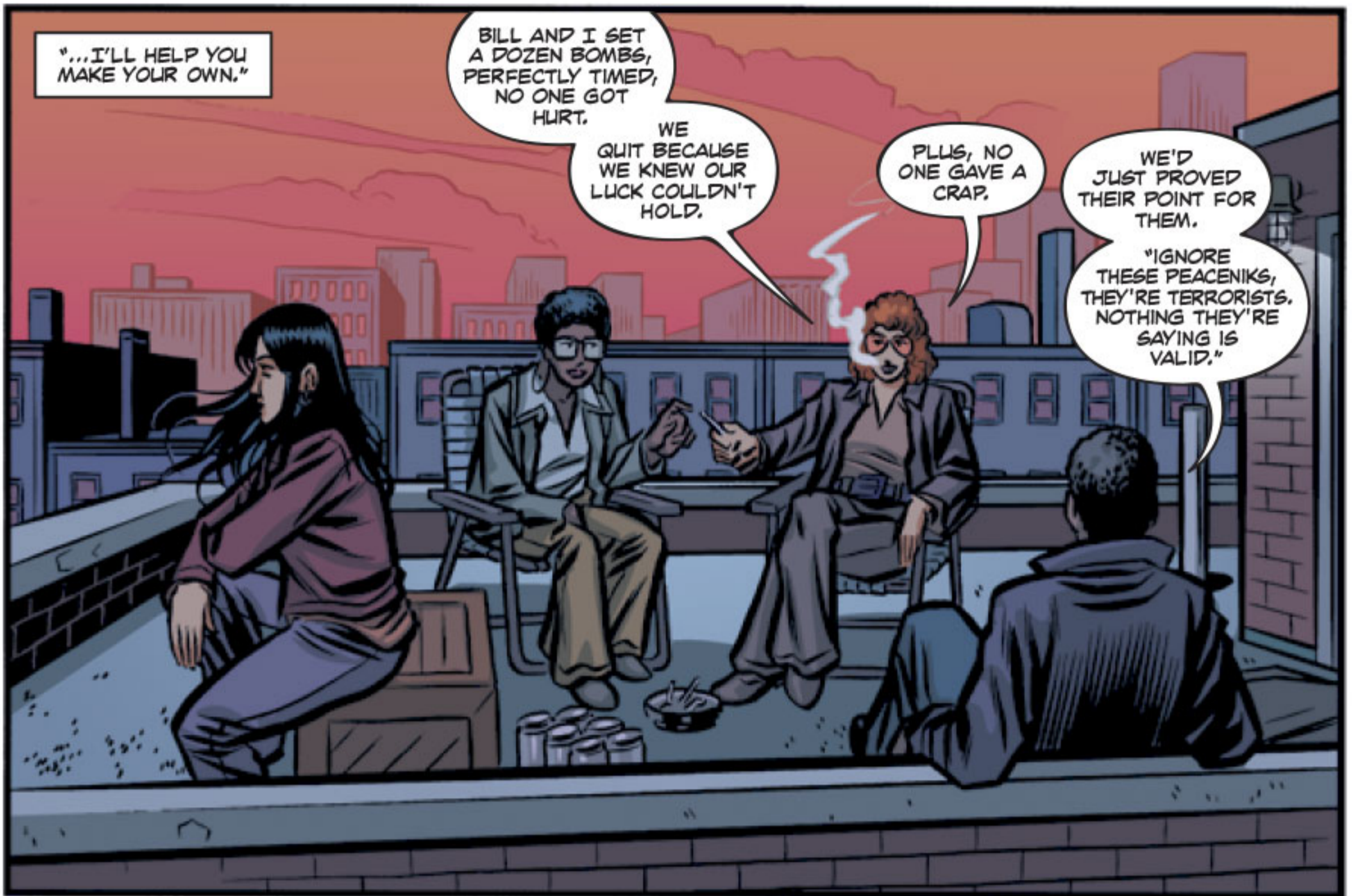
WE DON'T NEED 'EM.



ALL I NEED IS YOU.

THAT SCARED ME, BECAUSE ALL I COULD THINK WAS, "BUT I DON'T NEED YOU."





"...I'LL HELP YOU MAKE YOUR OWN."

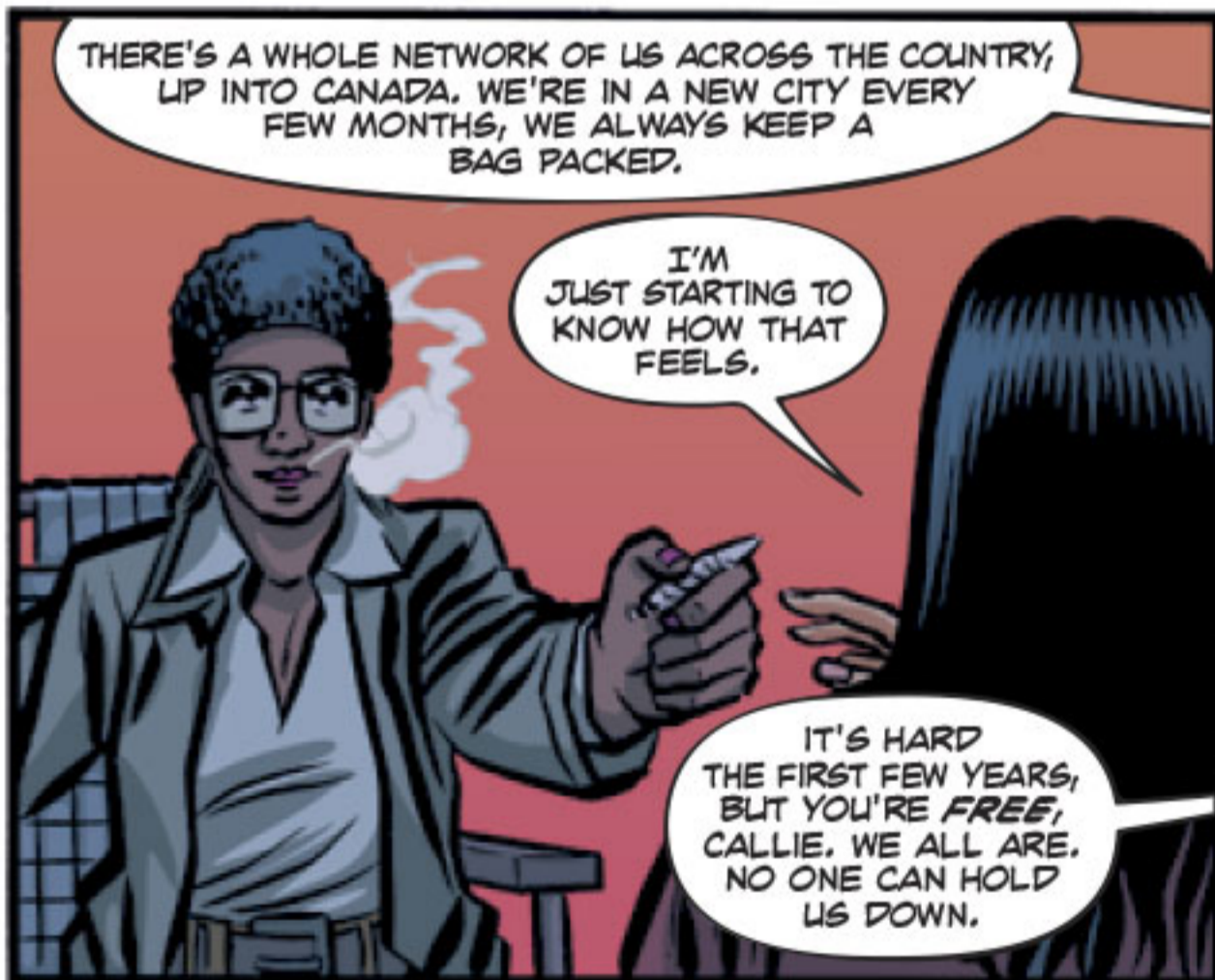
BILL AND I SET A DOZEN BOMBS, PERFECTLY TIMED, NO ONE GOT HURT.

WE QUIT BECAUSE WE KNEW OUR LUCK COULDN'T HOLD.

PLUS, NO ONE GAVE A CRAP.

WE'D JUST PROVED THEIR POINT FOR THEM.

"IGNORE THESE PEACENIKS, THEY'RE TERRORISTS. NOTHING THEY'RE SAYING IS VALID."



THERE'S A WHOLE NETWORK OF US ACROSS THE COUNTRY, LIP INTO CANADA. WE'RE IN A NEW CITY EVERY FEW MONTHS, WE ALWAYS KEEP A BAG PACKED.

I'M JUST STARTING TO KNOW HOW THAT FEELS.

IT'S HARD THE FIRST FEW YEARS, BUT YOU'RE FREE, CALLIE. WE ALL ARE. NO ONE CAN HOLD US DOWN.



EXCEPT EACH OTHER. WE'RE FIGHTING AGAINST THAT TOO. ALL THOSE OLD HANG-UPS. WEIRD VIBES. TOO MUCH EGO. TOO MANY LIES AND SECRETS. IT MAKES YOU SICK.

WE'RE JUST TRYING TO LOVE THE WORLD LIKE WE LOVE EACH OTHER.

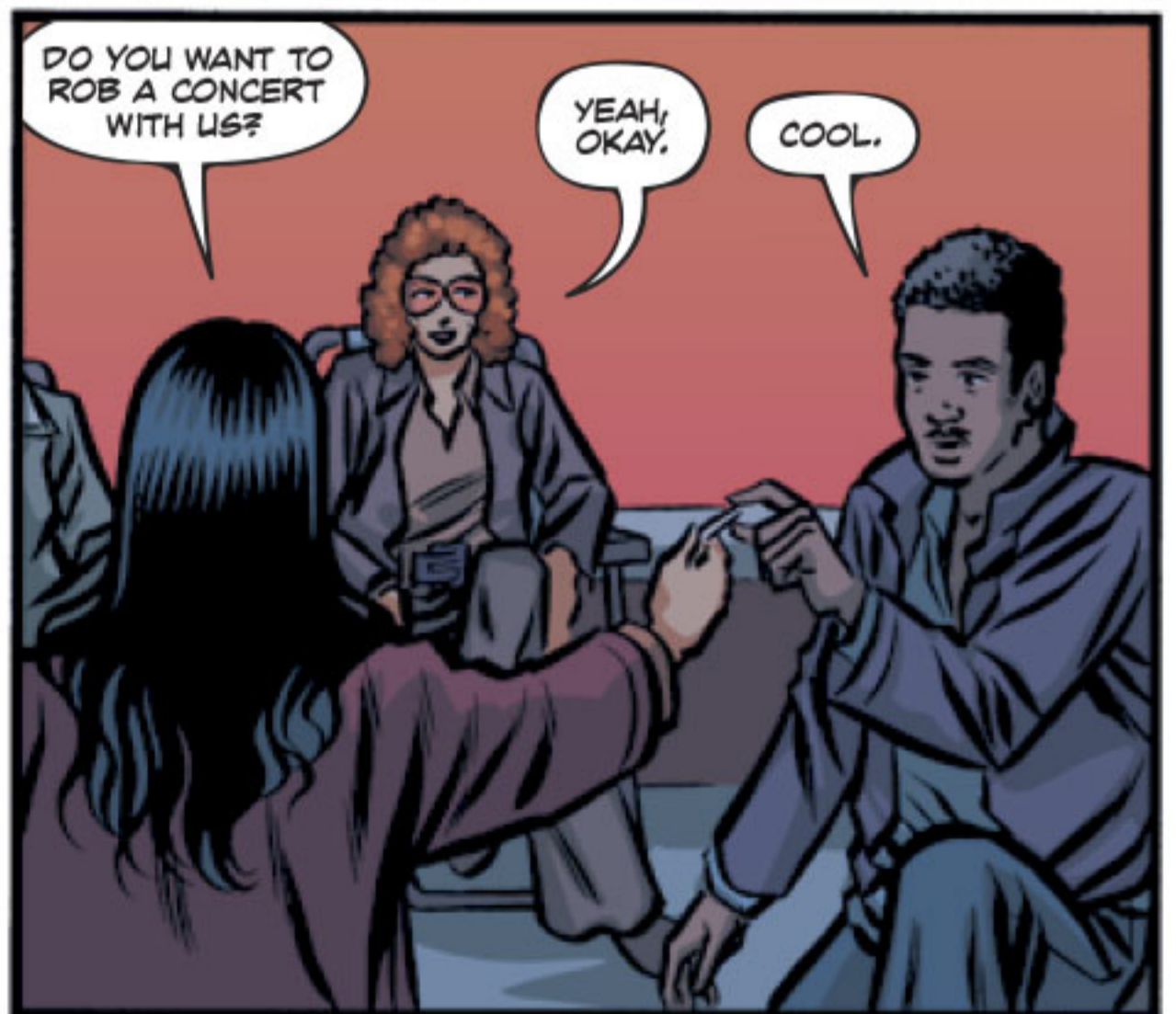
CALLIE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



BUT FIRST YOU GOTTA LOVE YOURSELF, RIGHT?

EXACTLY. THAT'S THE HARDEST FIGHT OF ALL.

WOW, YOU'RE RIGHT. DO YOU--



DO YOU WANT TO ROB A CONCERT WITH US?

YEAH, OKAY.

COOL.

"THERE'S FOUR BANDS ON THE BILL. TWO OPENERS, TWO MAIN ACTS. SO WE'LL GET THERE EARLY."

"OTTO, MURPHY, BILL, YOU'RE GOING IN AS ROADIES. WE CAN PICK UP CASES AT A PAWN SHOP. AND MASKS."

"BERNADINE AND ME, WE'RE THE GROUPIES."

"STOP LAUGHING, OTTO."

"SCOUT AND NAOMI ARE PARKED IN THE VAN OUTSIDE THE LOADING DOCK, LISTENING FOR POLICE TRAFFIC."

"NAOMI'LL USE THE PAY PHONES AND CALL THE ACCOUNTING OFFICE IF WE GET A HIT."

"ACT NATURAL."

"HOW HAIRY IS IT GONNA GET?"

"NOT AT ALL. WE DON'T LOAD THE WEAPONS. THEY'RE JUST FOR SHOW."

ACCOUNTING OFFICE

"THEY'RE NOT GONNA SEE US COMING."

