

IN THE VOICE OF
JUNIPER ELANORE
BLUE, CHICAGO,
EAST SIDE.

SO,
EVERYTHING
IS WRONG.

I'M IN THE
WRONG PLACE
AT THE WRONG
TIME. AND IN THE
WRONG *BODY*.

DON'T TELL ME
YOU'RE HAVING
A BAD DAY, ALL
RIGHT?

I'M A
HOUSEWIFE.
A MOM.

WELL, A
STEPMOM.

ONLY NOW I'M STUCK
IN THE BODY OF A
KILLER. A *GUY* KILLER,
YET. IN A DARK ROOM
WITH TWO EVEN
WORSE KILLERS.

THE SCARY GUY WITH
THE WHITE STREAK IN HIS
HAIR IN FRONT OF ME IS
CALLED CRUZ, AND HE
THINKS I'M CHEATING WITH
HIS GIRLFRIEND. SEEMS
DOWNRIGHT *UPSET*
ABOUT IT, IN FACT.

AND THE
BEST NEWS
OF ALL?

FEDERAL
AGENTS JUST
ARRIVED.

I WOULD
REALLY LIKE TO
WAKE UP NOW,
PLEASE.

LOOKS
LIKE TWO.
THEY MAY HAVE
CALLED FOR
BACKUP.

WE GOT
MAYBE TWO
MINUTES TO
GET OUT OF
HERE.

I ALMOST
FEEL LIKE THIS
IS PARTLY *MY*
FAULT.



OF COURSE
IT'S YOUR
FAULT, SIGGY,
YOU GODDAMN
IDIOT.

YOU WERE
JUST SUPPOSED
TO SCARE
THIS GUY, AND
YOU TOOK HIM
APART.

THEN YOU'RE
SUPPOSED TO DUMP
THE BODY, AND YOU
COME BACK HERE
WITH HIM STILL IN
YOUR GODDAMN
TRUNK.

OKAY.
MOSTLY MY
FAULT, CRUZ.

BUT
MY GRAMPS
WOULDN'T LIKE
YOU TALKING
TO ME LIKE
THAT.

ALL
RIGHT.
FINE.

YOU
ARE
ON YOUR OWN.
I'M GOING
OUT THE SIDE
DOOR.

GOOD
LUCK.

THAT
GUY. WE GOT
THIS, RIGHT
CASE?

THERE'S
ONLY TWO
OF 'EM.

I LOVE CRIME
NOVELS. I LOVE
THE ADVENTURE.

LET'S...
LET'S CALL THAT
"PLAN B," OKAY,
SIGGY?

LET'S TAKE
THIS WINDOW,
ALL RIGHT?

THIS ISN'T
ADVENTURE.

THIS IS
SURVIVAL.

IN THE VOICE OF
CASON RAY BENNETT,
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

I DON'T
GET IT.

WOMEN ALWAYS
BITCHIN' ABOUT
HOW IT'S SO
GODDAMN HARD.

THEY OUGHTTA
TRY BEING A *MAN*
FOR ONE MINUTE,
RIGHT?

I'M NOT SAYING SOME
DON'T GOT IT ROUGH...
I'VE KNOWN SOME
[REDACTED] GUYS
WHO DONE OVER THEIR
GIRLS PRETTY GOOD.

BUT THIS
STUFF, MAKING
DINNER FOR
THE HUSBAND'S
BOSS?

IT'S EASY. HELL,
IT'S KINDA *FUN*
WHEN YOU GET
DOWN TO IT.

I COULD DO IT.
I MEAN, IF I CAN
DO IT, IT CAN'T
BE ANY GREAT
BURDEN, YEAH?

WELL,
I MUST SAY,
THAT WAS A
MEMORABLE
NIGHT.

MRS.
BLUE--

PLEASE CALL
ME JUNIPER, MR.
SALVERSON.

JUNIPER,
THEN.

THANK YOU
FOR A UNIQUE
EVENING.

SEE YOU
TOMORROW
AT THE PLANT,
JIM.

BUT
I COULD
DO IT.

I COULD BE
A...A *MOM*,
OR WHATEVER
THE [REDACTED]

WITH SOME
PRACTICE,
MAYBE A LITTLE
ADVICE.





JESUS CHRIST, JUNE-BUG.

KELLY, GO GET YOUR COAT.

WE GOT THAT *THING* TO TAKE CARE OF.



MARCH, LITTLE MAN.

JUNIPER, WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU?

CUBAN FOOD? BEER AND CIGARS?

FOR GOD'S SAKE, I'LL BE LUCKY IF I DON'T GET FIRED.

UH, IT'S OKAY, REALLY.



YOU'RE NOT GONNA GET FIRED THERE, SLICK.

LISTEN. I DON'T KNOW IF I LIKE YOUR TONE, JUNE-BUG.

AND HOW DO YOU KNOW I WON'T GET FIRED?

MR. SALVERSON'S A VERY RELIGIOUS MAN!



BECAUSE YOUR SUPER-RELIGIOUS BOSS STARED AT MY TITS LIKE GOLD WAS ABOUT TO SPEW OUT, OKAY?

THE KID AND ME GOT A QUICK CHORE. DON'T WAIT UP.

AND DON'T CALL ME "JUNE-BUG" NO MORE, GOT IT?



HOLDIN' THE DOOR FOR A LADY.

GOOD LOOKIN' OUT, JUNIOR.



"MY TITS."

JESUS HELL.