



I don't want to be here.




I don't know WHERE I would actually go, but...


...being stuck here with Detective Peterson, watching him fumble the file?



Not knowing what to do or say?



I need a distraction.



Something to stop me from seeing it in slow motion...



... Dad appearing at the old lobster docks.

Thinking it must be some mistake at first.

And then realizing HE'S responsible for Fenton Hardy's murder.

And then...





I could hear Frank and Joe trying to stop me, warning me.

But...I didn't care.

That was Dad on the ground.



I needed to keep him alive.



Knowing Frank and Joe would be accused of the shooting, got them out of there.



No need for MORE lives to end.









I THINK WE BOTH KNOW YOU ALREADY HAVE THE ANSWER.

SMART GIRL. YOU WERE AT THE BOBBSEY'S PARTY.

BUT YOUR DAD? I'VE GOT PROOF THAT HE KILLED FENTON HARDY THAT NIGHT.



HE WAS WORKING WITH HARDY AND THE ROVERS. FACILITATING NARCOTIC DISTRIBUTION ALONG THE EAST COAST.

OUR INVESTIGATION FINGERED FENTON AND YOUR DAD CAME IN AS A FEDERAL D.A. TO PROTECT HIM. BUT FENTON WAS ABOUT TO CRACK AND REVEAL EVERYONE, SO...

YOU HAVE NO PROOF.

WE HAVE FILES AND EMAILS BETWEEN THEM--

WHICH COULD HAVE BEEN FAKED.

YEAH. BUT WE ALSO HAVE A SMOKING GUN. A LITERAL ONE. THE ONE USED TO KILL FENTON HARDY HAD YOUR FATHER'S FINGERPRINTS ALL OVER IT.



AND I'M PRETTY SURE IT'S THE ONE THAT KILLED SAM ROVER, WHO WAS ABOUT TO TURN HIM IN.

The gun?

WHERE ARE FRANK AND JOE, NANCY?

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU'RE...

FUNNY. I BELIEVE THAT THEY HIRED SOMEONE TO SHOOT YOUR DAD. AS REVENGE.



I need to get out of here.

NOW YOU'RE FISHING, CHIEF.

THEY'VE GOT THE MOTIVE.

AND YOU'VE GOT THE DETECTIVES, CHIEF. YOU FIND THEM.

NOW CAN I GO?



SURE THING.

BUT I'M WATCHING YOU, KIDDO. YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS.