



MID-DECEMBER, AND
IT'S ALMOST COLD
ENOUGH TO SNOW.



I DON'T HAVE MUCH
OF MY MEMORY BACK...
JUST TRACES. ECHOES.



ONE OF THOSE
ECHOES IS A GENERAL
SENSE OF HOW I FEEL
ABOUT CHRISTMAS,
AND ABOUT WINTER.



THERE'S THIS CRESCENDO
LEADING UP TO CHRISTMAS, THIS
SENSE OF EXCITEMENT...

...WHICH IS SO STRANGE,
BECAUSE AFTER THE HOLIDAY,
WINTER TRULY TAKES HOLD...



WE'RE SUPPOSE TO BUILD UP
TO THIS...THIS JUBILATION... AND
THEN THE NEW YEAR ARRIVES
AND IT'S NOTHING BUT QUIET
AND ROT AND DEPRESSION.



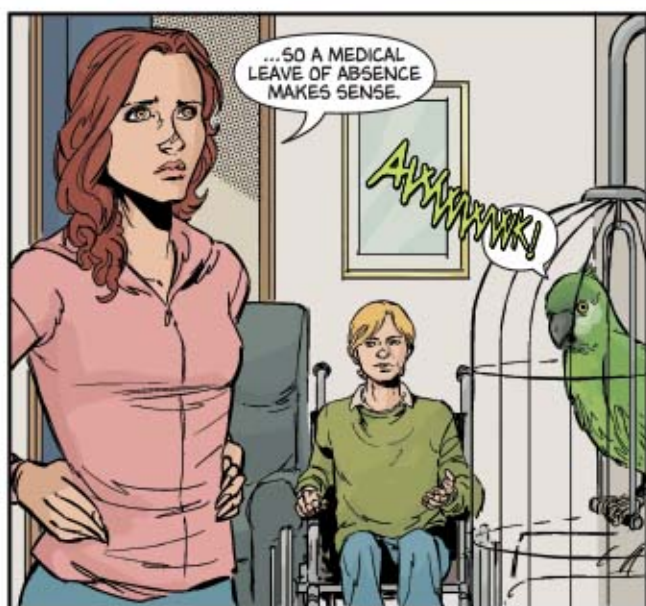
THEY SAY NERO FIDDLER WHILE
ROME BURNED. THE HOLIDAYS
ARE LIKE THAT. WE THROW
THESE HUGE PARTIES AND WE
LAUGH AND WE SING... AND ALL
THE WHILE, WE KNOW...





















MASON AND
KELNER ARE
RIGHT ABOUT
ONE THING.

IT'S WEIRD THIS
SALAZAR GUY
DOESN'T TELL
THEM MY NAME.



MASON WAS RIGHT
ABOUT ANOTHER
THING, TOO. I JUST
DIDN'T WANT TO
ADMIT IT TO HIM.

IT'S TOO DAMN
COLD FOR ME TO
SLEEP OUT HERE.



I KEEP THIS UP, I'LL
BE DEAD FOR REAL.



I'M NAMELESS...
BUT I MADE MYSELF
A NAME. I DON'T
KNOW MY FAMILY...

BUT I'VE
CREATED ONE.



AND I'M HOMELESS...
BUT I HAVE A HOUSE.
IF I CAN FIGURE OUT
A WAY TO USE IT.



LAW OFFICE
OF HAROLD GRIGGS,
MARTHA REYNOLDS
SPEAKING.

THIS IS CALEXA ROSE
DUNHILL... I
WAS A FRIEND
OF LUCINDA
CAMERON'S.

