



NO.

NOT  
LIKE THIS.

I HATE  
THE IDEA OF  
DROWNING.

NOT THE DEATH,  
AT THE END, BUT  
THE FLOATING,  
THE DRIFTING.

THE  
LONELY  
DESCENT.

DAYLIGHT LIVES IN  
BUBBLES NOW. THIS FAR  
DOWN, I WONDER IF HE  
CAN STILL REACH ME.

"HELLO, CAT.  
ARE YOU OKAY?"  
HE'LL SAY.

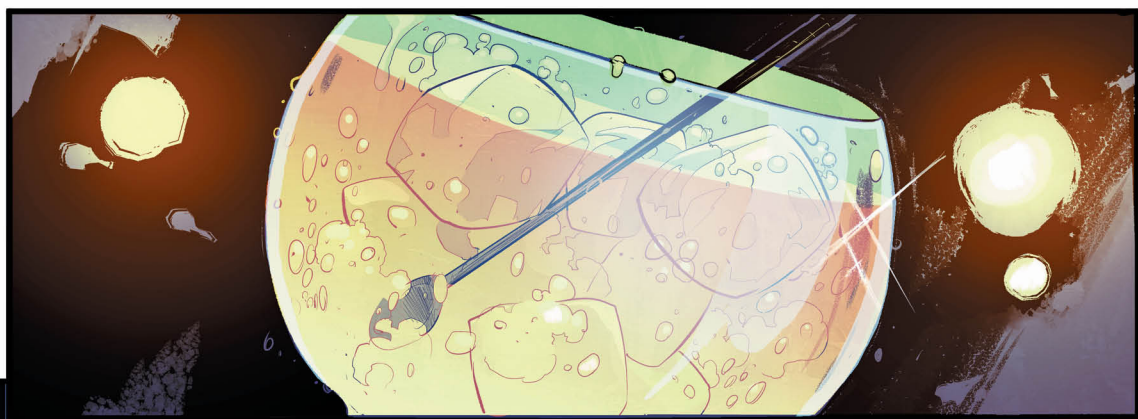
"HELLO, BAT.  
OF COURSE I  
AM," I'LL REPLY.

THEN I'LL  
LISTEN TO HIM  
BREATHE.

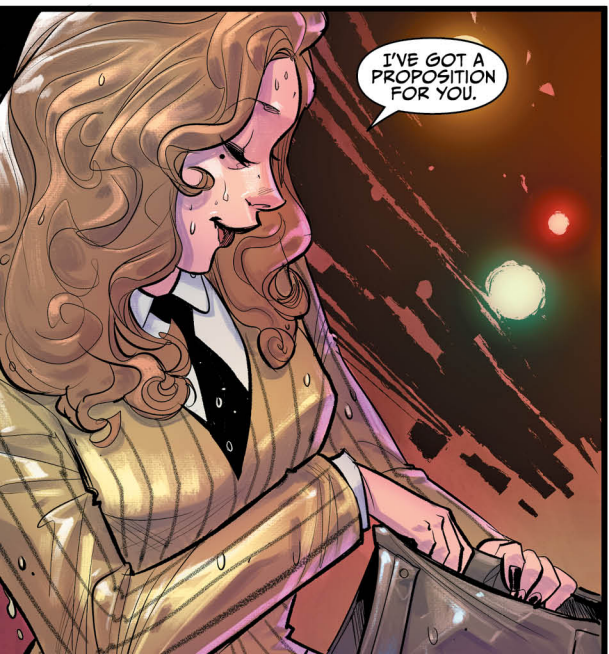
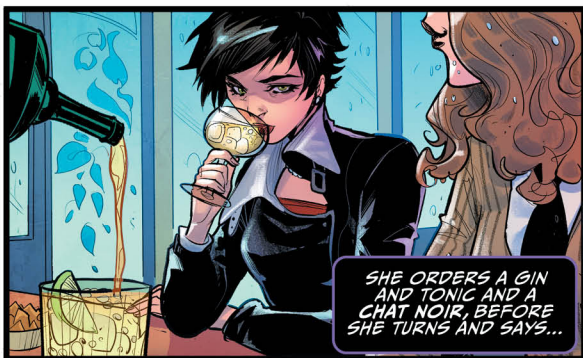
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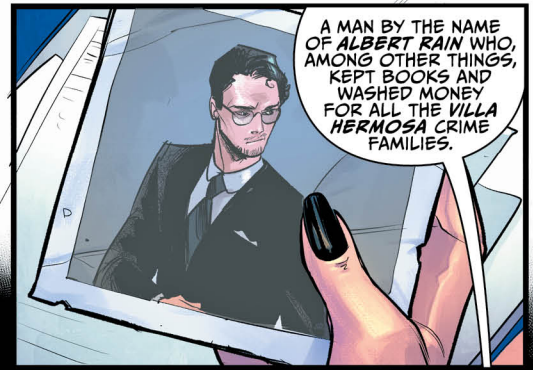
















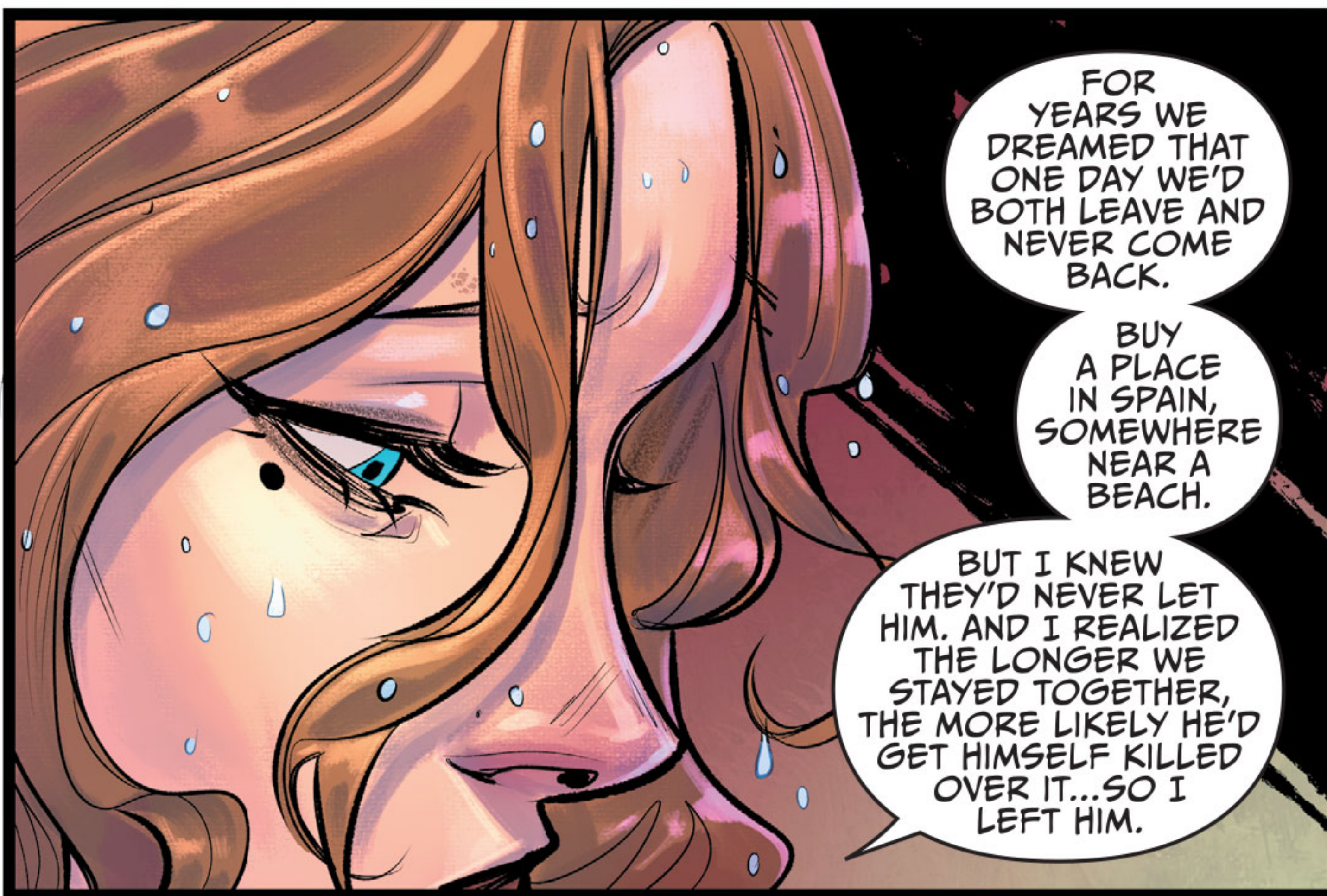
LET ME STOP YOU RIGHT THERE, MS. RAIN.

I'M NO THIEF FOR HIRE AND I HAVEN'T WORKED FOR ANYONE ELSE IN A VERY LONG TIME.

I'M NOT IN THIS FOR THE MONEY, MS. KYLE.



IT MIGHT BE HARD TO BELIEVE BUT ALBERT AND I TRULY LOVED EACH OTHER.



FOR YEARS WE DREAMED THAT ONE DAY WE'D BOTH LEAVE AND NEVER COME BACK.

BUY A PLACE IN SPAIN, SOMEWHERE NEAR A BEACH.

BUT I KNEW THEY'D NEVER LET HIM. AND I REALIZED THE LONGER WE STAYED TOGETHER, THE MORE LIKELY HE'D GET HIMSELF KILLED OVER IT...SO I LEFT HIM.



YOU KNOW WHAT THAT'S LIKE? LEAVING SOMEONE BECAUSE YOU LOVE THEM?



SIGH ALL I WANT IS A TRIP TO SPAIN AND A SHACK ON A BEACH. I'M OWED THAT MUCH AT LEAST.

EVERYTHING ELSE IS YOURS. AND I DON'T MEAN JUST THE MONEY EITHER.

YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO...ANYONE WHO HOLDS THAT FILE HOLDS THE KEYS TO THE KINGDOM HERE IN VILLA HERMOSA.



SO, MS. KYLE, IF YOU'RE INTERESTED, I KNOW WHAT THEY'RE PLANNING TO DO.



I STAY AND LISTEN, OF COURSE. SHE TELLS ME WHAT SHE KNOWS.

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VILLA HERMOSA WHISPERS HER OWN ANSWERS AND I PUT THE REST TOGETHER.

THE FILES ARE BEING TRANSPORTED IN AN ARMORED CAR WITH A LOW-KEY POLICE ESCORT.

THE RUSSIANS PLAN TO HIT THEM JUST EAST OF CARRACO. AN RPG TO TAKE OUT THE ARMORED VEHICLE. POLICE CARS SHOULD BE SHORT WORK.

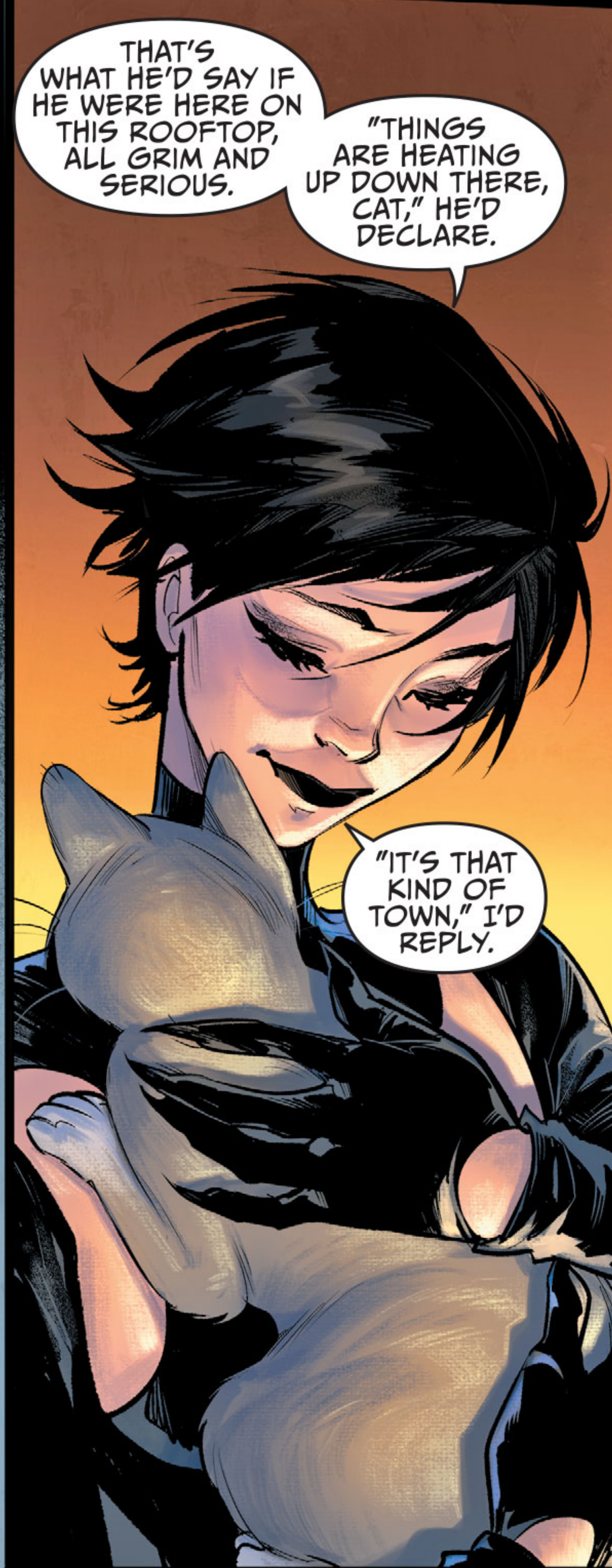
FIRES ALREADY COLOR THE SUMMER SKYLINE.

ALL THAT REMAINS IS FOR ME TO DIVE INTO THE INFERNO.



HELLO, CAT.

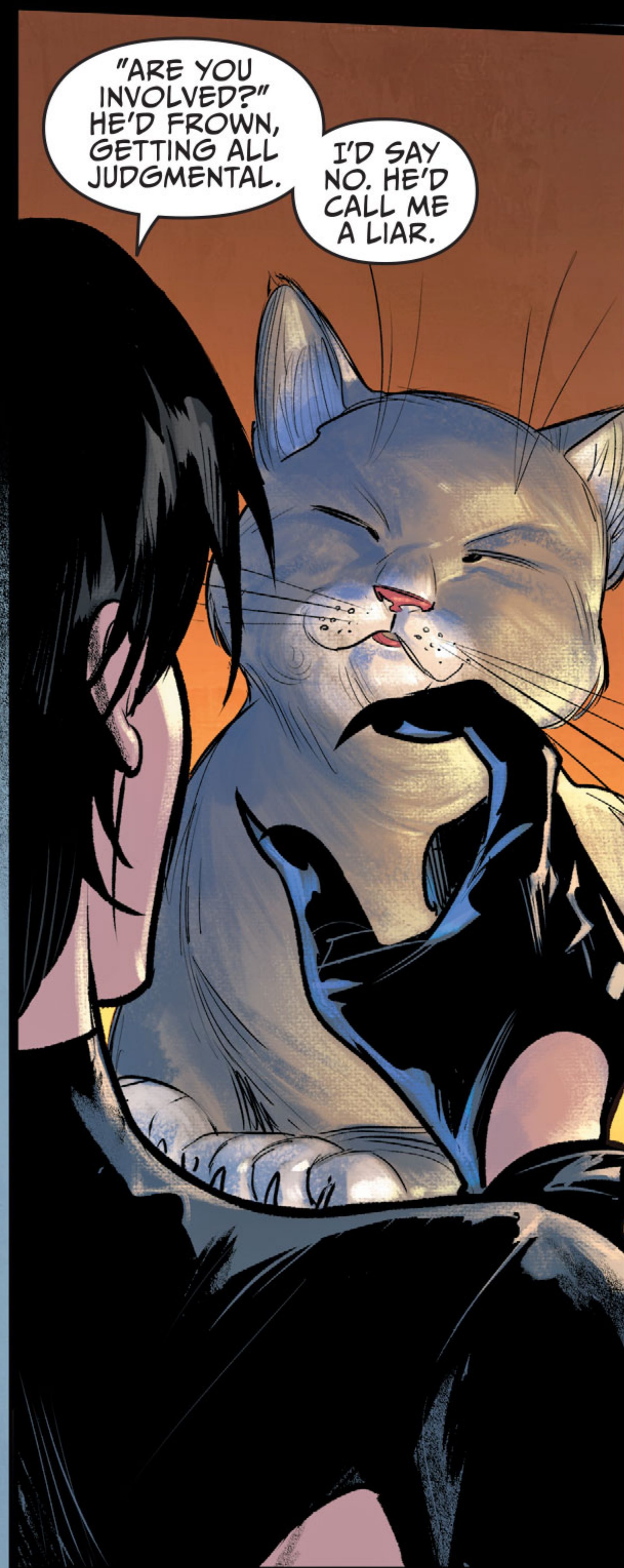
PURR



THAT'S WHAT HE'D SAY IF HE WERE HERE ON THIS ROOFTOP, ALL GRIM AND SERIOUS.

"THINGS ARE HEATING UP DOWN THERE, CAT," HE'D DECLARE.

"IT'S THAT KIND OF TOWN," I'D REPLY.



"ARE YOU INVOLVED?" HE'D FROWN, GETTING ALL JUDGMENTAL.

I'D SAY NO. HE'D CALL ME A LIAR.



"ARE YOU KEEPING YOUR EYE ON ME?" I'D TEASE HIM.

HE'D SAY NO. I'D CALL HIM A LIAR.



HE'D OFFER TO HELP.

"NO, BRUCE. YOU CAN'T BE THERE TO CATCH ME EVERY TIME," I'D SAY.

"I'LL BE OKAY. I'VE HAD A LOT OF PRACTICE PICKING MYSELF UP," I'D TELL HIM.



"GOOD-BYE, BAT."