



SIR, PLEASE. AGENT DUQUE IS EXTREMELY--

OH, GIVE ME A BREAK. I WAS A COP. I KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING IN THERE.



SIR!

WON'T BE A MOMENT, SUGAR. I PROMISE.



DUQUE! WHAT THE HELL IS THIS? I THINK SOMEONE OWES ME SOME ANSWERS.

BYRD. GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN.



DON'T BE COY, AGENT. I WANT YOU TO LOOK ME IN THE EYE AND GIVE ME ONE GOOD REASON I SHOULDN'T THROW THIS IN THE TRASH?

CHRIST, BYRD. I DELIVERED THAT TO YOU DAYS AGO.

YOU'RE JUST NOW WORKING UP THE DRUNKEN COURAGE TO ATTACK ME?



AS A FORMER COP, YOU SHOULD REALIZE I DON'T HAVE ANY CONTROL OVER THESE THINGS. SO STOMP AROUND ALL YOU WANT. YOU'RE JUST WASTING SHOE LEATHER.



IT TOOK A FEW DRINKS TO MAKE ME REALIZE THERE'S NO REASON I SHOULD HAVE TO DEAL WITH BASELESS-- THESE-- ACCUSATIONS. RIDICULOUS.

WELL, I REALLY AM JUST THE MESSENGER BOY, BYRD. CLICHD TO SAY SO, BUT I'M JUST DOING MY JOB.



ALOHA, HAWAIIAN DICK

"THE LONESOME DEATH
OF ANTHONY ANTONIO"

B. CLAY MOORE
& JACOB WYATT



I CAN I.D. HIM, LEE. HE'S AN OLD FRIEND NAMED ANTHONY ANTONIO. ALSO KNOWN AS THE THINKER.

A FRIEND, DETECTIVE? UH-- SORRY TO HEAR THAT, I GUESS.



YEAH, WELL, HE WASN'T THE KIND OF FRIEND YOU'D INVITE OVER FOR DINNER.

UNLESS YOU WANTED YOUR DINNER STOLEN BEFORE YOU SAT DOWN TO EAT IT.



BETTY? KALAMA.



WE'RE GOING TO NEED A MEAT WAGON, AND MAYBE SOMEONE SHOULD GET IN TOUCH WITH THE FEDERAL BOYS.

WE'VE GOT A DEAD GOOMBA IN AN ALLEY, AND THAT ALWAYS MAKES THEM CRAZY.