

WE'LL GET OUT HERE.

EXCUSE ME?

KUBRICK, HAVE YOUR CAMERA READY.

IT ALWAYS IS.

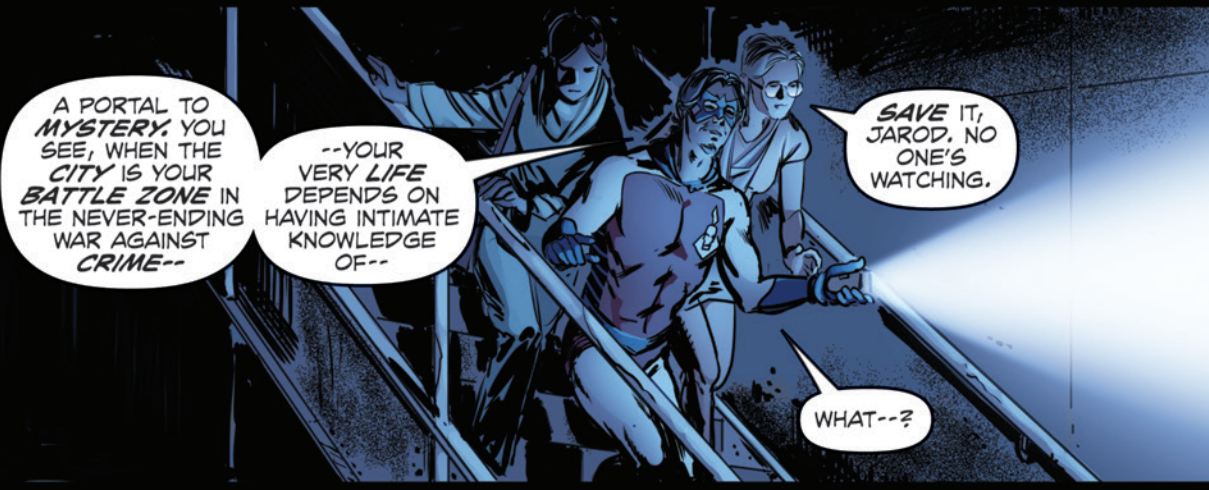


≡AHEM≡ THE MEDIA, THE GOVERNMENT, WALL STREET -- THEY ALL TELL US *ST. BARRINGTON* IS COMPLETELY CUT OFF, THAT NO ONE CAN CROSS THE CITY LIMITS, IN OR OUT.

WELL, I CALL B.S. ON THAT. SEE THIS REMOTE ELECTRICAL TRANSFORMER?



IT'S A DISGUISED ENTRANCE TO THE ABANDONED SUBWAY LINES.



A PORTAL TO MYSTERY. YOU SEE, WHEN THE CITY IS YOUR BATTLE ZONE IN THE NEVER-ENDING WAR AGAINST CRIME--

--YOUR VERY LIFE DEPENDS ON HAVING INTIMATE KNOWLEDGE OF--

SAVE IT, JAROD. NO ONE'S WATCHING.

WHAT--?



"WHERE ARE MY TV PEOPLE?"

THIS IS GONNA BE A LONG HIKE.

HE'S ALMOST THROUGH!
SHOVE ON THREE:
ONE--
TWO--

WE'RE NOT ALL ACROBATS, GALAHAD. WE CAN'T KEEP UP YOUR PACE.

WHERE ARE WE, ANYWAY?

REMEMBER THE CITY'S BANKRUPTCY? WELL, ST. BARRINGTON'S RIDDLED WITH UNFINISHED, UNUSED SUBWAY TUNNELS. HALL-OF-FAME LEVEL WASTE. WHEN I WAS A KID, NOCTURNUS MADE ME MEMORIZE THE MAPS--

--AND IT BECAME OUR SECRET SPACE WARP. CRIMINALS NEVER KNEW WHERE WE'D POP UP, OR HOW WE'D--

--JUST APPEAR--

EEEEEE



RATS

BIG?

GET THAT

I DIDN'T SIGN UP TO CRAWL THROUGH A SEWER, GALLAGHER--

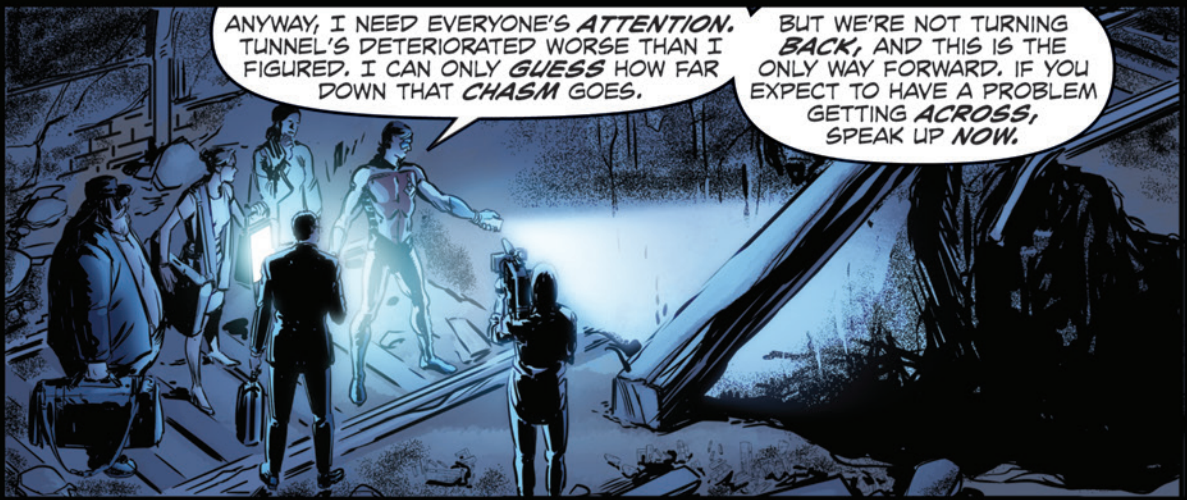
YOU'RE EMBEDDED IN A WAR ZONE, PRINCESS. IT'S CALLED NEWS-GATHERING. AND MY NAME'S GRANGER. PLEASE LEARN IT.

I WANT TO GO HOME.

BELIEVE ME, I SYMPATHIZE. I'VE HAD GROSS JOBS, TOO.

IN FACT, WHEN I WORKED FOR GALAHAD, HE USED TO SEND ME TO THE INFANT'S DEPARTMENT TO BUY--

THAT'S CONFIDENTIAL, MEG!



ANYWAY, I NEED EVERYONE'S *ATTENTION*. TUNNEL'S DETERIORATED WORSE THAN I FIGURED. I CAN ONLY *GUESS* HOW FAR DOWN THAT *CHASM* GOES.

BUT WE'RE NOT TURNING *BACK*, AND THIS IS THE ONLY WAY FORWARD. IF YOU EXPECT TO HAVE A PROBLEM GETTING *ACROSS*, SPEAK UP *NOW*.



LOOKS LIKE *YOU* COULD USE A HAND, POPS.

...



HANGING ON?

...

YOU COULD AT LEAST



ACT LIKE YOU APPRECIATE *THIS*. GLAD YOU'RE NOT AS HEAVY AS YOU





I DON'T HEAR ANYTHING! HOW FAR DOES IT LOOK LIKE IT GOES DOWN?
HOW FAR, YOU LAZY, FAT BASTARD? ANSWER ME!

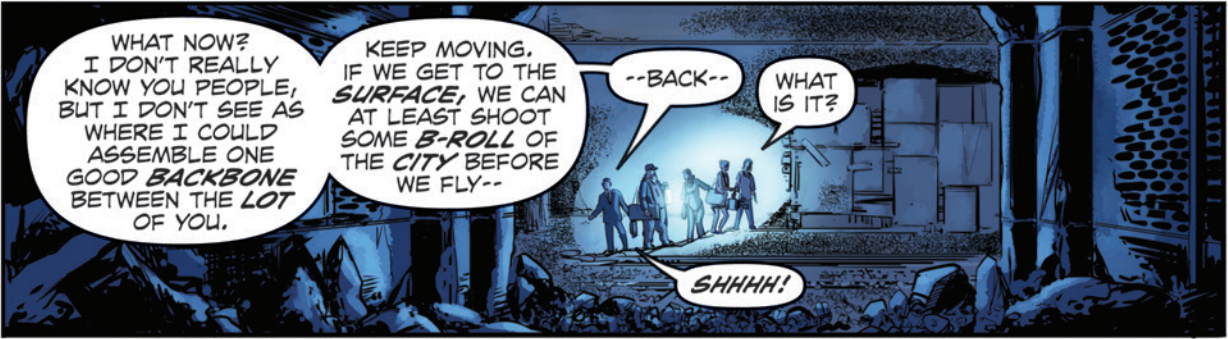


...
COULDN'T TELL.

WELL, YOU COST US THE WHOLE REASON WE'RE HERE. HOPE YOU'RE HAPPY.

MEG, ARE YOU OKAY...?

I CAN'T...
...I CAN'T... BELIEVE HE'S...
OH, GOD...



WHAT NOW?
I DON'T REALLY KNOW YOU PEOPLE, BUT I DON'T SEE AS WHERE I COULD ASSEMBLE ONE GOOD BACKBONE BETWEEN THE LOT OF YOU.

KEEP MOVING. IF WE GET TO THE SURFACE, WE CAN AT LEAST SHOOT SOME B-ROLL OF THE CITY BEFORE WE FLY--

--BACK--

WHAT IS IT?

SHHHH!



BEHIND THAT DOOR! DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING?

I HEARD SOMETHING!



CITY CRAWLING WITH SUPER-VILLAINS AND NOBODY BROUGHT A GODDAMNED GUN...
BACK ME UP HERE!