

FEBRUARY 4, 1978

AN' OVER THERE'S THE DELACOURTE THEATER. AIN'T OPEN NOW, NATURALLY.

HEY, IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU, I GOTTA MAKE A PIT STOP.



HORSE GETS A BAG. US DRIVERS AIN'T SO LUCKY.

BACK IN A SHAKE, LITTLE LADY.



DID HE JUST--



--LEAVE US ALONE WITH HIS FANCY HORSE DRAWN CARRIAGE?

YEAH, HE DID.

SHOULD WE--



YOU READ MY MIND.



MAYBE IT'S SNOW IN CENTRAL PARK, OR THE OLD-TIMEY HORSE AND BUGGY RIDE. MAYBE IT'S BEING IN LOVE, OR THE ADRENALINE OF GRAND THEFT.

YEEEE HAW!

THERE'S JUST SOMETHING MAGICAL ABOUT NEW YORK CITY IN WINTER.





MAYBE IT WAS THE ANNIVERSARY.

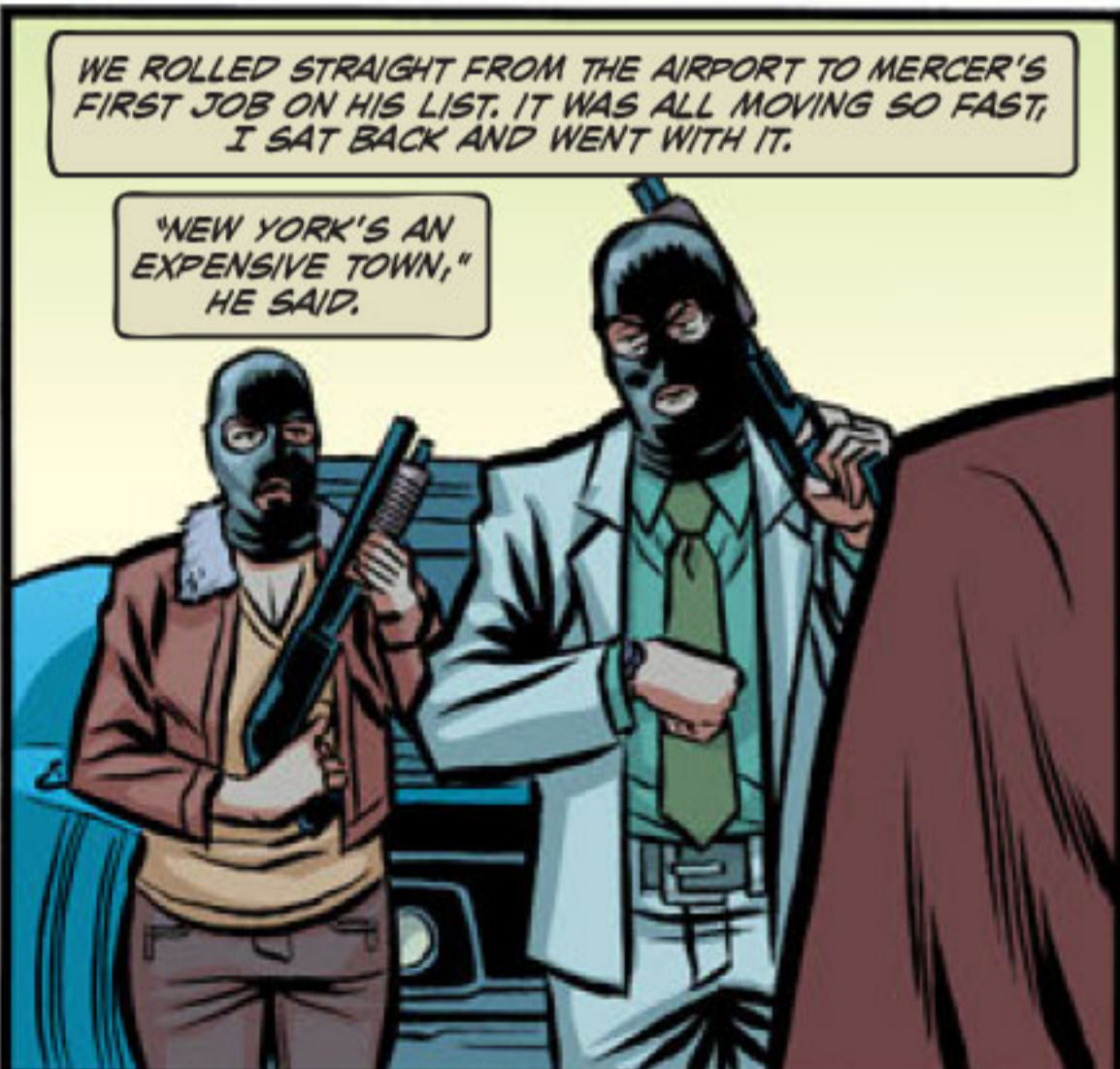
ME AND MERCER,
ME AND MY HEART.

A YEAR TO THE DAY I
STOLE MY LIFE BACK.



WHEN WE LANDED, I WAS WIDE AWAKE ON NO SLEEP,
RACING ON MY FIRST MOMENTS IN NEW YORK CITY.

I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE A
CHANCE TO ASK WHY SCOUT
AND OTTO WERE THERE.



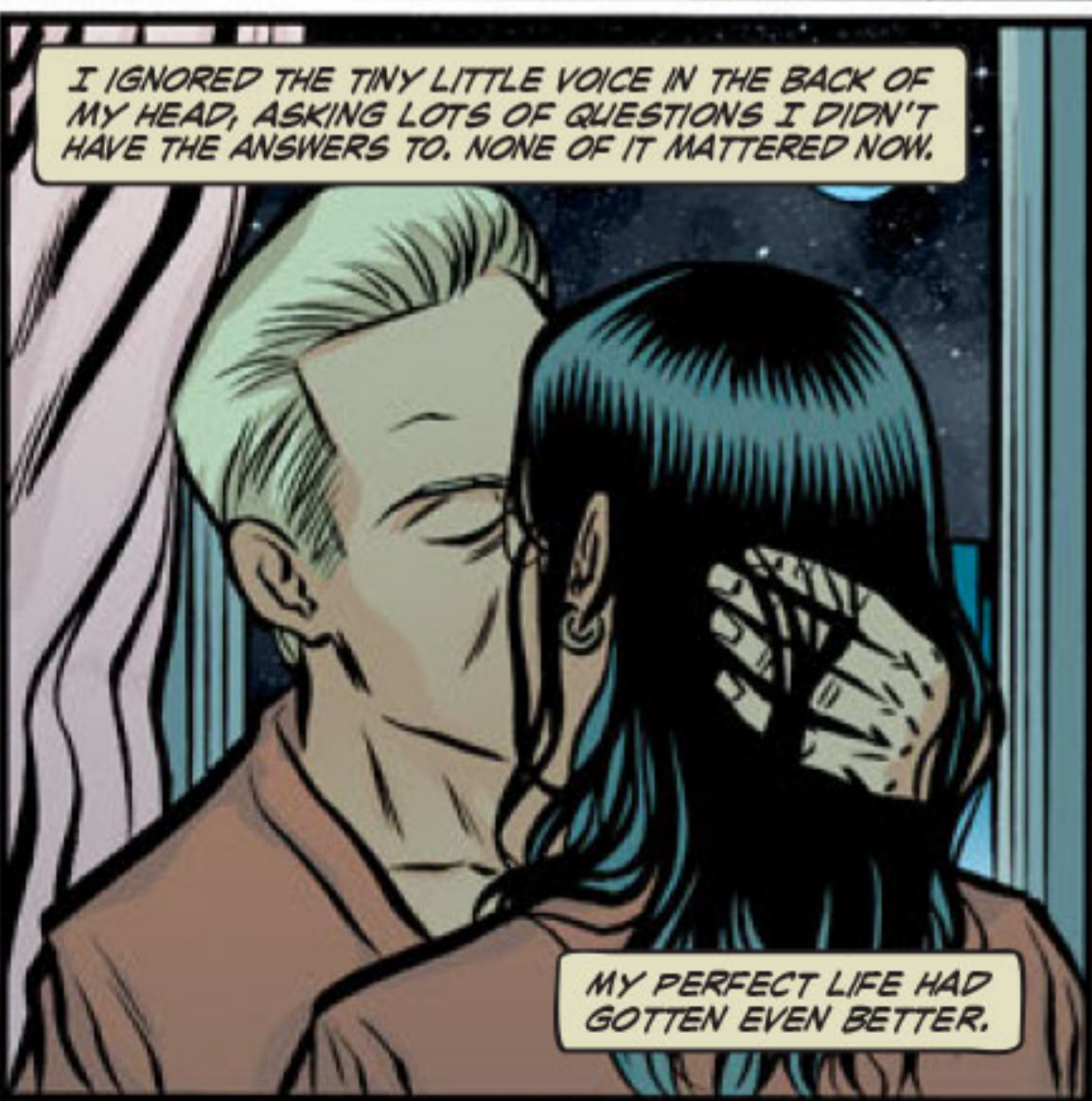
WE ROLLED STRAIGHT FROM THE AIRPORT TO MERCER'S
FIRST JOB ON HIS LIST. IT WAS ALL MOVING SO FAST,
I SAT BACK AND WENT WITH IT.

"NEW YORK'S AN
EXPENSIVE TOWN,"
HE SAID.



ONCE MY HEAD STOPPED SPINNING WE WERE
CHECKED INTO A DREAM LIFE, ME AND
MERCER LIVING IN THE HONEYMOON SUITE.

NEVER LEAVING
EXCEPT TO PUT
THE ROOM SERVICE
TRAYS IN THE HALL.



I IGNORED THE TINY LITTLE VOICE IN THE BACK OF
MY HEAD, ASKING LOTS OF QUESTIONS I DIDN'T
HAVE THE ANSWERS TO. NONE OF IT MATTERED NOW.

MY PERFECT LIFE HAD
GOTTEN EVEN BETTER.



MERCER HAD A ROLODEX OF HEISTS IN HIS HEAD, PLANNED DOWN TO THE SMALLEST DETAIL.

I HAD AN ITCH I COULDN'T SCRATCH. FOR HIM, FOR THE JOBS, THE THRILLS EACH ONE BROUGHT WITH THEM.

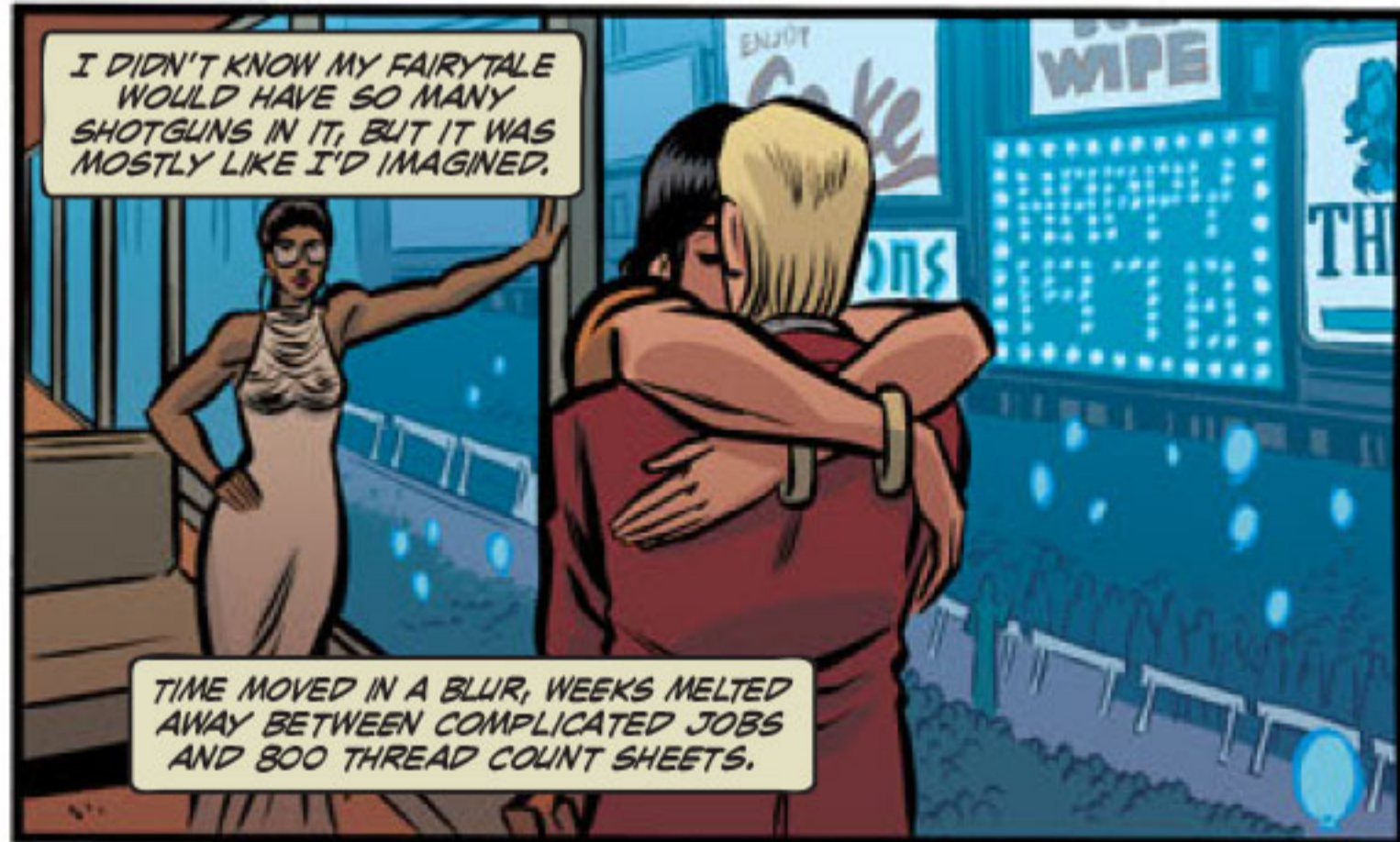
WE WENT WELL TOGETHER.



I EVEN SUGGESTED JOBS.

ONE WEEK WE STOLE PRICELESS ART, THE NEXT WE'D ROB A ROOM FULL OF COKED-OUT STOCKBROKERS OF THEIR BONUSES FROM SCREWING PEOPLE OVER.

YOU CAN PROBABLY GUESS WHOSE WAS WHICH.



I DIDN'T KNOW MY FAIRYTALE WOULD HAVE SO MANY SHOTGUNS IN IT, BUT IT WAS MOSTLY LIKE I'D IMAGINED.

TIME MOVED IN A BLUR, WEEKS MELTED AWAY BETWEEN COMPLICATED JOBS AND 800 THREAD COUNT SHEETS.



BUT I REMEMBER THAT NIGHT. OUR ANNIVERSARY.

WE WALKED THE ISLAND. A MOVIE IN CHELSEA, DINNER IN MURRAY HILL, A ROMANTIC CARRIAGE RIDE THROUGH CENTRAL PARK.

I REMEMBER EACH SECOND.

BECAUSE, LOOKING BACK, THAT WAS THE LAST PERFECT MOMENT I CAN REMEMBER.

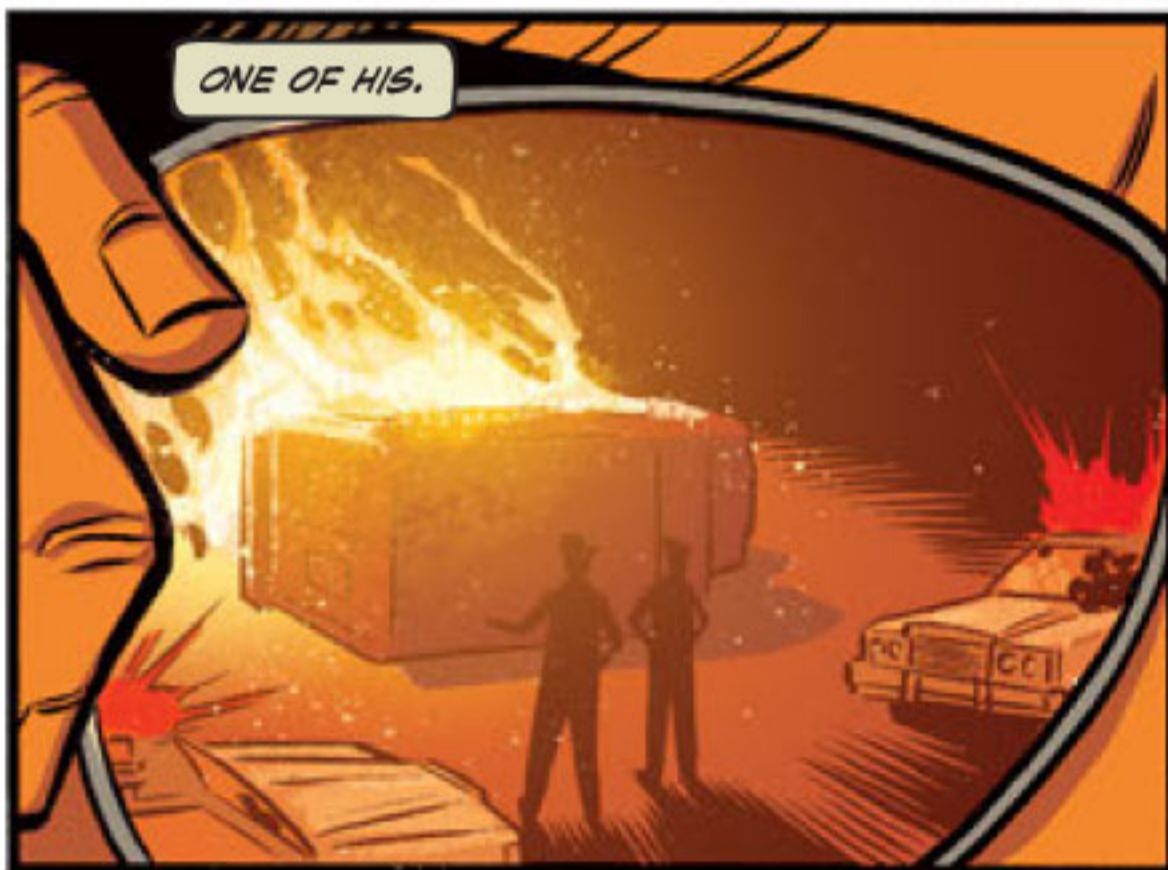




ONE OF MINE.

YOU KNOW WHO YOU'RE RIPPING OFF, TOUGH GUY?

WHY DO YOU THINK WE'RE *HERE*, WISE GUY?



ONE OF HIS.



AW, CHRIST. I THOUGHT YOU SAID THIS WAS ALL SET!

CUT HER A BREAK, OTTO.



THEN ALL MINE STARTED GOING PERFECT.

BOSS, I GOTTA SAY, I HAD MY DOUBTS, BUT YOU'RE A GENIUS.



WHILE ALL HIS...

IT'S OKAY. I DON'T MIND. WE CAN TRY AGAIN.

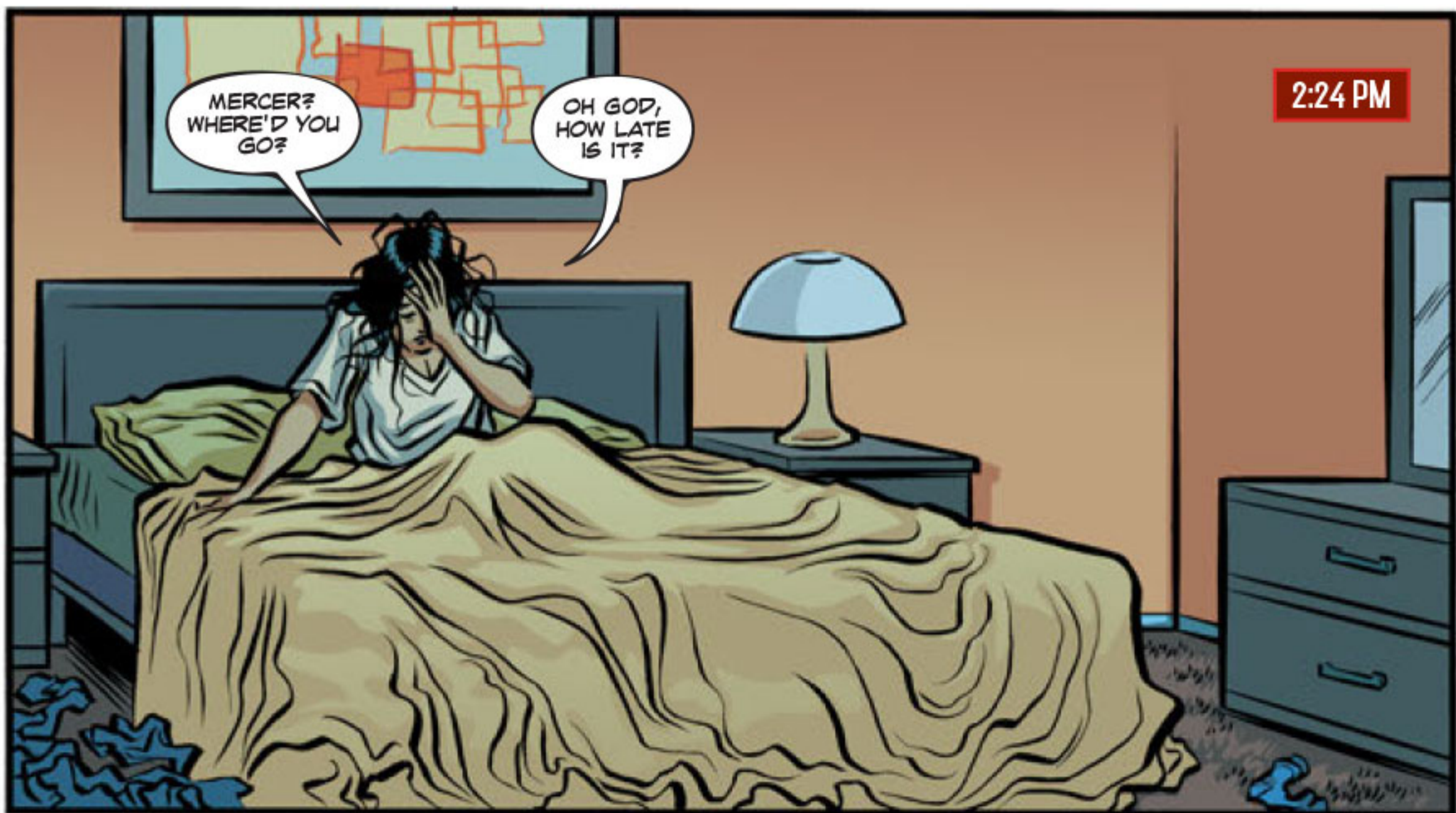
IT HAPPENS TO EVERYONE.

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2:24 PM

MERCER?
WHERE'D YOU
GO?

OH GOD,
HOW LATE
IS IT?



YOU
AWAKE IN
THERE?

'CAUSE
I'M GONNA GET
BREAKFA--LUNCH,
FOOD.



MISS PARKER,
HOW ARE YOU
TODAY?

CAN'T
TALK. NEED
COFFEE.



YOU COMING
OUT?
OR ARE
YOU GONNA
SULK ALL
DAY?

WHAT
DID I
DO?



IT'S JUST A ROUGH PATCH,
I TOLD MYSELF.

HE'LL GET OVER
IT, I THOUGHT.

AND THAT
LITTLE VOICE
GOT LOUDER,
PANICKING.
WHAT IF HE
DIDN'T?

