



UNPAID INTERN DUTIES/YOU'RE A GOOD HUMAN BEING, NASH HUANG

OFFICE DONUTS.

--TWO CRULLERS, A BOSTON CREME--



WIG SHOP.

NOT PINK. RED! THE ORDER SAYS RED! I DUNNO, THE P.A. OR INTERN OR WHATEVER'S HERE AND--

WHY IS THIS MY LIFE RIGHT NOW?



DRY CLEANERS.

--BUT I CAN SEE THE STAIN--WITH MY EYEBALLS--RIGHT THERE.



REWARD? ROOFTOP BAR WITH RIGO AND SARAH FOR ALL THE ALCOHOL.

WHUMP

GRAAARHH!

WHO KNEW INTERNS DID SO MUCH? WE DON'T EVEN PAY THEM!



YOU'RE LATE.

AGAIN.

GUYS...I CAN'T EVEN RIGHT NOW.

HEY, PHIL? CAN I GET AN OLD FASHIONED?







--NASH HUANG?



UH... YEAH?



I-I'M SORRY!



NOT INTERESTED, ASSHOLE!

OH, GOD... PLEASE, I'M SORRY--I'M SO SORRY!



GOD FORGIVE ME--S-SO SORRY...



WHAT--?



--NO!



THE WORLD GOES
IN AND OUT.

--NAME
WAS RANDALL
POTERELLI.
RING ANY
BELLS?

NOT
EVEN A
LITTLE.

IT'S
NOT
HIS
NAME.

FUNNY HOW
TIME PASSES
IN MOMENTS
LIKE THESE.

IT'S
NOT
HIS
NAME.

HOW IT
SLOWS.

HOW IT
TAUNTS.

SLEEP HITS.

HE'S
COMING
'ROUND.