



Um.
HELLO?
WE - ARE YOU
IN THERE?



WERE
PRETTY SURE
YOU'RE STILL
IN THERE.



WE--
--hey--



--hey give me
that back --



YOU TWO.



SUZANNE.



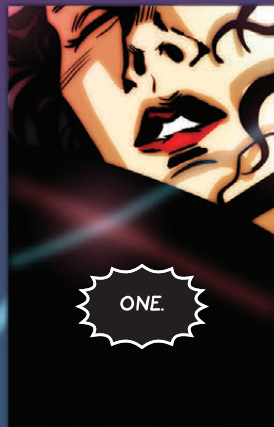
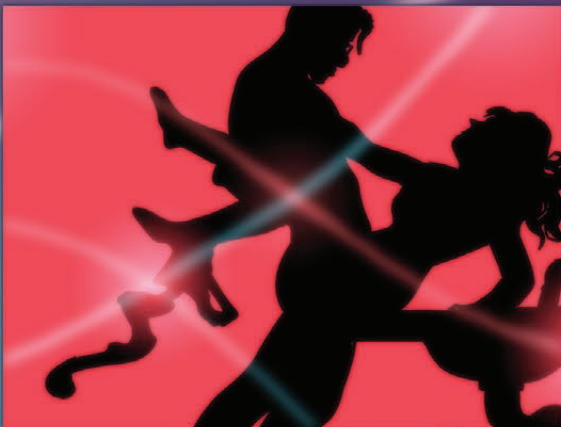
JONATHAN.



THIS IS
YOUR VERY
LAST CHANCE,
CHILDREN.



Now.
At three,
we're coming
in after you.



ONE.



TWO.



I know how this looks.

Don't judge us.

Let me start
at the start:

This guy
killed my dad.

The jokes
are coming, I
promise.

It's Tuesday,
October 28th,
1997, and just a
second ago, this
guy killed my
father and shot
two other people.

The stock market
crashed yesterday,
apparently, and he
lost everything.

Except for a gun
and his cocaine
psychosis.

He showed up
here, at the world
headquarters of
BankCorp, looking
to settle some
scores.

My dad was an
accountant.
Didn't even
know the guy.

I'd like to think Dad died
heroically. Maybe saving
somebody. Maybe he
jumped between the guy
and a pregnant lady or
something.

Anything to keep it
from being so
random.

I swear the sex and the
jokes are coming.
Hang on.

READING

IS SEX

There.
That's me.

With the
hair.

My whole
world's about
to end.

