



ONE LAST JOB.

THAT MYTHICAL ONE
LAST JOB.

GET IN, GET OUT, LEAVE NO TRACE,
DISAPPEAR, TAKE THE MONEY AND
RETIRE ON A BEACH.

THAT'S WHAT THIS WAS
SUPPOSED TO BE.

IT'S POSSIBLE THINGS
AREN'T GOING WELL.



WALKED INTO A TRIPWIRE LASER.

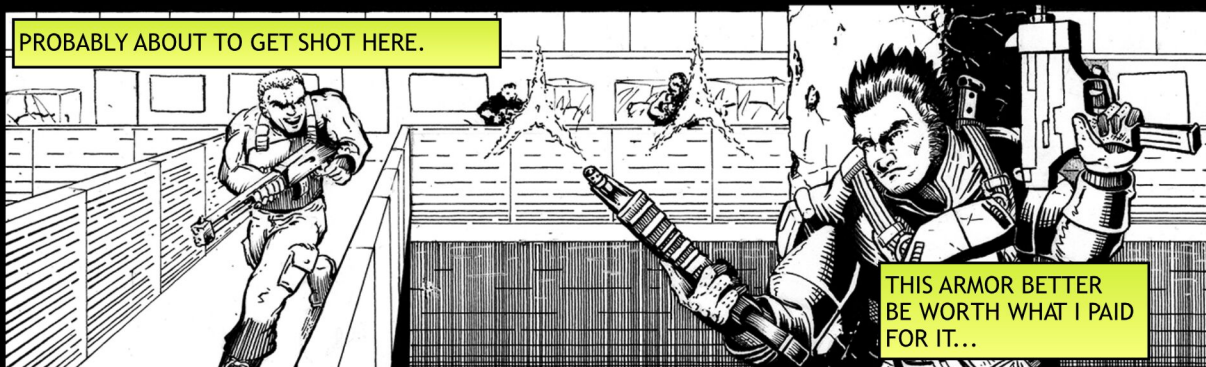
ROOKIE MISTAKE. STUPID.



GO AROUND AND FLANK HIM, WE'LL LAY DOWN SUPPRESSING FIRE!

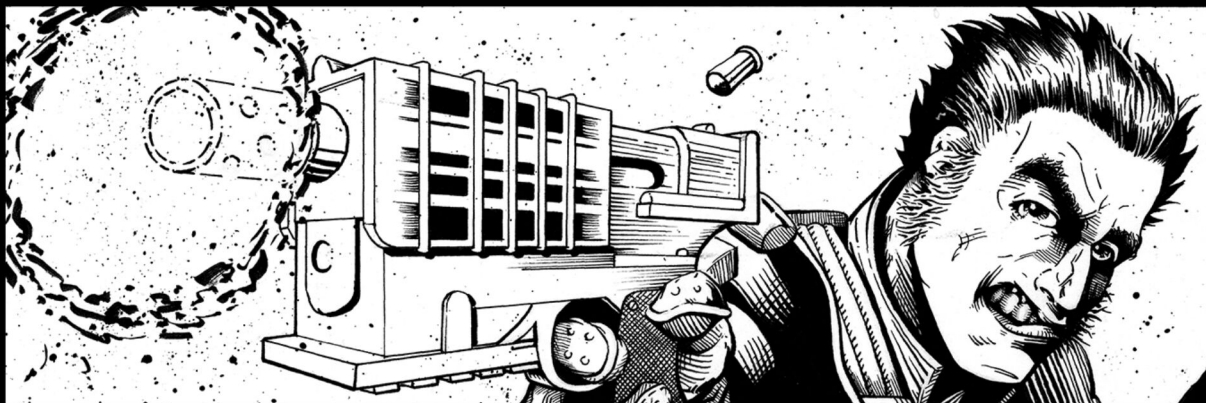


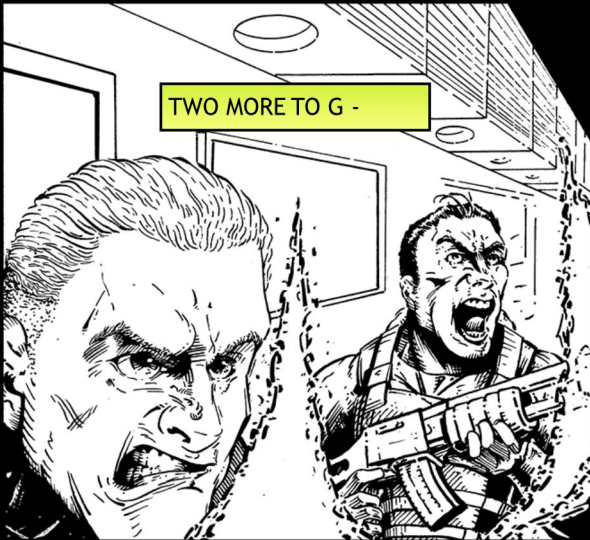
GREAT.



PROBABLY ABOUT TO GET SHOT HERE.

THIS ARMOR BETTER BE WORTH WHAT I PAID FOR IT...

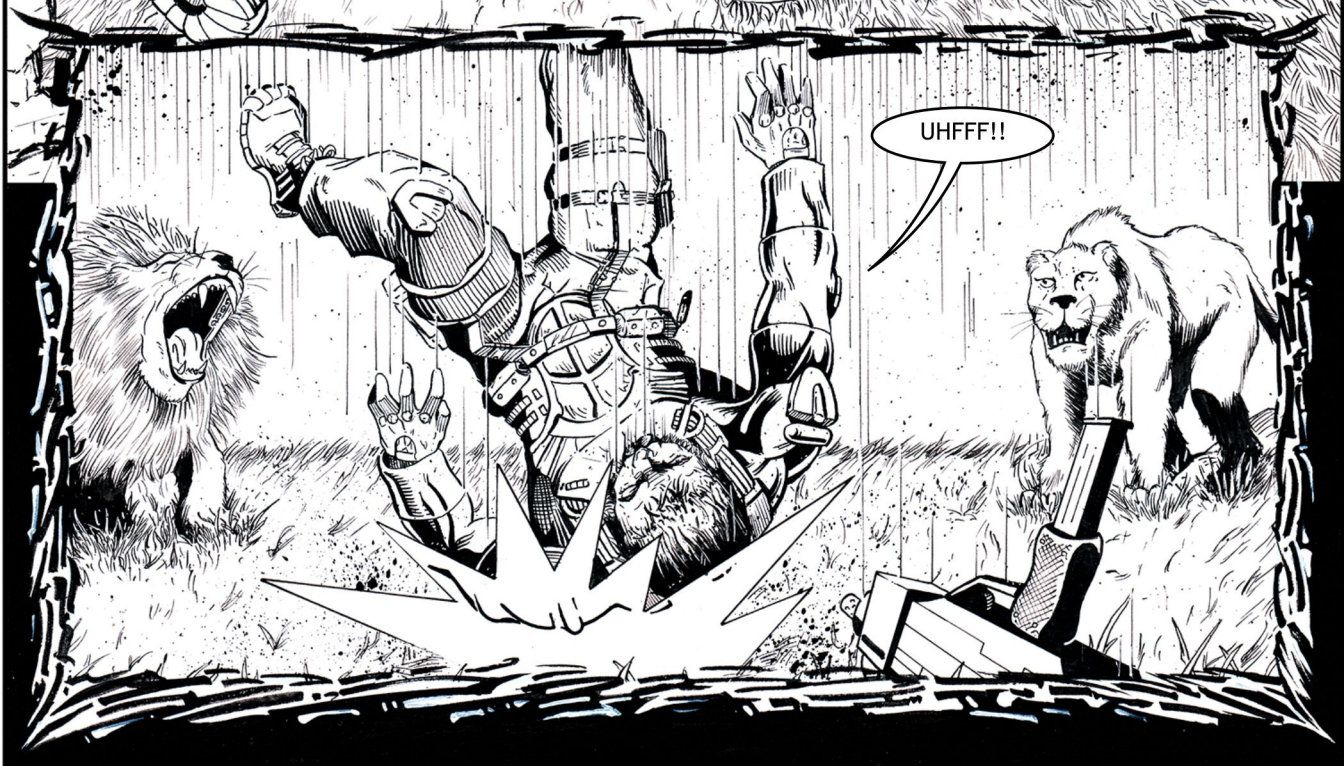




YUP.



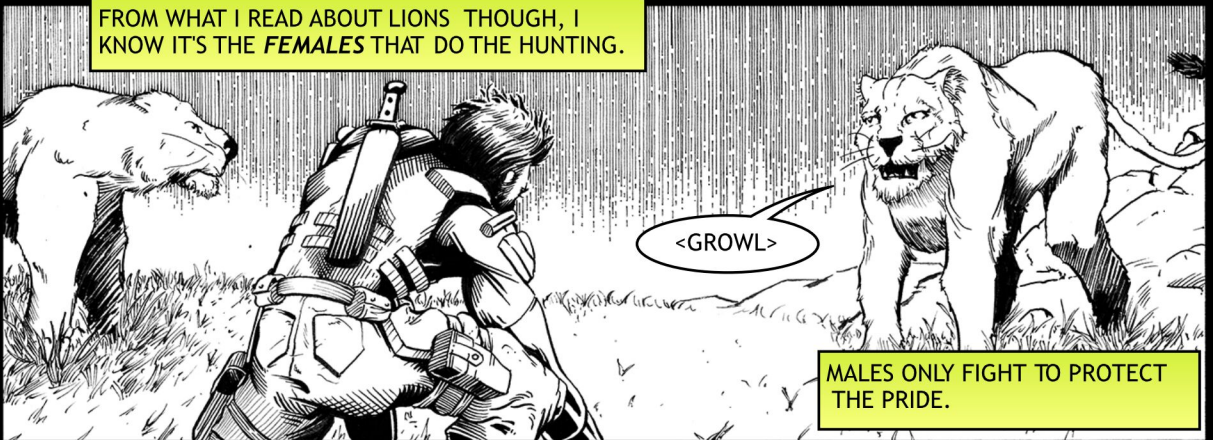
DEFINITELY NOT GOING WELL.



UHFFF!!



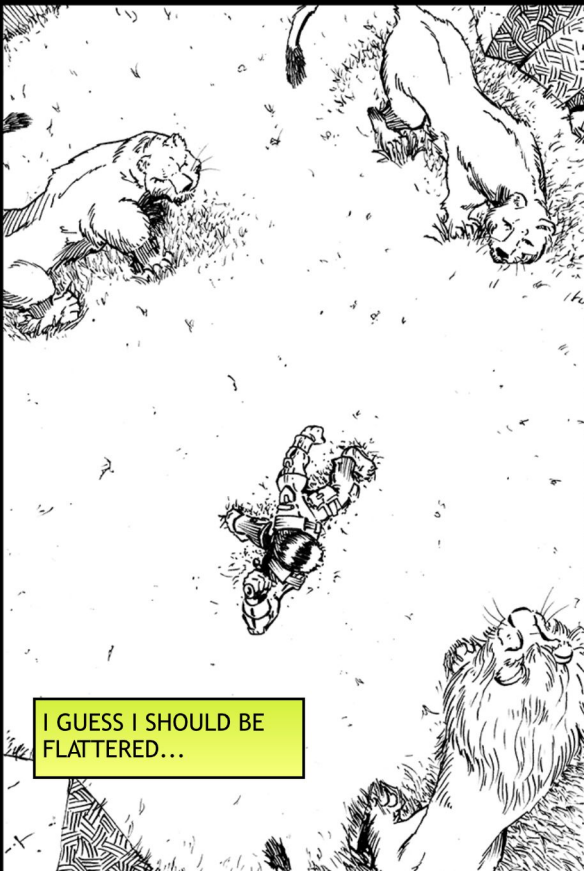
ALL THE GREAT CATS WENT EXTINCT IN THE WILD AFTER THE CATAclysm...



FROM WHAT I READ ABOUT LIONS THOUGH, I KNOW IT'S THE *FEMALES* THAT DO THE HUNTING.

<GROWL>

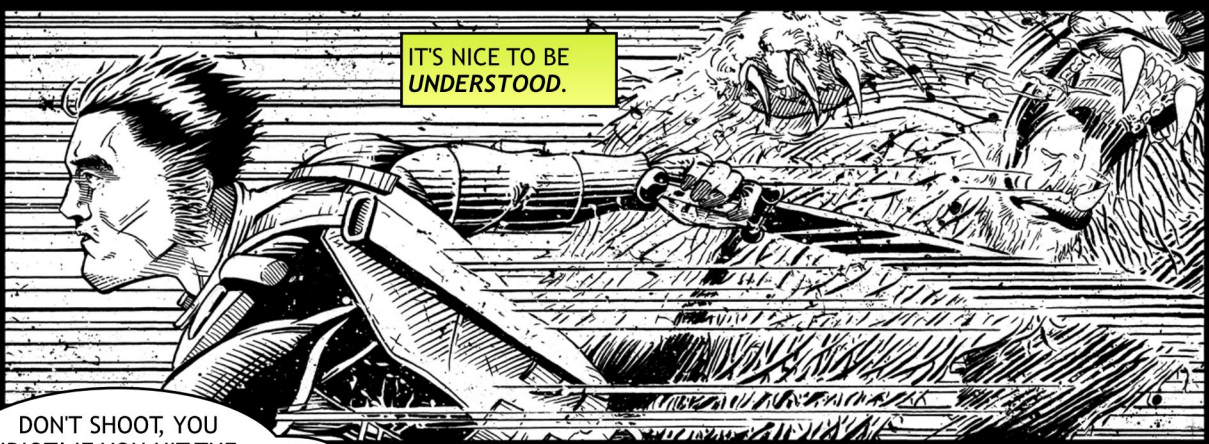
MALES ONLY FIGHT TO PROTECT THE PRIDE.



I GUESS I SHOULD BE FLATTERED...



THE BIG GUY THINKS I'M A THREAT.



IT'S NICE TO BE
UNDERSTOOD.

DON'T SHOOT, YOU
IDIOT! IF YOU HIT THE
LIONS, MASTER'S GOING TO
EAT YOU ALIVE!



LET GO OF MY GUN,
MORON! MASTER WON'T
GIVE A \$#@&...



" DON'T YOU KNOW WHO THAT IS? "



"...THAT'S VINASHA NAHGA -
THE DESTROYER..."

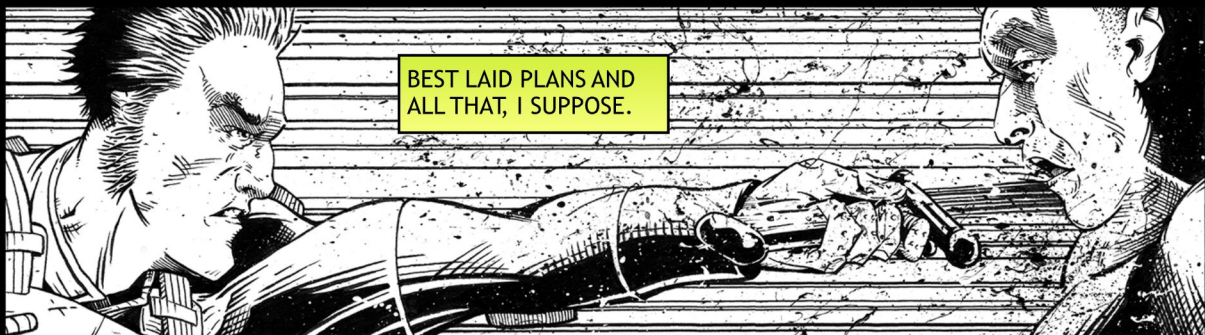
"...AND HE TOOK THE ALPHA
DRIVE!"



NOT GOOD.

WANTED TO DO THIS CLEAN
AND QUIET, NO BODIES.

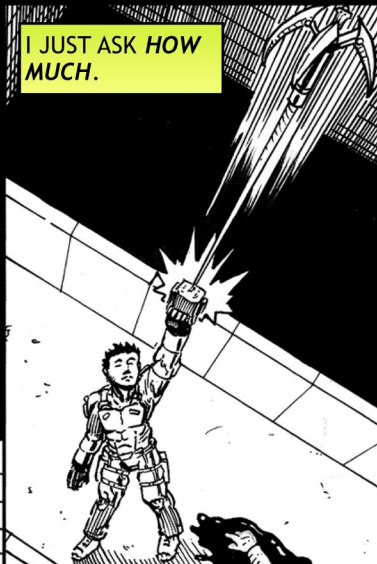
BEST LAID PLANS AND
ALL THAT, I SUPPOSE.



RICH BASTARD HOARDS UP ALL
THAT HE THINKS IS PRECIOUS
IN THIS WORLD...



MY CLIENT WANTS ONE OF THESE
TRINKETS, WHICH IS WEIRD, BUT
HEY, MINE NOT TO REASON WHY.



I JUST ASK *HOW*
MUCH.

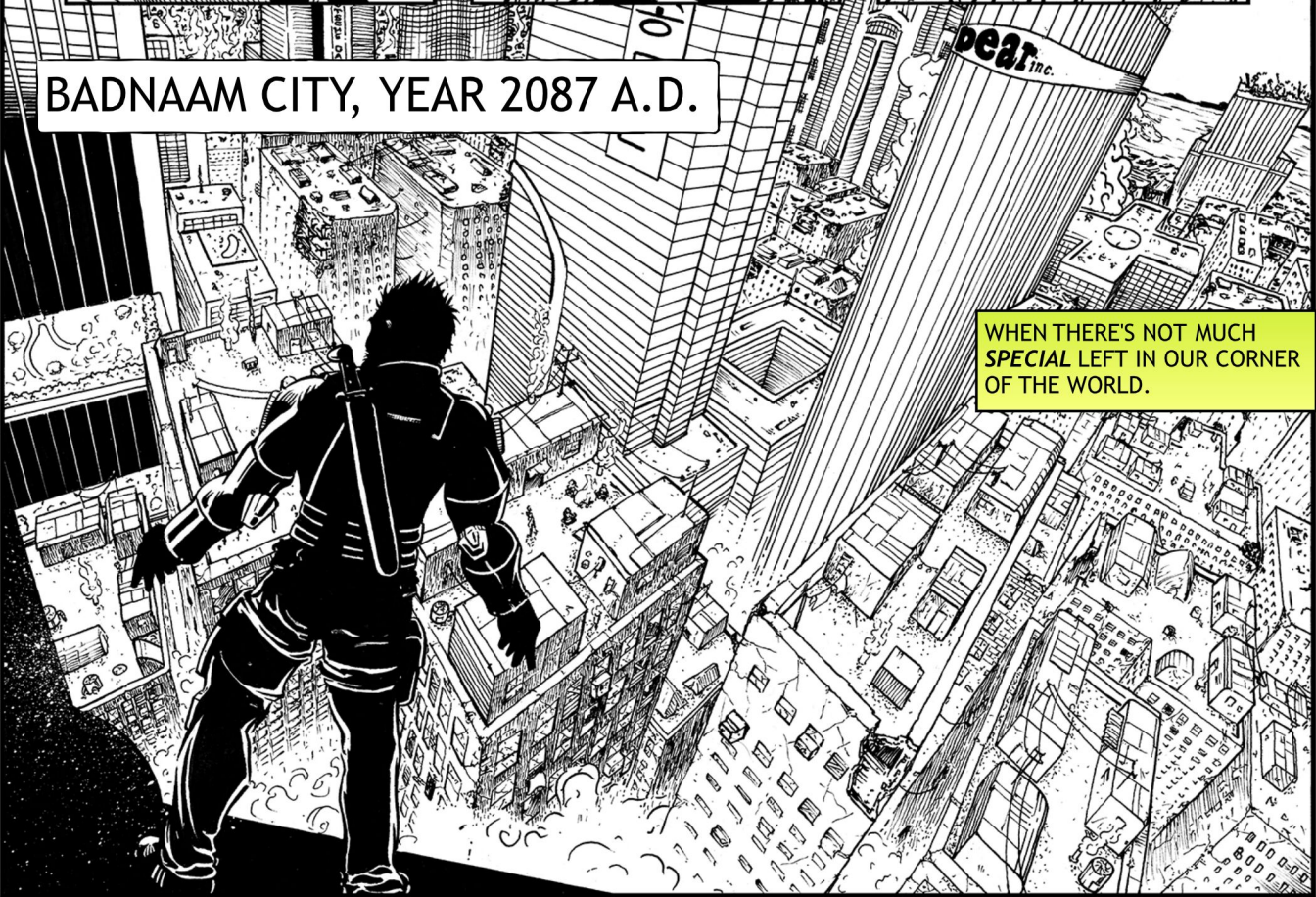


WONDER WHAT'S SO
SPECIAL ABOUT THIS
DRIVE THOUGH.



ESPECIALLY THESE
DAYS...

BADNAAM CITY, YEAR 2087 A.D.



WHEN THERE'S NOT MUCH
SPECIAL LEFT IN OUR CORNER
OF THE WORLD.