

I HAVE A CONFESSION

THAT PART ABOUT TELLING YOU ALL THIS TO
PROVE I'M A GOOD STORYTELLER? I MADE THAT UP.

TRUTH IS... WELL, THE TRUTH IS
I DIDN'T TELL YOU THE TRUTH...

MAYBE TODAY WASN'T THE END OF
SOMETHING. MAYBE IT'S THE BEGINNING
OF A BRAND NEW STORY... ONE WHERE
YOU CAN IGNORE ALL THE BAD STUFF.
JUST HAVE THE FUN STUFF.

WOULDN'T THAT BE AWESOME,
AMIGO? WOULDN'T THAT BE JUST
THE BEST ENDING OF ALL?
UNFORTUNATELY, WE'RE FRESH OUT
OF THOSE ENDINGS, COMPADRE...

FROM THE SECOND THAT STUPID
HEAD SAID THEIR NAMES, I KNEW IT
WAS A BAD IDEA TO COME BACK
HERE. BUT I DIDN'T KNOW HOW BAD.
HOW COULD I? HOW COULD I KNOW
ANYTHING BEFORE I WALKED
INTO THAT BATHROOM?

EARLIER...

I DON'T KNOW, PATH. GO
CHECK OUT THE ROOF OR
SOMETHING. ALL I KNOW IS, I
GOTTA GOOOOOO,
COMPRENDE?

THE ROOF SOUNDS BORING
AND YOU HATE BORING,
BUT OKAY, FRIEND!



HOW MUCH LONGER
DO I HAVE TO WEAR
THESE DAMN PANTS...?



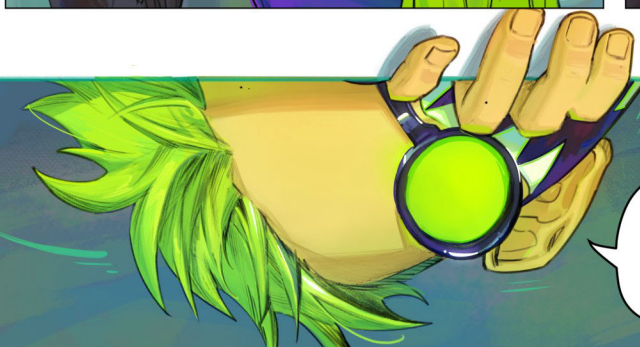
OCTAVIO SILVA.

WHOA!

JUAP



YOU NEED TO
LEAVE THE
MUSEUM. NOW.



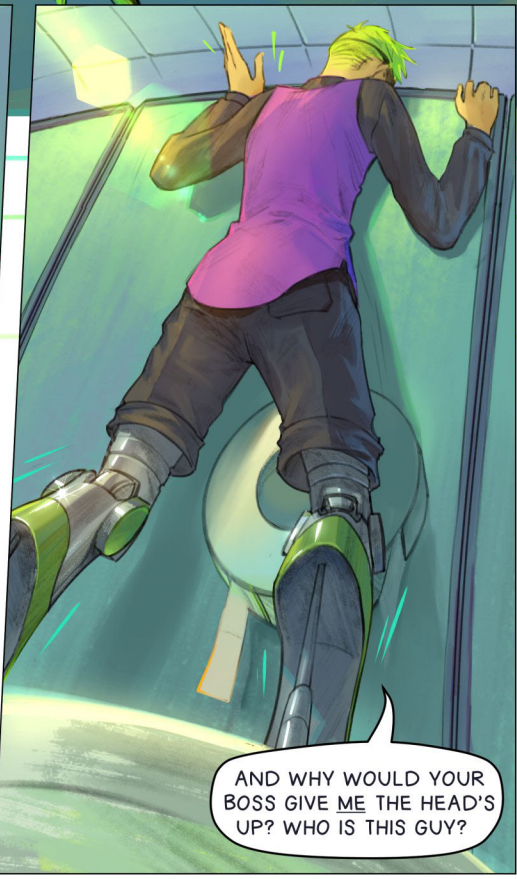
OKAY, WHO PUT
YOU UP TO THIS?
IS IT CHE? GIBBY?
HAHA. VERY
FUNNY...

IN TEN MINUTES, A DOZEN
MERCENARIES HIRED BY MY
EMPLOYER WILL ATTACK
THE MUSEUM, LED BY A MAN
NAMED CREIGHTON SAWTELLE.
YOU NEED TO GET OUT
BEFORE THIS HAPPENS.

OKAAAAAY...
TELL ME, MYSTERY
MAN... IF SOMEBODY
WAS ACTUALLY
GOING TO DO
THAT, WHY TIP
ANYONE OFF?

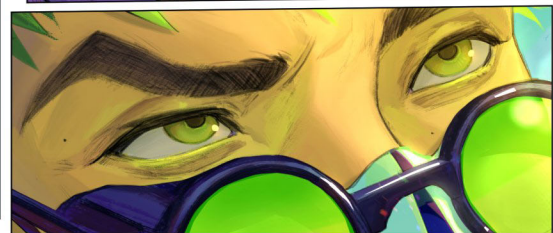


HOP



AND WHY WOULD YOUR
BOSS GIVE ME THE HEAD'S
UP? WHO IS THIS GUY?

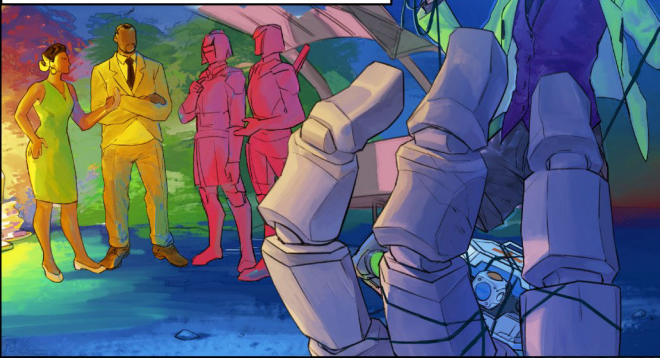
YOUR FATHER





THAT'S THE LAST THING THE DUDE
SAID TO ME. THIRTY SECONDS LATER,
I BLEW THROUGH THE WALL AND LANDED
ON A GIANT STATUE HAND OUTSIDE.

WE'RE NOT LIKE CHE AND HER DAD.
POPS AND I DON'T FIGHT.
WE DON'T EVEN TALK.
I STAY OUT OF HIS BOARDROOM,
HE STAYS OUT OF MY LIFE.



HE'S A WORLD-CLASS, GRADE A,
TOP OF THE LINE JACKHOLE.
BUT THAT'S A LONG WAY FROM
KILLING TWO HUNDRED
OF HIS CLOSEST FRIENDS.



WAY OUR
LUCK'S HEADIN'
TONIGHT, IT'LL BE
YOUR POPS, O.

IF WHAT BATHROOM
DUDE SAID WAS TRUE,
MI PADRE ES UN... UN....



...TERRORISTA.

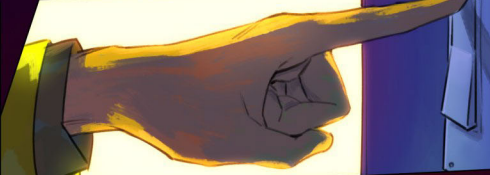
AND WHAT DOES THAT MAKE ME?

NAH. MUST BE ONE OF MY PALS
MESSING WITH ME. BUT, HEY...
THANKS FOR LISTENING...
YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE I CAN TELL...
THE ONLY ONE I CAN TRUST...



...BECAUSE I KNOW
YOU'LL NEVER TELL
ANYONE, D.O.C. YOU'D NEED
A VOCAL PROCESSOR
TO DO THAT.

THERE YA GO.
ALL CLEAN.



CLICK



IS THAT LIGHT.... OH. I THINK
THAT JUST MEANS YOU'RE
CHARGING. G'NIGHT, D.O.C.
AND REMEMBER... OUR SECRET.
TO THE GRAVE, NIÑO.

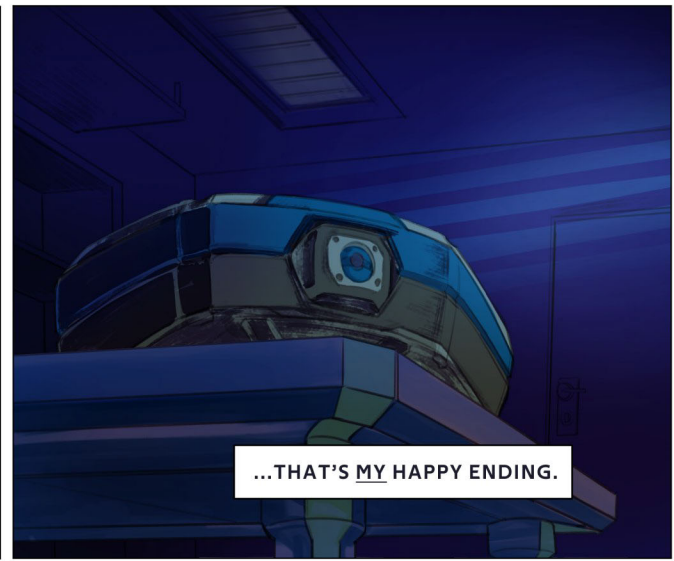


NO ONE NEEDS TO KNOW... BECAUSE
NOTHING HAPPENED. I'M THE
NARRATOR. WHAT I SAY GOES.



NO FURTHER AUDIO DETECTED
SAVED AUDIO RECORDING

MY DAD WASN'T IN THIS STORY. NEVER WAS,
NEVER WILL BE. WE GOT THE BAD GUY.
WE KICKED HIS ASS. AND NOW I GET TO GO
FOR A RUN, AND FORGET ANY OF IT EVER
HAPPENED. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL...



...THAT'S MY HAPPY ENDING.