

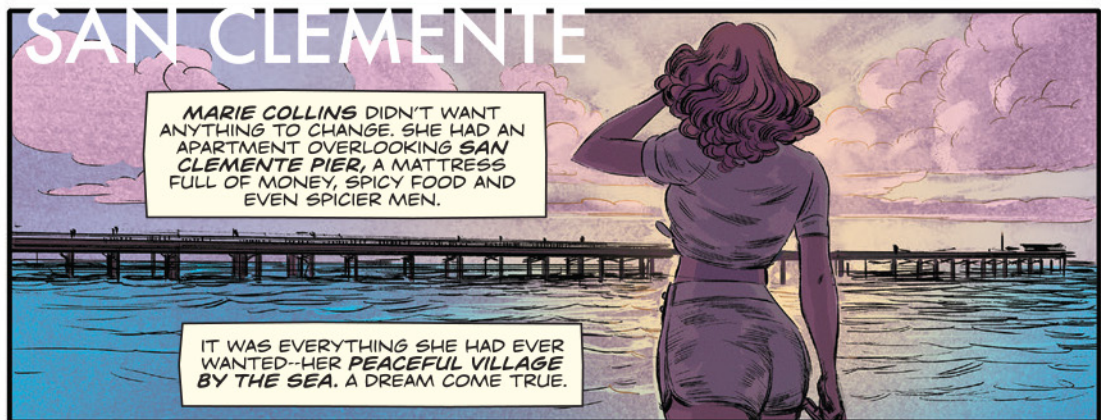
THINGS  
CHANGE.

PEOPLE  
DON'T.



JUST LIKE THE TIDE,  
THERE ARE HIGHS  
AND LOWS, AND  
EBBS AND FLOWS.

BUT SOONER OR  
LATER, EVERYTHING  
EVENS OUT AND  
PEOPLE WIND UP  
RIGHT BACK WHERE  
THEY STARTED.



# SAN CLEMENTE

MARIE COLLINS DIDN'T WANT  
ANYTHING TO CHANGE. SHE HAD AN  
APARTMENT OVERLOOKING SAN  
CLEMENTE PIER, A MATTRESS  
FULL OF MONEY, SPICY FOOD AND  
EVEN SPICIER MEN.

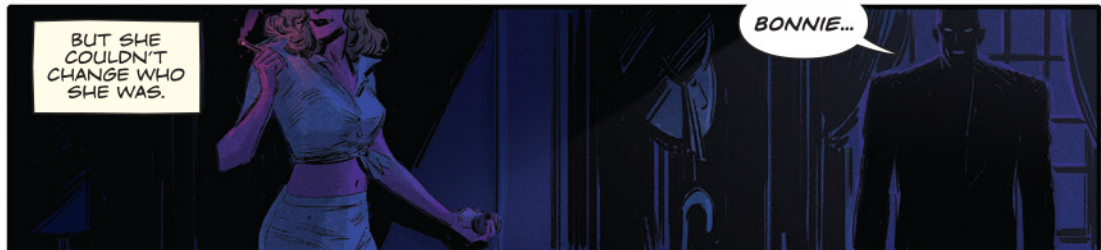
IT WAS EVERYTHING SHE HAD EVER  
WANTED--HER PEACEFUL VILLAGE  
BY THE SEA. A DREAM COME TRUE.



BUT MARIE KNEW  
SOMEDAY HER  
DREAM WOULD  
END, AND SHE'D  
WAKE UP SOME  
PLACE DARK, IN  
A COLD SWEAT.



MARIE HAD BEEN  
ABLE TO CHANGE  
THINGS. SHE  
OVERCAME ADVERSITY  
AND MADE A LIFE FOR  
HERSELF WHERE SHE  
WAS FINALLY HAPPY.



BUT SHE  
COULDN'T  
CHANGE WHO  
SHE WAS.

BONNIE...



SHE HADN'T HEARD THAT NAME SINCE 1955. EVERYONE IN SAN CLEMENTE KNEW HER AS **MARIE**, "THE CUTE LITTLE THING BY THE PIER WHO KEEPS TO HERSELF."

...HE WANTS TO SEE YOU.

BUT THEY DIDN'T KNOW **BONNIE**.



IN **LOS ANGELES** MOST PEOPLE CALLED HER **TROUBLE**, BUT HER GIVEN NAME WAS **BONNIE BLAIR**. IN **CLEVELAND** SHE CHANGED IT TO **BONNIE BRAE** AND HAD A REPUTATION TO GO WITH IT.

BUT, AS IT USUALLY DID, LIFE HAD A WAY OF CATCHING UP TO HER, NO MATTER WHICH NAME SHE HAPPENED TO BE GOING BY.



IT WAS 1957, AND LIFE WAS STILL FINDING NEW WAYS TO PUNCH **BONNIE** IN THE FACE.



NO MORE PLAYING IN THE **SOUTHERN ORANGE COUNTY SHOREBREAK**. NO MORE WALKS UP AND DOWN **AVENIDA DEL MAR**.



NO MORE **SUNSETS ON THE PIER**.

NO MORE **SPANISH VILLAGE BY THE SEA**.



THINGS CHANGE. PEOPLE DON'T.

AND YET THE MORE THINGS CHANGE, THE MORE THEY **STAY THE SAME**.

# WAREHOUSE DISTRICT



THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A POLICE BADGE THAT MAKES PEOPLE WANT TO RUN.

MOST OF THE TIME IT'S GUILT, OR FEAR, OR JUST PLAIN OLD MISUNDERSTANDING.



BUT IN LOS ANGELES, THEY RUN BECAUSE THEY KNOW...



...THE POLICE ARE JUST AS DANGEROUS AS THE PEOPLE THEY'RE CHASING.



HEY, HEY, IT'S ALL RIGHT. JUST TAKE IT EASY. HERE, HAVE A SMOKE.

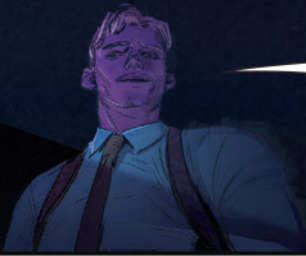


LISTEN, WE'RE NOT GONNA BUST YOU. THAT'S NOT WHY WE'RE HERE. JUST TELL US WHERE SLICK RICKY IS AND HOW MANY WE GOT INSIDE AND YOU CAN BREATHE EASY.

HE'S...UH... MR. DURANTE'S ON THE FLOOR. THERE'S...UM-I DUNNO--COUPLE DOZEN OF 'EM.



THAT'S ALL WE NEEDED TO KNOW.



GOOD THING WE BROUGHT BACKUP...

REGARDLESS OF WHATEVER THE NEWSPAPERS SAID, CRIME WAS ALIVE AND WELL IN 1957.

SURE, JACK DRAGNA WAS DEAD AND THE LOS ANGELES CRIME FAMILY WAS IN A STATE OF DISREPAIR, BUT MICKEY COHEN WAS BACK IN THE GAME AND NEW YORK WAS STILL MAKING MOVES.

ALRIGHT, LET'S MAKE IT QUICK. GOT A PREGNANT WIFE AT HOME WHO'S NOT GETTING ANY THINNER.

YOU GOT IT, STICKY.

DOMINO MARCON HAD TRIED MUSCLING IN THE LUCIANO CRIME FAMILY WHILE COHEN WAS LOCKED UP. HE EVEN HAD HELP FROM THE LAPD.

BUT THEN THREE GOOD COPS GOT IN THE WAY.

LAPD!

I'M GONNA MAKE THIS REAL EASY FOR EVERYONE. WE'RE HERE FOR RICARDO DURANTE AND ONLY RICARDO DURANTE. I'M LOOKING AT YOU, SLICK.

THE REST OF YOU ARE FREE TO GO.

DOMINO'S OPERATION WAS STILL IN FULL SWING DESPITE HIS DISAPPEARANCE, AND DETECTIVE HARVEY SLATER WAS TIRED OF CHASING A GHOST. IT WAS TIME TO DO WHAT HAD TO BE DONE.

WHAT DO YOU SAY, RIC?

"SLICK RICKY" WAS RUNNING THE GAME IN DOMINO'S STEAD, ALONG WITH HIS RIGHT HAND, "BOONE BABY" MARTINBROUGH.

SMOKE 'EM IF YOU GOT 'EM. GOTTA LOVE THE COPS...

**BLAM**

OFFICER CARL HAYWOOD LOVED A GOOD FIGHT.

DETECTIVE JOE "STICKY" STICKELMAN LOVED A GOOD DRINK.

**BLAM  
BLAM  
BLAM**

BUT SLATER, HE DIDN'T LOVE ANYTHING ANYMORE.

**BLAMI**



ARE THESE GUINEA PIGS REALLY GONNA MAKE US RUN AFTER THEM? WHY CAN'T THIS EVER BE EASY?

BLAM  
BLAM

BLAM  
BLAMM

BLAM

BLAM  
BLAM

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO WANTED TO GIVE EVERYONE A CHANCE TO WALK AWAY...



IT'S THAT BUN IN THE OVEN-- MAKING YOU SOFT.

SHUT UP, HAYWOOD.



SLATER HAD A BAD HABIT OF SHOWING UP LATE TO THE PARTY...



...JUST AS PEOPLE WERE LEAVING.

SON OF A [REDACTED]



IT WAS BEYOND FASHIONABLE.

BUT THERE WAS A PART OF SLATER THAT ENJOYED BEING THE LAST PERSON TO LEAVE, THE LAST PERSON PEOPLE SAW BEFORE DISAPPEARING INTO THE NIGHT.





WE GOT A PROBLEM...

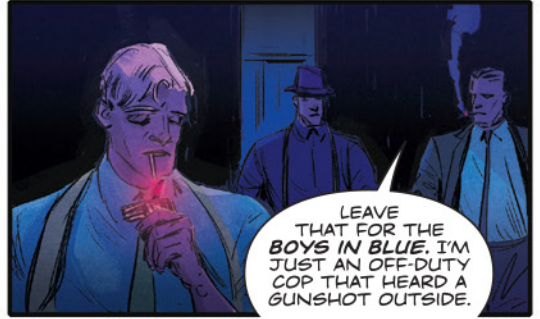
STUPID KID CAME OUT OF NOWHERE. I'D PROBABLY SHOT HIM IF STICKY DIDN'T. HE'S JUST A **TEENAGER** BUT IF HE PULLS THROUGH, HE COULD PUT US AT THE SCENE.

THAT'S A CHANCE WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO TAKE.

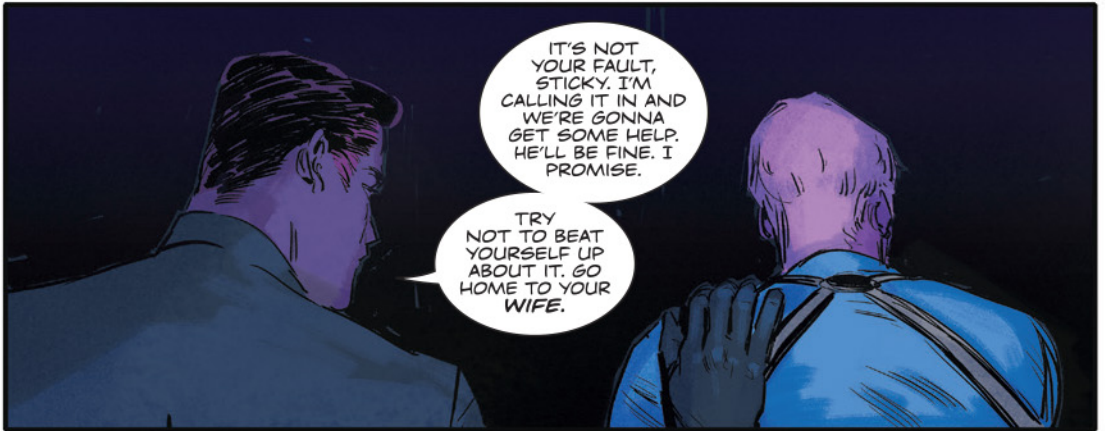


GO GRAB THE CAR AND TAKE STICKY HOME. I'LL GET **CENTRAL** DOWN HERE WITH A MEDIC AND TAKE CARE OF IT.

HOW YOU GONNA EXPLAIN THE **GRAVEYARD** INSIDE?



LEAVE THAT FOR THE **BOYS IN BLUE**. I'M JUST AN OFF-DUTY COP THAT HEARD A GUNSHOT OUTSIDE.



IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT, STICKY. I'M CALLING IT IN AND WE'RE GONNA GET SOME HELP. HE'LL BE FINE. I PROMISE.

TRY NOT TO BEAT YOURSELF UP ABOUT IT. GO HOME TO YOUR WIFE.



LATE TO THE PARTY. LAST ONE TO LEAVE.

STORY OF HARVEY SLATER'S LIFE.



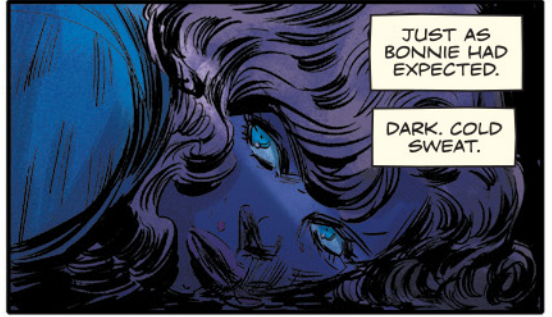
ALWAYS THE LAST PERSON YOU SAW...

...BEFORE  
DISAPPEARING  
INTO THE  
NIGHT.



JUST AS  
BONNIE HAD  
EXPECTED.

DARK. COLD  
SWEAT.



NNNGGHHH...



USUALLY WHEN SHE  
WAS TIED UP IT WAS  
**CONSENSUAL** AND  
WITH SOMETHING A  
LITTLE EASIER ON THE  
WRISTS THAN **ROPE**.

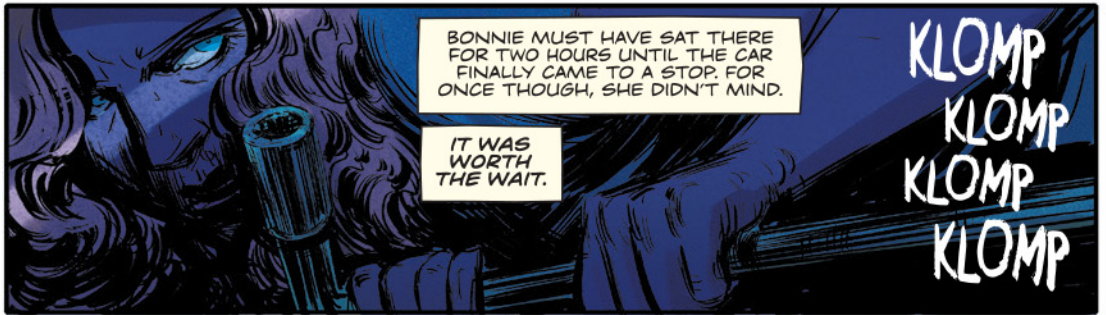


LUCKILY,  
BONNIE  
KNEW WHAT  
SHE WAS  
DOING  
WHEN THE  
LIGHTS  
WERE OFF.



BUT THEN SHE  
HAD TO DO  
SOMETHING SHE  
WASN'T USED TO.

**SIT  
TIGHT  
AND  
WAIT.**



BONNIE MUST HAVE SAT THERE  
FOR TWO HOURS UNTIL THE CAR  
FINALLY CAME TO A STOP. FOR  
ONCE THOUGH, SHE DIDN'T MIND.

IT WAS  
WORTH  
THE WAIT.

**KLOMP  
KLOMP  
KLOMP  
KLOMP**







NOW WHO'S GOING TO CLEAN THAT UP?

GOOD QUESTION. HOW ABOUT WE HAVE A SMOKE AND FIGURE SOMETHING OUT?



VINCENT CHRISTIANOS. PLEASURE.

OH NO, THE PLEASURE'S ALL MINE.

I'M GONNA GO AHEAD AND ASSUME YOU KNOW WHO I AM.



I'VE HEARD SOME THINGS. QUITE A NUMBER OF THINGS, ACTUALLY.

WELL, THEY CAN'T ALL BE TRUE.

SORRY ABOUT YOUR FRIENDS.



DON'T BE. THEY WEREN'T MY FRIENDS. JUST A COUPLE OF ERRAND BOYS.

YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME, IT'S BEEN A NIGHT, BUT YOU MIND TELLING A GIRL WHERE SHE IS EXACTLY?



YOU'RE RIGHT WHERE SOMEONE LIKE BONNIE BRAE BELONGS.



# LAS VEGAS

# HOLLYWOOD

"DETECTIVE SLATER!  
DETECTIVE SLATER!  
STOP, STOP RIGHT  
THERE, DON'T MOVE."

GOOD MORNING  
TO YOU TOO,  
RUBY. LET'S DO  
THIS IN MY  
OFFICE.

FIRST OF ALL, YOU  
CAN'T GO IN YOUR  
OFFICE. SECONDLY,  
YOU'RE LATE, AND NOT  
EVEN FULLY DRESSED?  
WHAT AM I GOING TO  
DO WITH YOU?

I HAD A  
ROUGH NIGHT.  
WHY CAN'T I  
GO IN MY  
OFFICE?

"IT'S ALWAYS A ROUGH  
NIGHT WITH YOU. AND  
UNLESS YOU WANT TO SIT  
DOWN AND CHIT-CHAT WITH  
TWO INTERNAL AFFAIRS  
INVESTIGATORS, YOU  
CAN'T GO IN YOUR OFFICE."

"THIS IS WHY I  
KEEP YOU AROUND,  
RUBY. YOU'RE ONE  
OF THE GOOD  
ONES. WHERE'S  
STICKY?"

DETECTIVE  
STICKELMAN IS  
AT THE FROLIC  
ROOM, WHERE  
YOU SHOULD  
BE.

DIDN'T  
YOUR FATHER  
TEACH YOU  
HOW TO TIE  
ONE OF  
THESE  
THINGS?

MY OLD  
MAN DIDN'T  
TEACH ME A  
LOT OF  
THINGS.

GREAT  
KNOT, RUBE.  
TELL OUR  
FRIENDS  
WE'LL TALK  
LATER.