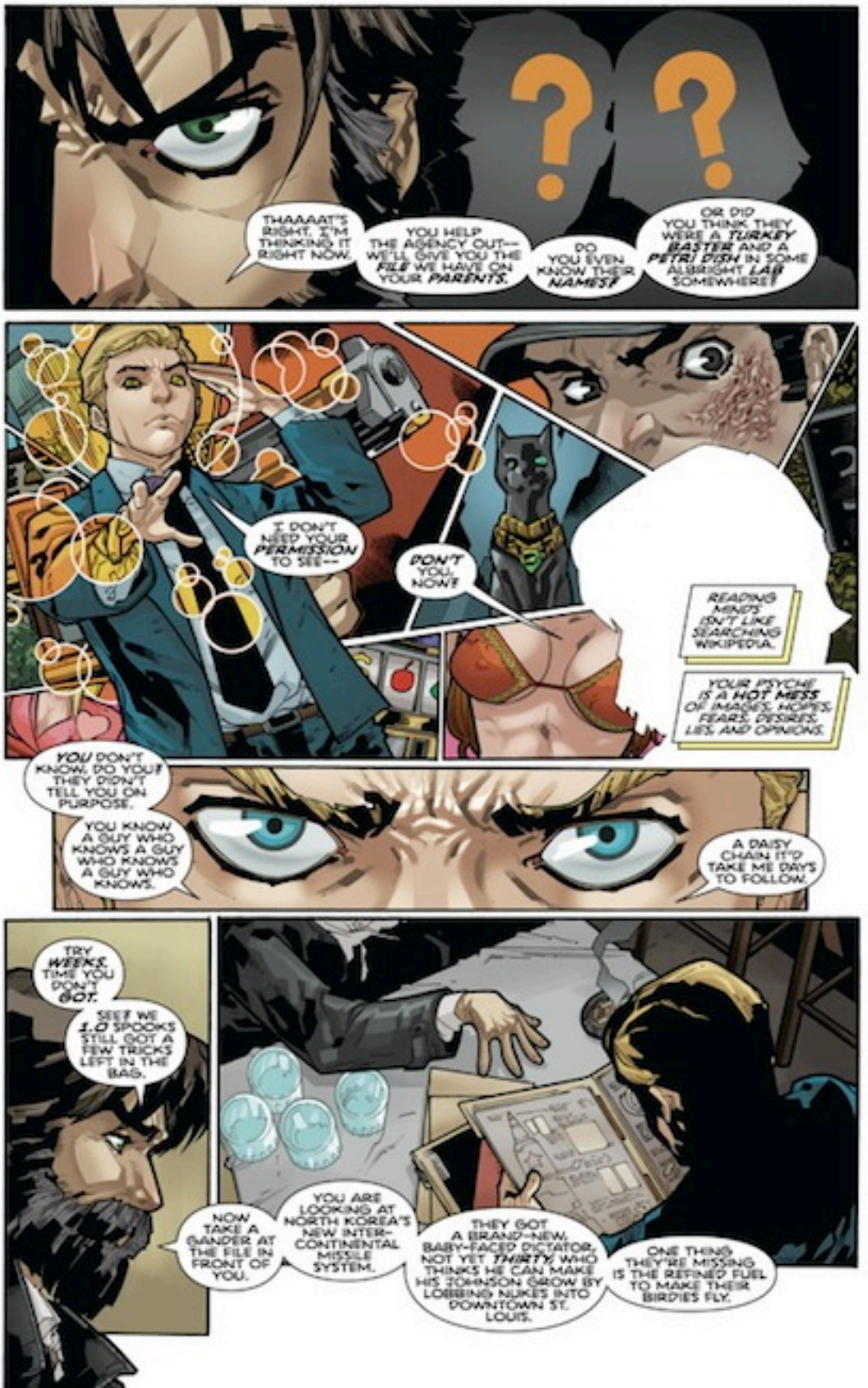
YOU REALIZE...
...I GOT YOU RIGHT WHERE I WANT YOU!
THIS IS HOW MY DAY ENDS.

THIS IS HOW IT BEGAN.
HATE-SURFING MY FELLOW DRIVERS' THOUGHTS ON THE FDR.
POW
@#$&! FOREIGNERS!
OUGHTA NUKE EVERY COUNTRY THAT AIN'T US
GO BACK TO WHERE YOU CAME FROM
I LOVE IT. IT'S LIKE SPEED METAL AND TALK RADIO HAD A DIRTY LOVE CHILD THAT SNORTS ADRENALINE.
MORE NATIONALITIES WILL BE GIVEN THE FINGER THIS WEEK THAN AT ANY OTHER POINT IN THE YEAR.
IN MID-SEPTEMBER, THE OPENING OF THE UNITED NATIONS GENERAL ASSEMBLY (UNGA*) MAKES NEW YORK CITY A PARKING LOT FOR DIPLOMATIC PLATES.
*(LITERALLY, WE PRONOUNCE IT "UH-GUH.")
IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS, OVER 900 AIRCRAFT WILL FLY IN AND OUT OF JFK, DROPPING OFF MOST OF THE WORLD'S MAJOR LEADERS AND ASSORTED DIGNITARIES.
SPECIAL AGENT PRICE, THIS IS NORTH STAR. COPY?
THIS IS PRICE. GO AHEAD, NORTH STAR.
THERE WILL BE MORE THAN 250 OFFICIAL STATE DINNERS, PARTIES, BALLS, SPEECHES, AND RELATED EVENTS.

AND THE UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE HAS TO SECURE THEM ALL.
USSS DOESN'T JUST PROTECT POTUS, BUT ALL FOREIGN LEADERS ON STATE VISITS TO AMERICAN SOIL.
SO DURING UNGA THEY TEMPORARILY RELOCATE FROM THEIR BROOKLYN REGIONAL HQ TO A TACTICAL COMMAND CENTER CODE NAMED NORTH STAR AT A CLASSIFIED LOCATION IN MANHATTAN.
STATE SAYS YOUR CLIENT'S ARRIVAL IS ON TIME AT JFK, PRICE.
I'M WHAT ALBRIGHT INDUSTRIES' BIO-VANCEMENT DIVISION REFERS TO AS A "REAPER ASSET" SUBCONTRACTED TO THE US GOVERNMENT.
IT'S A TRIANGLE.
ALSO, YOU DIDN'T DREAM WHAT YOUR UNCLE DID TO YOU.
IT REALLY HAPPENED.
ALBRIGHT RAISED ME, GROOMED ME, AFTER MY PARENTS DIED.
THEY MANAGE MY CAREER. THEY EVEN ARRANGE ALL MY DATES FOR ME.
DONNA KAREN
Jimmy Choo
4 HUGROVE
Goldbars
MARK JACOBS
TOO BAD I CAN LEARN EVERYTHING WORTH KNOWING ABOUT A PERSON IN LESS THAN AN HOUR.
SO IT USUALLY FEELS GOOOP TO BE SURPRISED.
SEAMUS PUB
COPY THAT, NORTH STAR. ALREADY EN ROUTE TO MEET CLIENT.
JUST GOT ONE STOP TO MAKE FIRST. PRICE OUT.

NEW YORK CITY IS LITTERED WITH FAUX-IRISH PUBS THAT MIGHT AS WELL ALL BE CALLED "PADDY MCLEPRECHAUN'S."
THIS ONE REEKS OF MOP WATER AND BAD IDEAS.
BRAIN BOY.
THE PEOPLE WHO READ YOUR E-MAIL INSTEAD OF YOUR MIND TO KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING CALL ME "BRAIN BOY."
IT'S NOT A TERM OF ENDEARMENT.
THANKS FOR COMING. I'M—
GERARD BODELL. CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY.
I READ MINDS. REMEMBER?
YOUR MYSTERY TEXT GOT ME HERE.
YOUR MOUTH HAS TWO MINUTES TO TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT BEFORE I SCOOP IT OUT OF YOUR BRAIN.
UNKNOWN CALLER
If you want to know what Albright isn't telling you meet me at
THE AGENCY KNOWS YOU'VE BEEN ASSIGNED TO PRESIDENT RICORTA'S DETAIL AT UNGA.
THE AGENCY MAAAAAY HAVE HAD A LITTLE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT.
THE AGENCY WOULD LIKE YOU TO—
NO.
NO.
I WON'T PEEK INTO HIS SKULL FOR YOU.
NO?
SECRET SERVICE AND CIA HAVE AN UNDERSTANDING. WE DON'T SPY ON CLIENTS. WE CAN'T PROTECT THEM UNLESS THEY HAVE ABSOLUTE TRUST IN US.
WHAT DO YOU CARE? NOT LIKE YOU'RE REAL USSS ANYWAY.
MAYBE I JUST DON'T LIKE YOU. YOU SPENT YOUR LIFE BLACKMAILING EMBASSY OFFICIALS FOR BEING GAY. IT FILLS MY HEART WITH JOY TO MAKE YOUR KIND OBSOLETE.
AWWW. THAT HURTS MY FEELINGS. YOU DIDN'T EVEN ASK WHAT WE'RE OFFERING IN RETURN.


THAAAAT'S RIGHT. I'M THINKING IT RIGHT NOW.
YOU HELP THE AGENCY OUT-- WE'LL GIVE YOU THE FILE WE HAVE ON YOUR PARENTS.
DO YOU EVEN KNOW THEIR NAMES?
OR DID YOU THINK THEY WERE A TURKEY BASTER AND A PETRI DISH IN SOME ALBRIGHT LAB SOMEWHERE?
I DON'T NEED YOUR PERMISSION TO SEE--
DON'T YOU, NOW?
READING MINDS ISN'T LIKE SEARCHING WIKIPEDIA.
YOUR PSYCHE IS A HOT MESS OF IMAGES, HOPES, FEARS, DESIRES, LIES AND OPINIONS.
YOU DON'T KNOW, DO YOU? THEY DIDN'T TELL YOU ON PURPOSE.
YOU KNOW A GUY WHO KNOWS A GUY WHO KNOWS A GUY WHO KNOWS.
A DAISY CHAIN IT'D TAKE ME DAYS TO FOLLOW.
TRY WEEKS. TIME YOU DON'T GOT.
SEE? WE 1.0 SPOOKS STILL GOT A FEW TRICKS LEFT IN THE BAG.
NOW TAKE A GANDER AT THE FILE IN FRONT OF YOU.
YOU ARE LOOKING AT NORTH KOREA'S NEW INTER-CONTINENTAL MISSILE SYSTEM.
THEY GOT A BRAND-NEW, BABY-FACED DICTATOR, NOT YET THIRTY, WHO THINKS HE CAN MAKE HIS JOHNSON GROW BY LOBBING NUKES INTO DOWNTOWN ST. LOUIS.
ONE THING THEY'RE MISSING IS THE REFINED FUEL TO MAKE THEIR BIRDIES FLY.

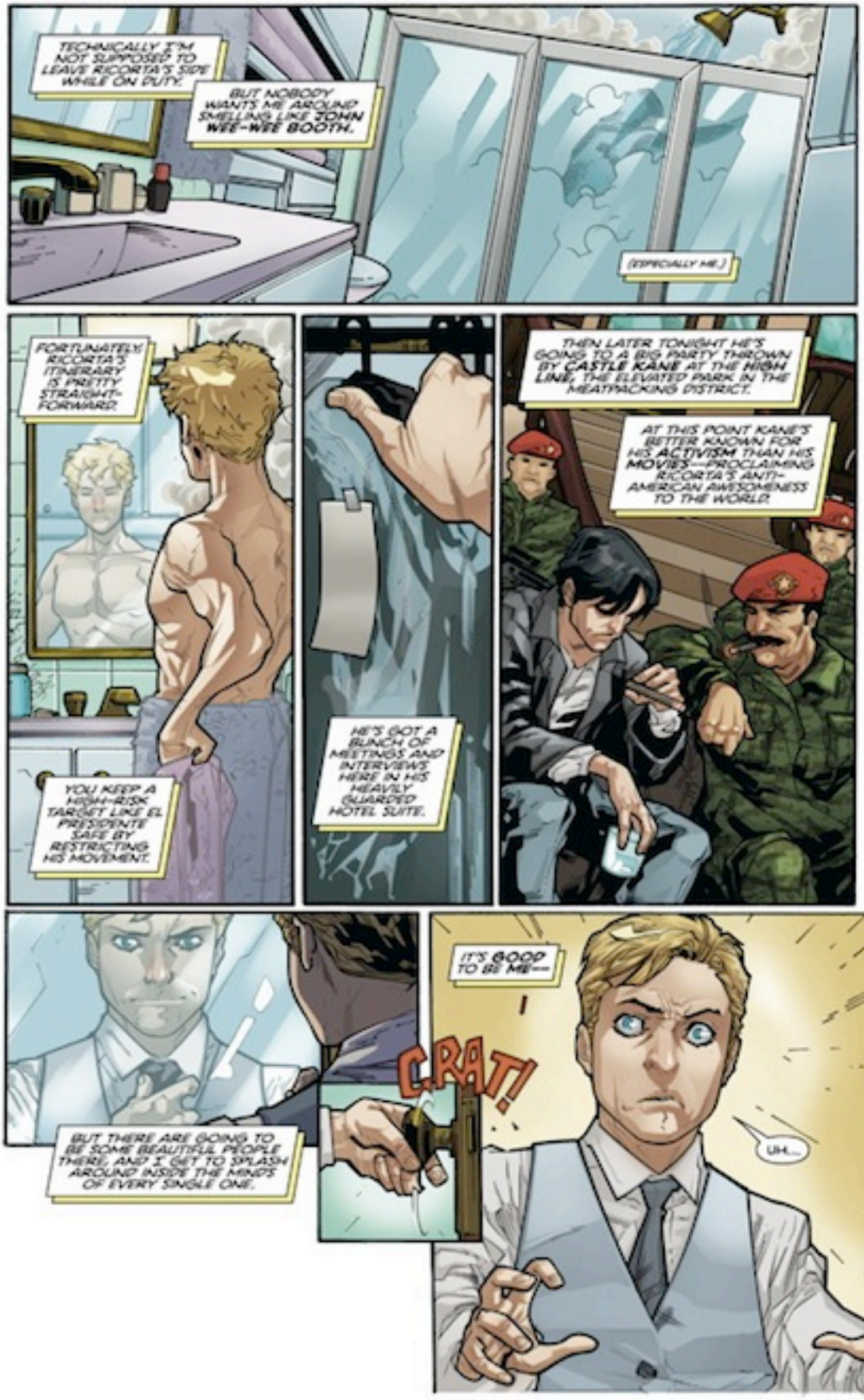
AND THE ONE GUY WITH ENOUGH OIL AND CRAZY TO SELL IT TO THEM IS RICORTA.
YOU MAKE A QUICK DRIVE-BY OF HIS GRAY MATTER VIS-A-VIS PYONGYANG...
...AND I'LL GIVE YOU PRICELESS INFO ON THE ONE MIND YOU CAN'T READ.
YOURS.
MY PARENTS WERE ALBRIGHT RESEARCHERS.
THEY DIED WHEN THEIR CAR DROVE OVER A DOWNED ELECTRICAL LINE BEFORE MY FIRST BIRTHDAY.
SURE, KID.
SURE THEY DID.
IF YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND, I JUST THOUGHT THE ADDRESS WHERE I'M GOING TO BE SPENDING THE WEEKEND. IT'S A..."GENTLEMEN'S CLUB." SEE IT?
IT'S MOTHER'S DAY ALREADY, BODELL?
1981 AMSTERDAM AVE.
I WISH. I'D GET A DISCOUNT.
PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS WITH YOU...
--"BRAIN BOY."
GO TO HELL.
HE'S LYING.
HE'S JUST STRINGING ME ALONG.
MANIPULATING ME.
IT'S HOW THE GAME IS PLAYED.

I GET TO THE ISOLATED STRIP OF TFK IN JUST ENOUGH TIME TO DO A 200-METER-RADIUS THREAT SCAN PRIOR TO CLIENT TOUCHDOWN.
GENERAL EMIL RICORTA IS THE (DULY ELECTED) PRESIDENT OF SOUTH AMERICA'S LARGEST OIL PRODUCER.
BELOVED BY THE LEFT, VOCAL ADMIRER OF THE CASTRO BROTHERS, CHAMPION OF THE WORLD'S POOR, AND ALL-AROUND THORN IN THE UNITED STATES' SIDE.
WHERE'S DAVE?
DAVE, MR. PRESIDENT?
DAVE USUALLY HEADS MY DETAIL IN NEW YORK.
I ALWAYS ENJOY HEARING ABOUT HIS WIFE, KIM, AND CHILDREN, STEPHEN AND AMELIA.
HE MUST HAVE BEEN REASSIGNED, SIR.
I'M SPECIAL AGENT PRICE.
FROM ALBRIGHT BIO-VANCEMENTS.
I CAN'T GET BODELL OUT OF MY HEAD. WHICH IS IRRITATING.
USUALLY THAT'S MY JOB.
OH REALLY? IS THERE ANY SPECIFIC THREAT MY SECURITY NEEDS TO KNOW ABOUT THAT WOULD REQUIRE SUCH SPECIAL PROTECTION?
NO, MR. PRESIDENT. JUST THE USUAL ONES.
SO—JUST OUT OF CURIOSITY—NOT BECAUSE I ACTUALLY BELIEVE ANYTHING BODELL SAYS...
...I PIP IN REAL QUICK TO EL PRESIDENTE'S MIND JUST SURFACE STUFF— GENERAL IDEA OF HIS OWN SELF-ASSESSMENT FROM HIS SUPEREGO.

YINGES.
MODEST. THIS ONE.
THE MOB WAITING FOR US AT HIS HOTEL HOLDS A SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT VIEW OF HIM.
THEIR HOSTILITY AND NEGATIVITY SWARM LIKE BEES IN A JAR.
EMOTION PINGS AROUND THE LIMBIC SYSTEM. THAT I CAN ISOLATE AS NOISE.
BUT A SIGNAL SHOT THROUGH THE ANTERIOR HORN OF THE SPINAL COLUMN FOR MUSCULAR ACTION...
...THAT CUTS THROUGH THE BACKGROUND HUBBUB LIKE A SILENT SCREAM.

BACK!
KSSHH
AH!
UNGH!
ACID?
PISS.
HIS.
UGH. WHAT'S WRONG WITH PEOPLE?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO WITHOUT YOU, AGENT PRICE.
THIS IS GONNA BE A LONG WEEK.
SORRY ABOUT THAT, MISS. DIDN'T MEAN TO BOWL YOU OVER.
YOU GONNA BE OKAY?

WILL YOU, PUTTING YOUR LIFE ON THE LINE FOR THAT BUTCHER?
RICORTA'S KEPT HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE IMPRISONED WITHOUT TRIAL—WITHOUT CHARGES—FOR YEARS, JUST FOR SPEAKING OUT AGAINST HIS REGIME!
LUISA, THAT'S HER NAME.
HER FATHER IS ONE OF THOSE PRISONERS, MAXIMILIAN. SHE HASN'T SEEN HIM FOR MORE THAN A DECADE.
LIVING IN HIS OWN FILTH, THE GANGS HAVING COMPLETELY TAKEN OVER HIS WING.
THE GUARDS DRIVE UP ONCE A DAY TO DUMP OFF FOOD—AND PICK UP THE BODIES THROWN OVER THE WALL.
SHE HAS... DEPTH I HAVEN'T SEEN BEFORE.
I KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO GROW UP WITHOUT A DAD.
WHAT? BUT—I NEVER SAID—
I WISH I COULD HELP YOU.
BUT... I'M SORRY.
I CAN'T.


TECHNICALLY I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO LEAVE RICORTA'S SIDE WHILE ON DUTY.
BUT NOBODY WANTS ME AROUND SMELLING LIKE JOHN WEE-WEE BOOTH.
(ESPECIALLY ME.)
FORTUNATELY, RICORTA'S ITINERARY IS PRETTY STRAIGHT-FORWARD.
YOU KEEP A HIGH-RISK TARGET LIKE EL PRESIDENTE SAFE BY RESTRICTING HIS MOVEMENT.
HE'S GOT A BUNCH OF MEETINGS AND INTERVIEWS HERE IN HIS HEAVILY GUARDED HOTEL SUITE.
THEN LATER TONIGHT HE'S GOING TO A BIG PARTY THROWN BY CASTLE KANE AT THE HIGH LINE, THE ELEVATED PARK IN THE MEATPACKING DISTRICT.
AT THIS POINT KANE'S BETTER KNOWN FOR HIS ACTIVISM THAN HIS MOVIES—PROCLAIMING RICORTA'S ANTI-AMERICAN AWESOMENESS TO THE WORLD.
BUT THERE ARE GOING TO BE SOME BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE THERE, AND I GET TO SPLASH AROUND INSIDE THE MINDS OF EVERY SINGLE ONE.
CRAT!
IT'S GOOD TO BE ME...
UH...

THIS IS BAD.
THIS IS REALLY BAD.
A REAPER OR REAPERS WALTZED IN HERE, SNATCHED PRESIDENT RICORTA, THEN MIND SQUEE-GEED EVERYONE IN THE SUITE?
THIS IS REALLY REALLY REALLY REALLY REALLY REALLY REALLY BAD.
WHILE I WAS IN THE SHOWER?