



Sablic won't see his death coming.

Because he's too arrogant to suspect his killer.



To suspect me.



BLEEEEECH

Well, that's our contribution to the local economy for another year!

HA HA HA HA HA



And now my glass is empty! Hurry up, girl!

You can't get the staff these days...

First, let everyone eat their fill.



Oh!

See what I mean? HA!

The time to strike is when they loosen their belts.



Forgive me, Mr Sablic...

After all, sated men are slow and lazy.



For god's sake, girl, don't use your hands! Fetch a brush and pan! Hurry!

Yes, sir... I'm sorry...



I apologize, sir. We had some last-minute--

Sir? Mr Sablic?

HE'S DEAD!





You, girl!
Stop where
you are!

So much for
a clean exit.



Still, at least I
came prepared.



UNH!



Baboushka
to Gyorgy!
Did you get the
video from the
glasses?



UPPER EAST SIDE
MANHATTAN, NEW YORK



Da, Baboushka.
I am clipping proof
of death as we speak.
You need help?



No, I can handle
this. Just keep
working on the
perimeter.



What
the hell?!

Kill that
maid!



That's assuming
I make it out of
the building alive,
of course...



Ah, Contessa. Your visits are too rare.

L'excès en tout nuit, Pierre.

...really the Contessa?

...special occasion?

...heard she bought the building...



To three years of freedom, my dear Gyorgy. Worth celebrating.

Don't look now, but I think someone wants to spoil our celebration...



Contessa Annika Malikova. Please come with us.

Just you. The cripple stays.