



This is a way to die. Shot up by a bunch of policemen and they're not even here for me.

Didn't Liz bother to tell them Red's not here?

'Course not. Liz wants a fight. Blood in the streets.



For what cause, Sally? Lining her pockets?

We even going to see a nickel more?

Not unless Liz takes a blow to the head.



Wish I had something to nurture, build up, that I'd fight for with my life. Instead of this.

But no one's exactly begging to hand us anything.



I admire that about Liz. She took this thing, made it hers.



Except now she's got it, she ain't open to sharing an inch.

If Kate was here, she'd show Liz some sense.



Another lovely dream. Along with something of our own and not dying.



Hey girls.



Take me to Liz.







