


I think I'm  
kinda smart.



But my  
brother Frank?

He's smart.

Really quick  
on his feet.

DON'T  
WORRY, NANCY.  
TEO'S NOT LIKE  
HIS BROTHER.

Able to talk  
himself out of  
any situation.

WHAT?

TEO HERE'S  
A THUG, NOT A  
KILLER. I MEAN  
"THUG" IN THE NICEST  
WAY POSSIBLE, OF  
COURSE.

I've always  
looked up to  
him for it.

FRANK...

IT'S COOL,  
JOE. THERE'S TOO  
MANY WITNESSES.  
TOO MANY BODIES  
TO DISPOSE OF.

ESPECIALLY  
THE DAUGHTER  
OF A FEDERAL  
PROSECUTOR.

But sometimes  
Frank can be  
too...smart-ass.

I'M SURE  
WE CAN CHAT  
ABOUT THIS.

DON'T  
BE STUPID.  
LIKE YOUR  
BROTHER.



YOU'RE  
RIGHT. I WON'T  
SHOOT YOU.

Sometimes  
Frank's mouth  
gets the best  
of him.

And I'm left  
to clean up  
the mess.













I remember the first time Frank and I visited Dad here as kids.

I was scared the entire time.

Afraid that prisoners would escape while there.

And now? I'm figuring out how to break in to the police station.



And I gotta figure out how to get Frank to stop giving me the silent treatment.

Get him on board with what we're doing.



Start with the basics.

HEY, I'M SORRY, MAN.

WE SHOULD HAVE LET YOU KNOW WE WERE GONNA TELL THE ROVERS ABOUT THE CHEATING.



AND...?

AND... WHAT?



"SORRY IT LED TO THAT BRUISE ON YOUR FACE."

THAT'S YOUR OWN FAULT. YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN YAPPING--

IF YOU HAD LET ME DO THE TALKING--

WE WOULD ALL HAVE BRUISES ON OUR FACES.

HEY. BOYS.