



SHERIFF.

FATHER.



MAY I
COME IN?

THAT DEPENDS.
ARE YOU GOING
TO ARREST ME
AGAIN?

NOT TODAY,
FATHER, BUT WHO
KNOWS WHAT THE
FUTURE MAY
HOLD.



COME ON IN,
COFFEE?

NO THANKS,
I'M GOOD. I'VE
ALREADY HAD, LIKE
THREE CUPS THIS
MORNING.



WORKING
ON THE GREAT
AMERICAN
NOVEL?



IF ONLY,
TRYING TO WRITE
MY FIRST SERMON FOR
MASS TOMORROW, BUT I
JUST CAN'T FOCUS. WITH
EVERYTHING THAT'S
HAPPENED I JUST--WELL,
IT'S BEEN ONE HELL OF
A WEEK, HASN'T IT?



SURE HAS, WHICH,
OF COURSE, IS WHY
I'M HERE.

OH?



YEAH, SO,
THE LAB WORK
CAME BACK
AND THE
BLOOD ON
FATHER TOM
MATCHES GENE
TREMBLAY'S.
GIVEN THE
REST OF WHAT
WE KNOW, IT
SEEMS
FATHER TOM
WAS THE
KILLER.



