

SUGAR GROVE, PENNSYLVANIA.



FUCK,  
THAT'S COLD...

SUGAR GROVE,  
PENNSYLVANIA-FUCKING-VANIA.

IT'S REALLY  
A FOR-REAL  
PLACE.



I'M STANDING RIGHT IN  
THE MIDDLE OF IT...  
YET I *STILL* DON'T  
BELIEVE IT.

A PLACE CALLED  
SUGAR GROVE.

THERE  
HE IS.

I CAN'T  
BELIEVE *THAT*  
EITHER.









HELLO,  
VALENTINE.

I'M  
SPECIAL AGENT  
BELL.

I'M  
FEDERAL  
AGENT  
GLASS.

IT'S  
BEEN A  
WHILE.



YEAH...

I CALLED  
YOU.



WE WEREN'T SURE IF YOU  
REMEMBERED WHICH ONE  
OF US WAS WHICH.

OR IF YOU  
CARED.

BUT  
WE--OBVIOUSLY,  
WE WERE **VERY**  
HAPPY TO GET  
THE CALL.

INTRIGUED.

SURPRISED.



YOU SHOULD  
RENT SOME  
SHOES.

OH, I'M--  
WE'RE NOT  
BOWLING.

BOWLING  
IS ACTUALLY  
AGAINST MY  
RELIGION.

IT'S  
THE POLITE  
THING TO DO.



YOU WALK  
INTO A BAR,  
YOU ORDER  
A DRINK.

YOU COME IN  
**HERE**, YOU RENT  
SOME FUCKING  
SHOES.

WHERE  
**IS** EVERY-  
BODY?



THEY INVENTED  
INTERNET PORN,  
SO NOW EVERYONE  
IN TOWN STAYS  
HOME.

HA!

IT  
WAS HER  
LINE.

(I DON'T  
THINK SHE WAS  
JOKING.)



SO, VALENTINE,  
WHAT CAN YOU TELL  
US ABOUT--?

NLIH-LIH.  
MY DIME.

WHEN  
YOU HEARD THAT  
MY MOTHER HAD  
BIRTHED ME INTO THE  
WORLD AS A DOUBLE  
AGENT AGAINST  
THE BONAVESE  
FAMILY...

...WHAT  
DID YOU  
THINK?



I THOUGHT, AS  
AN FBI AGENT:  
**WOW!**

MY PREDECESSORS  
REALLY LAID SOME  
SOLID TRACKS--

I ALSO  
THOUGHT IT  
WASN'T FAIR  
TO YOU.

THANK YOU.

I JUST WANTED  
**SOMEONE** TO SAY  
THEY KNOW I GOT  
SCREWED.

OH! WE  
**BOTH** THINK  
YOU HAVE BEEN  
SCREWED.

I HONESTLY  
DON'T THINK THERE'S  
ANOTHER WAY TO  
LOOK AT IT.



SHE NEVER  
**ASKED** ME.  
MY MOM.

SHE  
NEVER PREPARED  
ME.

SHE TOLD  
ME "MY PURPOSE"  
TO BASICALLY FUCK  
OVER **EVERYONE**  
I HAVE **EVER**  
MET...

SHE TOLD  
ME THIS, FOR  
THE FIRST TIME...  
IN FRONT OF  
**YOU**.

TWO FUCKING  
**STRANGERS**.

NO  
OFFENSE...