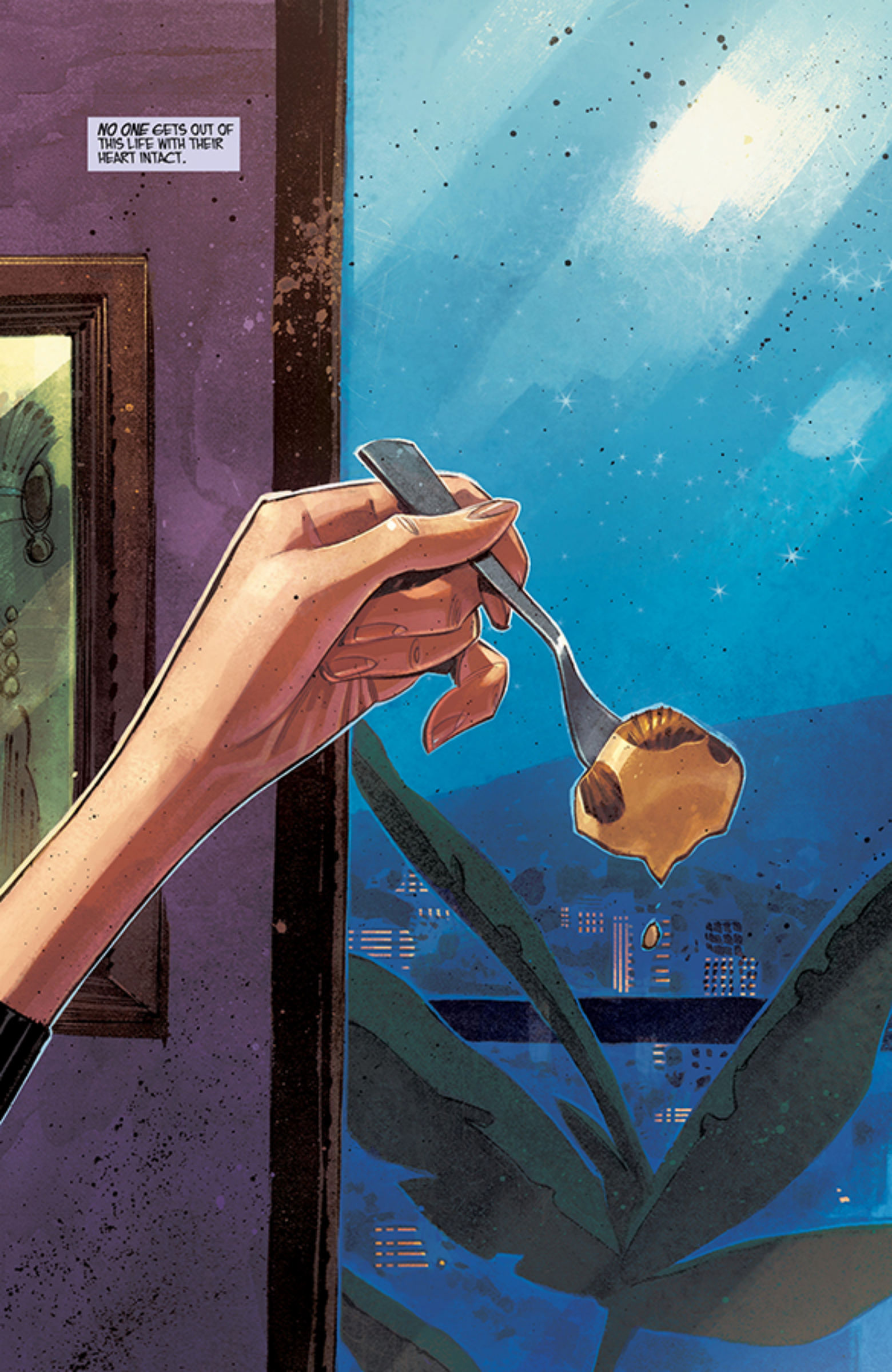
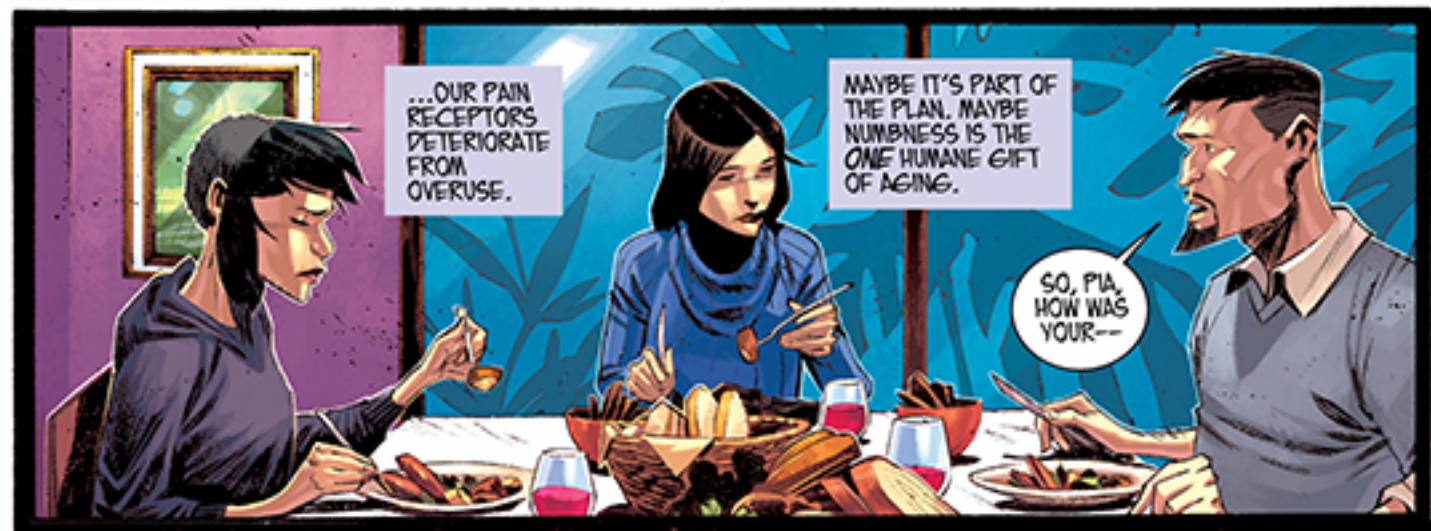
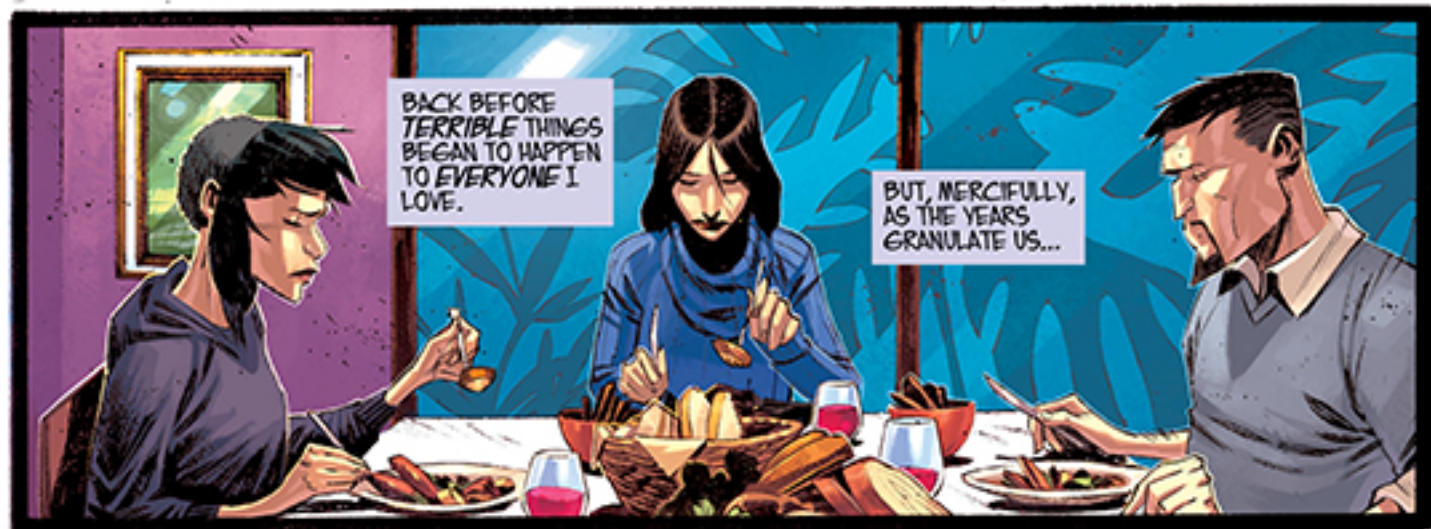



NO ONE GETS OUT OF
THIS LIFE WITH THEIR
HEART INTACT.







DAD ALWAYS SAW DISILLUSIONMENT AS SOMETHING IMPORTANT DYING INSIDE A PERSON.


THE LOSS OF A BEAUTIFUL THING.

BUT I LEARNED DIFFERENTLY.



DISILLUSIONMENT IS A MERCY.

LIKE WATER PASSING OVER ROCK...




...THE SMOOTHING OUT THE ROUGH BITS THAT FIGHT IT.

MAKING THE PROCESS EASIER ON ALL INVOLVED.



DREET.

GHAH!



T-THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE.

DAD GAVE IT TO ME WHEN HE WAS LEAVING—SAID THE TRACKER WOULD ONLY GO OFF WHEN HE CAME BACK. HM...

-DREET-



...OR ONE OF OUR TEAM!

-DREET-

COORDINATES...



OKAY, OKAY, OKAY...

-DREET-



HONG KONG.

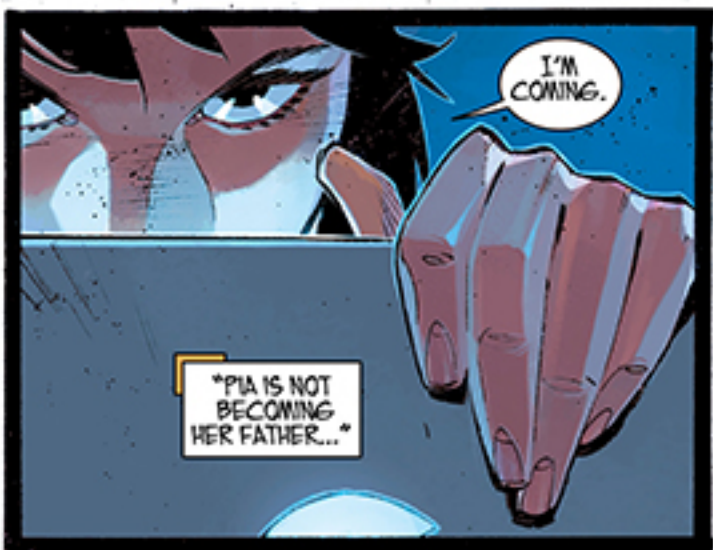
OKAY.

DOESN'T MATTER HOW FAR IT IS...



I'M COMING.

PIA IS NOT BECOMING HER FATHER...



...SHE'S JUST, SHE'S BEEN THROUGH A LOT. I SUPPOSE GRANT DID HARDWIRE HER TO JAB AT AUTHORITY.

I'M NOT SURE HOW MUCH LONGER I CAN LIVE WITH SOMEONE WHO HATES ME.

IT'S GOING TO TAKE LONGER THAN SIX MONTHS FOR HER TO ADJUST, KADIR.





I KNOW HOW SHE SEES ME. THAT'S NOT GOING TO CHANGE.

SHE'LL LEARN TO SEE THE MAN YOU REALLY ARE.

NO. PEOPLE ONLY SEE WHAT THEY WANT.

YOU HAVE A PREDETERMINED IDEA OF WHAT A PERSON IS, AND YOU'LL FIND A WAY TO ONLY SEE THAT VERSION.



A BOMB WITH A FUSE THAT GOES BACK TWENTY YEARS.

IF YOU'D NEVER GONE TO GRANT'S THAT NIGHT... SHE'D BE MY DAUGHTER.

WHAT DID I DO TO DESERVE THIS REALITY?

YOU HAVE A FOOLISH URGE TO LOOK FOR PURPOSE IN THINGS.



YOUR PROBLEM IS YOU IMAGINE THAT YOU MATTER.

THAT YOU HAVE ANY SIGNIFICANCE TO ANYTHING OUTSIDE OF YOURSELF.



JESUS.

THAT'S FUCKING MOROSE, SARA.



RIGHT NOW, PIA, SHE JUST... SHE WANTS WHAT ANY CHILD OF DIVORCE DOES--TO SEE HER PARENTS BACK TOGETHER.

SHE STILL DOESN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT GRANT DID.

WHEN SHE DOES...



...SHE'LL LEARN TO LOVE YOU AS MUCH AS I DO.

FOR NOW, TRY A LITTLE BIT HARDER.



YOU'RE RIGHT, MRS. ASLAN.

I KNOW IT'S NOT EASY.



NOTHING EVER IS.

I'LL GO TALK TO HER, MAKE IT RIGHT.



PIA, I WAS HOPING WE COULD TALK...



OH, PIA...

...WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I HAVE BAD NEWS, MR. BLOCK.

