

ROY HARPER, LEAVING OKLAHOMA.

HUNTING FOR ANSWERS. SEARCHING FOR SANCTUARY. RUNNING FROM DEMONS.

OR RUNNING TOWARD THEM, HE'S NOT SURE WHICH.

...THE MOVIE TROUBLE ALWAYS FINDS YOU WON A GOLDEN STAR AWARD LAST NIGHT FOR COMPOSER MAL DUNCAN...

MAYBE THEY'VE BEEN WITH HIM ALL THE TIME, RIDING AT HIS SHOULDER.

...DUNCAN TOOK HOME AN OSCAR LAST MARCH FOR HIS WORK ON CRASH SITE...

...THE SOUNDTRACK FOR WHICH WAS—
SKZZZTKT!

COME ON...

OUT HERE, THE RADIO COMES AND GOES, HUNTING FOR A SIGNAL.

STZZKKKZZ

EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD IS HUNTING FOR SOMETHING.



OH,
GEEZ--!







IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU, ALFRED.

OH! ALL RIGHT, THIS IS HAPPENING--



MY UNDERSTANDING, MASTER RICHARD, WAS THAT YOU HAVE THE DATA RESOURCES OF AN INTERNATIONAL ESPIONAGE ORGANIZATION AT YOUR DISPOSAL THESE DAYS.

SPYRAL CAN'T HELP ME WITH THIS.

OH DEAR. WHY?

BECAUSE IF I ASKED SPYRAL FOR HELP, SPYRAL WOULD KNOW WHAT I WAS DOING.



I CAN SEE HOW THAT WOULD BE A PROBLEM.

REALLY?

NO. BUT IT'S YEARS SINCE I EXPECTED TO GET SATISFACTORY SENSE OR ELUCIDATION FROM THE PEOPLE OPERATING OUT OF THIS CAVE.



WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT ATLANTEANS, ALFRED?

THEY SWIM, MASTER RICHARD, AND FAMOUSLY SINK. SO LEGEND HAS IT.

WHAT'S IN THE BOX?



THE LUNGS OF AN ATLANTEAN.

JUST ONCE I'D LOVE TO GET AN ANSWER THAT I COULD BE MENTALLY BRACED FOR IN ADVANCE.