



I hope this  
is all *worth* it.



One  
piece out  
of place,

one  
misspoken  
word,



Arthur may not be the killer  
his reputation made him out  
to be, but it's clear he thinks  
of us like *lab rats*.

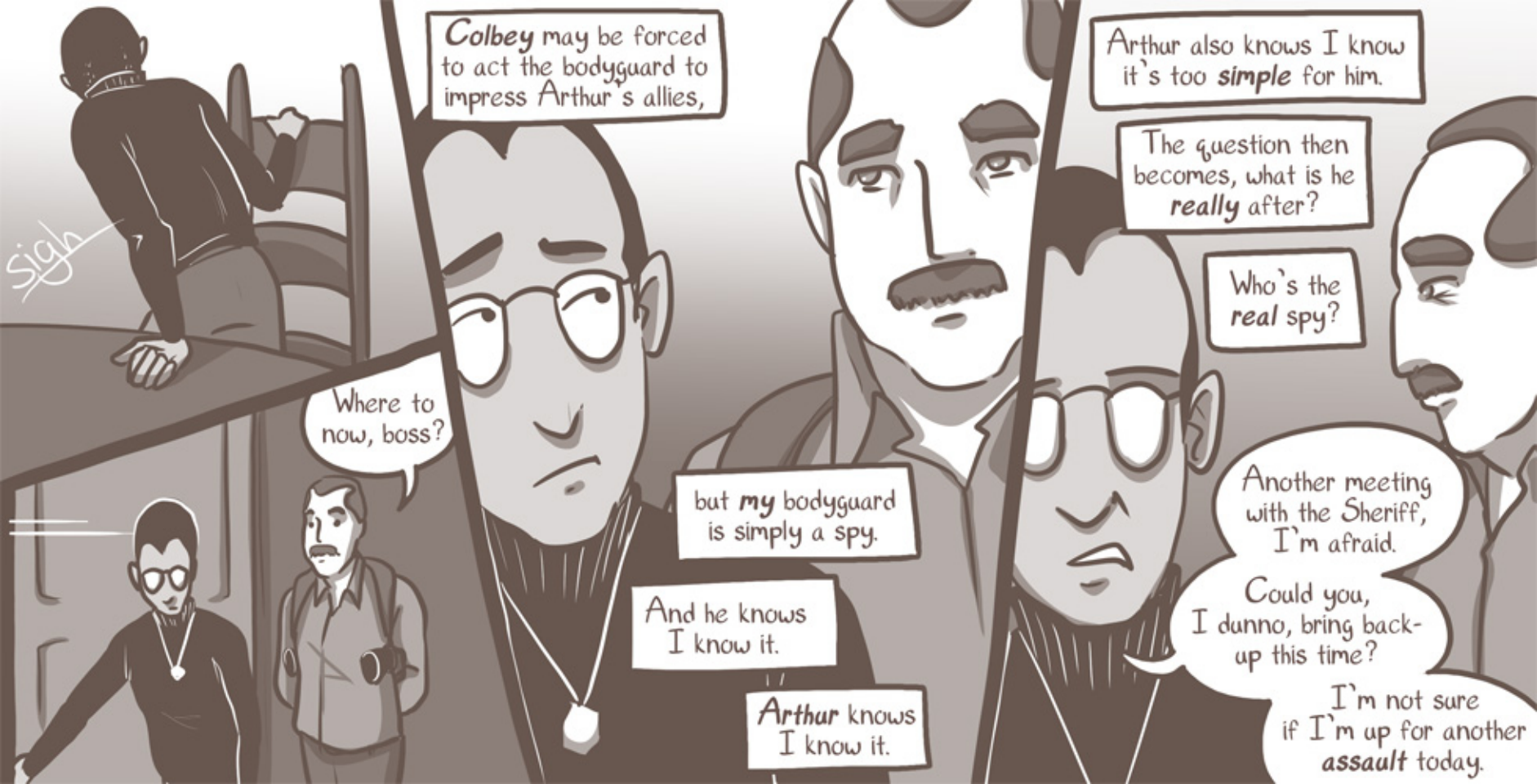
This is no  
short game--

--this is all  
*long con*.



and we're  
*done for*.

A few must be *sacrificed*  
for the *greater good*.



*Colbey* may be forced to act the bodyguard to impress Arthur's allies,

Arthur also knows I know it's too *simple* for him.

The question then becomes, what is he *really* after?

Who's the *real* spy?

Sigh  
Where to now, boss?

but *my* bodyguard is simply a spy.

And he knows I know it.

Arthur knows I know it.

Another meeting with the Sheriff, I'm afraid.

Could you, I dunno, bring back-up this time?

I'm not sure if I'm up for another *assault* today.



I don't *get* you guys.

You *hand* the King your people,

keep 'em from getting killed,



and even though *they* choose to work for him,

they *still* hate your guts for working with him too.

*Betrayal* does that to friendship.

There's no going back, even if we're on the *same team*.

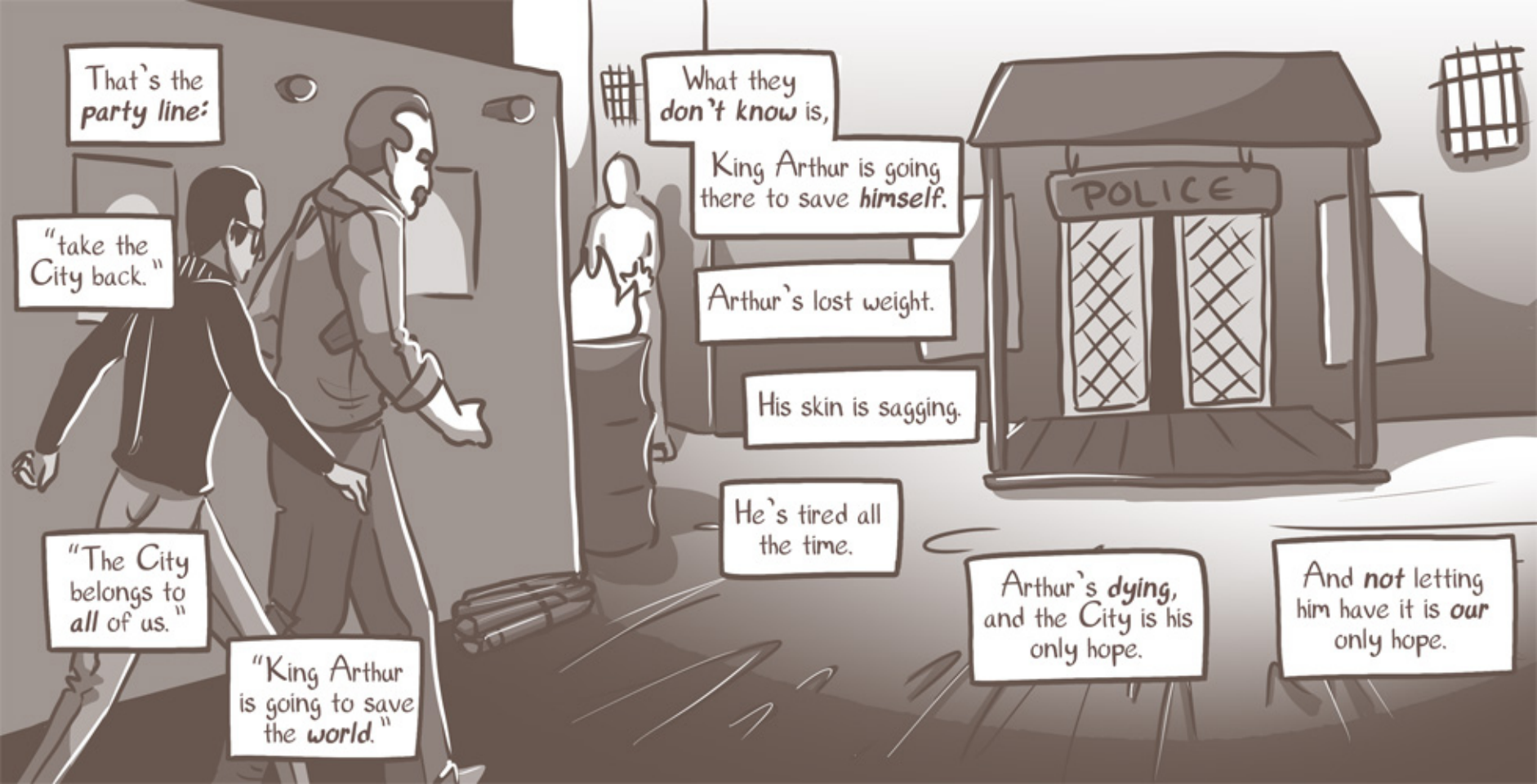


*Idjits.*

Ain't no room for grudges in a world like this.

Not if we're going to take the City for *everyone*.





That's the  
party line:

"take the  
City back."

"The City  
belongs to  
all of us."

"King Arthur  
is going to save  
the world."

What they  
don't know is,

King Arthur is going  
there to save *himself*.

Arthur's lost weight.

His skin is sagging.

He's tired all  
the time.

Arthur's *dying*,  
and the City is his  
only hope.

And *not* letting  
him have it is *our*  
only hope.



Down  
the hole!

Ow! Ease  
up!

Don't make  
it harder on  
yourself, kid!

I wonder  
what those *creeps*  
down there would  
do to you.

Probably  
everything you  
deserve, *traitor*.

fresh  
meat!

Grab  
him

Heey  
Yo!

Hi  
Cwey

nice butt  
comen you'n  
hiii

WAAH!



Easy there,  
sweetcheeks--

Sweetcheeks?!

WHUD

WATWOOD  
PD

ow  
ow  
ow





Bob!

Shove

You gotta stop punching people in the face!

Do you want to break your fool hand?

Yeah, yeah.

Whaddaya want, Marlin?

It's going to have to wait.

We've got enough to handle tonight.

Anyway, we'd rather talk to *Noor* than you.

Send her and next time you won't get dangled over the *shark pit*.

We need to talk about Driftwood security when forces leave for the City.

Return of power, that kind of thing.

DRIFTWOOD PD

I am sick and tired  
of being treated like I  
didn't *save your lives*.

A little *gratitude*  
would be nice!

Or should I  
have let Arthur  
*ice your asses!*?

No take-backs,  
sweetcheeks.

Now get  
out.

DRIFTWOOD  
PD

You'll regret  
this!



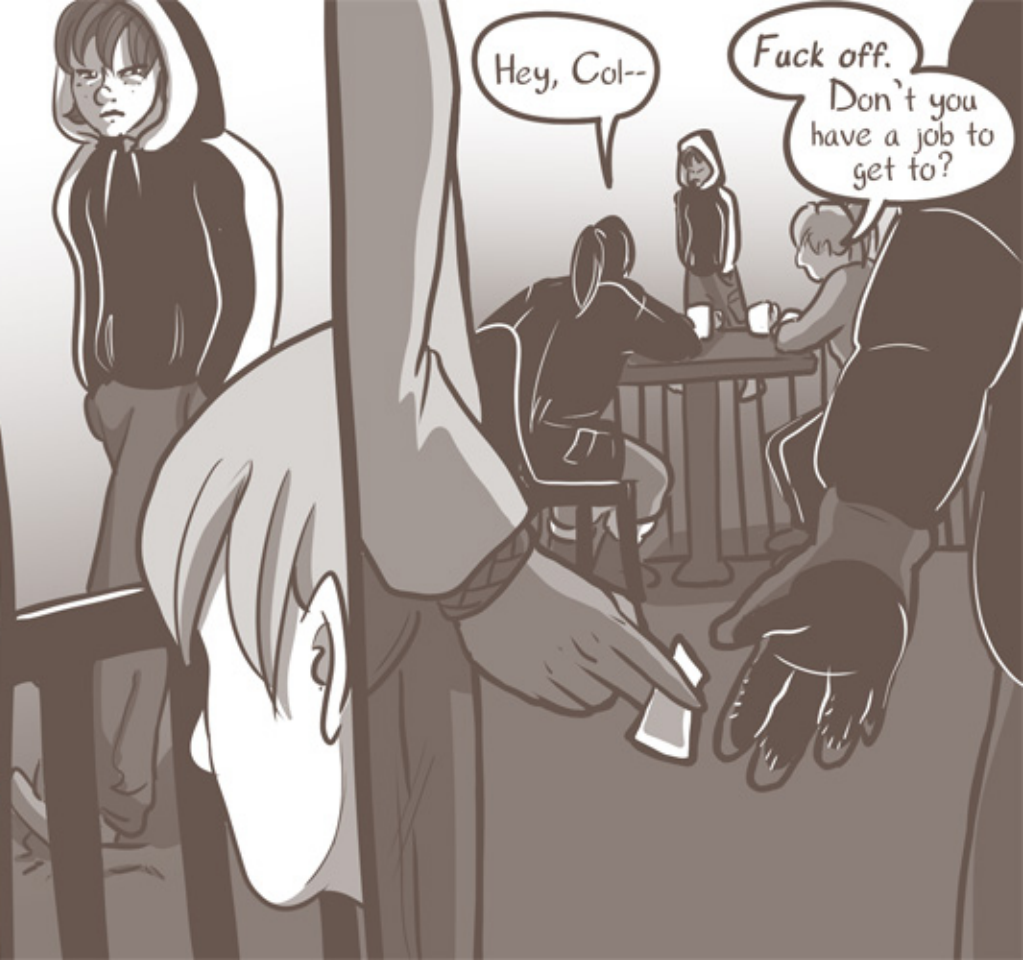
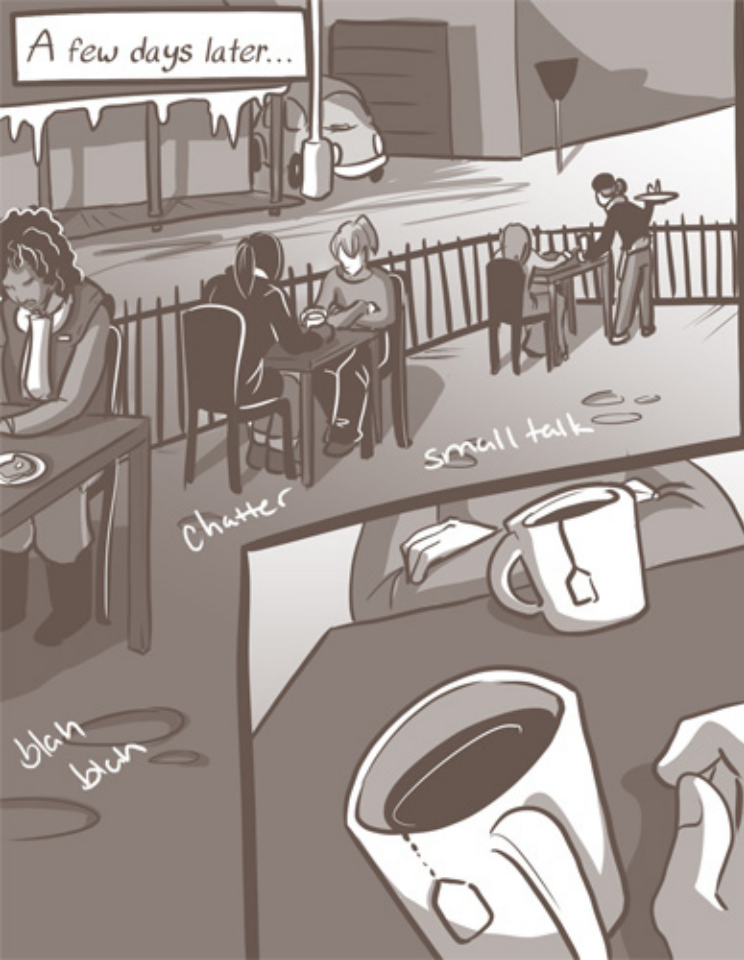
All in all, I think that  
went pretty well.



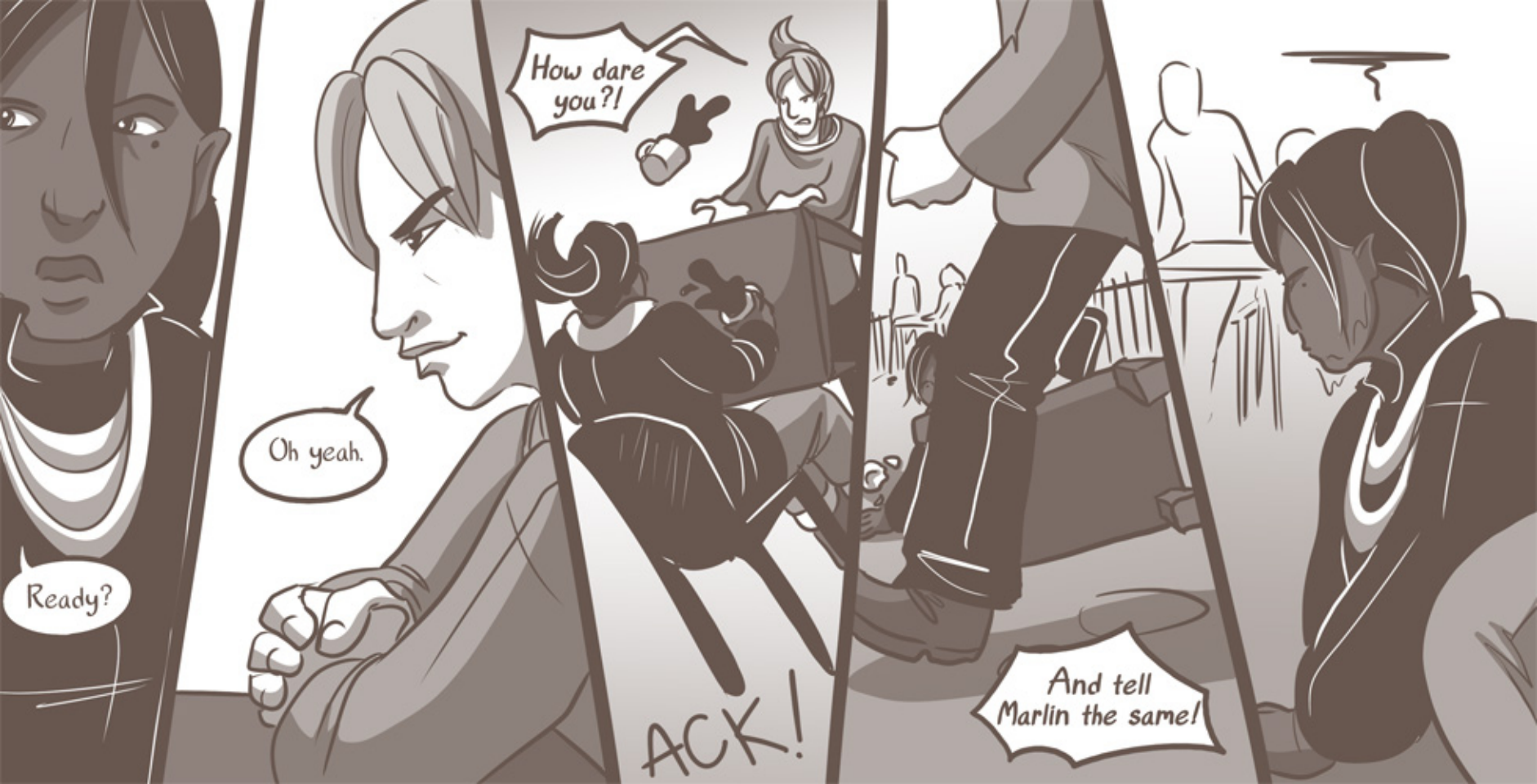












Ready?

Oh yeah.

How dare you?!

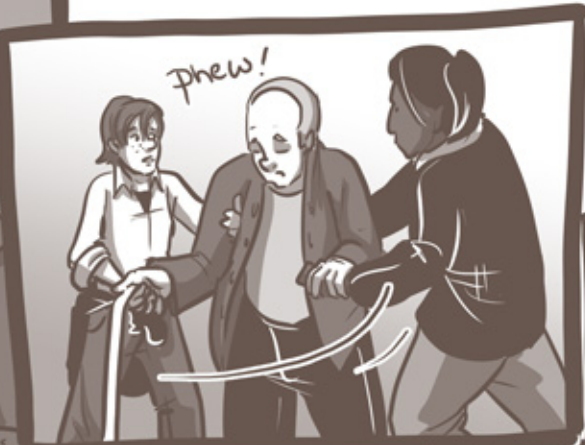
ACK!

And tell  
Marlin the same!









No rest for  
the *wicked*,  
Ms. Fahar.

Especially  
on the eve  
of *battle*.



Even people  
in charge need  
to take breaks  
every once in  
awhile, sir.



Come,  
there is more  
to do tonight.





Seal the room, please.


You sure we can't be overheard?

Prepared the room myself. We're safe.

They found *Escapist*.

What's the plan?

The plan, the plan, always what's the plan?



Look, Marlin,  
I know you're  
*exhausted*.

But it took a  
great deal of *trust* on  
our parts to go through  
with your plan to *pretend*  
to try and kill Arthur.

Can you imagine  
trying to infiltrate this place  
when you *know* your gun  
is full of blanks?

Some days I  
really wish Colbey had  
pulled the gun instead  
of her damned  
machete,

and ended  
this before it  
began.

When you *know* a  
member of your party is  
a *mole* sent to stab you  
in the back if things  
don't go right?



That *was*  
Plan B.

Would've set  
back my plans  
for at *least*  
a few years,

but I was confident  
I could weasel my way  
into what I'm doing now  
with the next mad King.

But believe me,  
there is no better way  
than this to topple *both*  
Arthur and the City  
at the same time.

BOOM

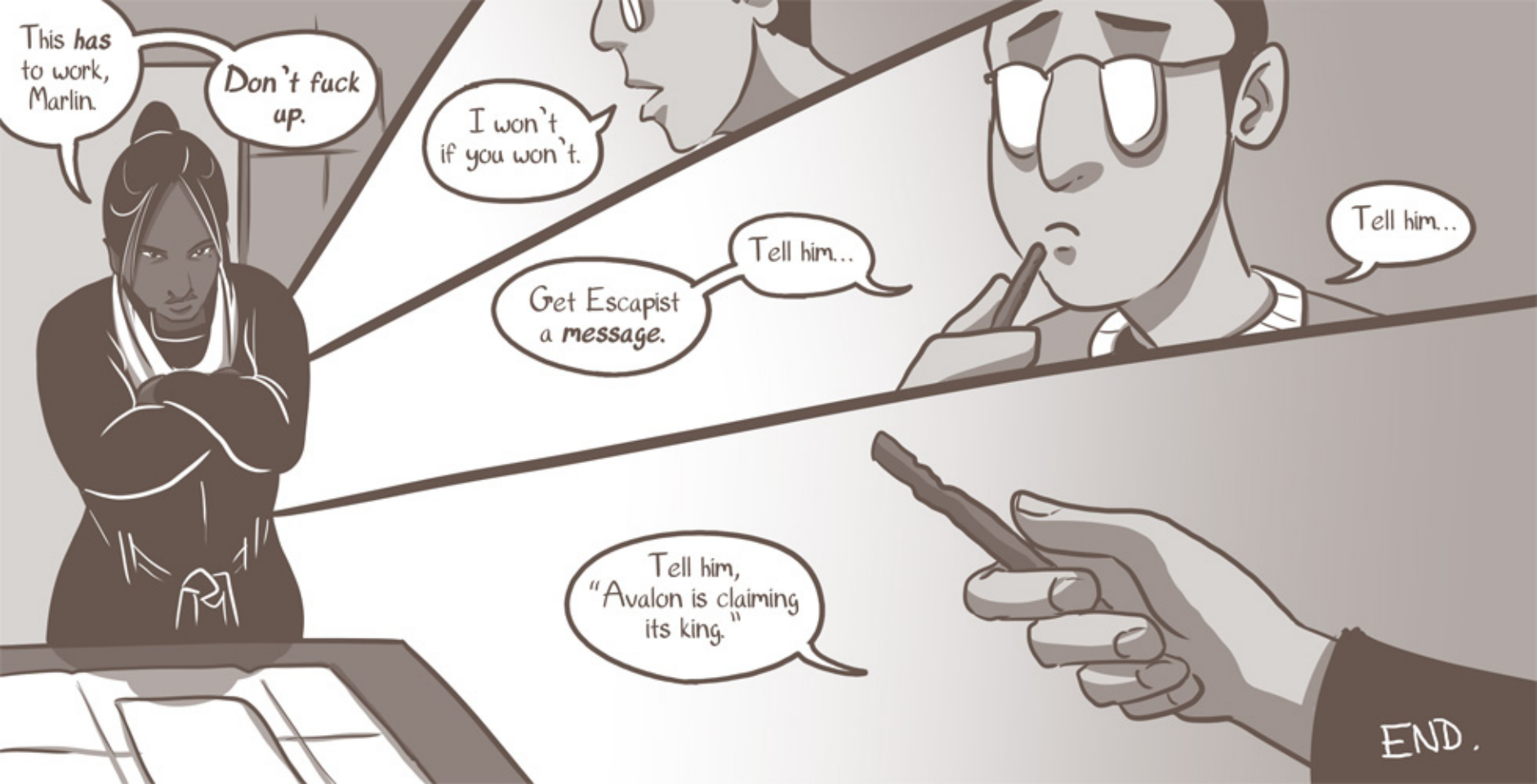
Arthur dead.

Game over.

Power grab.

What I *couldn't*  
count on was the  
quality of the allies  
that would survive  
with me.





This *has*  
to work,  
Marlin.

Don't fuck  
up.

I won't  
if you won't.

Get Escapist  
a *message*.

Tell him...

Tell him...

Tell him,  
"Avalon is claiming  
its king."

END.