



EVERYTHING THAT LIVES MUST EVENTUALLY DIE. THIS CITY WAS ONCE THE PRIDE OF A NATION, A BOOMING URBAN AND INDUSTRIAL CENTER.

MANY BELIEVE THAT WITHOUT IT, WORLD WAR II WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN WON BY THE ALLIES. THAT'S ITS HISTORY, A PLACE FAMOUS FOR ITS CARB, ITS PEOPLE, ITS MUSIC, ITS SOUL.



NOW, THAT SOUL HAS BEEN BLIGHTED, BAD DECISIONS AND BAD CIRCUMSTANCES HAVE LEFT IT IN ATROPHY AND DECAY, FROM MOTOWN TO NO TOWN, DETROIT.



A MIGHTY KINGDOM BECOMING DUST, LIKE ALL GREAT CITIES BEFORE IT, A GHOST METROPOLIS.



MILLIONS OF LIVES WAKE TO ANOTHER DAY IN THIS URBAN WASTELAND, MOST WILL SURVIVE.



BUT NOT ALL.







HAMPTON DEALT IN LIES. THEY WERE HIS GUERREY, RECOGNIZING THEM WAS HIS SPECIALTY, CRAFTING THEM WAS SOMETHING HE'D LEARNED.

AS I SAID, HAMPTON WAS A GOOD ENOUGH GOP, BUT AS A HUSBAND, HE WAS KIND OF

DETROIT. HOW CAN ONE PLACE BE SO BEAUTIFUL, AND SUCH A CESSPOOL, AT THE SAME TIME? IT'S A CONTRADICTION.



AND AN OXYMORON.

YOU WIN.

I'M GONNA TAKE A SHOWER...

SURE, YEAH, GO AHEAD.



YOU STILL HERE? THAT WAS AN INVITE, BY THE WAY.

SORRY, I'M DISTRACTED.

NO DUH. WANT TO SHARE WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU, DETECTIVE WALES?



HOW MUCH TIME YOU GOT?

YOU GET THE ROOM BY THE DAY OR BY THE HOUR?

YOU THINK YOU WAREN'T A WHOLE NIGHT YET?

HAMPTON, DO YOU EVER WONDER WHY NOBODY LIKES YOU?



BUT GO ON... I'M LISTENING, MAKE IT INTERESTING. STARING OUT THE WINDOW, HAMPTON STUDIES THE CITY, THEN...

I GOT A MAN KILLED TODAY, MAYBE NOT DIRECTLY.



SORRY.

I MADE THE MISTAKE OF TRUSTING THE DEPARTMENT. TRUST IS MY WEAKNESS, IT'S LYING THAT'S MY STRENGTH.

A CONTRADICTION.

AND I'M A MORON.