

I hate St. Louis.

Every time I come here somebody tries to kill me.



I RECOGNIZE HIM.

YEAH, HE'S THAT COMPANY GUY.

JOHN SOMETHING, RIGHT?



JACK MCGINNIS, AND I'M A FORMER COMPANY MAN.



I DON'T WANT YOUR LIFE'S STORY.

JUST GIVE US THE CASE. YOU'RE OUTNUMBERED FIVE TO ONE.



I CAN'T HAND OVER THE CASE UNLESS YOU KNOW THE PASSWORD, AND YOU ONLY GOT ONE MORE GUN THAN ME. I ALREADY KILLED THE OTHER TWO.

THEY DIED BADLY.



AND MY HIRED GUN SHOOTS TO MY LEFT FIRST.



I DROP ONE. RIFLEMAN PROPS ANOTHER. THEN WE HAVE A CONTEST TO SEE WHICH OF US KILLS THE GUY IN THE MIDDLE.



I DON'T SEE NUTHIN'.

NO, BUT THEN-- YOU WOULDN'T WOULD YOU.

LAST CHANCE TO WALK AWAY. IF I START SHOOTING, YOU ALL DIE.

LET'S WASTE HIM!



I AIN'T DYIN' IN ST. LOUIS.



LOOKS LIKE THEY CLIPPED YOU.

ARE YOU BEING PAID ENOUGH TO DIE FOR THAT CASE?

NO, BUT I WAS PAID ENOUGH TO HIRE A RIFLE.

GODD ONE, TOO.

YEAH, MAYBE... OR MAYBE YOU'RE BLUFFING.



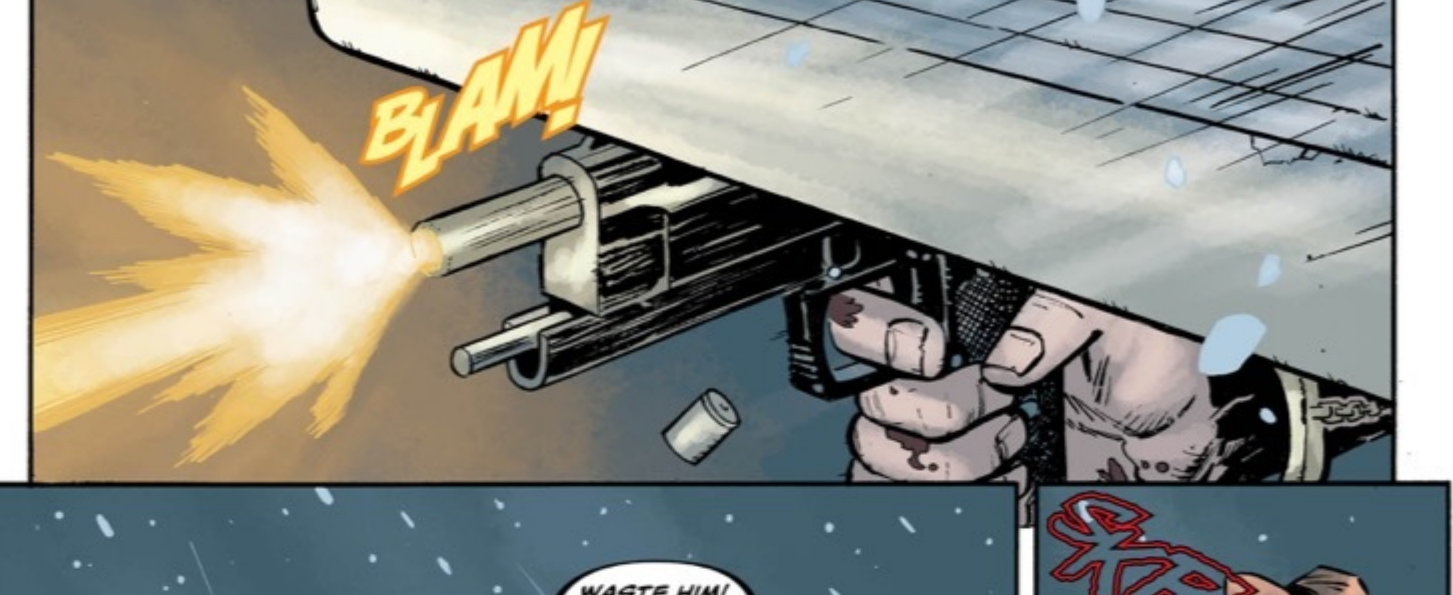
YOU GOT THE ADVANTAGE ON GUNS TO BE SURE, BUT I PICKED THIS SPOT.



GOOD SIGHT LINES FROM MULTIPLE VANTAGE POINTS. HELL, THE ONLY THING I REGRET RIGHT NOW IS NOT SPLURGING FOR A SECOND RIFLEMAN.

THIS IS MY ALAMO.

IF I WAS CHAGED TO THIS BENCH, THEN I'M SUPPOSED TO START ON MY RIGHT, AND THEN SHOOT MY WAY LEFT.



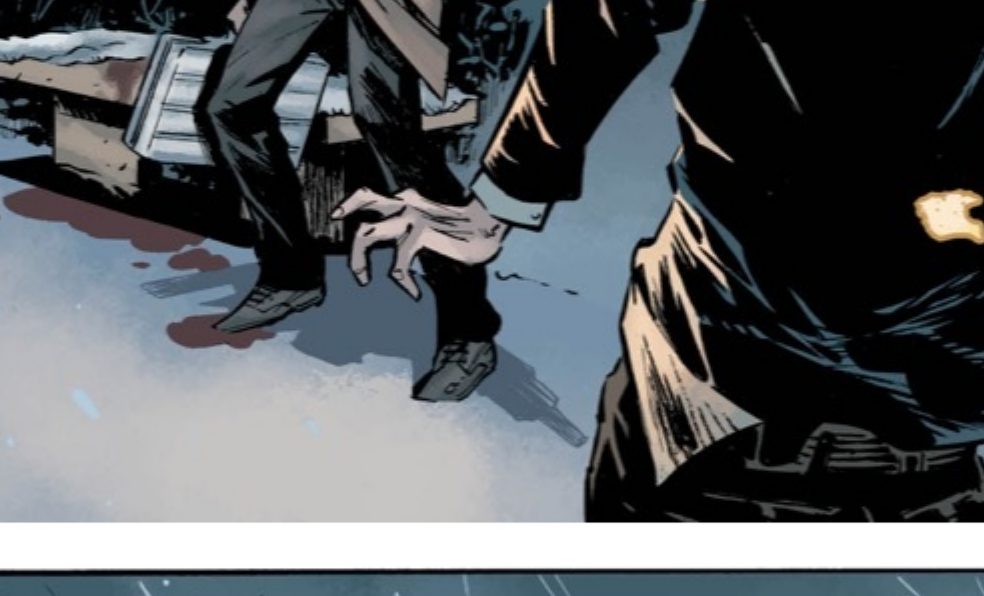
GACK!!!

WASTE HIM! HE'S LYING ABOUT THE SNIPER!



WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST WALK?

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!



GOD.

LOOK, I'M OUT OF BULLETS. COULD YOU JUST LAY DOWN AND DIE NOW?

IF YOU DON'T THEN SHE'S GOING TO SHOOT YOU AND SHE WINS.



OH, SHIT!

CRACK



St. Fucking Louis.



NICE SHOOTING, CONA.