

THIS HAS TO BE THE WRONG JOB.

BLAM
BLAM

ASSASSIN:
JULIA RIPLEY
DATE: 02.22.2028
TIME: 0422
TARGET:
TERMINATED



I'M A PROFESSIONAL.
MEANT TO HANDLE
ANY SITUATION.

TAT-TAT-TAT
TAT-TAT-TAT



BLAM
BLAM

SHE'S HEADING
WEST ON LEVEL
64!

BUT THIS? THIS
IS SLOPPY.



TOO SLOPPY.

SPAK
SPAK
SPAK



MAYBE I'M WRONG.
MAYBE THE COMPANY
WANTED IT TO WORK
LIKE THIS?

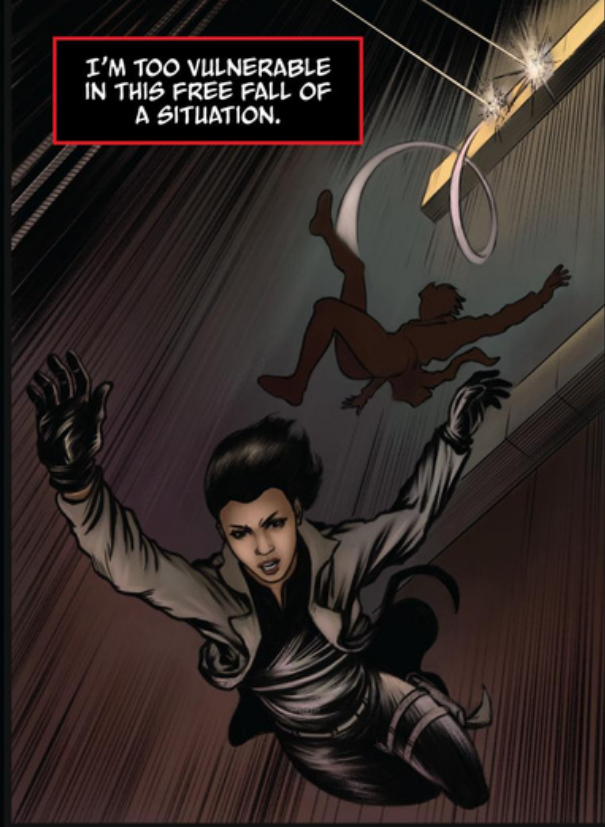
MAYBE EVEN
CHUCK WANTED THIS.
HE WOULDN'T DARE.



IT'S STARTING TO
FEEL LIKE A SETUP.



FIRST, I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE.



I'M TOO VULNERABLE IN THIS FREE FALL OF A SITUATION.



IF I CAN FIGURE OUT, ON THIS END, WHO'S BEHIND THIS...

WHOA!



WRONG FLOOR!



AND HERE I THOUGHT I LIKED THIS JACKET.



MIGHT AS WELL LIGHT THE FUSE ON THIS PLACE.



ALWAYS QUIET AND NEVER SEEN. THAT IS HOW MISSIONS GET DONE.

WHY WOULD HOLTON GRIMBY DESERVE THIS MUCH NOISE IN HIS DEATH?



HEY... THAT'S PRETTY NICE.

IF GETTING OUT WAS THIS EASY, THERE IS NO REASON THE COMPANY COULDN'T HAVE CLEARED THIS BUILDING FOR THIS HIT.



I GUESS IT'S TIME TO GO CHECK IN AT THE OFFICE. YOU BETTER BE THERE, CHUCK.

JACKET RACKET

ART BY: RUEL DEGUZMAN

LETTERS BY: DAVE LENTZ

STORY BY: C. SOUS