...have to go to a meeting tonight, Lucy.

He Zhen-Zhen, a.k.a. "Serafim."

You be good for Marie while I'm away, okay?

Okay, Aunt Savannah.

I love you, kid.

She does the child no good, coddling her.
I was fourteen years old when my father told me we were moving into the quarantine zone.

That part of Singapore was a battlefield, but the 54 Immortals fiercely defended their stronghold.

My father was an Enforcer, and commanded respect.

And he, in turn, paid deference to his masters.

To follow in his footsteps, I could show no weakness. I had to play my role.
AND TODAY, THIS IS THE ROLE THAT I PLAY.

GOOD NIGHT! SWEET DREAMS, LUCY. WE CAN HAVE BREAKFAST TOGETHER IN THE MORNINGS BEFORE YOU AND MARIE HIT THE SLOPES.

SECURE THE RESIDENCE. NO ONE IS TO ENTER OR LEAVE UNTIL I RETURN.

UNDERSTOOD, MA'AM.

WELL, SHALL WE GO?

THE CHOPPER IS PREPPED AND READY FOR TAKEOFF.

AS AN ENFORCER, I REPRESENT THE WILL OF THE 54 IMMORTALS. OR, MORE SPECIFICALLY, THE WILL OF ITS LEADERS.
And it is to honor their will that I am here now.

Bodyguard to a Trillionaire.

And you’re clear on the mission parameters?

I know my duty.

Just be ready to kick ass, if the need arises.
I don’t anticipate any immediate threat. Betancourt is too paranoid to take any risks.

But there is an enormous amount of money on the line, and I’m not prepared to take any chances.

I know it’s not every day that an enforcer of the St-1 is hired out to act as personal protection, but I’d like to think that I’m getting my money’s worth...

It’s not about the money.

This is Clan business.
SAVANNAH, MA
CHÉRIE, HOW NICE TO
SEE YOU AGAIN.

I TAKE IT YOU HAVE THE
INFORMATION YOU PROMISED,
BETENCOURT?

AMERICANS,
ALWAYS STRAIGHT
to BUSINESS.
SO EAGER TO
dispensewith
PLEASANTRIES.

COME IN,
COME IN!
PLASE, SIT, WARM YOURSELF.

HE HAS A VIRTUAL ARMY OF PRIVATE SECURITY ON THE PREMISES.

YOU HAVE BEEN WELL; I HOPE.

AND EVEN BETTER IN THE DAYS TO COME, IF FORTUNE SMILES ON ME.

IF YOU INSIST.

SHE IS NOT ONE TO SUFFER FOOLS GLADLY.

BUT THIS MAN BETTENCOURT IS NO FOOL.

SEEMS MORE A CASUAL DINNER PARTY THAN A HIGH STAKES NEGOTIATION. SO FAR FROM THE WORLD I KNEW AS A CHILD.
I saw more of my combat tutors than I did of my own father.

Don't ever hesitate. Strike!

For three years, every day spent training in hand-to-hand, or on the gun range.

Blam blam blam

Endless hours studying combat tactics, strategy, history, literature.

Training in etiquette and customs. The proper observances and the ways to avoid giving offense... unless intended.
THE CUSTOMS HERE ARE DIFFERENT, BUT STILL I CAN SEE THAT THERE IS MUCH PLAYING OUT BENEATH THE SURFACE.

...Hoffman is the only member of the board who might interfere with my plans. But if someone were to buy his shares out from under him...

WELL, MY PROXIES COULD MAKE THE ARRANGEMENTS WITHOUT DRAWING ANY UNDUE ATTENTION.

A TOAST, THEN, TO OUR MUTUAL BENEFIT.

IMMENSE POWER VEILED BY POLITE WORDS AND EUPHEMISM. YES, THAT MUCH IS FAMILIAR.
Sven, status report.

All quiet on the Northern Approach.

Copy that.

And in exchange for control of the board, you'll hand over the proprietary information we discussed, all of it.

But sometimes the veil slips.

And one can feel the iron fist beneath the velvet gloves.

Rico, what's your status?
Rico, do you copy?

I'm going to go check on Rico. Looks like his comms are down again.

Does anybody have eyes on Rico? Any action on the southern approach?

Copy that.

Probably just let the battery die again. If I've told him once, I've told him a hundred times...
THE HELL--?

TATATATA

GET DOWN!
STAY DOWN!

PLEASE, I'LL PAY WHATEVER YOU -- QUIET!

WHAT... WHAT HAPPENED...? MY MEN...?

WE WERE PAID OFF BY HOFFMAN, I'M GUESSING.

OKAY-- WE'RE CLEAR.
There's more outside. They lost contact with the guards on the southern approach.

We need to go, now.

I couldn't agree more.

Wait, you can't just leave me! Take me with you!

Safe passage in exchange for the information you promised?

Yes, yes, whatever you say. Just get me out of here.

Well, how about it? Can you get us both out of here?

My assignment is to protect you. Looking after you both would complicate matters...
YOU WORK FOR ME, SO I'LL ASK JUST ONE MORE TIME—CAN YOU DO IT, OR NOT?

SUCH UNNECESSARY SENTIMENTALITY.

THEY SHARE A MEAL AND SHE PUTS HersELF AT RISK TO SAVE HIM.

I SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED AS MUCH, AFTER SEEING HER DOTE ON HER NIECE.

FINE. COME ON, THEN—BOTH OF YOU.

BE READY TO MOVE WHEN I GIVE THE WORD.

KABLAM

TATATATATATATATATA
QUICK--MOVE!

KABLAM

KABLAM

I'LL LAY DOWN COVER FIRE WHILE YOU GET ONBOARD. TELL THE PILOT TO LIFT OFF AS SOON AS--
BOOOM

AHHH!

LOOK OUT!

DAMN. NEED TO FIND ANOTHER--

TATATAATA

THIS WAY!
READY?

COME ON, BETTENCOURT, PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER.

HOLD ON!

VROOM!

KABLAM

RATATATATAT
...Assess the more pressing threat, and prioritize your attacks.

KABLAM

THUD
TATATA
VROOOOM

TATATA
CLOSE.

SPAK
SPAK
SPAK

KABLAM

BUT NOT CLOSE ENOUGH.

CRASH
NOW, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT THAT BASTARD HOFFMAN?

“WE” ARE NOT GOING TO DO ANYTHING. YOU OFFERED THE INFORMATION IN EXCHANGE FOR SAFE PASSAGE, AND THEREFORE OUR BUSINESS IS CONCLUDED.

I DON’T BECOME THE WORLD’S FIRST TRILLIONAIRE BY FAILING TO READ THE FINE PRINT, BETTENCOURT.

IF I WERE YOU I’D START RUNNING— AND WOULDN’T STOP. HOFFMAN WILL BE COMING FOR YOU.

CULTURED WORDS AND Refined MANNERS WITH SHARP STEEL BEHIND THEM, PERHAPS NOT SO DIFFERENT FROM THE WORLD I KNEW AS A CHILD, AFTER ALL.

SO IT WASN’T SENTIMENT THAT MOTIVATED HER TO SAVE HIS LIFE...

...BUT CALCULATED SELF-INTEREST.