

LEAVE YOUR MARK.



High in a downtown office building, a man is watching the clock.



He shows no impatience. He works diligently until the change of the hour. When the clock's hand reaches the top, he finishes the sentence he is typing.



He does not hurry.

But he does not waste time in leaving.



See ya tomorrow.



See ya, Murphy.

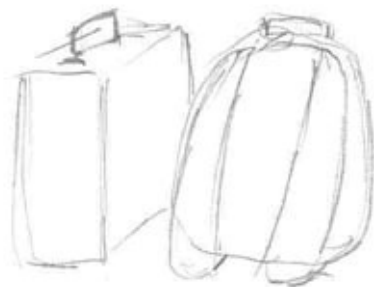
It's a living.



But it's not his life.



Home.



Just long enough to change.



...into his real clothes.



-bip- one new message -bip- Corey here. Got a location for you. Tell you when you get here. -bip-



Good evening  
to you, Miss  
Corey

Don't give me  
that. The usual?

Yeah.



Spaghetti with  
meat sauce.  
Garden salad.



House beer.

TOK

Your brother  
left me a  
message...

He's in back,  
cleaning the vats.  
He'll be right  
out.



Thanks.





Finish your dinner  
and I'll give you the  
low down.

What have  
you got,  
Matt?



Railroad cars? That's  
so cliché.

You can try a loco-  
motive if you want.  
I'm just the location  
scout here.

This one is even more  
illegal than our usual.

Just think of  
it as "going  
national".

I've found a way into  
the rail yards. One that  
doesn't involve us getting  
run over while we work.

You boys take those scribbles too seriously.

It's art, Sis.



If you get caught, I'm not bailing you out.

Don't worry, Miss Corey



Your sister doesn't seem to appreciate my hobby.



Hey. At least she acknowledges your existence.

true.





Yeah, you've got half an hour.

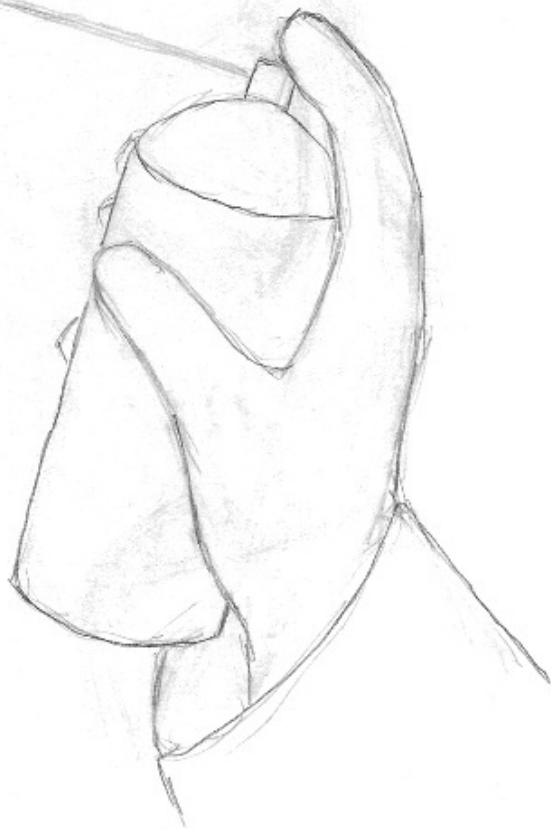
That's enough.

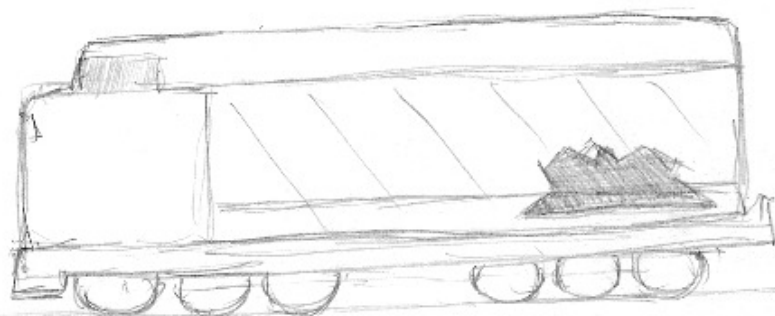


Now, what can I do with this?



FSSS





There.

five minutes  
to spare.  
Let's go.

I should have  
brought a  
camera. That  
was a nice  
piece.  
Understated.



Graffiti doesn't  
necessarily  
mean bad taste.  
maybe they'll  
even leave it.