Val, wait!

Go home, Sam.

If you end up on this lunatic's radar, he'll spend the next decade torturing *you*.

Decade...?

On and off since he doxxed me.

Which is why I strongly suggest you split, before that asshole starts digging up ***your*** past.

Hey.

The moment ever comes you want me gone for good, say the word.

Until then, I ain't leaving your side.

Least not until we've caught our show.

You know what they call a female Peeping Tom?

Seriously, I'm asking.

'Cause this degenerate broad is the first one I ever met.

The hell is your problem?

Hell isn't a problem.

It's my *precinct*.

See, scum like you and this whore were sent here to pay for your sins.

My beat is making sure nobody skips out on the check.

Yup.

That's about enough of this motherfucker.