



HEY NOW!
HOLD YOUR
HORSES
A --

NO!

NO MORE WAITING!
NO MORE LIES! YOU
KILLED HIM! HERE! IN
COLD BLOOD! AND AT
LONG LAST -- THE
DRAMA QUEEN
WILL PROVE IT!

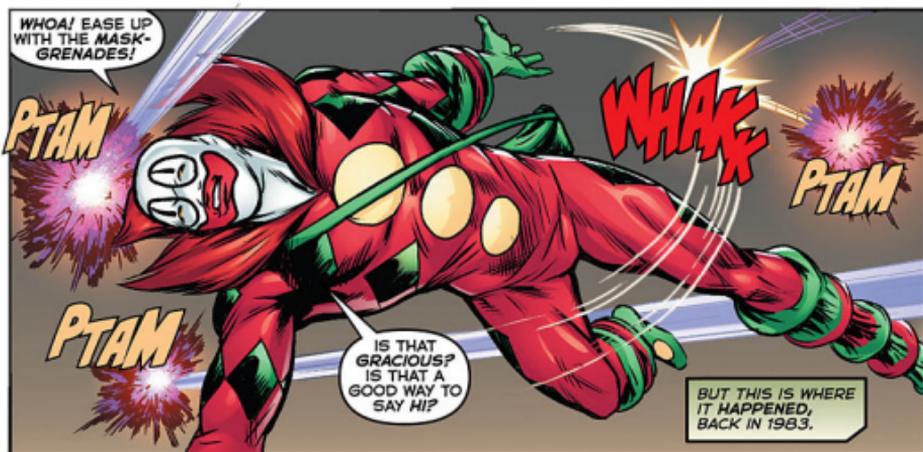
**HAHA
HA HA HA
HA!**

IMAGINE A GIRL WHOSE
FATHER NEVER CAME HOME.



NO, NOT HER.

BUT FIRST, YOU
SUFFER --



WHOA! EASE UP WITH THE MASK-GRENADES!

PTAM

WHACK

PTAM

PTAM

IS THAT GRACIOUS?
IS THAT A GOOD WAY TO SAY HI?

BUT THIS IS WHERE IT HAPPENED, BACK IN 1983.



TORRES ISLAND, WHERE MY GRANDFATHER, THE ORIGINAL JACK-IN-THE-BOX, DIED FIGHTING THE UNDERLORD, OR SO WE'D ALWAYS THOUGHT.

IKE,
GET OUT OF --

WHERE EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED SINCE BEGAN.



TWO MORE JACK-IN-THE-BOXES -- MY DAD AND R.J. -- MY DAD'S OBSESSION TO UNCOVER HIS DAD'S LAST DAYS, LIKE THROUGH THIS DIG --

H-UHH!

-- AND A HEROIC LEGACY THAT'S SPANNED OVER FIVE DECADES, SO FAR.



BUT IT TURNS OUT THERE WAS ANOTHER SIDE TO THE STORY.

The Other Side of the Story

IT STARTED IN 1958, AT THE STARR THEATER ON OLD TOWN'S LANDAU STREET. AN AUDITION --

But *soft*,
what light
through yonder
window breaks?
It is the east,
and *Juliet* is
the sun.

Arise,
Fair sun, and *kill*
the envious moon
Who is already sick
and *pale* with grief,
That *thou* her maid
art far more fair
than she:

Be *not*
her maid,
since she is
envious...

ALL
RIGHT, THANK
YOU. THAT'S
ENOUGH.

-- AND IT DIDN'T
GO WELL.



WHAT, DIDN'T I GET THE WORDS RIGHT OR SOMETHIN'? I BEEN DOIN' THIS CRAP RIGHT FOR MONTHS NOW, BUT I'M STILL WORKIN' THE DOCKS!

YOU WERE FINE, MR. DARMAN, FINE. LETTER-PERFECT, IN FACT.

BUT WE NEED SOMEONE A LITTLE MORE...PASSIONATE. SOMEONE WHO CAN SHOW US ROMEO'S FRAGILITY, HIS GIDDY FALL INTO OVERWHELMING LOVE.

AN' THAT AIN'T FRANK DARMAN, HUH?



YOU'RE WRONG, THE BUNCHA YOU NO-FACE HACKS. YOU THINK YOU CAN JUST BRUSH ME ASIDE, FORGET ABOUT ME?

YOU'RE GONNA REMEMBER ME, I PROMISE YOU THAT!

AND HE MADE GOOD ON THAT PROMISE.



HOW'S THAT FOR DRAMA, HUH? YOU LIKE THIS ROLE, BABY? THEY HAD A CHANCE TO PAY ME ONLY SOME OF IT -- BUT NOW I'LL TAKE IT ALL!

PLEASE... PLEASE DON'T...!

THEY REMEMBERED HIM, ALL RIGHT --



-- AND HAD HIS HOME ADDRESS IN THEIR FILES.

SO THAT'S HOW THEY WANT TO PLAY IT. WHEN WE GET IN THEIR FACES, THEY JUST SLAP US DOWN. DON'T WANT ANY DRAMA FROM US -- EH, BOYS?

WELL, THOSE JOKERS WOULDN'T KNOW DRAMA IF IT BIT 'EM ON THE ASS. BUT THEY'LL LEARN.



THEY'LL LEARN.

AND THAT'S HOW MISTER DRAMA WAS BORN.



HE WAS SMART, AND HE WAS DRIVEN. HE HAD SOME SUCCESS, AT FIRST.

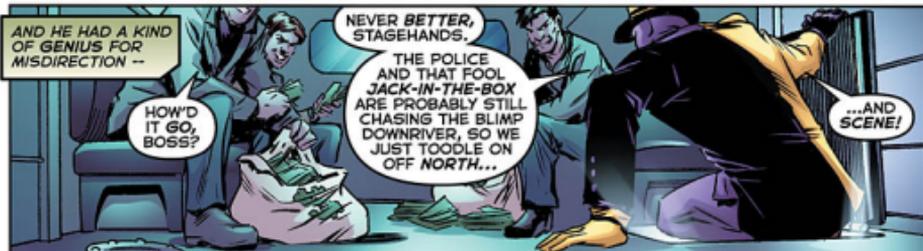
HE FOUGHT THE HEROES OF THE ERA -- THE SILVER AGENT, MAX O'MILLIONS -- AND BY 1965, A NEWCOMER ON THE SCENE --

**JACK-
IN-THE-
BOX?!**

NAH, NAH, I AIN'T GOT TIME FOR INGENUES, KID! COME BACK WHEN YOU GOT YOUR EQUITY CARD!

OVER TIME, IT SEEMED LIKE JACK-IN-THE-BOX WAS ALWAYS THERE -- THWARTING HIM AT EVERY TURN. THAT MUST HAVE BEEN FRUSTRATING.

BUT HE PROVED ELUSIVE, AND CLEVER. HE WAS RARELY CAPTURED, AND WHEN HE WAS, HE TRIGGERED ELABORATE ESCAPE PLANS.



AND HE HAD A KIND OF GENIUS FOR MISDIRECTION --

HOW'D IT GO, BOSS?

NEVER BETTER, STAGEHANDS.

THE POLICE AND THAT FOOL JACK-IN-THE-BOX ARE PROBABLY STILL CHASING THE BLIMP DOWNRIVER, SO WE JUST TOODLE ON OFF NORTH...

...AND SCENE!



HIS FAME GREW, AND SO DID HIS AMBITION. FROM A SMALL GANG, HIS OPERATION GREW LARGER, MORE POWERFUL. HE GREW WEALTHY.

AND AS SUCCESSFUL MEN WILL DO, HE GREW MORE SETTLED. A WIFE. A DAUGHTER...

AH, SHE'S GOT YOUR LOOKS, JONNI. A REAL STROKE OF LUCK, THAT...