

"SO, IS THE KID A *SUSPECT*, OR ARE YOU JUST [REDACTED] WITH HIM?"

"HE'S NOT A KID, BUTCH. YOU'VE SEEN HIS MILITARY RECORD. HE'S A *KILLER*."

"LET'S NOT START THROWIN' STONES, VIC..."

...HOW MANY *CONFIRMED KILLS* DO WE HAVE BETWEEN THE TWO OF US?

I DON'T GIVE A [REDACTED] HOW MANY VIETCONG HE'S POPPED.

WE *FOUND* HIM IN AN APARTMENT WITH TWO DEAD BODIES.

ONE OF THE *STIFFS* IS CONNECTED TO *FIVE* OTHER BODIES UP IN HARLEM, AND *FOUR* OF THEM ARE PART OF SAL VENNARI'S CREW.

AND YOU HAVEN'T SEEN HIS *JUVENILE RECORD*, BUTCH.

"THIS GUY SHAFT. HE'S A *BAD* [REDACTED]."

"VIC, WHAT WOULD MAMA ANDEROSZI SAY IF SHE HEARD YOU TALKIN' LIKE THAT?"

WE'VE GOT *SEVEN BODIES*. FOUND *YOU* WITH TWO OF 'EM.

WE'VE GOT *WITNESSES* THAT SAW YOU WITH ONE OF 'EM JUST BEFORE HE TOOK THE *DEEP-SIX* PLUNGE.

AND WE *KNOW* YOU WERE *BANGIN'* THE BROAD.

SO, TELL US *SOMETHING*.

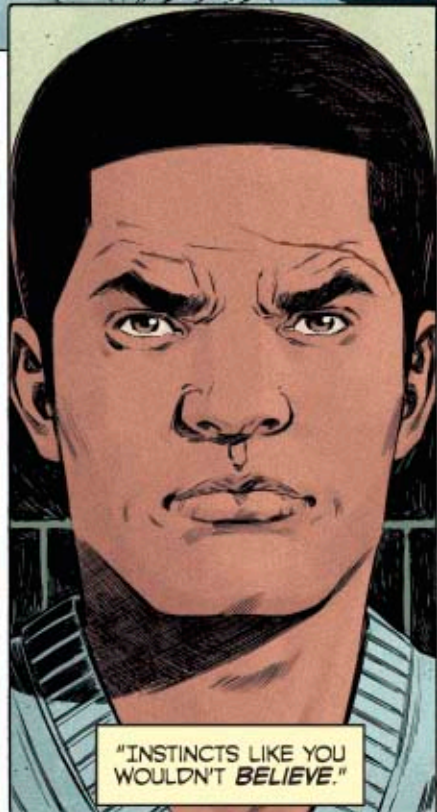


HER NAME WAS ARLETHA. ARLETHA HAVENS. SHOW SOME RESPECT.

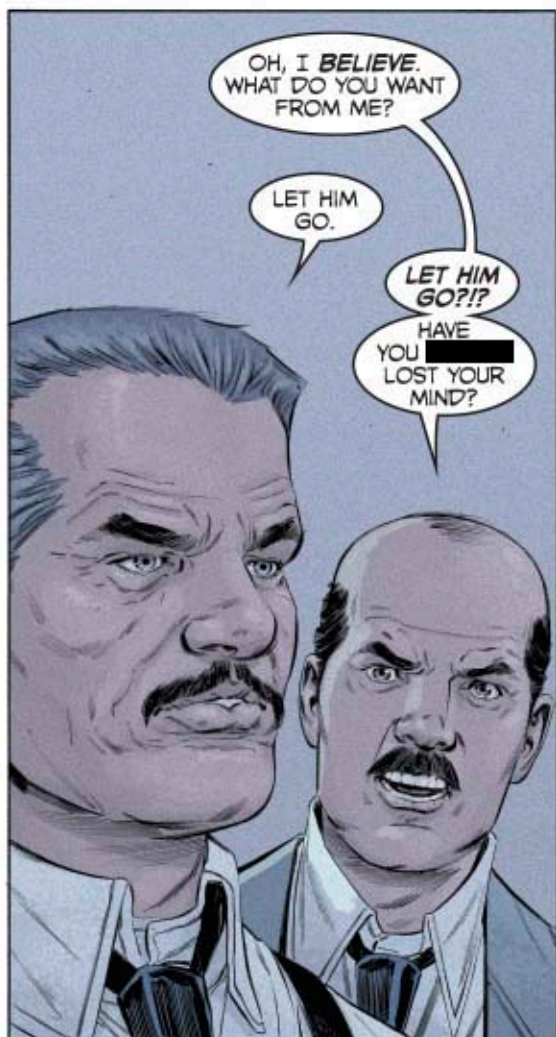


TELL ME YOU DON'T SEE THAT. HE'S A TICKING TIME BOMB.

I SEE IT. BUT I'LL TELL YOU THIS--HE'S BEEN WORKIN' FOR ME A LITTLE OVER TWO MONTHS, AND HE'S PROBABLY THE BEST I'VE EVER SEEN.



"INSTINCTS LIKE YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE."

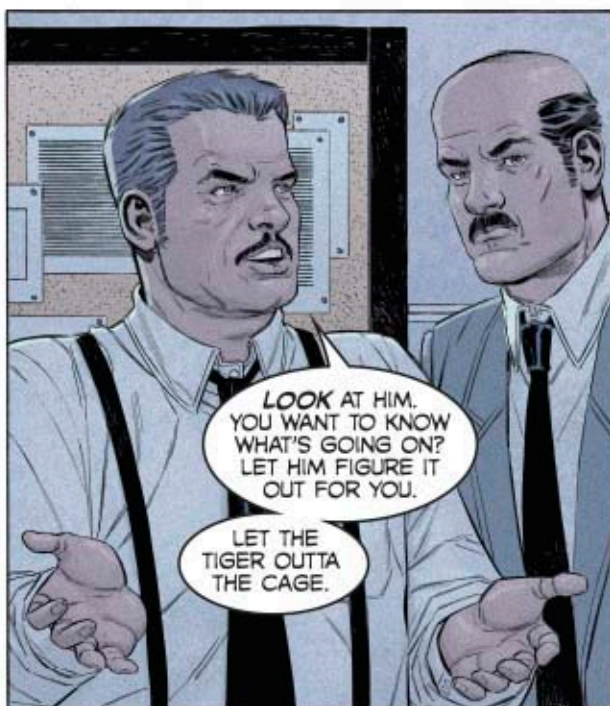


OH, I *BELIEVE*.
WHAT DO YOU WANT
FROM ME?

LET HIM
GO.

LET HIM
GO?!?

HAVE
YOU ██████
LOST YOUR
MIND?



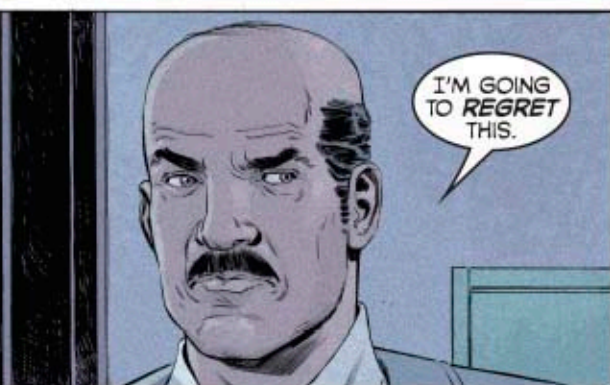
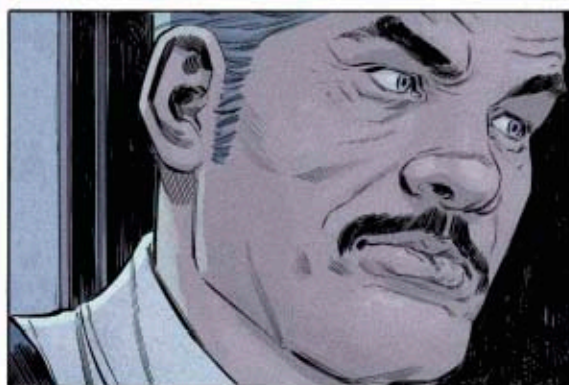
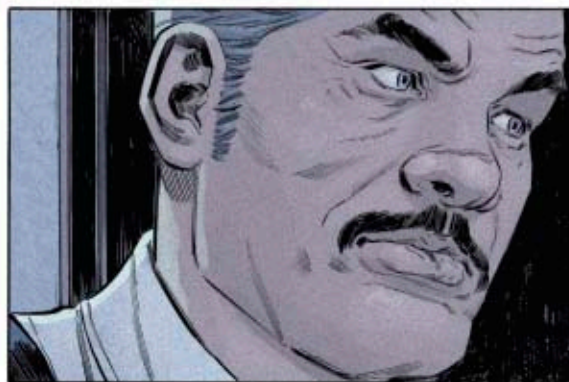
LOOK AT HIM.
YOU WANT TO KNOW
WHAT'S GOING ON?
LET HIM FIGURE IT
OUT FOR YOU.

LET THE
TIGER OUTTA
THE CAGE.



A TIME
BOMB, *NOT*
A TIGER.

AND WHAT
HAPPENS WHEN
THE TIME BOMB
EXPLODES?



I'M GOING
TO *REGRET*
THIS.



"YOU WANT TO TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED, JOHN?"

"YOU WANT ME TO TELL YOU?"

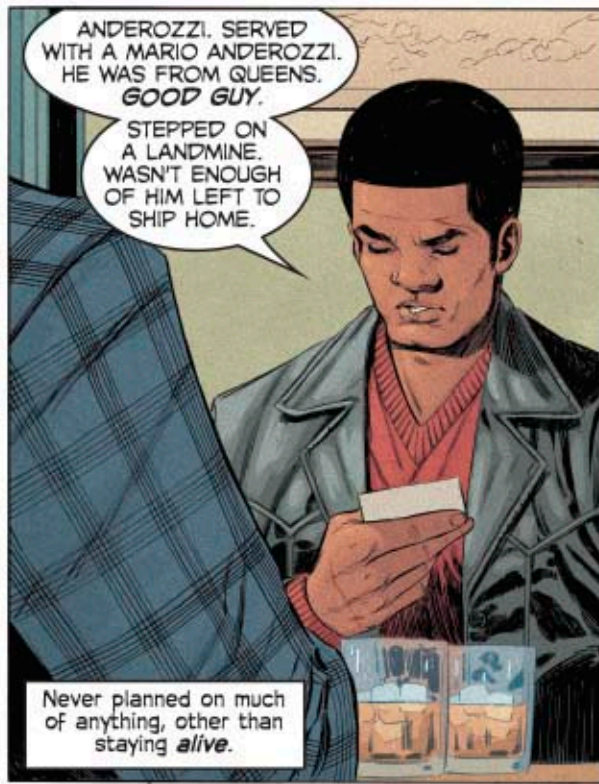
"NO. NOT REALLY."



HOW COME I'M NOT LOCKED UP?

VIC ANDEROZZI. LIEUTENANT, NYPD. HE OWES ME A LOT.

Never planned on being a detective.



ANDEROZZI. SERVED WITH A MARIO ANDEROZZI. HE WAS FROM QUEENS. GOOD GUY.

STEPPED ON A LANDMINE. WASN'T ENOUGH OF HIM LEFT TO SHIP HOME.

Never planned on much of anything, other than staying *alive*.

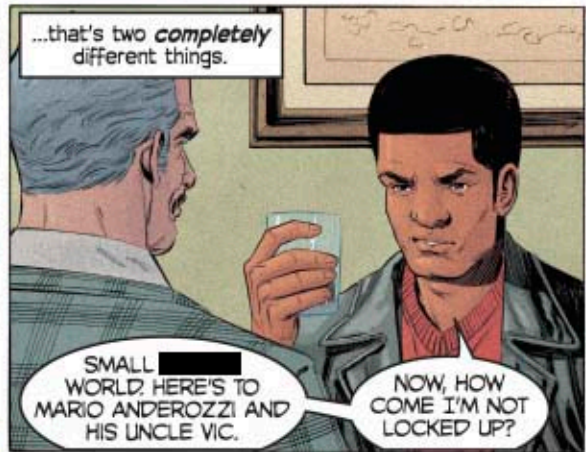


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MARIO WAS VIC'S NEPHEW.

What you've got planned...

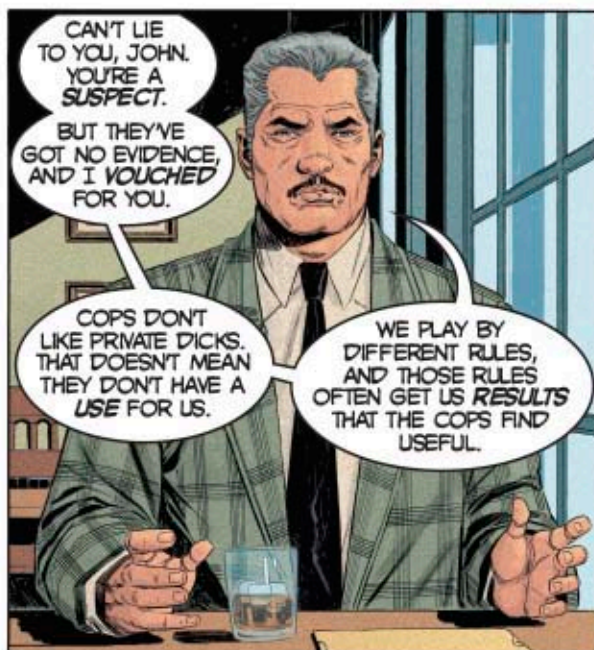
...and what life's got planned for you...



...that's two *completely* different things.

SMALL ██████████ WORLD. HERE'S TO MARIO ANDEROZZI AND HIS UNCLE VIC.

NOW, HOW COME I'M NOT LOCKED UP?

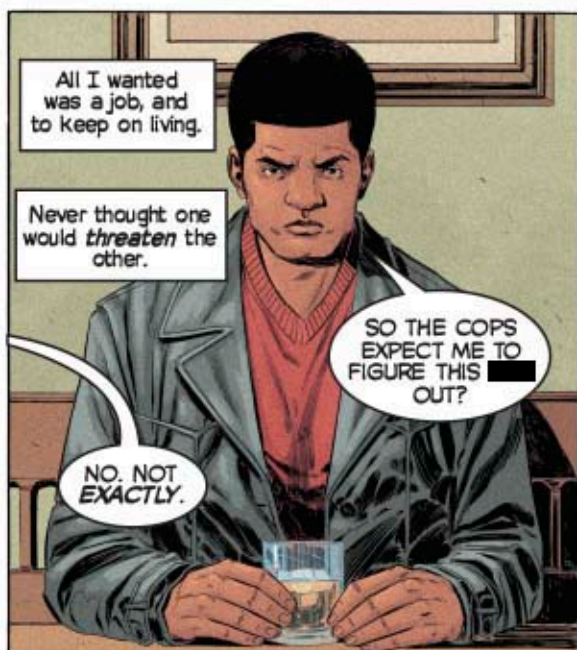


CAN'T LIE TO YOU, JOHN. YOU'RE A SUSPECT.

BUT THEY'VE GOT NO EVIDENCE, AND I **VOUCHED** FOR YOU.

COPS DON'T LIKE PRIVATE DICKS. THAT DOESN'T MEAN THEY DON'T HAVE A **USE** FOR US.

WE PLAY BY DIFFERENT RULES, AND THOSE RULES OFTEN GET US **RESULTS** THAT THE COPS FIND USEFUL.

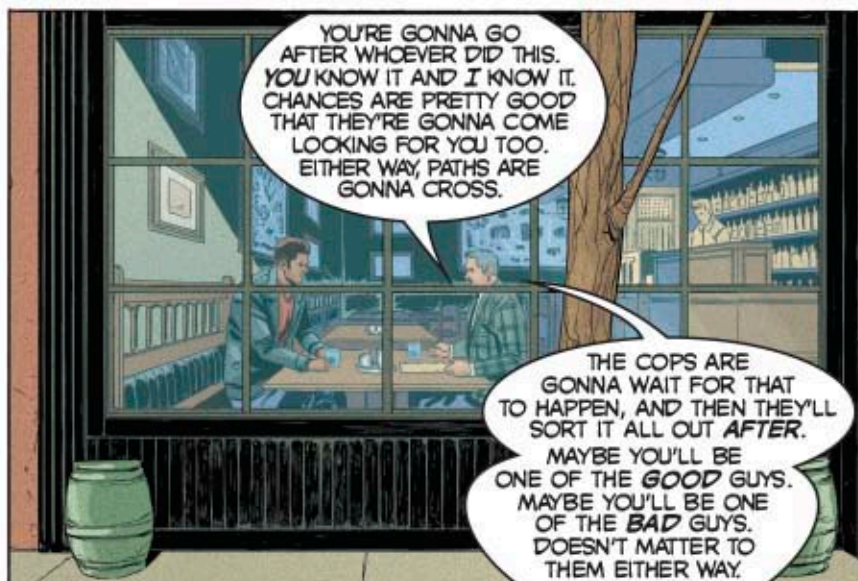


All I wanted was a job, and to keep on living.

Never thought one would *threaten* the other.

SO THE COPS EXPECT ME TO FIGURE THIS OUT?

NO. NOT EXACTLY.



YOU'RE GONNA GO AFTER WHOEVER DID THIS. YOU KNOW IT AND I KNOW IT. CHANCES ARE PRETTY GOOD THAT THEY'RE GONNA COME LOOKING FOR YOU TOO. EITHER WAY, PATHS ARE GONNA CROSS.

THE COPS ARE GONNA WAIT FOR THAT TO HAPPEN, AND THEN THEY'LL SORT IT ALL OUT **AFTER**. MAYBE YOU'LL BE ONE OF THE **GOOD** GUYS. MAYBE YOU'LL BE ONE OF THE **BAD** GUYS. DOESN'T MATTER TO THEM EITHER WAY.



THIS ISN'T **EVERYTHING** THEY HAVE ON THE CASE-- JUST WHAT VIC FELT I MIGHT NEED TO KNOW.

AND BY **I**, I MEAN YOU.



FIGURE OUT WHO DID THIS. MAKE 'EM **PAY** FOR IT.