

"Journalists are detectives for the people."
—WAYNE BARRETT

Abbott™

CHAPTER FOUR MAKES ME WANNA HOLLER

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ALRIGHT,
THEN.



ELENA, OLD GIRL. YOUR
ALLOTTED TWO DAYS
OF DEBILITATING
SELF-PITY HAVE
EXPIRED.

YOU'VE
BEEN FIRED. NO
ONE BELIEVES THE
EVIL WIZARD WHO
TRIED TO KILL
YOU TRIED TO
KILL YOU.



TIME TO FIND
OUT WHAT
THE HELL IS
GOING ON
IN THIS
CITY.



TIME TO
GET TO
WORK.



HI, FRED.
YEAH, 11:00
SOUND'S
GOOD.



BROADWAY.
WARDELL HASN'T
COME HOME YET?
ALRIGHT, I'LL DO
SOME MORE
LOOKING.

NO, NO.
YOU'LL STAY
THERE AT THE
RESTAURANT.
OK.



JAMES?
CAN I COME
BY THE STATION? I
NEED TO SPEAK TO
YOU. SURE, 12:30
IS PERFECT.



NO, SEBASTIAN,
I'M NOT ALL RIGHT.
YOU... YOU SAID THERE
WAS SOMEONE WHO
USES SHADOW THE
WAY I SLIPPOEDLY
USE LIGHT.

WELL,
I SAW HIM. IT'S
THE SAME MAN WHO
TRIED TO KILL ME, I'M
SURE OF IT. OK, OK, WHEN
CAN I MEET YOU?



BETTER
BRING
THIS.



DOWNTOWN,
11:15 A.M.

ELENA
ABBOTT DRINKING
BEFORE NOON. ISN'T
THIS A VIOLATION OF
YOUR PRECIOUS
ROUTINE?

YES, WELL,
DESPERATE TIMES.
BESIDES, I DON'T HAVE
A ROUTINE ANYMORE.
I WAS FIRED,
REMEMBER?

I'M SORRY,
KID. I CHICKENED
OUT. I SHOULD'A WALKED
OUT THAT DOOR WHEN
THEY CANNED YOI, BUT...
I NEED THIS JOB,
ABBOTT.

MY LITTLE
SLISIE--YOU KNOW
SHE'S REAL SICK,
AND THAT BUM OF
A HUSBAND OF
HERS SKIPPED
TOWN.

YOU DON'T HAVE
TO EXPLAIN YOURSELF
TO ME. I KNOW YOUR
SITUATION. I HOPE
SLISIE GETS BETTER.
YOU KNOW
I DO.

YOU'RE
A GOOD PERSON,
ABBOTT. WE BOTH KNOW
GOOD REPORTERS WHO
ARE TERRIBLE PEOPLE.
COMES WITH THE
TERRITORY.

BUT YOU'RE
LIKE MY LITTLE
ARMENIAN GRANNY
WAS--ALWAYS GOOD
ABOUT REMEMBERING
BIRTHDAYS. SENDING
FLOWERS. HOSPITAL
VISITS.

I TRY. BUT I ASK
MY FAVORS,
TOO.

LIKE MAYBE
YOU COULD TELL
ME WHAT THE LAST
STRAW FINALLY WAS
FOR THE BOSSES.
THE TERMINATION
NOTICE JUST SAID
"INSUBORDINATION."

WAS IT
THE STORY
ABOUT THE
HARRIS BOY?

Huh?
IT WASN'T
MOORE AND
GRANT WHO
DID THIS,
ABBOTT.

WHAT? BUT
WHO--

THAT
BLUEBLOOD
PROFESSOR YOI
INTERVIEWED--
BELL CAMP, WAS
THAT IT?

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU DID TO
PISS THE GUY OFF, BUT
HE PULLED SOME STRINGS. SAID
YOU PRACTICALLY ASSAULTED
HIM. WENT STRAIGHT ABOVE MY
HEAD. HIS BROTHER IS ON THE
BOARD OF THE PAPER.

SORRY I COULDN'T DO
MORE. WHEN YOU GO LOOKIN'
FOR A NEW JOB, YOU KNOW
I'LL VOLICH FOR YOU TO
ANYONE. YOU TAKE CARE
NOW, ABBOTT.

Y-YEAH.
YES. YOU
TOO,
FRED.

BELL CAMP... ?



WEST GRAND BOULEVARD, 12:35 P.M.

YOU'RE IN THE WRONG PLACE, MA'AM.



IF YOU'RE LOOKING TO BAIL OUT YOUR BOYFRIEND OR YOUR SON OR WHATEVER, THAT DESK IS DOWN THE HALL THERE. NOW--

EXCUSE ME? I'M HERE TO SEE--



SHE'S HERE TO SEE ME, BETTY. THANKS.

YEAH, SURE, SERGEANT.



JAMES.

LET'S TALK SOMEWHERE QUIET, ELENA.



IF YOU HADN'T BEEN ON YOUR WAY ALREADY, I WOULD'VE CALLED YOU. I GOT SOME INTERESTING INFO ON-- HAVE YOU BEEN DRINKING?

HAVE YOU?



WHOA NOW. DIDN'T YOU COME HERE TO ME LOOKING FOR A FAVOR? OR TWO?

YES, I DID. I'M SORRY, JAMES. I'M... I'M NOT IN A GREAT PLACE. I WAS FIRED.



FIRED? DAMN. ELENA, BABY, I'M SORRY. BUT... WHY ARE YOU STILL WORKING THIS STORY, THEN?

BECAUSE IT NEEDS TO BE WORKED, JAMES. THINGS NEED TO BE PLUT IN THEIR PROPER PLACE. YOU SAID YOU HAD SOMETHING FOR ME?