

THE MERC\$ FOR MONEY

The team:

Wade Wilson - Deadpool

Identifies to the public as 'The Merc with a Mouth.' Suspected leader of Mercs for Money. Physically super-resilient, emotionally vulnerable. Canadian. Smells like rotting flesh took a bath in a deep fryer.

James Bourne - Solo

Counter-terrorist mercenary with teleportation abilities. Former U.S. Army Special Forces—very dangerous in close quarters and highly trained with a number of weapons.

Steven Harmon - Slapstick

Appears to possess attributes of a cartoon clown, including physically impossible contortion and lots of existential anxiety. Can make weapons (huge mallet, chainsaw, etc.) appear out of thin air.

Gregory Salinger - Foolkiller

No superhuman abilities. Loose personal definition of the word 'fool.' Moonlights as a therapist to rehabilitate criminals. Highly judgmental.

??? - Masacre

Of Mexican origin, exclusively speaks Spanish. Proficient with a variety of close- and long-range weapons, especially machetes. Occasionally travels with a jaguar (consult with local Animal Control).

Shreck - Terror

Unkillable, requires supply of body parts to supplement constantly-decaying body. Due to his condition, Terror secretes acid, has green skin and is... distinctive-smelling. Absorbs knowledge and abilities of his nonconsensual organ/limb donors.

Walter Newell - Stingray

World's foremost oceanographer. Wears self-designed armored suit which has undersea survival systems, airborne 'gliding' technology and strong electric blasts. Previously loosely affiliated with the Avengers.



CLASSIFIED



CIUDAD JUÁREZ.

**OLIVERI'S
TOO**
TEQUILAS

I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE THIS PLACE.

THE FOOD'S SUPPOSED TO BE PRETTY GOOD, ESPECIALLY THE ENCHILADAS.

THAT'S YOUR THING, RIGHT? ENCHILADAS?

CHIMICHANGAS, ACTUALLY.

AND... REALLY... THAT'S MORE ABOUT WHO PEOPLE THINK I AM.

LIKE WEARING A FEDORA-- THAT ONE TIME! --AND THEN EVERYBODY THINKS YOU'RE THE HAT GUY.

I MEAN... I HAVE LAYERS.

OKAY, LAYERS GUY.

SO... YOU GONNA TELL ME WHY WE'RE HERE?

WHAT IS IT YOU WANTED TO TALK ABOUT?

IT'S MY CREW.

I THINK THEY MIGHT BE TURNING AGAINST ME.

YOUR CREW?

YOU MEAN THOSE SKITTLES DEADPOOLS YOU'VE BEEN RUNNING AROUND WITH?

THEY DON'T EVEN DRESS LIKE THAT ANYMORE.

CORPORATE DRESS CODES ARE ALWAYS THE FIRST THINGS TO GO IN A MUTINY.

WELL, HAVE YOU TRIED-- I DUNNO-- NOT BEING SUCH A JACKASS?

I HAVE BEEN TRYING!

IN FACT, THE MORE I TRY... THE WORSE I LOOK!



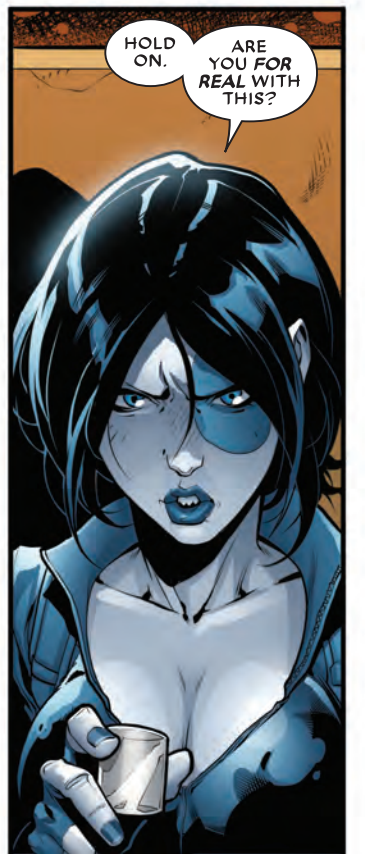
WOW.
ALL THESE YEARS, YOU MUST'VE BEEN TRYING REALLY, REALLY HARD.



COME ON, DOMINO. I'M BEING SERIOUS HERE.



RIIIIGHT. YOU. SERIOUS. TELL ME ANOTHER ONE.



HOLD ON. ARE YOU FOR REAL WITH THIS?



JUST HOW BAD IS IT WITH THESE GUYS?

I MEAN, DO YOU THINK THEY'RE GONNA STAB YOU IN THE BACK?

FIGURATIVELY OR LITERALLY?

EITHER.

ALTHOUGH I'M MORE CURIOUS ABOUT THE LITERAL INTERPRETATION.



I DON'T THINK THEY WANT TO KILL ME.

WELL... PROBABLY NOT.

MAYBE.

I DUNNO.



MERCENARY LIFE IS TOUGH.

CHEERS TO THAT.

YOU BUILD A TEAM...

...TRY TO MAKE A LITTLE CASH TOGETHER...

...TRY TO BUILD SOME BRAND EQUITY...

...BUT NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO...NO MATTER HOW COOL YOU ARE... NOBODY LIKES THE BOSS.



IN OUR LINE OF WORK, YOU EXPECT TO DIE SOMETIME...

...MAYBE MORE THAN ONCE...

...BUT IT'S NO BUENO TO THINK ONE OF YOUR OWN MIGHT BE THE ONE TO--



¡OYE, JEFE!



PERDÓNAME,
PERO ES HORA
DE IRNOS.

HEMOS
ENCONTRADO
NUESTRO
OBJETIVO.



YOU
KNOW...

...POINTING
GUNS AT YOUR
FRIENDS ISN'T
GOING TO EARN YOU
ANY BROWNIE
POINTS.

FUNNY.

ALL THOSE
YEARS YOU
AND I POINTED
GUNS AT EACH
OTHER...

...AND
I'VE ALWAYS
THOUGHT OF YOU
AS ONE OF MY
BEST PALS.



SEE
YA AROUND,
NINA.

THANKS
FOR THE
CHAT.



HMPH!
IF I
DIDN'T KNOW
BETTER...

...I'D
THINK HE
WAS REALLY
TRYING!



HE'S
DEFINITELY
GOING TO GET
HIMSELF
KILLED!