



WHAT'S YOUR GAME, DEADSHOT?

IF YOU WANTED THOSE PEOPLE DEAD, YOU COULD'VE KILLED THEM BY NOW.



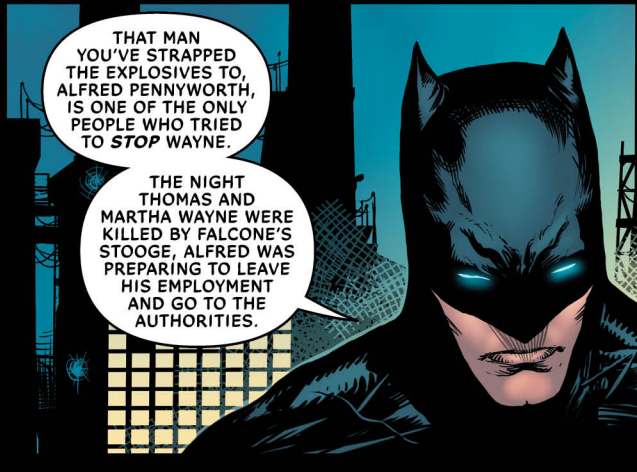
MAYBE I WANT A GRAND GESTURE. MAYBE I WANT TO MAKE A POINT.



ABOUT WHAT? THOMAS WAYNE'S CRIMES?

I'VE INVESTIGATED THE CASE EXTENSIVELY. I'M THE ONE WHO TOOK DOWN HIS PARTNER, FALCONE.

LAWTON'S NOT BLUFFING. THE DETONATOR IS LINKED TO THE EXPLOSIVES AROUND ALFRED. AND THE SIGNAL'S TOO LOCALIZED TO JAM FROM HERE.



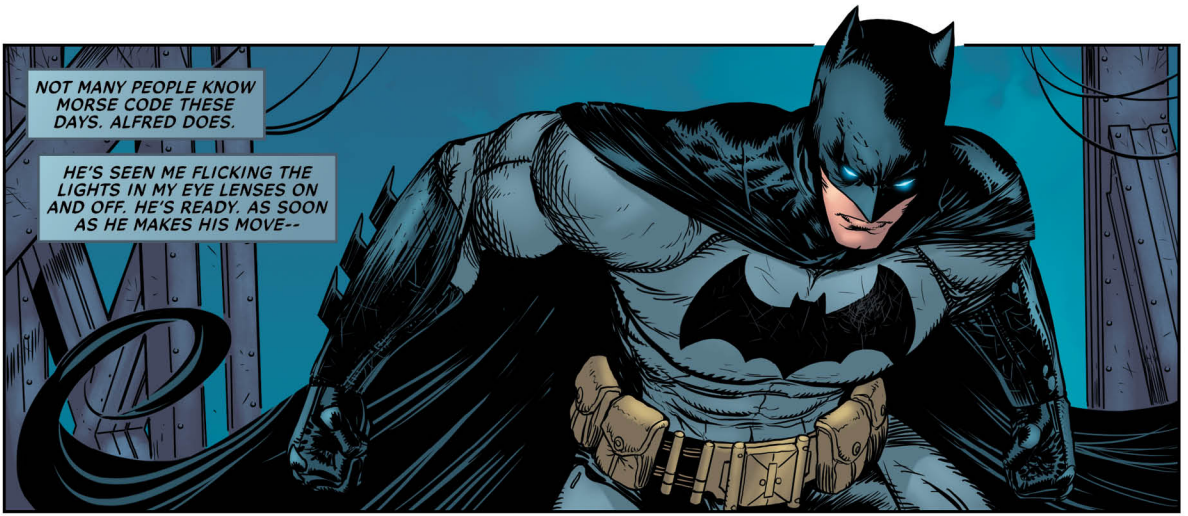
THAT MAN YOU'VE STRAPPED THE EXPLOSIVES TO, ALFRED PENNYWORTH, IS ONE OF THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO TRIED TO STOP WAYNE.

THE NIGHT THOMAS AND MARTHA WAYNE WERE KILLED BY FALCONE'S STOOGES, ALFRED WAS PREPARING TO LEAVE HIS EMPLOYMENT AND GO TO THE AUTHORITIES.



COOL STORY. KNOW WHAT I CALL IT?

TOO LITTLE, TOO LATE.



NOT MANY PEOPLE KNOW MORSE CODE THESE DAYS. ALFRED DOES.

HE'S SEEN ME FLICKING THE LIGHTS IN MY EYE LENSES ON AND OFF. HE'S READY. AS SOON AS HE MAKES HIS MOVE--



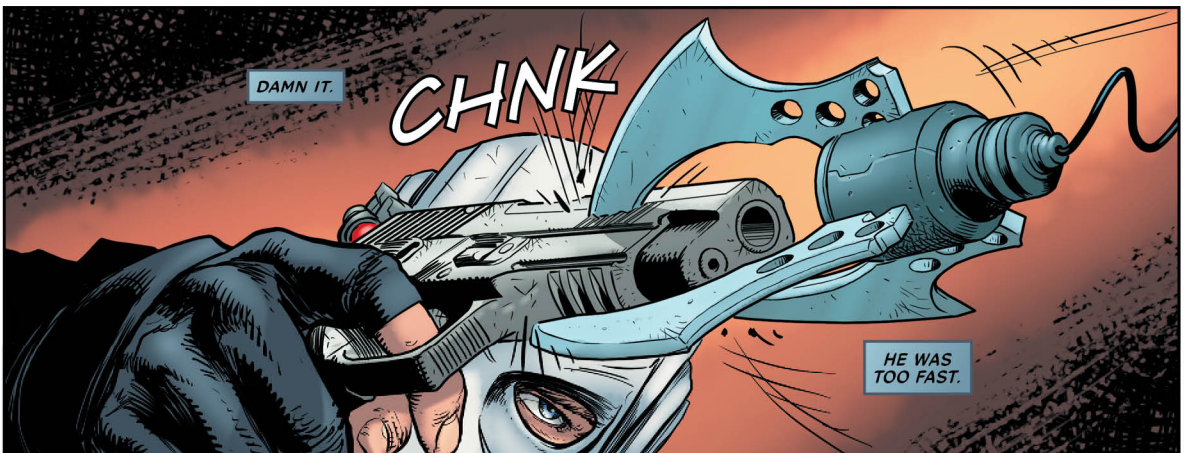
HEY!



--I'LL MAKE MINE.

IF I CAN HIT THE DETONATOR WITH THE GRAPPLE, YANK IT OUT OF HIS GRASP, THEN I CAN--

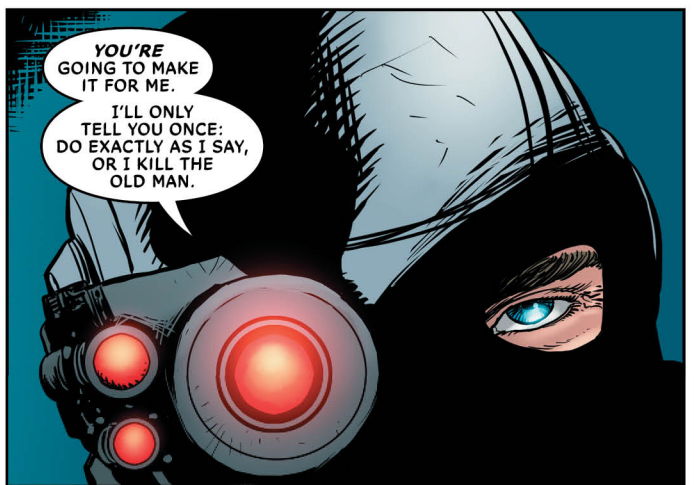
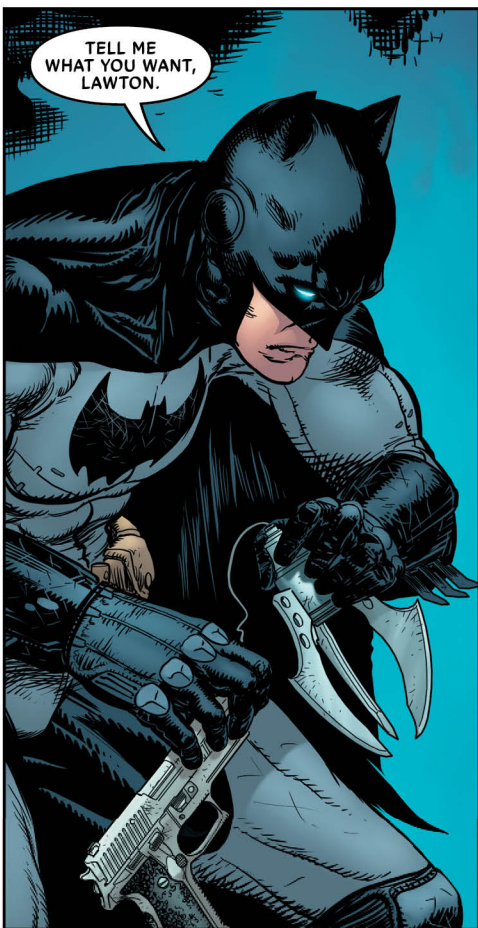
POOM



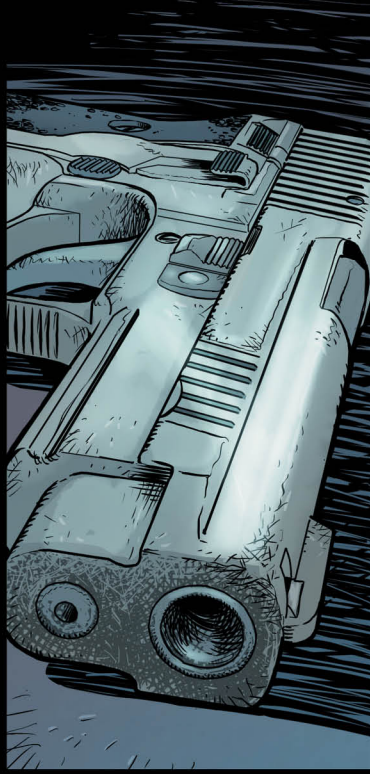
DAMN IT.

CHNK

HE WAS TOO FAST.

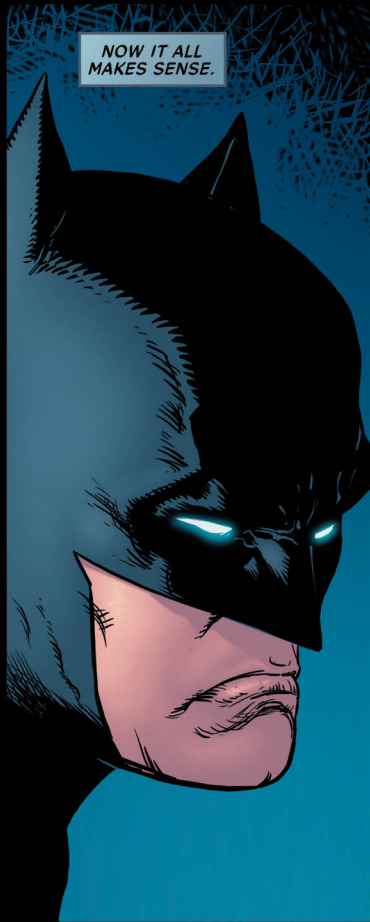


THE GUN
YOU JUST
DROPPED LIKE
IT'S HOT...



...PICK
IT UP.

NOW IT ALL
MAKES SENSE.



OOH, BIG SCARY
GUN. AND EVERYONE
KNOWS HOW MUCH
YOU HATE GUNS.

I SAW YOU
BREAK THE ONE I
LEFT BEHIND AT MY
FIRST HIT. I MEAN, MAN,
IT'S *PERSONAL* FOR
YOU, ISN'T IT?

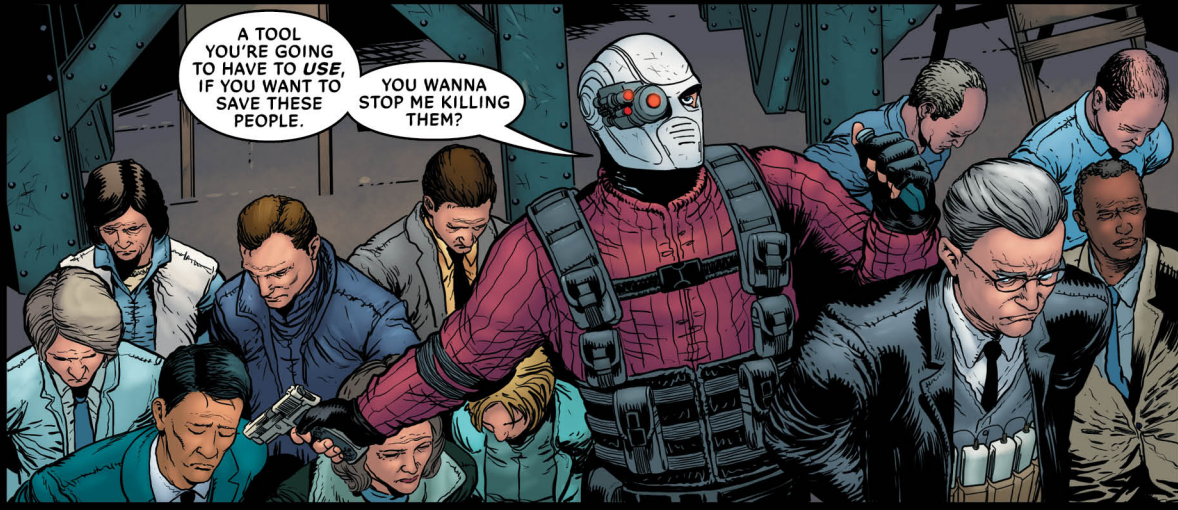
GO
ON, PICK
IT UP.



THAT'S IT. IT WON'T BITE.



LOOK AT YOU, LIKE IT'S COVERED IN MAGGOTS OR SOMETHING. IT'S JUST A TOOL.



A TOOL YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO *USE*, IF YOU WANT TO SAVE THESE PEOPLE.

YOU WANNA STOP ME KILLING THEM?



YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO SHOOT ME.