

OUR OWN PEOPLE HAVE TURNED ON US.



OUR EQUIPMENT FAILS US.



ALL WE HAVE LEFT...



...IS OURSELVES.



THE TRUTH

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OKAY, SO,
WHAT ARE WE
LOOKING
AT HERE?

WE'VE GOT
A COP, NOTHING
SPECIAL FOR HIS FIRST
FEW YEARS ON THE
FORCE, WORKED THE
EVIDENCE LOCKER
FOR A WHILE, ALWAYS
BUCKING FOR
HOMICIDE.

SAID HIS
UNCLE WAS
HOMICIDE, A HERO
TO HIM WHEN HE
WAS A KID.

FINALLY MAKES
DETECTIVE, GETS WHAT HE
ALWAYS WANTED, NOT BAD AT
THE JOB, BUT GETS SHOT
IN A BACK ALLEY DOWNTOWN.
PARAMEDICS DECLARE
HIM D.O.A.

NEXT THING,
HE'S WALKING AROUND
THE E.R., FRESH AS A DRAISY,
INSISTS ON GOING RIGHT
BACK TO WORK.

SAYS--AND
I DON'T KNOW WHY
THAT ISN'T A RED FLAG
FROM HELL--SAYS THAT
GOD BROUGHT HIM
BACK.

AND
THAT'S WHEN THE
BODY COUNT
STARTS.

GETS HIMSELF
SET UP WITH A SPECIAL
UNIT ON COMMISSIONER
GORDON'S ORDERS, CALLED
THE "DETAILED CASE TASK
FORCE," WHATEVER THE HELL
THAT MEANS.

IT MEANS
IMPUNITY TO RICK UP
CORPSES WITH HIS
FREAKY BUDDIES,
THAT'S WHAT.

DETECTIVE
JIM CORRIGAN,
SOMETHING MORE TO
HIM THAN MEETS THE EYE,
RIGHT? LOOK AT HIM,
BORED, JUST WRITING
FOR US TO GET ON
WITH IT...

...YEAH, HE'S
BEEN SITTING THERE
TWO HOURS, NOT A
TWITCH, I'LL GET IN
WITH HIM, BE THE
FRIENDLY ONE.

OFFER HIM
A DRINK OF
WATER.

LET'S
GET TO
WORK.



I KNOW HOW THIS GOES.

YOU TWO SWEATING ME, LETTING ME WAIT, CRANKED THE HEAT IN HERE, HOW LONG WERE YOU WATCHING BEHIND THE MIRROR?



DETECTIVE CORRIGAN, I'M SERGEANT **SOFIA CASIMIRO**, AND THIS IS SERGEANT **MARK PALMER**. WE'RE BOTH INTERNAL AFFAIRS.

CASIMIRO... ANY RELATION TO PAUL CASIMIRO? DETECTIVE OVER IN VICE?



HE'S MY COUSIN.



HEY, SMALL WORLD, PAUL AND I USED TO PLAY TOGETHER ON THE ACADEMY BASKETBALL TEAM. HE WAS GREAT WITH THE PUT-BACK.

TELL HIM I SAY HI.

DETECTIVE--



HOLD YOUR HORSES, PALMER. I SEE YOU GOT THE *ROOKIE* ITCH.

LET'S KEEP THIS FRIENDLY, OKAY? YOU BROUGHT ME IN. I'M HERE, LIKE I SAID, I KNOW HOW THIS GOES.

I'VE BEEN A COP FOR A WHILE.



SO WHICH ONE OF YOU IS GONNA OFFER ME THE DRINK OF WATER?

"SHAMELESS..."

PRECINCT 13 STATION HOUSE.

JUST LOOK AT THESE GUYS. THIS IS A POLICE STATION YOU'RE TOSsing, NOT A CRACK DEN.



SERGEANT ROOK, ALL YOUR WARRANTS ARE IN ORDER!

YOU CAN LOOK THEM OVER IF YOU LIKE, MS. SPENCER. ARE YOU REPRESENTING LIEUTENANT WEAVER OFFICIALLY?

THAT DESK IS CORRIGAN'S. I WANT EVERYTHING TAGGED AND BAGGED.

YES, SIR.



I DON'T KNOW, SERGEANT. IS THE LIEUTENANT BEING CHARGED?

MAYBE. NOT YET.

WE'RE LOOKING AT CORRIGAN AND DRAKE. THEY'RE AT CENTRAL RIGHT NOW, AND THEY'RE BOTH UP FOR MURDER, CONSPIRACY, ASSAULT, NEGLIGENCE--

--YOU NAME IT.



THEY SAVED YOUR LIFE, YOU SON OF A--

CAREFUL, SAM.

WHAT'S IN HERE?



FORENSICS LAB. IT'S, ERR, IT'S ALL VERY DELICATE, OFFICER...

YOU GONNA LET ME IN, PUDGY?



"I DON'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING..."



...YOU CAN
KEEP ME HERE
ALL DAY...



...I DON'T
HAVE TO SAY
A WORD.



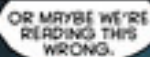
LISA, CAN
I CALL YOU
LISRP?

YOU
DON'T HAVE
TO PROTECT
CORRIGAN.

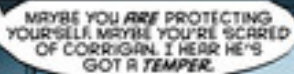


RIGHT.

YOU MIGHT WANT
TO START THINKING
ABOUT PROTECTING
YOURSELF.



OR MAYBE WE'RE
READING THIS
WRONG.



MAYBE YOU *ARE* PROTECTING
YOURSELF. MAYBE YOU'RE SCARED
OF CORRIGAN. I HEAR HE'S
GOT A TEMPER.



LISTEN, DON'T
TRY PULLING
THAT DIVIDE AND
CONQUER CRAP
WITH ME--



DETECTIVE,
LOOK AT ME. WE
HAVE ENOUGH HERE
TO DROP YOUR ASS
IN BLACKGATE
FOR LIFE.



YOU
KNOW WHAT
IT'S LIKE FOR
COPS IN
JAIL.



DON'T
DO THIS.
HELP US HELP
YOU.