



WHEN THE
COP'S ARRESTED
ME FOR THE MURDER
OF MY WIFE, IT LOOKED
LIKE JOHN DOE, RADIO
STAR, WAS A DEAD MAN,
DESTINED FOR THE
HOT SEAT!



I REMEMBER SEEING RED. ALL I WANTED WAS TO GET MY HANDS ON THAT MURDERING SLIMEBALL, BOWDEN.



I KNEW HE HAD TO BE BEHIND MY ARREST. WHEN HIS PURPLE GANG CRONIES COULDN'T GET THEIR FILTHY HANDS ON ME, HE MUST HAVE USED HIS POWER AS MAYOR TO HAVE **THE COPS** DO HIS DIRTY WORK.



UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU, IZZY SHAPIRO DIDN'T LEAVE ANY EVIDENCE WHEN HE KILLED MARGIE. THE ONLY PRINTS AT THE SCENE WERE **YOURS**, AND THEY WERE **BLOODY**.

OF COURSE THEY WERE! I HELD MARGIE IN MY ARMS AS SHE BLED AND DIED.



YOU WANT A BEER?

NO, THANKS. YOU KNOW I DON'T DRINK.



OH, RIGHT. I FORGOT.



WELL, HOW ABOUT A POP? I THINK I'VE GOT A COCA-COLA OR A VERNORS IN HERE.

NO, NOTHING, THANKS. I CAN'T REMEMBER THE LAST TIME I HAD FOOD OR DRINK, BUT I'VE GOT NO DESIRE FOR IT.



ANYWAY, I REMEMBER THE POLICE THROWING ME INTO JAIL, BUT... MY MEMORY...

...IT'S GOT MORE HOLES THAN A HUNK OF SWISS CHEESE.



"I RECALL THE COPS SHOVING ME INTO A CELL, BUT THERE'S A BIG BLANK AFTER THAT."

OKAY, MR. BIG SHOT RADIO STAR, HERE'S YOUR NEW HOME! BUT DON'T GET TOO COMFY! YOU'LL BE GOIN' TO **THE BIG HOUSE** BEFORE TOO LONG.



I CAN FILL IN THAT BLANK. YOU WERE TRIED AND CONVICTED OF MURDER. I CAME TO VISIT YOU AT THE DETROIT LOCKUP.

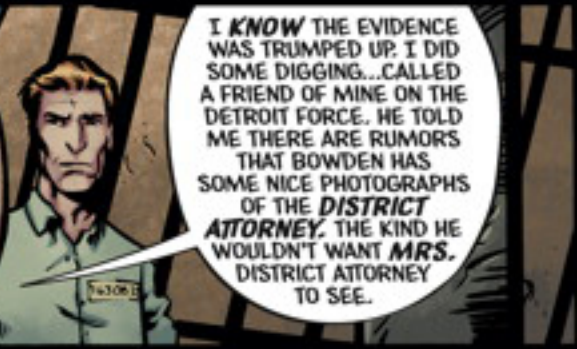
THIS IS A COURTESY TO A FELLOW COP, PRESTON. I CAN GIVE YOU FIVE MINUTES, BUT THAT'S ALL.

I APPRECIATE IT, CARTER, THANKS.



JOE, *THANK GOD!* YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME! I WAS *FRAMED!* THAT EVIDENCE THE DA TROTTED OUT WAS *PHONY!*

CALM DOWN, JOHNNY! AND TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME BEFORE SOMEONE *SEES* AND PULLS ME OUT OF HERE!



I *KNOW* THE EVIDENCE WAS TRUMPED UP. I DID SOME DIGGING...CALLED A FRIEND OF MINE ON THE DETROIT FORCE. HE TOLD ME THERE ARE RUMORS THAT BOWDEN HAS SOME NICE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE *DISTRICT ATTORNEY*. THE KIND HE WOULDN'T WANT *MRS.* DISTRICT ATTORNEY TO SEE.



NO WONDER! THE DA IS IN BOWDEN'S POCKET! I NEVER HAD A FLY'S CHANCE IN FROG CITY OF BEATING THIS!



"I MUST HAVE BEEN SLAP HAPPY, BECAUSE THE NEXT WORDS OUT OF MY MOUTH WERE..."

YOU'VE GOT *THAT* RIGHT. SO LISTEN TO ME VERY CAREFULLY. WE HAVE A SMALL WINDOW OF OPPORTUNITY FOR GETTING YOU OUT OF HERE. ONCE YOU'RE TRANSFERRED TO THE STATE PEN IN JACKSON, YOU'RE BOUND FOR THE CHAIR.

"I GUESS I FELT SORT OF RESPONSIBLE... I MEAN, IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE EVIDENCE I GAVE YOU, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN IN THAT MESS IN THE FIRST PLACE."

"SO I TOLD YOU MY DARING PLAN FOR YOUR ESCAPE..."

IN A FEW SECONDS, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A VERY LOUD ARGUMENT ABOUT HOW YOU MURDERED MARGIE, MY CHILDHOOD SWEETHEART, THE ONLY WOMAN I EVER LOVED.

THEN YOU'RE GOING TO HIT ME AND THEY'RE GOING TO HAUL ME OUT OF HERE KICKING AND SCREAMING.

SAY WHAT?!

"THE PLAN WENT OFF WITHOUT A HITCH! WE ARGUED LOUDLY ENOUGH TO ROUSE THE GUARDS, AND YOU SLUGGED ME RIGHT ON CUE."



"THEN THEY RESCUED ME AND SUBDUED YOU."

"I ACTED LIKE I WAS OUT FOR BLOOD AND PAID ONE OF DETROIT'S FINEST TO BEAT THE HELL OUT OF YOU..."

"WHICH HE DID WITH MOXIE!"



"AND AS PLANNED, YOU WERE TAKEN TO A NEARBY HOSPITAL, WHERE THEY PUT YOU IN A PRIVATE ROOM WITH A GUARD ON THE DOOR."

