

BATMAN

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BRUBAKER • McDANIEL • OWENS



APPROVED BY THE
COMIC BOOK
CODE
ON
ARTHORITY
J 2 0 0 2



HE'S TOO FAST.

THAT'S THE PROBLEM.

THIS GUY
I CAN
HANDLE,
IF I CAN
STAY
FOCUSED...

NO, I'M
THINKING
ABOUT
SOMEONE
ELSE...

ONE MORE
STEP AND I'LL
BREAK HER NECK,
BATMAN.

SOMEONE WHO'S DISTRACTING
ME... AND DISTRACTIONS
ARE BAD, BECAUSE THEY
MAKE ME RUN ON AUTO-
PILOT...

AND GIVEN THE CHANCE,
EVEN THESE KINDS OF
SMALL TIME HOODS CAN BE--

--DANGEROUS...

HOW DOES
THAT FEEL, I
WONDER?

SKKREEECHH!

NOTHING BROKEN,
BUT IT FEELS LIKE
I GOT HIT WITH A
TRUCK. STUPID...
BEEN GETTING
SLOPPY ALL NIGHT.
JUST LUCKY THAT--

WHAT?

OKAY, THIS IS GETTING
RIDICULOUS...



ALMOST TIMED IT WRONG, THANKS TO THOSE BULLETS CRAMPING MY CHEST AND RIBS...

BUT I'M NOT THAT FAR OFF MY GAME.

STILL, THERE'S NO DENYING THAT ZEISS HAS GOTTEN UNDER MY SKIN...

...AND I CAN'T LET THAT CONTINUE.

SA-
MMAS-
SHI!

SORRY... YOU DON'T
GET THAT LUCKY.
NOT EVEN
TONIGHT.

KOFF!
KOFF!

WHAT
THE
HELL--?

CROOKED MILES

LOOKS LIKE I'VE FOUND
SOMETHING THAT
SHOULD CLEAR AWAY
ALL DISTRACTIONS FOR
A WHILE, AT LEAST...

ED BRUBAKER, writer • SCOTT McDANIEL, penciller
ANDY OWENS, inker • ROBERTA TEWES, colorist
WILDSHORM FX, separations • JOHN COSTANZA, letterer
MICHAEL WRIGHT, associate editor • BOB SCHRECK, editor
BATMAN created by BOB KANE





-- PETER PERKINS,
BLOND HAIR, BLUE/GRAY
EYES, APPROXIMATELY
27 YEARS OLD, FIVE
FEET TEN INCHES,
165 POUNDS.

NO RECORD OF PETER
PERKINS WITH THAT
DESCRIPTION IN ANY LAW
ENFORCEMENT DATABASE...
SCANNING PHOTO...

CHECKING PHOTO
AGAINST DATABASE...

searching...

001279421
PERKINS, PETER



NO RECORD FOUND

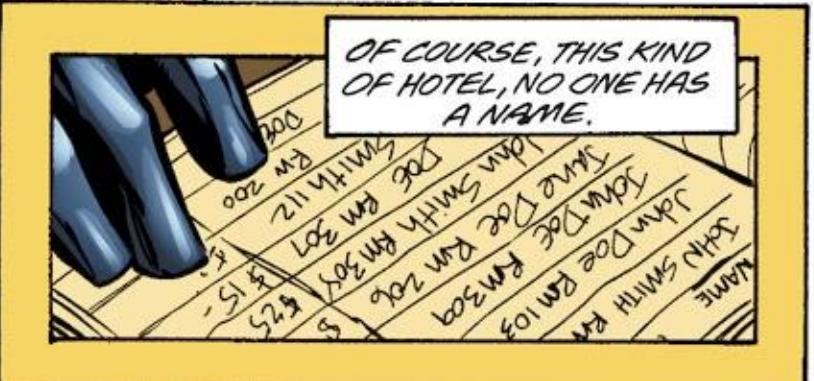
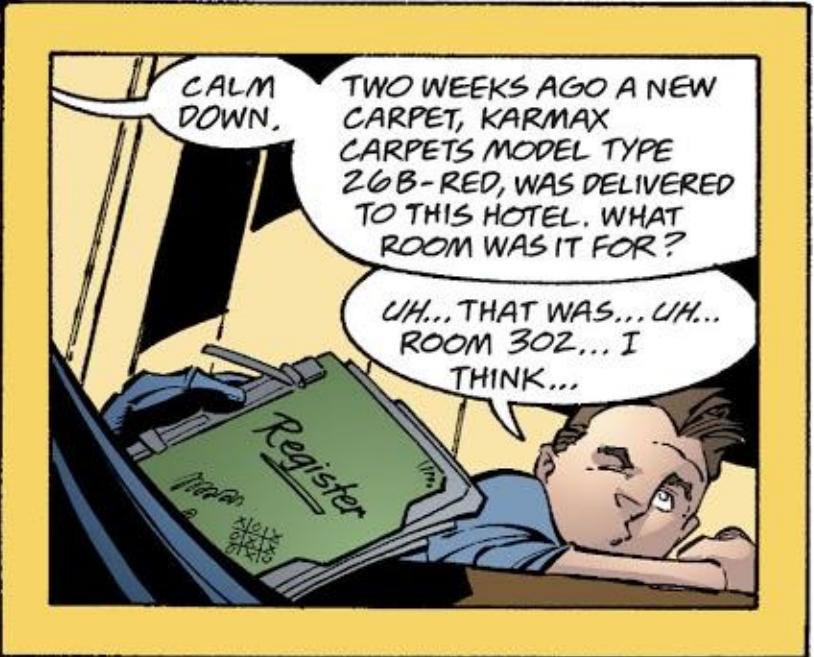
001279421
PERKINS, PETER

NO MATCH
FOUND IN ANY
LAW
ENFORCEMENT
DATABASE...



OKAY, I GUESS I'LL
HAVE TO TRY A
DIFFERENT PATH...

COMPUTER--SCAN
RECENT RECORDS OF CARPET
SUPPLY OUTLETS IN GOTHAM
FOR SALES TO HOTELS IN SIX-
BLOCK RADIUS OF 110TH
AND GOODWIN...



SO, WHAT DID ROBINSON CRUSOE LOOK LIKE?

WHAT...? WHO?

THE PERSON WHO WAS LAST IN ROOM 302.

OH... HELL, I DUNNO... THAT GUY WAS NEVER AROUND ON MY SHIFT. I JUST CHANGED TO NIGHTS SINCE BOBBY QUIT...

WHY DID BOBBY QUIT?

I DUNNO, HE JUST DIDN'T SHOW ONE DAY... AROUND THE SAME TIME THAT RUG WENT MISSING, I THINK...

AND WHEN BOBBY WENT MISSING AFTER THIS MAN CHECKED OUT, NO ONE HERE MADE ANY CONNECTIONS?

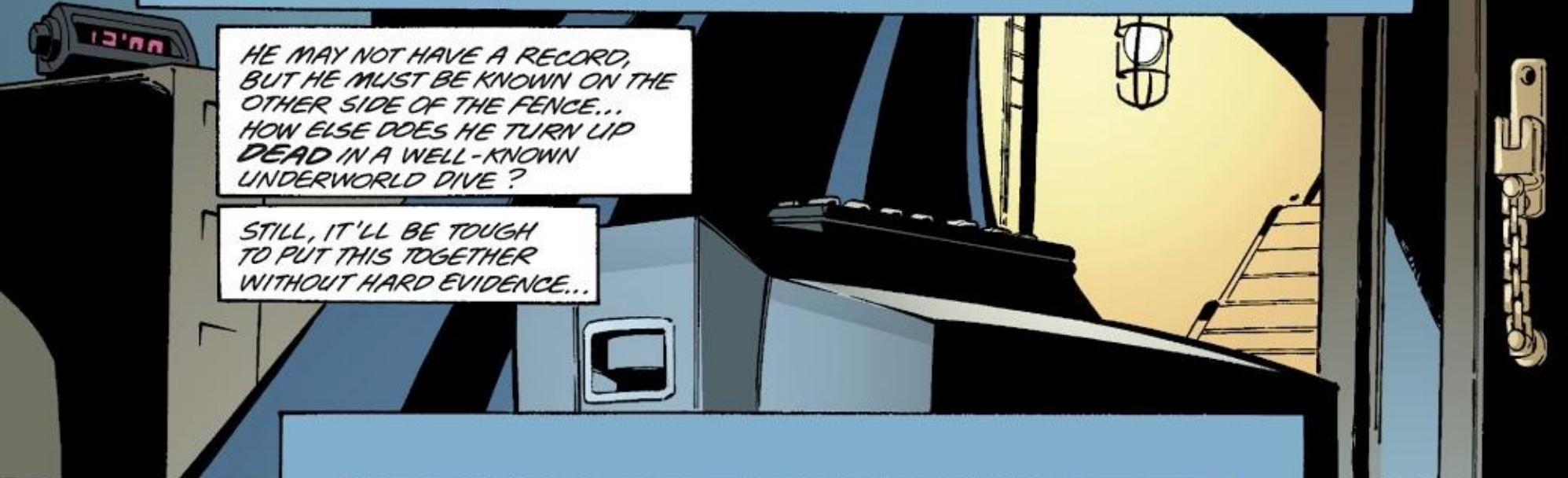
NOT REALLY...KINDA CLIENTELE THIS PLACE GETS, IT'S BEST NOT TO WONDER TOO MUCH...

...HEY, Y'KNOW...

...I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T REALLY REAL...

SORRY
NO CHECKS

GOOD.



TWENTY MINUTES LATER
I'VE GOT SOMETHING
SOLID... MAYBE NOT
ENOUGH, BUT ENOUGH
TO START ON THE NEXT
NIGHT.

... HI, BRUCE--IT'S
MALLORY... THIS IS THE
THIRD TIME I'VE CALLED
THIS WEEK. I REALLY
WISH YOU'D CALL ME
BACK SOMETIME.

I'M STARTING TO
GET THE FEELING
I'M BEING
AVOIDED...

SERIOUSLY...
AND I CAN'T
THINK OF
ANYTHING
I'VE DONE
TO DESERVE
IT...

MAYBE YOU'RE
OUT OF TOWN
OR SOMETHING
AND I'M JUST
BEING PARANOID,
BUT I JUST
WISH YOU'D CALL,
THAT'S ALL...

I DON'T HAVE
MANY FRIENDS
IN GOTHAM, AND
IT'D BE NICE TO
TALK.

BEEP!--
END OF
MESSAGE.

SHE'S
RIGHT, YOU
KNOW...

... SHE IS
BEING
AVOIDED.

YOU CAN'T JUST
PRETEND TO BE HER
FRIEND WHEN YOU WANT
INFORMATION AND THEN
BLOW HER OFF WHEN
SOME OTHER GIRL
COMES ALONG...

... AT LEAST YOU
HAD THE COURTESY
TO DUMP VESPER...

MALLORY'S A KEY PLAYER IN A MAJOR CRIME SCHEME WITH TIES TO THE MAFIA, AND SINCE ZEISS RETURNED TO THE FOLD A FEW WEEKS AGO, I'M CERTAIN SHE AND HER FATHER ARE BEHIND SEVERAL DEATHS.

SHE CAN'T BE MY FRIEND, SASHA, OBVIOUSLY...

SHE'S STILL A PERSON, ISN'T SHE? MAYBE ALL SHE'S KNOWN IS HER FATHER'S WORLD... YOU COULD TRY TO SHOW HER MORE...

I THOUGHT SHE WAS IMPORTANT TO YOU AT ONE POINT...



THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO... I WAS ANOTHER PERSON THEN, REALLY...

WELL, STILL, YOU COULD--

DAMN IT! STOP TRYING TO GET INSIDE MY HEAD AND JUST GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!



THE POLICE LAB VERIFIES MY SUSPICIONS ABOUT THE IDENTITY OF THE MAN WHO WAS IN ROOM 302... BUT IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN THAT TO GET A CONVICTION.

I NEED TO FIND OUT WHO THIS CORPSE REALLY WAS, WHO HE WORKED FOR...

...AND WHAT HE WAS DOING IN THAT ROOM WHEN HE DIED.

IT TAKES SOME ELBOW GREASE, BUT EVENTUALLY THE UNDERBELLY OF GOTHAM SHOWS ME THE WAY.

SEEMS PETER PERKINS, KNOWN TO HIS FRIENDS AS PETE, WAS A SMALL-TIME BAG MAN AND OCCASIONALLY MADE DELIVERIES FOR A CERTAIN GADGETS EXPERT...

I'M CLOSIN' UP, BOSS, YOU STILL BURNIN' THE MIDNIGHT OIL?



YEAH, I GOT A BIG ORDER TO FILL FOR THE PENGUIN, GOTTA GET IT IN EARLY TOMORROW OR HE'LL MISS THE SHIPMENT...

WELL DON'T GET CARELESS, HEH, HEH...

YOU KNOW ME, THESE HANDS ARE STEADY AS A ROCK.

...I WOULD'VE VISITED YOU BEFORE NOW, BUT IT SEEMS YOU ONLY WORK FOR CRIMINALS...

I-I-- HOW...?

MAYBE YOU HAVEN'T HEARD, BUT PETER PERKINS IS DEAD, REX...

...YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME WHY.

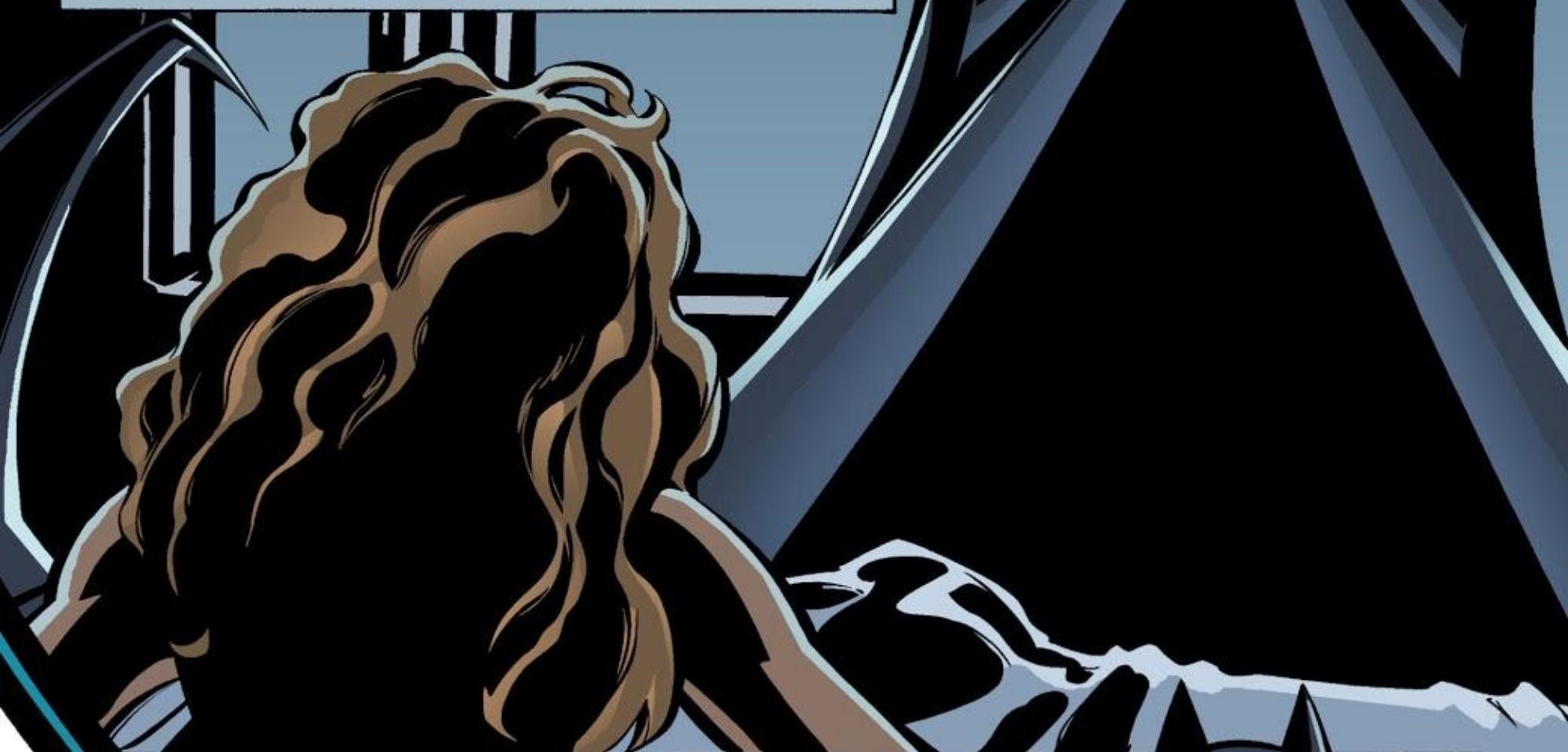


WITH ALL THE PIECES
IN PLACE, THERE'S
JUST ONE LAST THING
TO TAKE CARE OF.

AND THEN I MAKE
MY MOVE...



I'M TRYING
TO FIGURE YOU
OUT, MS.
MOXON...



OH, MY GOD...
WHAT'RE YOU--?

I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU
FOR A FEW MINUTES NOW,
AND, I HAVE TO SAY... YOU
SLEEP MUCH MORE
SOUNDLY THAN I
EXPECTED...

... CONSIDERING
ALL THE DEATH YOU'VE
BEEN INVOLVED
WITH.

GET OUT OF
HERE, NOW...
OR I'LL
SCREAM.

I'M NOT HERE
FOR YOU, DON'T WORRY.
I JUST WANT TO TALK
FOR A MINUTE, WHILE
WE HAVE A CHANCE...

TALK? I'VE
GOT NOTHING
TO SAY TO YOU...
YOU HELPED
CRIPPLE MY
FATHER.

YOUR FATHER IS A
RUTHLESS MAN, HE
BROUGHT HIS TROUBLES
ON HIMSELF. I ONLY
TRIED TO PREVENT
HIS DEATH.

NOW I'M JUST
TRYING TO FIGURE
HOW DEEPLY
YOU'RE ACTUALLY
INVOLVED IN ALL
THIS.

WHAT ARE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT?

IT MAY NOT BE
TOO LATE FOR YOU...
THAT'S WHAT I'M
TALKING ABOUT.
MAYBE THERE'S
GOOD IN YOU,
STILL.

YOU'RE DELUSIONAL...
YOU SOUND LIKE A
CHILD. DO YOU REALLY
THINK THE WORLD
IS THAT SIMPLE?

NO...
I GUESS
NOT.

YOUR FATHER IS
GOING TO DIE IN
PRISON, OR AT THE
HANDS OF HIS ENEMIES
... I WONDER IF
THAT'S THE SAME FATE
YOU WANT FOR
YOURSELF.

WHAT
THE HELL IS
GOING ON
HERE?

THIS IS
BREAKING
AND ENTERING,
ISN'T IT?

ZEISS, I THOUGHT
YOU'D NEVER SHOW
UP... I'M HERE TO
BRING YOU IN.

IS THAT
RIGHT? ON
WHAT
CHARGE?

MURDER,
ACTUALLY. PETER
PERKINS, THE MAN
WHOSE NECK YOU
BROKE IN YOUR
ROOM AT THE
ACME ARMS...

THIS IS RIDICULOUS...
I WAS NEVER AT ANY
ACME ARMS.
DO YOU HAVE A
WITNESS?

NO, BUT I DO HAVE
PHYSICAL EVIDENCE YOU WERE
IN THAT ROOM... YOUR FINGER-
PRINTS WERE FOUND ON THE
BATTERIES IN THE TV
REMOTE.

AND REX COOKE
WILL TESTIFY THAT
HE SENT PETE
THERE TO DELIVER
YOUR GOGGLES...

HE
WOULDN'T
DARE.

REALLY? WHO
DO YOU THINK
HE'S MORE
AFRAID OF,
ZEISS?

YOU'RE NEW
IN TOWN, BUT
I'VE BEEN
AROUND FOR
YEARS.









