

# BATMAN



BRUBAKER • McDANIEL • STORY

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As his arm twisted up behind his back, and he felt the bones start to give, Pat Dyerson was thinking one thing... "This is just my luck, isn't it?"

All his life he had been unlucky, and if anything, it was just getting worse as time went on.

It was the little things that wore him down the most: the loud breathers who always sat behind him in movie theaters, their hot breath on his neck.

Or the loud neighbors that seemed to always surround him.

Someone once said "life is in the details" and the details of Pat's life, from small to large, painted a pretty sad picture.

So it was really no wonder that he had gotten himself into this position.



He had been playing the numbers every week for over ten years, and of course, he had never hit them...

...until two weeks ago, when his five-dollar bet had come in, at 100 to 1.



And, as they also say, "Hope springs eternal." So Pat took this as a sign that his luck had finally turned. He began dreaming of the good life.



So the next week's bet was much more than five dollars.

Dyerson:  
12/32/28/9/11  
\$5000.00



Naturally, when his numbers didn't come in and he couldn't pay up, his bookie wasn't interested in using the installment plan.



And all Pat Dyerson could think was, "This is just my luck, isn't it?"

# MEASURE FOR MEASURE

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FORGIVE ME,  
YOUR HONOR... HE'S  
JUST UPSET ABOUT  
THE PERSECUTION.

-- ONE MORE OUT-  
BURST AND I'LL  
REMOVE YOU FROM  
THE COURTROOM, SIR.  
CONTROL YOUR  
CLIENT, COUNSEL...

THAT'S FOR ME TO  
DECIDE, MR. LASKY, AND  
I NEED AN ORDERLY COURT  
IN WHICH TO DO IT.

UNDERSTOOD.

BUT YOUR HONOR,  
MY CLIENT IS CLEARLY  
A TARGET OF  
HARASSMENT IN  
THIS MATTER.

WE CONTEND THAT  
WAYNE INDUSTRIES  
PURCHASED THE BUILDING  
FOR THE SOLE PURPOSE  
OF EVICTING MY CLIENT,  
AND AS SUCH, THE SALE  
SHOULD BE DISALLOWED.

I'VE REVIEWED THE BRIEFS  
FROM BOTH SIDES IN THIS  
MATTER, AND I HAVE TO ADMIT,  
I'M INCLINED TO GRANT THE  
PLAINTIFF AN INJUNCTION  
BLOCKING THE SALE OF THE  
BUILDING AT 624 WEST  
HARDING ROAD.

YOUR HONOR, WAYNE  
INDUSTRIES PURCHASED  
THAT BUILDING THE SAME  
AS ANY OTHER PROPERTY,  
NOT OUT OF SOME  
PARANOID CONSPIRACY  
THEORY AGAINST MR.  
COBLEPOT...

...BUT EVEN IF THAT  
WERE NOT THE CASE, EVERY  
MOVE WE'VE MADE HAS  
BEEN WELL WITHIN THE  
BOUNDS OF THE LAW.

YES, WELL... THAT MAY BE TRUE, MS. GREEN. BUT I'M IN NO RUSH TO LET CORPORATE INTERESTS CRUSH THE CITIZENS OF THIS CITY, EITHER.

MR. LASKY, DO YOU HAVE ANY PROOF BEYOND YOUR THEORY?

NOTHING ON PAPER, BUT IF YOUR HONOR WOULD GRANT US SOME LATITUDE... WE WOULD LIKE TO CALL BRUCE WAYNE TO THE STAND.

I'LL ALLOW IT. MR. WAYNE, WOULD YOU APPROACH?

I OBJECT! THERE IS NO LEGAL BASIS FOR QUESTIONING MR. WAYNE IN THIS MATTER! AND--

--I SAID I'LL ALLOW IT, MS. GREEN. YOUR OBJECTION IS NOTED, NOW TAKE A SEAT.

IT'S ALL RIGHT, RACHEL. I'LL BE FINE.

NOW, MR. WAYNE... ISN'T IT TRUE THAT JEREMY SAMUELS, AN EMPLOYEE OF YOURS, AND A LONGTIME FRIEND, WAS RECENTLY SLAIN IN THE COMMISSION OF A CRIME?

SO I'VE BEEN TOLD.

IS IT NOT ALSO TRUE THAT YOU BLAME MY CLIENT TO A LARGE DEGREE FOR HIS DEATH?

I DON'T KNOW, WAS HE INVOLVED IN IT? THE POLICE NEVER MENTIONED ANYTHING TO ME ABOUT THAT...

COME NOW, MR. WAYNE... IT'S NO SECRET THAT MY CLIENT HAS IN THE PAST HAD SOME CONNECTION TO THE CRIMINAL ELEMENT OF GOTHAM.

AREN'T YOU JUST USING HIM AS A SCAPEGOAT, BECAUSE HE'S AN EASY TARGET...

... A LEGITIMATE BUSINESSMAN WITH A HISTORY THAT HE'S TRYING TO ESCAPE FROM?

OF COURSE NOT.

REALLY? WELL, ISN'T IT TRUE THAT YOUR OWN PARENTS WERE KILLED BY AN ASSAILANT WHEN YOU WERE JUST A BOY?

YES... BUT I'M AFRAID I DON'T SEE THE CONNECTION. THAT WAS OVER TWENTY YEARS AGO.

DON'T YOU LOOK AT MY CLIENT AS A SYMBOL OF THE EXACT THING THAT BROUGHT DOWN YOUR PARENTS, AND MORE RECENTLY YOUR FRIEND?

NOT AT ALL.

REALLY. THEN WHY DID YOU DECIDE TO BUY AND TEAR DOWN THE BUILDING WHERE HE CONDUCTS HIS BUSINESS?

IT'S EMBARRASSING, REALLY. I WANTED A WATERFRONT OFFICE, BUT ONCE I GOT A GOOD LOOK AT THE PLACE...

...WELL, IT'S JUST SO UGLY.

MS. GREEN, WOULD YOU LIKE TO CROSS?

NO, YOUR HONOR, THANK YOU.

DAMN IT! HOW  
COULD WE LOSE?!  
DAMN IT TO  
HELL!

OSWALD...  
CALM DOWN.  
THIS ISN'T  
HELPING  
MATTERS.

DON'T EVEN TALK TO ME,  
SHYSTER! YOU'RE USELESS!  
YOU LET THAT FOP  
BRUCE WAYNE WALK  
ALL OVER YOU!

...OH, MY GOD...  
PLEASE, OSWALD,  
YOU'RE NOT THINKING  
STRAIGHT... PERHAPS  
WE CAN APPEAL, OR--

NO THANKS, I'VE HAD ENOUGH  
OF WORKING WITH THE SYSTEM.  
GUYS LIKE WAYNE ALWAYS  
WIN IN COURT...

I'LL HANDLE  
THIS MYSELF  
FROM HERE ON IN.

YOU'RE  
NOT PLANNING  
TO KILL WAYNE,  
I HOPE?

RIGHT, I'D HAVE AN  
EASIER TIME TRYING TO KILL  
LEX LUTHOR. NO, WAYNE  
IS TOO HARD TO GET TO...

...BUT THERE ARE OTHER  
PEOPLE WHO DISRESPECTED  
ME TODAY... PEOPLE WHO  
SHOULD HAVE KNOWN  
BETTER.

I DON'T EVEN  
WANT TO HEAR  
THIS! YOU'LL  
MAKE ME AN  
ACCESSORY.

REALLY, BRUCE,  
YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO  
TAKE ME OUT TO  
DINNER...

BUT YOU WERE  
SO GOOD IN COURT  
YESTERDAY, I FELT THE  
NEED TO CONGRATULATE  
YOU. IT'S THE LEAST  
I CAN DO...

I WAS JUST  
DOING MY  
JOB.

AND YOU DID IT  
EXCEEDINGLY WELL.  
BESIDES, THERE'S  
NOTHING LIKE SHARING A  
DINNER WITH A BEAUTIFUL  
AND INTELLIGENT  
WOMAN.

ARE YOU FLIRTING  
WITH ME, BRUCE? IS  
THAT THE LEGENDARY  
WAYNE CHARM I'M  
SEEING?

SUDDENLY I FEEL  
LIKE I'M ON THE  
WITNESS STAND  
AGAIN... CAN I TAKE  
THE FIFTH?

DOWN!  
DOWN!  
DOWN!

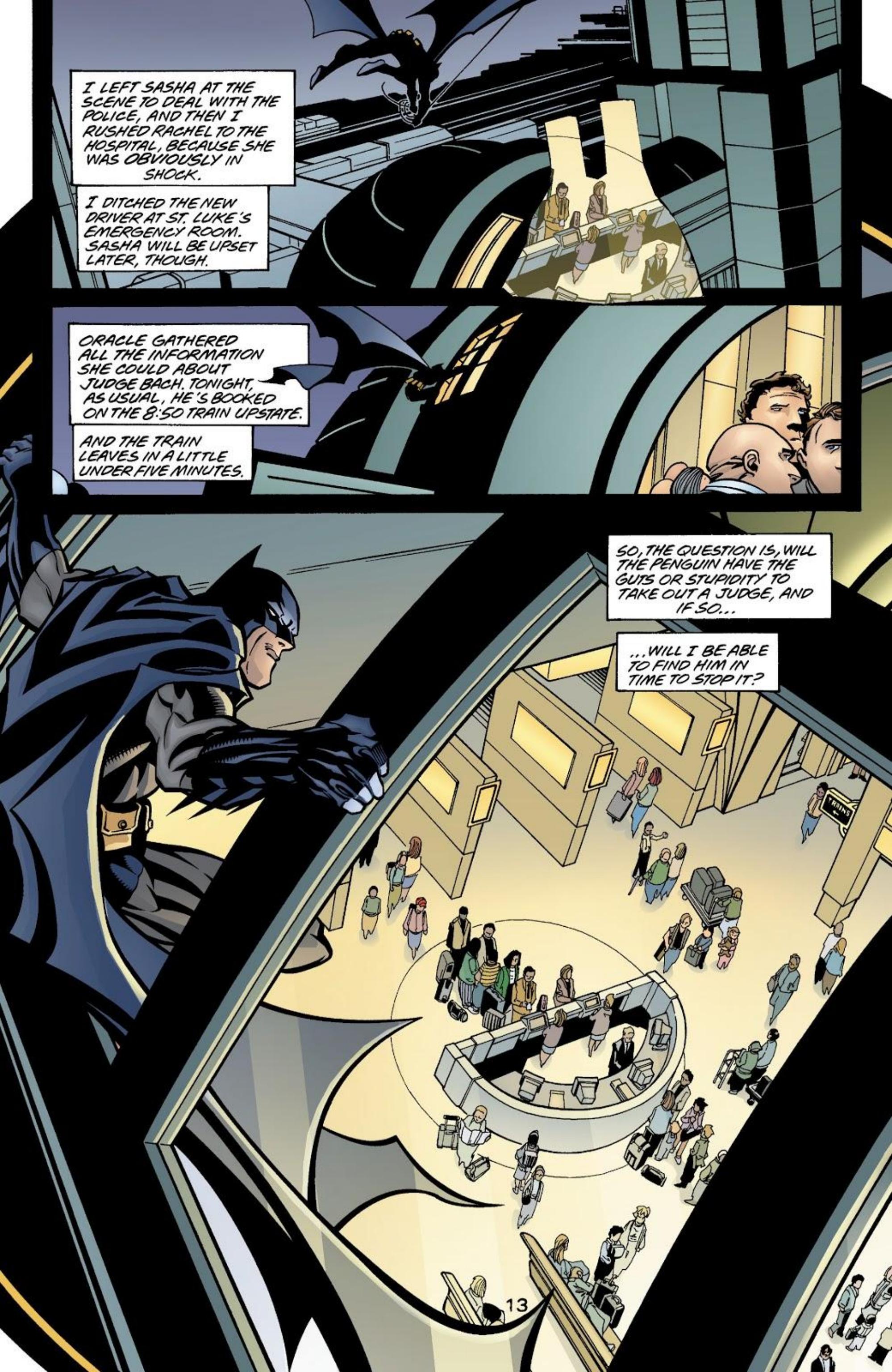


FIRST BULLETS  
HIT THERE... NOT  
WHERE I WAS  
STANDING...



I'VE GOT TO  
GET OUT OF  
HERE.





I LEFT SASHA AT THE SCENE TO DEAL WITH THE POLICE, AND THEN I RUSHED RACHEL TO THE HOSPITAL, BECAUSE SHE WAS OBVIOUSLY IN SHOCK.

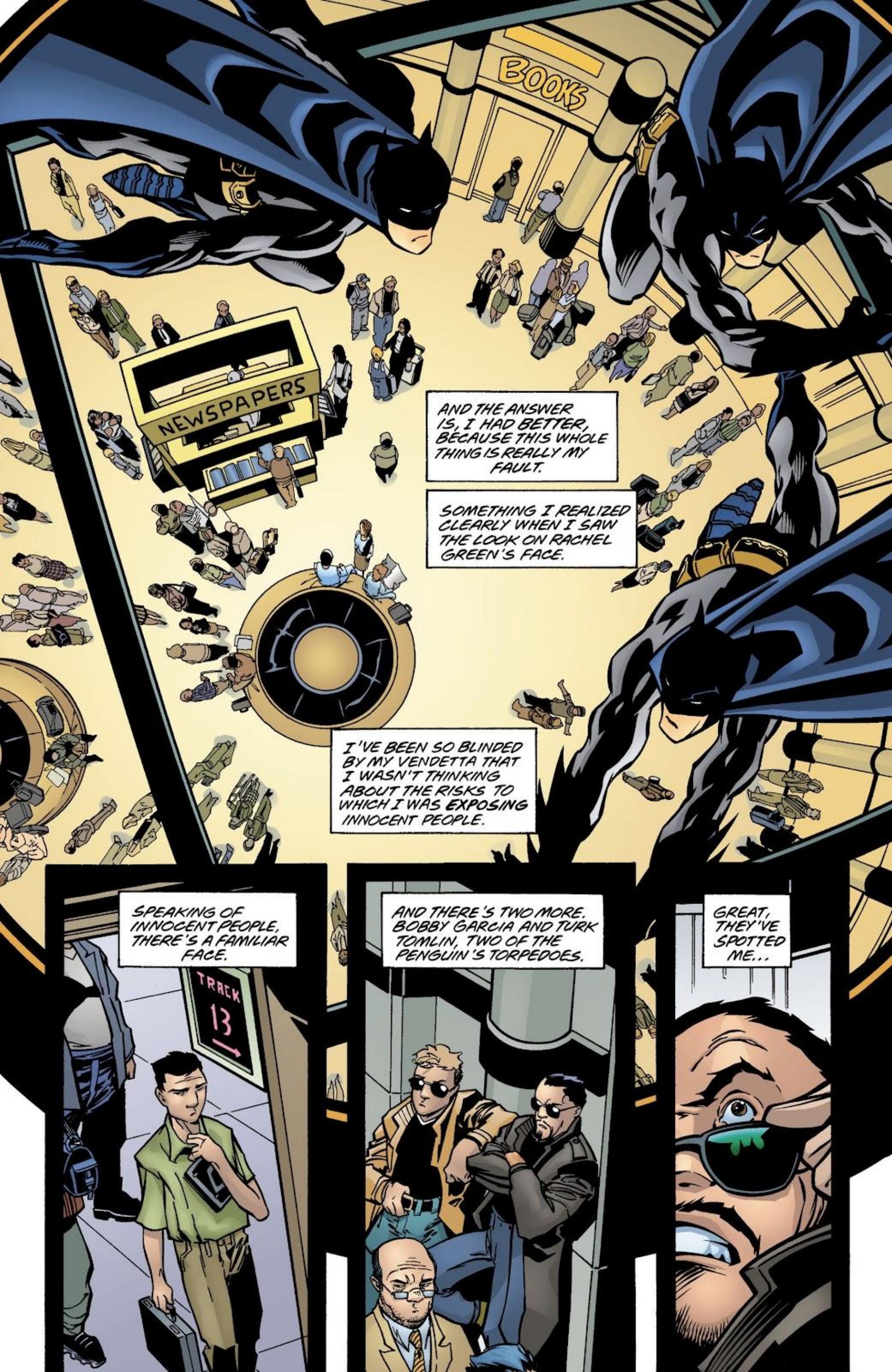
I DITCHED THE NEW DRIVER AT ST. LUKE'S EMERGENCY ROOM. SASHA WILL BE UPSET LATER, THOUGH.

ORACLE GATHERED ALL THE INFORMATION SHE COULD ABOUT JUDGE BACH. TONIGHT, AS USUAL, HE'S BOOKED ON THE 8:50 TRAIN UPSTATE.

AND THE TRAIN LEAVES IN A LITTLE UNDER FIVE MINUTES.

SO, THE QUESTION IS, WILL THE PENGUIN HAVE THE GUTS OR STUPIDITY TO TAKE OUT A JUDGE, AND IF SO...

...WILL I BE ABLE TO FIND HIM IN TIME TO STOP IT?



AND THE ANSWER  
IS, I HAD BETTER,  
BECAUSE THIS WHOLE  
THING IS REALLY MY  
FAULT.

SOMETHING I REALIZED  
CLEARLY WHEN I SAW  
THE LOOK ON RACHEL  
GREEN'S FACE.

I'VE BEEN SO BLINDED  
BY MY VENDETTA THAT  
I WASN'T THINKING  
ABOUT THE RISKS TO  
WHICH I WAS EXPOSING  
INNOCENT PEOPLE.



SPEAKING OF  
INNOCENT PEOPLE,  
THERE'S A FAMILIAR  
FACE.



AND THERE'S TWO MORE.  
BOBBY GARCIA AND TURK  
TOMLIN, TWO OF THE  
PENGUIN'S TORPEDOES.



GREAT,  
THEY'VE  
SPOTTED  
ME...





WERE THESE TWO  
WAITING FOR THE  
JUDGE? OR FOR  
ME?

HIS TRAIN IS  
LEAVING RIGHT  
NOW, SO UNLESS  
HE'S RUNNING  
LATE...

...HE SHOULD  
BE ON IT.

COULD I  
GET THAT  
LUCKY?

NO. TRACK 13, OF  
COURSE... WHERE MY  
FRIEND FROM THE  
OTHER NIGHT WAS  
HEADED. DAMN.

TRAIN  
TRACK 11  
TRACK 12  
TRACK 13  
TRACK 14  
15

LA  
BLÜDHAVEN  
EISNERTON  
PITTSBURGH  
METROPOLIS  
ANTA



Pat Dyerson should have known better than to think he'd be free after the other night.

No, his marker had simply been passed along to the next link in the chain.



And when the men showed up last night with this errand, he had no choice.

It was the only way out of his debt.



And it was simple, too. He just had to board the 8:50 train, and find the man in the picture.



Then he was to leave the briefcase in the compartment with him, as if he were just stepping out for a moment.

They said it was a PAYOFF, and who was he to argue?



Except he could swear he heard a faint ticking coming from the case.



They told him not to open it, but he had to know.



And then he thought, "Well, this is an unlucky end to an unlucky life, isn't it?"



unless...



OF COURSE NOT... THAT JUST FIGURES, DOESN'T IT?



NICE TRY... NOW HOW ABOUT YOU LET ME TAKE A SHOT.

I-I-BUT--





"...BUT THIS IS MORE ABOUT HELPING OUT SOME OF HIS VICTIMS."



TRY THESE NUMBERS TODAY  
47 40 9 17 22  
GOOD LUCK

GOOD LUCK

YOU'RE KIDDING?! HE JUST DROPPED THE WHOLE THING? I CAN STAY?

YEAH, BUT I SAID THERE WAS BAD NEWS, TOO, BOSS...

WHO CARES? HOW BAD COULD IT BE? I WON!

WELL, I DON'T KNOW HOW, BOSS... BUT FIFTY PEOPLE PICKED ALL THE RIGHT NUMBERS THIS WEEK...

...WE'RE PRACTICALLY BROKE.

I'LL KILL HIM... I'LL KILL HIM WITH MY OWN HANDS...



NEXT ISSUE:  
**BATMAN DIES!**