

Miss
DESBERG
QUEIREIX
OCTOBER

#1 - PLAYMATES, 1961



*Playmate
serial killer*

euRoPe
COMICS



Miss
OCTOBER
Playmates, 1961

WRITER

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ARTIST

Alain Queireix

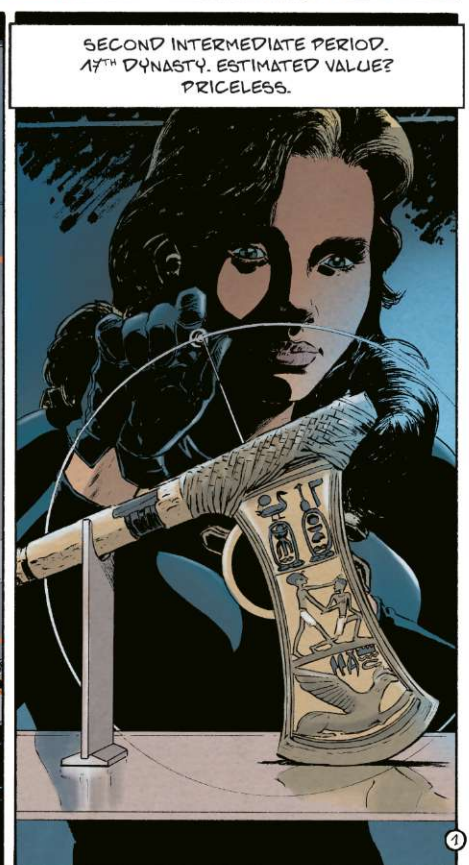
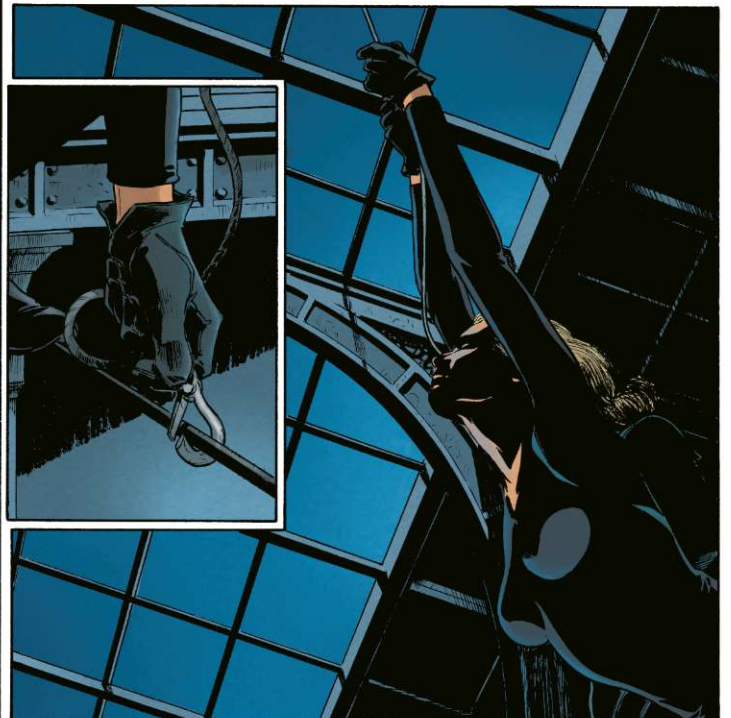
COLORIST

Katrin

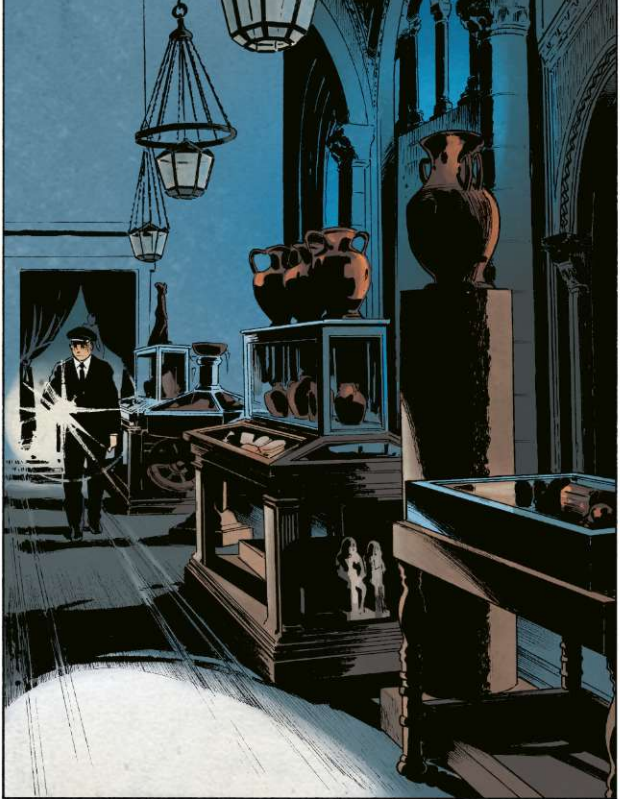




UCLA campus, March 1963.



SECOND INTERMEDIATE PERIOD.
17TH DYNASTY. ESTIMATED VALUE?
PRICELESS.



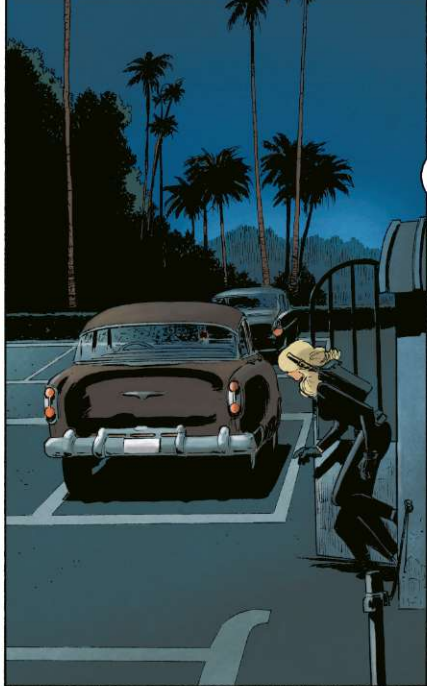


I WANT THAT BITCH, YOU HEAR ME? I WANT HER DEAD OR ALIVE!

TUNNELS CONNECTING THE BUILDINGS. THE WELL-KEPT SECRET OF EVERY STUDENT TRYING TO SKIP CLASS...



...AND COME OUT ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE PARKING LOT, FREE AS A BIRD.



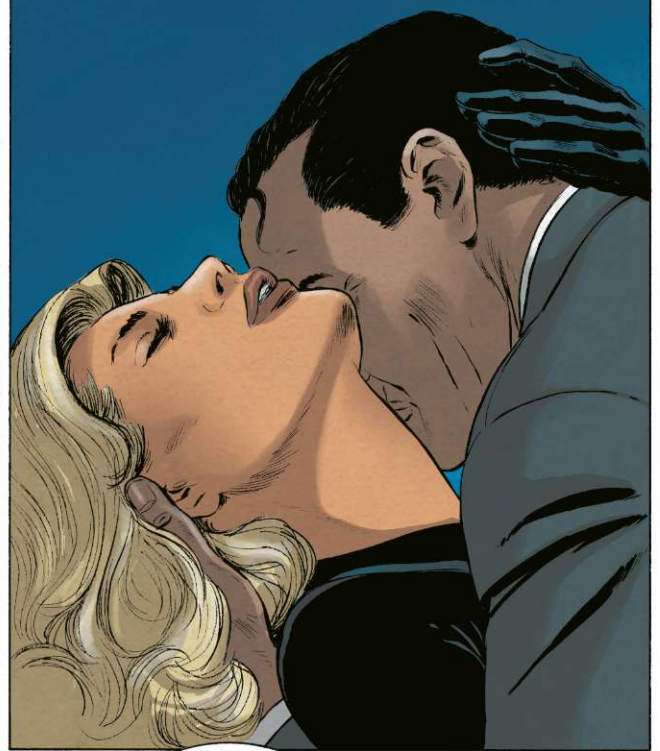
...
YES, IT'S ME. NOW YOU KNOW WHO I REALLY AM!



SURE, I LIED TO YOU. BUT NEVER ABOUT HOW I FEEL FOR YOU.



TAKE ME IN YOUR ARMS. KISS ME, CLEGG. BECAUSE THIS MIGHT BE THE LAST TIME YOU EVER DO!



Los Angeles, 1961.
Two years earlier.



THEN THEY KISSED
AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY
EVER AFTER. WHICH MEANS
THEY DIDN'T HAVE A LOT
OF KIDS, JUST ONE LITTLE
GIRL WHO WAS VERY
GOOD AND VERY
PRETTY.



IS THAT
WHAT ALL MEN DO,
DADDY? SAVE THEIR
PRINCESSES AND MAKE
THEM HAPPY EVER
AFTER?

WELL...



SLEEP TIGHT,
SWEETIE. WE MEN
ARE ALSO HERE TO
PROTECT OUR
LITTLE GIRLS.



THAT'S WHAT
I DID WITH YOUR
MOTHER, ANYWAY. SAVED
HER FROM THE CLUTCHES
OF YOUR GRANDMOTHER.
AND ALSO A FEW
OVERZEALOUS
SUITORS!



IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY'RE
SAYING ON THE RADIO? ABOUT
THAT WOMAN, THE ONE THEY
FOUND IN CULVER CITY?



TELL ME THE
TRUTH, CLEGG.
WAS SHE RAPED?
GUTTED? DRAINED
OF HER BLOOD?

THEY'RE
EVEN SAYING THE
MURDERER TOOK
PHOTOS OF THE
WHOLE THING!



CLEGG, I DON'T WANT MY DAUGHTER GROWING UP IN A PLACE WHERE MONSTERS LIKE THAT ARE ON THE LOOSE. I CAN'T STAND LIVING IN THE MIDST OF SUCH DEPRAVITY!



IF YOU KEEP GOING LIKE THIS, YOU'LL WIND UP JUST LIKE THEM.



HE DIDN'T TAKE JUST ANY OLD PHOTOS. OH, NO. THAT GODDAMN SICKO, HE--



HE USED THE CORPSE... FOR A TWISTED PIN-UP SHOOT. NAKED, IN ALL SORTS OF POSES. HE EVEN PRINTED ONE SHOT TWICE. KNOW WHAT HE WROTE ON IT?



MISS JANUARY.

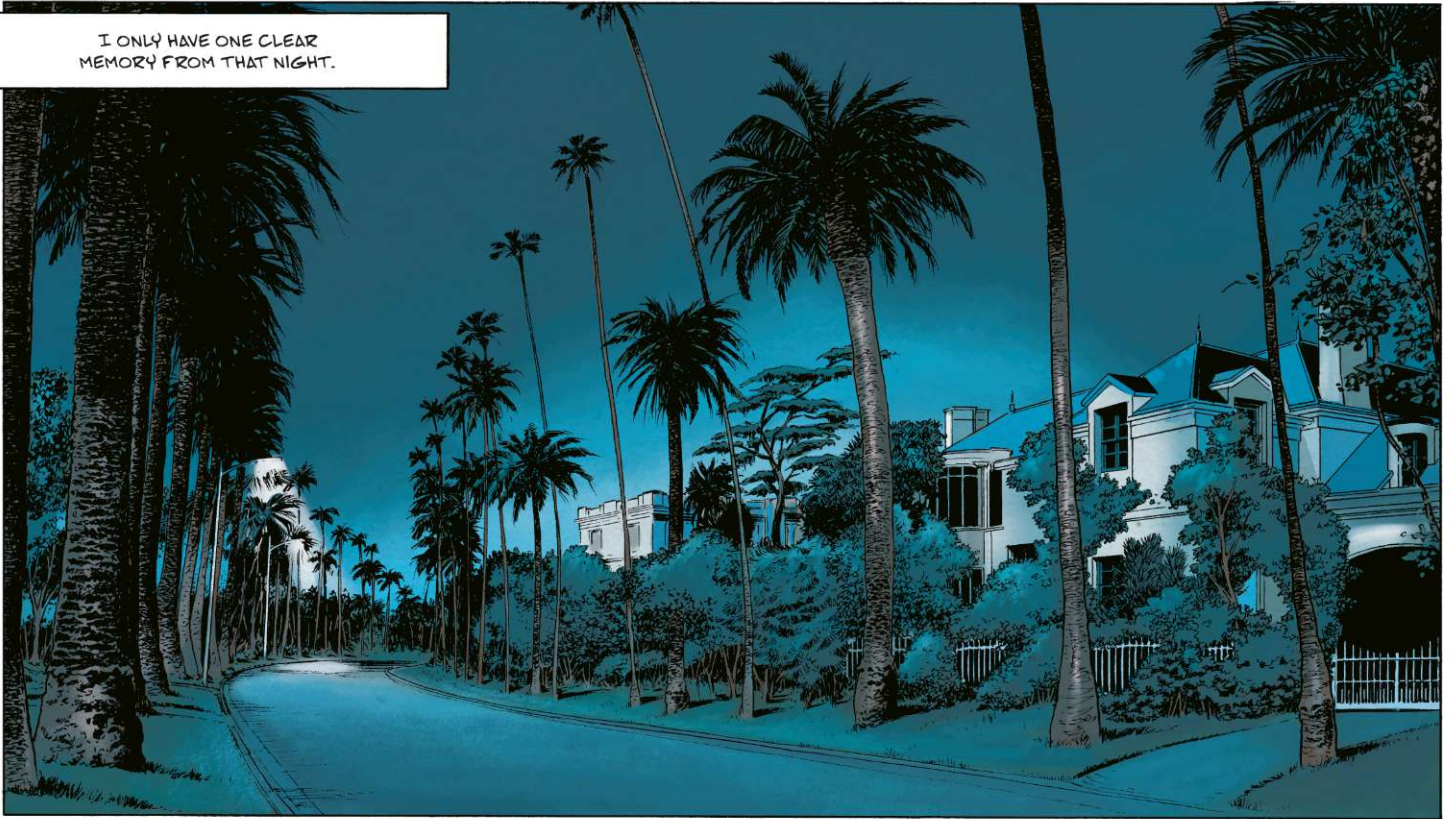


I CAN'T LEAVE THIS CITY. THERE'S NO WAY. BUT I PROMISE YOU ONE THING, MARGAUX: NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, WHO I AM WHEN I'M WITH YOU AND OUR LITTLE HELEN WILL NEVER CHANGE.



THAT'S WHY I NEED THE TWO OF YOU SO MUCH.

I ONLY HAVE ONE CLEAR
MEMORY FROM THAT NIGHT.



IT WAS RAINING.
A WARM RAIN.



I CAN STILL SEE THE DROPS SLIDING DOWN THE
WINDOWPANES, SMEARING LIGHTS AND FACES.



THAT'S IT. ALL THE REST IS A
BLUR. I KNOW THAT AT ONE POINT,
THERE WAS A MAN. HIS HANDS. HE
TRIED TO HAVE HIS WAY WITH ME.



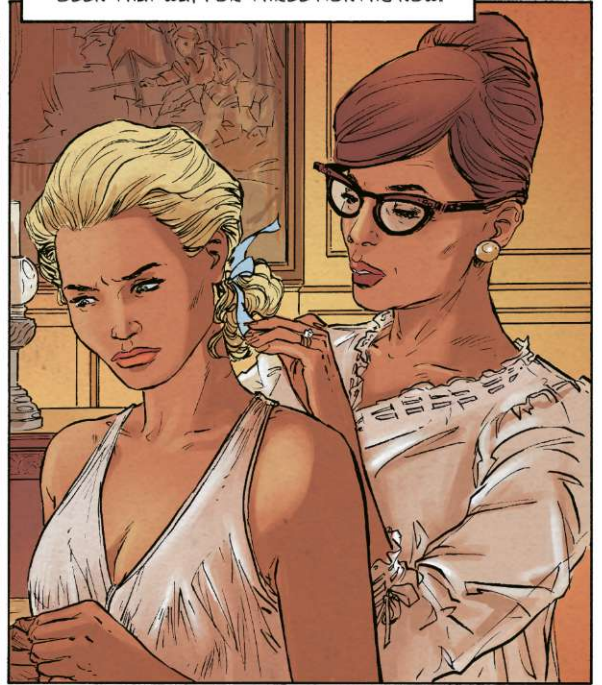
HE DIDN'T JUST TRY. I THINK HE GOT WHAT HE WANTED. AT ANY RATE, I WAS HURTING. I SCREAMED. I BROKE FREE. MANAGED TO GET AWAY.



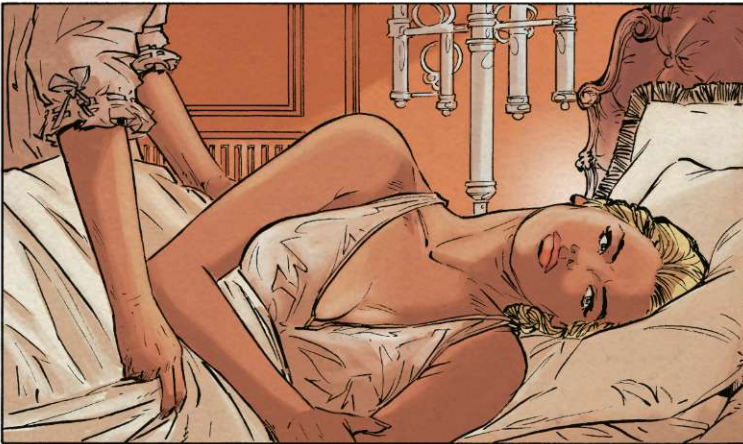
THE DROPS WERE FAT, WARM. I'D ALMOST MADE IT WHEN SUDDENLY, SOMETHING HIT MY HEAD. THE PAIN WAS AWFUL.



AFTER THAT... NOTHING. SILENCE. IT'S BEEN THAT WAY FOR THREE MONTHS NOW.

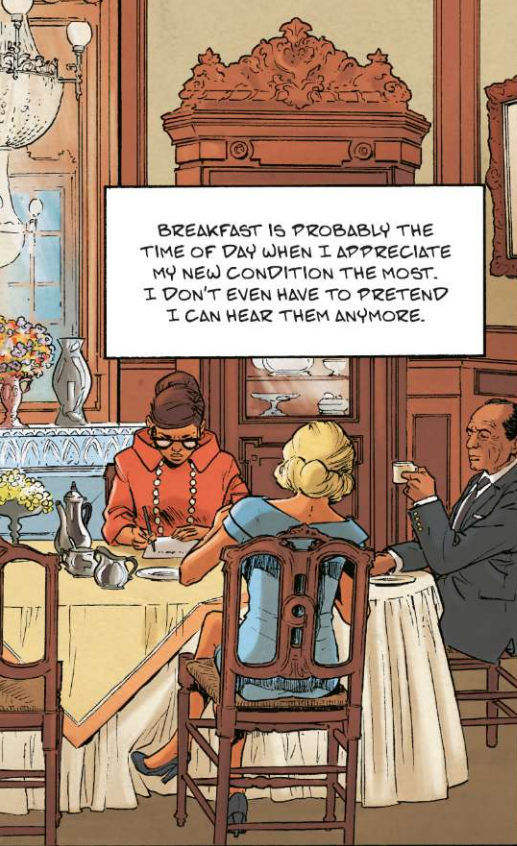


THE BLOW LEFT NO VISIBLE SCARS. BUT THE DOCTORS WERE ADAMANT: I'LL NEVER HEAR AGAIN.

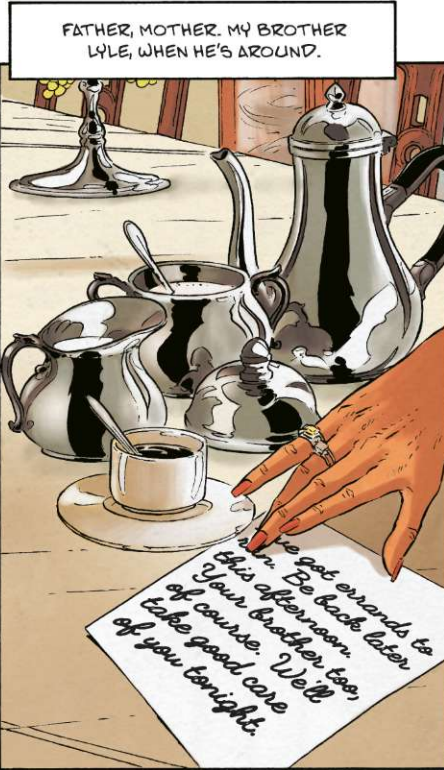


I CAN'T STAND SEEING HER LIKE THIS. DO YOU THINK THE POLICE WILL EVER FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED THAT NIGHT?





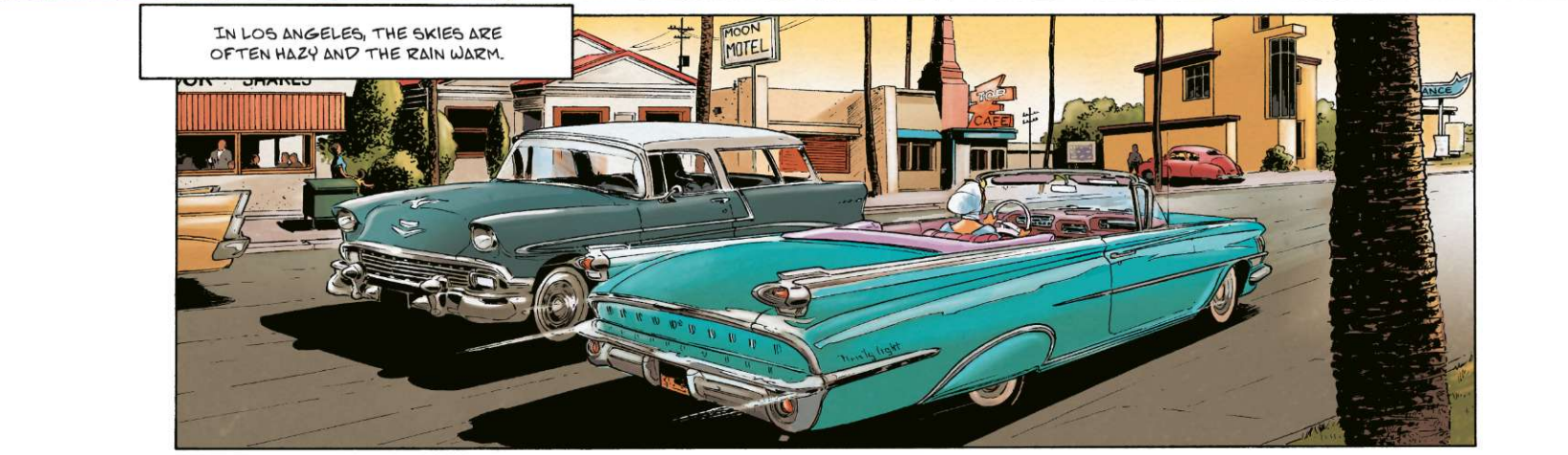
BREAKFAST IS PROBABLY THE TIME OF DAY WHEN I APPRECIATE MY NEW CONDITION THE MOST. I DON'T EVEN HAVE TO PRETEND I CAN HEAR THEM ANYMORE.



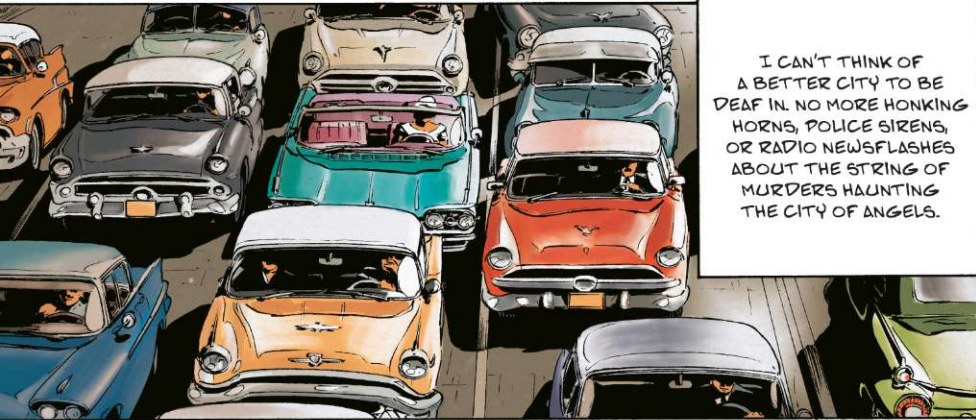
FATHER, MOTHER, MY BROTHER LYLE, WHEN HE'S AROUND.



I MIGHT GO OUT AND CATCH A MOVIE!



IN LOS ANGELES, THE SKIES ARE OFTEN HAZY AND THE RAIN WARM.



I CAN'T THINK OF A BETTER CITY TO BE DEAF IN. NO MORE HONKING HORNS, POLICE SIRENS, OR RADIO NEWSFLASHES ABOUT THE STRING OF MURDERS HAUNTING THE CITY OF ANGELS.



BESIDES, I'M GETTING GOOD AT READING BODY LANGUAGE!



PEOPLE ARE SHUT UP IN THEIR CARS. HARRIED. ANXIOUS. FAR AWAY.





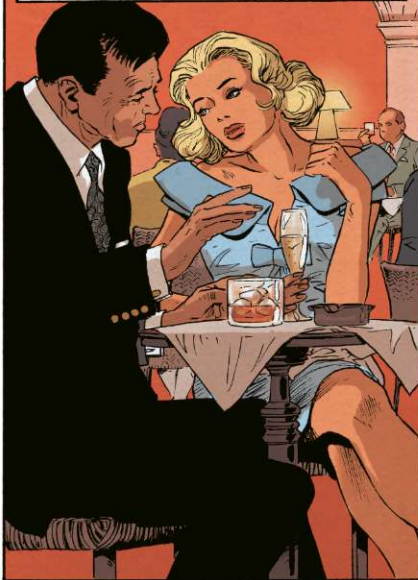
WITH A LITTLE PRACTICE, IT'S QUICKER AND MORE FUN THAN READING LIPS.

HIS ARMS ARE OPEN, HIS PUPILS DILATED. HIS RIGHT HAND KEEPS TWITCHING BECAUSE HE'S WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO REACH OUT AND TOUCH MINE.

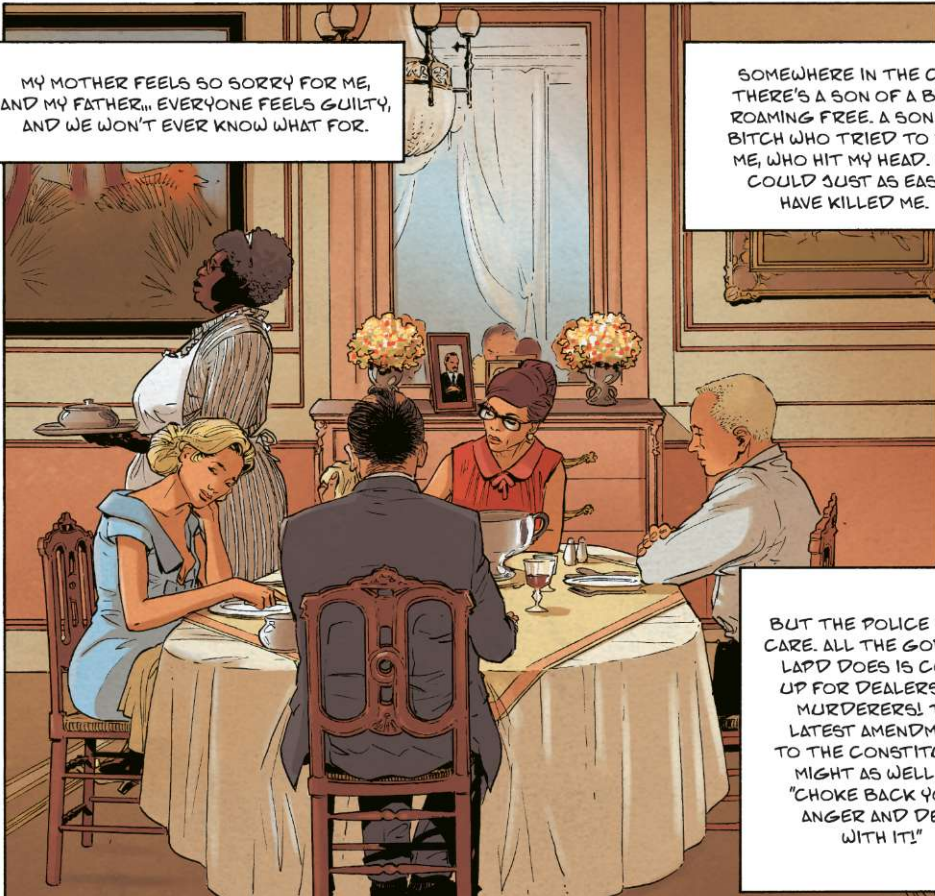
I HAVE TWO CONFESSIONS TO MAKE... FIRST OF ALL, I'M SURE WHAT YOU'RE SAYING IS **ABSOLUTELY FASCINATING**, BUT... I CAN'T HEAR A THING. **NOTHING AT ALL.**



I SHOULD MAKE IT CLEAR I NEVER SLEEP WITH A MAN ON THE FIRST DATE.



I'M **DEAF**. THAT'S WHY I'M PROBABLY TALKING A BIT TOO LOUDLY. AND **SECONDLY...**

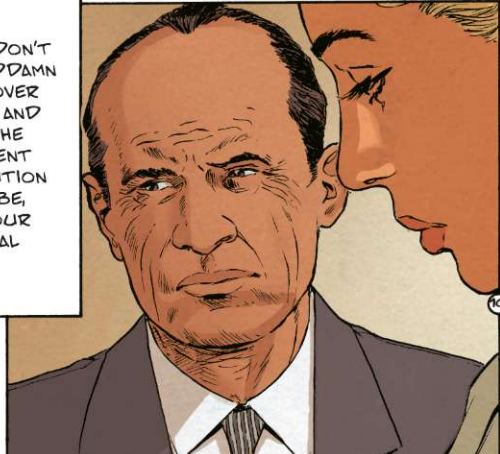


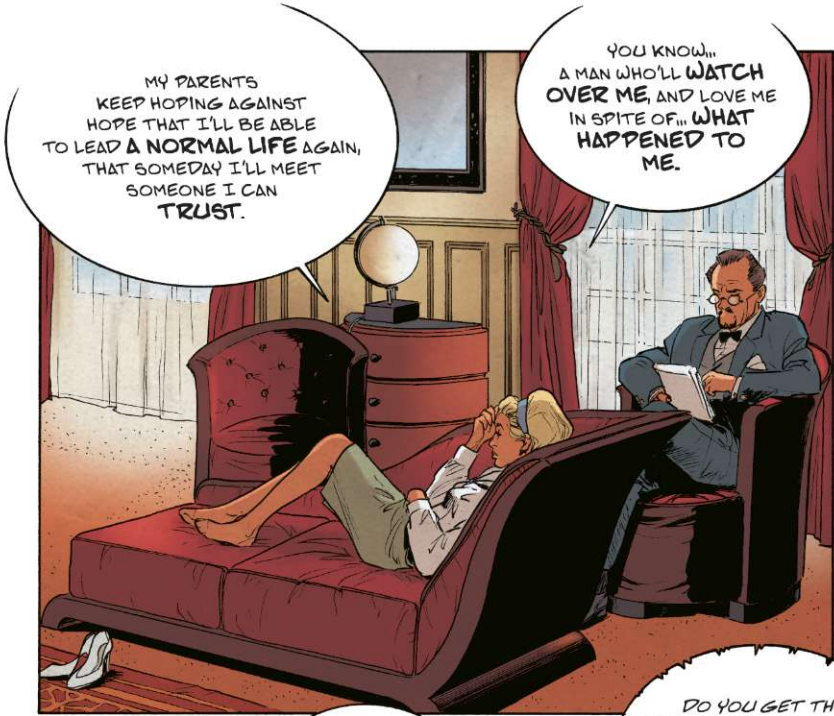
MY MOTHER FEELS SO SORRY FOR ME, AND MY FATHER... EVERYONE FEELS GUILTY, AND WE WON'T EVER KNOW WHAT FOR.

SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY, THERE'S A SON OF A BITCH ROAMING FREE. A SON OF A BITCH WHO TRIED TO RAPE ME, WHO HIT MY HEAD. WHO COULD JUST AS EASILY HAVE KILLED ME.



BUT THE POLICE DON'T CARE. ALL THE GODDAMN LAPD DOES IS COVER UP FOR DEALERS AND MURDERERS! THE LATEST AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION MIGHT AS WELL BE, "CHOKE BACK YOUR ANGER AND DEAL WITH IT!"





MY PARENTS KEEP HOPING AGAINST HOPE THAT I'LL BE ABLE TO LEAD A NORMAL LIFE AGAIN, THAT SOMEDAY I'LL MEET SOMEONE I CAN TRUST.

YOU KNOW... A MAN WHO'LL WATCH OVER ME, AND LOVE ME IN SPITE OF... WHAT HAPPENED TO ME.



I KNOW... AT LEAST, I THINK I COULD FALL IN LOVE AGAIN, ONE DAY. IF I MEET... SOMEONE WHO ACCEPTS ME FOR WHO I AM NOW.



HOW DO YOU THINK SHE'S DOING?

I THINK SHE'S WORRIED ABOUT YOU THAT IS, IF SHE'S TELLING ME THE TRUTH, OF COURSE.

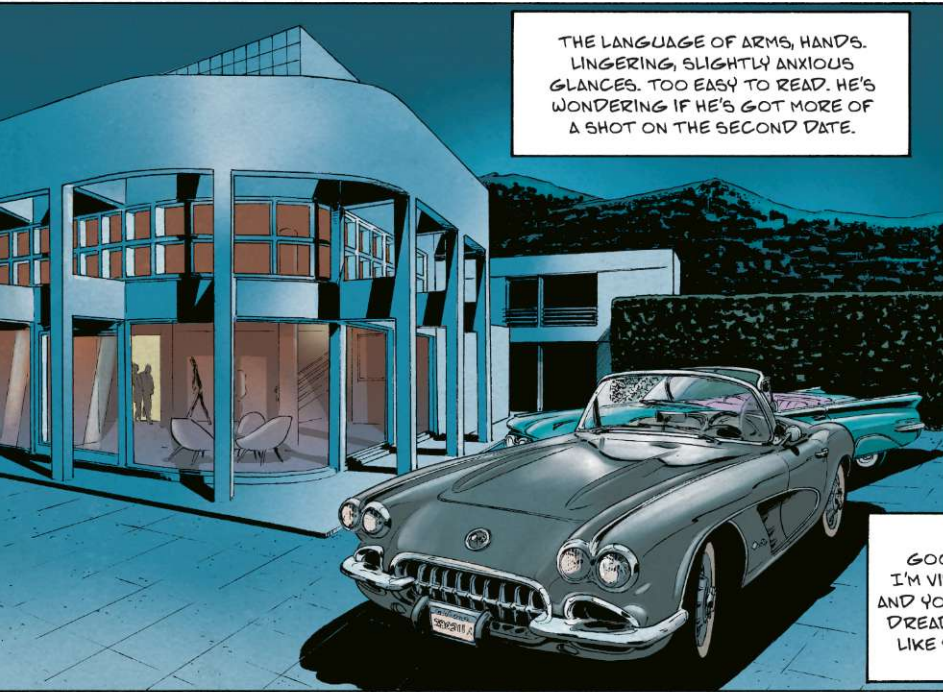


DO YOU GET THE FEELING SHE REMEMBERS ANYTHING? THAT SHE MIGHT KNOW WHAT REALLY HAPPENED THAT NIGHT?

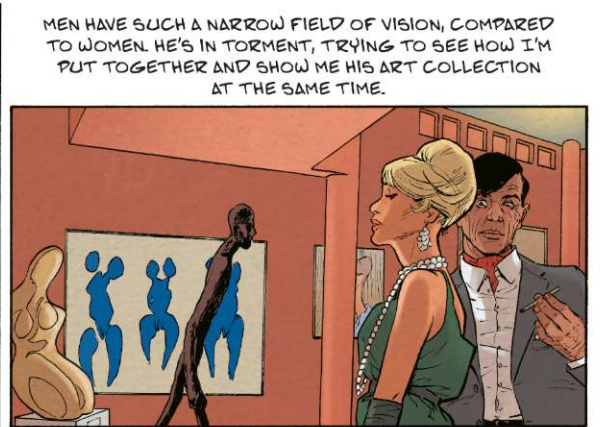
SHE USUALLY REFUSES TO TALK ABOUT IT. ALL SHE DOES IS SAY THAT IT WAS RAINING.



A WARM RAIN, AND THEN-- SILENCE.



THE LANGUAGE OF ARMS, HANDS. LINGERING, SLIGHTLY ANXIOUS GLANCES. TOO EASY TO READ. HE'S WONDERING IF HE'S GOT MORE OF A SHOT ON THE SECOND DATE.



MEN HAVE SUCH A NARROW FIELD OF VISION, COMPARED TO WOMEN. HE'S IN TORMENT, TRYING TO SEE HOW I'M PUT TOGETHER AND SHOW ME HIS ART COLLECTION AT THE SAME TIME.

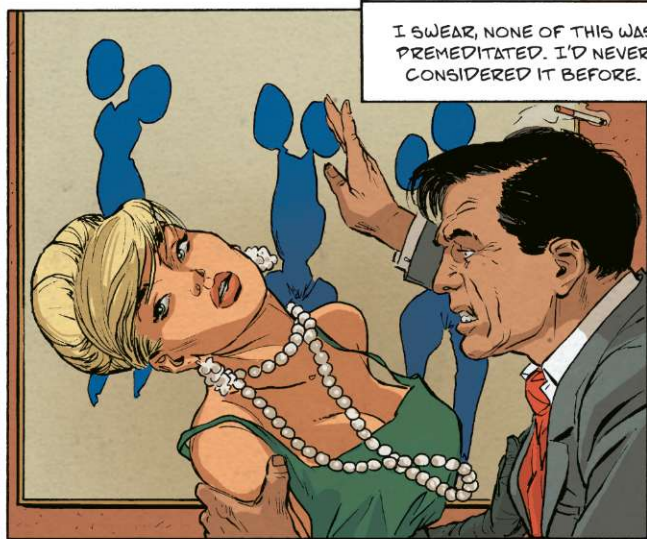


GOOD EVENING. I'M VIKTOR SCOTT. AND YOU LOOK SIMPLY DREADFUL. I DON'T LIKE YOU ONE BIT.

LOOK AT YOU: DESIRE AND SUFFERING AT THE SAME TIME. EVEN IF YOU'RE WORTH MILLIONS, I WANT NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU.



I SWEAR, NONE OF THIS WAS PREMEDITATED. I'D NEVER CONSIDERED IT BEFORE.



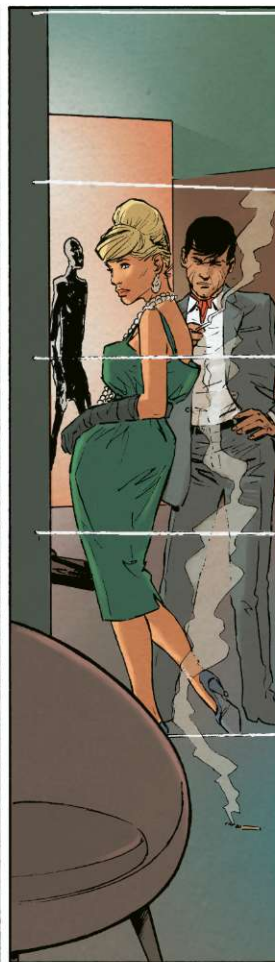
IT JUST CAME TO ME THEN. HIS EYES WERE SAYING THAT THIS WAS MY FAULT, THAT I WAS THE ONE WHO'D LED HIM ON. THAT I WAS A WHORE.



WHEN THE TRUTH IS, I WAS ANGRY.



LIKE I SAID: MEN CAN BE SO NARROW-MINDED. WOMEN HAVE A MUCH BETTER SENSE OF THEIR SURROUNDINGS.





ANYWAY, THE POLICE IN THIS TOWN ARE ALWAYS LOOKING THE OTHER WAY.



EXPECTING SOMEONE, MR. LANGBERG?

SURE AM. THIRD DATE. ALWAYS BEEN MY LUCKY NUMBER.

THE COPS ASKED A WHOLE BUNCH OF QUESTIONS, BATTED AROUND VARIOUS THEORIES, AND PROMISED AN INVESTIGATION, RESULTS, A CULPRIT. AFTER ALL, MY FATHER IS A VERY WEALTHY MAN.



BUT WHEN YOU GET DOWN TO IT, IT'S ALL JUST LIGHTS AND SIRENS CHASING THE GHOSTS OF RAPISTS AND MURDERERS.



NOTHING FOR ME.



SO I FOCUSED ALL MY MENTAL ENERGY ON A SINGLE THING: MY ANGER.



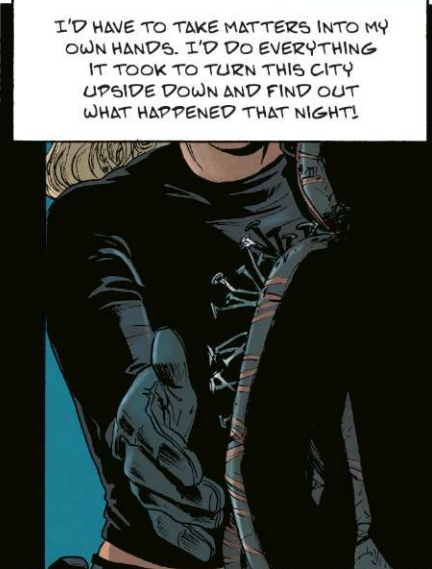
OVER EVERYTHING THAT HAD BEEN TAKEN FROM ME. SOUNDS. VOICES. THE MUSIC I'D NEVER HEAR AGAIN.



THE PIANO, MOZART'S OPERAS: REDUCED TO MEMORIES. WHICH WOULD BE SO HARD TO HOLD ONTO, AS TIME PASSED. THAT WAS WHEN I DECIDED I WOULDN'T NEED THE POLICE...



...OR MY FATHER'S MONEY.



I'D HAVE TO TAKE MATTERS INTO MY OWN HANDS. I'D DO EVERYTHING IT TOOK TO TURN THIS CITY UPSIDE DOWN AND FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED THAT NIGHT!



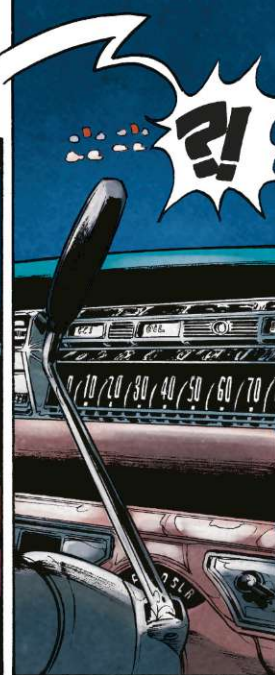
WOULD YOU LIKE ANOTHER WHISKY, MR. LANGBERG?



THAT LITTLE VIXEN'S MADE A FOOL OF ME! WHY DO I ALWAYS GO WASTING MY TIME WITH AIRHEADS WHO WOULDN'T KNOW A WORK OF ART IF IT SLAPPED THEM IN THE FACE?



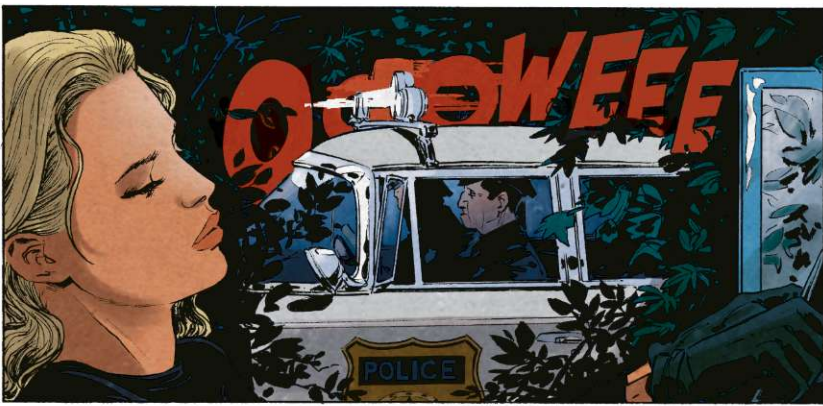
EASY.
TOO EASY...



YOU CAN
REALLY GET AWAY
WITH MURDER IN
THIS TOWN!



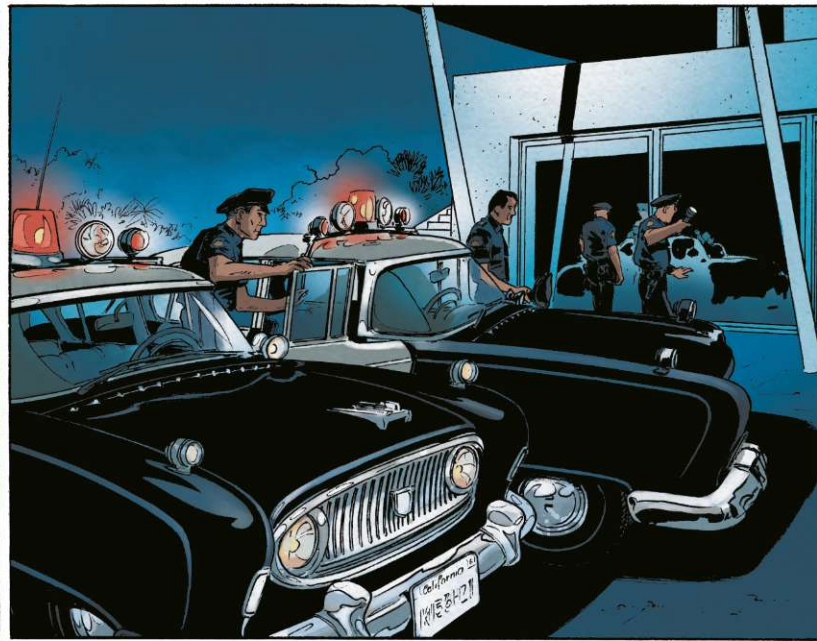
MORONS!
THEY NEVER
SEE A THING.





THE WOMAN WHO CALLED IT IN LIVES 200 YARDS FARTHER DOWN. WONDER HOW SHE EVER HEARD A THING.

THE HOUSE'S BEEN EMPTY FOR TWO MONTHS. WHAT DO YOU HOPE TO FIND?

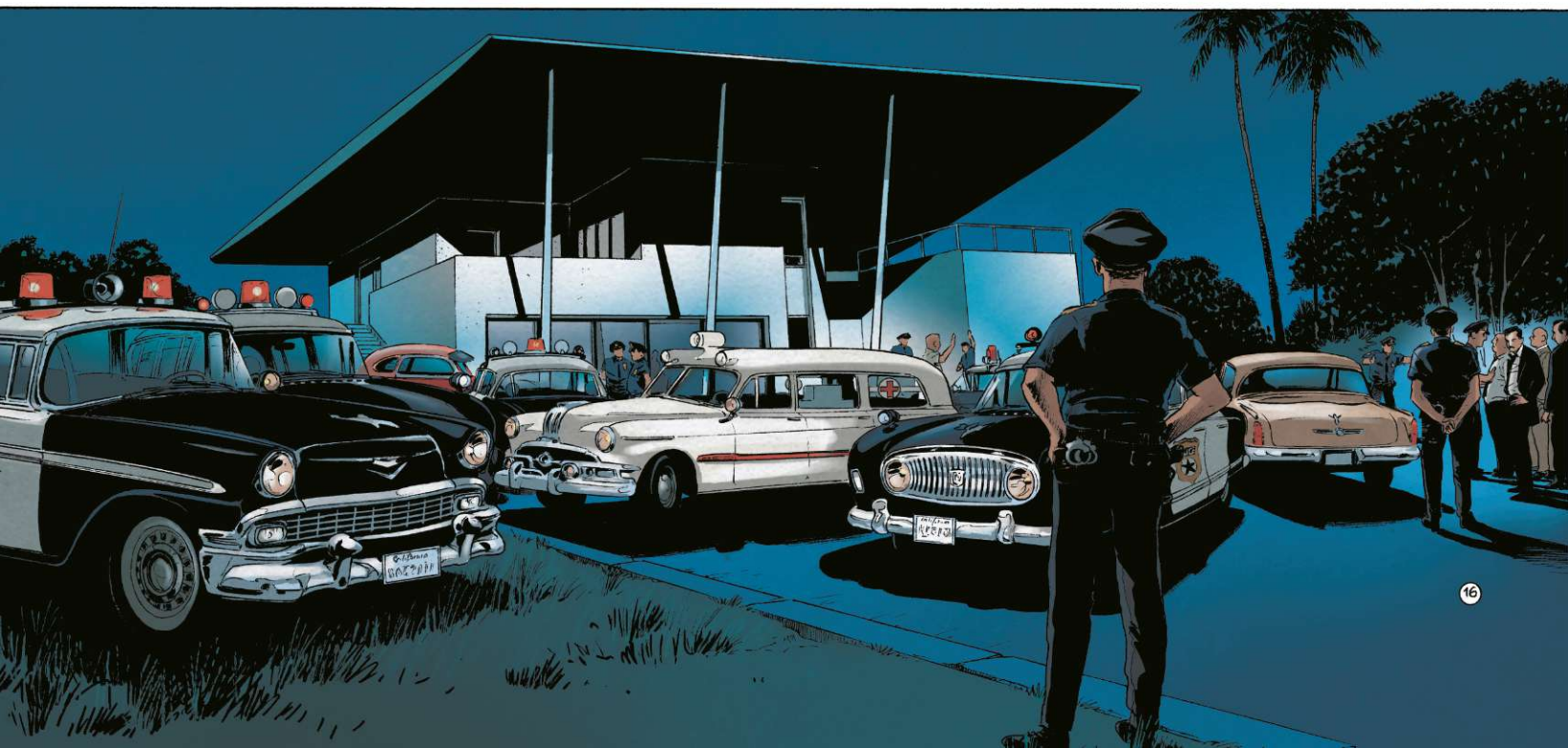


NO LIGHTS?

HOLD ON. I THINK I...



"SEE SOMEONE."





EVENING, LIEUTENANT JORDAN.



I KNOW YOU'VE SEEN YOUR SHARE, CLEGG. BUT IF YOU CAME STRAIGHT FROM DINNER, YOU MIGHT NOT WANT TO GO INSIDE.



THERE'S A NUTCASE KEEPS CALLING THE PRECINCT. HE SAYS SOMEONE BROKE INTO HIS PLACE A FEW HOUSES DOWN AND TOOK SOME ART. SHOULD WE SEND SOMEONE OVER, LIEUTENANT?



WHY HAVEN'T YOU TAKEN HER DOWN YET?

ACTUALLY... WE WERE WAITING FOR YOU, CLEGG.



THERE'S A NUTCASE KEEPS CALLING THE PRECINCT. HE SAYS SOMEONE BROKE INTO HIS PLACE A FEW HOUSES DOWN AND TOOK SOME ART. SHOULD WE SEND SOMEONE OVER, LIEUTENANT?

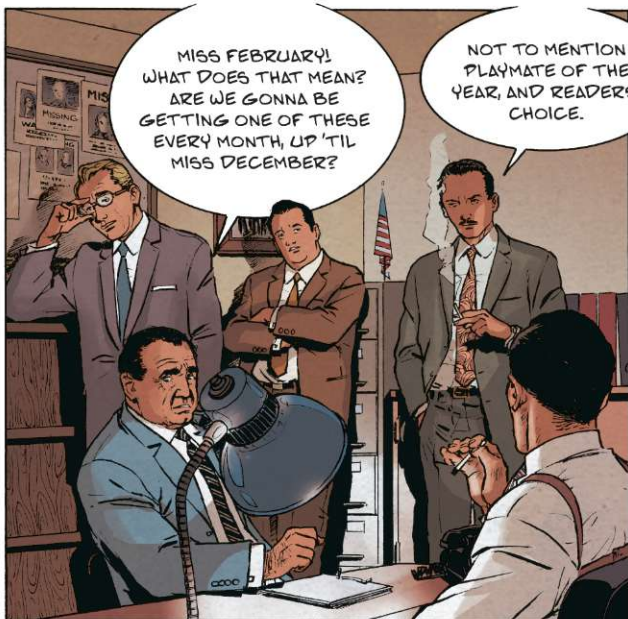
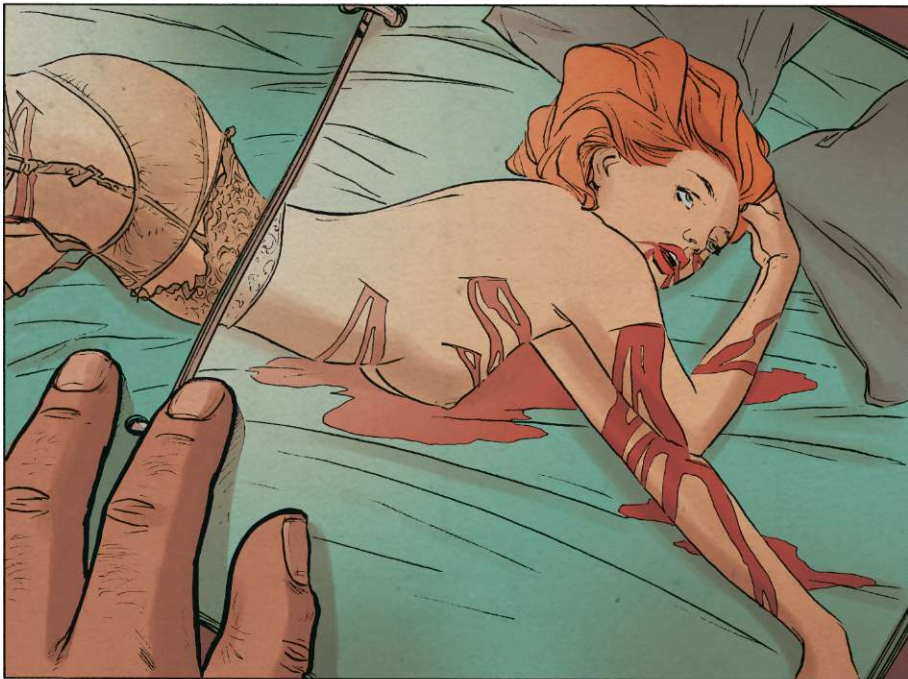


DID YOU FIND... PHOTOS?

I THINK SO.



I AIN'T TOUCHING THOSE. THEY'RE ALL YOURS.

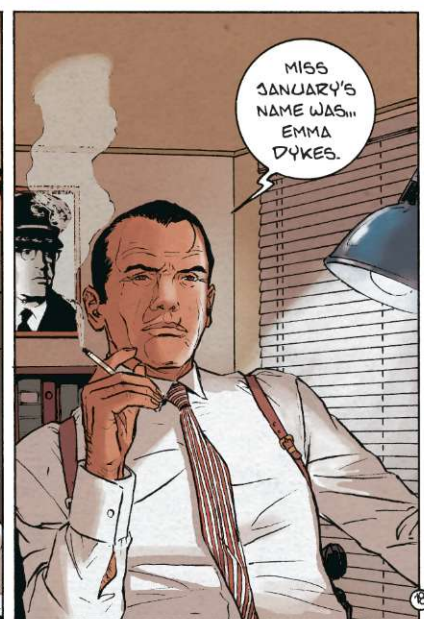


MISS FEBRUARY! WHAT DOES THAT MEAN? ARE WE GONNA BE GETTING ONE OF THESE EVERY MONTH, UP 'TIL MISS DECEMBER?

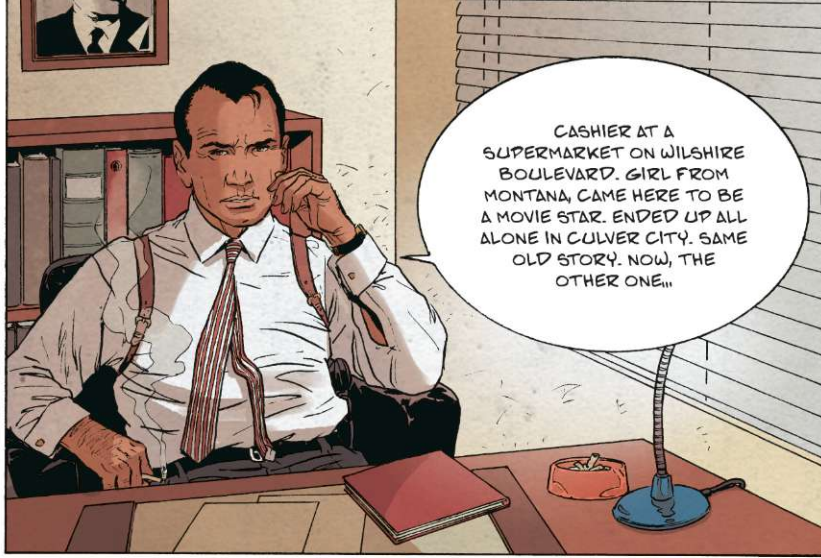
NOT TO MENTION PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR, AND READERS' CHOICE.



VERY FUNNY. WHAT HAVE YOU GOT ON THESE POOR GIRLS? ANYTHING IN COMMON?



MISS JANUARY'S NAME WAS... EMMA DYKES.



CASHIER AT A SUPERMARKET ON WILSHIRE BOULEVARD. GIRL FROM MONTANA, CAME HERE TO BE A MOVIE STAR. ENDED UP ALL ALONE IN CULVER CITY. SAME OLD STORY. NOW, THE OTHER ONE...



MISS FEBRUARY WAS A SECRETARY AT THE L.A. TIMES. KATHY BAXTER, HOME ADDRESS: 2368 LA BREA, APARTMENT 14. PARENTS IN SAN FRANCISCO. NO KNOWN BOYFRIENDS.



WE HAVEN'T IDENTIFIED HER YET.

I HAVE!

TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION, DOUG, THAT'S PROBABLY WHAT THEY HAD IN COMMON. THEY WERE BOTH UNATTACHED.



ALL DUE RESPECT, SIR--GIVE ME THE CASE. LIEUTENANT JORDAN'S MARRIED WITH A LITTLE GIRL. HIS CONCERN FOR HIS FAMILY CONSTITUTES LEGITIMATE GROUNDS FOR A CONFLICT OF INTEREST. HE'S NOT THE RIGHT MAN FOR THE JOB!



DON'T FRET TOO MUCH, CLEGG. I DON'T THINK YOUR WIFE'S FIGURE QUITE MAKES THE CUT FOR NEXT MONTH'S PLAYMATE!



I NEED RESULTS, CLEGG. AS SOON AS YOU CAN, BEFORE THE PRESS OUT THERE STRINGS US UP! GET TO WORK!



BUT THEN AGAIN, I HAVEN'T MET YOUR DAUGHTER YET.



JESUS CHRIST! STOP!

CLEGG! CUT IT OUT! THIS--THIS ISN'T THE TIME OR PLACE!



ANYTIME, CLEGG.



OUR INVESTIGATION INTO THE "PLAYMATE" MURDERER IS OFF TO A GOOD START. OUR CURRENT THEORY IS THE FOLKS OVER AT PLAYBOY MAGAZINE HAVE GOT ONE KILLER AD CAMPAIGN GOING FOR THEMSELVES!



FOR LESS THAN TWO BUCKS, YOU, TOO, CAN GET A PEEP AT A PRETTY GIRL--MINUS THE BLOOD. BELIEVE ME, IT'S A BARGAIN!

HAHAHAHA!



GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS, LOS ANGELES CAN SLEEP SOUNDLY NOW. THE CITY'S IN GOOD HANDS.



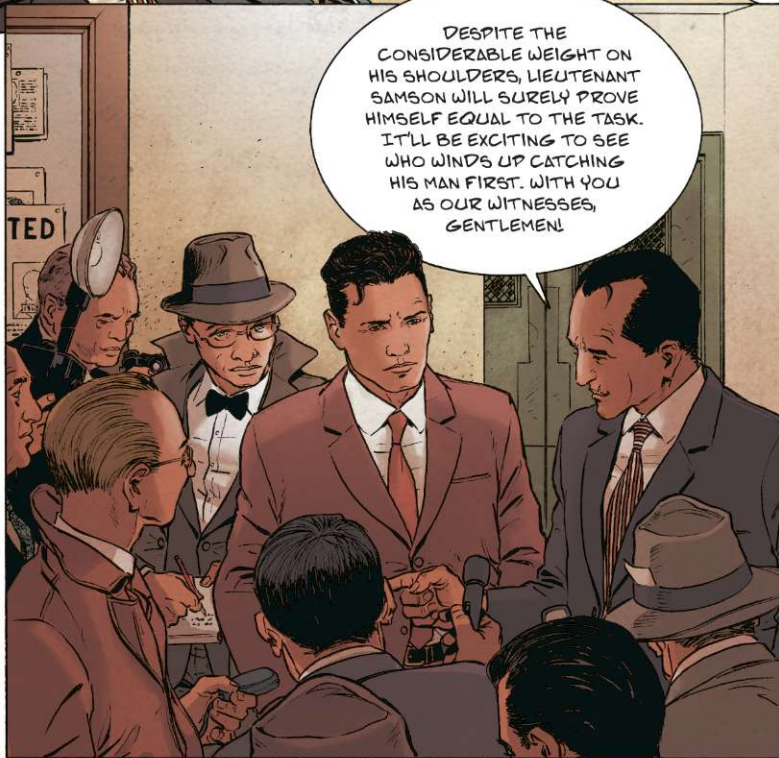
SADLY, LIEUTENANT ARIEL SAMSON WON'T BE ABLE TO PARTICIPATE. HE WAS JUST ASSIGNED THE INVALUABLE TASK OF INVESTIGATING THE MYSTERIOUS THEFT OF SOME AFRICAN ANTIQUITIES.



LIEUTENANT CLEGG JORDAN HAS GOT HIS HANDS FULL OF LEGWORK. YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE HOW MANY OF OUR SECRETARIES VOLUNTEERED FOR NEXT MONTH!

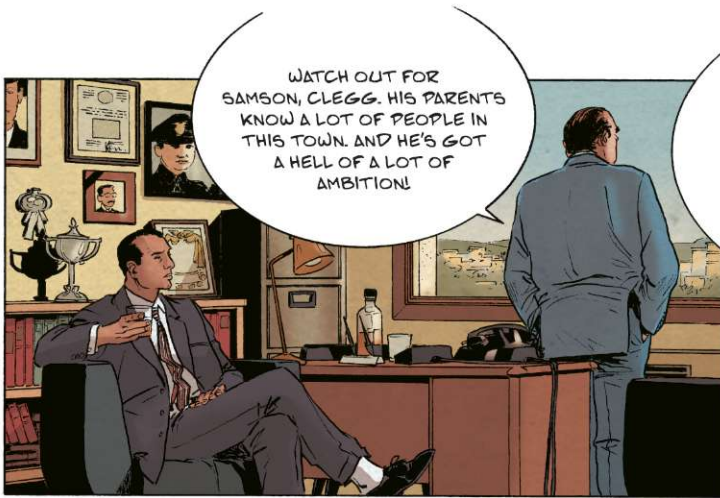
AT THE LAPD? I'D LIKE TO SEE THAT!

HAHAHA!



DESPITE THE CONSIDERABLE WEIGHT ON HIS SHOULDERS, LIEUTENANT SAMSON WILL SURELY PROVE HIMSELF EQUAL TO THE TASK. IT'LL BE EXCITING TO SEE WHO WINDS UP CATCHING HIS MAN FIRST. WITH YOU AS OUR WITNESSES, GENTLEMEN!

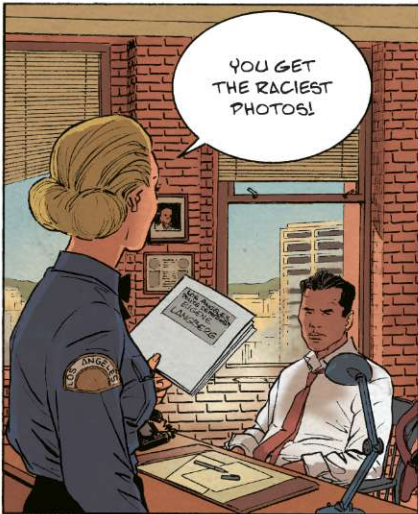




WATCH OUT FOR SAMSON, CLEGG. HIS PARENTS KNOW A LOT OF PEOPLE IN THIS TOWN. AND HE'S GOT A HELL OF A LOT OF AMBITION!



FIND ME THE SON OF A BITCH WHO RAPED THOSE GIRLS AND CARVED UP THEIR CORPSES. YOU'RE STILL THE BEST WE'VE GOT, CLEGG. AT LEAST FOR NOW. SNAP TO IT!

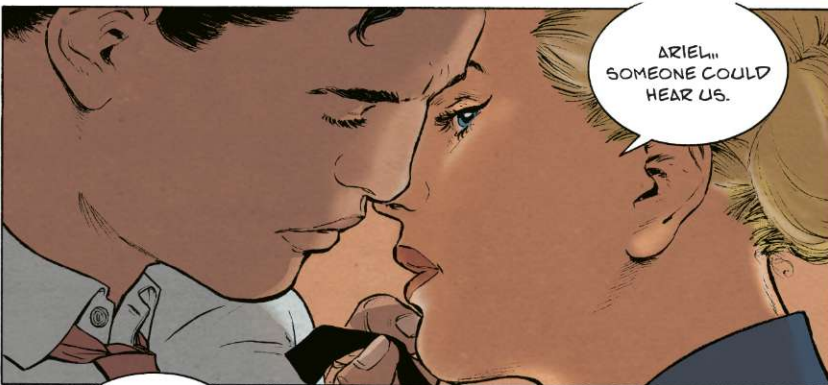


YOU GET THE RACIEST PHOTOS!



WHAT'S THIS SUPPOSED TO BE?

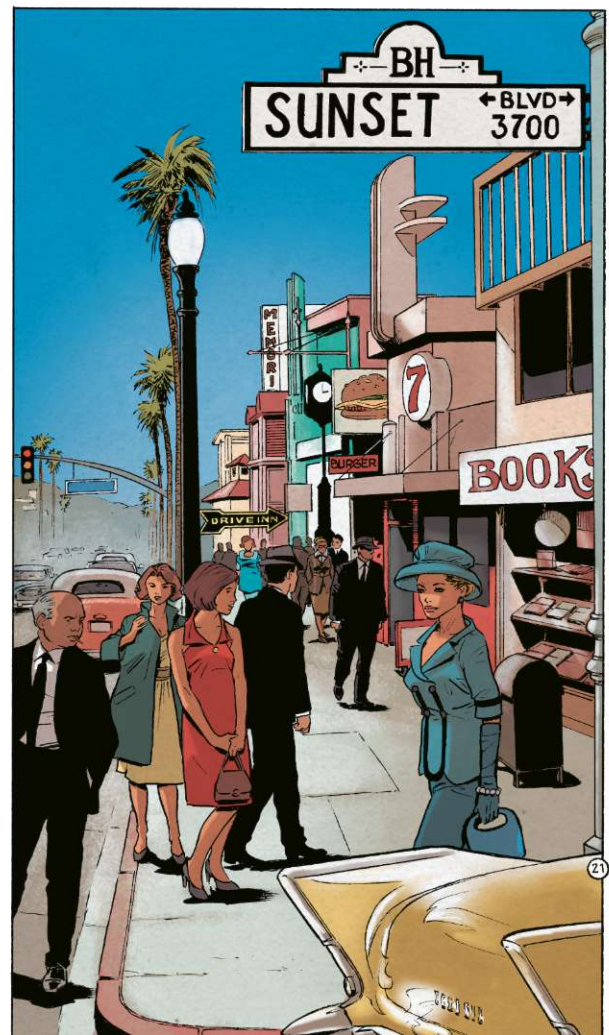
IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN... SOME KIND OF FERTILITY DEITY.

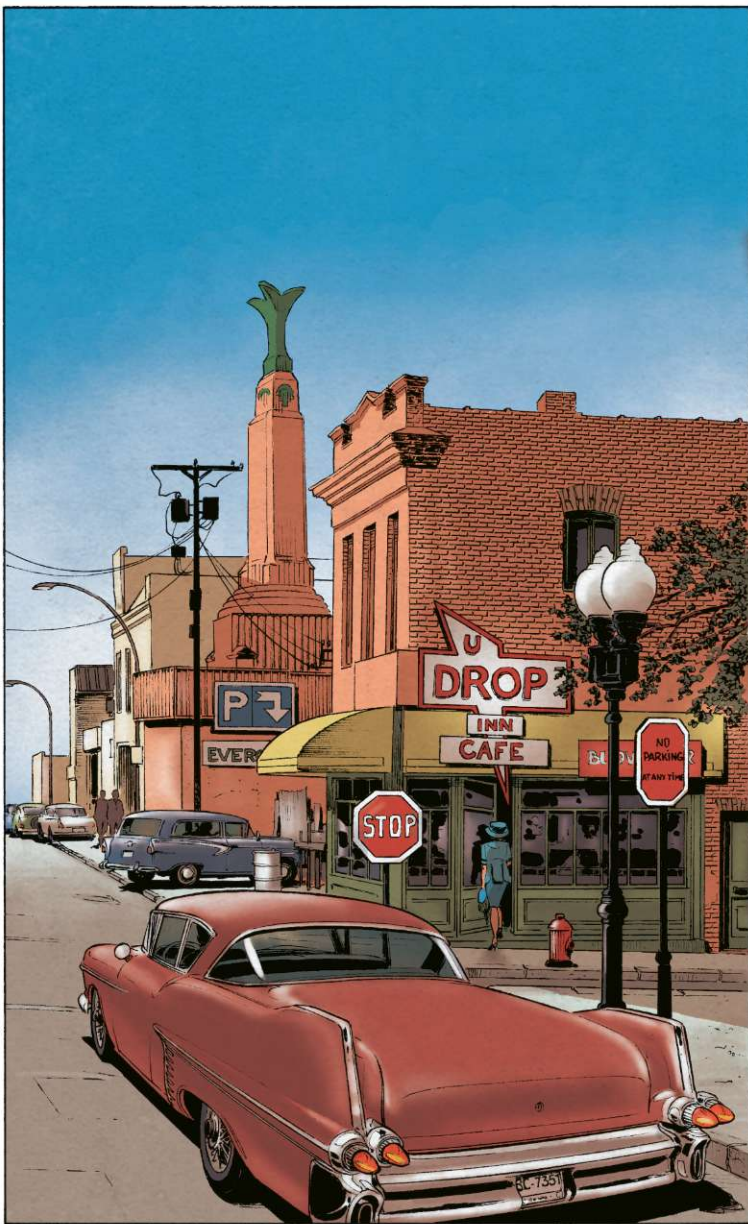
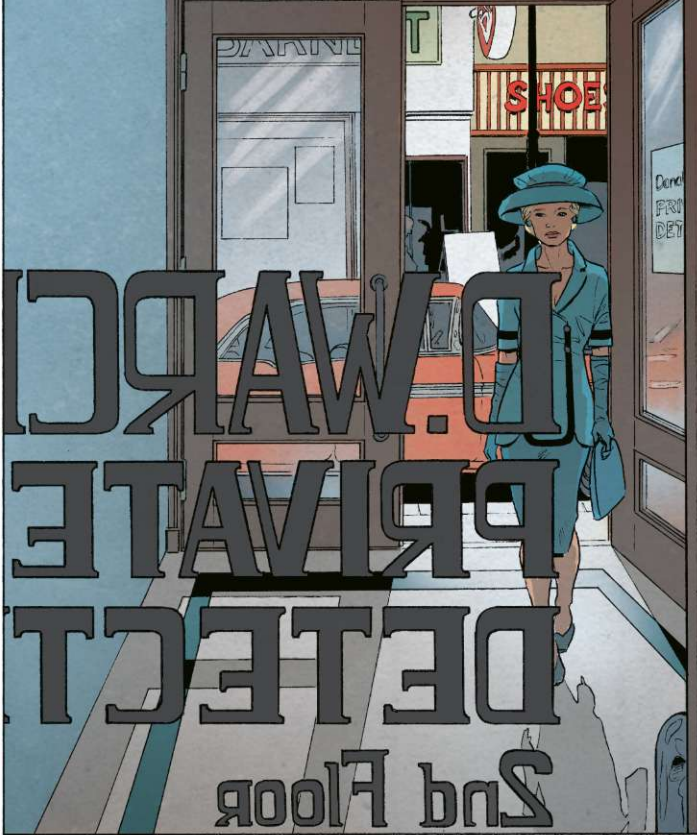


ARIEL... SOMEONE COULD HEAR US.



THEN SHUT UP!







I DON'T HAVE AMNESIA, I JUST CAN'T REMEMBER A SINGLE THING ABOUT THAT NIGHT!



then how do you know someone tried to rape you?



MY... UNDERWEAR WAS PARTLY TORN. THEY FOUND BITS OF SKIN UNDER MY NAILS, AND...



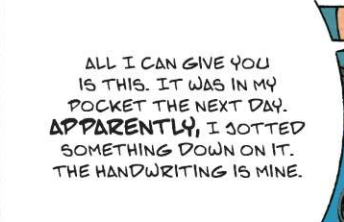
THERE WERE TRACES OF DRIED SEMEN ON MY THIGH!



where did they find you?



IN MY ROOM. MY PARENTS HAD... GONE OUT FOR THE NIGHT. WHEN THEY CAME BACK... MY MOTHER FOUND ME STRETCHED OUT ON THE BED.



ALL I CAN GIVE YOU IS THIS. IT WAS IN MY POCKET THE NEXT DAY. APPARENTLY, I JOTTED SOMETHING DOWN ON IT. THE HANDWRITING IS MINE.



-897 56A 18C-



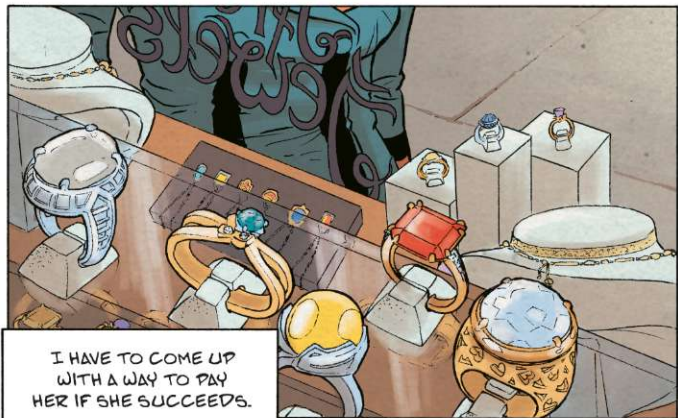
HERE'S THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS...

YOU'LL HAVE ANOTHER THREE IF YOU CAN FIND THE BASTARD WHO DID THIS TO ME!

JUANITA SONES. I THINK...
I LIKE HER. IN ANOTHER
LIFE, SHE COULD'VE BEEN
A WORKING GIRL.



I GET THE FEELING
NOTHING MUCH SCARES
HER ANYMORE.

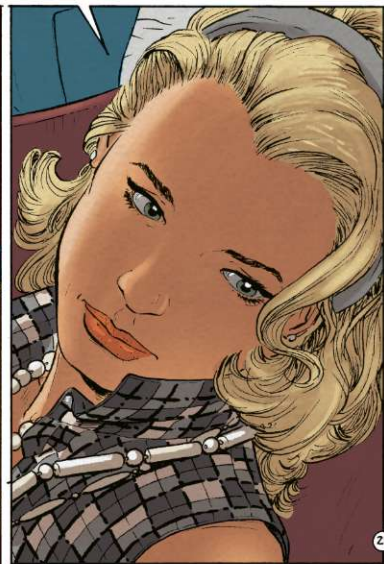


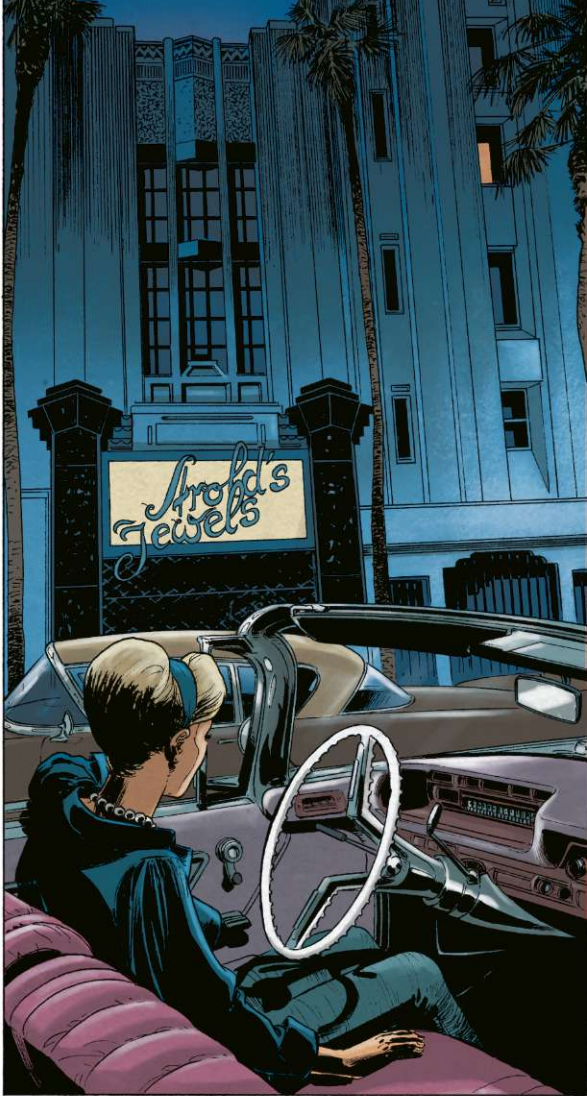
I HAVE TO COME UP
WITH A WAY TO PAY
HER IF SHE SUCCEEDS.



I REALIZE I'M A PERMANENT
SOURCE OF WORRY FOR MY
PARENTS. THAT THEY MUST THINK
I'LL BE A BURDEN FOREVER...
UNABLE TO TAKE CARE OF
MYSELF EVER AGAIN.

I KNOW THEY BLAME
THEMSELVES FOR NOT BEING
THERE THAT NIGHT. I'VE ALWAYS
BEEN SO FOND OF MY FATHER,
AND YET NOW, IT SEEMS LIKE
THERE'S SO MUCH DISTANCE
BETWEEN US!





I HAVEN'T REALLY TOLD YOU ABOUT MY FATHER YET. HE DIDN'T JUST MAKE A FORTUNE. HE PRACTICALLY INVENTED WHAT WE NOW THINK OF AS THE MODERN-DAY INSURANCE COMPANY: EFFICIENT, CARING.



IT MIGHT SEEM SURPRISING, SINCE INSURANCE IS NOT EXACTLY A THRILLING SUBJECT FOR A LITTLE GIRL, BUT I LOVED IT WHEN HE'D TELL ME ABOUT HIS BURGLARY CASES AND INSURANCE POLICIES.



I JUST COULDN'T BELIEVE PEOPLE WOULD DARE BREAK INTO OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES, AND RUN THE RISK OF GETTING CAUGHT STEALING THINGS THAT DIDN'T BELONG TO THEM!



ONE THING HE NEVER TOLD ME, THOUGH, WAS THAT SOMEDAY A MAN WOULD TRY TO SPREAD MY LEGS AND HIT ME OVER THE HEAD.



BUT EVEN WITH SUCH AMAZING PARENTS, THERE ARE SOME THINGS YOU JUST HAVE TO FIND OUT ABOUT ON YOUR OWN.





OH, I FORGOT TO MENTION: EVERY DAY, I SING BACH AND MOZART TO MYSELF, IN MY HEAD.



I'M SO SCARED I'LL FORGET THEM.



I THINK I'VE ALREADY LOST PART OF THE ADAGIO FROM ONE OF THE CONCERTOS FOR PIANO.



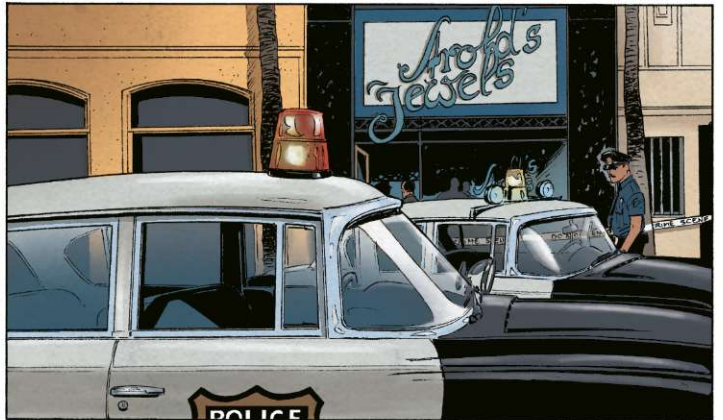


MORNING, MR. GIOVANNI. ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL DAY.

YOU HAVE A GOOD ONE TOO, MR. BADGE. MRS. COTTRILL, MY COMPLIMENTS!



OH MY GOD!



MAYBE I'VE UNDERESTIMATED WHOEVER IT IS THAT'S BEHIND THIS. IT'LL CERTAINLY BE A LOT EASIER TO FENCE PRECIOUS GEMS THAN REGISTERED COLLECTOR'S ITEMS.

BUT THE STATUES AS A CALLING CARD? THAT'S SOMETHING ELSE.



I--I REALLY WASN'T EXPECTING YOU TO FIND THEM AGAIN SO QUICKLY, DETECTIVE.

ONCE YOU'VE CONFIRMED THAT THEY'RE ALL HERE, YOU CAN HAVE THEM BACK IN A DAY OR TWO.



JUST ONE THING...

...WORRIES ME.

THIS ONE... IS DAMAGED.



THE PENIS WAS CUT OFF.

AND THE NAILS HAVE BEEN TAKEN OUT!



I DON'T WANT TO GO TO SCHOOL ANYMORE, DADDY. SAM GORDON KEEPS PULLING MY HAIR AND SAYING BAD WORDS TO ME!



MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE HE HAS A CRUSH ON YOU, AND HE'S TRYING TO GET YOUR ATTENTION. YOU'RE A VERY PRETTY GIRL, YOU KNOW.

THAT'S JUST DUMB! YOU DON'T PICK FIGHTS WITH PEOPLE TO SHOW THEM YOU LOVE THEM, DADDY!



SOMETIMES YOU LOVE SOMEONE SO MUCH YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.

IS THAT WHY... YOU AND MOMMY ARE ALWAYS FIGHTING?



SEE? YOU'RE STARTING TO GET IT.



I WANT YOU TO ASK DOUG TO PULL YOU OFF THIS CASE.



WHAT CASE, MARGAUX?

THE ONE WITH THE PHOTOS OF DEAD NAKED WOMEN! EVERYONE AT HELEN'S SCHOOL KEEPS TELLING ME HOW WONDERFUL IT IS THAT YOU'RE IN CHARGE OF IT. ME, IT MAKES ME SICK!

YOU'VE GOT A DAUGHTER, CLEGG. YOU CAN'T GO RISKING YOUR LIFE OUT THERE AMONG ALL THOSE LUNATICS ANYMORE!

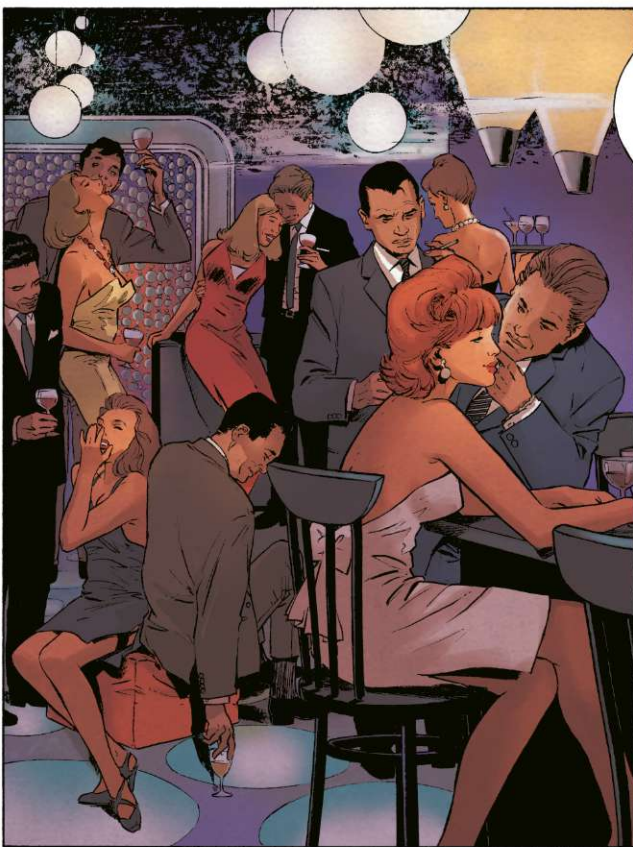


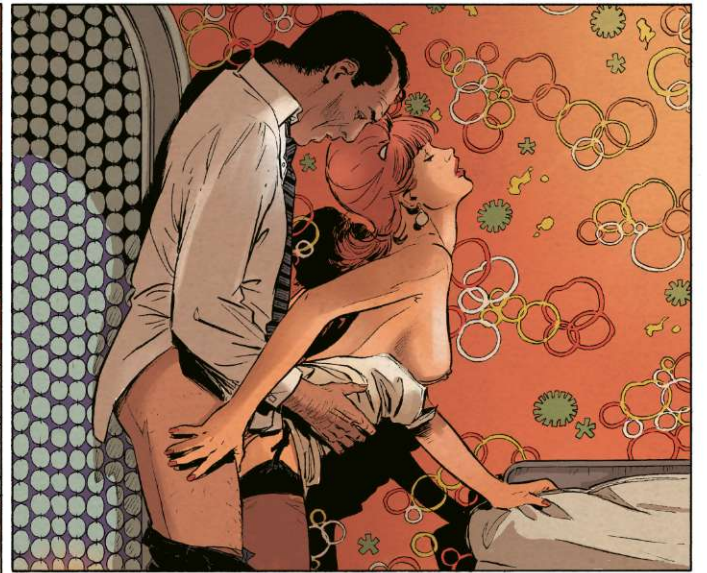
IN TWENTY, THIRTY YEARS, THERE'LL BE EVEN MORE BLACKS AND MEXICANS IN LOS ANGELES. THERE'LL BE MORE SUNKIES THAN THERE ARE SCHOOL-CHILDREN.

WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO YOUR DAUGHTER IF YOU GET YOURSELF KILLED, CLEGG? EVER THINK OF THAT? OF HER?



JORDAN'S GOT NOTHING. NO LEADS, NO CLUES. YOU KNOW IT AS WELL AS I DO, DOUG. WE'LL HAVE MISS MARCH AND MISS APRIL ON OUR HANDS BEFORE HE'S MADE A MOVE.







THANKS A LOT. I JUST GREW UP AGAIN, AND ALL AT ONCE.

IF THEY WERE WHORES, YOU'D KNOW.



THEY WEREN'T WHORES. I SAW ENOUGH PHOTOS IN THE PAPERS TO TELL YOU I'VE NEVER SEEN 'EM BEFORE, BUT...



"SOMEONE MENTIONED 'EM. IT WAS..."

"LITTLE TIM. TIM FOWLEY, SELLS DOPE AT THE CORNER OF SUNSET AND LA CIENEGA.



SAID IT FREAKED HIM OUT BECAUSE THE LAST ONE, MISS FEBRUARY? HE RECOGNIZED HER. HE'D SOLD HER SOME STUFF JUST A FEW DAYS BACK.



LOOKING FOR A TRIP, MAN? I GOT THE BEST STUFF ON THE BOULEVARD...



WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT. ONLY TRIP YOU'RE TAKING IS STRAIGHT TO THE PRECINCT, UNLESS I GET SOME ANSWERS!



C'MON, MAN, AIN'T NO CALL FOR THAT.

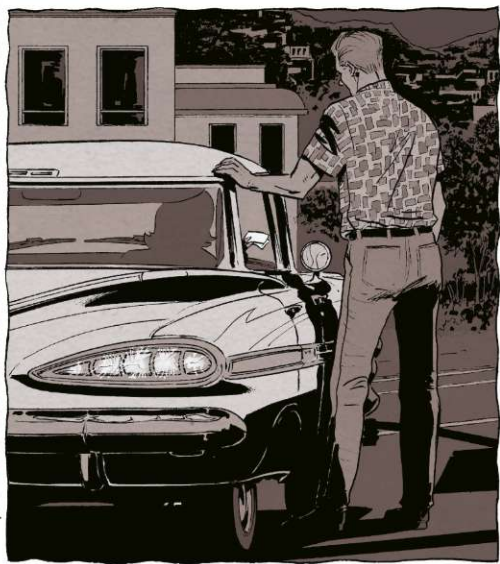


MAYBE SO. A LITTLE BIRDIE TOLD ME YOU SHED A FEW TEARS FOR A FORMER LADY CUSTOMER?



DON'T GET ALL EXCITED! I... I DON'T KNOW THAT MUCH, OK?

SCUMBAGS LIKE YOU NEVER EXCITE ME, TIM. WHAT DID YOU SELL HER? WAS SHE ALONE? IN A CAR?



IT WAS LAST WEEK. THURSDAY, I THINK-- AROUND MIDNIGHT. PULLED UP IN A CAR, JUST LIKE YOU DID. BUT THE WINDOW ROLLED DOWN ON THE PASSENGER SIDE.

THERE SHE WAS, SITTING THERE. SHE... SHE DIDN'T LOOK LIKE A SUNKIE. SO I THOUGHT SHE WAS SCORING FOR WHOEVER WAS DRIVING.



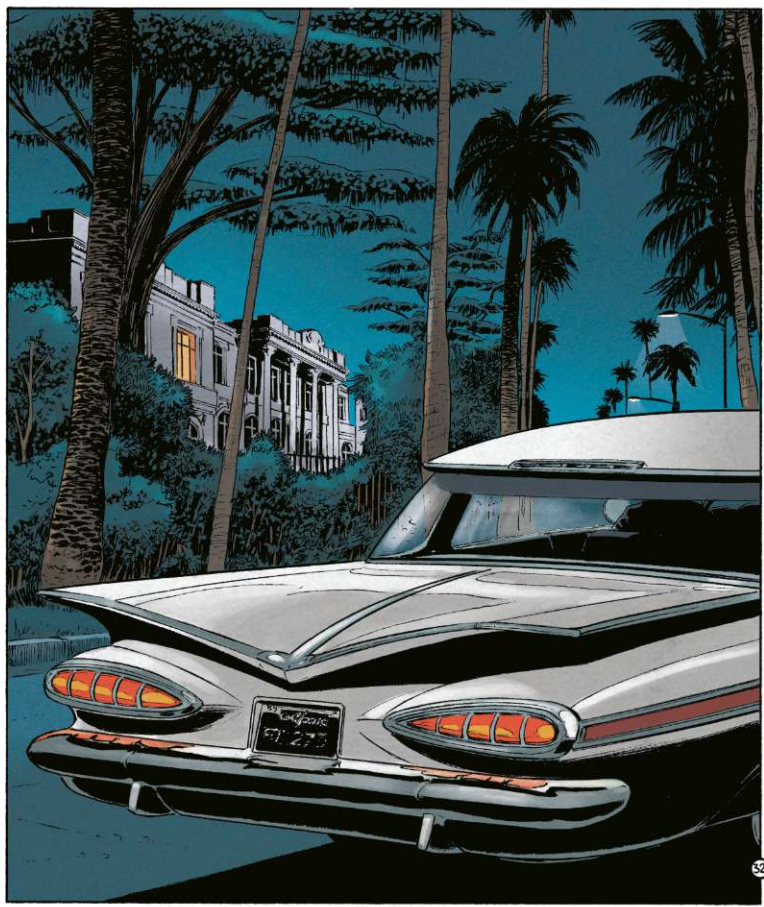
YOU GET A LOOK AT HIM?

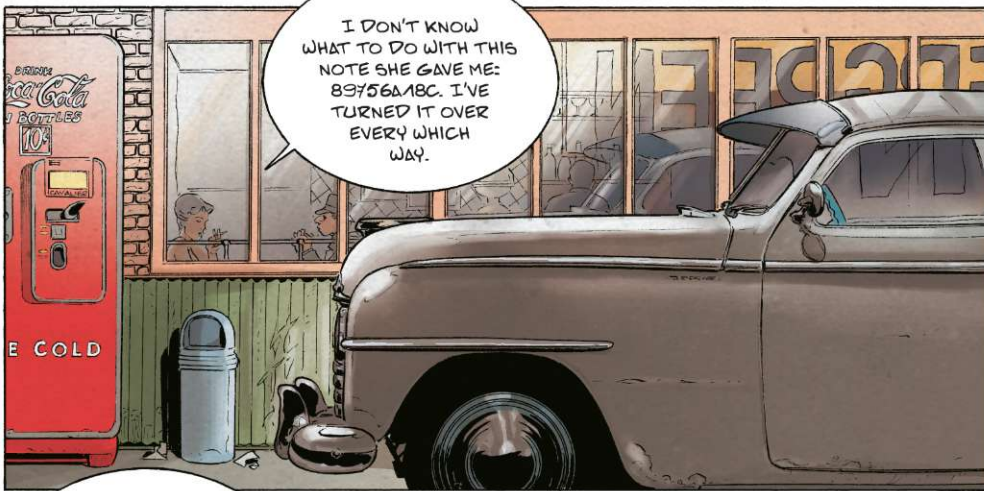
NO. I TRIED, BUT THE GIRL-- MISS FEBRUARY--ASKED ME TO HURRY UP, OR ELSE THEY WERE GOING TO DRIVE OFF.

I WAS JUST HAPPY TO UNLOAD ALL MY COKE IN ONE GO!

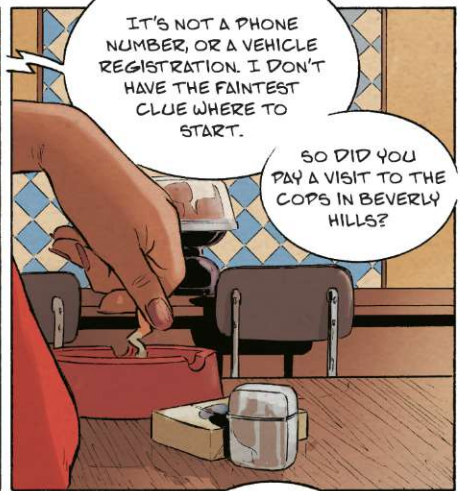
AND THE CAR? LICENSE PLATE?

FUCK, MAN, I'M NO COP! I'LL BE HAPPY JUST TO RECOGNIZE 'EM IF I EVER SEE 'EM AGAIN. IT WAS A '59 CHEVY, PURE WHITE--LIKE IT WAS BRAND SPANKIN' NEW.





I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THIS NOTE SHE GAVE ME: 89756A18C. I'VE TURNED IT OVER EVERY WHICH WAY.



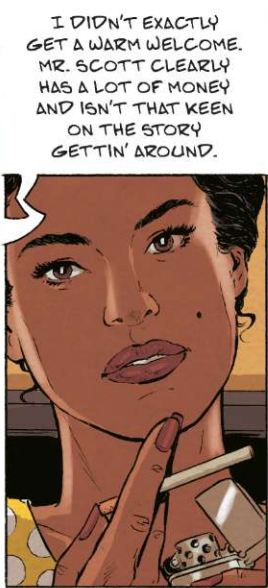
IT'S NOT A PHONE NUMBER, OR A VEHICLE REGISTRATION. I DON'T HAVE THE FAINTEST CLUE WHERE TO START.

SO DID YOU PAY A VISIT TO THE COPS IN BEVERLY HILLS?



YEP. JUST WAIT 'TIL YOU HEAR THIS. OFFICIALLY, THERE'S NO INVESTIGATION OPEN ON THE SCOTT GIRL.

WHAT?



I DIDN'T EXACTLY GET A WARM WELCOME. MR. SCOTT CLEARLY HAS A LOT OF MONEY AND ISN'T THAT KEEN ON THE STORY GETTIN' AROUND.



OK, RAY. SO WHAT DO THEY THINK HAPPENED?

THE OFFICIAL VERSION IS, THERE WAS A MOTOR VEHICLE ACCIDENT AT TWO IN THE MORNING ON THE DATE IN QUESTION. MISS SCOTT'S CAR RAN INTO A TREE, SO THEY SAY.



END OF STORY. THEY HUSTLED ME OUT OF THERE RIGHT AFTER.

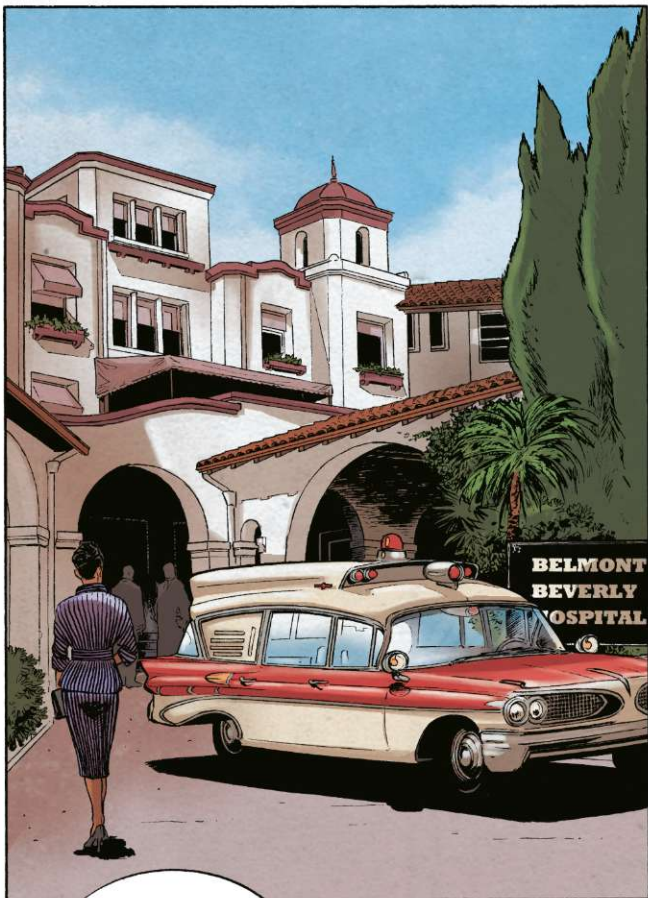
BUT MISS SCOTT MUST HAVE BEEN HOSPITALIZED SOMEWHERE. THE NEXT PART'S UP TO YOU.



THAT MORNING, ON MY WAY OUT, I FOUND A LETTER WAITING FOR ME.



I know what happened to you.
Interested?



DOCTOR M. DUKSEL	ANESTHETIST
Doctor H.C. TIBBETS	TRAUMA
Doctor John PHILIPS	ER
Doctor S.T. POWELL	CARDIOLOGY

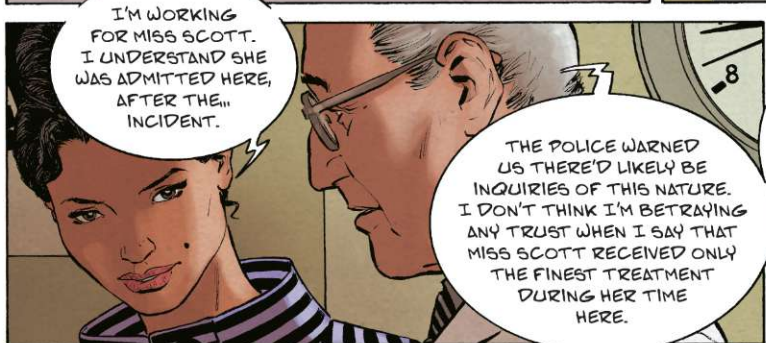


I'D LIKE TO SEE DR. TIBBETS. IT'S ABOUT A HIGHLY... PERSONAL MATTER.



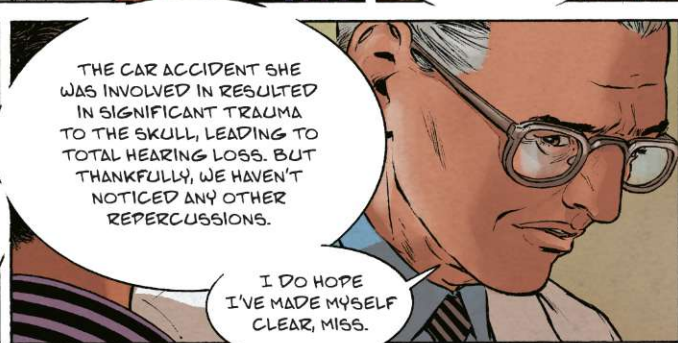
DR. PHILIPS. UNFORTUNATELY, I DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME TO SPARE YOU.

AT ANY RATE, YOU'LL PROBABLY TELL ME YOU'RE BOUND BY DOCTOR-PATIENT CONFIDENTIALITY.



I'M WORKING FOR MISS SCOTT. I UNDERSTAND SHE WAS ADMITTED HERE, AFTER THE... INCIDENT.

THE POLICE WARNED US THERE'D LIKELY BE INQUIRIES OF THIS NATURE. I DON'T THINK I'M BETRAYING ANY TRUST WHEN I SAY THAT MISS SCOTT RECEIVED ONLY THE FINEST TREATMENT DURING HER TIME HERE.



THE CAR ACCIDENT SHE WAS INVOLVED IN RESULTED IN SIGNIFICANT TRAUMA TO THE SKULL, LEADING TO TOTAL HEARING LOSS. BUT THANKFULLY, WE HAVEN'T NOTICED ANY OTHER REPERCUSSIONS.

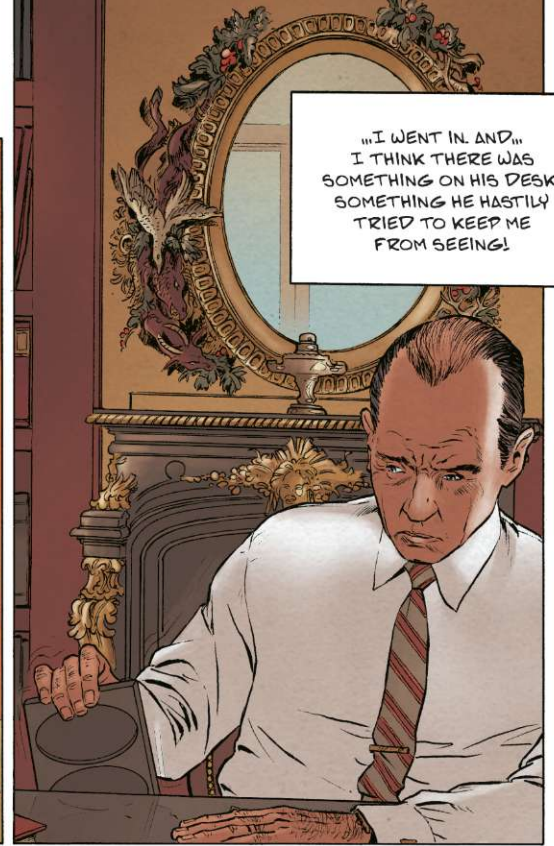
I DO HOPE I'VE MADE MYSELF CLEAR, MISS.



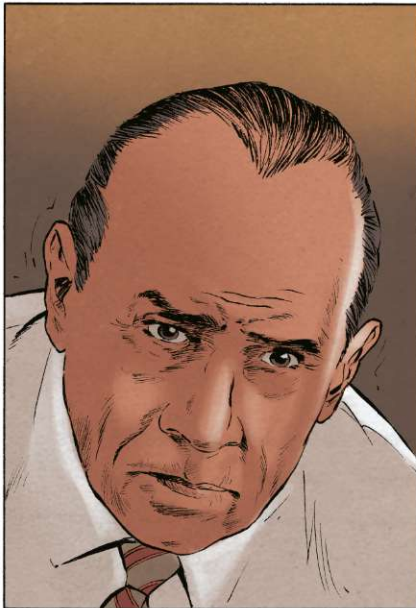
SOMEONE KNEW WHAT HAD HAPPENED! THEN IT CAME TO ME: THERE WAS ONLY ONE PERSON IT COULD BE. THE ONE WHO--



I NEEDED TO TALK. TO LET OUT ALL MY FEAR AND ANGER. AND SINCE I WAS IN FRONT OF THE DOOR TO MY FATHER'S OFFICE...



"I WENT IN AND... I THINK THERE WAS SOMETHING ON HIS DESK. SOMETHING HE HASTILY TRIED TO KEEP ME FROM SEEING!



SUDDENLY, I REALIZED THAT HE'D BEEN TRYING TO AVOID ME EVER SINCE THAT NIGHT!



I'LL COME BACK LATER. IT'S NOT IMPORTANT.



THE WORLD'S CHANGING, DICK. EVEN YOU GET THE PICTURE. AT UCLA, COLLEGES EVERYWHERE, YOUNG PEOPLE WANT A DIFFERENT FUTURE.



SOON GUYS LIKE CLEGG, WITH THEIR OLD-SCHOOL METHODS, WILL BE OUT OF DATE!

THEY WANT TO BE FREE TO CHOOSE A DIFFERENT PATH, DIFFERENT VALUES, FROM THEIR PARENTS. THE POLICE'LL HAVE TO CHANGE TOO.



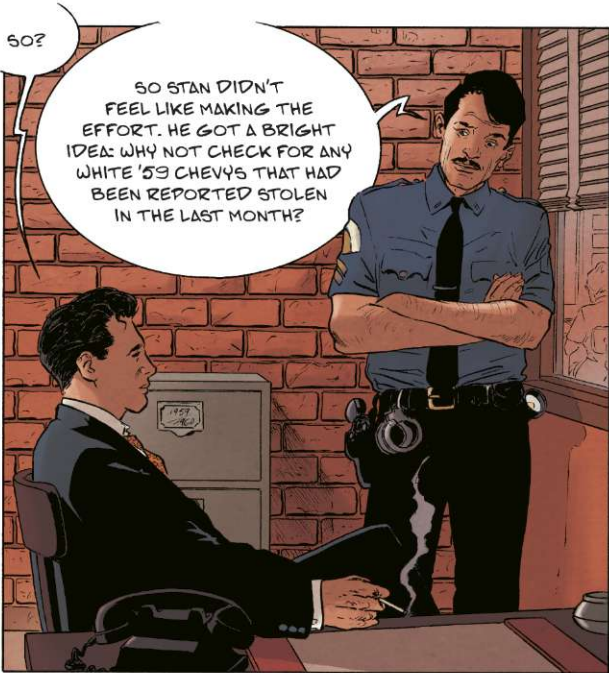
NOW, YOU COULD HELP ME MAKE THE CAPTAINSEE THAT, DICK. ESPECIALLY IF CLEGG FOULS UP THE PLAYMATES CASE.

THINK HE'S GOT ANY LEADS YET?



YOU'RE RIGHT. CLEGG ALWAYS WORKS SOLO WITH HIS WHORES AND HIS STOOLPIGEONS. EXCEPT FOR THE REALLY BORING STUFF.

JUST THREW A TON OF BUSYWORK OUR WAY THIS MORNING: DRAWING UP A COMPLETE LIST OF EVERY SINGLE WHITE '59 CHEVY IMPALA IN CALIFORNIA. HOW MANY OF THOSE YOU THINK THERE ARE?

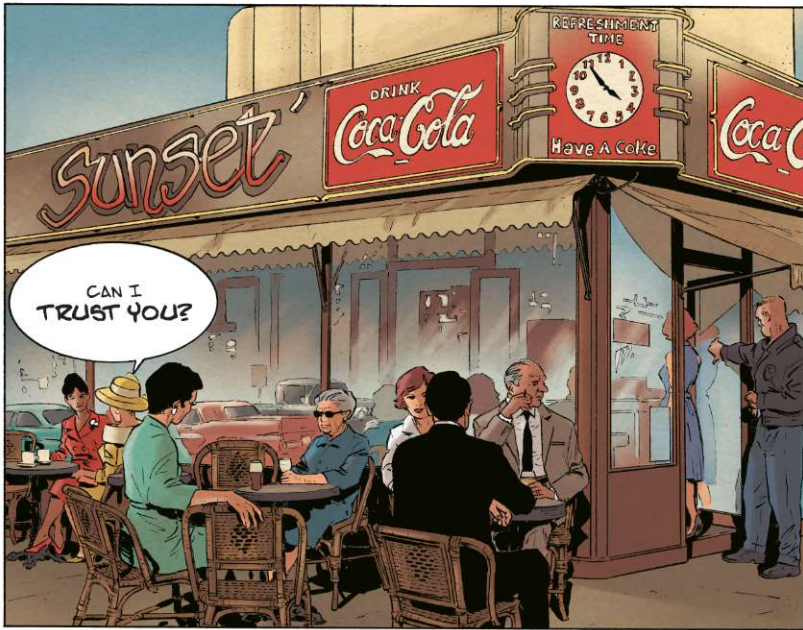


SO?

SO STAN DIDN'T FEEL LIKE MAKING THE EFFORT. HE GOT A BRIGHT IDEA: WHY NOT CHECK FOR ANY WHITE '59 CHEVYS THAT HAD BEEN REPORTED STOLEN IN THE LAST MONTH?



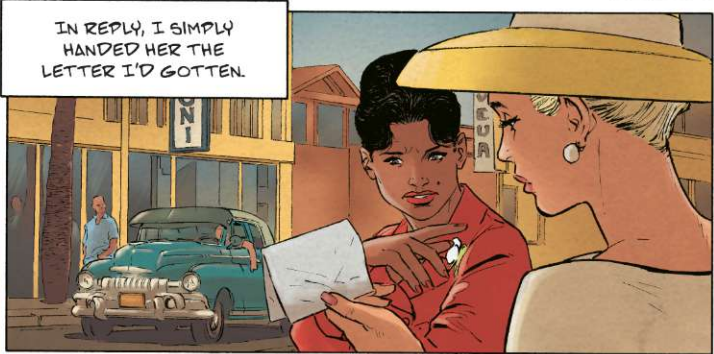
I'M LISTENING.



CAN I TRUST YOU?



SUANITA CONTINUED TO SET DOWN HER DOUBTS. THE POLICE AND THE HOSPITAL'S OFFICIAL LINE.



IN REPLY, I SIMPLY HANDED HER THE LETTER I'D GOTTEN.



I KNOW WHAT THE NEXT LETTER WILL SAY. HOW MUCH DO YOU THINK HE'LL ASK FOR? TEN THOUSAND? A HUNDRED THOUSAND?

LISTEN CLOSELY. THIS IS WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO, SUANITA.

I'LL AGREE TO HIS DEMANDS. SOONER OR LATER, HE'LL ASK FOR MONEY, I'LL GIVE IT TO HIM, AND THEN YOU'LL FOLLOW HIM!

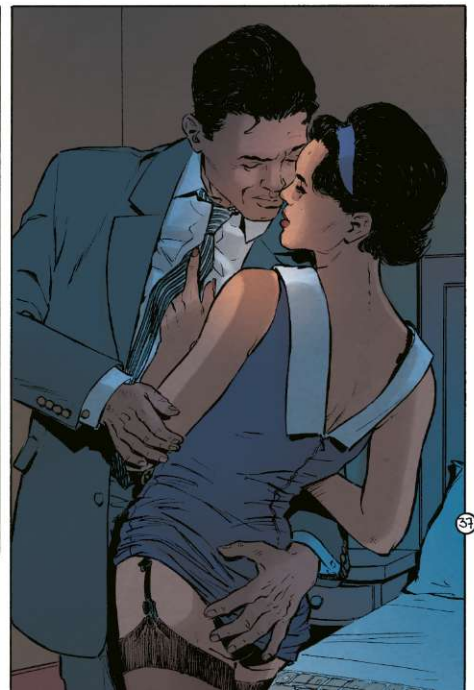


SO LET ME ASK YOU ONE MORE TIME: ARE YOU SOMEONE I CAN TRUST?

I NEED TO FENCE THESE!



THE LADY HAS ALREADY ARRIVED. ROOM 107.





WE CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS, ARIEL. IT'S KILLING ME.



WHAT, YOU THINK IT'S EASY FOR ME, MARGAUX? CLEGG'S MY RIGHT-HAND MAN ON THE FORCE. HE'S THE BEST!

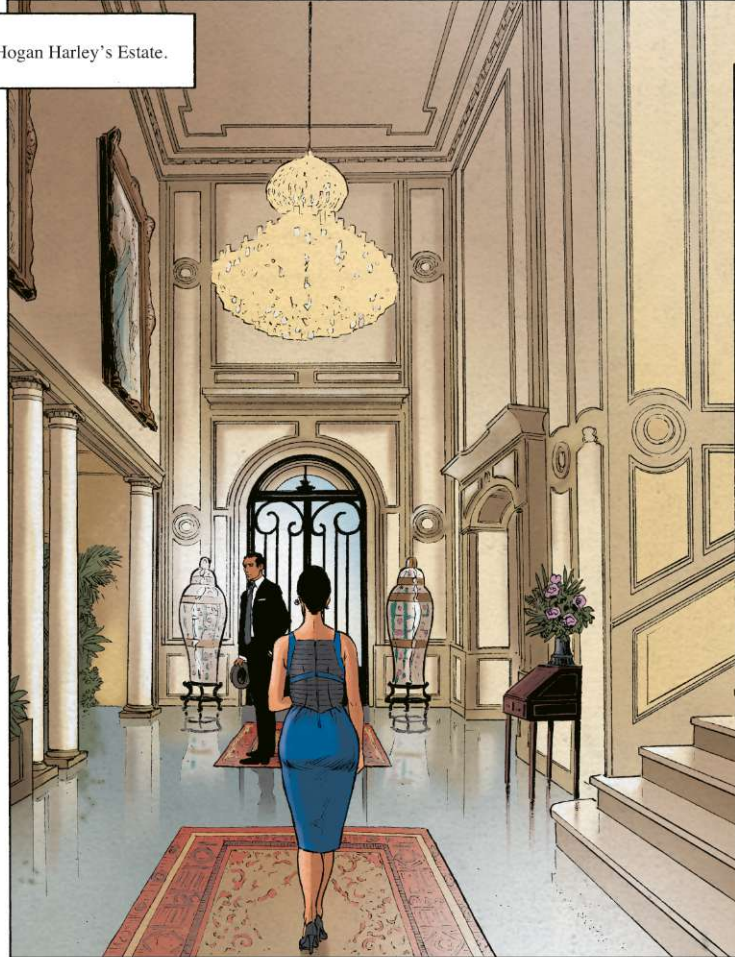


I'M ONLY DOING THIS BECAUSE I CAN'T HELP MYSELF. I'M CRAZY FOR YOU! I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN. AT THE SAME TIME, I'D TAKE A BULLET FOR CLEGG IF I HAD TO.



AND I MIGHT NEED TO SOONER THAN WE THINK. I DON'T LIKE THIS CASE THE CAPTAIN PUT HIM ON. HUNTING DOWN SOME PERVERT WHO GETS OFF ON TAKING NUDE PHOTOS OF DEAD WOMEN? IT COULD END REALLY BADLY, MARGAUX.

Hogan Harley's Estate.



MY FATHER WILL BE WITH YOU IN A FEW MOMENTS, DETECTIVE.



GOOD LORD, DON'T TELL ME CHRISTMAS CAME EARLY! THIS IS A BIG DAY! ARE THE POLICE FINALLY LOOKING INTO MY STOLEN VEHICLE?



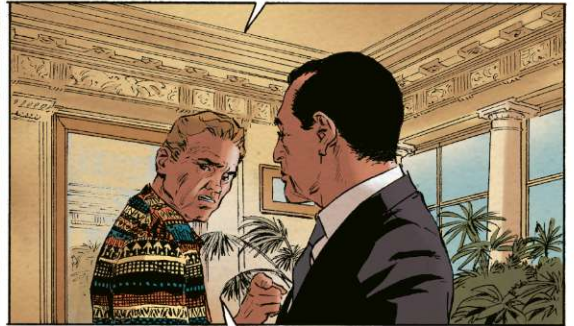
WHERE DID YOUR CAR GO MISSING, MR. HARLEY? AND UNDER WHAT CIRCUMSTANCES, EXACTLY?

YOU WANT ME TO FILL YOU IN ON WHAT'S GOING ON ALL OVER TOWN THESE DAYS?



IT'S LIKE SOMEONE LET THE GODDAMN DOGS OUT. THE BLACKS AND THE MEXICANS KEEP POURING IN, AND ANIMAL CONTROL CAN'T HANDLE THE OVERFLOW ANYMORE!

WHEN I FIRST MOVED OUT HERE THIRTY YEARS AGO, EVERYTHING WAS CLEAN. YOU COULD SMELL THE ORANGE GROVES ALL OVER THE VALLEY. EVERYONE WENT TO CHURCH ON SUNDAY.

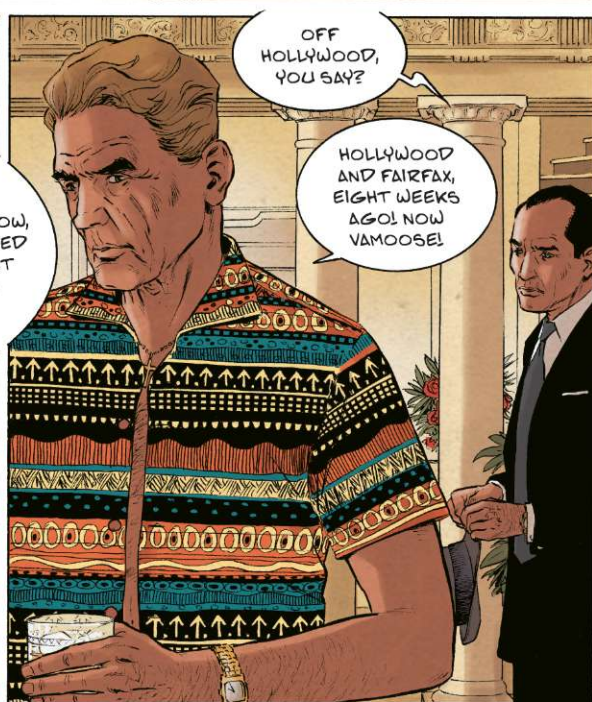


NOW YOU LEAVE YOUR CAR PARKED JUST HALF AN HOUR ON HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD, IN BROAD DAYLIGHT, AND YOU CAN KISS IT GOODBYE.



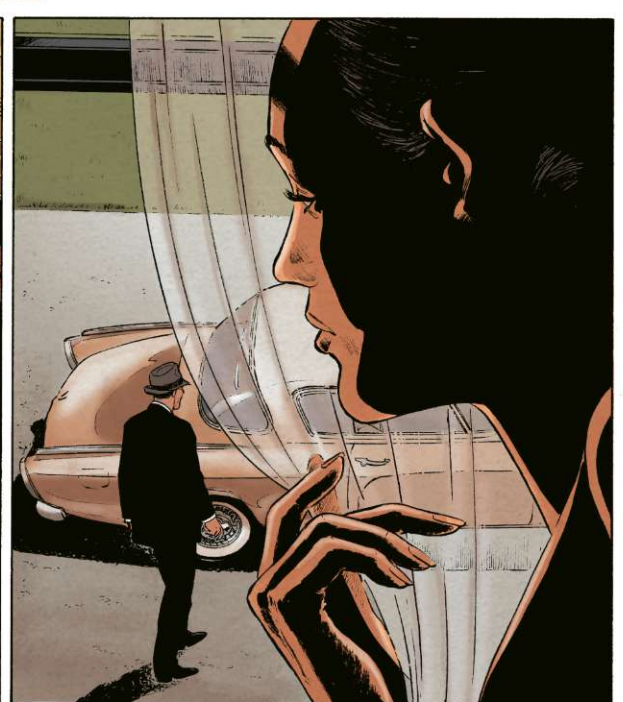
I KNOW SOMEONE WHO'D AGREE WITH YOU.

DON'T BOTHER LOOKING FOR MY CAR, DETECTIVE. FOR ALL WE KNOW, IT'S ALREADY BEEN STRIPPED AND SOLD FOR PARTS OUT OF SOME CHOP SHOP IN CHIHUAHUA OR CIUDAD SUAREZ.



OFF HOLLYWOOD, YOU SAY?

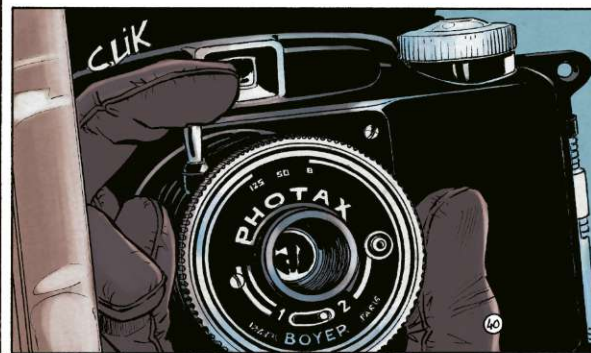
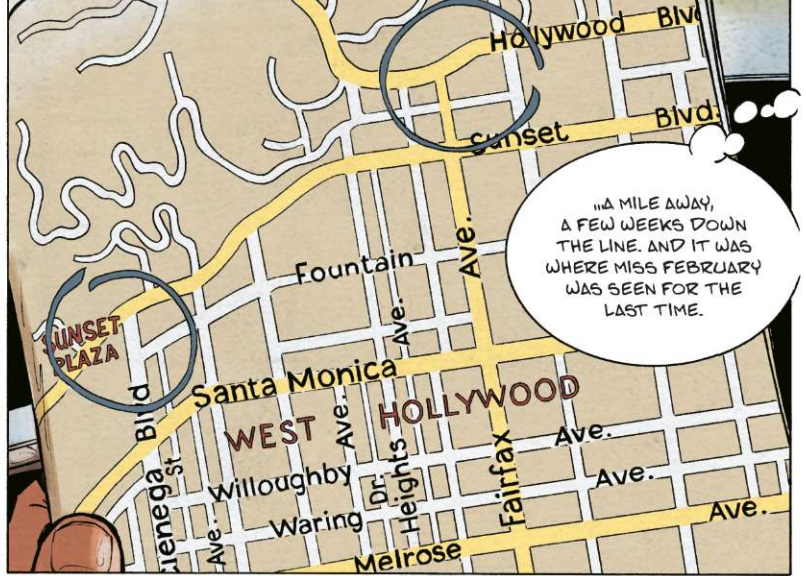
HOLLYWOOD AND FAIRFAX, EIGHT WEEKS AGO! NOW VAMOOSE!



A COP WAS JUST HERE, ASKING ABOUT MY CAR. SOMETHING'S FISHY. WHY SEND A DETECTIVE OUT ON A JOB LIKE THAT?



YOU THINK THE POLICE COULD BE ON TO SOMETHING?

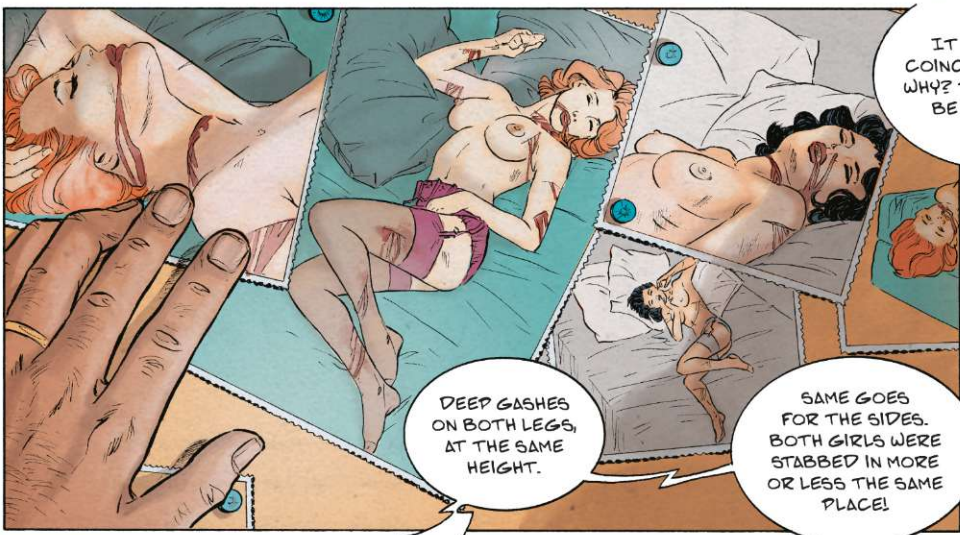




MISS JANUARY AND MISS FEBRUARY. WE KNOW THEY BOTH HAD THEIR THROATS SLIT IN SIMILAR WAYS, AND WERE FOUND IN MORE OR LESS THE SAME POSITION.

WHAT MORE CAN WE SAY ABOUT THEM? THEY WERE BOTH RAPED... THERE ARE MARKS FROM MULTIPLE STAB WOUNDS ON THE BODIES.

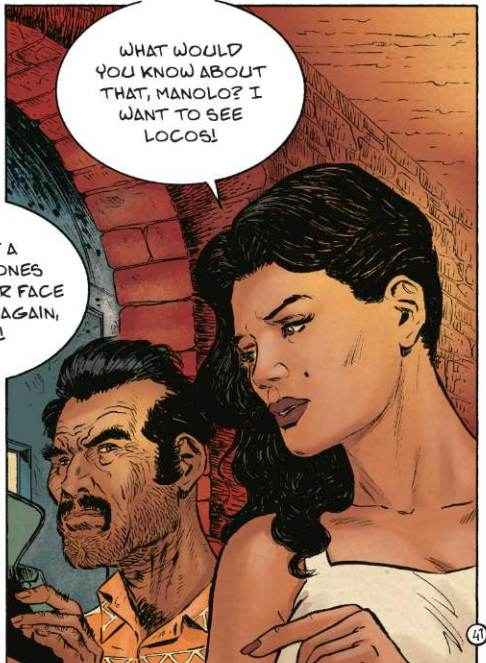
ON THE LOWER FACE, ON THE SIDES AND LEGS.



IT CAN'T BE A COINCIDENCE, BUT WHY? THERE HAS TO BE A REASON...

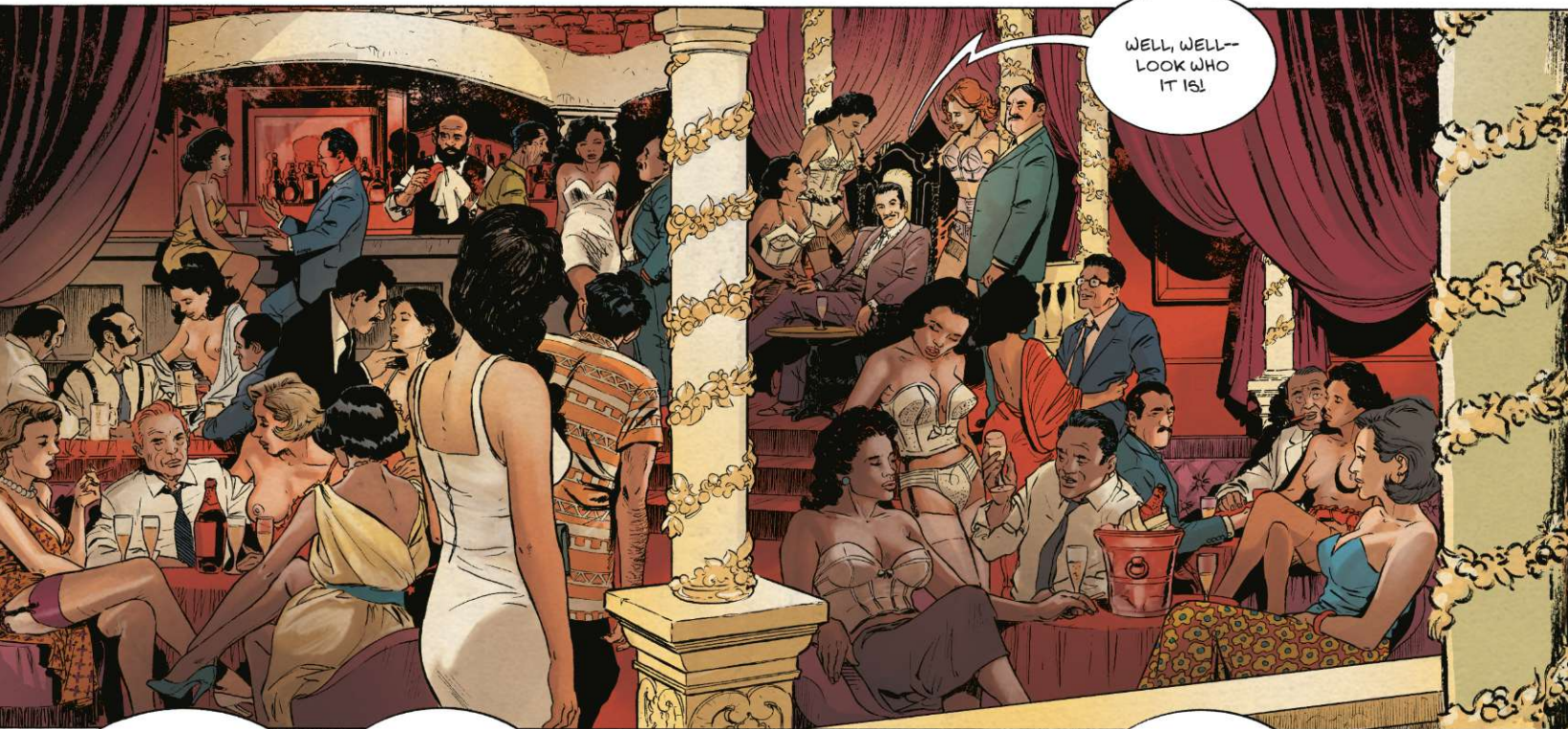
DEEP GASHES ON BOTH LEGS, AT THE SAME HEIGHT.

SAME GOES FOR THE SIDES. BOTH GIRLS WERE STABBED IN MORE OR LESS THE SAME PLACE!



WHAT WOULD YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT, MANOLO? I WANT TO SEE LOCOS!

YOU GOT A LOTTA COSONES SHOWING YOUR FACE 'ROUND HERE AGAIN, SUANITA!



WELL, WELL--
LOOK WHO
IT IS!



YOU TOOK
YOUR SWEET TIME,
JUANITA. BUT I TOLD
YOU YOU'D COME HOME
SOMEDAY, CRYING TO
BE TAKEN BACK.

SORRY TO
DISAPPOINT YOU,
BUT I'M HERE WITH A
BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY,
LOCOS. A GOOD
ONE.



...

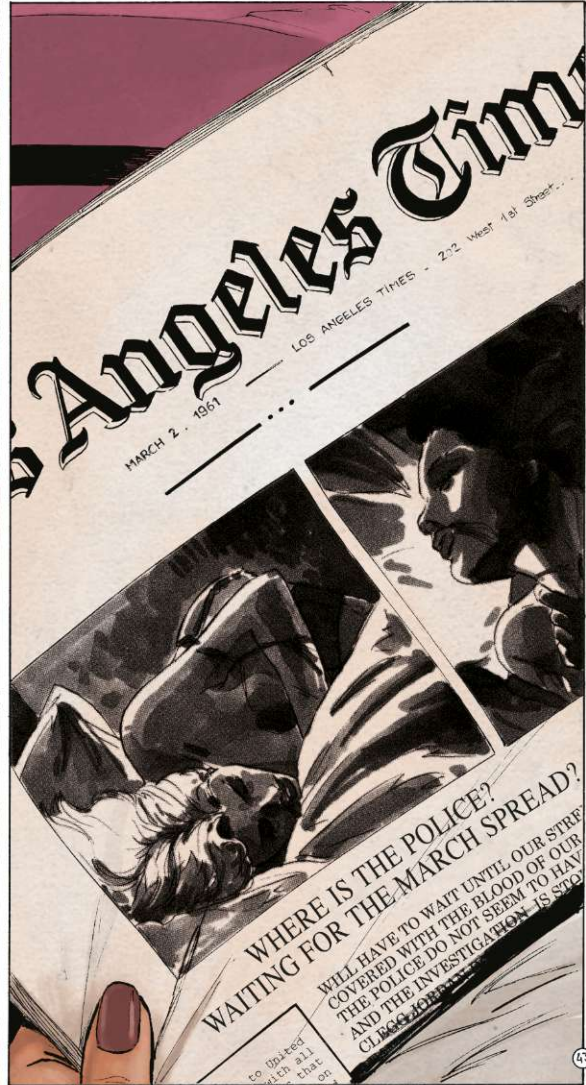
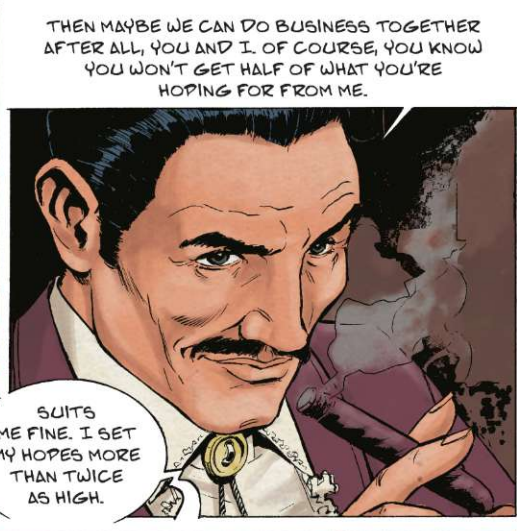
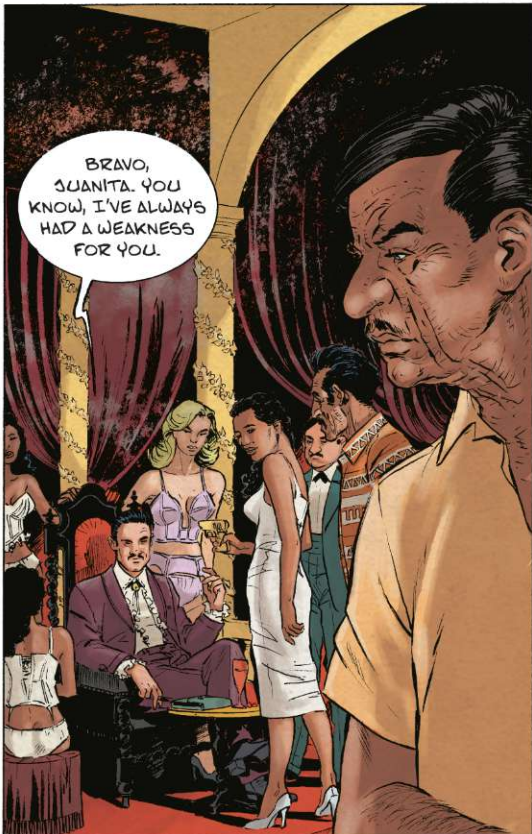


VERY GOOD
INDEED! BUT
I OWN THIS PLACE.
WHAT'S TO STOP
ME FROM JUST
TAKING THESE
FROM YOU?



BECAUSE
MANOLO WAS RIGHT:
I REALLY AM PACKING
SOMETHING BETWEEN
MY LEGS!

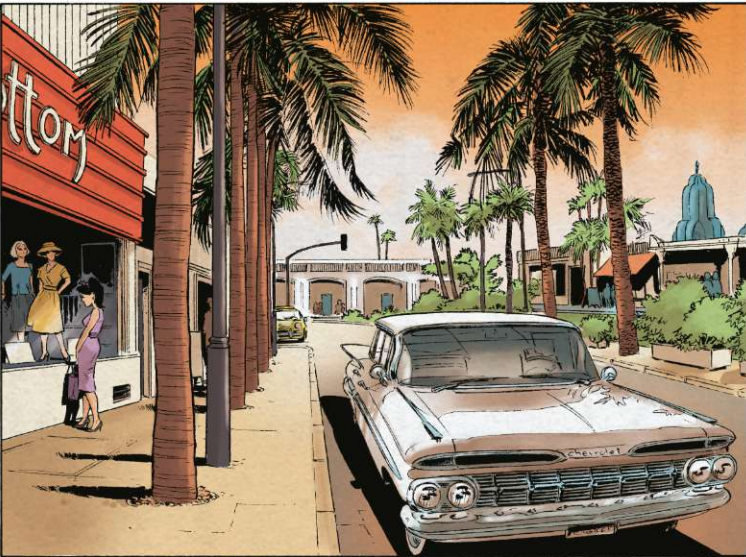
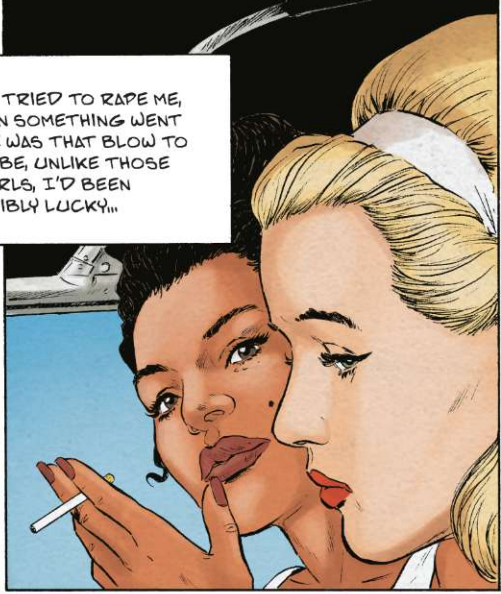




I STARTED THINKING:
MAYBE THAT'S WHAT ALMOST
HAPPENED TO ME.



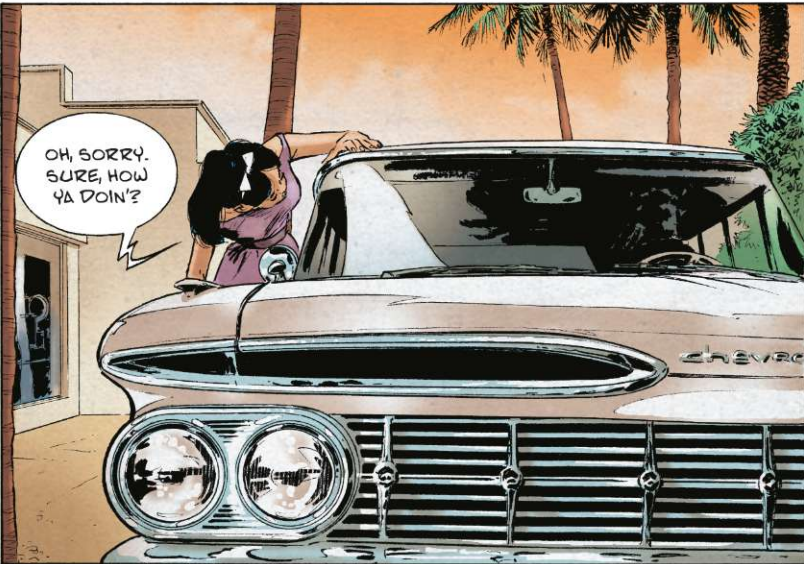
SOMEONE HAD TRIED TO RAPE ME,
TOO. AND THEN SOMETHING WENT
WRONG. THERE WAS THAT BLOW TO
MY HEAD. MAYBE, UNLIKE THOSE
POOR GIRLS, I'D BEEN
INCREDIBLY LUCKY...



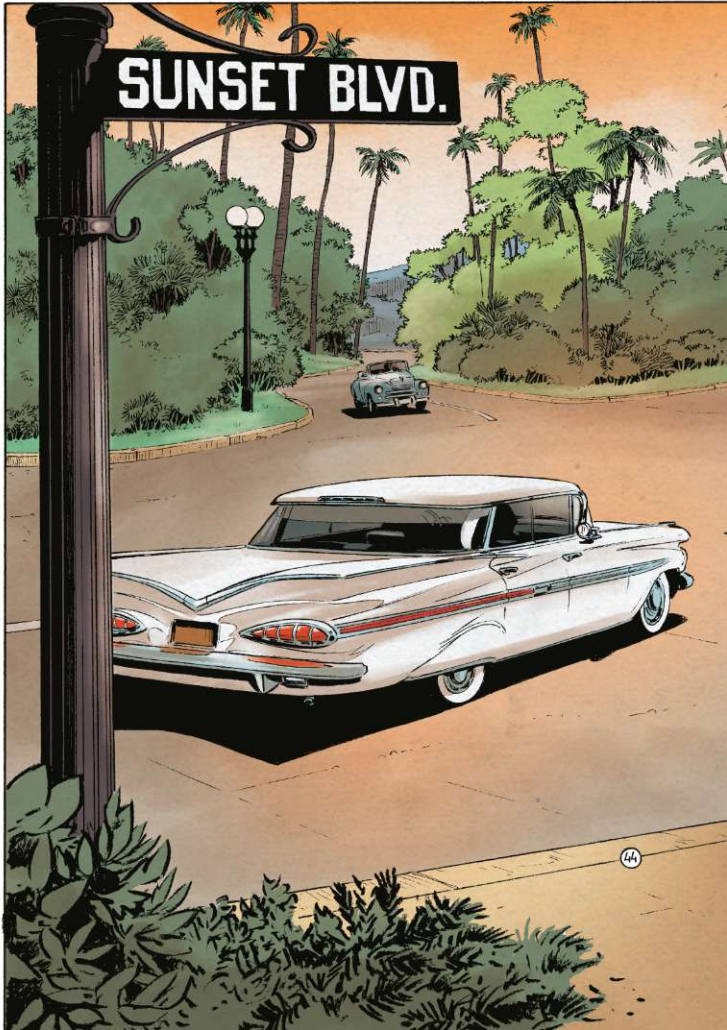
HEY THERE,
TIFFANY. CAN I
DROP YOU OFF
SOMEWHERE?

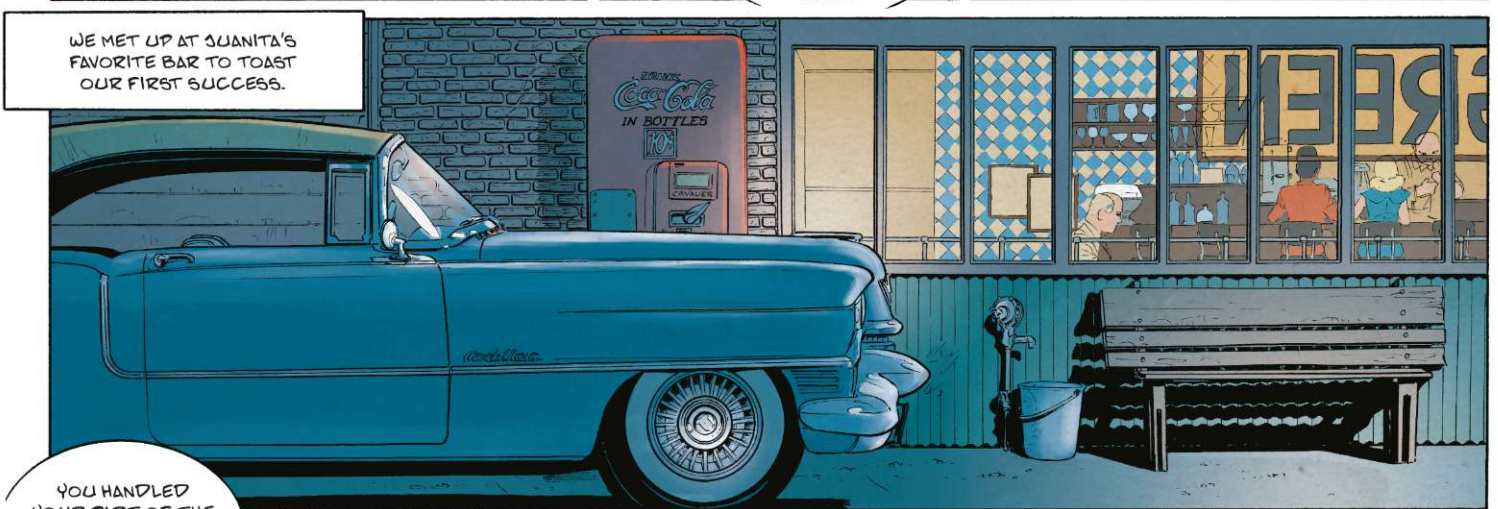
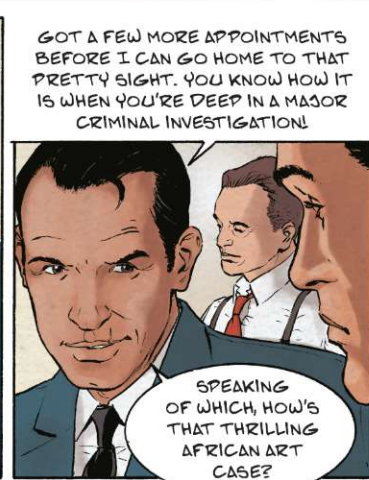


DO I KNOW
YOU?



OH, SORRY.
SURE, HOW
YA DOIN'?







EASY, TOO, TO TELL FROM THE WAY HE CARRIED HIMSELF THAT HE WAS A COP.



EVEN IF I'D STILL BEEN ABLE TO HEAR, SUANITA WOULD NEVER'VE TOLD ME ANYTHING ABOUT HERSELF--HER PAST, THE MEN SHE'D KNOWN. THIS MAN.



THE FIRST THING I THOUGHT OF WHEN I SAW HIM WAS... I'D NEVER KNOW THE SOUND OF HIS VOICE.



I'D HAVE TO USE MY IMAGINATION...

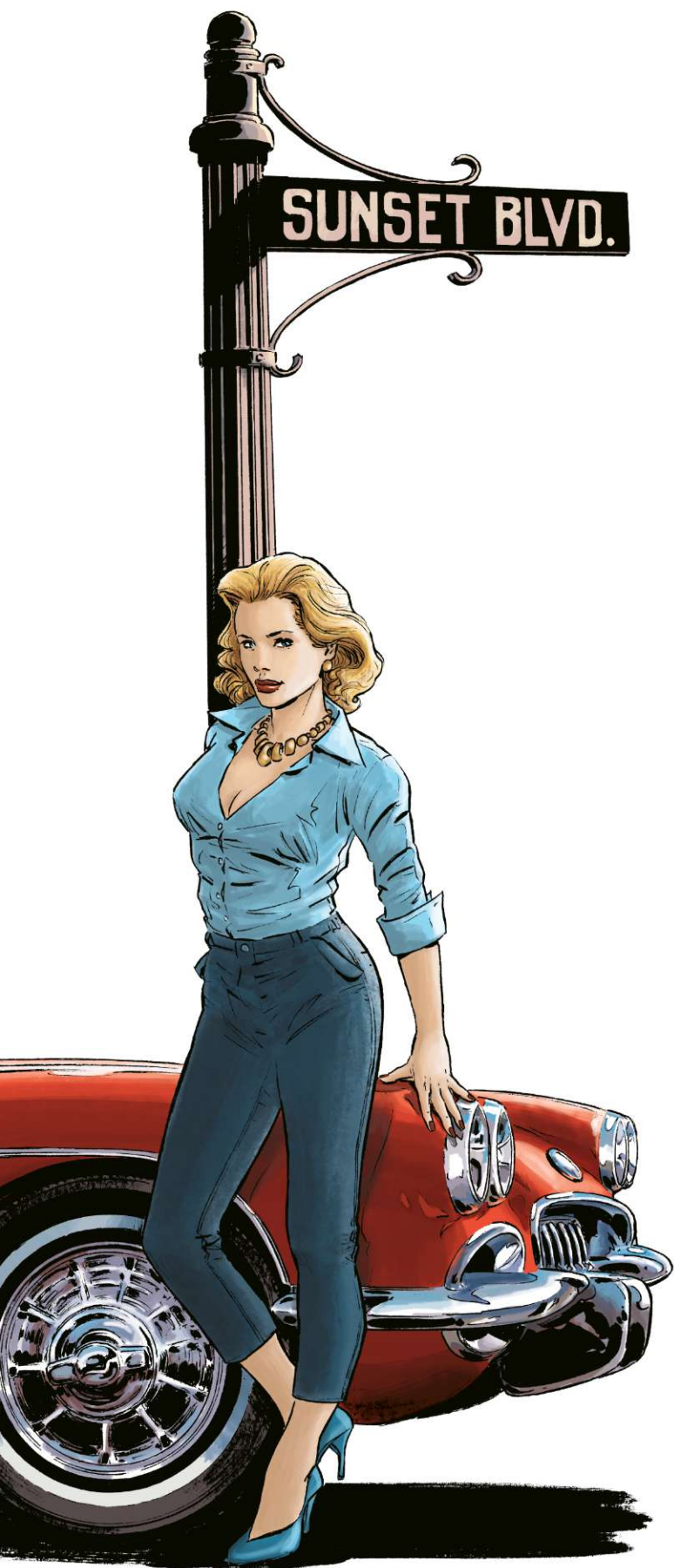
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LE LOMBARD





Miss OCTOBER

In Los Angeles, the skies are hazy, the rain is warm, and the women are beautiful: glamour goddesses, fading stars. To die for... but they're the ones dying. In a string of grisly murders, the victims' bodies are found posed like playmates of the month: Miss January, throat slit. Miss February, tortured.

Clegg Jordan, the detective in charge of the case, crosses paths with Viktor, a gifted burglar. Viktor doesn't know it yet, but the killer has already decided she will be... Miss October.