

LEGRAIN

BENEC

SPYCO

1. SHOOT WHEN YOU'RE TOLD!



Europe
COMICS



SISCO

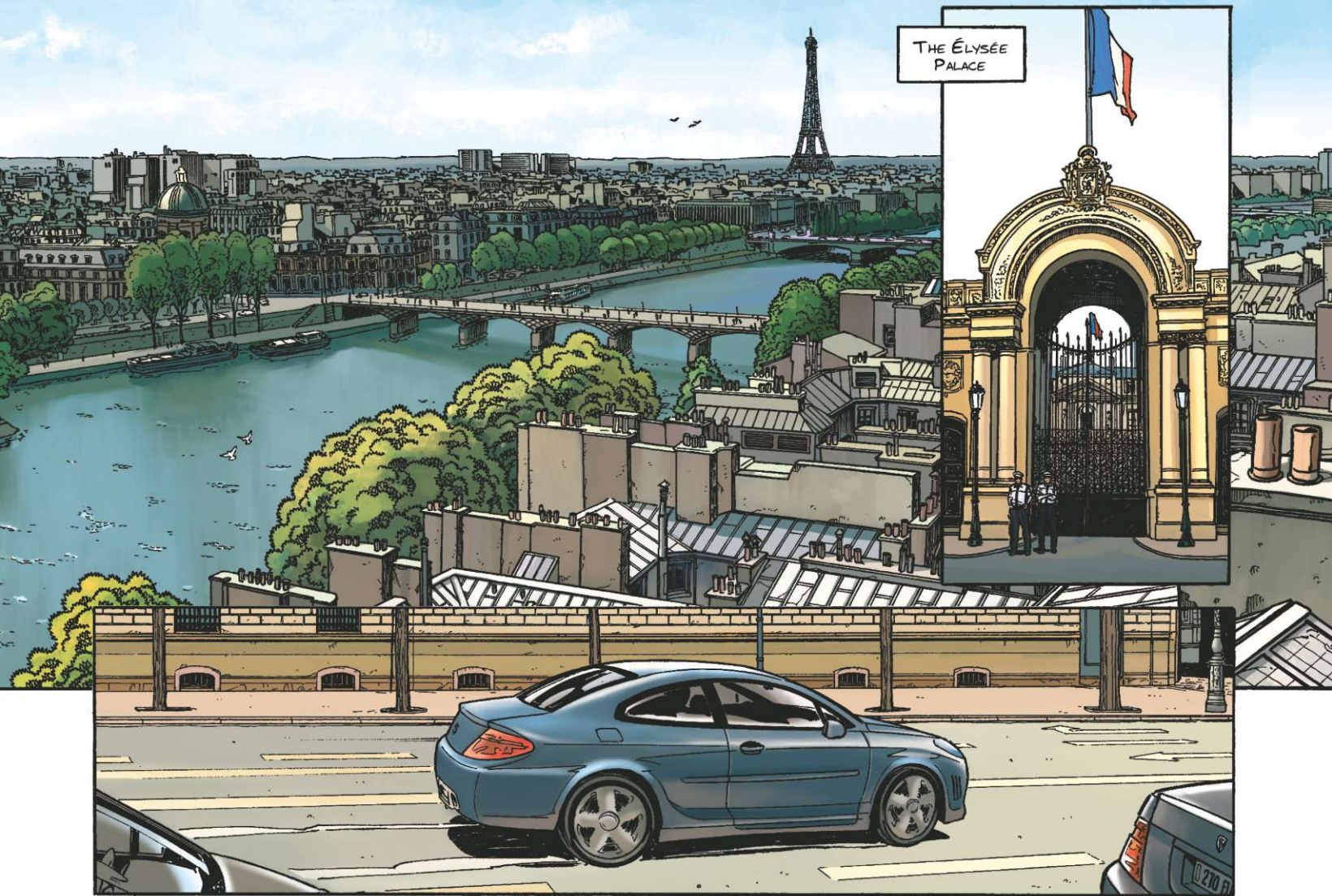
SHOOT WHEN YOU'RE TOLD!

ARTIST
LEGRAIN

WRITER
BENEC

COLORIST
PENG WANG ET
STUDIO 9







YUP. WHAT'S NEW?

NOTHING. THE "PASHA"'S GROWLING, AS USUAL THIS TIME OF NIGHT.

Hi, SISCO. YOU ON DUTY?

RIGHT, I'M GOING TO BED. SEE YA.



CHANGE OF PLANS FOR THIS EVENING.

OW... GOOD OR BAD NEWS?

BEEP

SURPRISE...



SISCO, HAVE YOU READ YOUR INSTRUCTIONS?

YES, SIR. IS IT REALLY WHAT I THINK IT IS?



HE'S HAD HIS FINAL WARNING. DO AS YOU SEE FIT.



I WISH I'D KEPT A COPY...

WHAT ELSE DO YOU WANT? A PAPAL BULL? YOU KNOW THE HOUSE RULES, DON'T YOU?

MR. SAINT-SERVAN? THE PRESIDENT WOULD LIKE US TO HAVE A LITTLE CHAT.

IF THE PRESIDENT HAS SOMETHING TO TELL ME, HE KNOWS I'M ALWAYS AVAILABLE.

HE WANTS YOU TO GET A SECOND OPINION.

I WON'T CHANGE MY MIND.

FOR THE MOMENT, I'D JUST LIKE YOU TO LISTEN.

IN FACT, I INSIST.

YOU'RE SCHEDULED TO MEET THE JOURNALIST LÉA DALMONT TOMORROW. THAT INTERVIEW MUST NOT TAKE PLACE.

THAT'S ALL WELL AND GOOD, BUT YOU'RE FORGETTING WHAT JUDGE LAPORTE INSTRUCTED ME TO DO.

I'M NOT, BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON.

SAY NOTHING AND IT'LL JUST BLOW OVER.

YOUNG MAN, I AM NOT IN THE HABIT OF LYING—ESPECIALLY NOT WHEN I'M UNDER OATH.

WHO'S ASKING YOU TO LIE? I'M MERELY SUGGESTING YOU KEEP QUIET...



THAT'S ENOUGH! TELL THE PRESIDENT THAT I KNOW MY DUTY. HE'LL UNDERSTAND.



HERE... YOU MIGHT BE NEEDING THIS.

?!



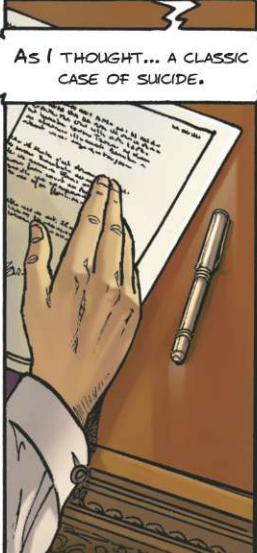
IS THAT A THREAT?!?



YOU'RE TRYING TO INTIMIDATE ME, BUT I'M GOING TO SEE DALMONT. WE'VE GONE TOO FAR WITH PATEL.



YOU'RE RIGHT-HANDED, AREN'T YOU?



AS I THOUGHT... A CLASSIC CASE OF SUICIDE.



YOU... YOU'RE CRAZY!



BANG





HEY, JOSÉ, YOU SEEN A GHOST?



DUPRÉ.

IT'S DONE, SIR, BUT A WINDOW-CLEANER SAW EVERYTHING AND TOOK OFF.

HOLY SHIT! YOU BETTER DO SOMETHING— AND FAST!



AGENT SISCO. I WANT A LIST OF ALL THE CLEANERS ON DUTY TODAY. PHOTOS, ADDRESSES, PHONE NUMBERS, ALL OF IT. I'LL PICK IT UP IN TWO MINUTES.



AGENT SISCO. I HAVE A PROBLEM. GET ME THE BOSS.



WELL, IF IT AIN'T "MR SECRETIVE" HIMSELF! YOU LOST SOMETHING?



SHUT IT, VERRAT! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU!

YOU NEED TO LEARN TO SHUT YOURS, MORON—AND MAKE OTHER PEOPLE DO THE SAME.



I MIGHT JUST START WITH YOU.

GO RIGHT AHEAD, MORON. I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU TRY.



HERE'S THE LIST.

I WOULDN'T LET THE BOSS SEE YOU...



PFF! HE'S A BACHELOR.

IS THAT A PROBLEM?



NOT NECESSARILY. THEY'RE LIKE PIGEONS. THEY ALWAYS FLY HOME SOONER OR LATER.

SISCO!



I'VE TOLD THE PRESIDENT. WE'RE HANDLING THE "SUICIDE".



BUT NOT A WORD TO ANYONE. NOT EVEN A WHISPER.



I'LL MAKE SURE OF IT, SIR.

I HOPE SO.

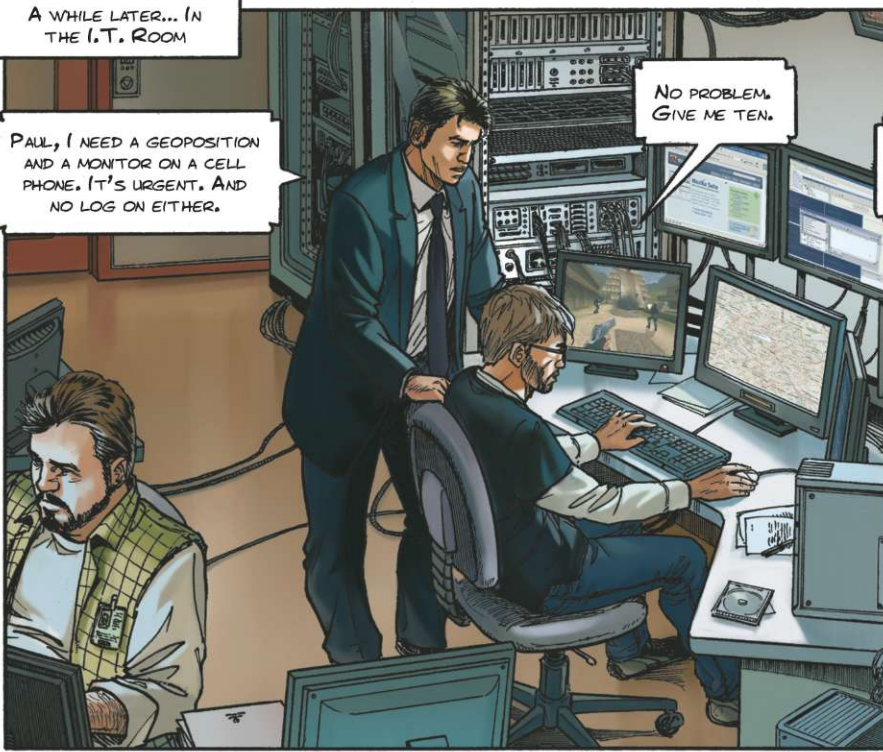


SLAM



A WHILE LATER... IN THE I.T. ROOM

PAUL, I NEED A GEOPOSITION AND A MONITOR ON A CELL PHONE. IT'S URGENT. AND NO LOG ON EITHER.



NO PROBLEM. GIVE ME TEN.

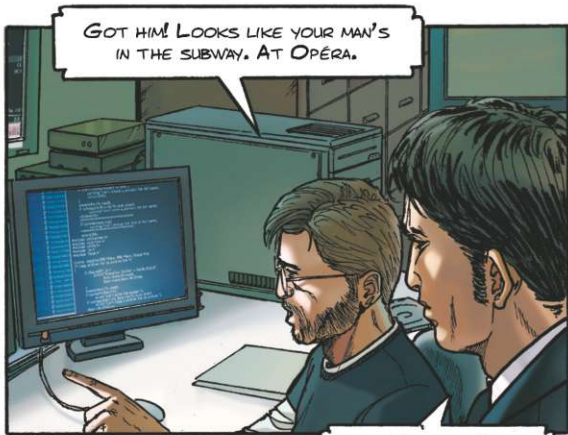
SO WHO IS IT THIS TIME? AN ACTRESS? A MEMBER OF THE OPPOSITION? OR A REAL TERRORIST?



TOO MANY QUESTIONS. KEEP OUT OF IT.



3
PARTY-POOPER.



BARBÈS-PIGALLE.



NUMBER 22 RUE D'ORCEL. THIS IS IT.



SHIT. NO FLOOR NUMBERS.



RAP RAP



HI, MA'AM. NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. WE'RE LOOKING FOR MR. MARETTI'S APARTMENT.



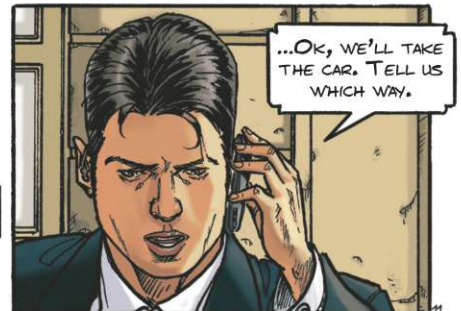
WE'LL SEE. THANK YOU.

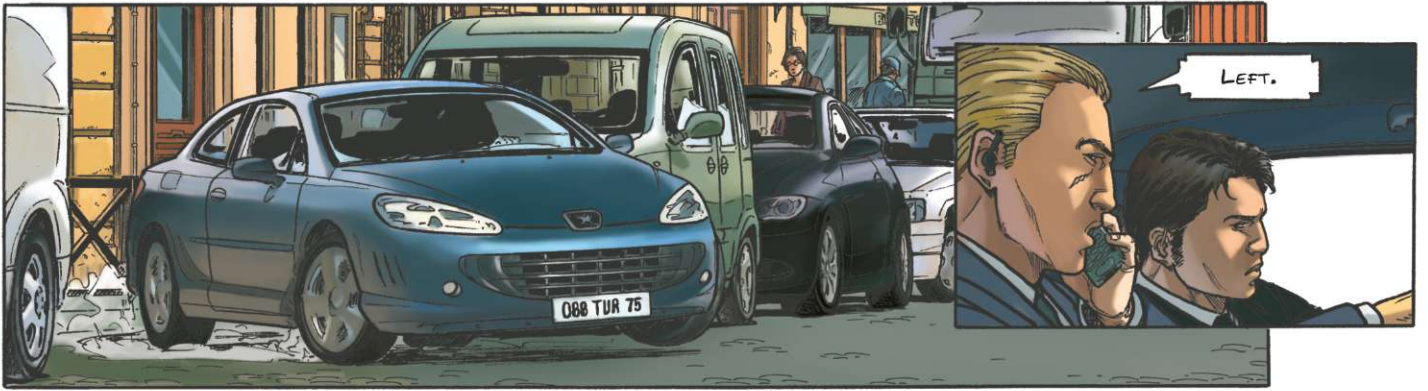


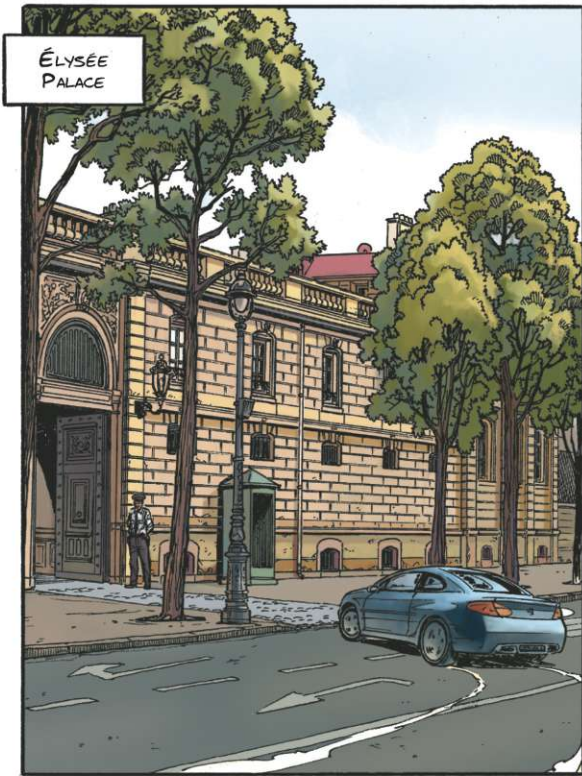
PAUL SAYS HE'S HEADED THIS WAY. I'LL WAIT IN THE APARTMENT. YOU STAY OUTSIDE WITH THE PAPERS.

THIRD FLOOR ON THE LEFT, BUT I DON'T KNOW IF HE'S IN...

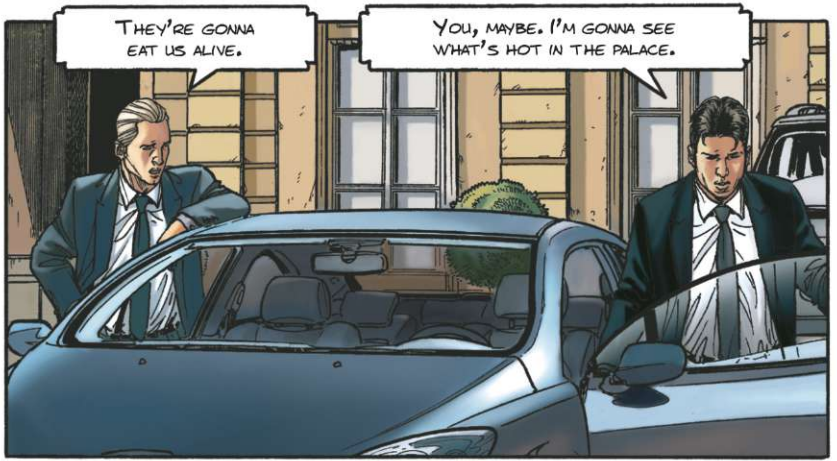








ÉLYSÉE PALACE



THEY'RE GONNA EAT US ALIVE.

YOU, MAYBE. I'M GONNA SEE WHAT'S HOT IN THE PALACE.



YOU FREE?



JUST THE MAN I WAS THINKING ABOUT.

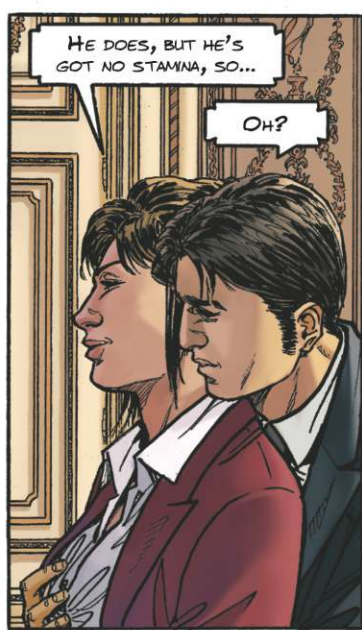


YOU DON'T LOOK TOO BUSY... HOW ABOUT A BREAK?



MM, I WOULDN'T SAY NO. THE OLD MAN'S MIND IS ON OTHER THINGS RIGHT NOW...

NO IDEA WHAT HE'S MISSING...



HE DOES, BUT HE'S GOT NO STAMINA, SO...

OH?



YEAH. THERE IS AN UPSIDE, YOU KNOW.

FOLLOW ME, YOU...





ANY NEWS, PAUL?

WE INTERCEPTED A CALL,
BUT YOU WON'T LIKE IT...



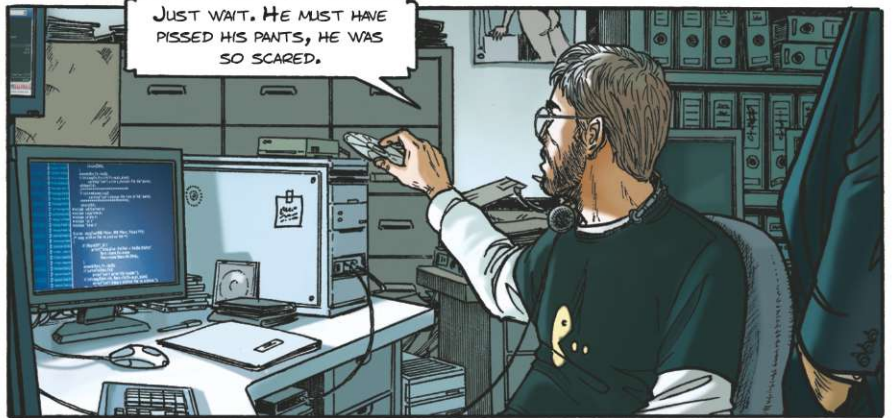
OK, HANG ON.



PRINT-OUT OR RECORDING?



I WANT TO HEAR
HIS VOICE.



JUST WAIT. HE MUST HAVE
PISSED HIS PANTS, HE WAS
SO SCARED.



EXCUSE ME!



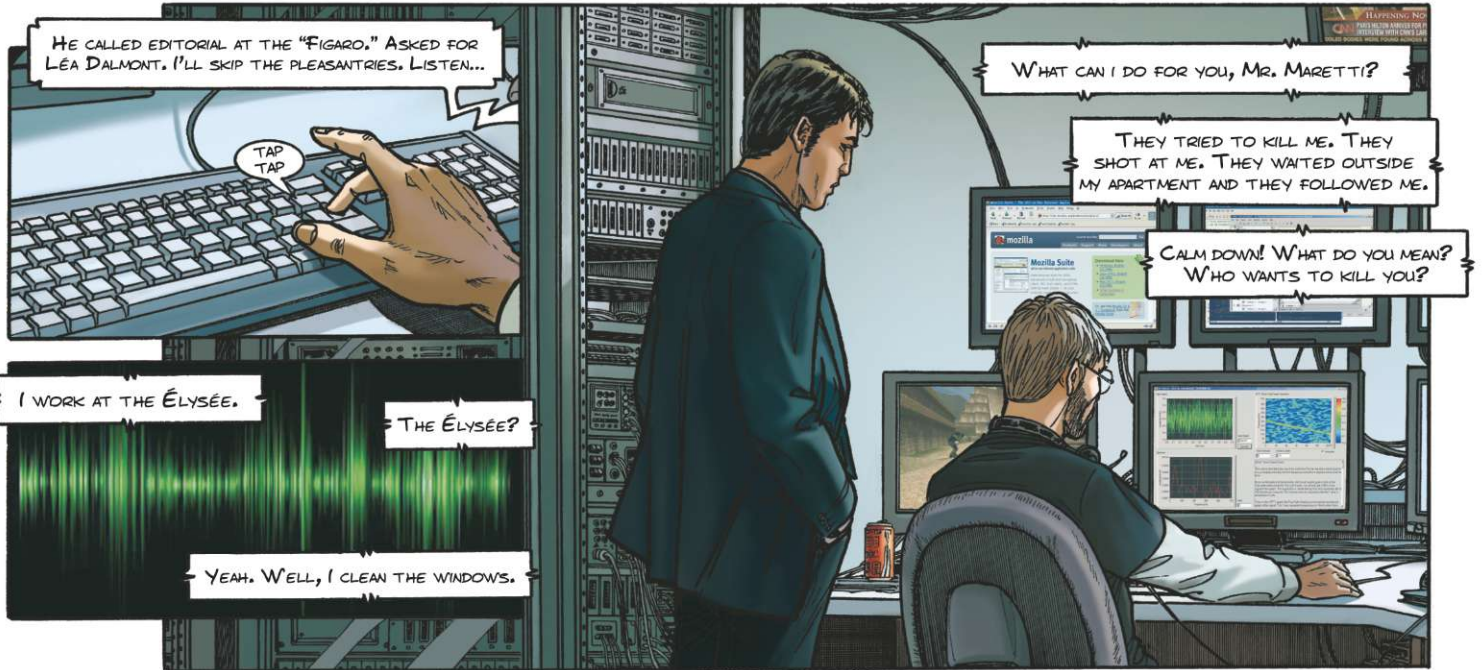
OH! THAT? PROMISE
I WON'T SMOKE THE FILTER.



PUT IT OUT, PLEASE.
IT'S NOT GOOD FOR
THE EQUIPMENT.



PFF. POOR LITTLE
MACHINES.



HE CALLED EDITORIAL AT THE "FIGARO." ASKED FOR LÉA DALMONT. I'LL SKIP THE PLEASANTRIES. LISTEN...

TAP TAP

WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, MR. MARETTI?

THEY TRIED TO KILL ME. THEY SHOT AT ME. THEY WAITED OUTSIDE MY APARTMENT AND THEY FOLLOWED ME.

CALM DOWN! WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHO WANTS TO KILL YOU?

I WORK AT THE ÉLYSÉE.

THE ÉLYSÉE?

YEAH. WELL, I CLEAN THE WINDOWS.



THE PALACE GUARDS. I SAW THEM. THEY KILLED SOMEONE INSIDE THE PALACE...

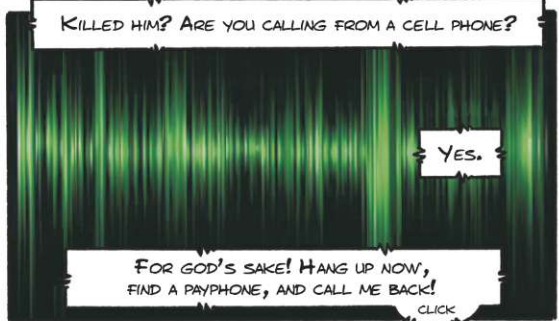
HEY! IS HE TALKING ABOUT THE GUY WHO COMMITTED SUICIDE?



YOU HEARD NOTHING. GET IT?



DON'T WORRY. I WAS BORN DEAF AND MY MIDDLE NAME IS "MUTE"...



KILLED HIM? ARE YOU CALLING FROM A CELL PHONE?

YES.

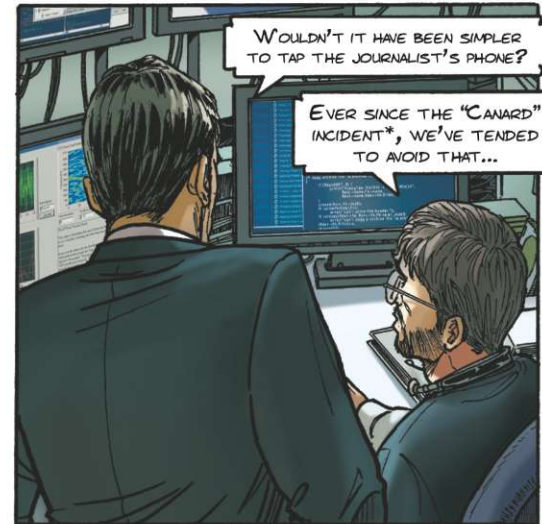
FOR GOD'S SAKE! HANG UP NOW, FIND A PAYPHONE, AND CALL ME BACK!

CLICK



FUCK. IS THAT ALL?

NO. I FOUND WHERE HE WAS CALLING FROM. I LISTED ALL THE PAYPHONES IN THE AREA AND GOT "BIG BROTHER" TO WIRETAP THEM.



WOULDN'T IT HAVE BEEN SIMPLER TO TAP THE JOURNALIST'S PHONE?

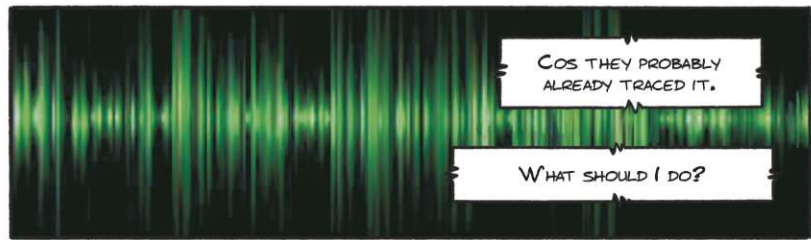
EVER SINCE THE "CANARD" INCIDENT*, WE'VE TENDED TO AVOID THAT...

* IN 1973, MEN WERE CAUGHT BUGGING THE OFFICES OF THE SATIRICAL NEWSPAPER "LE CANARD ENCHAÎNÉ". THEY MANAGED TO GET AWAY AND WERE NEVER FORMALLY IDENTIFIED... BUT THE SECRET SERVICE WAS THE PRIME SUSPECT.



HE WAS AT THE RÉPUBLIQUE METRO STATION. DUPRÉ SENT SOMEONE, BUT HE WAS TOO LATE.

AH, NOW...



COS THEY PROBABLY ALREADY TRACED IT.

WHAT SHOULD I DO?



IS YOUR CELL PHONE OFF?

YES, WHY?



YOU SAY YOU SAW A MAN KILL ANOTHER MAN INSIDE THE ÉLYSÉE PALACE?

OH! FUCK! DOES THE BOSS KNOW?

YES, IN A BIG OFFICE. I EVEN TOOK A VIDEO.



HE ASKED FOR A COPY OF ALL THE RECORDINGS...

I'M DEAD.

WHAT? YOU FILMED IT???

YEAH, WITH MY PHONE. THE PICTURE ISN'T GREAT, BUT...



OK! GO SOMEPLACE WHERE THERE ARE LOTS OF PEOPLE. I'LL MEET YOU TONIGHT AT 11 O'CLOCK BY THE BELVEDERE IN THE PARC DES BUTTES-CHAUMONT. IT'LL BE DESERTED AND WE'LL EASILY SEE IF ANYONE'S COMING.

OK. THANK YOU.
CLICK



YOU HAVE A NEW CLIENT—AND SHE'S NOT STUPID, BY THE SOUND OF IT.

YEAH. IT'S GONNA BE FUN.



MAKE SURE YOU CUT MARETTI'S PHONE OFF. IF HE SENDS ANYONE THAT VIDEO...





SISCO AND VERRAT, IF EITHER OF YOU SO MUCH AS FARTS, I'LL HAVE YOU OUT ON YOUR ASSES FASTER THAN YOU CAN SAY "STRIKE UP THE BAND".

LET'S GET ONE THING STRAIGHT: YOU'RE BOTH ON THE SAME TEAM—MY TEAM. DON'T EITHER OF YOU FORGET THAT OR YOU'LL BE GUARDING THE RESTROOMS. UNDERSTOOD?



OK, I'VE SEEN ENOUGH OF YOU.



SISCO, WAIT A MAUTE.



THIS TIME, YOU'RE FOR THE HIGH JUMP.

OH, NO. YOUR NAME'S ALREADY DOWN FOR IT.



WE PUT A VIP TAG ON MARETTI. JUST IN CASE. IF HE GOES TO THE COPS, THEY'LL HAND HIM OVER TO US.



HERE'S SAINT-SERVANT'S ADDRESS. BEFORE YOU GO TO THE PARK, I'D LIKE YOU TO CLEAN UP HIS APARTMENT, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. AND PAY DEPUTY LACHASSE A VISIT, TOO.



BACK ALREADY FOR SOME MORE BOOT-LICKING?



NO. TODAY'S MY DAY OFF. I'M ON FUNERAL DUTY.



PLAYTIME'S OVER, KIDS. TIME TO GET BACK TO WORK...



DAMN MACHINE'S A BALL-BREAKER! I WANT TO SIGN A 9MM IN, NOT OUT!!

Hi, "SMLEY".

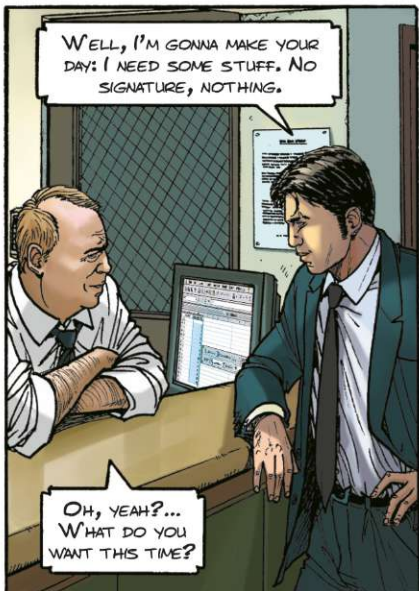


Hi, SISCO.

STILL HAVING FUN WITH YOUR COMPUTER?



WHAT A JOKE. THEY EXPECT ME TO USE THIS THING, EVEN THOUGH HALF OF WHAT I SEND OUT HAS NO PAPERWORK... AND ANYWAY, THE DAMN CONTRAPTION KEEPS CRASHING.



WELL, I'M GONNA MAKE YOUR DAY: I NEED SOME STUFF. NO SIGNATURE, NOTHING.

OH, YEAH?... WHAT DO YOU WANT THIS TIME?



I NEED TO "DECORATE" AN APARTMENT: BARBITURATES, ANTI-DEPRESSANTS, AND A SMALL BOTTLE OF MORPHINE WITH A MATCHING SYRINGE.



BIP

THE WHOLE NINE YARDS, THEN...



WHEN YOU HAVE YOUR OWN CAR, YOU CAN DRUM ON IT ALL YOU LIKE.



TILL THEN, DO ME A FAVOR. STOP DRUMMING ON ME.



WHAT'S IN THERE?



A "CREATE YOUR OWN EVIDENCE" KIT.



IT'S REALLY NOT MY DAY.



WHILE WE'RE WAITING, HOW ABOUT FILLING ME IN...



PATEL IS A... LET'S SAY A CLEVER BUSINESSMAN. HE AND THE PRESIDENT HAVE SET UP SOME KIND OF PARTNERSHIP.



C'MON! I ALREADY KNOW THAT PATEL IS BEST BUDDIES WITH THE PRESIDENT. THEY SAY THE "PASHA" SWEARS BY HIM TO KEEP THE WHEELS OF INDUSTRY TURNING...



SO THEY SAY.



C'MON! SPIT IT OUT!

OK...



SO, IF PATEL LETS THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG, THE "PASHA" COULD END UP IN THE SHIT...



PARTNERSHIP IN WHAT?

WHY DO YOU ASK?



WELL, YOU NEVER KNOW... IT MIGHT BE INTERESTING.

YOU MEAN YOU'RE NOSEY, IS THAT IT?



JUST CURIOUS, THAT'S ALL.

CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT, REMEMBER?



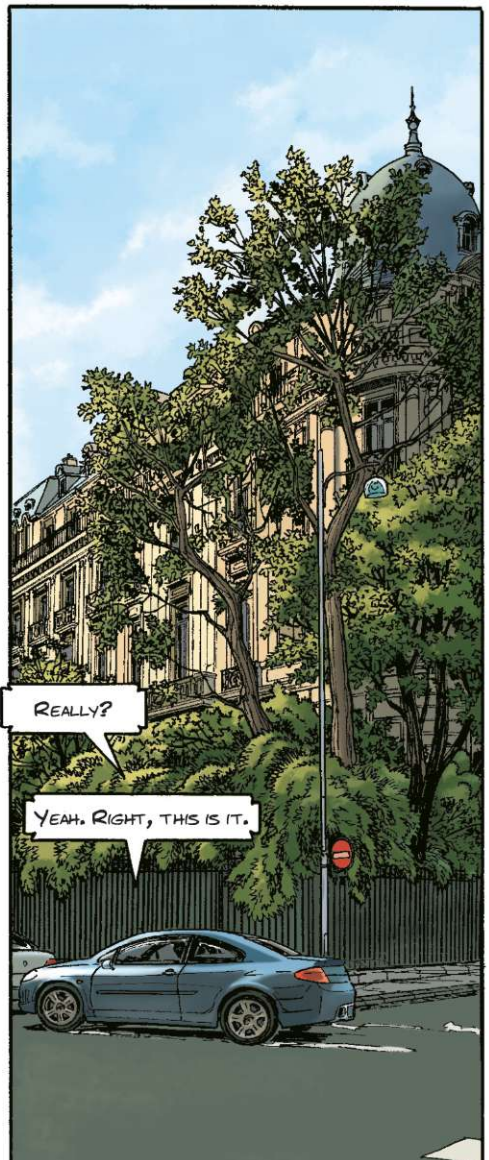
YEAH, RIGHT. I'LL KEEP IT TO MYSELF, DON'T WORRY.

OK, MR. CURIOUS. ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW IS, THE PRESIDENT'S BUDDY SPECIALIZES IN SETTING UP PHANTOM INTERMEDIARIES TO FLEECE THE BIG COMPANIES.



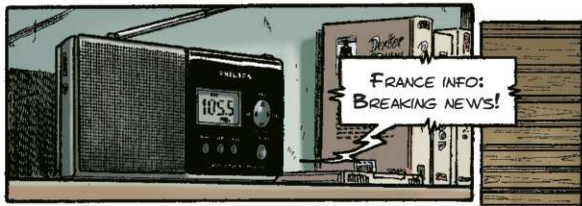
IT'S OBVIOUSLY WORKING. HAVE YOU SEEN THE CAR HE JUST GOT? THE LATEST JAGUAR.

I DON'T GIVE A SHIT. IT'S THE AMOUNT HE'S RAKING IN. THE "PASHA" IS ROLLING IN IT, NOT TO MENTION ALL HIS BUDDIES...



REALLY?

YEAH, RIGHT, THIS IS IT.



FRANCE INFO:
BREAKING NEWS!



ONE OF THE PRESIDENT'S PERSONAL
ADVISORS, GILLES SAINT-SERVAN,
SHOT HIMSELF THIS MORNING IN HIS
OFFICE.



SUICIDE AT THE ÉLYSÉE...



OUR REPORTER
JEAN MERSON IS
LIVE AT THE SCENE...



CITY POLICE.

YOU'RE HERE BECAUSE OF THAT,
AREN'T YOU?



WHERE'S MR. SAINT-SERVAN'S
APARTMENT?

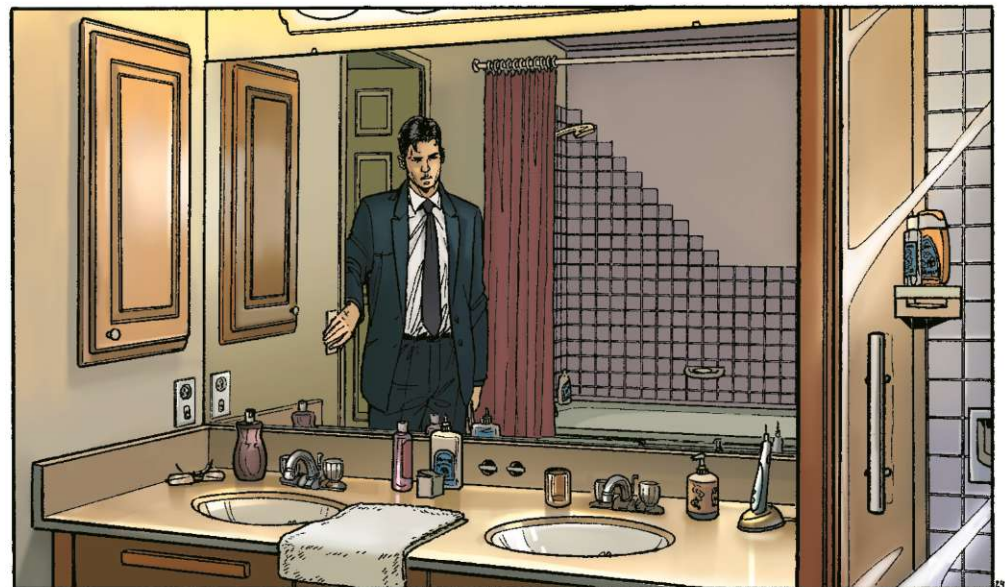
SECOND FLOOR. YOU CAN'T MISS IT.
THERE'S ONLY ONE ON EACH FLOOR.



MY GOD. WHO'D
HAVE THOUGHT...?

YOU LOOK IN HIS DESK
AND ON HIS COMPUTER.











BACK TO H.Q.?

NO, WE'RE GOING FOR A NIGHT ON THE TOWN.



SH!!!

WHY NOT PUT THE BOX IN THE BACK?



ERHH!

HANG ON, I'LL HELP YOU.

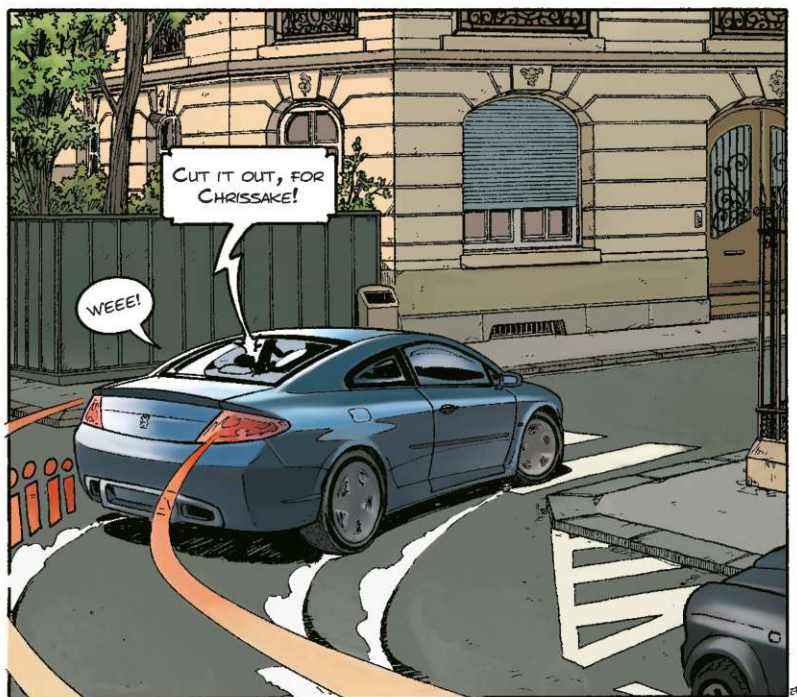


FUCKING HE...

VROOM



THANKS, BUT NEXT TIME DON'T BOTHER.

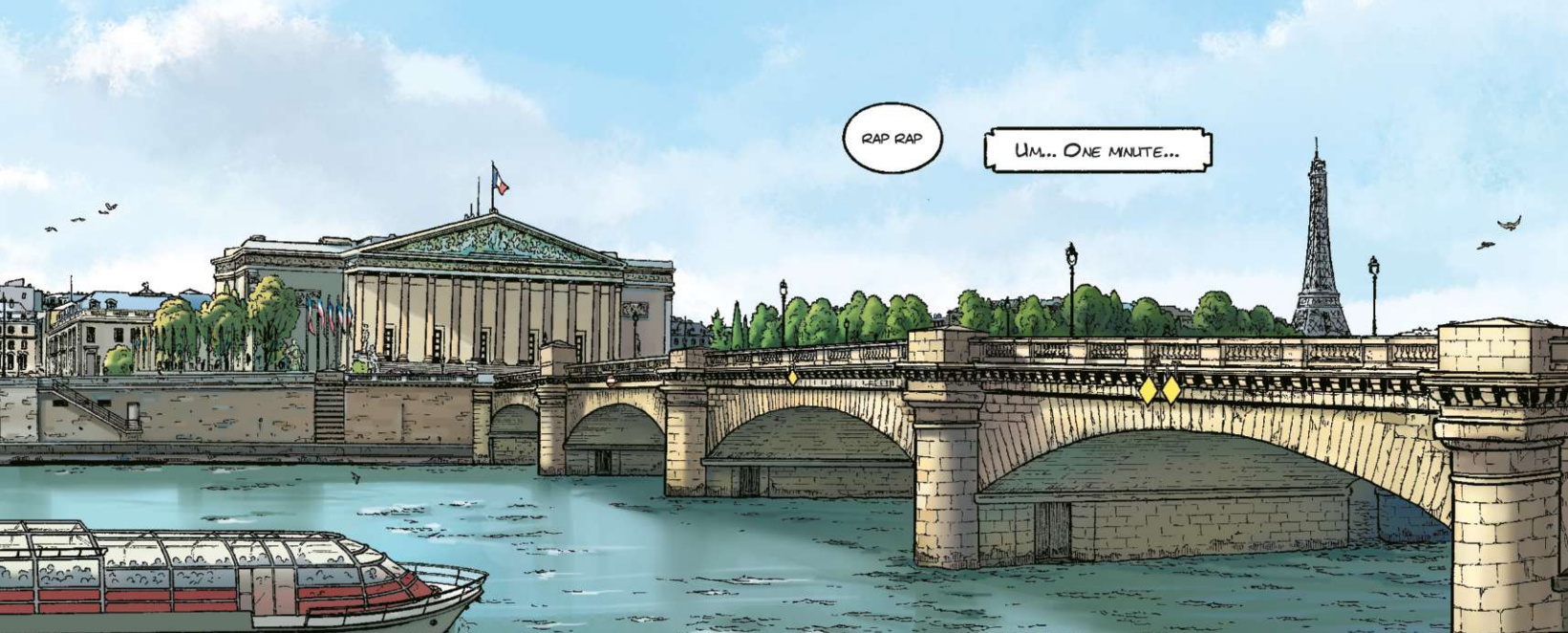


CUT IT OUT, FOR CHRISSAKE!

WEEE!



PFFF! DO SOMETHING NICE FOR SOMEONE AND WHAT DO YOU GET?



RAP RAP

UM... ONE MAUTE...



AFTERNOON, GENTLEMEN. CAN I HELP YOU?



WE'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO DEPUTY LACHASSE.

CITY POLICE, M'ISS.



FOLLOW ME.

WITH PLEASURE.



SIR, TWO MEN FROM THE CITY POLICE TO SEE YOU.

SHOW THEM IN.



UM... DO YOU THINK WE COULD...

YOU CAN GO NOW, LAURENCE, THANK YOU.



THANKS, LAURENCE.



I'M LISTENING, MSTER...



LEGOFF AND SISCO-CASTIGLIONI.

SIR, NO DOUBT YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT THE... UM... SUDDEN DEATH OF MR. SAINT-SERVAN?

YES. VERY SAD NEWS. A GREAT SHOCK... REALLY UNEXPECTED.



EMBARRASSING IS THE WORD—AND EMBARRASSING FOR THE PALACE...

I GUESS, MR. SISCO-CASSI...



SISCO-CASTIGLIONI. IT'S CORSICAN. BUT WE CAN MAKE DO WITH SISCO.



I WON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU THAT TH...



I... UM... WAS DICTATING A SPEECH...



AND YOU FORGOT IT WAS ON?

CLICK



DEPUTY LACHASSE, THIS IS NOT FAIR.



WE REALIZE HOW UPSET YOU MUST BE, EVEN THOUGH YOU'VE BEEN WORRIED FOR SOME TIME ABOUT HIS HEALTH—MENTAL AS WELL AS PHYSICAL.

BUT STILL, YOU WERE CONCERNED THAT HIS RECENT OPERATION HAD TAKEN A TOLL ON HIM.

BESIDES, HE HAD BOUTS OF DEPRESSION, WHICH ALSO WORRIED YOU.

NOT AT ALL! HE WAS IN VERY GOOD HEALTH AND—



WELL, I MEAN... OF COURSE, SINCE YOU'RE ASKING...

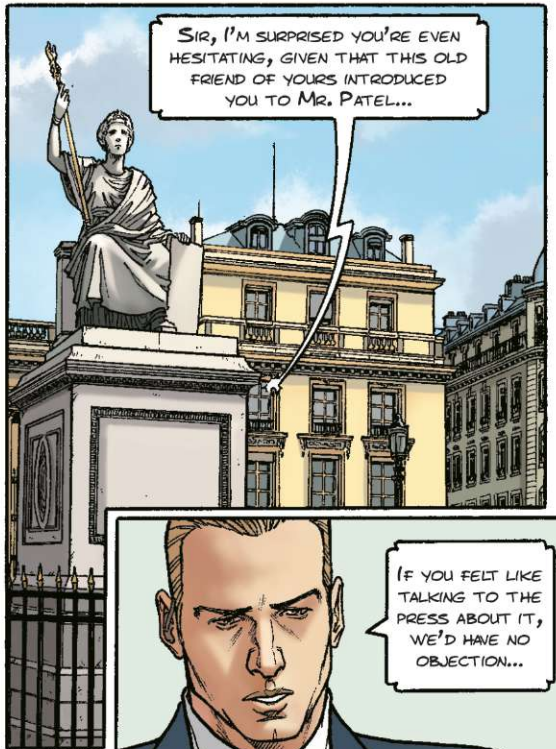


WE ARE ASKING.



OK...

...I GUESS I DON'T HAVE A CHOICE.



SIR, I'M SURPRISED YOU'RE EVEN HESITATING, GIVEN THAT THIS OLD FRIEND OF YOURS INTRODUCED YOU TO MR. PATEL...

IF YOU FELT LIKE TALKING TO THE PRESS ABOUT IT, WE'D HAVE NO OBJECTION...



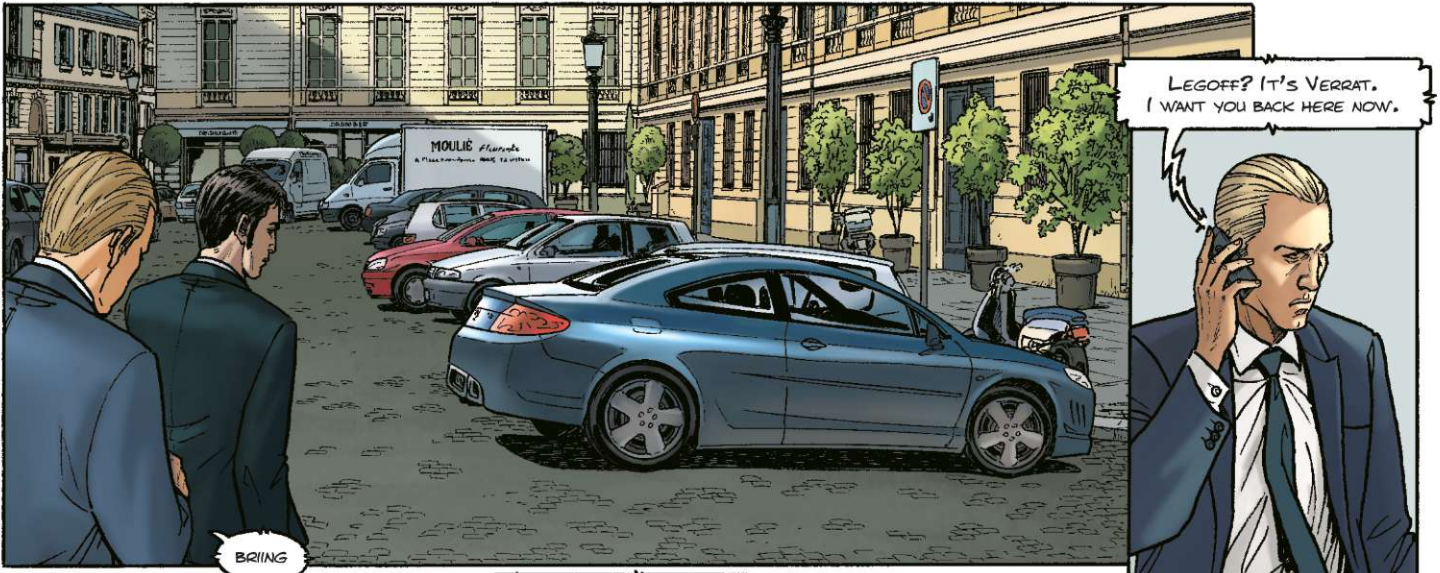
I CAN'T!



COURSE YOU CAN. YOU'RE A POLITICIAN, AREN'T YOU?



I THINK THE DEPUTY MIGHT NEED A SOOTHING HAND, LAURENCE.



BRING



WHAT'S UP?

WHO IS IT?



I'M TAKING OVER. BRIEFING ON THE WITNESS ARREST AT H.Q. IN 15 MINUTES. GET YOUR ASS OVER HERE.



WELL? WHAT IS IT?

YOU WON'T LIKE IT...



VERRAT IS TAKING OVER TONIGHT'S OPERATION.

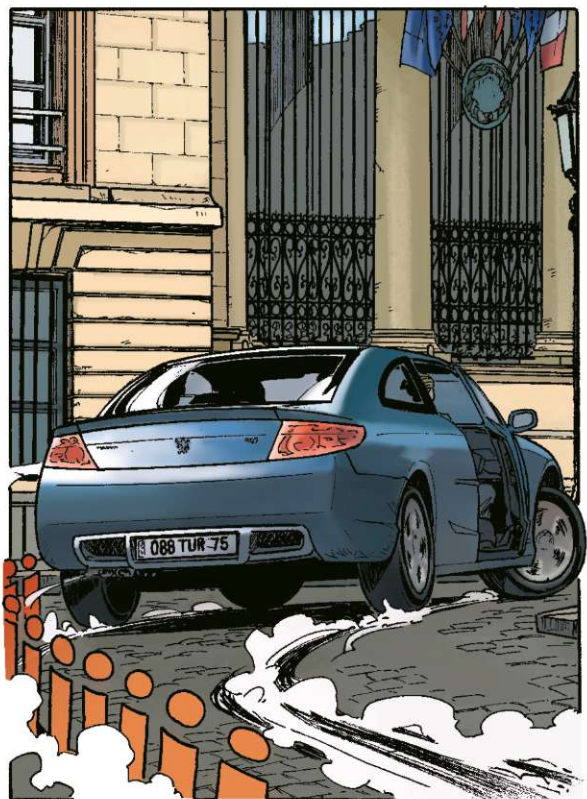


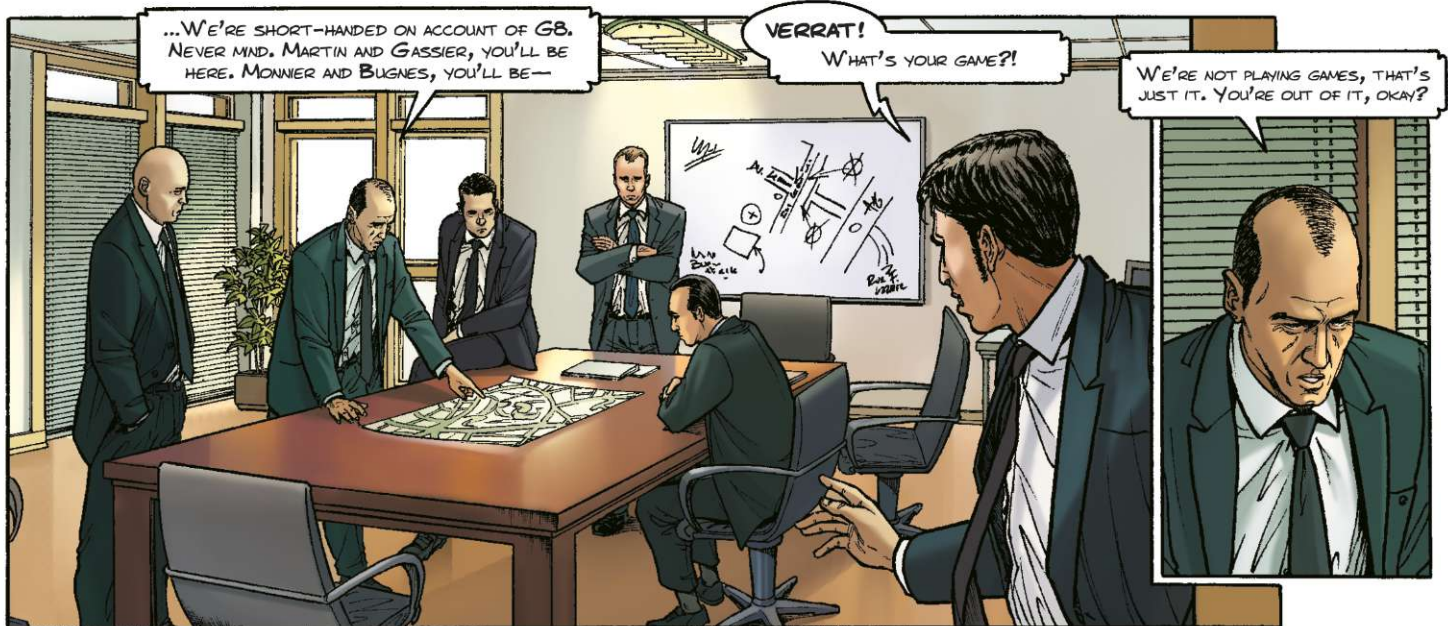
WHAT?!?

THAT ASSHOLE! I'LL SHOVE HIS PIECE DOWN HIS THROAT.



DON'T JUST STAND THERE!





...WE'RE SHORT-HANDED ON ACCOUNT OF GB. NEVER MIND. MARTIN AND GASSIER, YOU'LL BE HERE. MONNIER AND BUGNES, YOU'LL BE—

VERRAT!
WHAT'S YOUR GAME?!

WE'RE NOT PLAYING GAMES, THAT'S JUST IT. YOU'RE OUT OF IT, OKAY?



DON'T FUCK WITH ME!
(IT'S MY OPERATION, AND I—

NOT ANYMORE
IT'S NOT.



HANG ON, YOU CAN'T GET RID OF ME JUST LIKE THAT.

I'M NOT GETTING RID OF YOU.
JUST STANDING YOU DOWN.



SORRY, BUDDY, BUT
THE PRESIDENT'S GETTING
NERVOUS AND IT'S HIS CALL.



YOU CAN'T HELP YOURSELF,
CAN YOU? YOU HAVE TO BE
A BOOT-LICKER!

WHINE ALL YOU WANT, BUT DO
IT OUTSIDE, WILL YOU?



SLAM!



WHERE ARE
YOU GOING?



YOU STAY. WE NEED ALL
THE HELP WE CAN GET.



...ON THE HILL. THE MAIN ACCESS IS CLOSED FOR REPAIRS. WE'LL COVER THE GARDEN BRIDGE.

#2 IN POSITION...

CAN'T SEE A DAMN THING WITH ALL THIS RAIN. LOOKS LIKE IT'S GONNA BE FUN.

#2, STAY WHERE YOU ARE. IT'S TOO LATE TO MOVE... #3, YOUR LOCATION?



#3 IN POSITION, BUT IT'S SHIT. WE'RE UP TO OUR KNEES IN—



I DON'T CARE! RADIO SILENCE FROM NOW ON.



#1, POSSIBLE TARGET TO YOUR RIGHT... 300 YARDS.



#2, STAY WITH HIM. WE'RE NOT SEEING HIM.



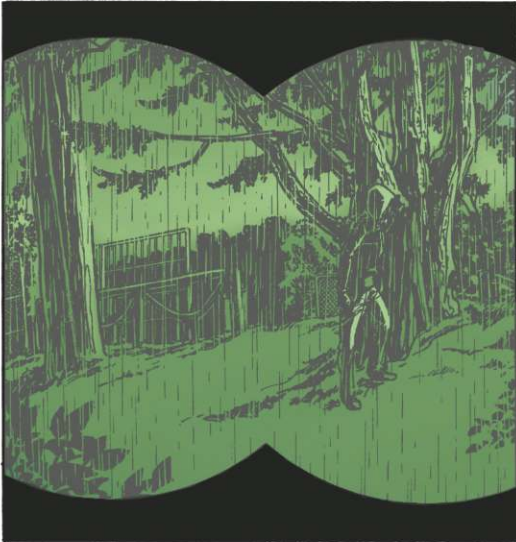
THERE AREN'T ENOUGH OF US. AND WE'RE DROWNING!

SHHHH!



I SHOULD HAVE WORN FLIPPERS. MY SHOES ARE GONNA BE RUINED...

I SAID SHUT UP!



VARRAT, SECOND TARGET BY THE BRIDGE. JUST APPEARED.



RIGHT.



MR. MARETTI?



I'M LÉA DALMONT.



YOU DON'T KNOW HOW GLAD I AM TO SEE YOU.



POSITIVE I.D. (REPEAT, POSITIVE I.D. WE'RE GOING IN.)







SHOOT WHEN YOU'RE TOLD, FOR GOD'S SAKE! WE WANT THEM ALIVE!



WHAT THE HELL ARE THEY DOING?!?



YOU GO THAT WAY!



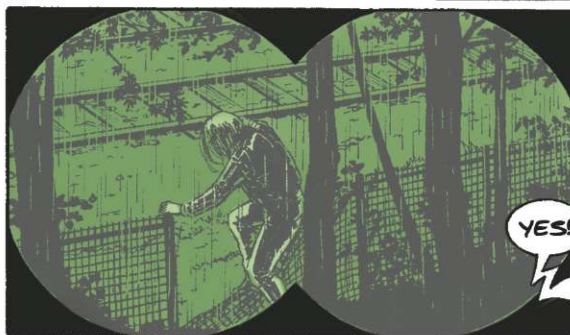
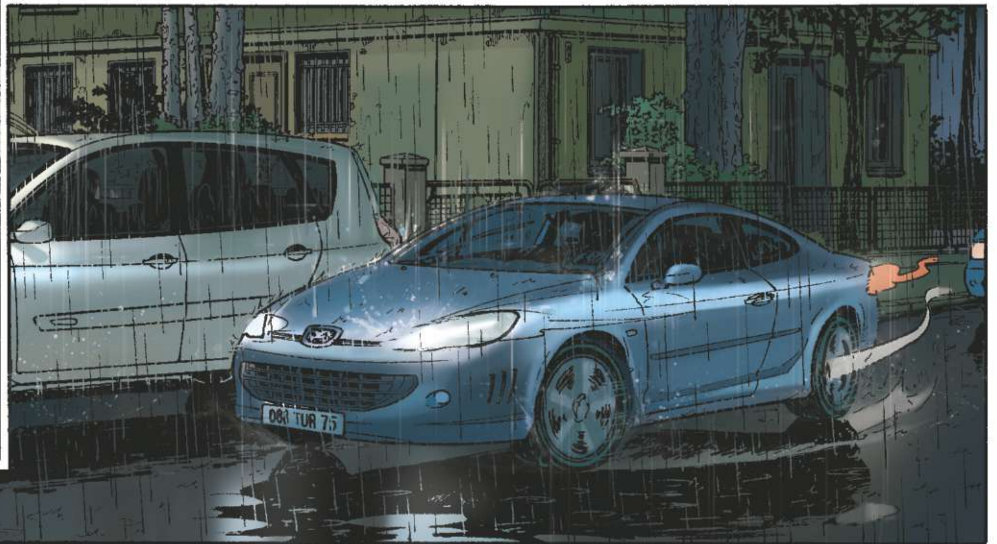
WE HAVE TO SPLIT UP.

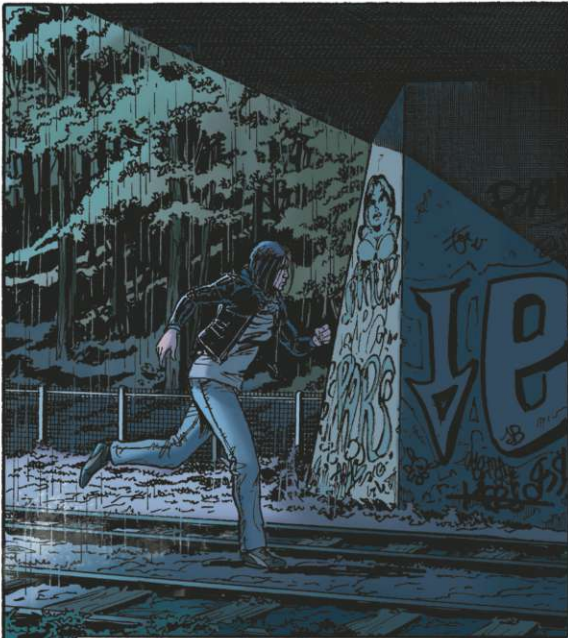
NOOO! PHHH, PHHH. DON'T LEAVE ME. PHHH.

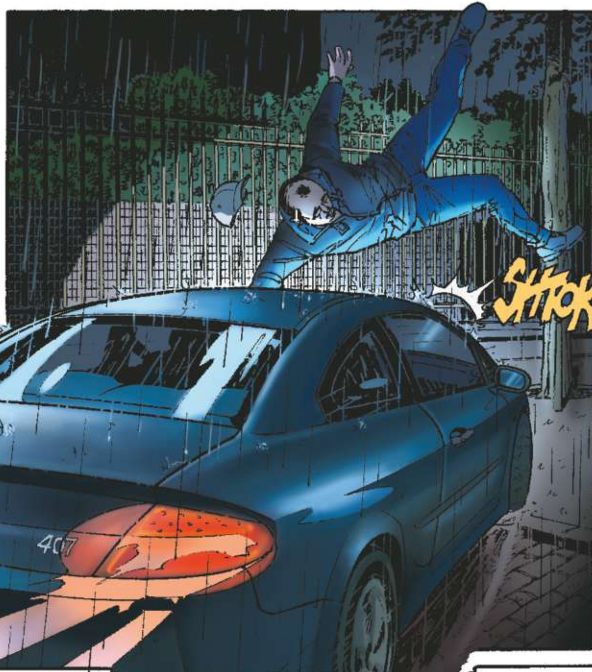


IT'S OUR ONLY HOPE.









HERE COMES THE GENERAL—
AFTER THE BATTLE...

WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE?!?

ARG...



DON'T YOU GET
IT? YOU'RE OUT.
ON THE BENCH.



I DON'T THINK SO...

THE STAKES HAVE JUST
RAISED AND YOU'RE LOSING.



I CAN'T FIND IT!



WHERE'S YOUR PHONE?!?

I LOST IT... PLEASE... I NEED
A DOCTOR... MY LEG...



LOST IT?
YOU DON'T SAY?



DON'T WORRY.
WE'LL GET YOU
TO A DOCTOR.



THE "CLINIC" AT CLAMART,
SOUTH-WEST OF PARIS



AAAARGHH!

STOP IT!
PLEASE!



LET ME ASK
YOU AGAIN...



...WHERE'S THE PHONE YOU TOOK
THE VIDEO WITH?



YOU'RE GONNA
KILL ME, RIGHT?



THIS IS FOR ME.



KILLING YOU IS ONE OPTION, YES. UNLESS YOU
COOPERATE, WHICH IS NOT THE CASE AT THE MOMENT...



I BEG YOU...



DID YOU KNOW THIS WAS KING GEORGE III'S FAVORITE WHISKY?



AND IT'S DOING YOU ABOUT AS MUCH GOOD.



DO YOU MIND IF WE DO SOME WORK?



AAAH! NOW WE CAN, YES.



No! No! I GAVE THE PHONE TO THE REPORTER. SHE'S GOT IT!

REALLY? WE WERE WATCHING YOU BOTH THE WHOLE TIME, YOU AND HER, AND WE DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING.

WHEN WE WERE RUNNING... I GAVE IT TO HER.



WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM? A DONKEY? HOW 'BOUT WE OPEN UP HIS OTHER KNEE, BOROWSKY?

I GAVE IT TO HER! I SWEAR!



I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT. I HOPE YOU'VE BEEN TAKING NOTES.



HE'S ALL YOURS, LEGOFF. ENJOY.



LEGOFF?

HE'S TOO SCARED TO BE LYING.



THAT WAS A QUICK TIRE CHANGE.



YOU SHUT IT, AND STAY RIGHT THERE IN THE CAR.



BAD NEWS, GUYS: SISCO JUST SHOWED UP.

GASSIER, MONNIER, STOP HIM!



I WANT TO SEE VERRAT.

SORRY, SISCO, BUT THAT WON'T BE POSSIBLE.



LET ME THROUGH. DON'T MAKE ME GIVE YOU A—

I'M JUST FOLLOWING ORDERS, OLD MAN.



THUD



CRACK



!?!?

THUD



TOO LATE. TOO BAD, HUH?



I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR
MIND.



HAPPY NOW? GOT WHAT YOU WANTED?

I SAVE YOUR ASS
AND YOU START WITH
THIS BULLSHIT.



I DIDN'T LOSE THE GIRL
AFTER CHASING HER WITH
TWO OTHER GUYS...



THAT'S IT, WISE-GUY. AND NOW
SHE HAS THE VIDEO.

?!?
OH, WELL DONE!

CLAP
CLAP



YOU'VE MADE THINGS EVEN
WORSE. CONGRATULATIONS.



YOUR BUDDY'S BEGINNING TO GET ON MY NERVES.



TIME YOU LEARNED TO TELL WHICH WAY THE WIND'S BLOWING, AND I'M TELLING YOU HE'S NO GOOD.



SO WHOSE SIDE ARE YOU ON?

DECISION TIME...



WHAT A SHIT DAY.

PART 2 (AND CONCLUSION) OF THIS EPISODE: "SHUT HER UP!"

EUROPE COMICS - ALL DIGITAL. ALL EUROPEAN.
www.europecomics.com

*This work is published as an e-book under the collective imprint Europe Comics,
coordinated by Mediatoon Licensing. For rights queries, please contact Mediatoon at
contact.mfr@mediatoon.com, or visit <http://mfr.mediatoon.com>.*

© 2017 – LE LOMBARD – Legrain & Benec
Translation: Joseph Laredo
Lettering: Calix Ltd
Original title: Sisco - 1. Ne tirez que sur ordre !
Originally published in French by LE LOMBARD in 2010
All rights reserved.
www.lelombard.com

LE LOMBARD

The European Commission support for the production of this publication does not constitute an endorsement of the contents which reflects the views only of the authors, and the Commission cannot be held responsible for any use which may be made of the information contained therein.



Co-funded by the
Creative Europe Programme
of the European Union

SISCO



Some murders go undetected. They're hushed up for reasons of national security. Sisco is one of the men who lives in the shadows and keeps the wheels of government turning with the help of his 9mm. And he's one of the best.

His latest mission is to silence one of the President's aides before he causes him political embarrassment. Nothing unusual in that... But when an unexpected witness and an ambitious young journalist get in the way, they discover what it means to threaten the President... and Sisco.