LEGRAIN

BENEC

SISCO

SHUT HER UP!

SISCO

SHUT HER UP!

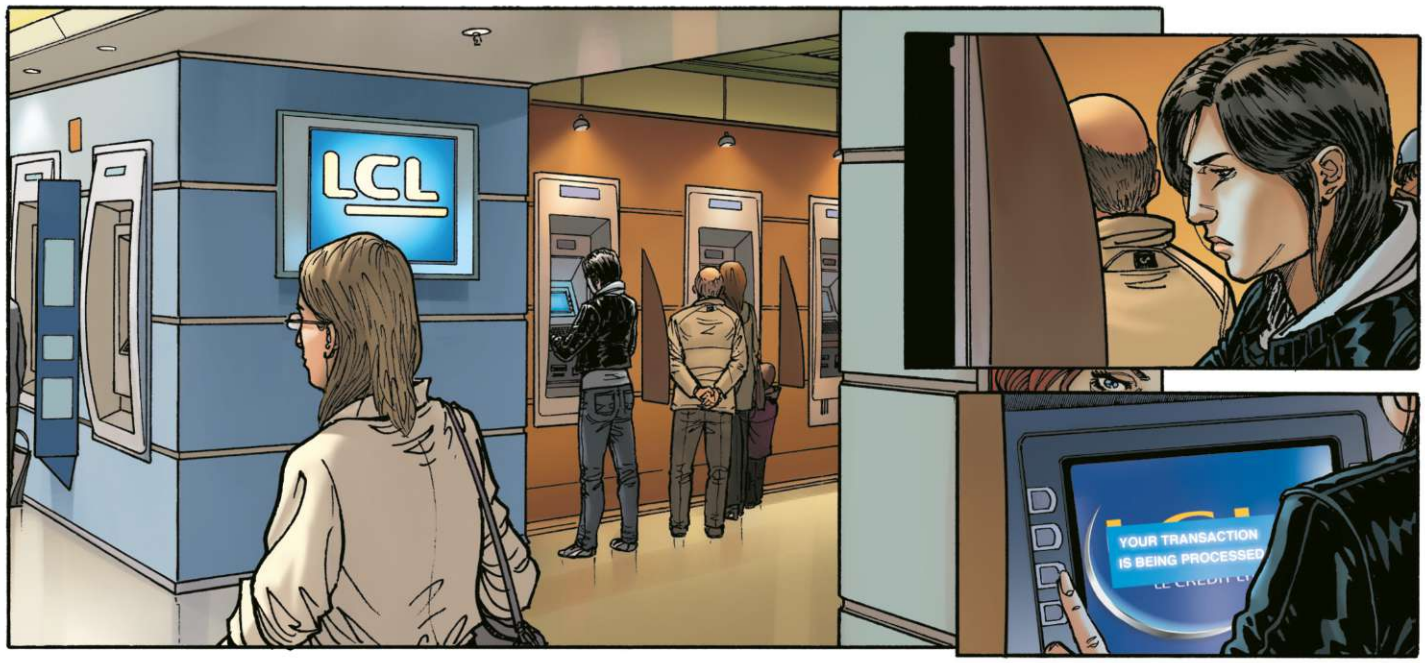
ARTIST
LEGRAIN

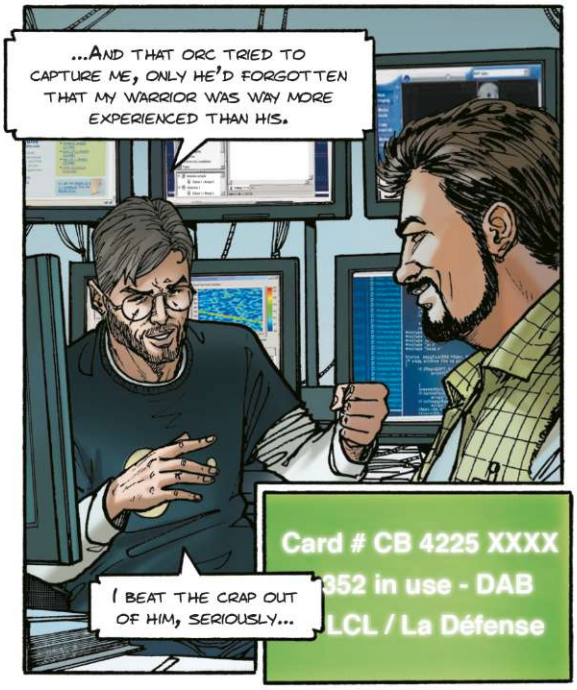
WRITER
BENEC

COLORIST
PENG WANG AND
STUDIO 9

EuRoPe
COMICS

Oh, your special agents are so great! Bravo!
Such pros! Their screw-ups are particularly impressive!
Saint-Servan's death can only make life easier for you, and the media are focusing on what deputy Lachasse said.
Shopping mall, La Défense, Paris
Thank God for the earthquake in Turkey is what I say.
Sure, it came at just the right time, but that's not to say my men didn't do a great job. Judge Saint-Servan will embarrass you no more.
Not true! You just told me there's a reporter out there somewhere who might have a video of one of your agents in action.

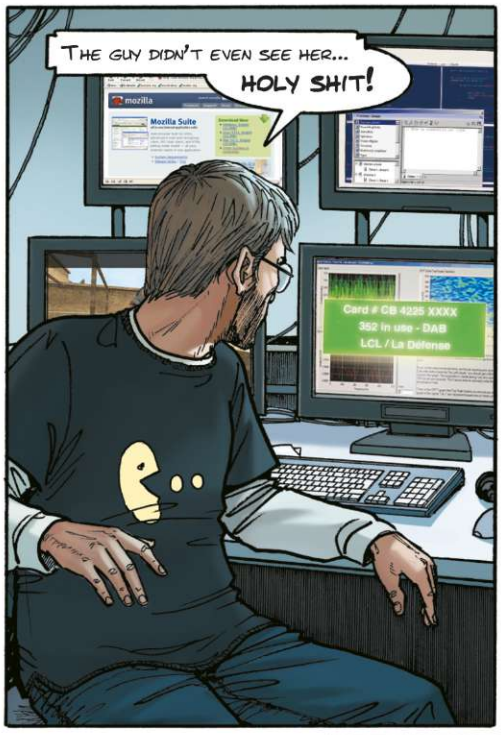

LCL
YOUR TRANSACTION IS BEING PROCESSED


...And that orc tried to capture me, only he'd forgotten that my warrior was way more experienced than his.
I beat the crap out of him, seriously...
Card # CB 4225 XXXX
352 in use - DAB
LCL / La Défense

Here, this phone uses a prepaid card.
SFR

To activate it, just type in this code, and you'll be able to use it within the hour.
SFR
How'd you like to pay?
In cash.
Oh...

Speaking of the efficiency of your men, it seems you allow some of them to shoot whenever they feel like it...
I don't like that, Dupré, not at all.
Mr. President, my men must make quick decisions according to the situation they're in. That's why they're good.
How you operate is up to you, Dupré. All I want are the appropriate results. Unless I see them.. I'll leave the consequences to your imagination...
You'll have your results, sir.
Verrat, can you tell me how the president happens to know exactly what's going on in my department?
The president asked for an update on the file, so I made a report.
You make your reports to me. If the old man asks you for something, you give him the absolute minimum, and you do not shit on my team. Is that clear?
Absolutely.


The guy didn't even see her...
HOLY SHIT!
Card # CB 4225 XXXX
352 in use - DAB
LCL / La Défense

Sisco? It's Paul. The girl's at La Défense, in the mall.

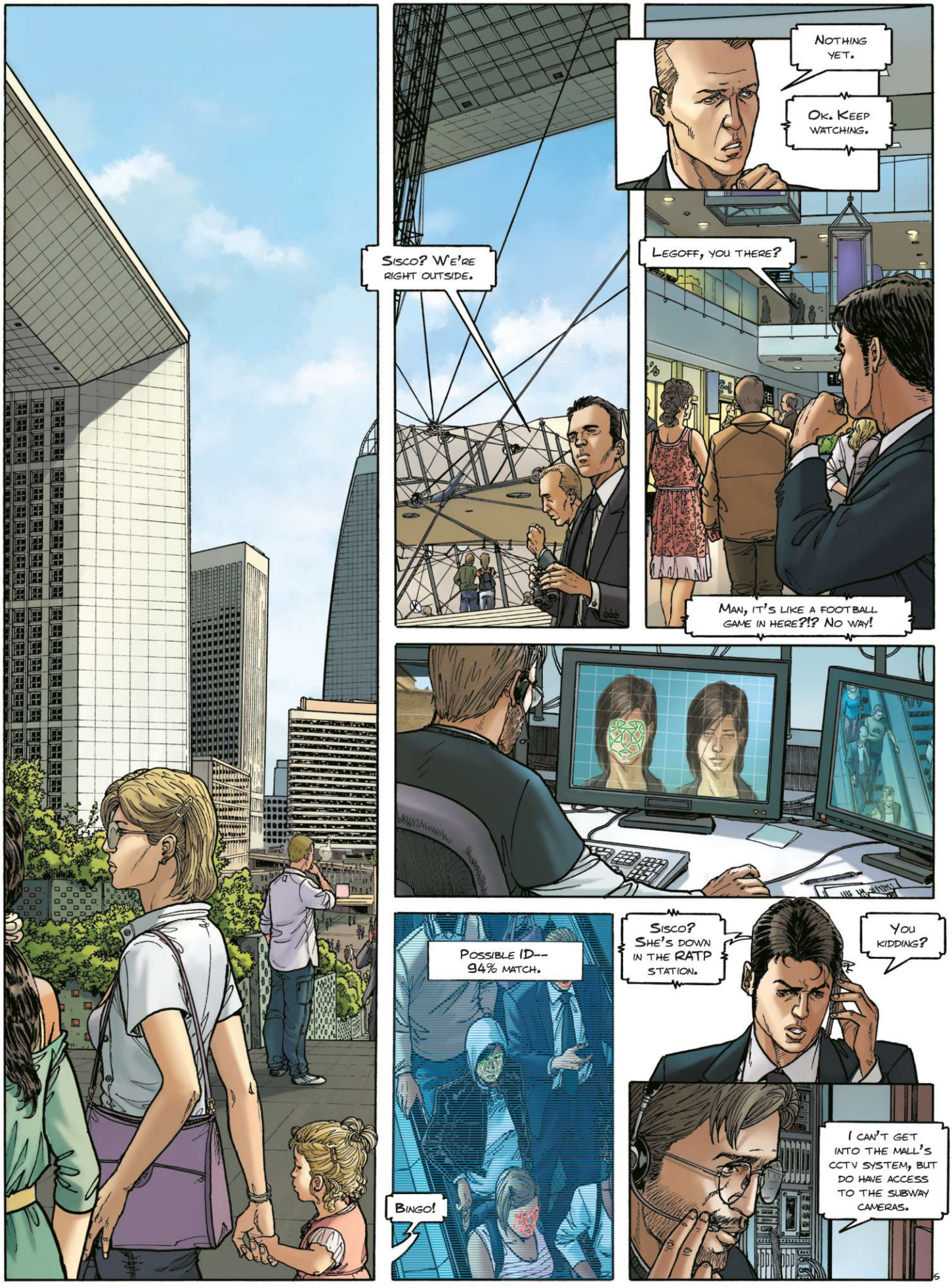
On our way.

Can you hack into the CCTV?
Hey, this isn't mission impossible, man. I'm good, but not that good.

That's a good phone you've got there: camera, video, internet access. Plus the prepaid card... you couldn't pay by card, could you? My boss prefers it if we...
Ah... well...

...My card was stolen a couple days ago and I don't have the new one yet...
Ok. Can you wait a moment, please? I need to ask my manager.

Is it ok?
Yeah, sure, but if I don't ask him every time, he turns it into an international crisis...


Sisco? We're right outside.
Nothing yet.
Ok. Keep watching.
Legoff, you there?
Man, it's like a football game in here?!? No way!
Possible ID-- 94% match.
Bingo!
Sisco? She's down in the RATP station.
You kidding?
I can't get into the mall's CCTV system, but do have access to the subway cameras.

All agents: head for the subway.

Asshole!
Move!
Oy!

Ok, I got you. The girl's right in front of you.

Dior

RER
Café

Hey! My pass!
DE LA DEFENSE
It's over, Dalmont!
Back toward me, slowly.
Don't be stupid!
I just want the phone!
BOISSY St LEGER
SKKRRiiiiiiiiiiiiiii

Move!
Aaah!
Shit!
A gram of coke...
That enough?
Yeah! Gimme, please!
No deal... unless you're willing to pay in kind...
Not that, please. Just a gram... I'm about to get a huge raise. I'll be able to pay you back real soon...
D'ENTRER
In here. It stinks out there.

Terminus! End of the line.
Hand over Maretti's phone.
I don't have it.
The place is deserted.
Ok, do it...
...Get rid of both of them.
What?
I told you to cover me.
Remember whose side you're on.
Now! That's an order!

What the hell are you—?!
So sorry. Nothing personal.
Hey!
You lousy bi...
?!
?!

Drop the gun! Drop the gun! Now!
No way! You're a cop, right?!
Get outta here or I'll blow you away!
What the hell—?!
Run!

BLAM
BLAM
Asshole!
BLAM

Why did he shoot at you?!?

I have no idea what he was doing, but you just got another life...
Ouch

Let me go!
No need to flip out.

The video. Now!

Come out, chicken!
Sisco got away... never mind.

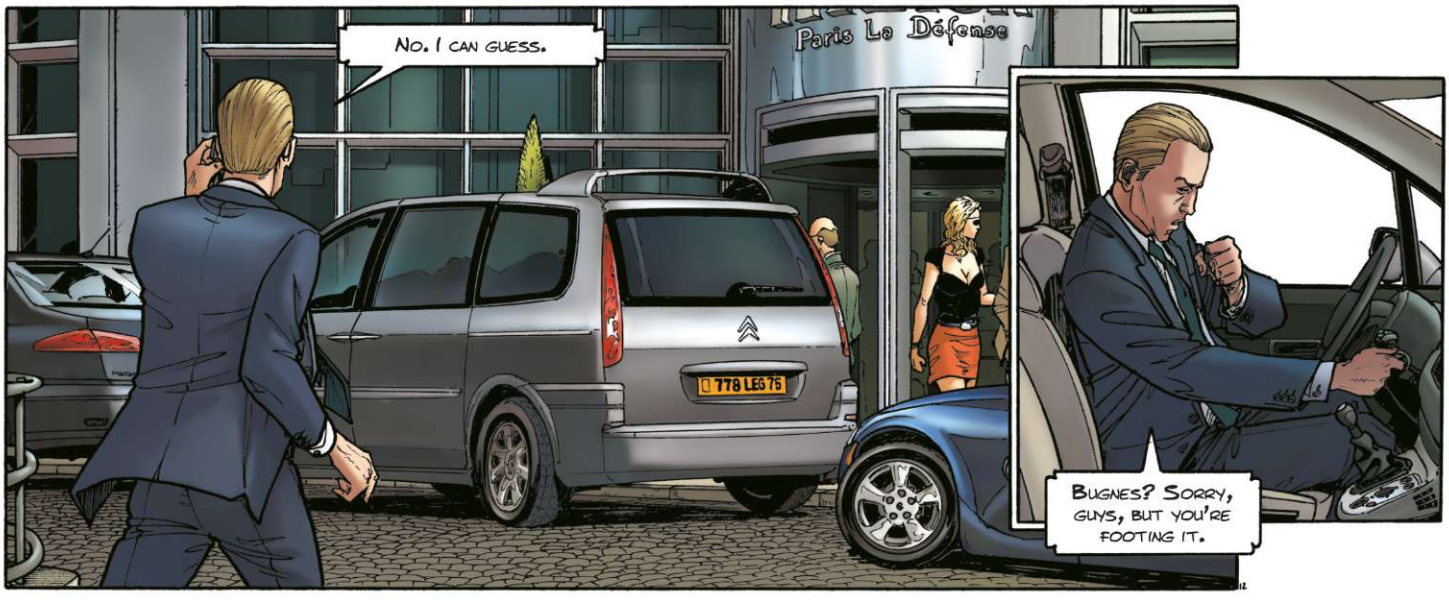
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

You...
BLAM

DÉFENS D'ENTR
I LOST THEM.. HELLO? HELLO?
SHIT, NO SIGNAL!

BUGNES? MARTIN? YOU KNOW WHERE SISCO IS?
NEGATIVE.

PAUL, I NEED TO LOCATE SISCO.
WHAT? LOST HIM?
IT'S OK, I GOT HIM. HE'S HEADED FOR NEUILLY... HEY, THAT'S WEIRD. HE'S CALLING SOMEONE HERE.
AN AGENT?
NO. LOOKS LIKE THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE. YOU WANT ME TO CHECK?


NO. I CAN GUESS.
Paris La Défense
BUGNES? SORRY, GUYS, BUT YOU'RE FOOTING IT.

Some time later
Thanks for getting back so fast.
I found someone to cover. Is there a problem?
No big deal. Legoff just tried to shoot me. Other than that, it's all good...
You kidding?
And who's she?
You never saw her, ok?
I've no idea what's going on, but for now she just might be my life insurance.
Throw some things in a bag for her and get going.
Wait a minute. You come to my place, with a girl, you tell me you've been shot at, and I'm supposed to play dumb? Like some bimbo babysitter?
That's enough, please. I need you to hide her for a few days. And preferably not here.
Like at my grandmother's, you mean?
Perfect.

* DIRECTION GÉNÉRALE DES SERVICES DE PROTECTION DU PRÉSIDENT DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE = PRESIDENT'S BODYGUARDS

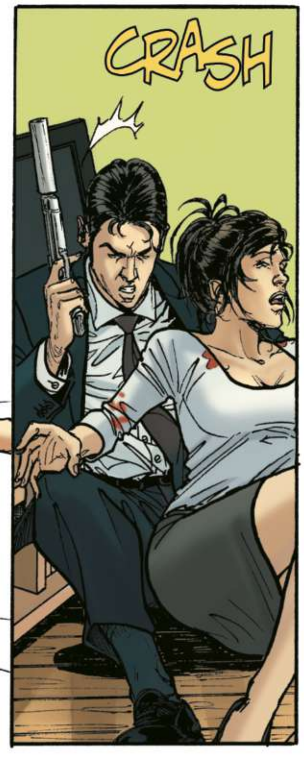
I don't like it, Dupré.
Your agents are making a spectacle of themselves.
We're doing everything we can, sir. Unfortunately, there's always an unanticipated element and—
That's all, Dupré.
Everything going ok, Mister President?
What I mean is, I might be able to help you.
That's a strange thing to ask, Verrat.
What would help me is, in no particular order: an aspirin, a silent opposition party, agents that know what they're doing, and nice friendly reporters...
15

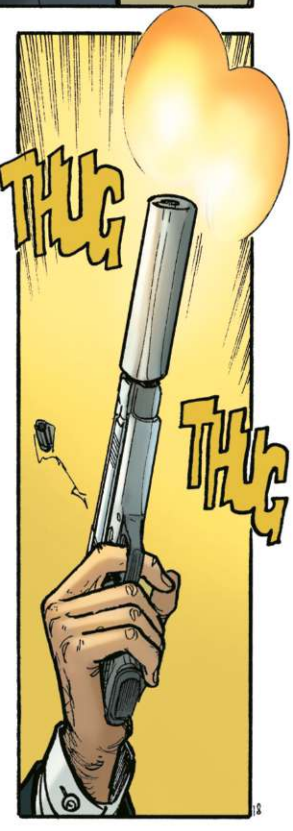
You tracked my cell phone, did you?
Like Hansel and Gretel.
In there.
Put your feet up and don't think of moving.
Don't worry: like you said, it's nothing personal.
Fuck, I was only following orders! Didn't you do the same thing just the other day?
Who?
Click
Last chance: who?
For god's sake, be serious!
I see a red door and I want it painted black...

No colors anymore I want them to turn black...
You trying to scare me?!
I have to turn my head until my darkness goes
THUG
Vincent, no!!
Aaaahh!
Fuck! You busted my kneecap! You sick or what!?
I see a line of cars and they're all painted black...
Another?
No! Wait!
Verrat! It was Verrat who told me to...
I see a red door and I want it painted black...
Vincent, please, he's losing blood like a—
It's not easy facing up when your whole world is black
!?

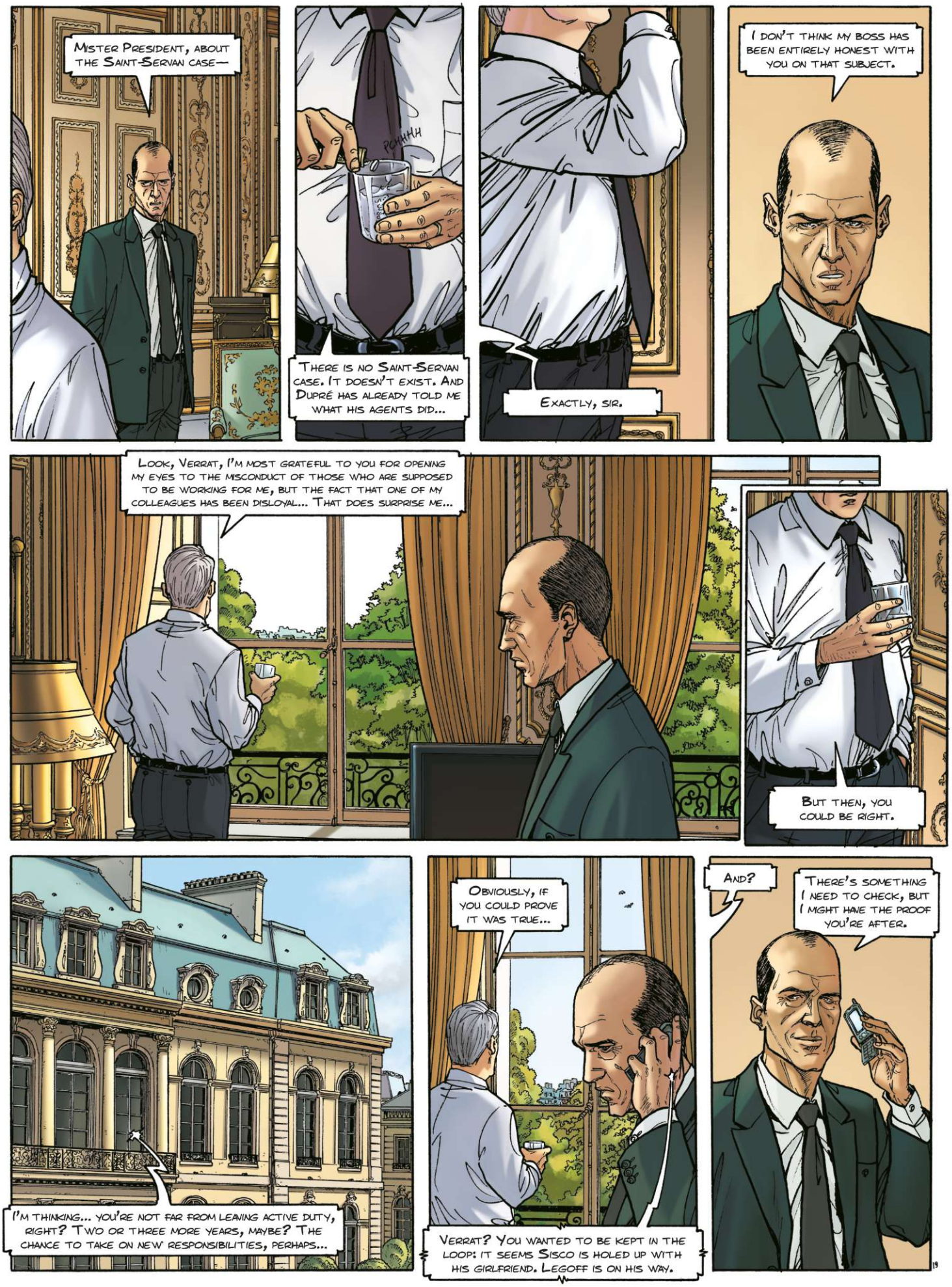
I wanna see it painted, painted, painted black

I have to turn my head until my darkness goes





* "Paint it black" by the Rolling Stones


Mister President, about the Saint-Servan case—
PCHHHH
There is no Saint-Servan case. It doesn't exist. And Dupré has already told me what his agents did...
Exactly, sir.
I don't think my boss has been entirely honest with you on that subject.
Look, Verrat, I'm most grateful to you for opening my eyes to the misconduct of those who are supposed to be working for me, but the fact that one of my colleagues has been disloyal... That does surprise me...
But then, you could be right.
I'm thinking... you're not far from leaving active duty, right? Two or three more years, maybe? The chance to take on new responsibilities, perhaps...
Obviously, if you could prove it was true...
Verrat? You wanted to be kept in the loop: it seems Sisco is holed up with his girlfriend. Legoff is on his way.
And?
There's something I need to check, but I might have the proof you're after.
19

Oh, shit!
V... Vincent...
Manon!
Don't move! You'll be ok...
Were you hit too?
It's nothing, honey. Just a flesh wound. You hang on, ok?
Dalmont! Get me some towels, quick!
This?
Well, what are you waiting for? Do it! Press it on the wound.
Gnnn
Be careful for god's sake...
I'm sorry, I didn't mean...
This is Sisco. Put me through to Dupré, now.

Dupré. The line is secure.
Phone and video destroyed.
The reporter?
She's with me. I don't think she'll talk.
For god's sake, you think a reporter's gonna keep her mouth shut?!
I made a deal with her.
A deal? That's not like you. What kind of deal?
She can testify that Legoff tried to kill me.
What?!
What sort of bullshit is that?! I need evidence, my boy. Hard evidence.
Evidence, huh?
If you go to the President's secretary's place, you'll find Legoff dead and miss Jouvert herself with a bullet wound.
Good enough?
Ok. Can you explain how the hell this happened?
Verrat tried to use the situation to get rid of me.
Oh, no! Not that nonsense again! I've had enough of your squabbling!
Okay, I'll send an ambulance...
And you get back here now with—
Beep

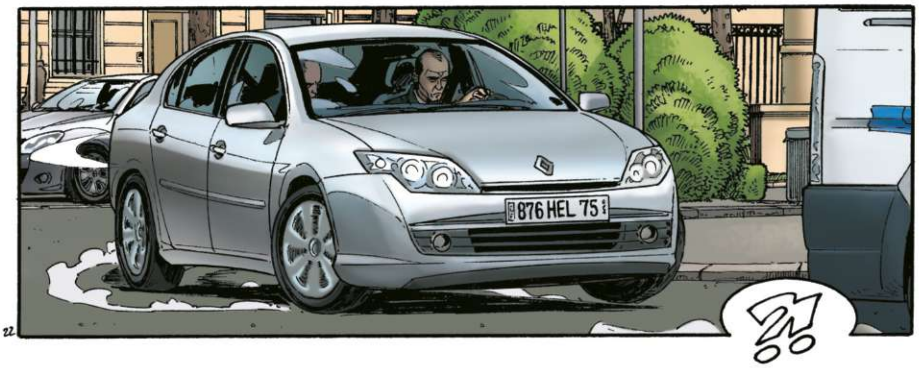
We need to go. An ambulance will be here in five minutes. Will you be ok?
Yeah... You be careful...

Let's go. If you try to get away, you get a bullet in your leg. Okay?

This way. We'll take Manon's car.

You ok? Can I do something?
No. Yes. Be quiet.
Aren't we going?
Just wait.
What for?

Ok.
Undertakers for Legoff, doctor for Manon.
SMUR
AMBULANCE


876 HEL 75
?!

Hey, look! Verrat might as well say, "It was all my fault"...
Get down, for god's sake!

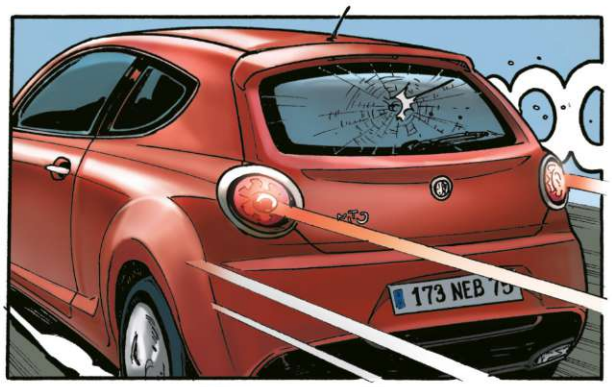
We have one dead and one wounded, both from gunshots. No one else in the apartment. We're having it cleaned up.
SMUR
Wait!
Are these her personal effects?
Yes, sir.
Know what an Alfa Romeo Mito looks like?
He saw us!
Yeah, I know.
It's him!
Tooot
VROM

You drive!
VVROOM
eeeee
VVVROOOOOO
eeee
Hang on!
We need to lose them!
Jean Louis David
Jean Louis David
Don't stop!
VROOOOO
eeee

You'll kill us both!!
Shut it!
Faster, for chrissake!
?!
173 NEB 75
573 VPC 75
KLANG
573 VPC 75
876 HEL 75
Shit!
Stay with him!
He's going through the park. With luck, it won't be too busy...
You aren't going to kill him, are you?!
He killed Legoff, didn't he? It's payback.
Get closer! Up his ass!

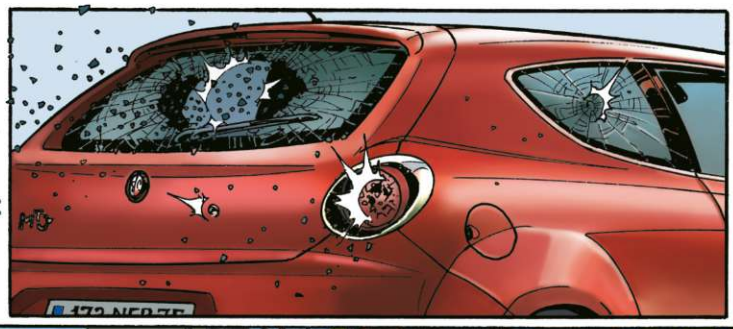
876 HEL 75
173 NEB 75

Come on, mto! Whoever heard of an Italian car with no guts?!
Um... seems to have quite enough to me...


173 NEB 75

Closer, chrissake!

THUG
THUG

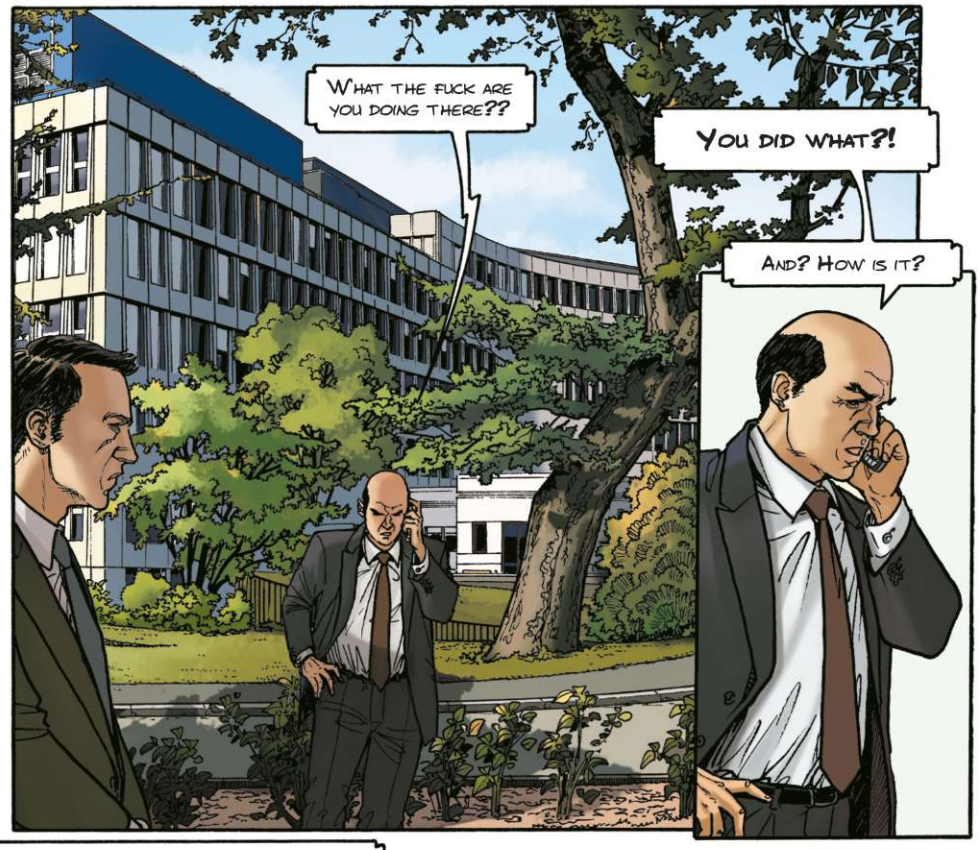


Stop that! There's too many people now.
Porte d'Ivry
312
They're still right behind us...

I DON'T BELIEVE IT...
...IT WAS CHAOTIC ENOUGH WITHOUT TRAMS...
AFTER HIM!
876 HEL 75
NEB 75
SHIIIT!
VRROOO
SKRIIIII
BANG
SSCHHRRRRRR
eeeeeee
SHIT!
BOM

I think we lost them.
992 TNT 65
We can breathe for a minute...
173 NEB 75
Oh, Jesus! He did get me.
You ok? No bruises?
Dalm?!
Arrrgh! Damn, damn, damn!
VWOUF
Sorry, Manon. I hope you're fully covered...

Val-de-Grâce military hospital
Where the hell are you?!


What the fuck are you doing there??
You did what?!
And? How is it?

The parking lot has a pretty good sprinkler system. The car's not totally burned up.
Looks like Dalmont ate it, though...
868 THX 75

Ok, get back to the palace and figure things out with Chloe. Make up a good story about Miss Jouvert. I don't want the President to hear about any of this.

One less thing to worry about.

Well, poor little Sisco. You took a hit too, huh?

Miss Jouvert, the doctors told me you're not too badly injured and you should be back on your feet before long.
If you could tell me what happened...

Miss Jouvert, being the President's secretary, you're at no risk of—
Like Saint-Servan?

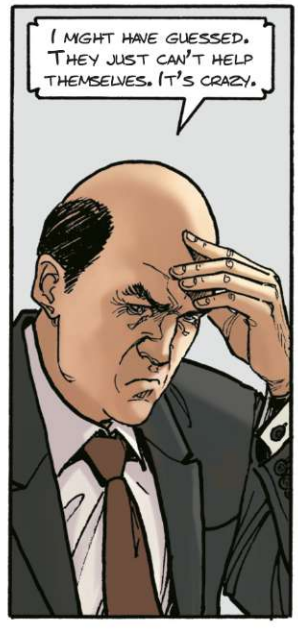
That's a sensitive issue, which I advise you not to raise with the President.
Let me ask you another question: Verrat tells me your friend Sisco killed Legoff. If that's true, how come you got hurt?

Don't make me laugh. It was your boy wonder who tried to kill Sisco. Twice! He's the one who shot me!

And the bullet in the knee? I'd say that looks suspiciously like a little private vendetta, am I right?

Vincent just wanted to know who...
Who what?

Who gave the order to kill him...
...Verrat.


I might have guessed. They just can't help themselves. It's crazy.

Until I get to the bottom of this, and until you're back in action, I'm leaving someone here. Take care of yourself.

I'M OFF, YOU GUYS. I'LL SEE YOU IN A COUPLE DAYS.
YOU GOING ANYWHERE?
SURE AM, SAM! A TWO-DAY COUNTER-STRIKE LAN PARTY. I WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR ANYTHING...
COUNTER-STRIKE'S FOR OLD FARTS.
...YOU WON'T BE LAUGHING WHEN I CRUSH YOU AT SNIPER...
GO AHEAD...
SHIT, HE'S NOT GOING HOME...

ESPLANADE
TER-STRIKE™
PARTY
BIGGEST LAN PARTY IN EUROPE
MATCHES WILL TAKE PLACE
SIERRA™
intel

Aaaah!

You crazy? You scared the hell outta me!
I need you to do me a favor. In total confidence.

I don't get it. Why come here and freak me out? Why not go to the I.T. Room? Is it 'cause Verrat's after you?
Verrat? Tell me.
He's pissed as shit. He asked me to get him a geolocation on your cell phone, on the down-low. Man, is he stressing us out...

Hey! Fuck! You're wounded! You need to get to a hospital.

So Verrat can snatch me and finish me off? Thanks, pal...
It's insane, man! I need to tell Dupré, that's for sure.
Forget it! Listen, I can figure this out, but I need your help.

Um... I'm not much good at fieldwork. Computers are my thing, remember?
Don't worry, just put all that in a bag, bring it here, and then you can play your games.

I dunno about this... it's not that I don't want to help you, but—

Hey!

Hey! You have no right!
Oh yes I do.
What's this thing? What's it for?
Give that back!
Simple: you help your old friend, you get your thing back; you don't, I give this to the organizers of this show...
You're kidding!
Ok, ok, you win. I'll get you your stuff.
See? It wasn't difficult, was it?
You think it's funny? If they catch me with that, I'll really be in some shit. It's a database of all the blacklisted servers on the planet.
Oh yeah? So how does it work?
Well, it's basically a receiver for a cordless mouse, but I kinda fiddled with it and loaded it up with passwords, access codes, cheats, all that crap.
Doesn't it bother you, cheating like that?
Like you can talk! Isn't that your game too?
I guess so...
SIERRA
inte

Hey!
I don't give a shit. Where's Paul? Where's the intel I asked for?
Paul's out. I'm in the hot seat. As for the intel, we've drawn a blank. He must have turned off his phone and stopped using his card...
Find another way, and fast. I want results!
Who does he think he is? He can stick his "find another way" up his—
Good timing. You have some more driving to do. We're not finished yet.
Are those our instructions?
I give the instructions. We get Sisco. You answer to me...
I don't like it. It's sure to turn nasty.
You chose the job.

...I SWEAR, IT HAPPENED RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME, ON THE SUBWAY PLATFORM.

THE GIRL WENT NUTS, STARTED YELLING.
HOPITAL

THEY HAD TO CALL A— HEY!?
HELP...
HAMMERED ALREADY? THIS EARLY? HELL.

SHIT! HE'S NOT DRUNK, HE'S HURT.
PROCEDURE IS, WE CALL AN AMBULANCE.
NO. LOOKS LIKE HE'S LOST A LOT OF BLOOD. GET A STRETCHER. WE'LL GET HIM TREATED HERE.

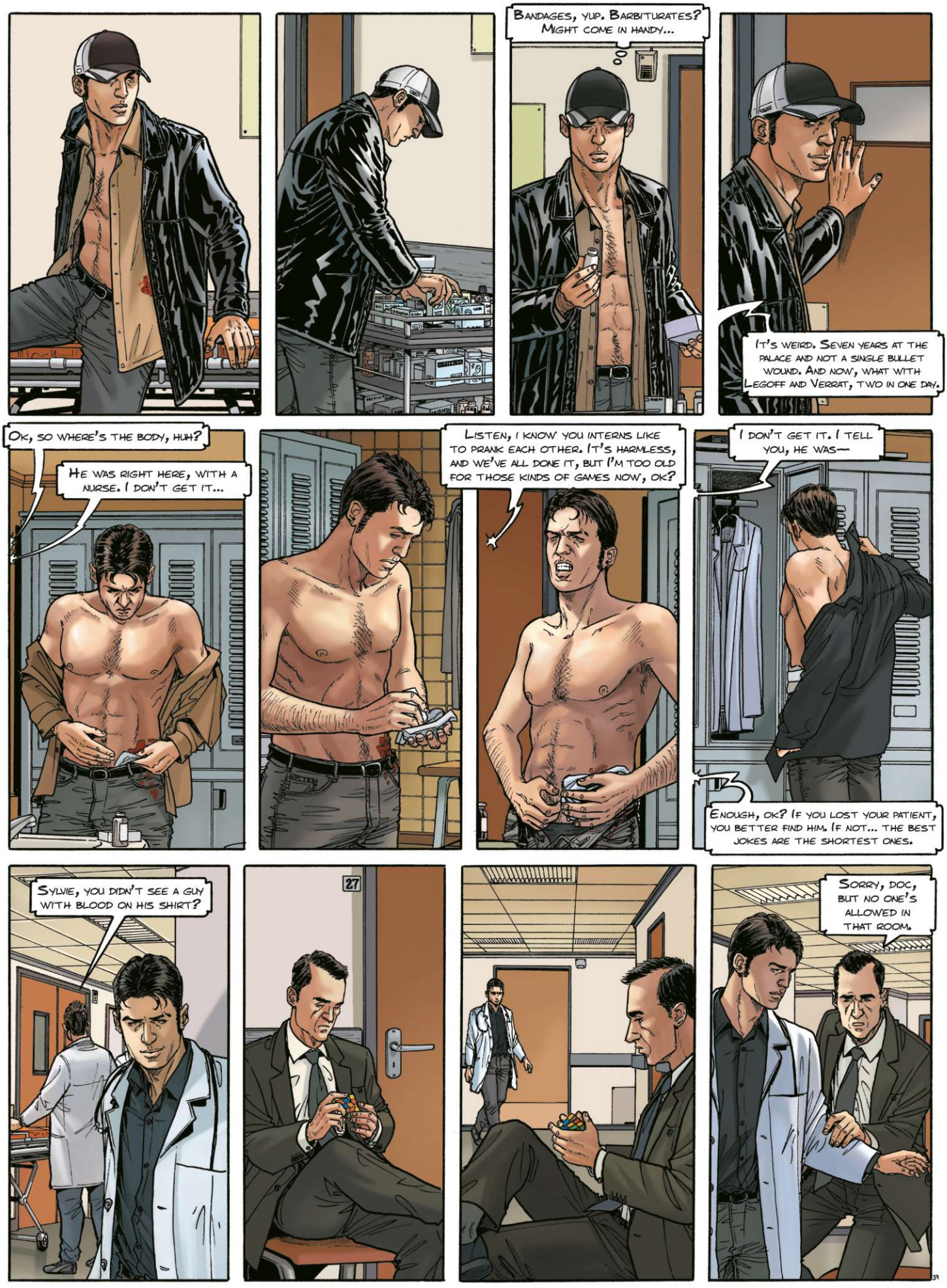
HURRY UP, FOR GOD'S SAKE!
BUT ALL THE OPERATING ROOMS ARE TAKEN.

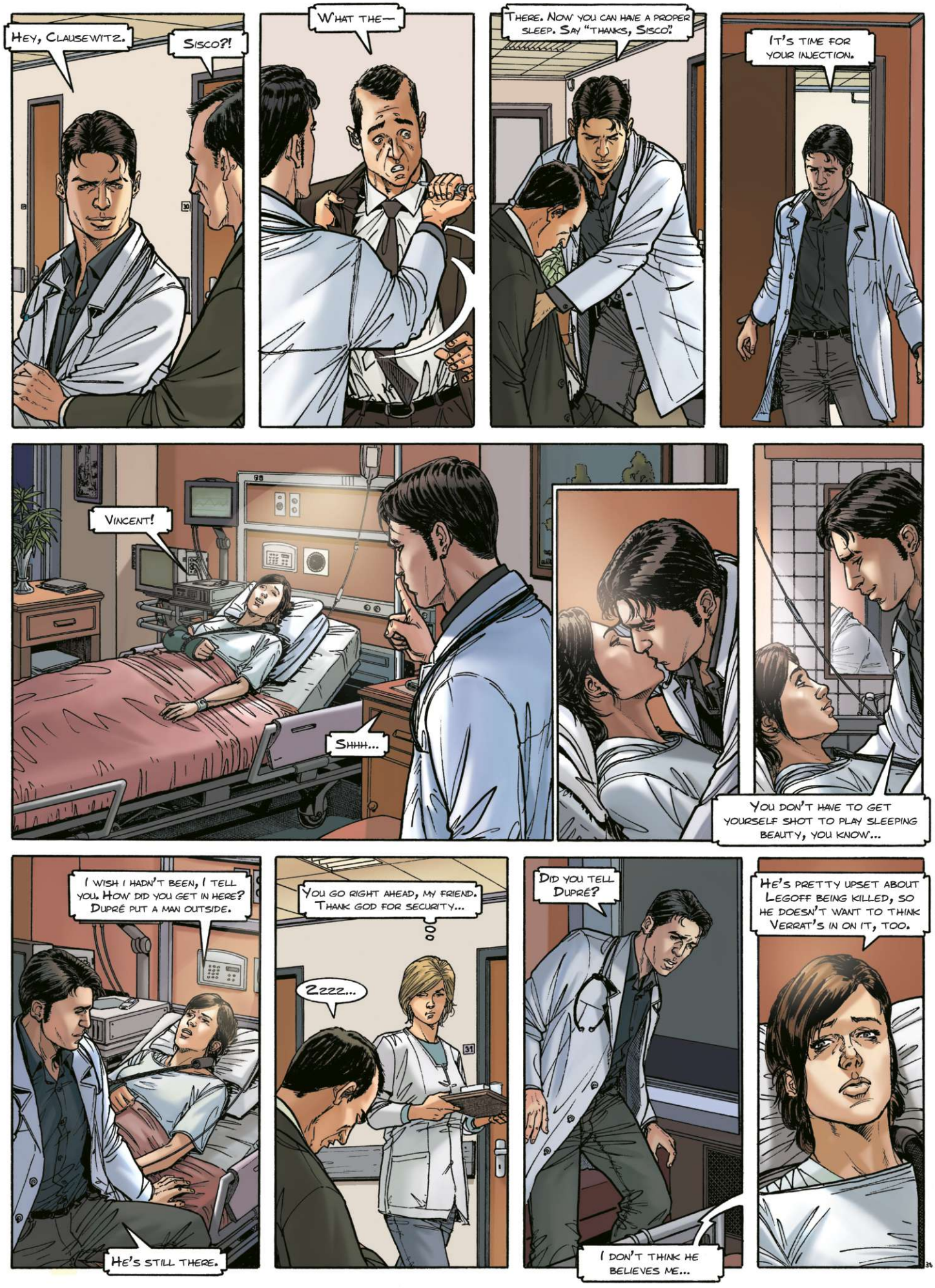
BULLET WOUND. YOU TAKE HIM TO BLOCK B. I'LL TRY TO FIND A SURGEON.

B

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU COME WITH ME.
BUT I'M WAITING FOR—

NOTHING. HE'S GOING NOWHERE. GET A MOVE ON!

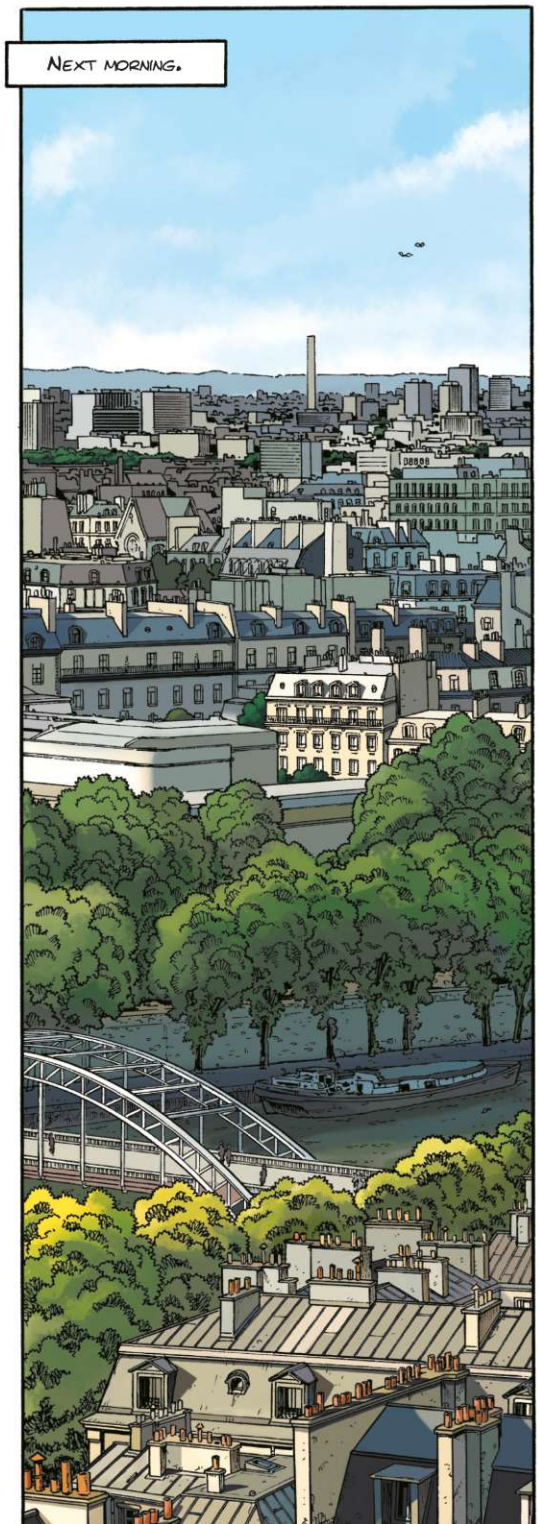

Bandages, yup. Barbiturates? Might come in handy...
It's weird. Seven years at the palace and not a single bullet wound. And now, what with Legoff and Verrat, two in one day.
Ok, so where's the body, huh?
He was right here, with a nurse. I don't get it...
Listen, I know you interns like to prank each other. It's harmless, and we've all done it, but I'm too old for those kinds of games now, ok?
I don't get it. I tell you, he was—
Enough, ok? If you lost your patient, you better find him. If not... the best jokes are the shortest ones.
Sylvie, you didn't see a guy with blood on his shirt?
27
Sorry, doc, but no one's allowed in that room.


Hey, Clausewitz.
Sisco?!
What the—
There. Now you can have a proper sleep. Say "thanks, Sisco".
It's time for your injection.
Vincent!
Shhh...
You don't have to get yourself shot to play sleeping beauty, you know...
I wish I hadn't been, I tell you. How did you get in here? Dupré put a man outside.
He's still there.
You go right ahead, my friend. Thank god for security...
Zzzz...
Did you tell Dupré?
I don't think he believes me...
He's pretty upset about Legoff being killed, so he doesn't want to think Verrat's in on it, too.

That's what I thought. With a little luck, I'll get through to him.

That woman who was with you?
Vincent?

Zzzz...


Next morning.

...4inch But-tons... ok.

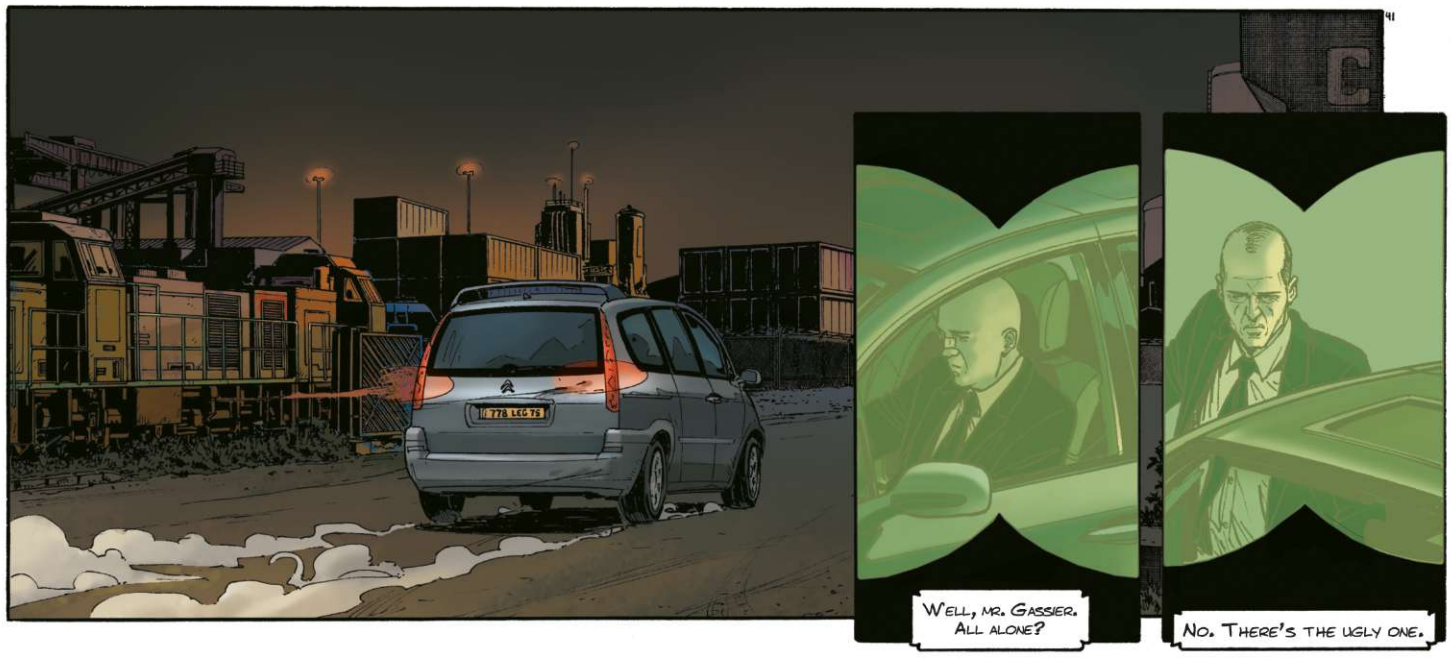
Right, that's it. You want a bag?
Thanks, I got one.

I hope you ain't gonna do the same as last time...
What do you mean?

You think I don't know what you were doing when you said you were playing paintball?
How... um, I was just testing the stuff.
Yeah, well, this stuff's got "return" on it, ok?

Gare du Nord
Le Monde
Sortie Ausgang
WC
FEED ME
The moment of truth: is it a trap?

NOKIA
Message texte
1/93
It's on
Options
Same day, 11 p.m.
Verrat? I found Sisco...
...Gennevilliers Port. Quay number one. Best I can do.
On my way. Watch him. And not a word.


Well, Mr. Gassier. All alone?
No. There's the ugly one.

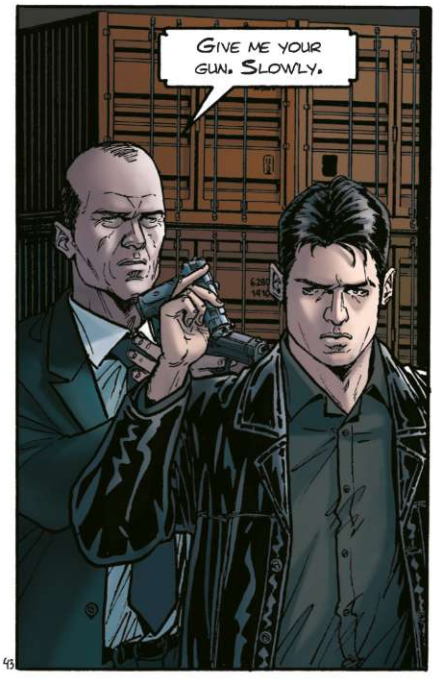
BIP BIP BIP
Excuse me, sir, could you come to the I.T. Room? I have something to show you.
Pardon?
I'd rather you saw it for yourself.
You sure this is it?
That's the car that was stolen from the parking lot earlier. But I have no idea what he's doing here...
The motor's still warm...
Ok, let's split up. If you see him, hide and beep me.
Take your time, Verrat.
Never split up. Just like in the horror movies...

SHTOK

SLEEP TIGHT.

SHIT! WHERE'S HE GONE?!

CLIC


GIVE ME YOUR GUN. SLOWLY.

HUNH!

HOW LONG HAVE I WAITED FOR THIS...

WHO PLUGGED YOU? ME OR LEGOFF BEFORE YOU LAID HIM OUT?

Not that I care, anyway... I'm sure gonna plug you now.
Wait! Just tell me, why?
Actually, I'm a terrorist. Part of a plot to infiltrate the palace, kill the president, and replace him with an Islamic dictator.
What?!
Ha, ha, ha, ha! You stupid asshole!
You've been watching too many movies. Those Bruce Willis things where he saves the world at the end...
Two more years and I'm off active service. Then they put the old man behind a desk, or in the storeroom, where I have to put up with little shits like you till I retire.
Or else, you fuck up your mission, the president's like a bull with a toothache, his little secretary Manon, who he likes to feel up, catches a bullet, Dupré tries to hush it all up... Imagine... The Pasha loses it when he discovers no one can be trusted, that they're virtually all traitors...
Just like a french farce. And if I play my part right, I'll be head of department by the end of the year...
The idea was that Legoff would bump you off. You were in my way and giving Dupré a bad name. You wasting Legoff is even better. The President will be over the moon that I've cleaned up the mess.
Like I said: a french farce.
And Gassier? Will he get a promotion?
Pah! What do you think?! I reckon you'll probably blow him away in the struggle before I get to you.
You should watch out. You'll get a real bad reputation at the palace if...
?!
Bastard!!
?!

BLAM
AAAAAHHHH!!
Smile, Verrat...
...It's your turn to say "cheese" to the camera.
Paul, tell me you got all that?
This is Dupré. We got it, and I saw everything.
Paul did more than I asked... that enough for you?
Plenty. That and what Miss Jouvert told me.
Bring him in. I'd like to "talk" to him.
Sir? I'm losing you... are you still there?

Sisco! For god's—
You know what they say...
An eye for an eye...
133 A ER
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

Do me a favor-- take over.
I think I need to go see a doctor about my health...
The End episode 3: Gin Fizz

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, Tome 2 - Faites-la taire !
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.