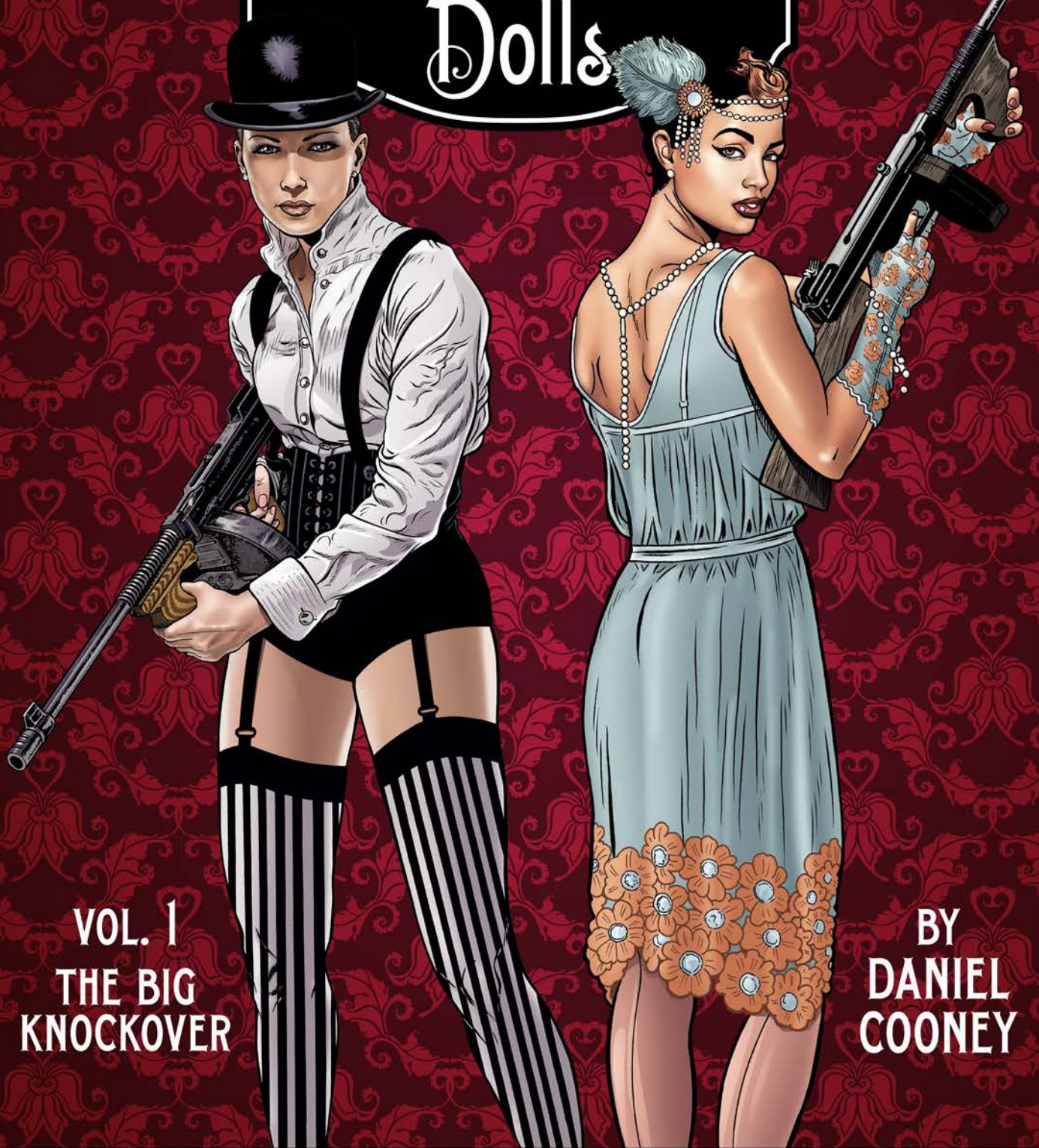


The Tommy Gun Dolls



**VOL. 1
THE BIG
KNOCKOVER**

**BY
DANIEL
COONEY**



The
Tommy Gun
Dolls

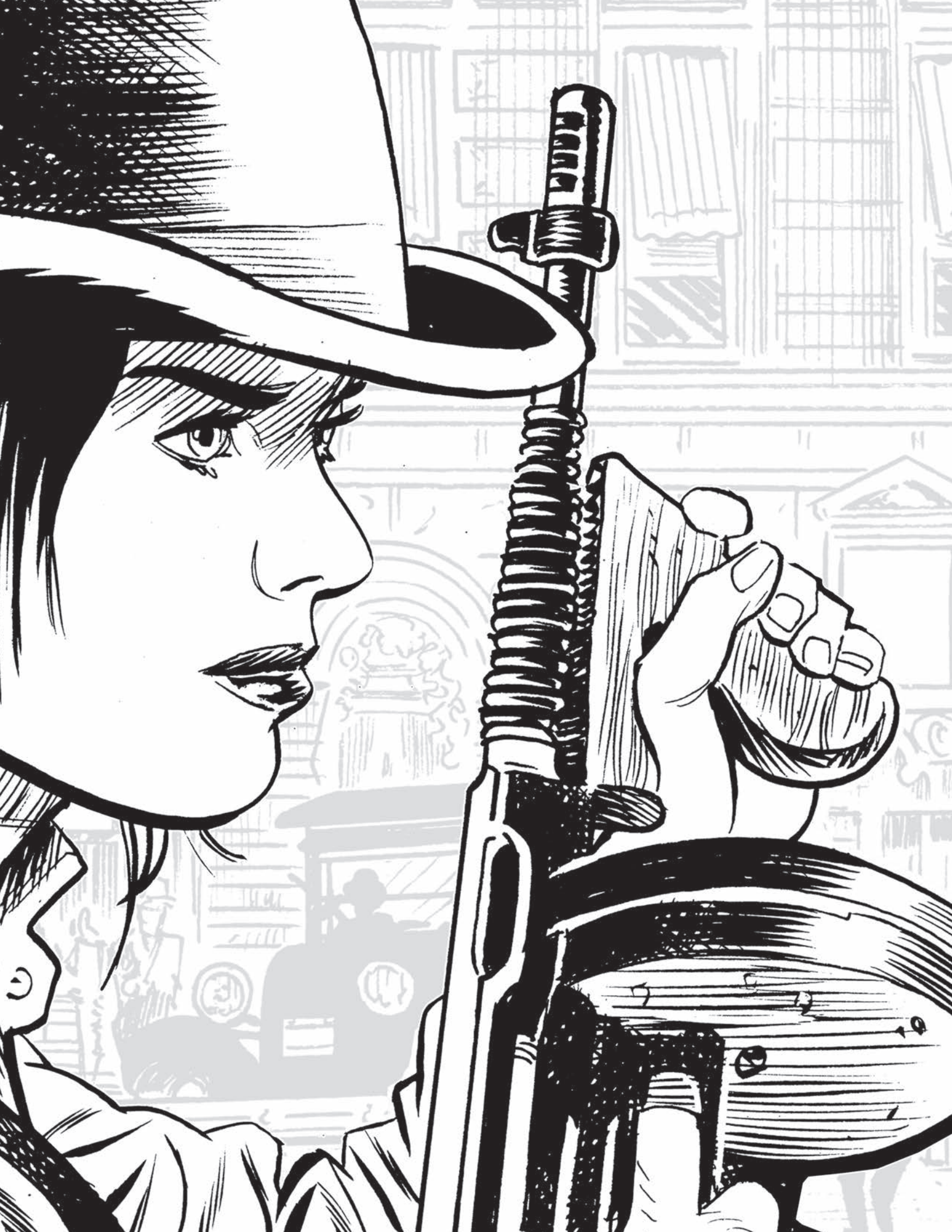
VOLUME ONE
THE BIG KNOCKOVER

STORY AND ART
DANIEL COONEY

INK ASSIST
LEIGH WALLS

COLORS BY
LISA GONZALES

EDITED BY
CAROLINA COONEY
NATE LUCE



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SPECIAL THANKS TO...

Evie Banderas, Jessica Chan, Carolina Cooney, Sarafina Murphy-Gibson, James McKinlay, Colin Mills, Leigh Ann Parente, Owen Ryan, and Lydia White for modeling reference to help bring these great characters to life in the 1920s!

Everybody Wants A Key To My Cellar - Recorded 1919 Written by Ed. Rose, Billy Baskette and Lew Pollack

Where Do They Get Those Beautiful Dolls? - Recorded 1919 Written by Louis Herscher and Larry Norrett

Lyrics Courtesy of Duke University Perkins Library 411 Chapel Drive Durham, NC 27708

My lovely wife, Carolina for inspiration and support with our two boys, Dashiell and Dexter--especially during some long stretches of endless days producing this book. Without you, none of this would be possible.

**“I HAVE A GIFT FOR ENRAGING PEOPLE,
BUT IF I EVER BORE YOU IT WILL BE WITH A KNIFE.”**

~LOUISE BROOKS



"THERE ARE NO SHORTCUTS TO HAPPINESS."

THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID TO ME JUST BEFORE I SWIPED SOME JEWELS OUT OF YOUR DRESSING ROOM--

--ON THE NIGHT WE FIRST MET.



THOSE JEWELS TURNED OUT TO BE A SWELL SCORE FOR A NIGHT OF CARDS, BOOZE AND BROADS...



BUT ALL I COULD THINK ABOUT WAS YOU.

SO WHO CONNED WHO THAT NIGHT?



I GOT MIXED UP IN THIS BLOODY MESS WITH YOU BECAUSE?

...HMPH, SOME SHORTCUT THAT TURNED OUT TO BE, MORE LIKE THE LONG ROAD TO HELL.

...AND I JUST REACHED THE END OF THAT ROAD



SAN FRANCISCO, CA
MAY 12, 1928.

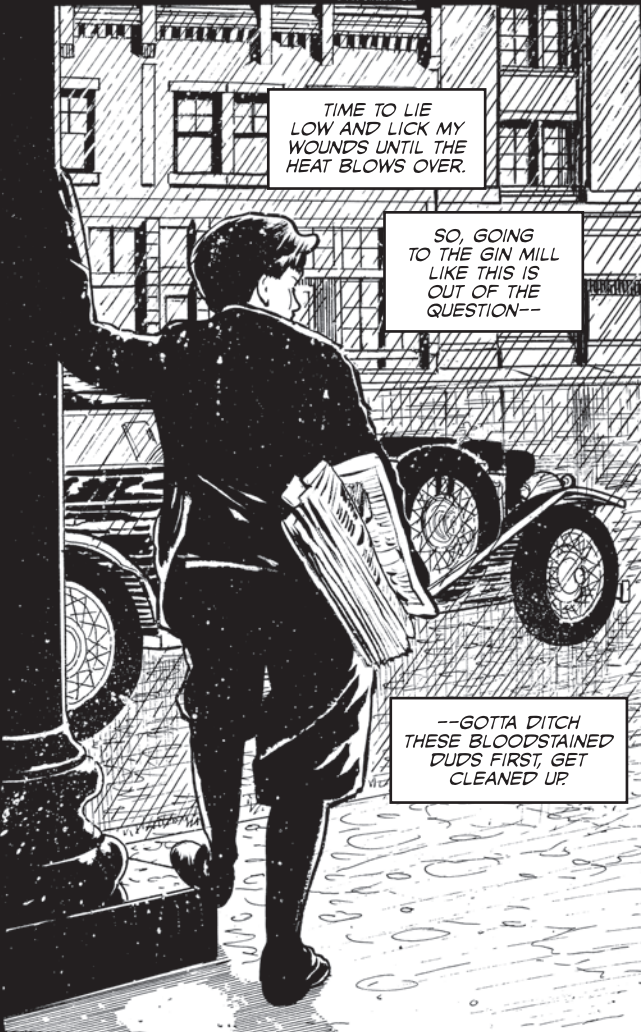
THAT WAS
A HELL OF
A NIGHT.



TIME TO LIE
LOW AND LICK MY
WOUNDS UNTIL THE
HEAT BLOWS OVER.

SO, GOING
TO THE GIN MILL
LIKE THIS IS
OUT OF THE
QUESTION--

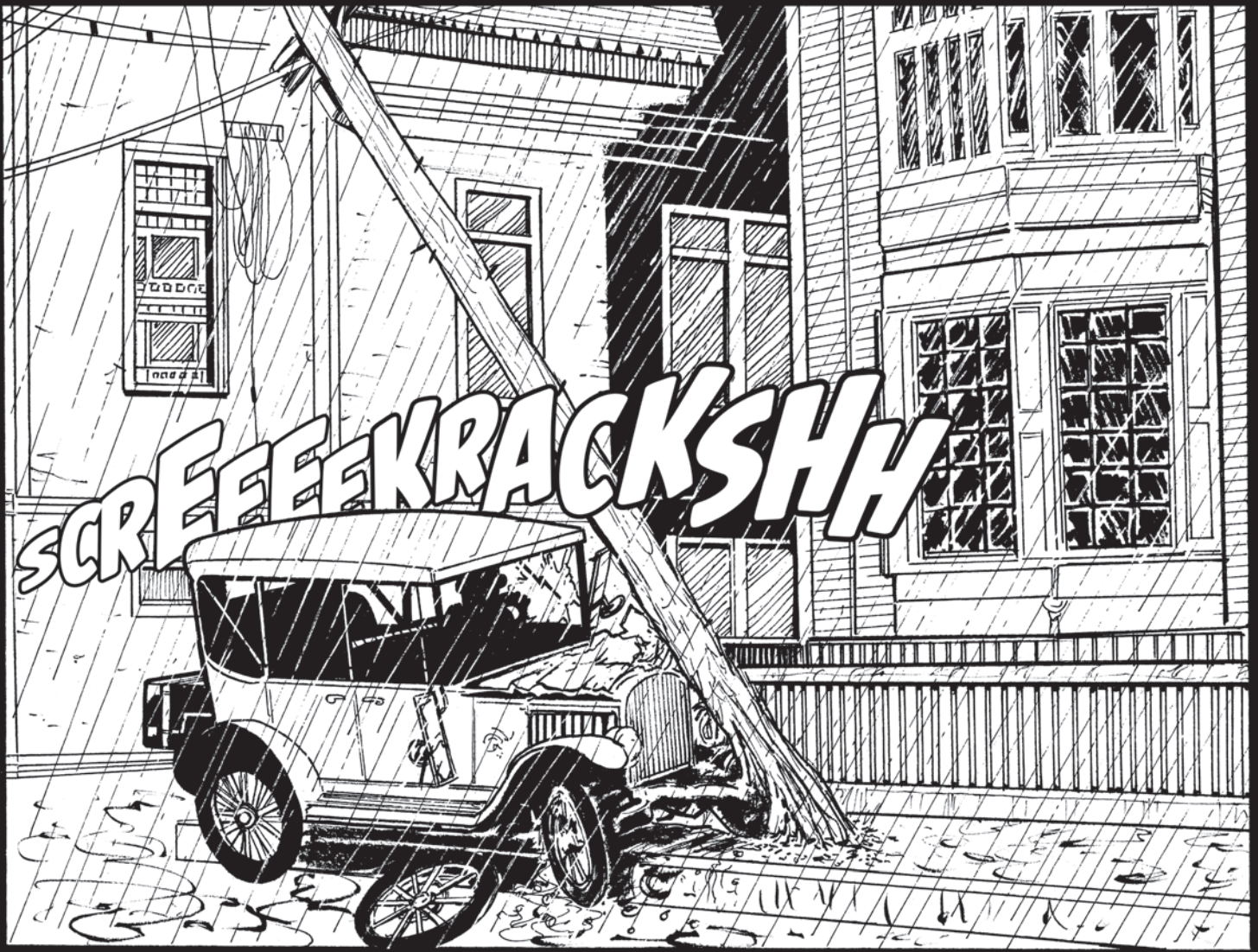
--GOTTA DITCH
THESE BLOODSTAINED
DUDDS FIRST, GET
CLEANED UP.

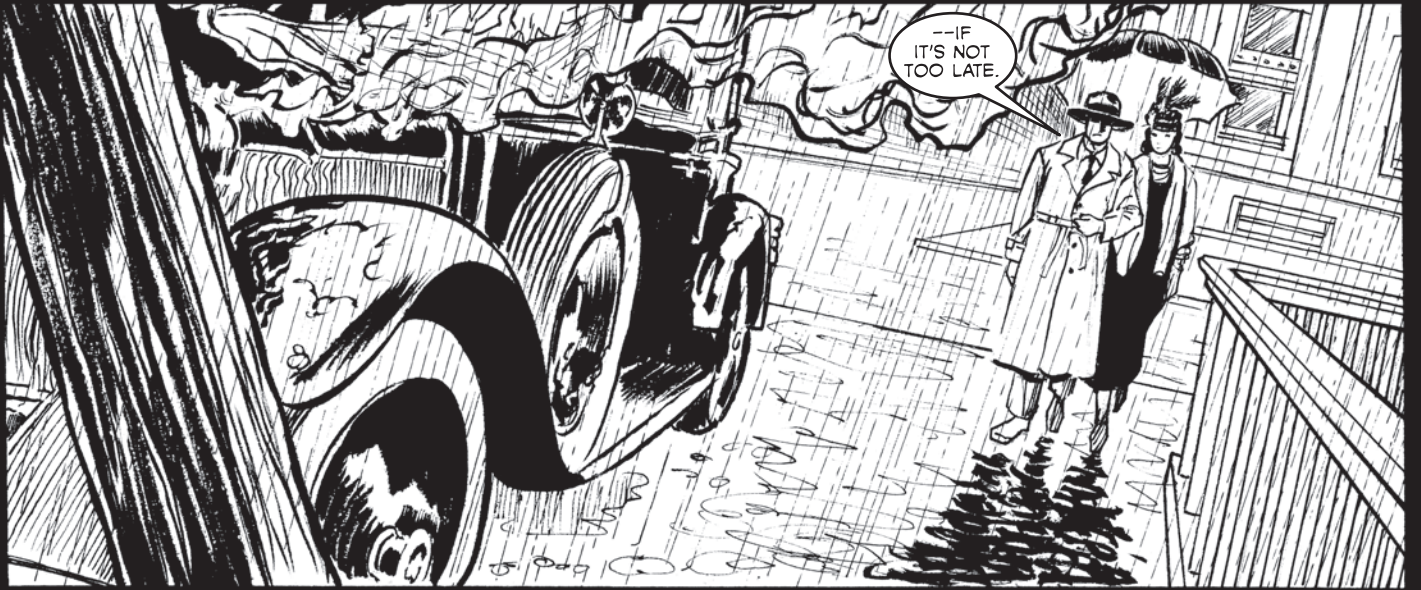


AND I KNOW
JUST THE PLACE...
DOC OWES ME
A FAVOR.









--IF IT'S NOT TOO LATE.



>HIC<

OH--OWWW... THAT'S GONNA SMART A BIT.

BLOODY HELL, FRANKIE...



>SNIFF<
>SNIFF<

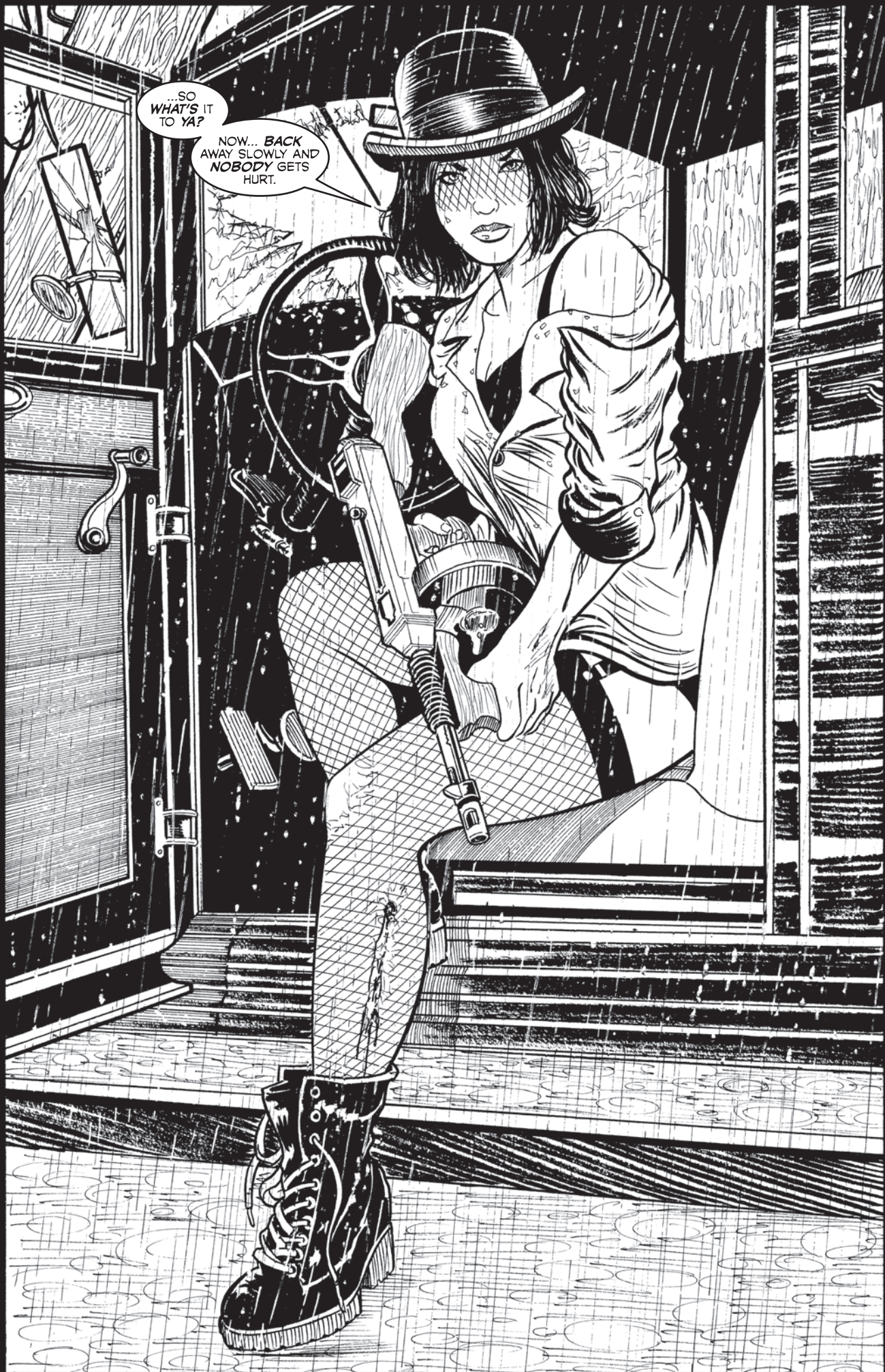
YOU REEK OF COFFIN VARNISH. YOU'VE BEEN TO A JUICE JOINT?

ARE... YOU OKAY?



>HIC<

YEAH, I'VE BEEN TO A FEW JUICE JOINTS, FELLA.



...SO
WHAT'S IT
TO YA?

NOW... **BACK**
AWAY SLOWLY AND
NOBODY GETS
HURT.



I *BEG* YOUR PARDON. YOU ALMOST *KILLED* PHILLIP WITH YOUR WRECKLESS DRIVING.

STANLEY. I-I-T'S STANLEY.

SHUT YOUR YAP, BOTH OF YA!



>HIC<

EASY DOLL... *DON'T* DO ANYTHING I'LL *REGRET*.

OFF WITH YOUR COAT... HELP YOUR FELLA OUT WITH THAT, SUGAR CHEEKS.

YOU GONNA *SHOOT* A GIRL IN THE BACK?

...THERE'S *NO* NEED TO POINT THAT *THING* AT US.

DON'T GET ALL *SORE*, LADY. WE JUST WANT TO HELP.

YOUR CAR KEYS AS WELL, THEN I'LL BE ON MY WAY.

>HIC<

HE TAKES PUBLIC TRANSIT.



PUBLIC
TRANSIT...
->HIC<-

YOU MUST
BE **HARD** UP
FOR THE DOUGH,
HONEY.



IS
EVERYONE
ALL RIGHT?

YOU SHOULD
MOVE AWAY FROM
THOSE LIVE WIRES
DANGLING FROM
THE POLE.

UNGH...
...**YOUR**
CAR--

SHE **NEEDS**
A HOSPITAL.

YOU
NEED TO
SHUT UP.

YOU'RE
IN **NO**
CONDITION
TO DRIVE.

YOU'RE
RIGHT...



...**HAND**
OVER YOUR
KEYS.

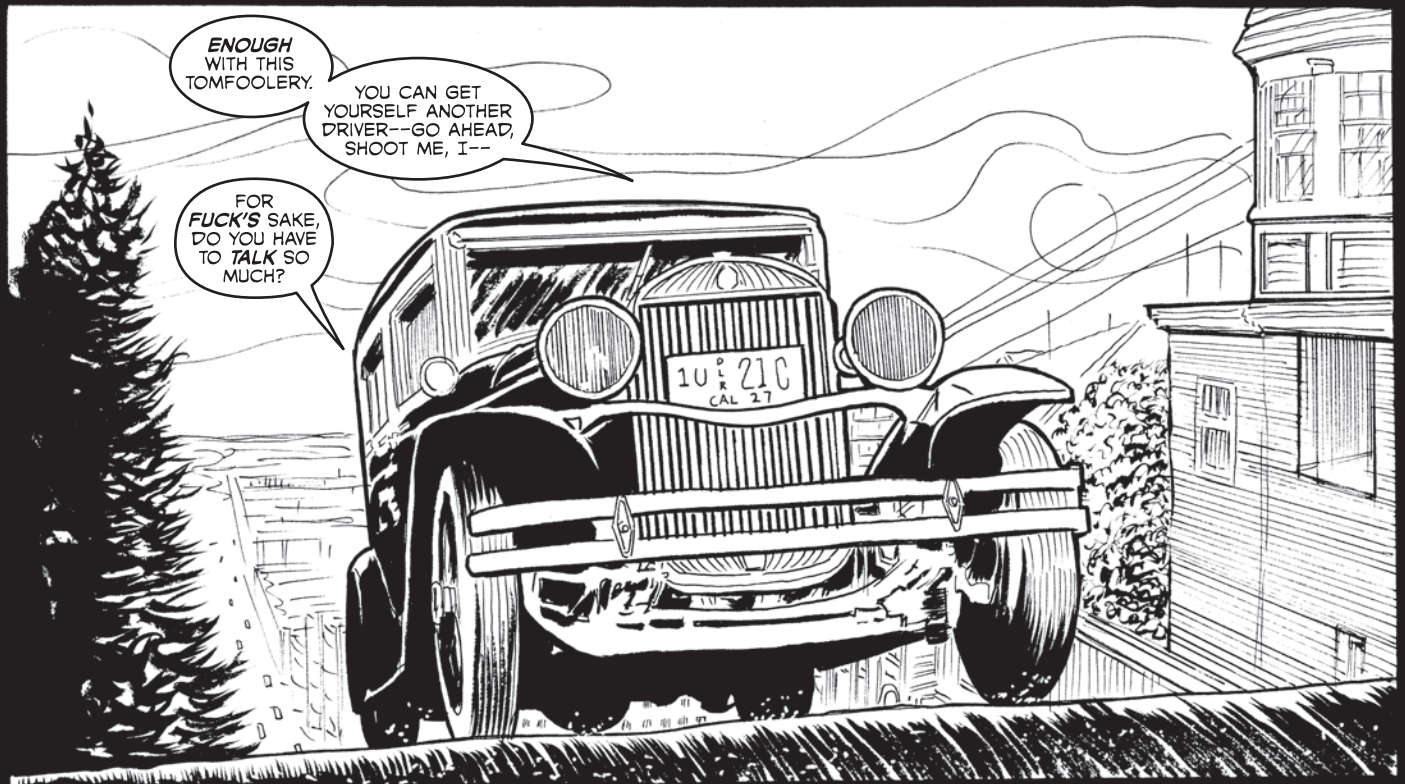
EXCUSE
ME?



I'M
NOT GOING
TO ASK YOU
AGAIN.

->HIC<-





RUBY...
NAH, NOT
BUYING IT--

--THAT'S A NAME
YOU'D GIVE TO GUYS
LIKE THAT **WIDE-EYED**
LUMMOX BACK THERE
FOR A TRICK.

IF YOU
MUST KNOW,
MY REAL NAME
IS JORDAN.

I FIGURE
A FEW MORE
YEARS ON MY BACK
AND I CAN MOVE
SOMEPLACE--

--MORE
TROPICAL, LIKE
HAVANA, CUBA.
OPEN UP MY OWN
NIGHTCLUB THAT
OVERLOOKS THE
OCEAN.

I COULD
USE SOMEONE
LIKE YOU THERE,
TO KEEP THINGS
IN LINE.

SOMEONE
LIKE ME?

JORDAN ELABORATED ON
HOW SHE READ ABOUT ME
AND THE OTHER GIRLS IN
THE NEWSPAPERS...

...I MUST CONFESS, WE'VE
BEEN FRONT PAGE NEWS
THE PAST FEW WEEKS,
BOTH THE EARLY AND
LATE EDITIONS.

JORDAN CALLS
IT BRAVERY FOR THE
MESS WE'RE MAKING.

MORE THAN
ANYTHING, I JUST
WANTED TO SLEEP
FOR A WEEK...

...BUT I STARTED
TALKIN' TOO MUCH
ON WHY IT ALL WENT
DOWN THE WAY
IT DID.

THE NEWSPAPERS
HAD IT WRONG
ABOUT US...

...AND GIVEN HOW THINGS DIDN'T GO AS PLANNED LAST NIGHT...

...I'M GONNA BE ON THE LEVEL WITH JORDAN ABOUT IT.

I DON'T HAVE TIME TO BUILD TRUST WITH ANYONE, AND THAT IN ITSELF IS THE DAMNDEST THING...

...TIME IS NOT ALWAYS ON YOUR SIDE.

ANYONE WHO BEGS TO DIFFER, I'LL GLADLY PUNCH THEM IN THE KISSER.

SAN FRANCISCO BULLETIN

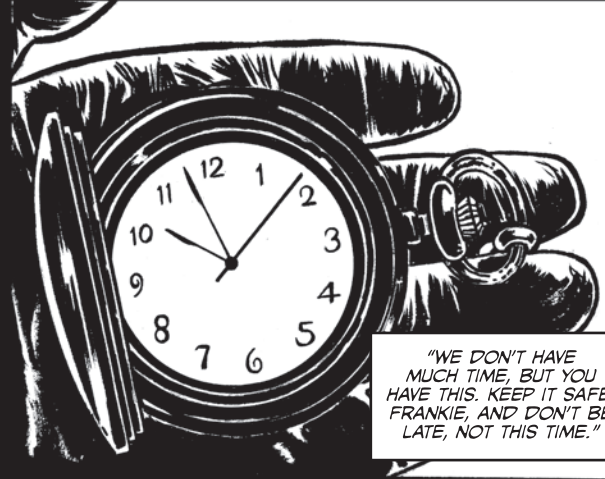
April 28, 1928



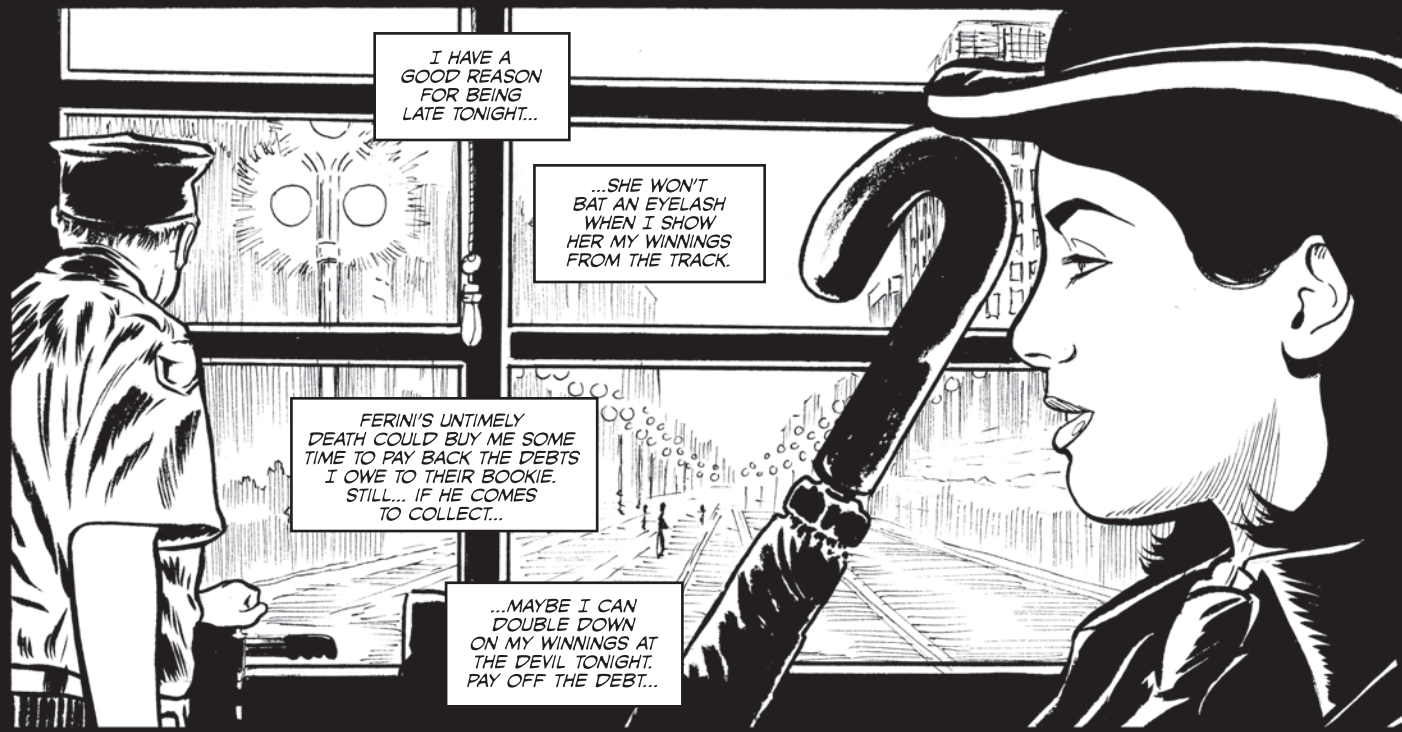
JERRY FERINI FOUND DEAD

I.M. STARR
The leader of the Ferini crime family was found murdered in his apartment yesterday from an anonymous tip. Ferini founded a bootlegging, gun running, and chop shop criminal empire in San Francisco becoming the top crime lord in the city.

THE START OF A GANG WAR?
The recent surge in violence has led to speculation of a growing turf war between mob factions over...



"WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME, BUT YOU HAVE THIS. KEEP IT SAFE, FRANKIE, AND DON'T BE LATE, NOT THIS TIME."

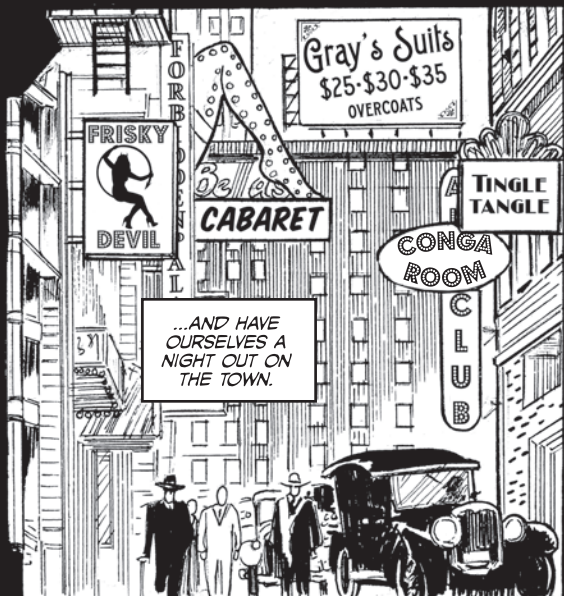


I HAVE A GOOD REASON FOR BEING LATE TONIGHT...

...SHE WON'T BAT AN EYELASH WHEN I SHOW HER MY WINNINGS FROM THE TRACK.

FERINI'S UNTIMELY DEATH COULD BUY ME SOME TIME TO PAY BACK THE DEBTS I OWE TO THEIR BOOKIE. STILL... IF HE COMES TO COLLECT...

...MAYBE I CAN DOUBLE DOWN ON MY WINNINGS AT THE DEVIL TONIGHT. PAY OFF THE DEBT...



...AND HAVE OURSELVES A NIGHT OUT ON THE TOWN.



THE NIGHT IS YOUNG AND FOG CITY IS ALIVE.



THEY COME OUT IN DROVES FOR A TASTE OF ANYTHING ILLEGAL.



SEEKING THRILLS BEHIND SECRET DOORS.

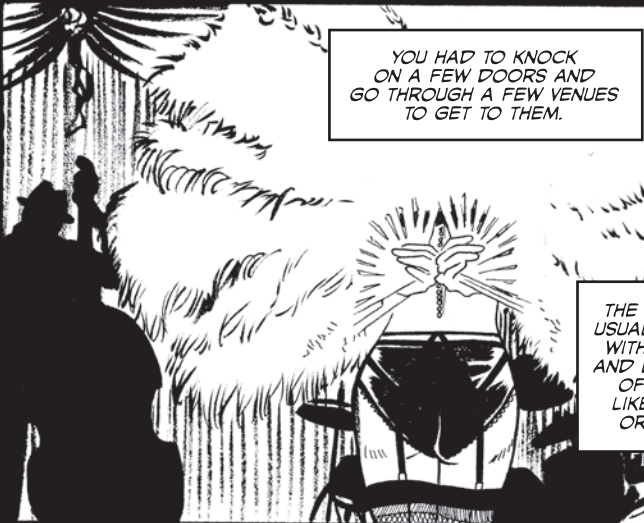
BOILER ROOM PERSONNEL ONLY



SURE, SOME JOINTS WERE THE BILLBOARD TYPE OF JOINTS--

--NIGHTCLUBS, BURLESQUE, DANCE HALLS, BROTHELS, JAZZ VENUES--

--WHAT WAS NOT ADVERTISED, THE GAMBLING ROOMS, OPIUM dens AND OF COURSE, THE BOOZE.



YOU HAD TO KNOCK ON A FEW DOORS AND GO THROUGH A FEW VENUES TO GET TO THEM.

THE PASSWORD USUALLY STARTED WITH THE FIRST AND LAST LETTER OF A DRINK, LIKE SIDECAR OR TUXEDO.



THE AIR WAS THICK WITH TOBACCO SMOKE, PERFUME AND ANTICIPATION...

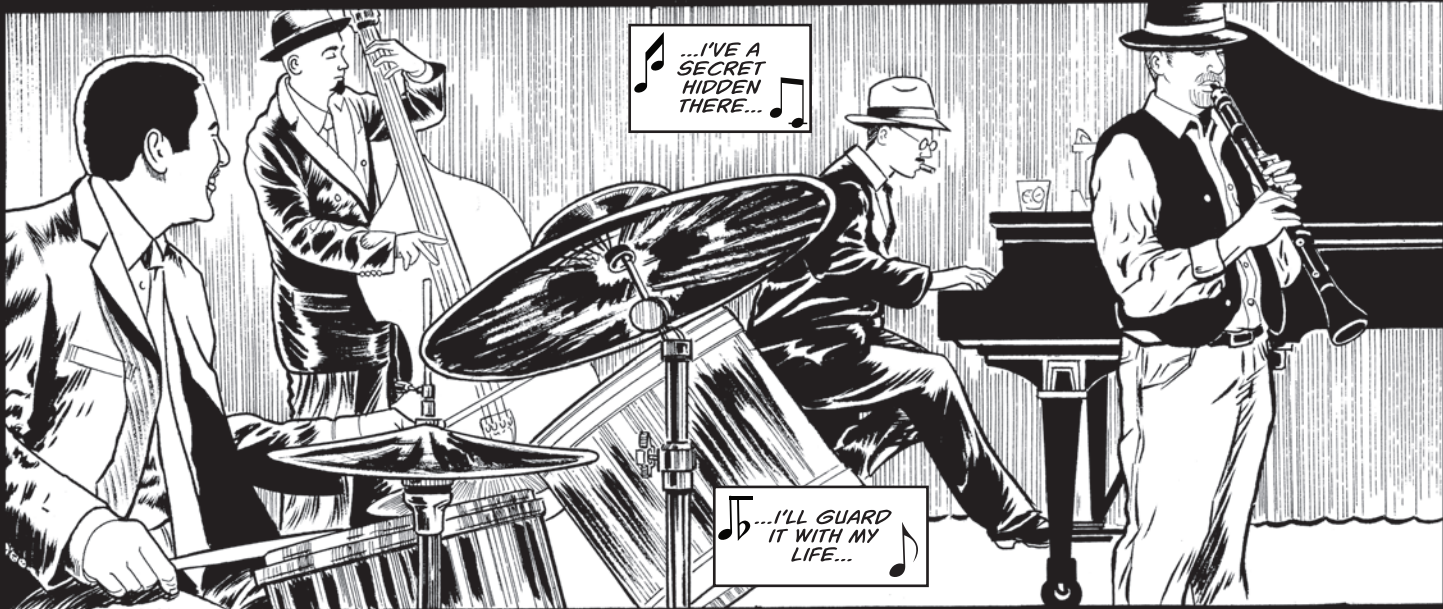


...THINGS DIDN'T
START SHAKING
UNTIL CLOSE
TO MIDNIGHT.

...DOWN IN
MY CELLAR,
DOWN IN
MY CELLAR...

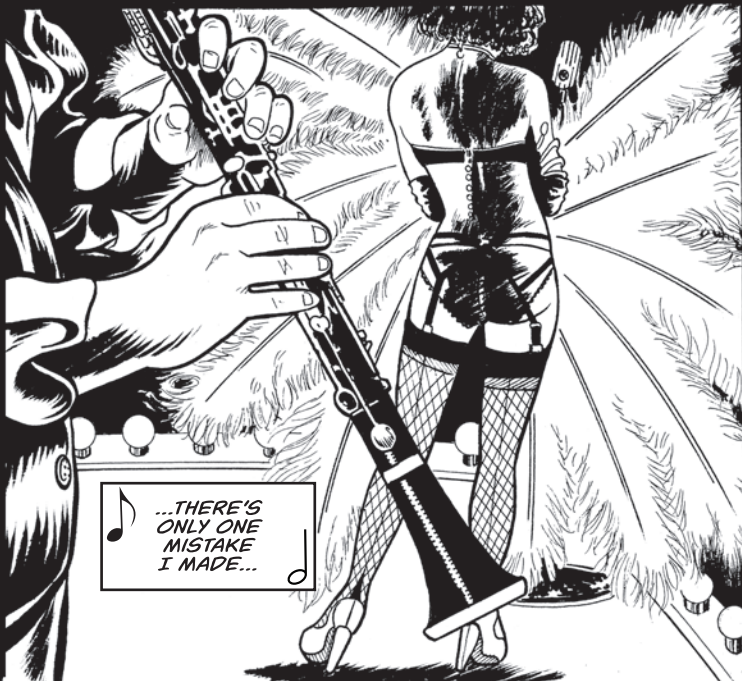


...I'VE BEEN
CHANGING
EVERYTHING
AROUND...



...I'VE A
SECRET
HIDDEN
THERE...

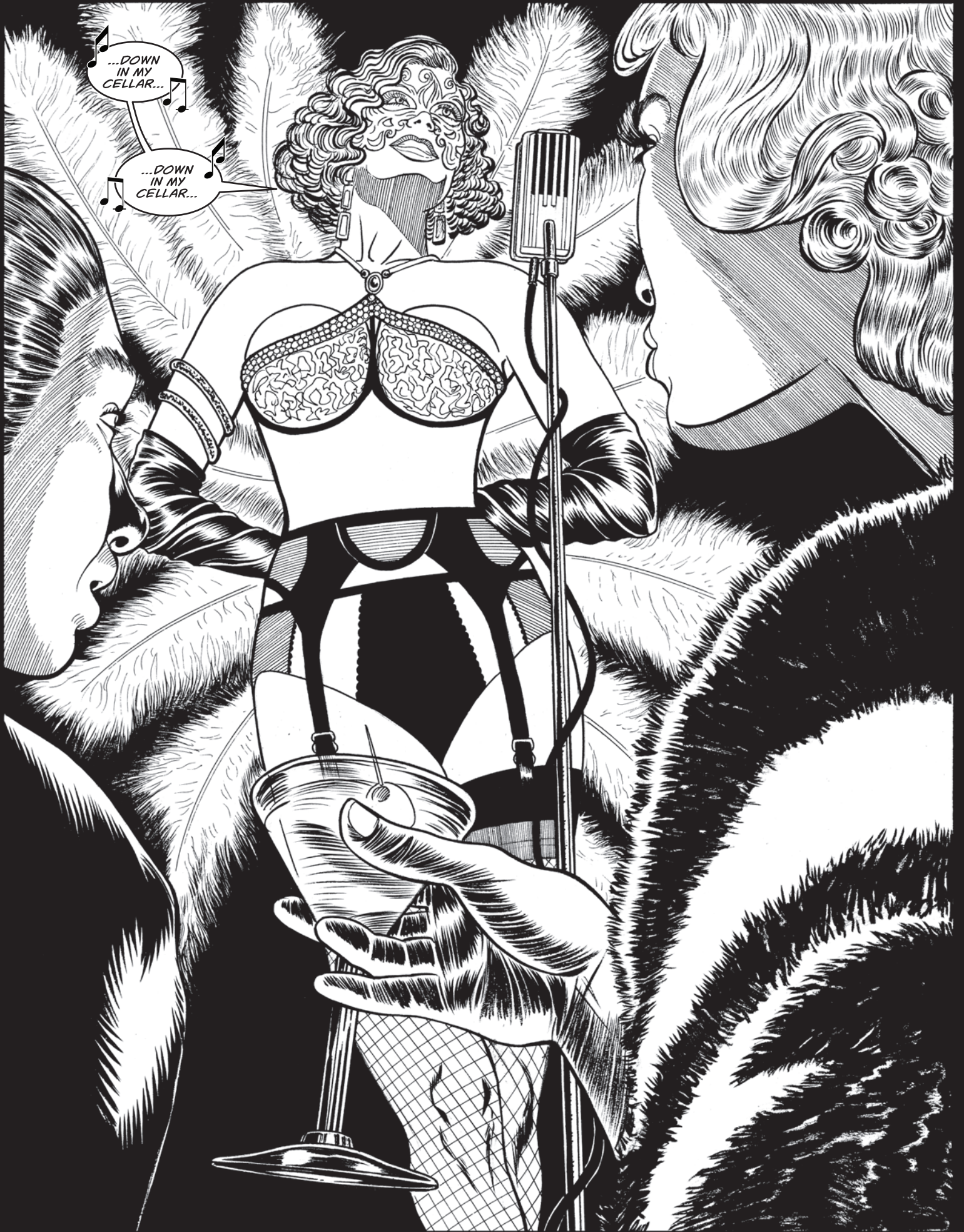
...I'LL GUARD
IT WITH MY
LIFE...



...THERE'S
ONLY ONE
MISTAKE
I MADE...



...I TOLD
IT TO
MY WIFE...



...DOWN
IN MY
CELLAR...

...DOWN
IN MY
CELLAR...



...I'VE BEEN HAVING PARTIES EVERY NIGHT...

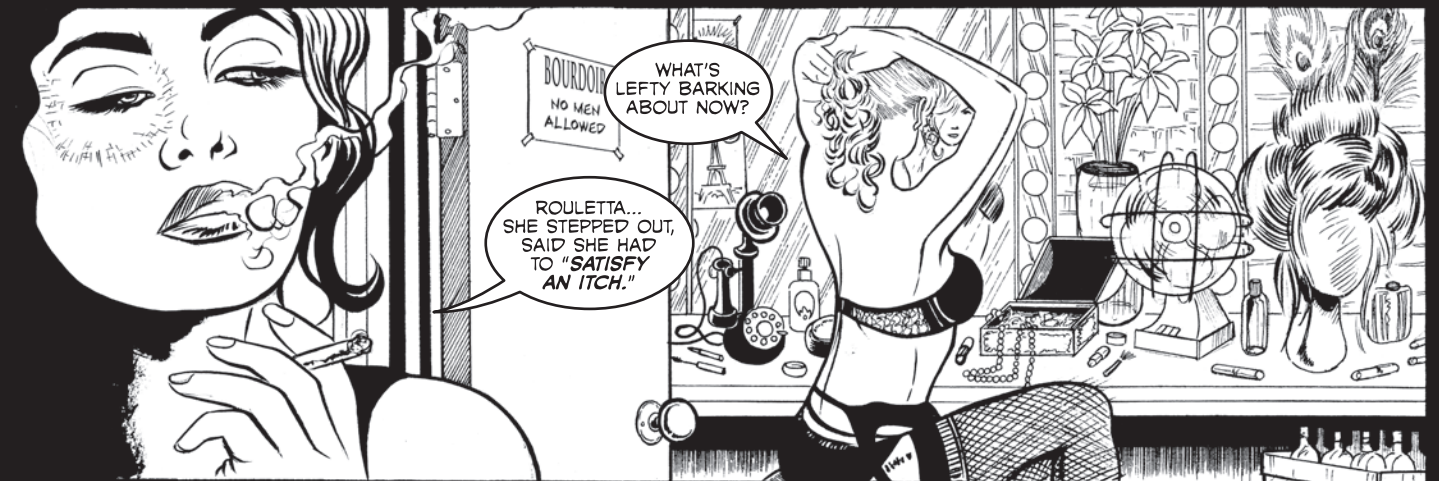
FOR FUCK'S SAKE...



BETTY! ROULETTA'S ON AFTER ROSE---

--TELL HER SHE'S GOT **ONE** HOT MINUTE TO GET ON STAGE.

SURE, LEFTY.



BOUDOIR
NO MEN ALLOWED

WHAT'S LEFTY BARKING ABOUT NOW?

ROULETTA... SHE STEPPED OUT, SAID SHE HAD TO "SATISFY AN ITCH."

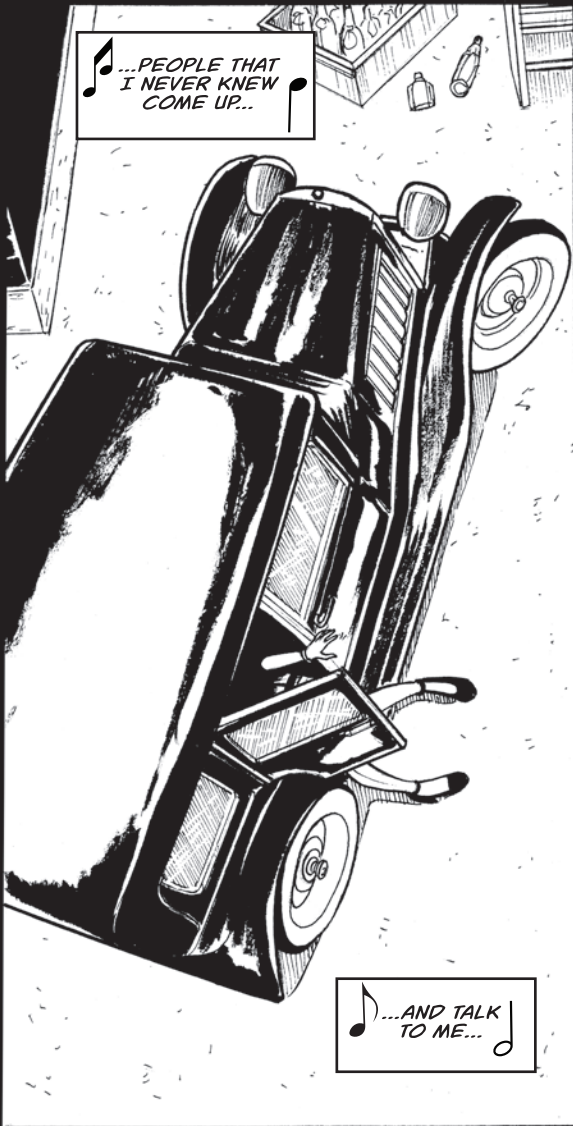


"SATISFY?" IS *THAT* WHAT SHE SAID, HAHA. I DON'T THINK THAT GIRL KNOWS THE MEANING OF THE WORD.

CAN YOU HELP ME WITH MY CORSET?



♪ ...DOWN IN MY CELLAR,
DOWN IN MY CELLAR...

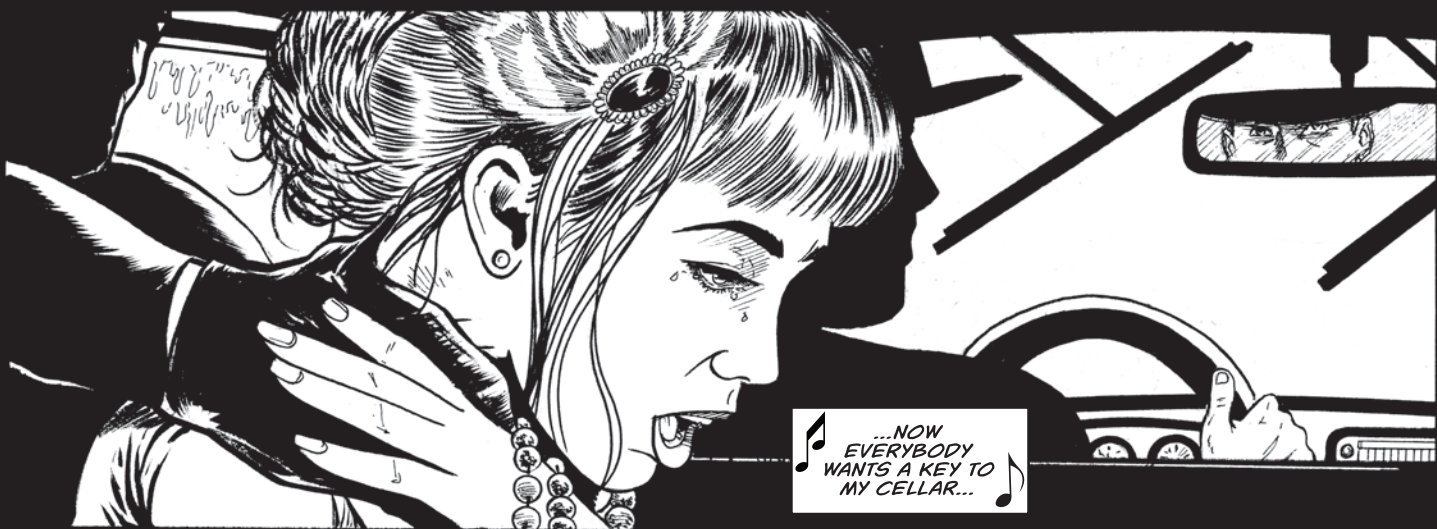


♪ ...PEOPLE THAT I NEVER KNEW
COME UP...

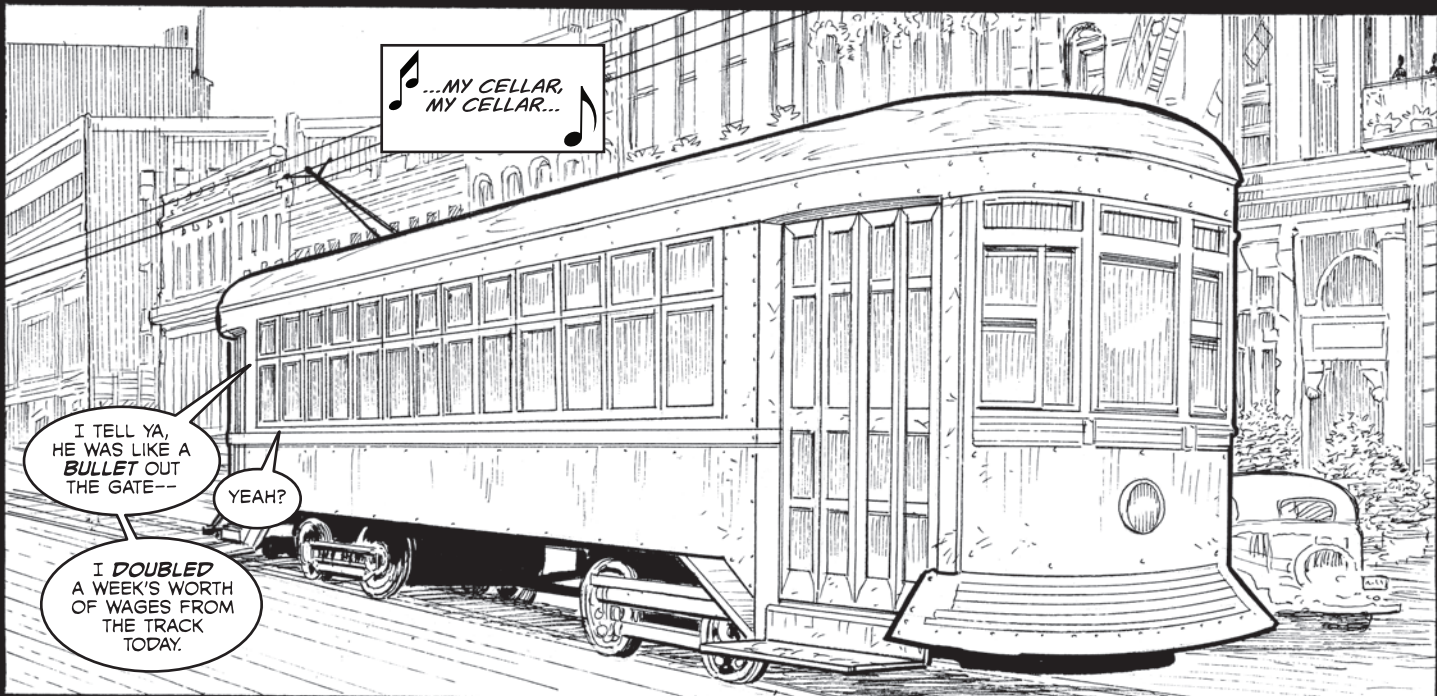
♪ ...AND TALK TO ME...



♪ ...THEY'RE TRYING HARD TO
FIND OUT WHERE I HANG MY CELLAR
KEY...



♪ ...NOW EVERYBODY WANTS A KEY TO MY CELLAR... ♪



♪ ...MY CELLAR, MY CELLAR... ♪

I TELL YA, HE WAS LIKE A BULLET OUT THE GATE--
YEAH?

I DOUBLED A WEEK'S WORTH OF WAGES FROM THE TRACK TODAY.



ANY PLANS FOR ALL THAT DOUGH?

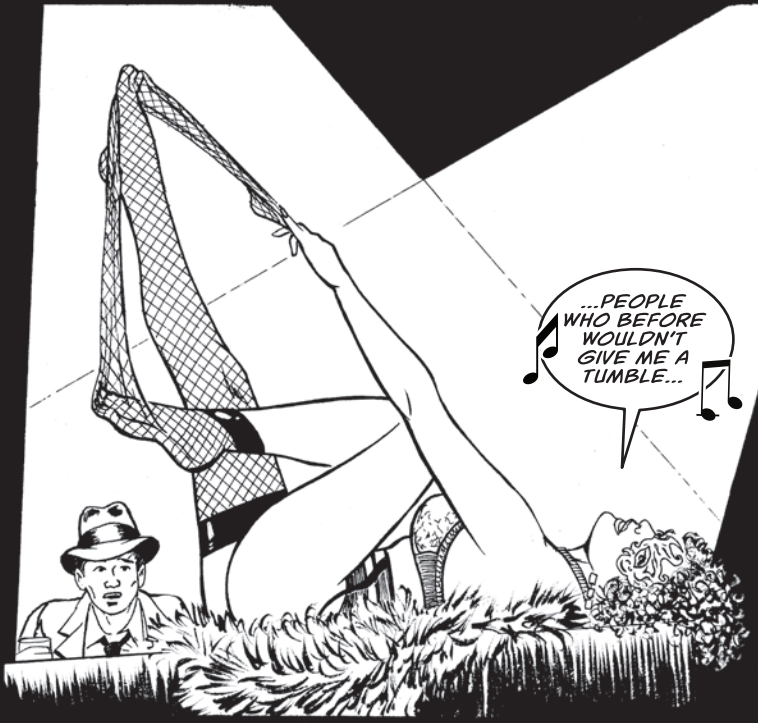
SAVING IT FOR A RAINY DAY...



...THE WAY THINGS ARE GOING, I DON'T TRUST THE BANKS.



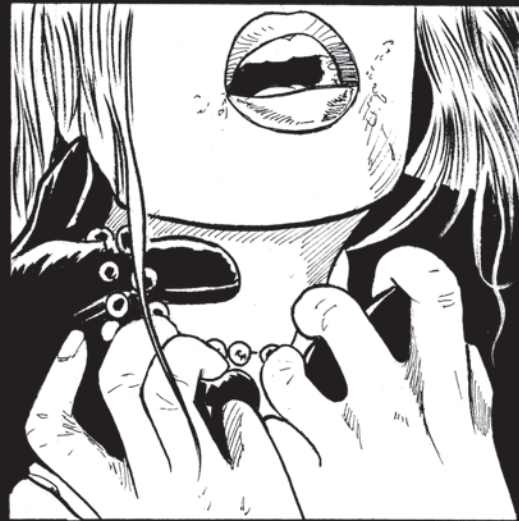
YOU AND MARNIE SHOULD COME OVER FOR DINNER TOMORROW.



...PEOPLE WHO BEFORE WOULDN'T GIVE ME A TUMBLE...



...EVEN PERFECT STRANGERS ARE BEGINNING TO GRUMBLE...



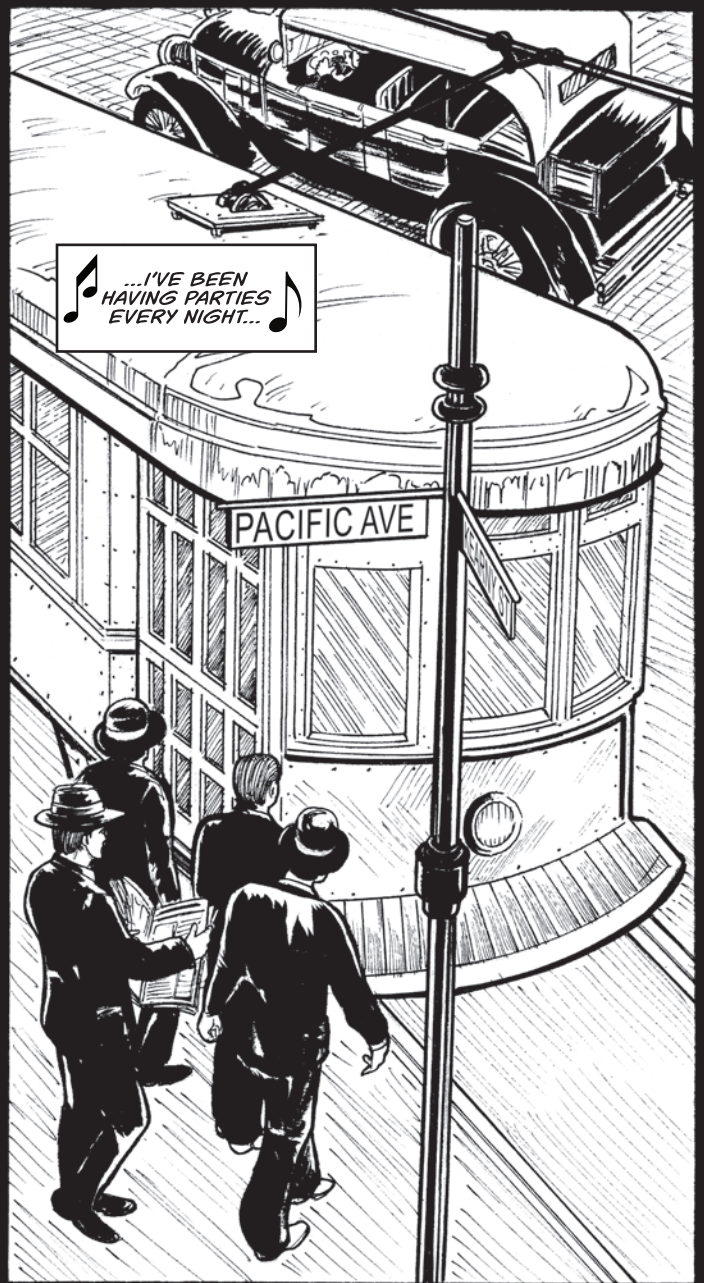
YOUR EYE IS LOOKING BETTER.

THANKS, ONE OF THESE DAYS, POPPY... HE'LL GET HIS.

LEFTY ISN'T THE ONLY ONE, BETTY.

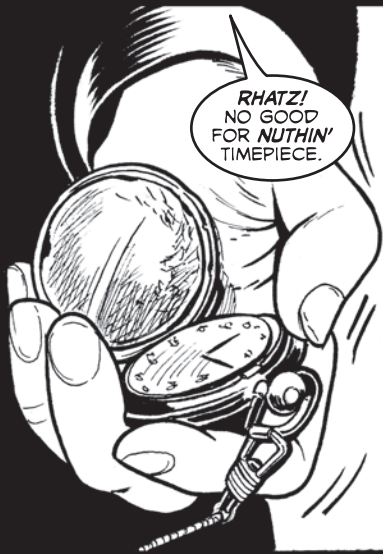
SURE, A BUNCH OF US DAMES WILL TAKE ON THE MOB.

ROULETTE SHOULD'VE BEEN BACK BY NOW...









RHATZ!
NO GOOD
FOR NUTHIN'
TIMEPIECE.



I'M
EITHER EARLY
OR RIGHT
ON TIME...



...AND ON
TIME MEANS
I'M LATE...



...SO WHAT'S
THE HARM?



...PARTY'S
JUST GETTIN'
STARTED.



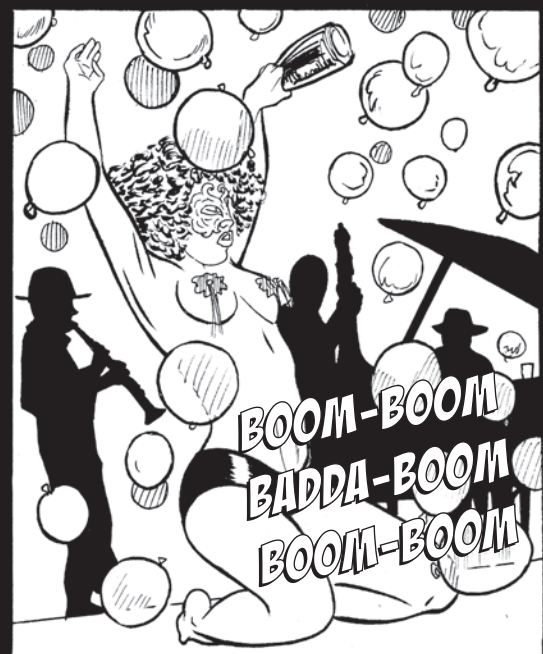
YOU HEARD
ME, GET THAT
SHOWBIZ TART
BACK INSIDE
NOW...



"...OR YOU'LL
FIND YOURSELF
BACK OUT ON
THE STREET."



...F--FRANKIE...
...ECKK...



BOOM-BOOM
BADD-BOOM
BOOM-BOOM



♪ ...THEY'LL NEVER GET IN, JUST LET THEM TRY... ♪

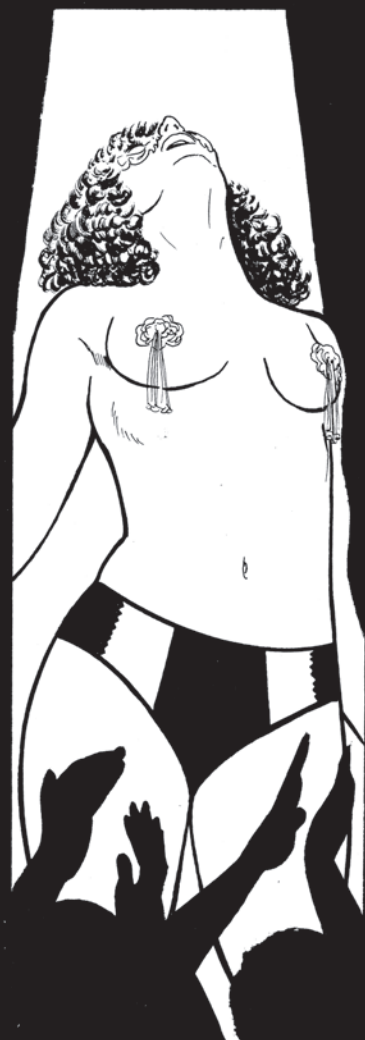


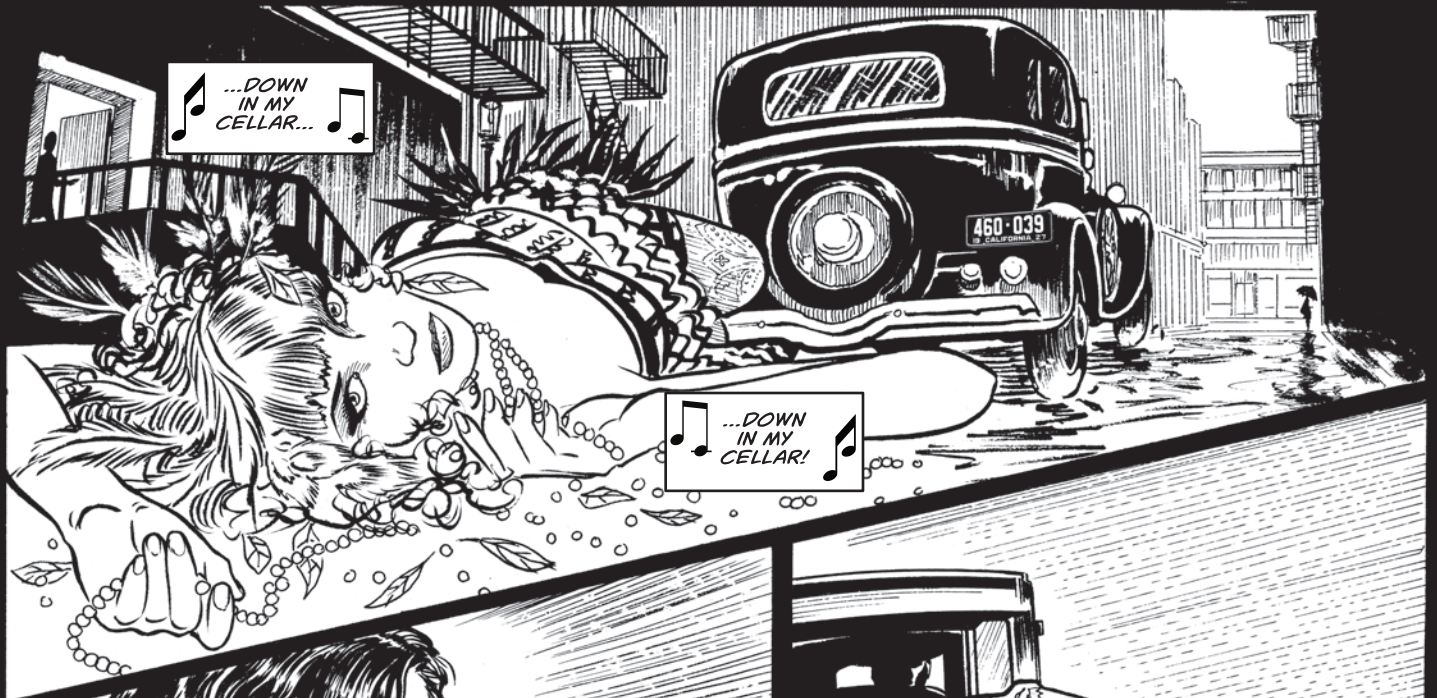
♪ ...THEY CAN HAVE MY MONEY, THEY CAN HAVE MY CAR, THEY CAN HAVE MY WIFE... ♪



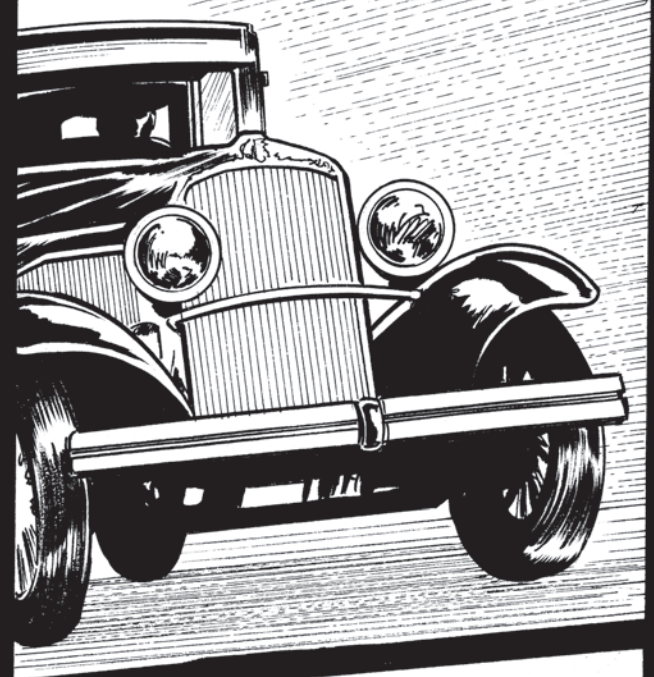
♪ ...BUT THEY CAN'T HAVE THE KEY THAT OPENS MY CELLAR... ♪

♪ ...EVEN IF THE WHOLE DARN WORLD GOES DRY... ♪

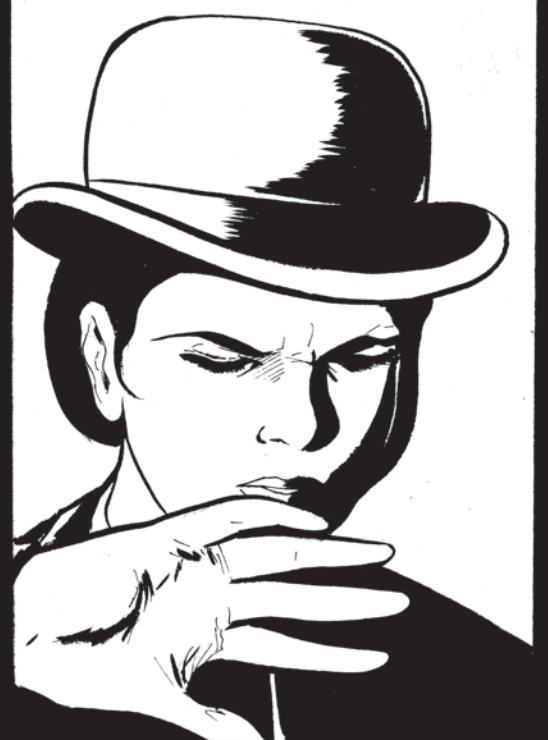


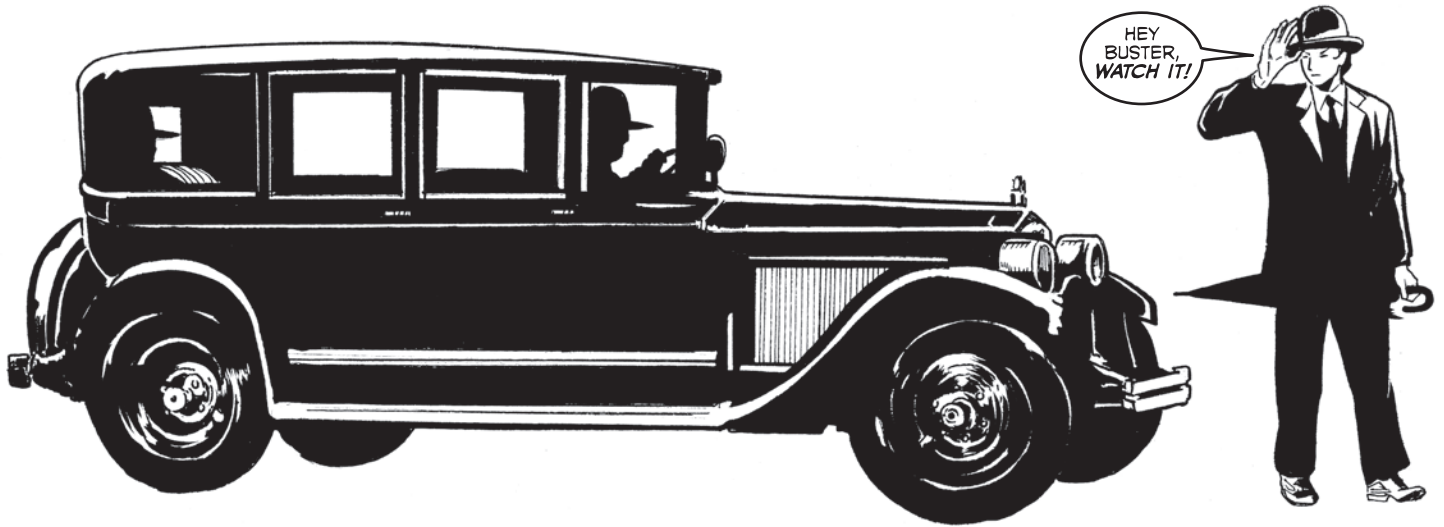


...DOWN IN MY CELLAR!



SCREEEECH







THIS IS ABOUT DERRY FEATHERSTONE.

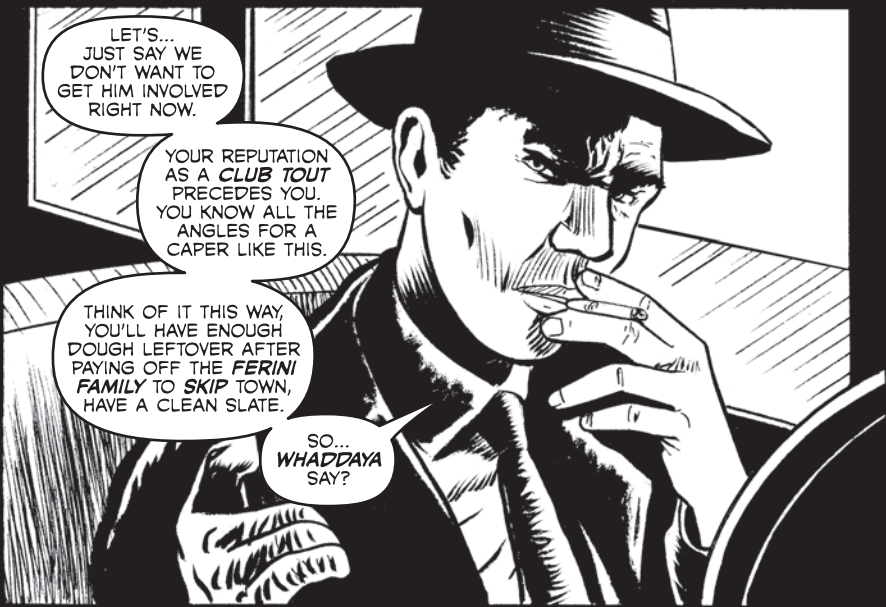
ONE OF HIS WHORES **STOLE** SOMETHING FROM A FRIEND OF MINE.



FIVE LARGE SAYS YOU'LL **FIND** IT...

...TWENTY MORE FOR RETURNING IT TO ME.

WHY NOT ASK HIM TO **SHAKEDOWN** HIS GIRLS FOR IT?



LET'S... JUST SAY WE DON'T WANT TO GET HIM INVOLVED RIGHT NOW.

YOUR REPUTATION AS A **CLUB TOUT** PRECEDES YOU. YOU KNOW ALL THE ANGLES FOR A CAPER LIKE THIS.

THINK OF IT THIS WAY, YOU'LL HAVE ENOUGH DOUGH LEFTOVER AFTER PAYING OFF THE **FERINI** FAMILY TO **SKIP TOWN**, HAVE A CLEAN SLATE.

SO... **WHADDAYA** SAY?



I... DON'T SEE HOW I COULD **REFUSE**.



WHAT'S THE **LOWDOWN** ON THE GRAB?

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON, I'M GETTIN' TO THAT--

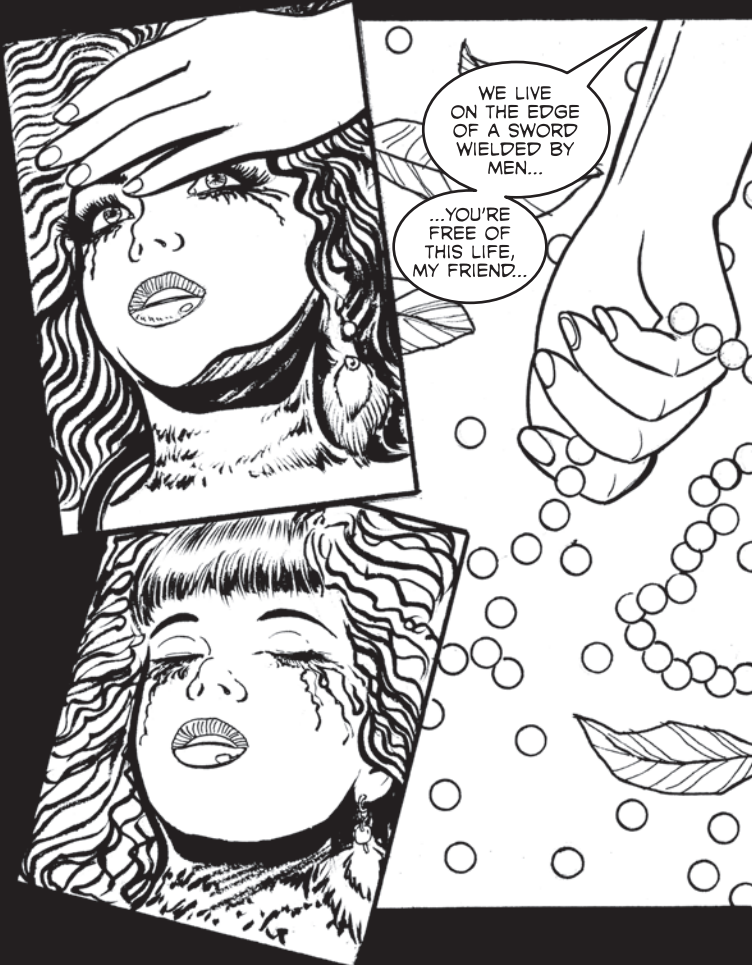
--START AT HIS CLUB, THE **FRISKY** DEVIL.



BETTY...
IS SHE--

SHE'S
DEAD,
POPPY.

ROULETTA
IS DEAD.



WE LIVE
ON THE EDGE
OF A SWORD
WIELDED BY
MEN...

...YOU'RE
FREE OF
THIS LIFE,
MY FRIEND...



...I FIND
SOLACE IN THAT,
ROULETTA...

...NO MATTER
HOW PAINFUL
IT FEELS.





DOES IT SWING?! THE WAY THIS JOINT IS JUMPIN' THAT'S A RESOUNDING YES!

MR. FEATHERSTONE? PARDON THE INTERRUPTION--



--SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED TO ROULETTE.



TELL MOTHER HIPPS I WANT TO SEE MAI DOWNSTAIRS...



"...HAVE CHESTER TAKE DOWN ROULETTE'S SHOWCARD UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE."



IF YOU GIRLS WANT TO WORK FOR MR. FEATHERSTONE, YOU ARE TO START OFF ON THE *RIGHT* FOOT...

...YOU MUST UNDERSTAND THE RULES...

...WHAT HE'LL STAND FOR AND WHAT HE *WON'T*--

MA'AM, MR. FEATHERSTONE WOULD LIKE TO SEE MAI.

TELL HIM SHE'LL BE OUT SHORTLY.



THERE ARE NO WAGES, BUT *GENEROUS* COMMISSIONS...

...THE USE OF ALCOHOL AND TOBACCO ARE PERMITTED...



...AS I WAS SAYING, NO *STEALING* FROM THE GENTLEMEN WHILE YOU'RE IN THE CLUB.

"...ANYTHING ELSE WILL RESULT IN YOUR *IMMEDIATE* DISMISSAL."



"IF A CUSTOMER HAS CASH IN ONE HAND AND HIS *PRICK* IN ANOTHER, *DON'T* LOITER IN THE PARLOR. BE *DECISIVE* AND TAKE HIM TO YOUR ROOM."



MAI,
TELL JIMMY
TO MEET ME AT
THE LOADING
DOCK--

HE'S
IN A CARD
GAME, CAN
IT WAIT?



I'M AFRAID
NOT, MY DEAR.
IT'S AN **URGENT**
MATTER.

LOADING
DOCK...



CAN I **QUOTE**
YOU ON THAT,
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
COLLINS?

IF I SEE **ANY**
INK ABOUT OUR
EXCHANGE IN THAT
RAG YOU CALL
A NEWSPAPER--



--YOU'LL
FACE SOME
EMBARRASSING
CHARGES FILED
AGAINST YOU.

THE NEWS
MEDIA WILL
HAVE A FIELD DAY
DRAGGING YOUR
NAME THROUGH
THE MUD,
STARR...

...SOMETHING
YOU'RE QUITE
FAMILIAR WITH
DOING TO
OTHERS.



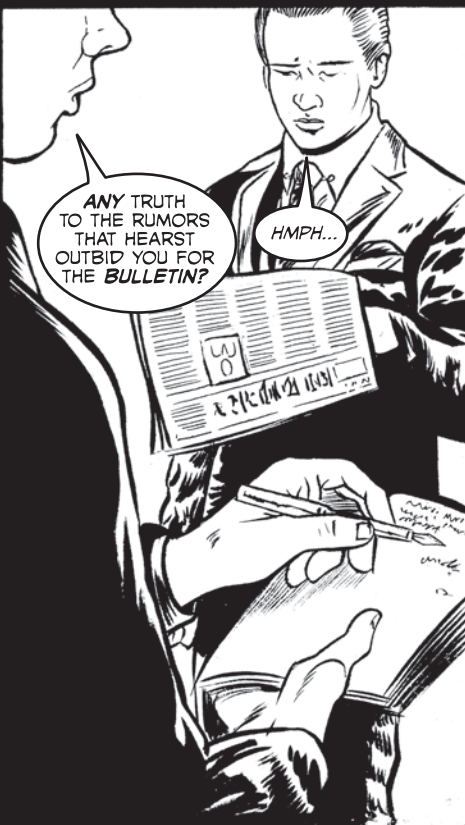
GORDON,
MY APOLOGIES
TO BOTH YOU
AND VICTORIA--

--BUT I HAVE
AN **URGENT** MATTER
THAT REQUIRES MY
FULL ATTENTION.

VERY WELL,
WE SHALL RECAP
TODAY'S AFFAIRS
AT A LATER
TIME, DERRY.

MR.
MONTGOMERY,
MIGHT I HAVE
A MOMENT?

IF
YOU MUST.



ANY TRUTH
TO THE RUMORS
THAT HEARST
OUTBID YOU FOR
THE **BULLETIN**?

HMPH...



...YOU
HUMOR ME,
STARR--

--YOU CAN'T
BE OUTBID TO
SOMETHING THAT
YOU ALREADY
OWN...

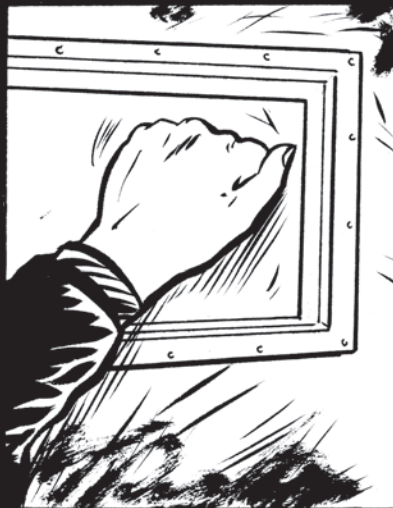
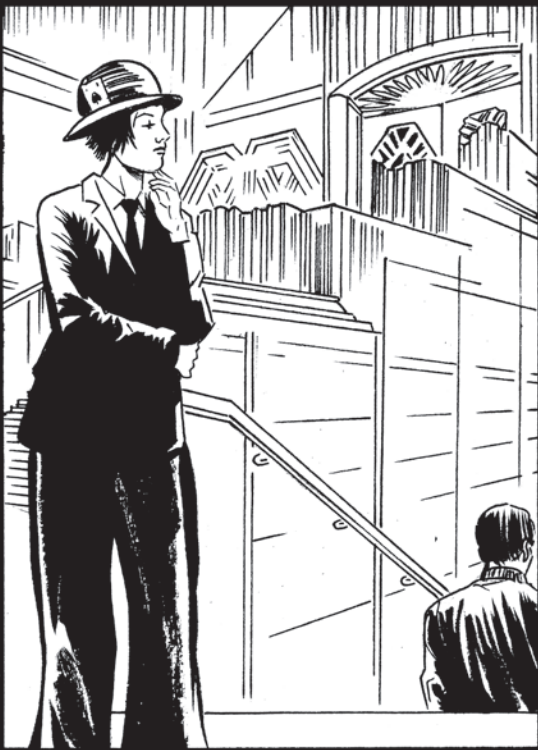
...NOW,
IF YOU'LL
EXCUSE ME--

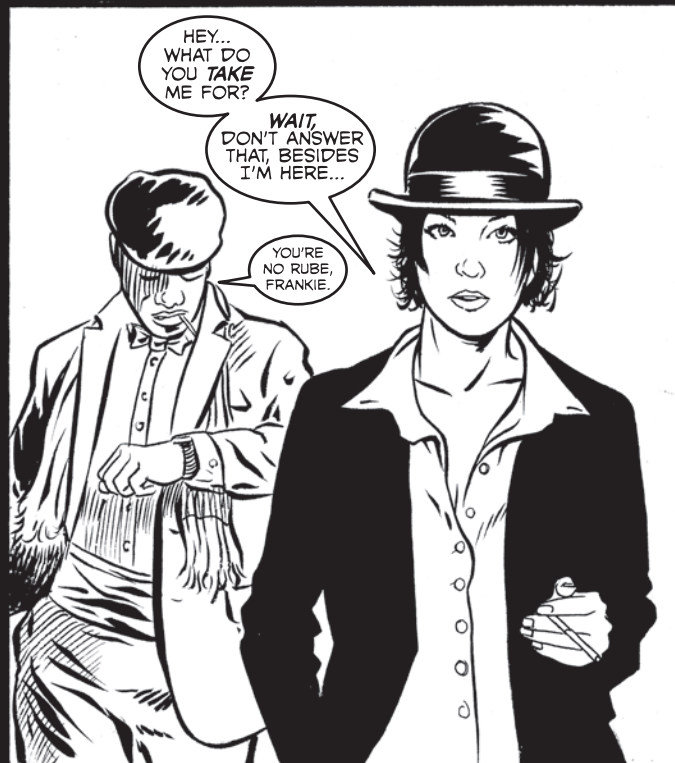
W-WAIT!
JUST ONE
MORE--



MR. STARR,
MY BROTHER JUST
GAVE YOU AN EXCLUSIVE
TO **HEADLINE** YOUR
EARLY EDITION...

...I'D HATE
TO SEE SUCH
A **FAVOR** GO TO
WASTE, NOW RUN
ALONG.



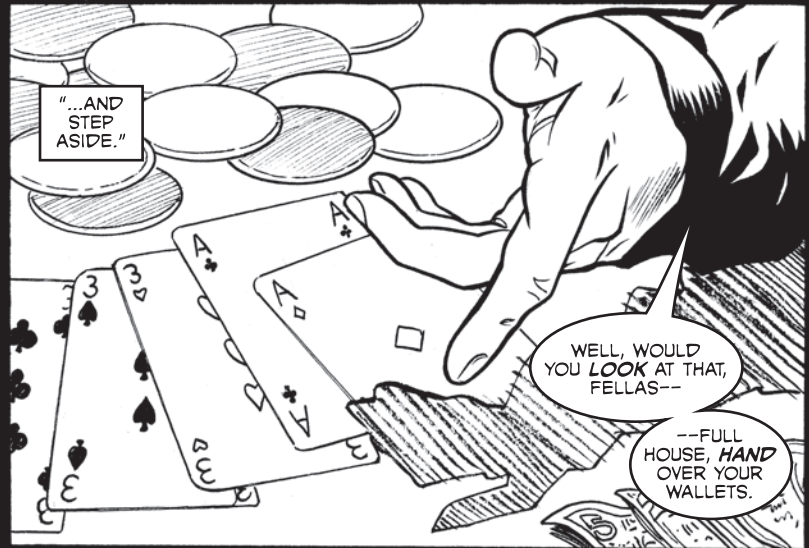




"...IS THERE SOMETHING I SHOULD KNOW ABOUT ROULETTE?"

WHAT BRINGS YOU UP HERE, MAI?

TAKE A WILD GUESS...



"...AND STEP ASIDE."

WELL, WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT, FELLAS--

--FULL HOUSE, HAND OVER YOUR WALLETS.



HOT HAND, JIMMY.. BUT THE NIGHT IS BARELY YOUNG.

YOU SAID IT, RAY. STILL TIME BEFORE THE NEXT DROP ARRIVES.

MR. FEATHERSTONE WOULD LIKE A WORD WITH YOU, JIMMY.

LIGHT ME UP BEFORE YOU SPILL THE BEANS ABOUT IT, MAI.



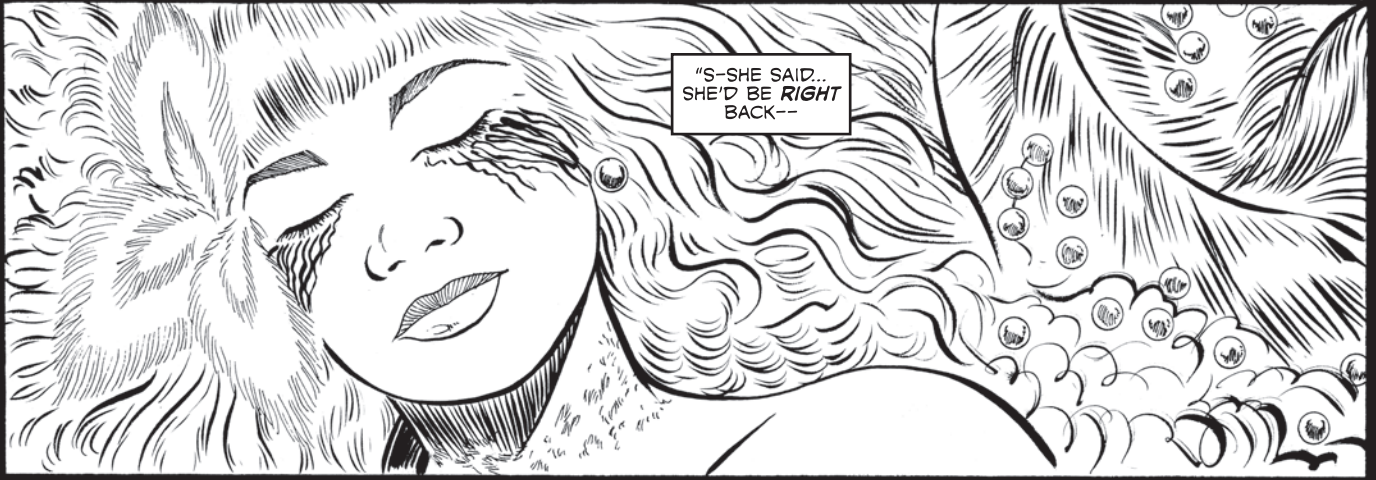
EVEN YOU SHOULD KNOW BY NOW NOT TO KEEP HIM WAITING...

BETTER BE A GOOD REASON FOR INTERRUPTING MY GAME.



SHIT.





"S-SHE SAID...
SHE'D BE RIGHT
BACK--"



--SHE...
WAS MEETING
SOMEONE OUT
HERE.

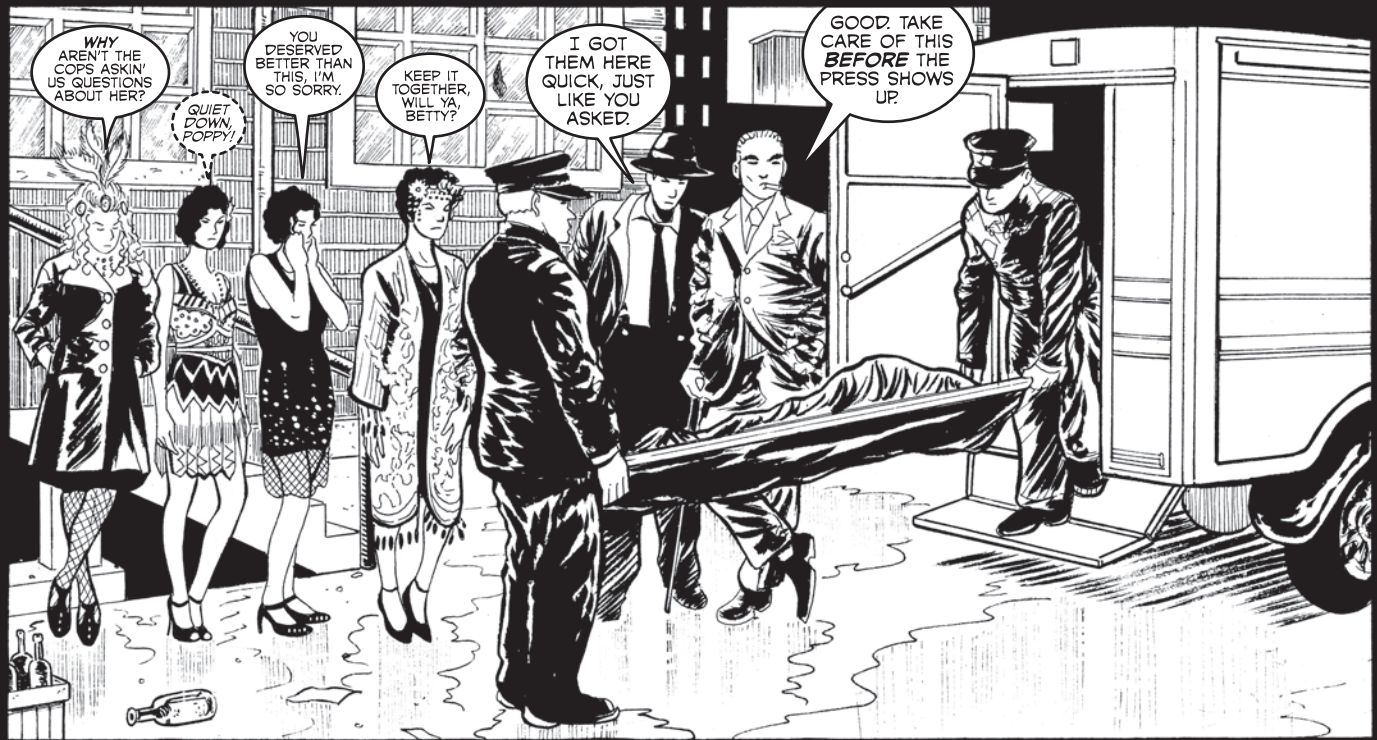
MEETING
WHO? YOU SAID
YOU FOUND HER
LYING HERE
ALONE.



"ROULETTE,
WAS USUALLY
DISCREET ABOUT
WHOM SHE WAS
GOING TO MEET..."

"...AND...
YOU COULD
SEE IT ON HER
FACE..."

"...SHE
LOOKED
RIDICULOUSLY
HAPPY ABOUT
WHOMEVER
IT WAS."



WHY AREN'T THE COPS ASKIN' US QUESTIONS ABOUT HER?

QUIET DOWN, POPPY.

YOU DESERVED BETTER THAN THIS, I'M SO SORRY.

KEEP IT TOGETHER, WILL YA, BETTY?

I GOT THEM HERE QUICK, JUST LIKE YOU ASKED.

GOOD. TAKE CARE OF THIS BEFORE THE PRESS SHOWS UP.



JIMMY, SLIP THEM MORE THAN THE USUAL AMOUNT.



≡ AHEM ≡

EXCUSE ME, OFFICER--



SEE THAT YOU FOLLOW THROUGH ON IT.

YEAH... I SEE IT ALRIGHT.

MR. FEATHERSTONE APPRECIATES YOUR... SERVICE--

--ALL OF IT.

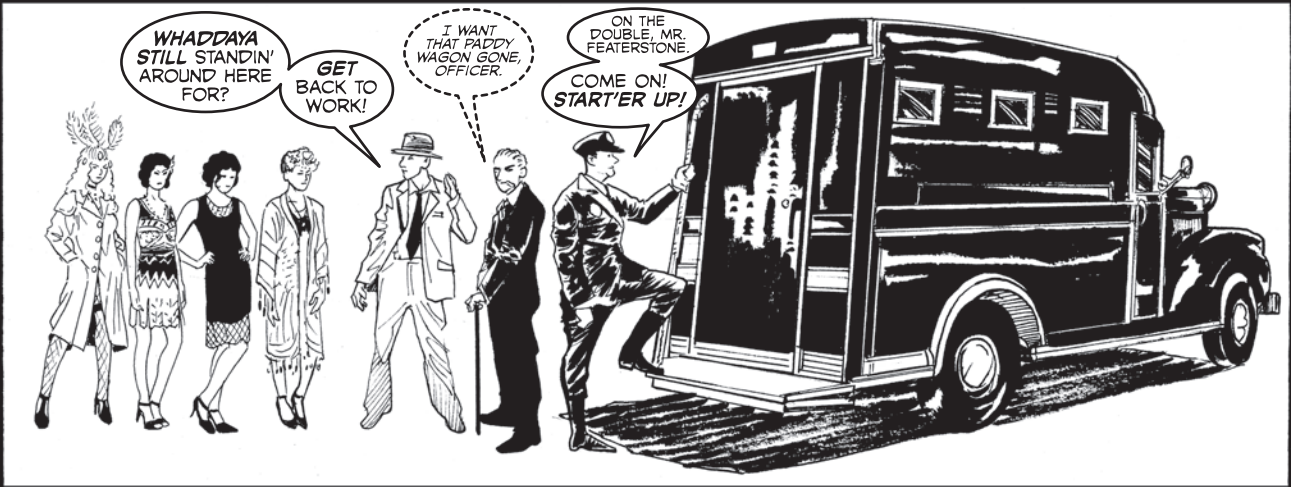


WHAT... MAI, DID YOU--

POPPY, NOT HERE, NOT NOW.

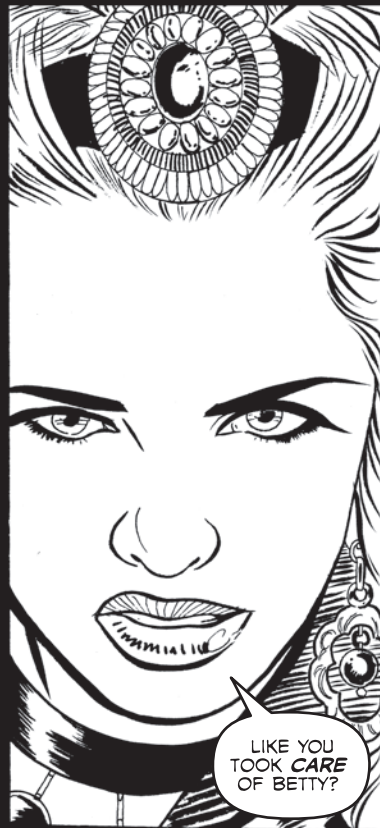
COPS. WHAT ARE THEY GOOD FOR?

THOSE ARE FEATHERSTONE'S COPS, YOU WON'T FIND ANY GOOD IN THEM.

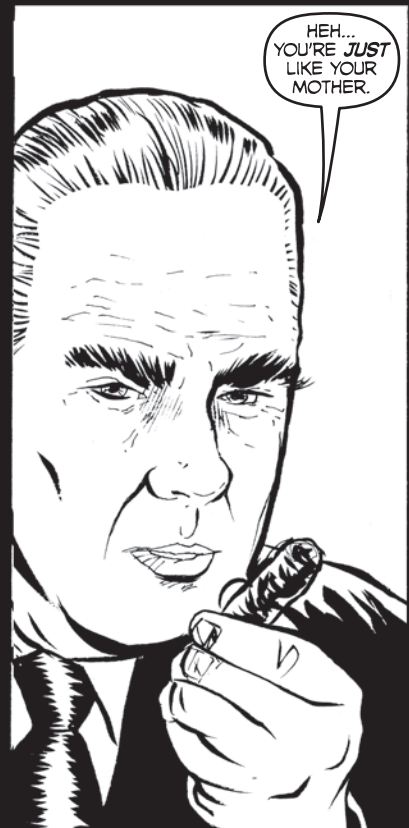




NOW...
GO **BACK**
INSIDE, WE'LL
TAKE CARE
OF THIS.



LIKE YOU
TOOK **CARE**
OF BETTY?



HEH...
YOU'RE **JUST**
LIKE YOUR
MOTHER.

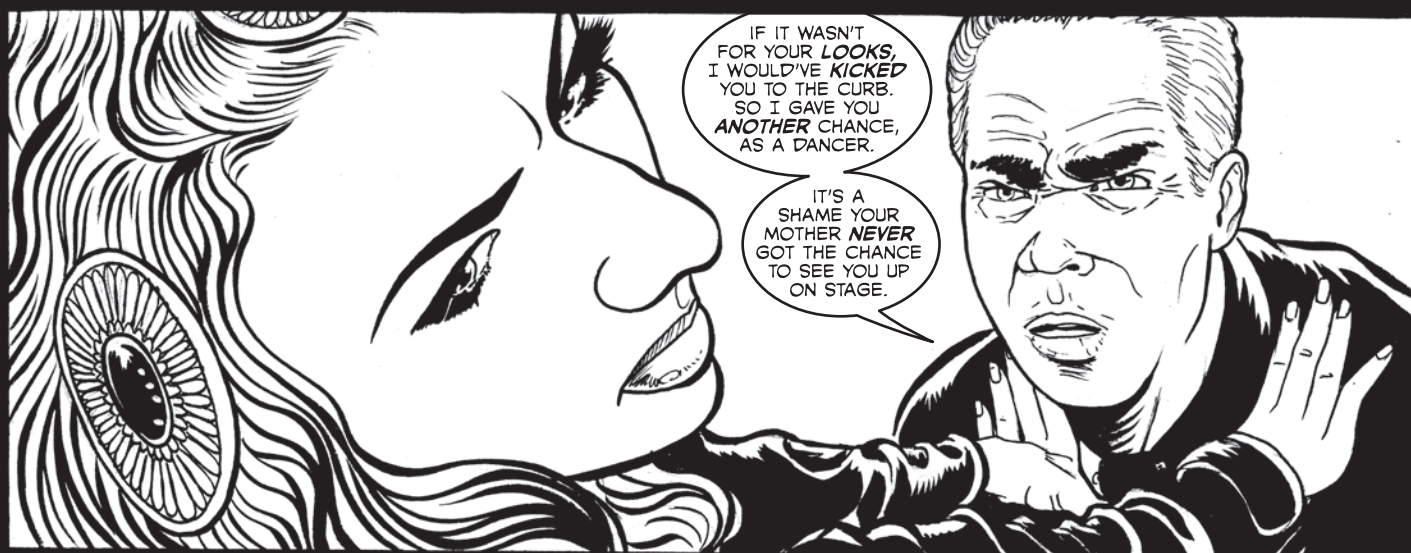


**STICKIN' HER
COKED UP NOSE
WHERE IT DOESN'T
BELONG.**

AAK!



THIS IS HOW YOU REPAY YOUR DEBT TO ME, POPPY?





"I'M A
RESPECTED
BUSINESSMAN
IN THIS TOWN..."

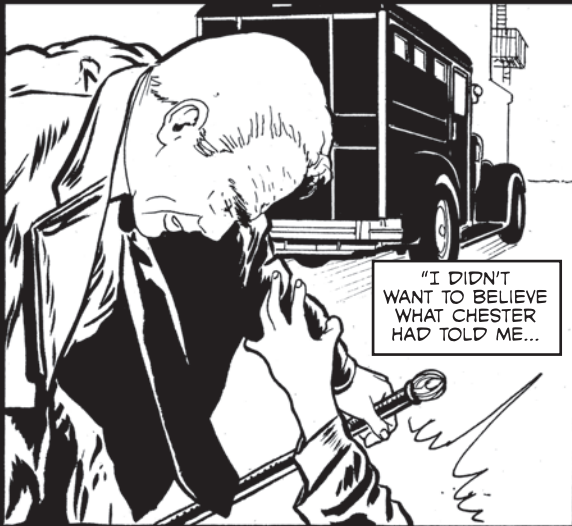
GUH

"...AND YOU'RE
GOING TO LEARN
WHAT THAT MEANS,
THE HARD WAY."

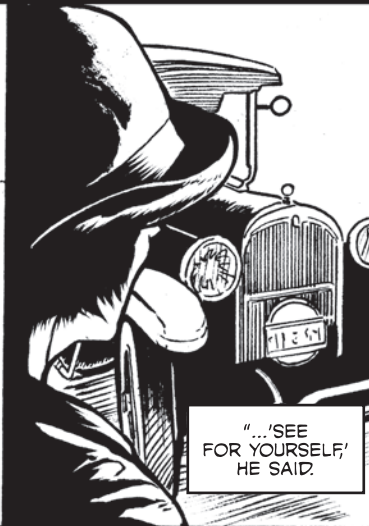
GHUUCHH







"I DIDN'T WANT TO BELIEVE WHAT CHESTER HAD TOLD ME..."



"... 'SEE FOR YOURSELF,' HE SAID."



"A POLICE PADDY WAGON RACED OUT OF THE ALLEY..."

"WHAT DID YOU FIND, FRANKIE?"



BACK TO WHORING SHE GOES, HAVE MOTHER HIPPS CLEAN HER UP.

BE THANKFUL I LEFT THAT FACE OF YOURS INTACT.



"WHAT'S THE HARM IN BEING A FEW MINUTES LATE FOR A DATE, JORDAN?"



"...EVERYTHING."

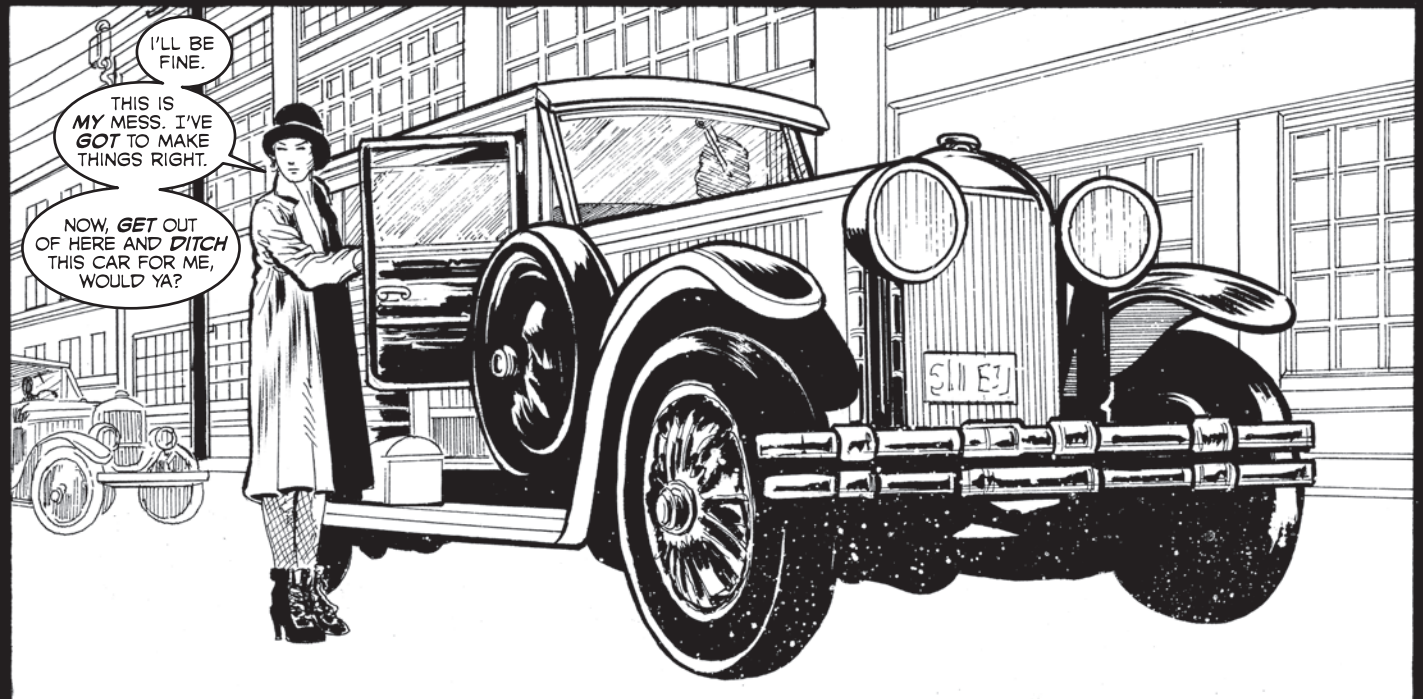
SAN FRANCISCO, CA
MAY 12, 1928.

I'VE TURNED
THIS CROOKED
TOWN UPSIDE
DOWN JUST TO
FIND HER.

THAT'S
WHAT THIS IS
ALL ABOUT?
THE MEDIA--

ISN'T
REPORTING
THE *WHOLE*
STORY.











OW!
EASY ON
THE RIBS,
MOTHER.



SORRY,
CHILD. SOME OF
THE GIRLS AREN'T
AS LUCKY AS YOU
TO ONLY COME
AWAY WITH JUST
BRUISES.

LUCKY?!
UNGH...



"ROULETTE
WASN'T SO
LUCKY.

NO, MOTHER
HIPPS, SHE WAS NOT.
NOBODY SEEMS TO
CARE ABOUT WHAT
HAPPENED TO HER.
THE POLICE HAVEN'T
RETURNED TO ASK
US QUESTIONS--

"HOW MR.
FEATHERSTONE
HANDLED IT DOESN'T
MAKE IT **RIGHT**, BUT
THE **ONES** WHO CARE
ABOUT HER WILL.

"POPPY, IT'S
NOT TOO LATE
FOR YOU AND THE
OTHER GIRLS TO
DO SOMETHING
ABOUT IT.

"WHAT ARE
YOU SAYING,
EXACTLY?"



"IT'S **ONLY** A
MAN'S WORLD IF
YOU PLAY BY **THEIR**
RULES."



DID YOU HEAR THAT?

...SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE'S OUT ON THE FIRE ESCAPE.



OH. JUST *ONE* OF FEATHERSTONE'S *GOONS* ON PATROL, KEEPIN' US *ABUSED* GIRLS *SAFE*.

HE'S *CONVINCED* ROULETTA'S MURDERER MAY RETURN, SO HE HIRED THEM, HOPING TO *SNATCH* THE CULPRIT.

MORE LIKE TO KEEP US FROM *GETTING* OUT.

HEY!

IF YOU'RE GONNA KEEP *LEERING* AT MY ASS--PUT A TIP DOWN, *PERV!*

GOONS?

...



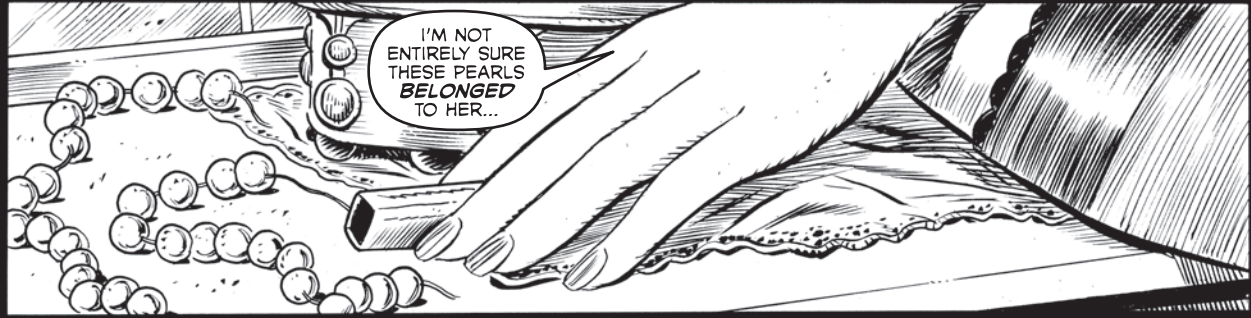
IF YOU'RE HOVERING BECAUSE YOU'RE CONCERNED I *MIGHT* BE USING DOPE--*DON'T* BE.

I'M NOT...

...IT'S YOUR CURIOSITY ABOUT ROULETTA'S DEATH THAT WORRIES ME, DEAR.



WHATEVER IT IS YOU PLAN ON DOING WITH THOSE BLOODSTAINED PEARLS OF HERS, *DO IT QUIETLY.*



I'M NOT ENTIRELY SURE THESE PEARLS BELONGED TO HER...

"...SHE WAS A STICKLER FOR SILK THREADED PEARLS.



"THESE PEARLS ARE MADE WITH NYLON COATED STEEL THREAD, BASICALLY A MINIATURE CABLE. IF YOU'RE GOING TO *CHOK*E SOMEONE, THEN THIS--"

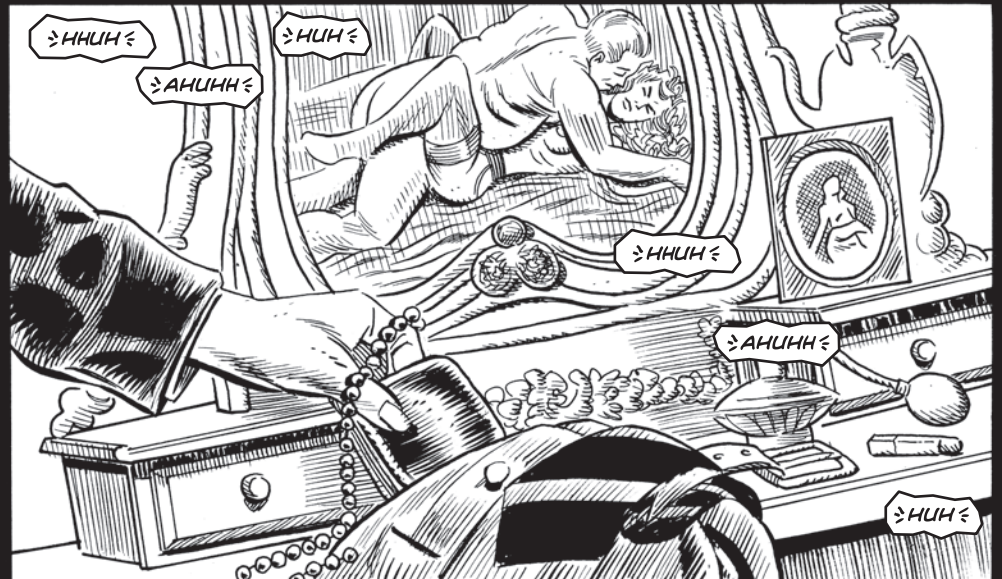
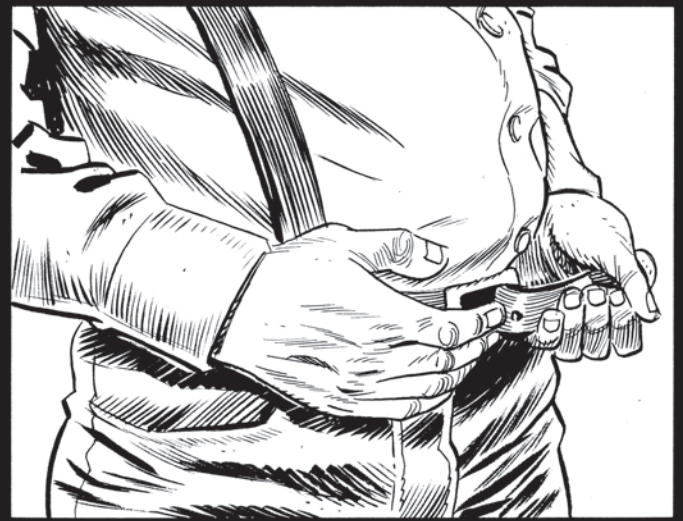


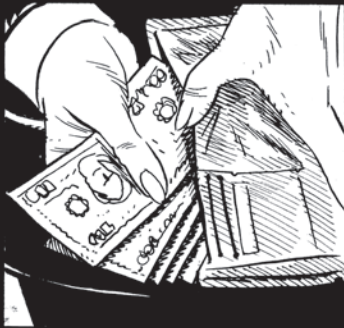
KNOCK, KNOCK

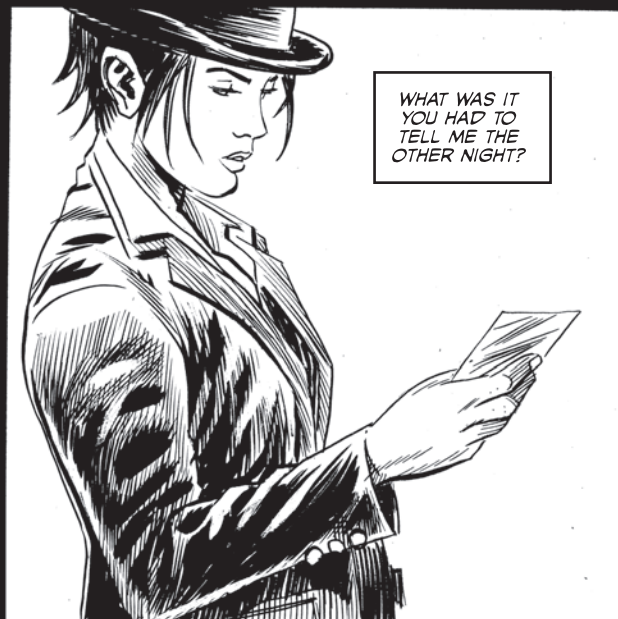


POPPY, YOUR TEN O'CLOCK IS HERE.

WONDERFUL.









<I SHOULD CALL UPON MY PAINTER FRIEND, **ANDRÉ DERRAIN** TO CAPTURE SUCH A SIGHT.>



<TOO LATE! I ALREADY BEAT HIM TO IT.>

<HA! SINCE WHEN HAVE YOU BECOME **THE EARLY BIRD**? HERE...>

<...KEEP IT SAFE. THIS TIMEPIECE IS VERY IMPORTANT TO ME--US, **CHÉRIE**.>



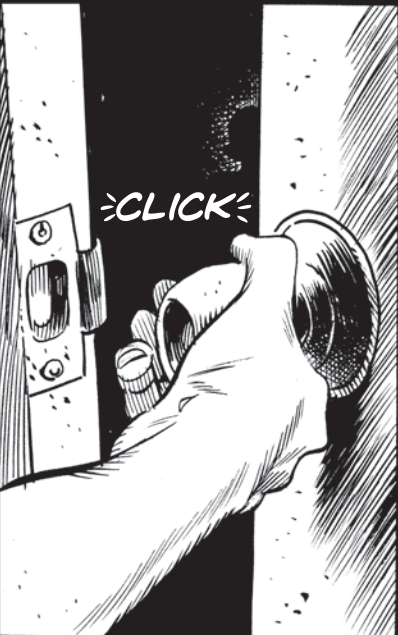
<US? AS IN YOU AND ME? THE TWO-->

<YOU AND I.>

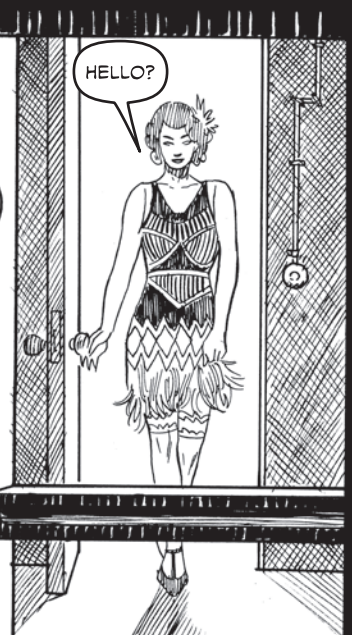
<SHUT UP...>



<LET'S GET LOST TOGETHER.>



≡CLICK≡



HELLO?







MY PEARLS!



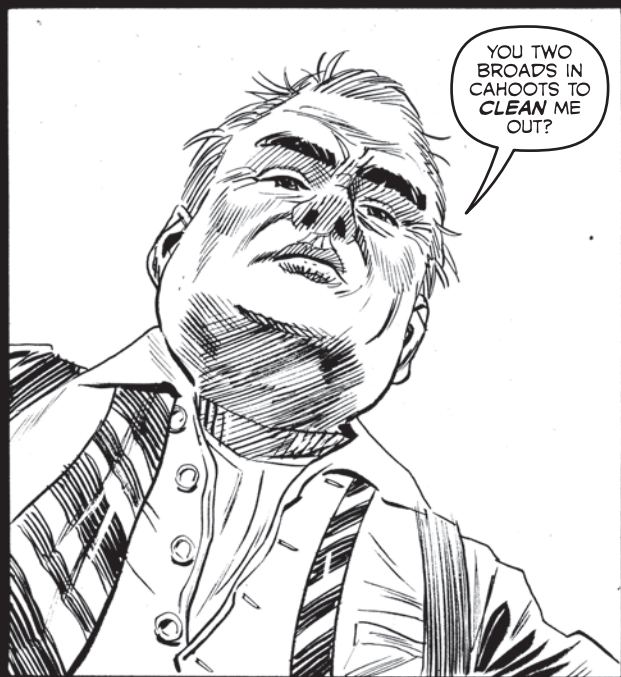
I SEE... THE OLE' BAIT AND SWITCH, SOME RACKET!



YOU GOT IT ALL WRONG, GOLDLOCKS. LOOK--



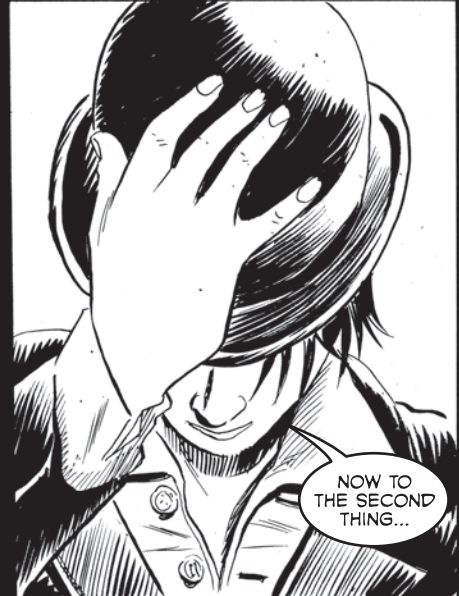
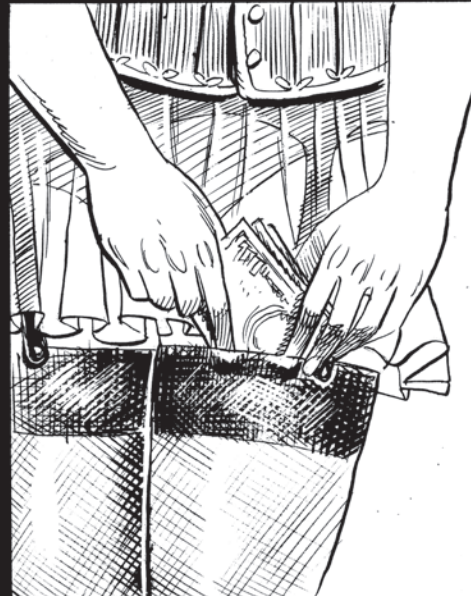
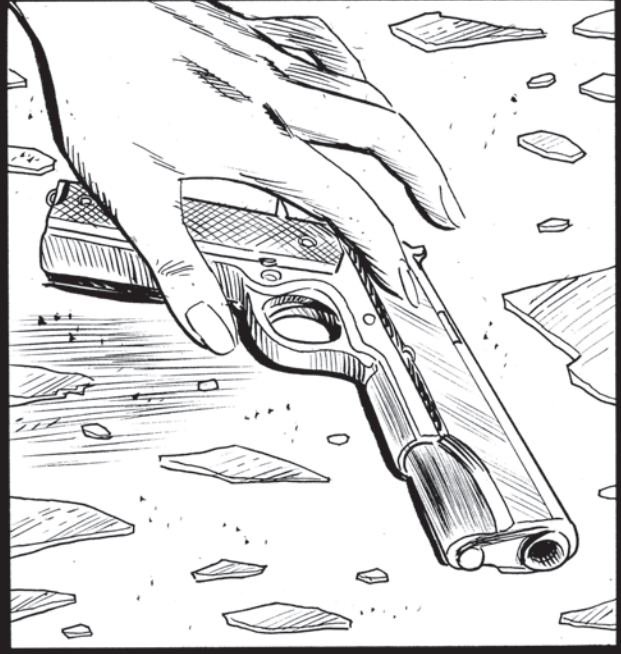
THAT'S MY BILL CLIP!



YOU TWO BROADS IN CAHOOTS TO CLEAN ME OUT?



NOBODY MAKE A MOVE.





...*È*UNGHÈ...
GOLDIE... THE BACK
ALLEY, I *SAW* WHAT
FEATHERSTONE
DID TO YOU--

YOU
GOT NO
BUSINESS--

SHUT UP.

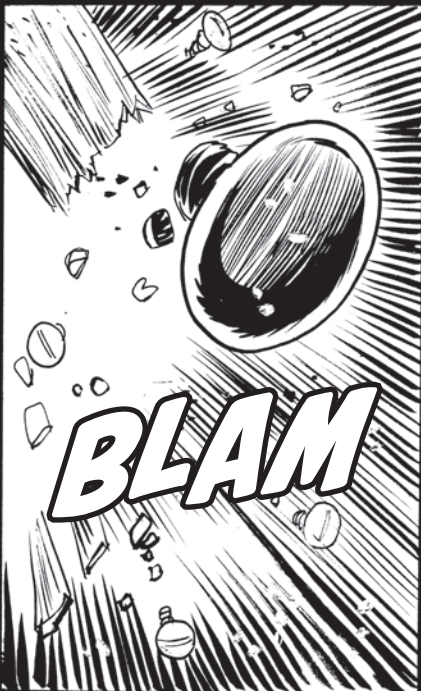
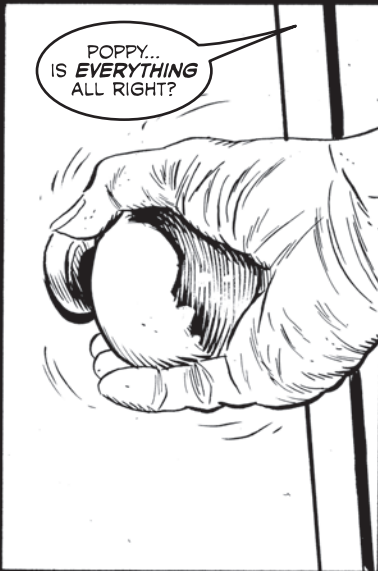
ROULETTA...
...*È*UNGHÈ...
HOW DID
IT HAPPEN?



SHE MAY
HAVE BEEN
STRANGL
ED TO DEATH.



ROULETTA
LOCKHART,
THE **DANCER**?
KILLED?!





DUTCH,
WHAT THE
HELL JUST
HAPPENED,
HERE?

AN INTRUDER
WAS LURKING
OUT ON THE
FIRE ESCAPE--

--THIS
ONE HELPED
HER ESCAPE.

HER?

LIES.

SHE
STOPPED THIS
SLIMEY PIG FROM
TAKING ADVANTAGE
OF ME.

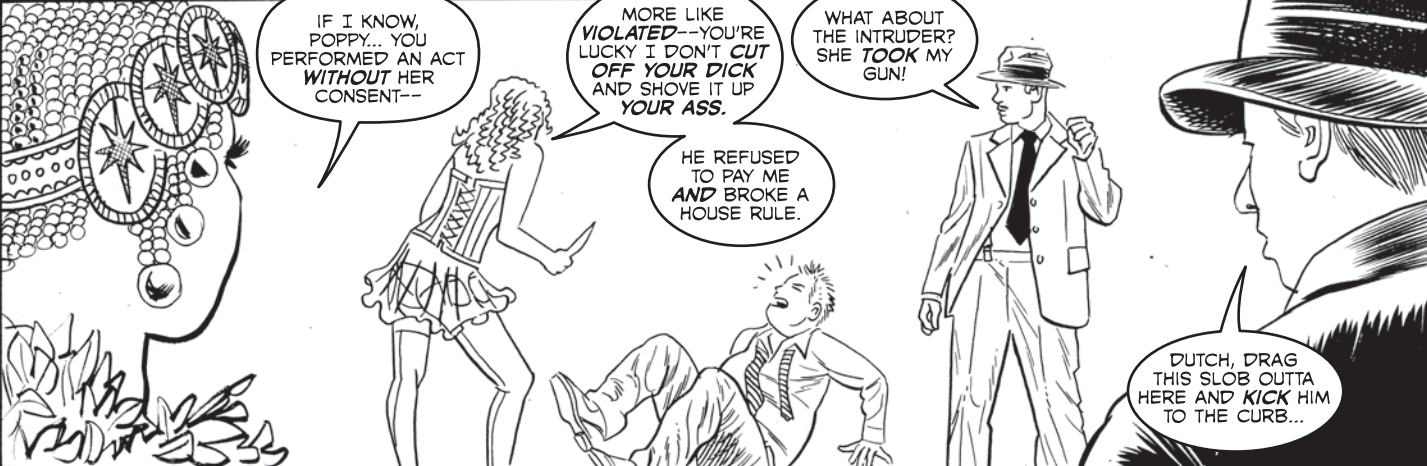


DID YOU SEE
ANYONE ELSE OUT
THERE WITH THIS...
INTRUDER?



JIMMY,
POPPY LEFT OUT
THE PART WHERE SHE
HAD A KNIFE TO MY
THROAT!

THIS CRAZY
WHORE THOUGHT
I WAS STEALING
FROM HER.



IF I KNOW,
POPPY... YOU
PERFORMED AN ACT
WITHOUT HER
CONSENT--

MORE LIKE
VIOLATED--YOU'RE
LUCKY I DON'T CUT
OFF YOUR DICK
AND SHOVE IT UP
YOUR ASS.

WHAT ABOUT
THE INTRUDER?
SHE TOOK MY
GUN!

HE REFUSED
TO PAY ME
AND BROKE A
HOUSE RULE.

DUTCH, DRAG
THIS SLOB OUTTA
HERE AND KICK HIM
TO THE CURB...



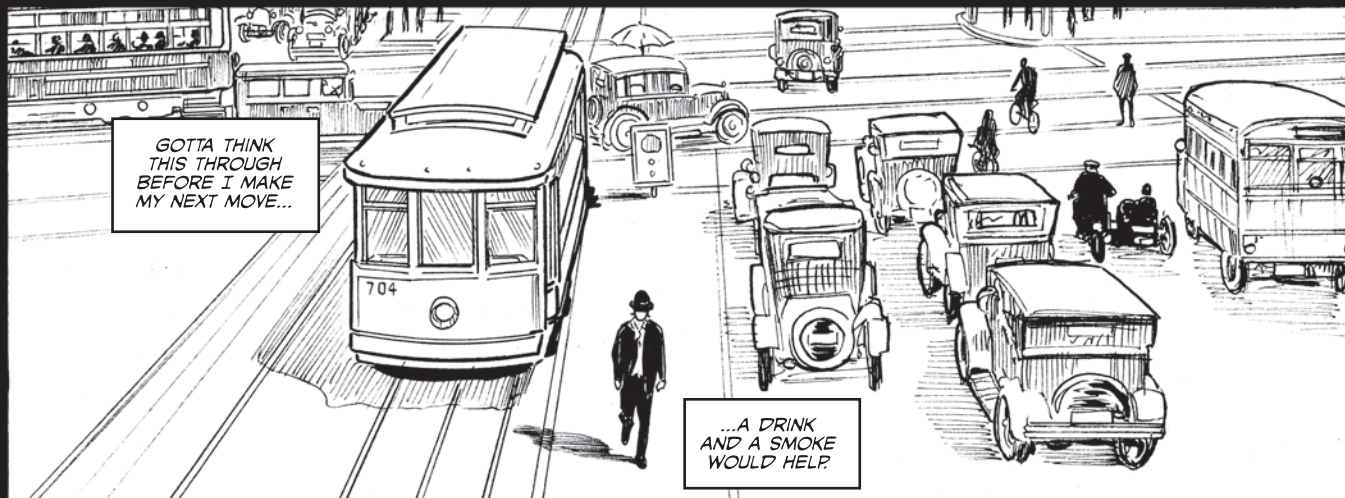
"...POPPY,
YOU CAN PUT
THE KNIFE DOWN
NOW."



AHHGH...
BETTER HAVE THE
DOC LOOK AT THIS,
TO MAKE SURE ALL OF
THE SHARDS OF GLASS
ARE OUT.



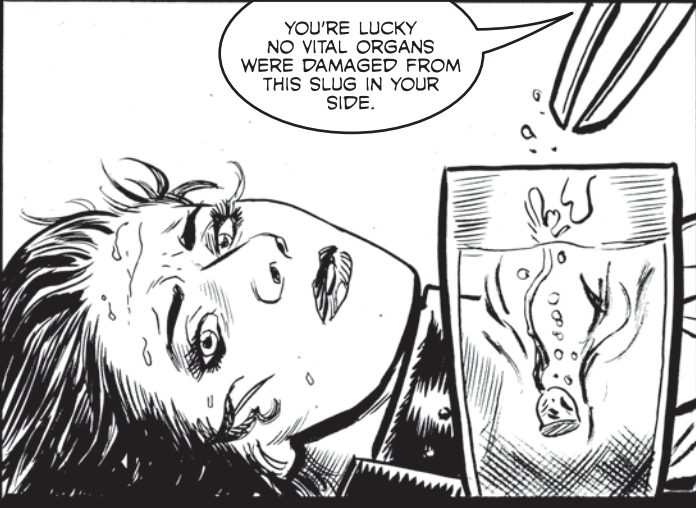
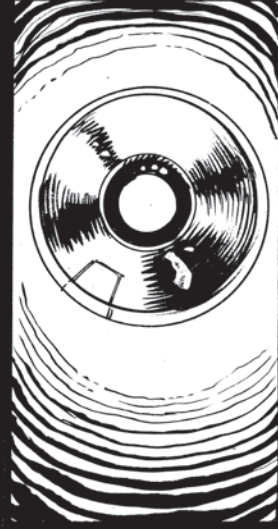
THE DEVIL IS
IN THE DETAILS,
ALRIGHT.



GOTTA THINK
THIS THROUGH
BEFORE I MAKE
MY NEXT MOVE...

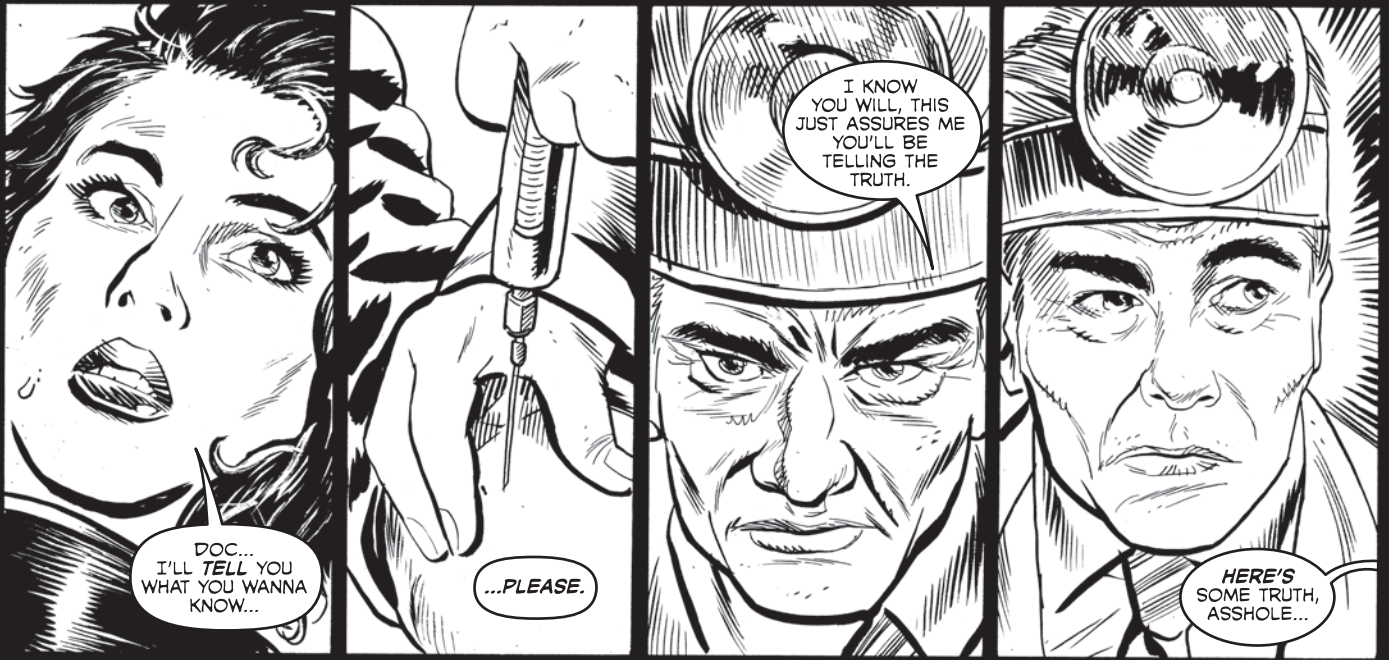
...A DRINK
AND A SMOKE
WOULD HELP.

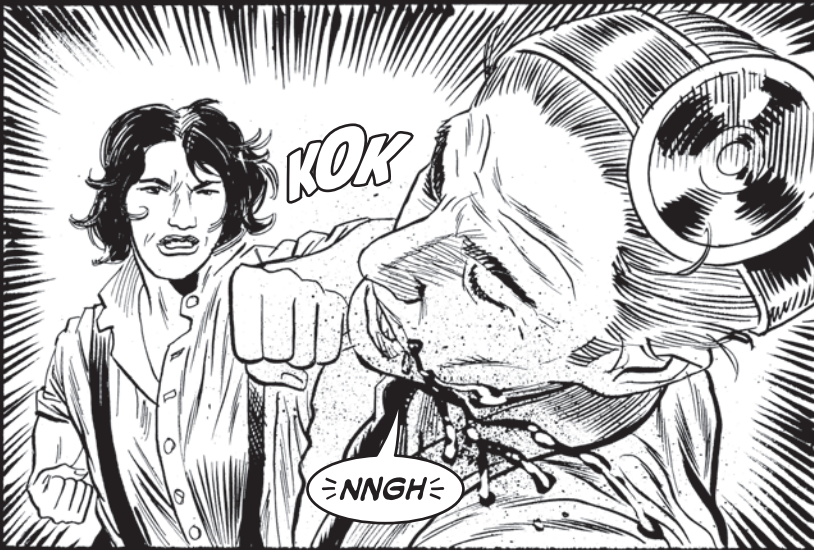
SAN FRANCISCO, CA
MAY 12, 1928.



A LITTLE CONCOCTION OF SCOPOLAMINE, ALONG WITH MORPHINE AND CHLOROFORM TO HELP YOU RELAX AND...
...VOLUNTEER SOME INFORMATION I NEED FROM YOU.









FRANKIE...
COME TAKE
A LOOK AT
THIS.



YEP,
DOC WAS
STALLING
FOR THEM.

"THEM?"



THE TONG
CRIME FAMILY OF
CHINATOWN...

...WHOM
I SUSPECT HAVE
TIES TO THE GREEN
GANG IN SHANGHAI.
WHICH *DOESN'T*
BODE WELL FOR
US AT ALL.

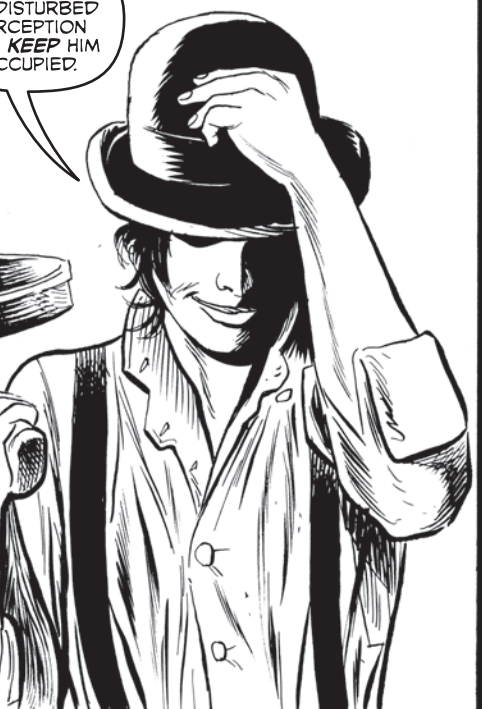


SORRY
I GOT YOU
INTO THIS
MESS.



BEATS BLOWIN'
DEADBEATS.
WHAT ABOUT
THE DOC?

HIS
HALLUCINATIONS
OF DISTURBED
PERCEPTION
WILL *KEEP* HIM
OCCUPIED.



...NNINGH...
HAHA--URMMM
PFFT!



FOLLOW MY LEAD...
KEEP YOUR FINGER ON THE TRIGGER.



YOU'RE A HARD WOMAN TO TRACK DOWN, FRANKIE.

I HAVE MY REASONS, MR. TONG...

AS DO I FOR FINDING YOU, WE NEED TO TALK.

PLEASE, PUT DOWN YOUR GUNS.



NOT A CHANCE, WHADDAYA WANT?

THIS MAY NOT BE THE BEST TIME TO ASK YOU THIS, BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHER GIRLS?

WE COULD REALLY USE THEM RIGHT ABOUT NOW.



YOU HAVE SOMETHING IN YOUR POSSESSION THAT I CAN PUT PROPERLY... TO USE.

HAND IT OVER AND WE'LL LET YOU BOTH WALK AWAY UNHARMED.

MAY 1, 1928
THE BIG KNOCKOVER

NOTHING!
NOT ONE WORD
ABOUT ROULETTA'S
MURDER.

IT'S
BEEN THREE
DAYS...

I TOLD YOU
WE SHOULD'VE
GONE TO THE
POLICE.

THEY'RE
PART OF THE
PROBLEM, POP!
WE CAN'T TRUST
THEM.

SAME
GOES FOR THE
PRESS.

OKAY,
LET'S HIRE
A PRIVATE
GUMSHOE.

WITH
WHAT? OUR
GOOD LOOKS,
POPPY?

EVEN IF WE
HAD THE MONEY,
IT WOULD GO TO
WHAT WE OWE
FEATHERSTONE.

BACK TO
SQUARE ONE...

...FEATHERSTONE
SEES US AS HIS
POSSESSIONS.

HE'S NOT GOING
TO LET US JUST
WALTZ
OUT THE DOOR
WITHOUT
GETTING SOMETHIN'
IN RETURN.

YOU THINK HE
HAD SOMETHING
TO DO WITH
ROULETTA'S
DEATH?

I DON'T
KNOW, MAI.
HE MAY BE
COVERING UP
FOR THE GUILTY
PARTY.

GAH!

LET'S JUST SEE
WHAT WE CAN FIND OUT
ABOUT HER AT THE
CORONER'S...

Presidio Ave. California

& Market

Streets



"...BEFORE WE DECIDE WHAT TO DO NEXT."

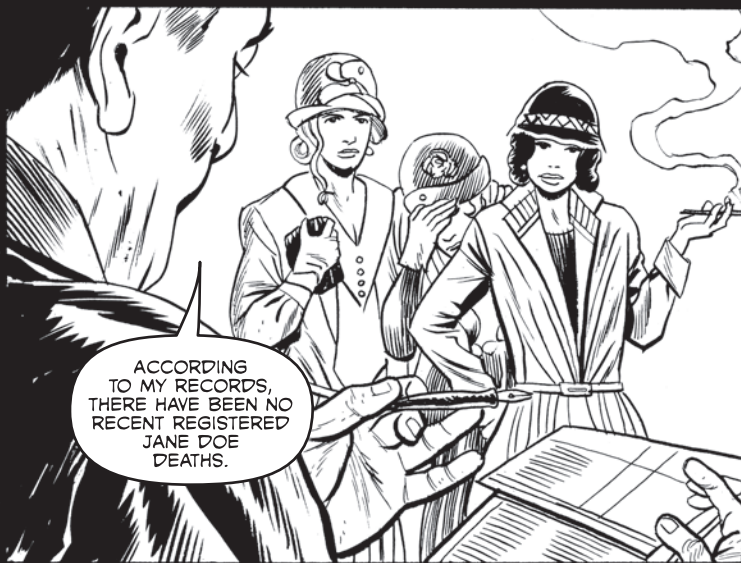


HANDS OFF! WE HAVE RIGHTS!

AS I STATED TO YOU ALREADY, THERE IS **NOBODY** REGISTERED WITH THAT NAME HERE.

OUR FRIEND WAS BROUGHT HERE BY THE POLICE.

⇒NNGH⇒



ACCORDING TO MY RECORDS, THERE HAVE BEEN NO RECENT REGISTERED JANE DOE DEATHS.



MY JOB AS CORONER IS TO DETERMINE THE CAUSE OF DEATH...

...IF THERE'S **NO BODY**, THEN I CAN'T HELP YOU.



I'M SORRY.



SOUNDS LIKE THE CORONER WAS ON THE LEVEL WITH YOU, **UNLIKE** FEATHERSTONE'S DIRTY COPS.

YOU!



YOU'RE STILL SORE ABOUT THE OTHER NIGHT?

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO THANK YOU OR PUNCH YOU.

THIS THE GRIFTER YOU TOLD US ABOUT, POP?



HEY... EASY GOLDILOCKS. I WANT TO FIND ROULETTE'S KILLER JUST AS MUCH AS YOU ALL DO.

YEAH... REALLY. I DON'T SEE ANYONE ELSE OFFERING THEIR HELP.

REALLY?

HOW ARE WE SUPPOSED TO BELIEVE A CHEAT LIKE YOU?



WHAT DO THINK, MAI?

SHE KNOWS THE RACKET, DON'T MEAN WE CAN TRUST HER.



GIRLS, THIS IS OUR **BIG** CHANCE!

POPPY WAS RIGHT ABOUT THESE PEARLS. THEY BELONG TO WHOMEVER STRANGLED ROULETTA WITH THEM.

I DID SOME DIGGIN' AROUND FEATHERSTONE'S CLUB AND GOT AN INSIDE TIP ABOUT A DROP.

THAT DROP IS WORTH A **FORTUNE** TO FEATHERSTONE AND **WE'RE** GOING TO TAKE IT.

WE USE IT AS LEVERAGE AGAINST HIM TO FIND OUT WHO'S BEHIND ROULETTA'S DEATH.

YOU'RE **CRAZIER** THAN I THOUGHT--

HEAR HER OUT, POP. IF WE BUY IN, **WHEN** AND **HOW** DO WE KNOCKOVER THE GOODS?

YOU **KNOW** POPPY, THIS IS ROSE AND I'M MAI. YOU GOT A NAME, STRANGER?



CALL ME FRANKIE AND IT ALL GOES DOWN TONIGHT...

...THE **BIG** KNOCKOVER.



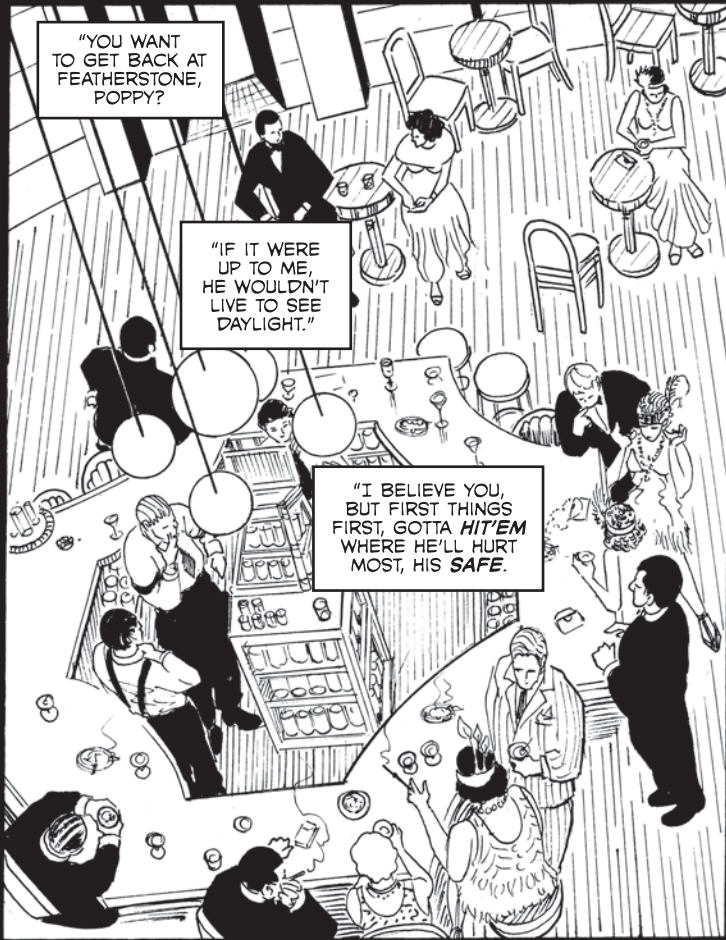
"MAI MAKES AN ANONYMOUS CALL TO THAT **SLEAZY** GOSSIP COLUMNIST, STARR TO MEET AT THE FRISKY DEVIL. TELL HIM YOU'LL REVEAL THE KILLER'S IDENTITY FOR CASH.



"HE'LL NEED **PROOF** SO TELL HIM ABOUT THE PEARLS, FEATHERSTONE'S COVER UP AND HE'LL TAKE THE BAIT. HIS **EGO** WON'T LET HIM SAY OTHERWISE.

"**WHY** HIM, FRANKIE?"

"STARR'S GOT HIS NOSE DEEP WITH FEATHERSTONE AND THE REST OF HIS KIND-- WE'RE GOING TO USE HIM AS A DIVERSION."



"YOU WANT TO GET BACK AT FEATHERSTONE, POPPY?"

"IF IT WERE UP TO ME, HE WOULDN'T LIVE TO SEE DAYLIGHT."

"I BELIEVE YOU, BUT FIRST THINGS FIRST, GOTTA HIT 'EM WHERE HE'LL HURT MOST, HIS *SAFE*."



"NO MORE SLAVING AWAY FOR THE PLEASURE OF OTHERS. WE ALL DESERVE TO LIVE DECENT LIVES, ON *OUR* TERMS."



"I'LL TAIL STARR AT THE CLUB, JUST WAIT FOR MY SIGNAL, POPPY."

"WHAT IF I'M ON STAGE, HOW WILL I KNOW, FRANKIE?"

"I GOT THAT COVERED WITH THE CIGARETTE GAL. SHE *OWES* ME A FAVOR, YOU'LL *GET* YOUR CHANCE WITH FEATHERSTONE WHILE WE HEIST THE GOODS."



"EVERYONE HAS THEIR PART TO PLAY. WE ALL IN? ...GOOD."

IT'S *SHOWTIME!*



...THERE'S SOMETHING ON MY MIND THAT DRIVES ME MAD...

...MAKES ME SAD...



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE INSATIABLE LOTTIE VIOLA!



...SO WON'T SOMEONE HEAR MY PLEA...

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP



...NOW HERE IS WHAT'S WORRYING ME...

...I'M GETTING A DIFFERENT VIEW...

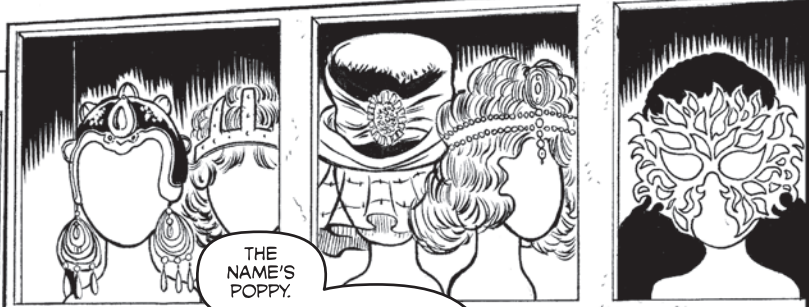
...THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THAT WILL DO...

EXCUSE ME, MS. HARLOW?

MIGHT I HAVE A FEW MINUTES OF YOUR TIME?

THE NAME'S POPPY.

YOU'RE THE REPORTER WHO WRITES THAT GOSSIP COLUMN FOR THE BULLETIN, RIGHT?



EXTRA
San Francisco
TURF WAR ESCALATES

GOSSIP COLUMN
STAR LEADS
REVEALS

San

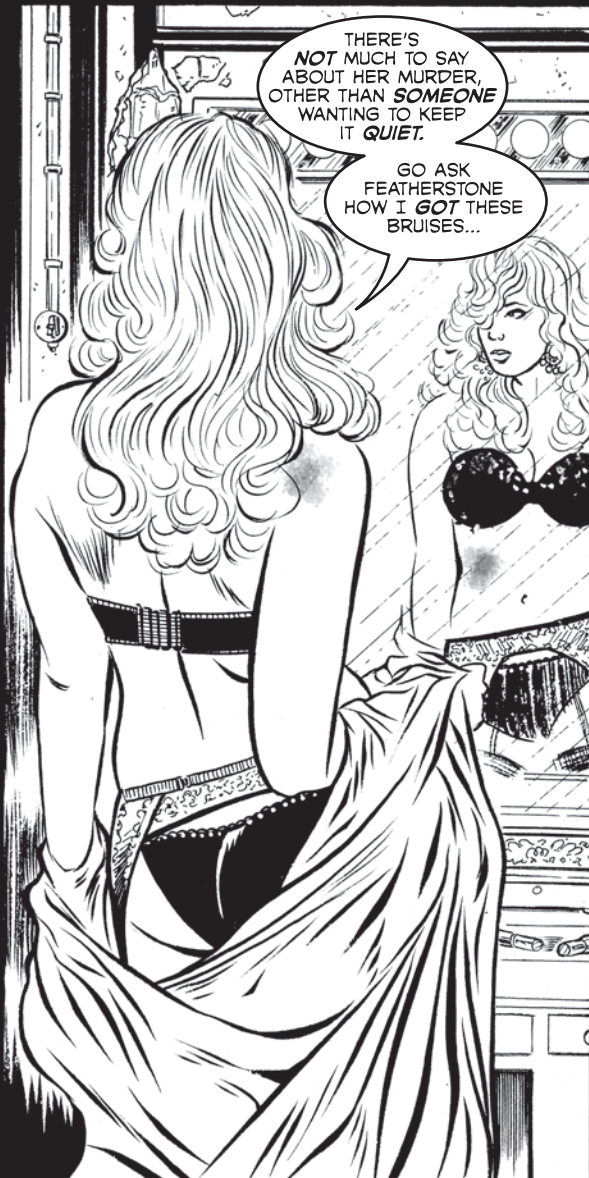




YES, STARR'S THE NAME. TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THE MURDER OF ROULETTE LOCKHART.



YOU'RE THE FIRST TO ASK ABOUT HER DEATH, 'BOUT TIME SOMEBODY DID.



THERE'S NOT MUCH TO SAY ABOUT HER MURDER, OTHER THAN *SOMEONE* WANTING TO KEEP IT *QUIET*.

GO ASK FEATHERSTONE HOW I GOT THESE BRUISES...



...AND WHERE THE BODY OF MY FRIEND WENT, BECAUSE THE COPS SURE AS HELL DIDN'T TAKE HER TO THE CORONER.

THE CAT'S OUT OF THE BAG, STARR.

I'M THROUGH KEEPIN' MY MOUTH SHUT ABOUT IT.



YOU CAN QUOTE ME, WORD FOR FUCKIN' WORD.

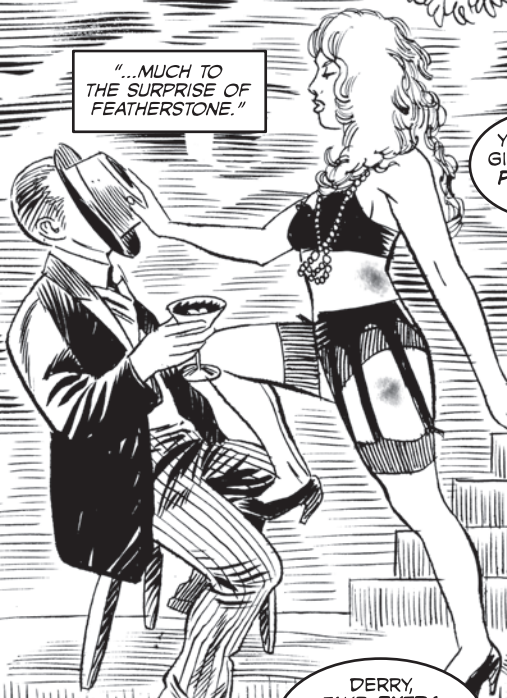


LOOKS LIKE IT'S ALL FALLING INTO PLACE...



"...POPPY STEPS IN FOR ROSE TO PERFORM ON STAGE..."

"...MUCH TO THE SURPRISE OF FEATHERSTONE."



YOUR NEW GIRL SHOWS PROMISE, DERRY.

ERR... YES, POPPY IS FULL OF SURPRISES, MR. TONG.

THANK YOU FOR COMING, WE HAVE MUCH TO DISCUSS TONIGHT.



DERRY, TAKE EXTRA CARE OF TONIGHT'S DELIVERY FROM CHICAGO.

GORDON, TALK SHOP LATER--

--WE'LL LEAVE YOU TO YOUR BRANDY, DERRY.



CHICAGO?

OUR BENEFICIARY WANTS REASSURANCES THAT YOUR OPERATION WILL NOT BE COMPROMISED...

...GIVEN THE GROWING VOLATILE CLIMATE BETWEEN THE VARIOUS... DISTRIBUTORS.



HAVE A DRINK, VICTORIA.





AVA, DO YOUR THING, SWEETHEART.

YOUR DRINK, MR. FEATHERSTONE.

OH! I AM SO SORRY, SIR. HERE, LET ME--

IMBECILE!

CLEAN THIS MESS UP--

--FETCH ME ANOTHER DRINK.

YES SIR.

NICE WORK, AVA.

MY TURN...



EVENIN' BOYS.

BETTY.



YOU SHOULDN'T BE OUT HERE BY YOURSELF.

ESPECIALLY AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO ROULETTE THE OTHER NIGHT.



WELL... I HAVE YOU TWO STRONG MEN TO PROTECT ME, CAN'T A GIRL GET SOME FRESH AIR?

YOU GOT A SMOKE?



LOOK, MR. FEATHERSTONE DOESN'T WANT ANY OF YOU DAMES HERE IN THE ALLEY.





LIKE TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY.

...AND THIS IS FOR THE BLACK EYE, YOU FUCK!

KRAK
KRAK



I CAN SEE YOU TOOK CARE OF LEFTY.

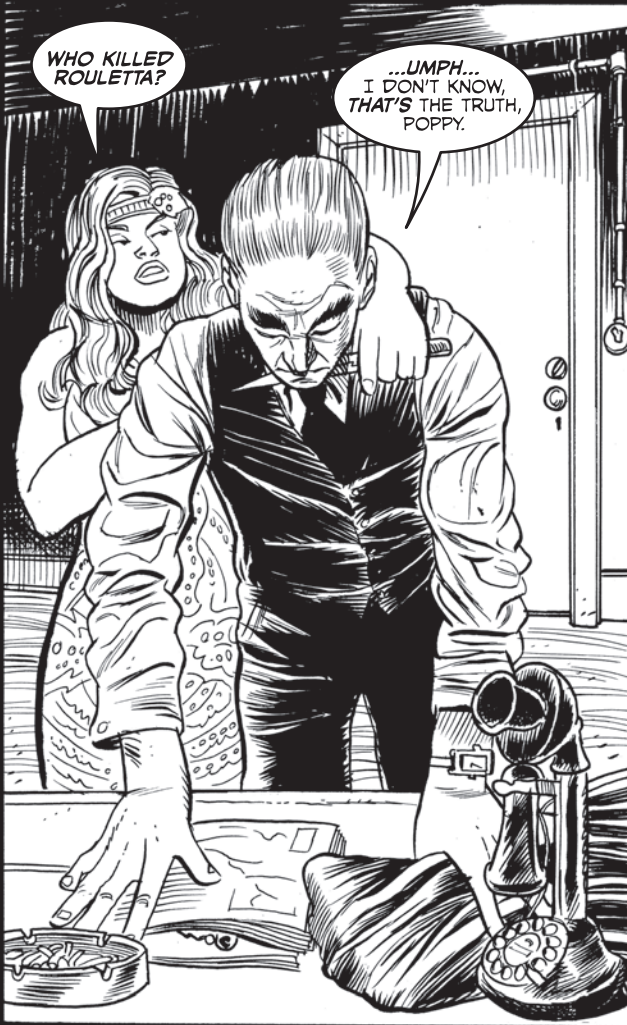
A DELIVERY TRUCK JUST PULLED INTO THE ALLEY.

SHIT. THEY'RE EARLY...



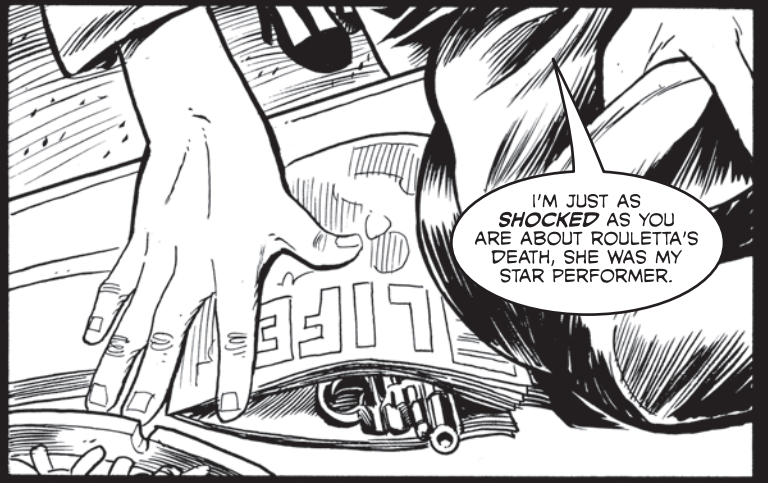
HELP ME GATHER SOME OF THESE BEER BOTTLES, I HAVE AN IDEA.





WHO KILLED ROULETTA?

...UMPH... I DON'T KNOW, THAT'S THE TRUTH, POPPY.



I'M JUST AS SHOCKED AS YOU ARE ABOUT ROULETTA'S DEATH, SHE WAS MY STAR PERFORMER.



TALK, YOU SON OF A BITCH.

WHAT IS THIS ABOUT, POPPY? YOU THINK YOU CAN BLACKMAIL ME?



AS PROMISED, A HOUSE CREDIT FOR THE CARD TABLES, SOME WHORES AND ALL THE WHISKEY YOU CAN CHOKE BACK.

COMPLIMENTS OF MR. D'ERRY FEATHERSTONE.

DO I HAVE TO EVEN COUNT IT?

I'D BE INSULTED IF YOU DID.

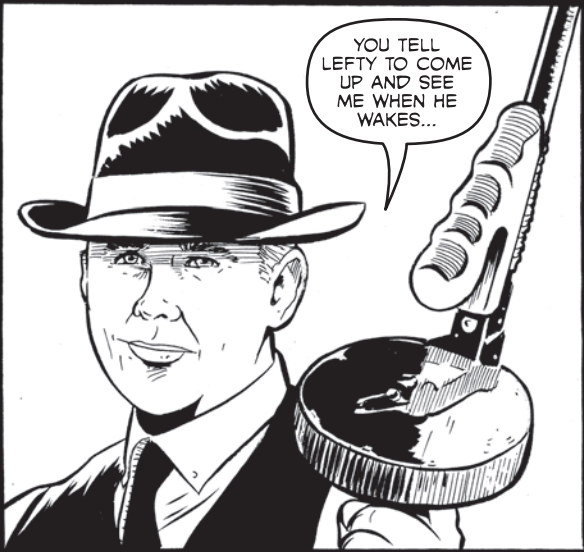


SAY... LEFTY DIDN'T MENTION YOU DAMES TAKING THE DROP.

...WELL, UH... THESE TWO WERE CELEBRATING... LEFTY'S GETTING HITCHED.

BOSS ASKED US TO WAIT FOR THEM TO COME AROUND AND SEE TO YOUR... NEEDS.

YOU THINK WE'RE HAPPY STANDING OUT HERE? WE'D RATHER BE INSIDE ON OUR BACKS MAKING SOME REAL MONEY.



YOU TELL LEFTY TO COME UP AND SEE ME WHEN HE WAKES...



SHOULD I STAY WITH THE TRUCK?

NAH... IT'S NOT GOING ANYWHERE--

C'MON BOYS, I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO SOME OF THE GIRLS.



YOU TELL HER, ROSE!

TELL ME WHAT.

THERE'S NO BOOZE IN THE TRUCK.

'CEPT FOR THAT CASE OF CHAMPAGNE...



...AND TWO CRATES OF THOSE.

WELL... THE STAKES JUST GOT A BIT HIGHER, LADIES.

I'LL SAY!

POPPY SHOULD'VE BEEN HERE BY NOW...



YOU
DEFIED ME,
AGAIN--SNEAK
INTO MY OFFICE
AND **THREATEN**
ME... WITH A
KNIFE?

YOU PULL
A KNIFE OR
A GUN OUT...

⇒NNGH⇐
⇒AHHUH⇐



...YOU **BETTER**
BE READY TO
USE IT!

...⇒UNGH⇐...
GO **FUCK**
YOURSELF.



BEFORE I
PUT A **BULLET**
IN YOUR HEAD,
I'M GONNA
PUT **THIS** IN
YOUR A--



**SKR
EKKSH**







DROP THE **CHOPPER** OR SHE GETS IT.

≡UNGH≡



NICE WORK, **DUTCH**. NOW **HAND** IT OVER.



THOUGHT YOU HAD IT ALL **FIGURED** OUT, DIDN'T YA?

I HAD **NOTHIN'** TO DO WITH **ROULETTE'S** DEATH.

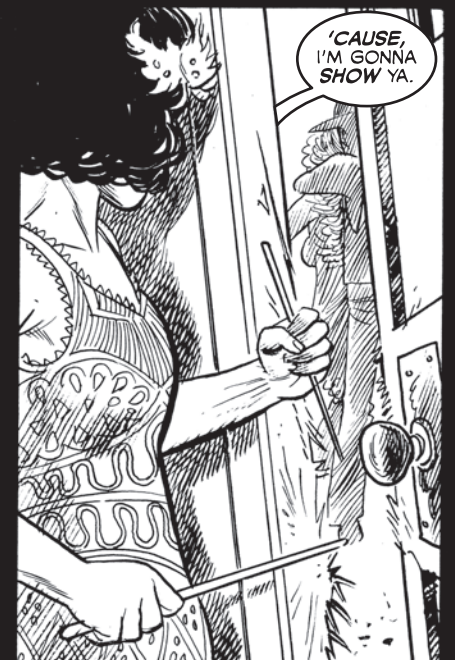
SHE WAS A **CLASSY** DAME, READY TO SET THE **WORLD** ON **FIRE**, THEN THREW IT ALL AWAY...

...FOR YOU TWO **CROOKED** DAMES? I'M **GUESSIN'** YOU HAD SOME GET **RICH** SCHEME **COOKED** UP.

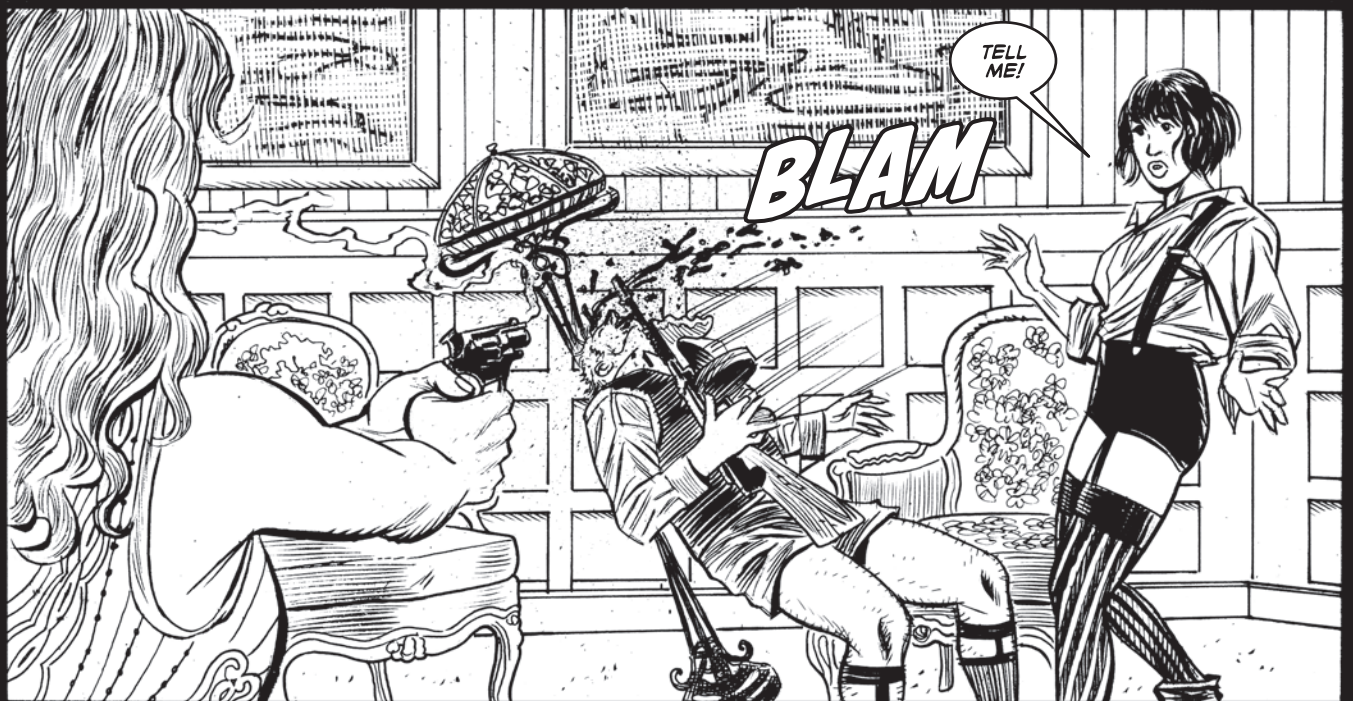


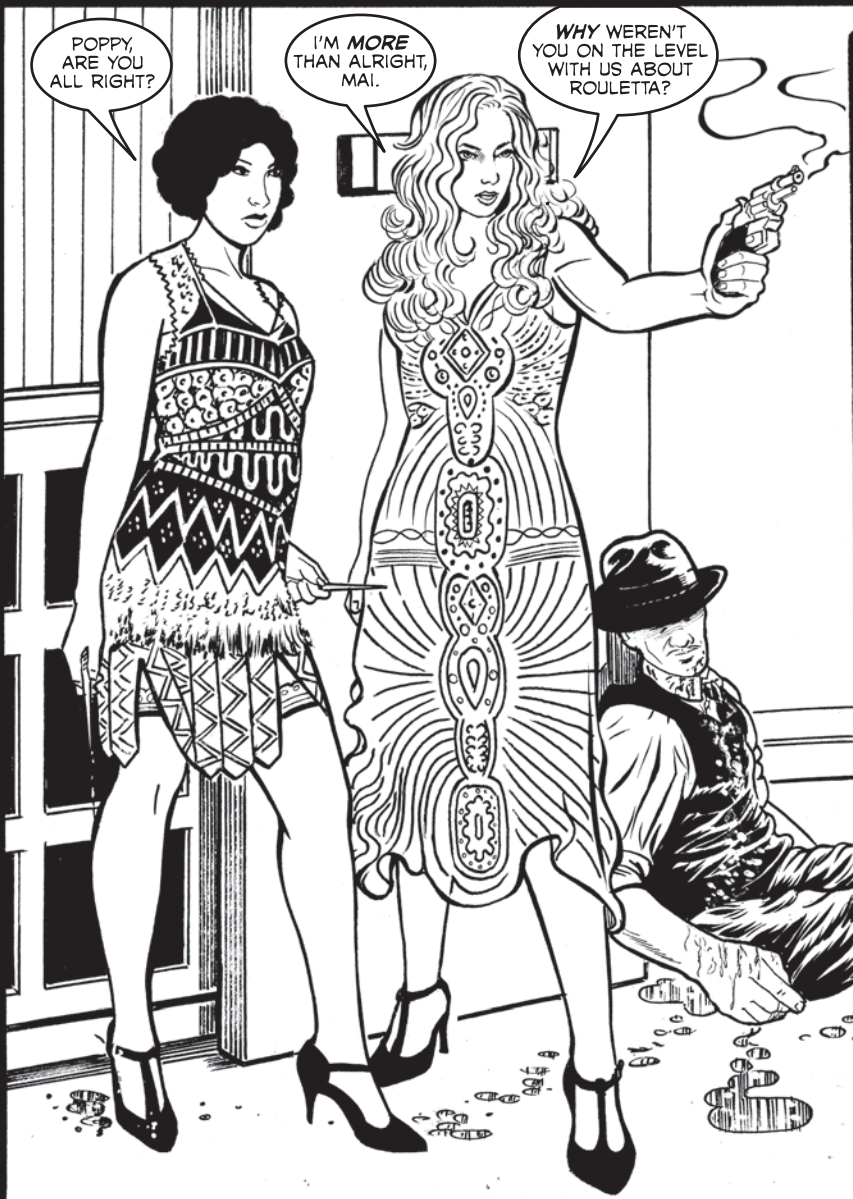
I **KNOW** WHO **MURDERED** HER AND **WHERE** THE **COPS** **DUMPED** THE **BODY**.

YOU **WANNA** **KNOW** WHERE SHE IS?



'**CAUSE**, I'M **GONNA** **SHOW** YA.





POPPY, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

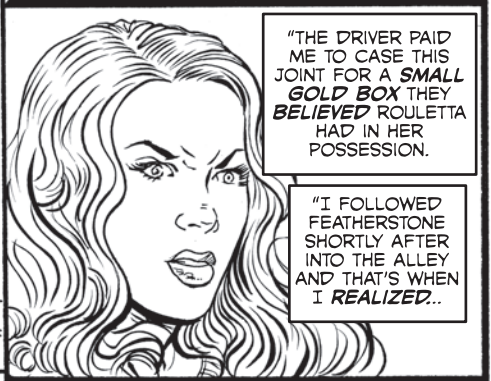
I'M MORE THAN ALRIGHT, MAI.

WHY WEREN'T YOU ON THE LEVEL WITH US ABOUT ROULETTE?



I WAS ON MY WAY TO MEET HER THE NIGHT SHE WAS KILLED.

A CAR SCREECHED TO A HALT NEAR THE CLUB AND PULLED A GUN TO FORCE ME IN THEIR CAR.



"THE DRIVER PAID ME TO CASE THIS JOINT FOR A SMALL GOLD BOX THEY BELIEVED ROULETTE HAD IN HER POSSESSION.

"I FOLLOWED FEATHERSTONE SHORTLY AFTER INTO THE ALLEY AND THAT'S WHEN I REALIZED..."



"I WAS DUPED INTO A JOB BY ROULETTE'S KILLERS."



NOBODY IS PICKING UP THE PHONE.

I HEARD THE SHOT TOO, WE'LL CHECK IT OUT.



SHE DIDN'T GIVE IT UP AND THEY KILLED HER FOR IT.

RIINNGG



WE'LL FIND IT, FRANKIE.

FIRST, LET'S BLOW THIS JOINT.



JIMMY... WE GOT TROUBLE.

THE BOSS?

STARR, TURNS OUT YOU'RE THE **SAP** SOMEBODY'S BEEN USING YOU AS A DECOY TO GET TO THE BOSS.

LET'S GO, BOYS.

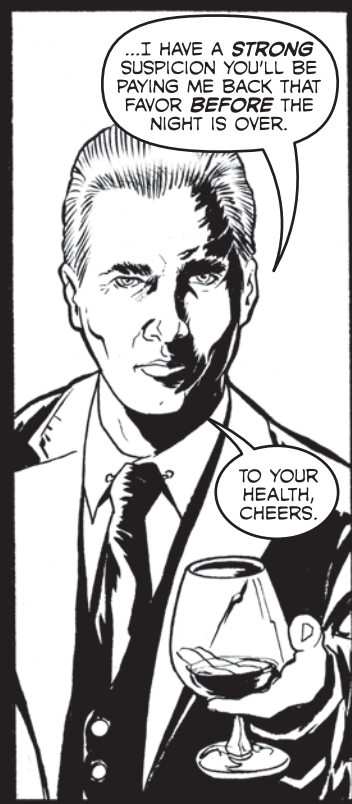


ENJOYING THE SHOW, STARR?



MR. MONTGOMERY?

LOOK SHARP..

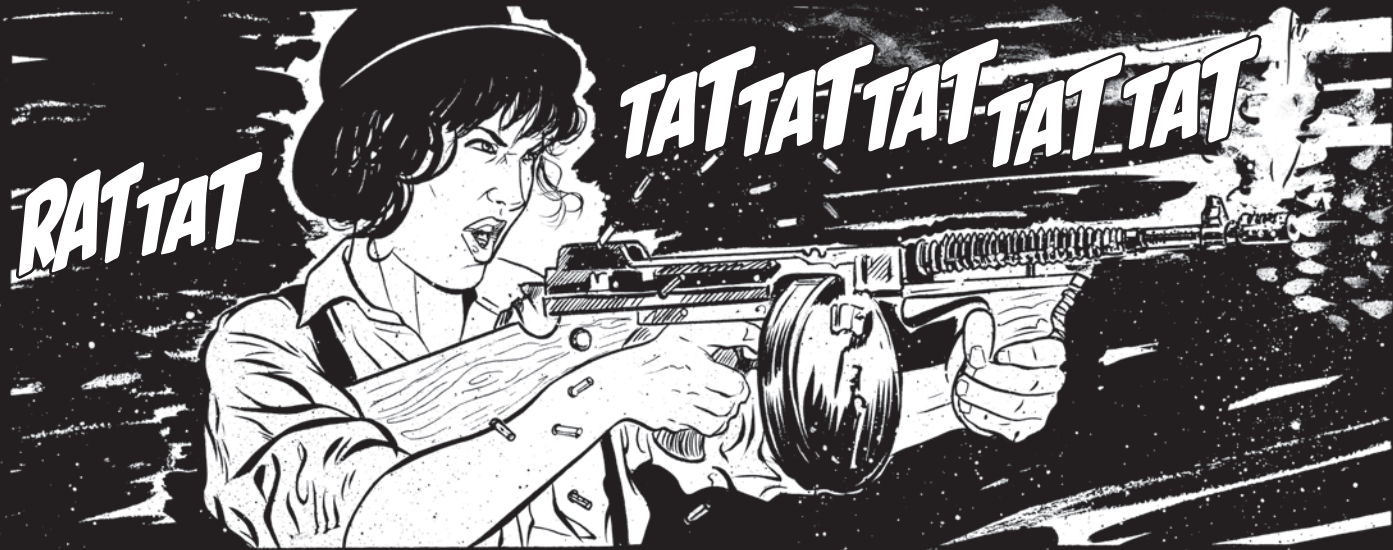


...I HAVE A **STRONG** SUSPICION YOU'LL BE PAYING ME BACK THAT FAVOR **BEFORE** THE NIGHT IS OVER.

TO YOUR HEALTH, CHEERS.



HOLY...





YOU CAN'T WIN, DOLL-- ONLY WAY OUT IS THROUGH US.

YOU'RE OUTNUMBERED TEN TO ONE.



NEVER CONFUSE A SINGLE DEFEAT WITH A FINAL DEFEAT.



FROM WHERE WE'RE STANDING... LOOKS PRETTY FINAL TO ME.



THEN WHY DON'T YOU STEP OUT FROM BEHIND YOUR CARS WHERE I CAN SEE YOU!



WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME!

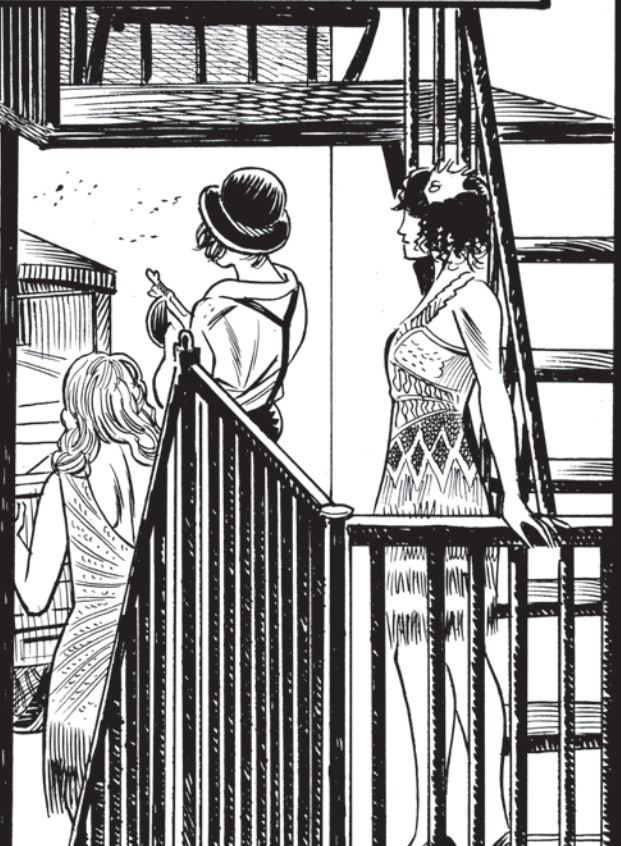
STAY BEHIND THE TRUCK, GIRLS.



ON MY MARK, BOYS...



TIME TO GET BUSY LIVING FREE OR DIE TRYING.



THIS IS FOR YOU, ROULETTE.

RAT TAT TAT TAT

BLAM BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

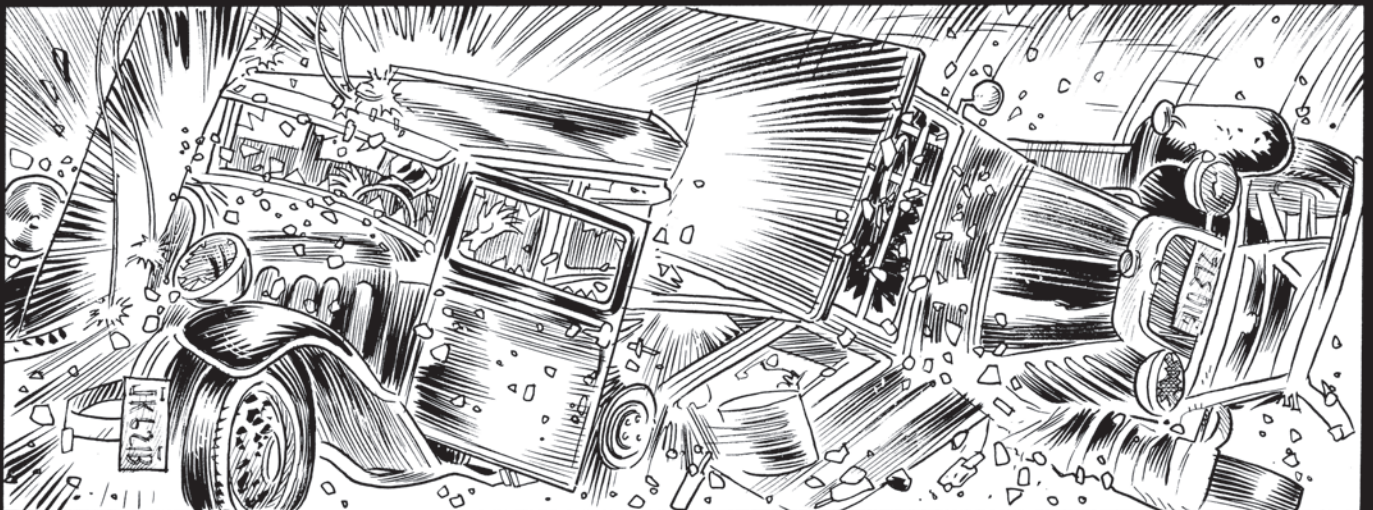
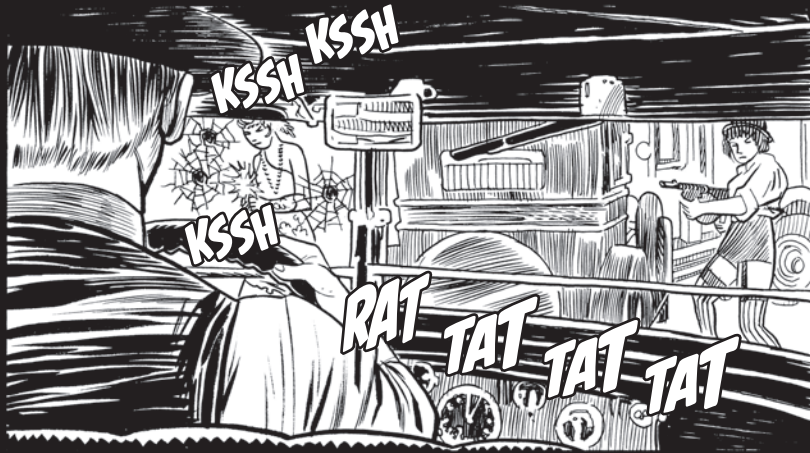
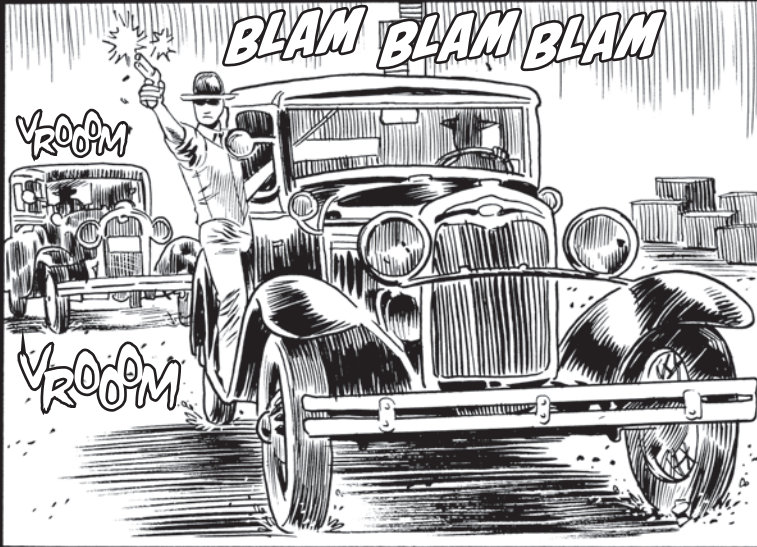
RATTAT
TATTAT
TATTAT
TATTAT

BLAM
BLAM

BLAM
BLAM

BLAM







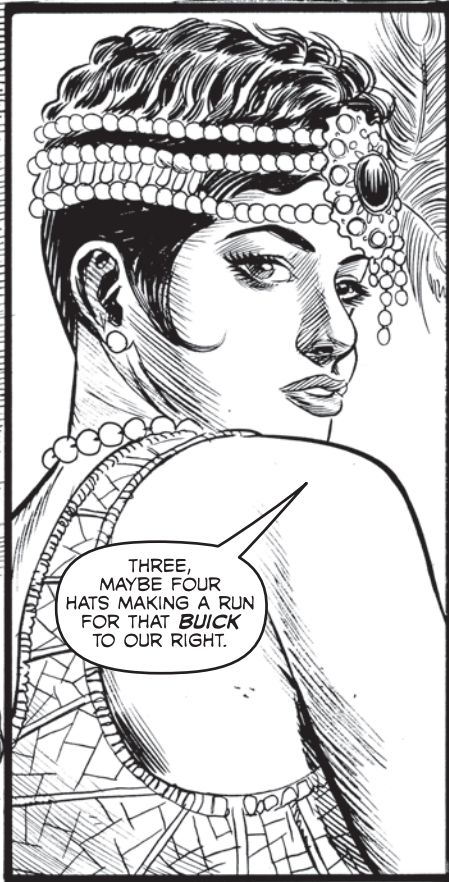
EVERYONE OKAY?

LIKE A PEACH, MAI.

I NEED EYES TO THE FRONT...

TALK TO ME, ROSE!

A COUPLE OF THEM USING THE SMOKE AS COVER...



THREE, MAYBE FOUR HATS MAKING A RUN FOR THAT BUICK TO OUR RIGHT.



POP THE SMOKE FROM THE WRECKAGE BUYS US A SMALL WINDOW TO BLAST OUR WAY OUT OF HERE...

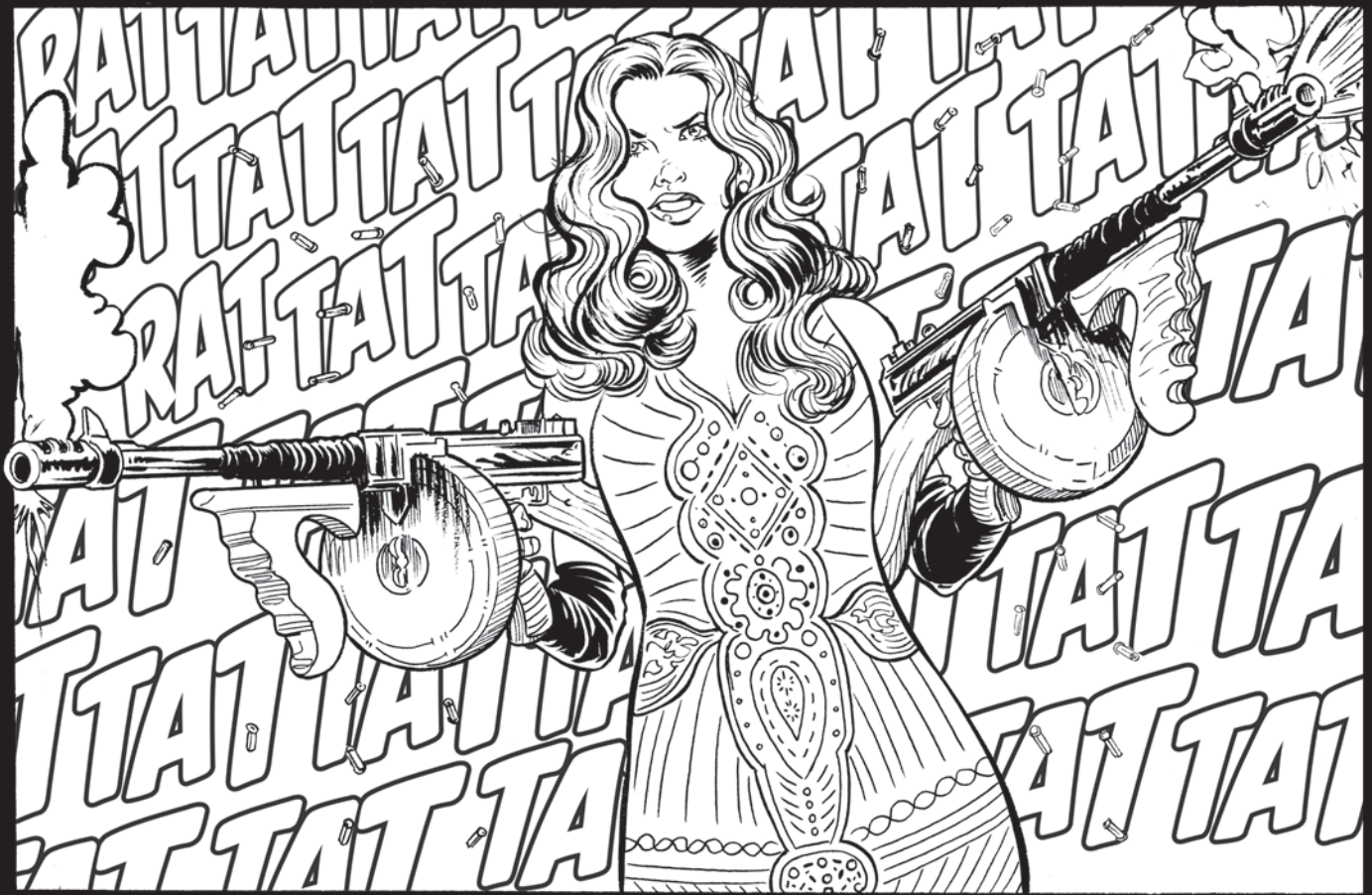
...BUT WE NEED TO PICK OFF ANY HATS COMIN' OUT OF THE CLUB'S BACK DOOR.

SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE VOLUNTEERING TO DRIVE.

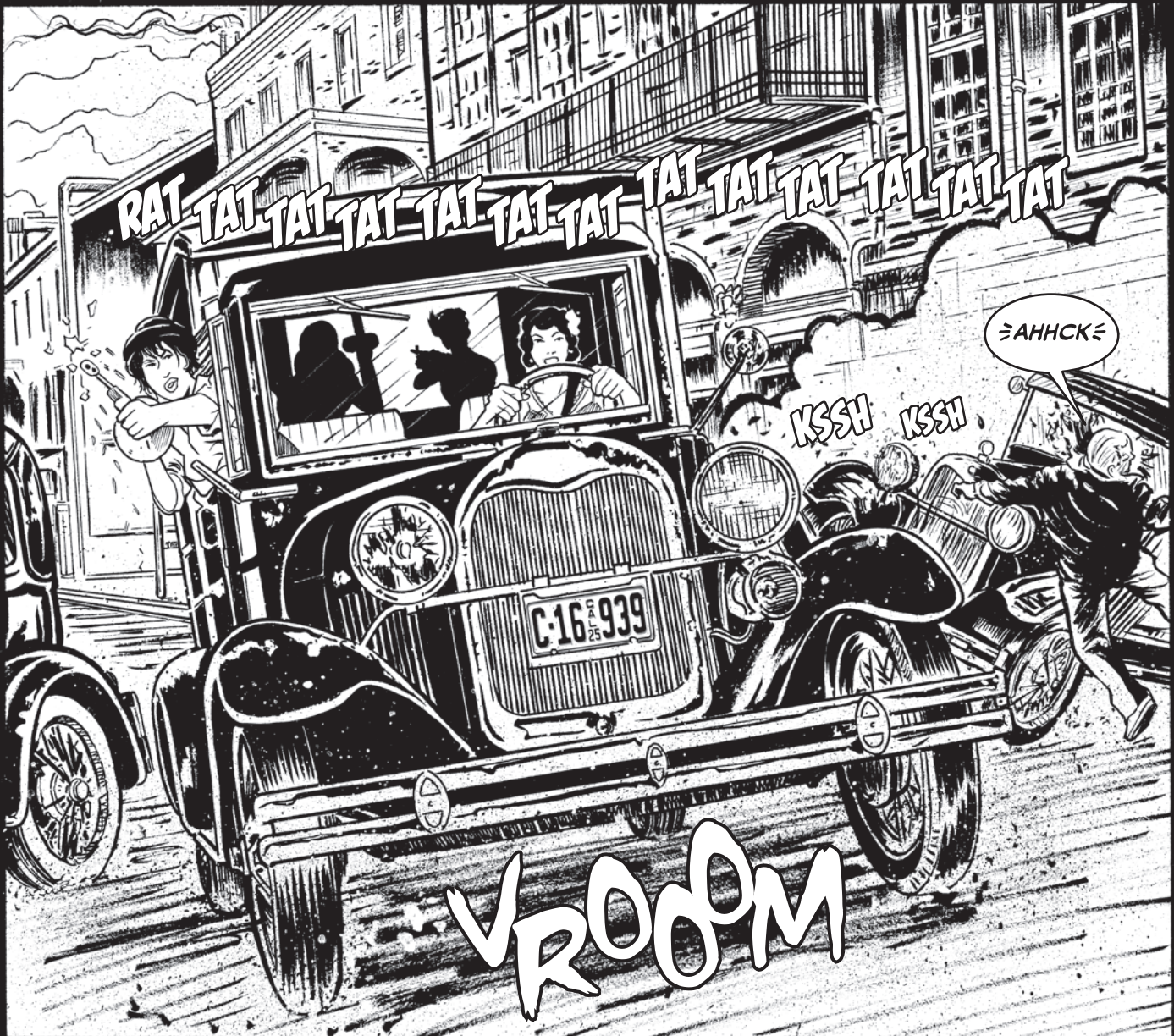


SEE YOU ON THE OTHER SIDE, MAI-- GOOD LUCK.











I GOT YOU DAMES IN MY SIGHTS.



UGGGGH!



SAY HI TO THE DEVIL FOR ME, JIMMY.



WHY DID BETTY STAY BEHIND, POPPY?

TO KEEP TABS ON WHOMEVER TAKES OVER THE CLUB, COULD BE A RIVAL CRIME FAMILY, ROSE.



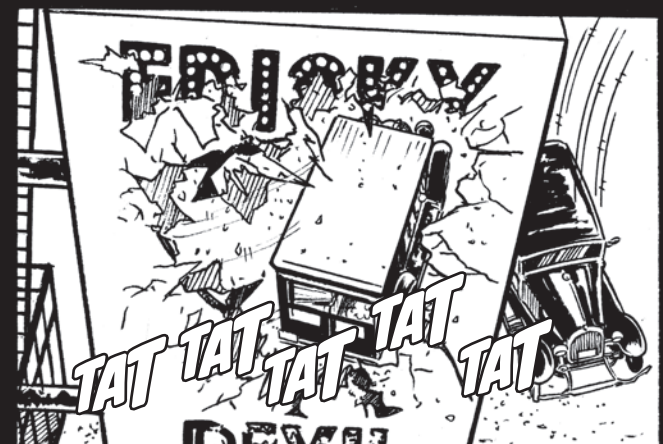
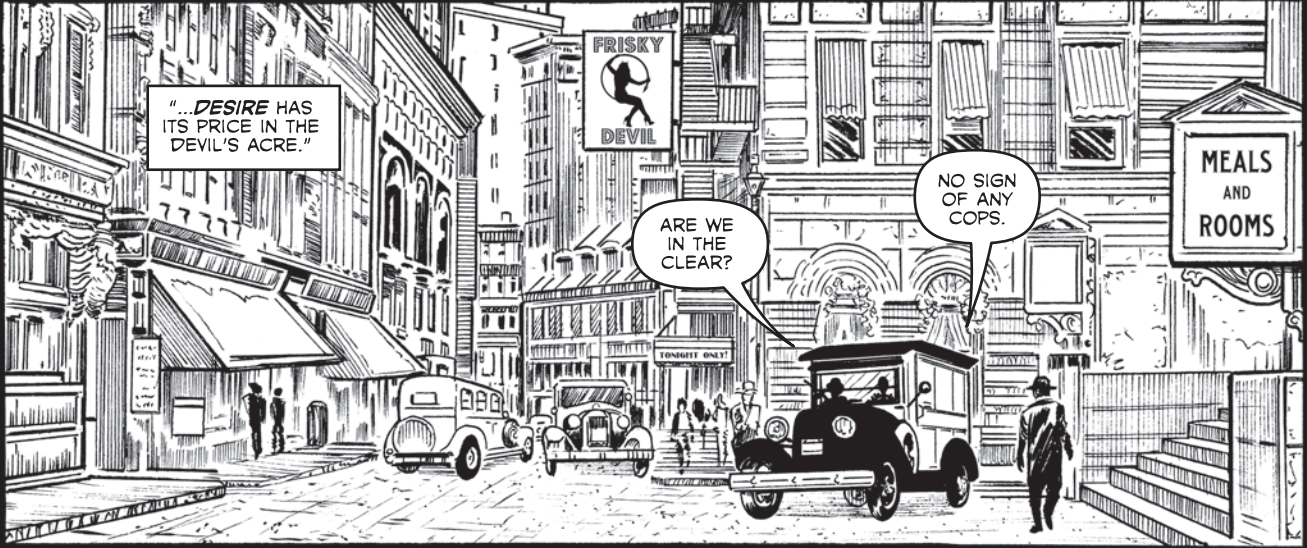
THIS WILL JUST COMPLICATE THINGS WITH THE OTHER CRIME FAMILIES.

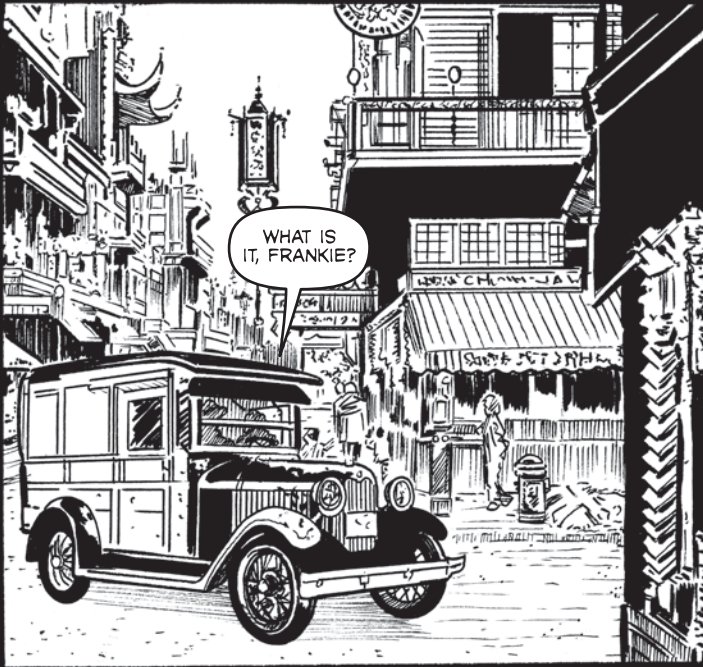
OUT OF THE FRYING PAN... BETTY.

YOU THINK THEY CAN TRUST THAT GRIFTER?



WHO... FRANKIE? SHE'S NOT THE ONE I'M WORRIED ABOUT...





WHAT IS IT, FRANKIE?



I'M SUCH A BOOB.

THIS TIMEPIECE... SHE GAVE IT TO ME BACK IN PARIS...

PARIS? SO YOU TWO, WERE...

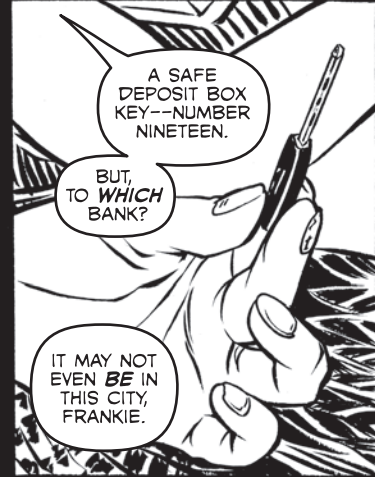
YEAH, BIG TIME.



THAT SCHEMING HARLOT...



...SHE LEFT US A CLUE!



A SAFE DEPOSIT BOX KEY--NUMBER NINETEEN.

BUT, TO WHICH BANK?

IT MAY NOT EVEN BE IN THIS CITY, FRANKIE.



ROULETTA'S KILLER *DOESN'T* KNOW WE HAVEN'T FOUND THE BOX, SO WE NEED TO FIND IT...

...BEFORE THEY FIND US.

WHAT ABOUT THOSE COPS WHO DITCHED ROULETTA'S BODY?

FIND THE COPS, FIND THE BODY.

WE NEED A HIDEOUT TO THINK THIS THROUGH.

I KNOW A PLACE...



DEAD THE WHOLE LOT OF THEM.



"THE SAFE WAS CLEANED OUT, SO IT'S POSSIBLE THEY HAVE IT."

POSSIBLE? THEN SEE TO IT, STARR.



IS IT TRUE?

...I'M AFRAID SO, DEAR SISTER.



HAVE A DRINK, GORDON...

...IT USUALLY CALMS YOUR NERVES.



FEATHERSTONE WAS BECOMING A BORE SOME LOUT...

WE HAVE SOME LOOSE STRINGS TO CUT, MY DRIVER AND THE TWO COPS.



FERINI DIDN'T HAVE THE GOLD BOX, BUT HIS TIES WITH THE DANCER DIDN'T BEAR FRUIT, EITHER.

...YOU THINK THIS... GRIFTER YOU COMMANDEERED WILL YIELD RESULTS?

I WAS MISTAKEN TO THINK SHE WOULD ACT ALONE.

THEY SURPRISED ME WITH THEIR IMPRESSIVE DISPLAY OF RESILIENCY TONIGHT.

THIS COMPLICATES OUR SITUATION A BIT. IF THE GRIFTER REALIZES THE SIGNIFICANCE OF ITS CONTENTS, SHE COULD DISRUPT OUR ENTIRE OPERATION.

CALL OUR FRIEND IN CHICAGO, TELL HIM TO SEND IN THE ANIMAL TO TRACK THEM DOWN.

The Tommy Gun Dolls

WILL RETURN.

Follow what happens next at
www.Patreon.com/DanCooney



Daniel Cooney is the author of the **BEST-SELLING WRITING AND ILLUSTRATING THE GRAPHIC NOVEL** and **THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO FIGURE DRAWING FOR COMICS AND GRAPHIC NOVELS**.

Cooney established his publishing imprint, Red Eye Press in 1997 debuting his creator-owned comic book, Valentine at Comic-Con International in San Diego. One year later, he completed his BFA in Illustration and Cartooning from The School of Visual Arts in New York City.

Cooney is living and working as an artist and writer with his family in Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts.

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