



HEY, SPATS!
THIS DUDE'S BLEEDIN'
ON YOUR RUG!

GODDAMN. \int koff koff \int
THIS ROOM'S LOOKIN' AS
SHABBY AS THIS WHOLE
BUILDIN'... AS THIS WHOLE
NEIGHBORHOOD!

WHERE'S THAT
GODDAMN SONNY?
HE'S CARETAKER!
 \int koff koff \int

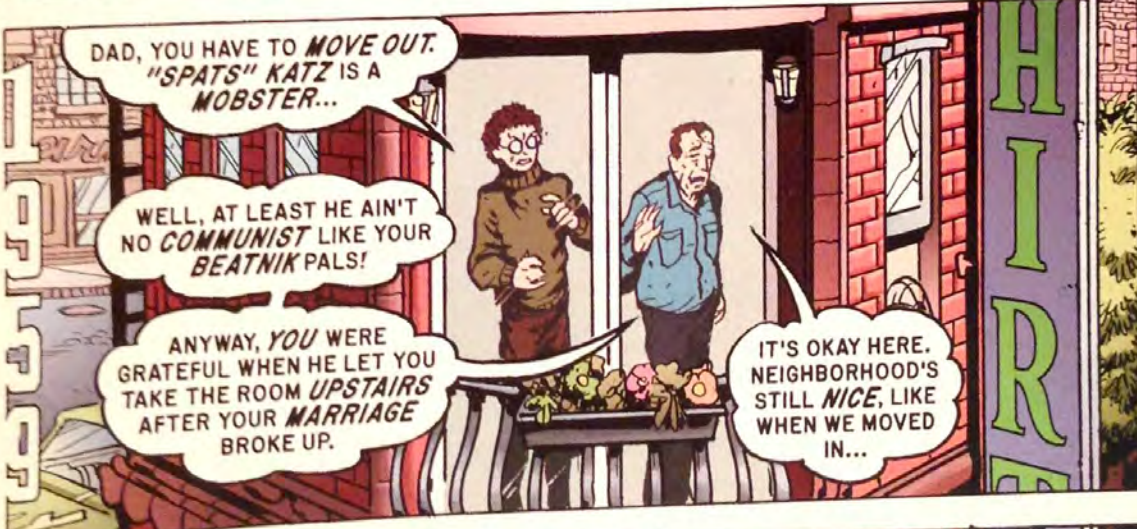
PROBABLY LOAFIN'
SOMEWHERE! NO
ACCOUNT BUM! AFTER
I TOOK HIM IN! AFTER
I WAS ALWAYS THERE
FOR HIM...



SONNY, LISTEN,
TOO BAD ABOUT YOUR
DAD DYIN', BUT I NEED
MY RENT, OKAY? GOTTA
TAKE CANDI HERE
DISCO DANCIN',
AIN'T I, BABE?

TELLA WHAT, SINCE YOU'RE
BROKE, YOU CAN TAKE YOUR OLD
MAN'S CARETAKIN' JOB AND
WORK IT OFF. HOW'S THAT?

Y-YOU'RE
GENEROUS AS
EVER, MR.
KATZ.

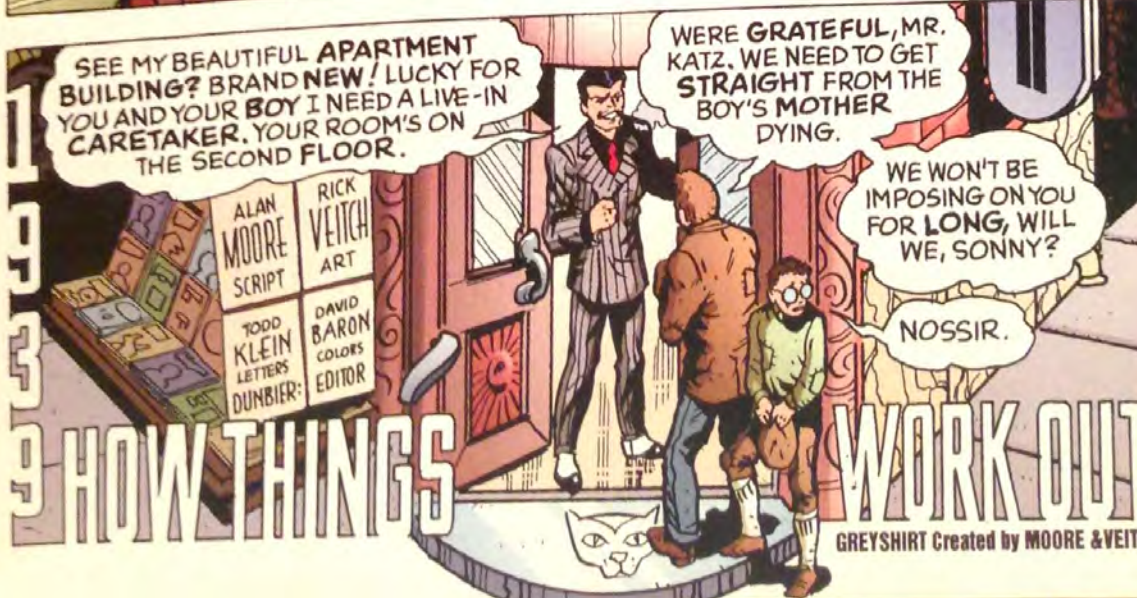


DAD, YOU HAVE TO MOVE OUT.
"SPATS" KATZ IS A
MOBSTER...

WELL, AT LEAST HE AIN'T
NO COMMUNIST LIKE YOUR
BEATNIK PALS!

ANYWAY, YOU WERE
GRATEFUL WHEN HE LET YOU
TAKE THE ROOM UPSTAIRS
AFTER YOUR MARRIAGE
BROKE UP.

IT'S OKAY HERE.
NEIGHBORHOOD'S
STILL NICE, LIKE
WHEN WE MOVED
IN...



SEE MY BEAUTIFUL APARTMENT
BUILDING? BRAND NEW! LUCKY FOR
YOU AND YOUR BOY I NEED A LIVE-IN
CARETAKER. YOUR ROOM'S ON
THE SECOND FLOOR.

WERE GRATEFUL, MR.
KATZ. WE NEED TO GET
STRAIGHT FROM THE
BOY'S MOTHER
DYING.

WE WON'T BE
IMPOSING ON YOU
FOR LONG, WILL
WE, SONNY?

NOSSIR.

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SCRIPT

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HOW THINGS

WORK OUT

GREYSHIRT Created by MOORE & VEITCH



"NOSSIR, 'YESSIR," ALL THESE YEARS I GOTTA LISSEN TO HIS MUMBLIN', AN' WHERE IS HE WHEN I NEED HIM?"

UH, MR. KATZ? I CAME AS SOON AS YOU CALLED. I...

SONNY! GET YOUR BUTT IN HERE! ;koff; ;koff;

I TELLYA, SOME CARETAKER, HUH? LIKE HIS OLD MAN... ;koff koff;

OH, OH, JESUS...



YEAH. JESUS CHRIST COME BACK TO LIFE. THAT'S HOW GENEROUS I AM, SONNY.

OH, INCIDENTALLY, I DON'T WANNA HEAR YOU PRACTICIN' THAT SAXOPHONE NO MORE, OKAY? DAMN THING SOUNDS AS UGLY AS YOU LOOK!

OH, COME ON, SPATS, LET'S GO. I AIN'T UGLY, AM I?

I AIN'T NEVER GONNA BE UGLY...

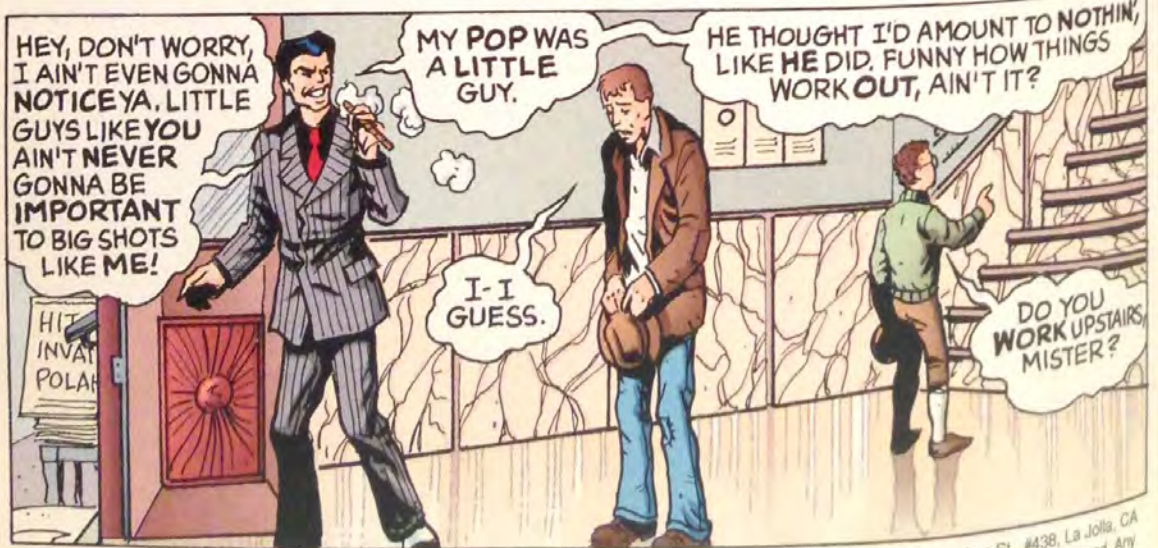


EVERYTHING'S DECAYING.

DAD, I'M NOT WASTING MY LIFE HERE LIKE YOU HAVE! SOON AS I'M OVER THIS DIVORCE I'M MOVING OUT, GETTING MY JAZZ BAND BACK TOGETHER...

SONNY, YOU'RE THIRTY. YOU DON'T KNOW HOW LIFE'S GONNA WORK OUT.

ME, I'M GRATEFUL FOR EMPLOYMENT. I FIGURE MR. KATZ SORTA LIKES ME...



HEY, DON'T WORRY, I AIN'T EVEN GONNA NOTICEYA. LITTLE GUYS LIKE YOU AIN'T NEVER GONNA BE IMPORTANT TO BIG SHOTS LIKE ME!

MY POP WAS A LITTLE GUY.

HE THOUGHT I'D AMOUNT TO NOTHING, LIKE HE DID. FUNNY HOW THINGS WORK OUT, AIN'T IT?

I-I GUESS.

DO YOU WORK UPSTAIRS, MISTER?

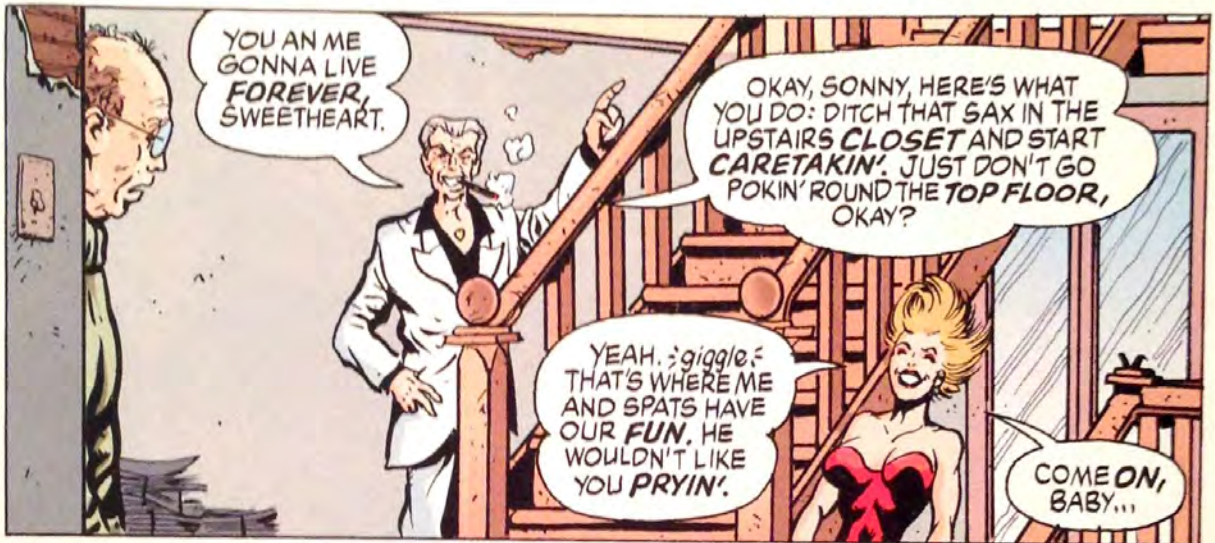


I WORK UP HERE, SONNY.
;koff koff;= YOU KNOW THAT,
SO QUIT GODDAMN STARIN'!
;koff;

THE GUY IN THE
CHAIR'S BEEN CAUSIN'
PROBLEMS, SO WE'RE
SOLVIN' 'EM. ;koff;

NOW, GO FETCH
SOME CLEANER, GET
THIS BLOOD OFFA
MY RUG, SHMUCK.
;koff;= AND MAKE
IT WHILE I'M STILL
ALIVE, HUH?

Y-YESSIR,
MR. KATZ...



YOU AN ME
GONNA LIVE
FOREVER,
SWEETHEART.

OKAY, SONNY, HERE'S WHAT
YOU DO: DITCH THAT SAX IN THE
UPSTAIRS CLOSET AND START
CARETAKIN'. JUST DON'T GO
POKIN' ROUND THE TOP FLOOR,
OKAY?

YEAH. ;giggle;=
THAT'S WHERE ME
AND SPATS HAVE
OUR FUN. HE
WOULDN'T LIKE
YOU PRYIN'.

COME ON,
BABY...

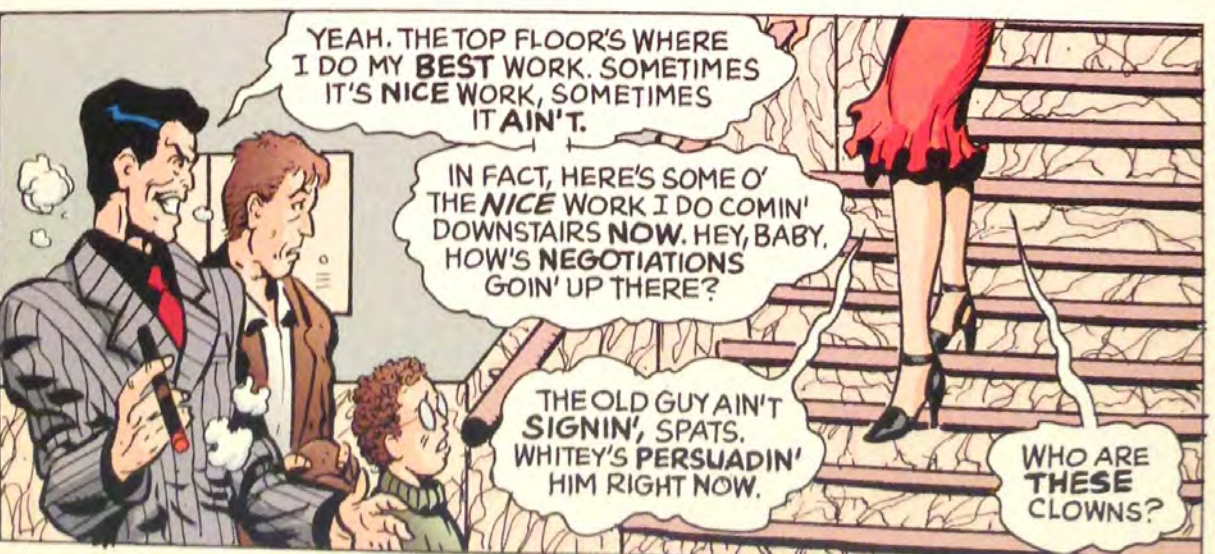


...IN FACT, JUST THE OTHER DAY
HE SAID "YOU DON'T ASK NO
QUESTIONS. I LIKE THAT."

DAD, HE'S
TRAMPLING
YOUR SELF
RESPECT...

OKAY, LET'S TAKE IT
QUIET. IT'S ONLY MY
CARETAKER AND HIS
DEADBEAT SON, BUT WE
DON'T WANT 'EM SEEIN'
THIS TOP FLOOR JOB.

EASY
YOUR END,
WHITEY...



YEAH. THE TOP FLOOR'S WHERE
I DO MY BEST WORK. SOMETIMES
IT'S NICE WORK, SOMETIMES
IT AIN'T.

IN FACT, HERE'S SOME O'
THE NICE WORK I DO COMIN'
DOWNSTAIRS NOW. HEY, BABY,
HOW'S NEGOTIATIONS
GOIN' UP THERE?

THE OLD GUY AIN'T
SIGNIN', SPATS.
WHITEY'S PERSUADIN'
HIM RIGHT NOW.

WHO ARE
THESE
CLOWNS?



JUST REMEMBER I'M THE
KOFF KOFF RINGMASTER
HERE, YOU BOZO!

SO HOW'S
OUR KOFF-
MASKED
BUDDY
DOIN'?



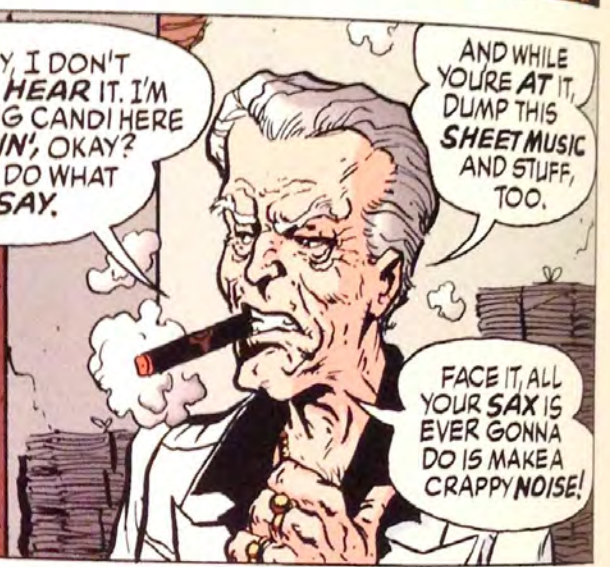
I FIGURE HE'S ALMOST THROUGH,
SPATS. ANOTHER COUPLE O' SLUGS,
WE CAN TAKE HIM DOWNSTAIRS AND
GET RID OF HIM.

AW JEEZ,
AW, NO...



P-PUT MY
SAX AWAY UPSTAIRS?
BUT, M-MR. KATZ...

SONNY, I DON'T
WANNA HEAR IT. I'M
KEEPING CANDI HERE
WAITIN', OKAY?
JUST DO WHAT
I SAY.



AND WHILE
YOU'RE AT IT,
DUMP THIS
SHEET MUSIC
AND STUFF,
TOO.

FACE IT, ALL
YOUR SAX IS
EVER GONNA
DO IS MAKE A
CRAPPY NOISE!



...ALL THE NOISE?

OH, MR. KATZ. IT'S YOU. I THOUGHT
I HEARD SOMEBODY OUT HERE,
AND...UHHH...

WHITEY,
HIS HAT
FELL
OFF...

AW, CRAP.

AHH, WHO
CARES? AIN'T
IMPORTANT...



LOOK, THIS
GUY'S JUST
DRUNK, OKAY?
WE'RE TAKIN'
HIM FOR A
DRIVE.
SOBER 'IM UP.
YOU AND
YOUR BOY
THERE GO
BACK
INSIDE.



AHH, WHO CARES?
AIN'T IMPORTANT.
JUST SOME ZERO
I'M HIRIN'.

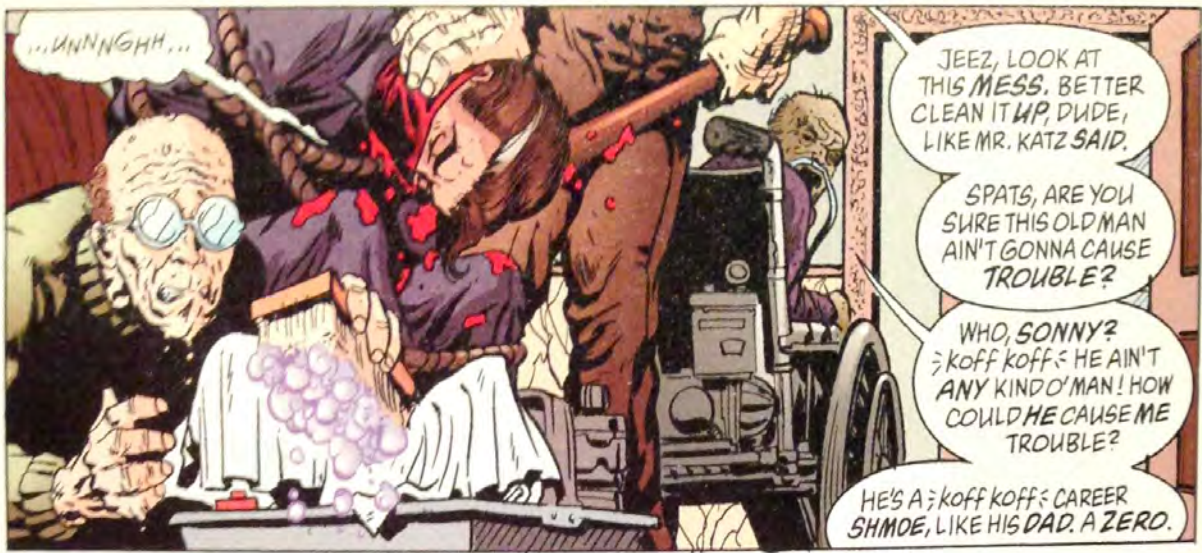
LISSEN, THE OLD GUY'S
STILL GOT THAT MUTT WITH
HIM, RIGHT?

TELL WHITEY
TO LET IT OUT FOR
A "WALK."
MAYBE THAT'LL
CHANGE
THINGS.



I'M SORRY
ABOUT THIS,
SONNY, BUT
DON'T WORRY.

IT'S NOT
LIKE WE'LL BE
IN THIS MESS
FOR VERY
LONG...



...UNNGHH...

JEEZ, LOOK AT THIS MESS. BETTER CLEAN IT UP, DUDE, LIKE MR. KATZ SAID.

SPATS, ARE YOU SURE THIS OLD MAN AIN'T GONNA CAUSE TROUBLE?

WHO, SONNY?
 >koff koff< HE AIN'T ANY KIND O' MAN! HOW COULD HE CAUSE ME TROUBLE?

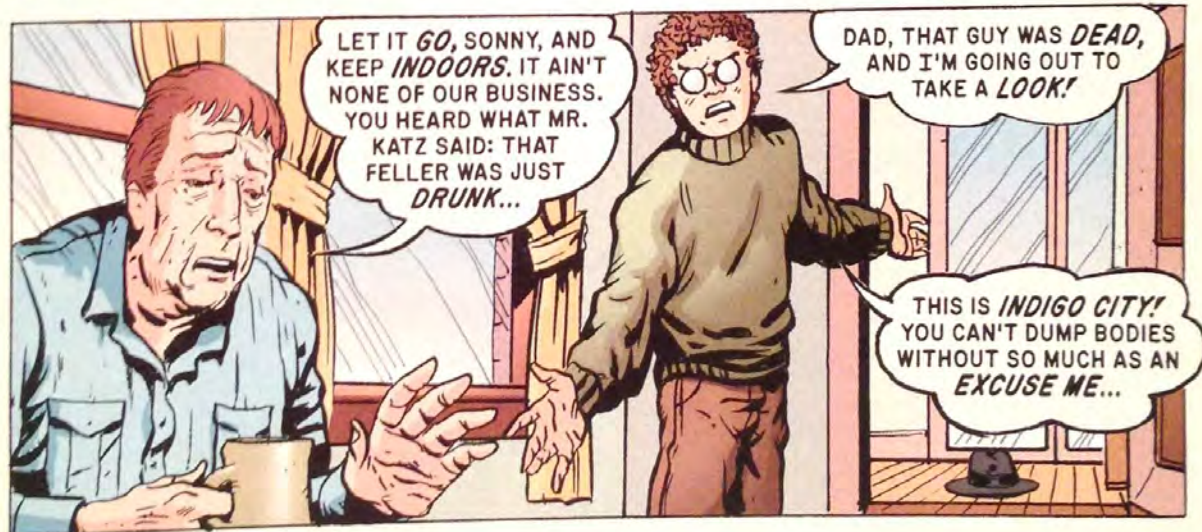
HE'S A >koff koff< CAREER SHMOE, LIKE HIS DAD. A ZERO.



>HAHHHH< IT'S ALL COME TO NOTHIN', BABY. ALL THE DREAMS I HAD FOR YOU...

I NEVER USED YOU AS WELL AS YOU DESERVED, NOW I GOTTA PUT YOU AWAY FOR GOOD.

SAME FOR ALL THAT MUSIC I WROTE FOR YOU. I GOTTA THROW IT ALL OUT. JUST LET IT ALL GO...



LET IT GO, SONNY, AND KEEP INDOORS. IT AIN'T NONE OF OUR BUSINESS. YOU HEARD WHAT MR. KATZ SAID: THAT FELLER WAS JUST DRUNK...

DAD, THAT GUY WAS DEAD, AND I'M GOING OUT TO TAKE A LOOK!

THIS IS INDIGO CITY! YOU CAN'T DUMP BODIES WITHOUT SO MUCH AS AN EXCUSE ME...



EXCUSE ME. JUST SOME BUSINESS UPSTAIRS NEEDED ATTENDING TO. MITZI HAS TO GO SEE A MAN ABOUT A DOG.

C'MON... I'LL SHOW YOU THE BACK LOT, THEN I'LL TEACH YOU HOW TO RUN THE BOILER ROOM.

DON'T WANT YOU OR THE KID BEIN' RESPONSIBLE FOR NO SUDDEN EXPLOSIONS...



GODDAMN YOU TO HELL! I AIN'T STANDIN' FOR THIS! I AIN'T!

MOE, WATCH OUT! YOU'RE SHOVIN' SPATS...

GHUHHH

WHAT'S HAPPENING? KOFF FOR GOD'S SAKE, SOMEBODY STOP ME! I'M GONNA... I-I'M GONNA...



I'M GONNA MISS ALL THESE TUNES. A LIFE'S WORK, AND I NEVER DID ANYTHING THAT COUNTED...

HAHHHH JUST THROWING EVERYTHING OUT... THIS IS HARD. THIS IS TOO BAD...



AW, MAN, THIS IS BAD! LOOK... HERE'S THE GUY'S HAT, AND IT'S GOT BULLET HOLES AND BLOOD ON IT!

WE HAVE TO KEEP THIS AS EVIDENCE, AND... HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? QUIT PULLING!

WE DON'T WANNA MAKE TROUBLE, SONNY. THIS THING'S BETTER OFF OUTTA THE HOUSE...



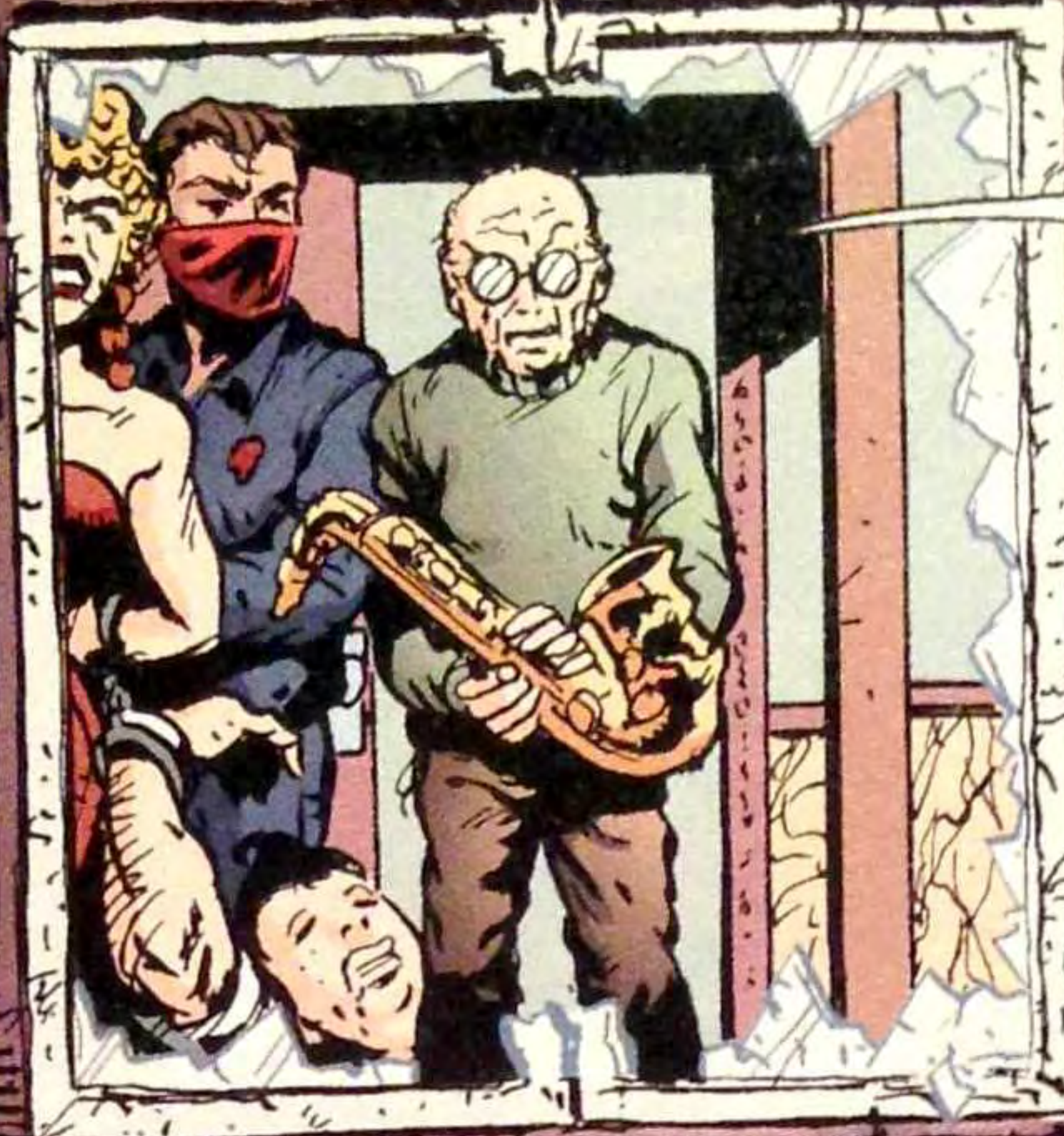
IT'S OUT THIS WAY... AND RELAX! I AIN'T SO BAD. I'M JUST COMPLICATED IS ALL.

SOMETIMES, I'M A REGULAR GUY, SOMETIMES I'M SWEET LIKE MUSIC, SOMETIMES I'M COMFORTABLE AS AN OLD FEDORA, AND, YEAH, SOMETIMES I'M AN ANIMAL...

HEY, LOOK! SOMEONE'S PUSHING SOMETHING OUT THE TOP WINDOW! IT LOOKS LIKE A...



YOU SAVED MY LIFE. WHAT MADE YOU TAKE A RISK LIKE THAT FOR ME?



IT WEREN'T FOR YOU, MISTER, I MADE MYSELF A PROMISE YEARS AGO, BACK WHEN I FIRST MET MR. KATZ...

IT JUST SEEMED IT WAS TIME TO KEEP IT.

IT JUST SEEMED LIKE THE RIGHT NOTE TO END ON...

THE MUSIC'S OVER, BABY.

ALL THESE YEARS, ALL THAT WORK, AND I GUESS IT WAS JUST ONE OF THOSE UNFINISHED SYMPHONIES...

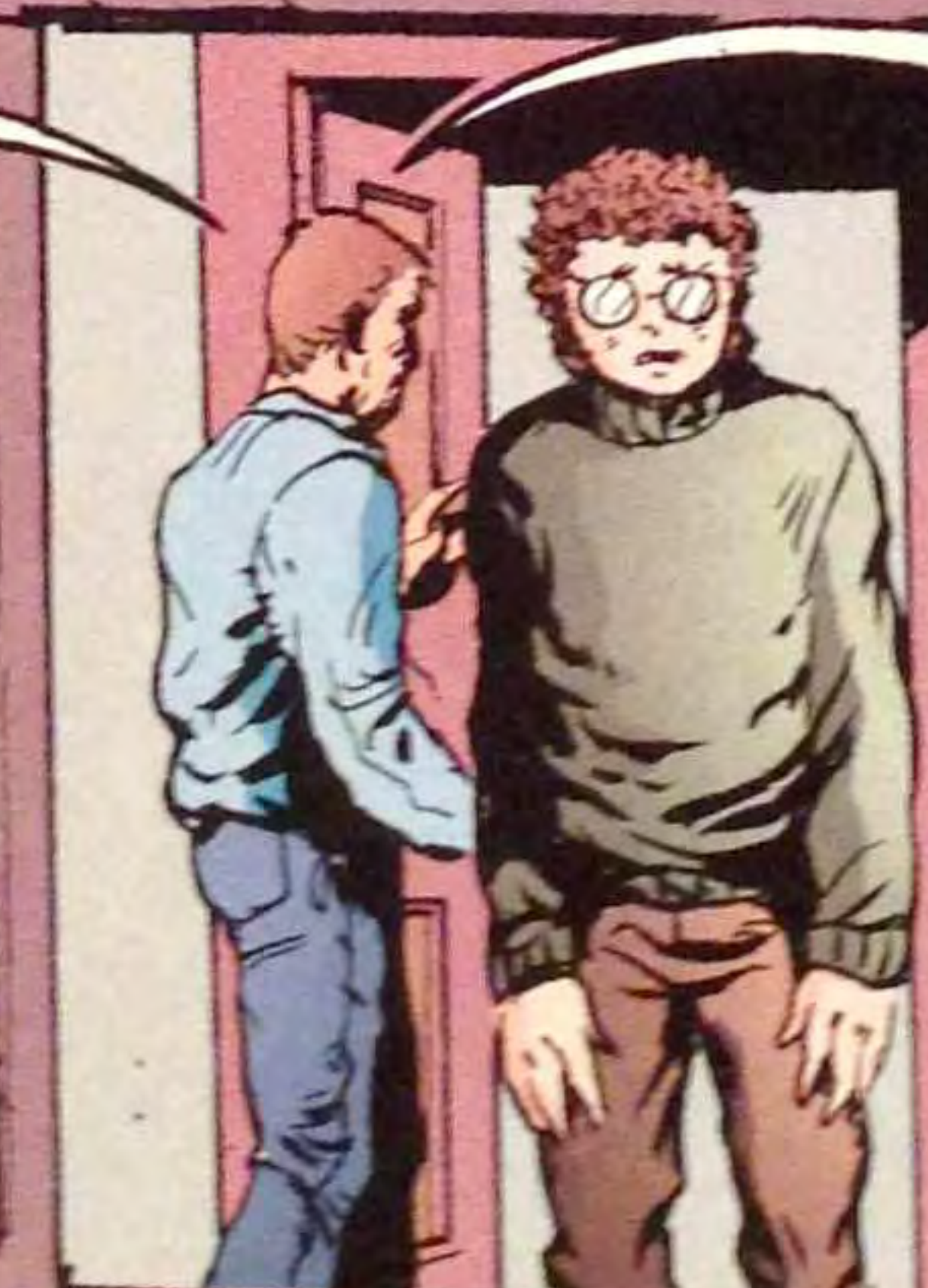


WHERE YOU NEVER GET TO HEAR HOW THE CHORDS RESOLVED THEMSELVES. WHERE YOU NEVER LEARN HOW THE MELODY WORKED OUT.

THE TUNE WAS SWEET, BUT I GOTTA PUT IT BEHIND ME.

THERE. IT'S DONE. BEST FORGET IT.

WE'RE LITTLE GUYS, SONNY. LIFE DIDN'T WORK OUT FOR US. WE MAKE NO DIFFERENCE, AND WE GOTTA ACCEPT HOW THAT IS.



WHO KNOWS? MAYBE THERE'S SOME PLAN TO THINGS, AND EVERYTHING JUST HAPPENS HOW IT SHOULD.

MAYBE WE CAN'T SEE THE WHOLE PICTURE...

TSK! LOOKIT THAT. LIFE'S SURE UNFAIR, AIN'T IT? POOR CRITTER MUSTA SLIPPED.

TELLYA WHAT, YOUR BOY CAN BURY IT WHILE WE CHECK THE BOILER.



IF HE DOES A GOOD JOB, MAYBE I'LL TAKE THE TWO OF YOU IN. GUESS WE'LL SEE HOW YOU WORK OUT, EH, BOY?

YESSIR.

GUESS WE WILL.

THE END