

# HARDLINE

ORIGINS

PRESENTS

# NIGHTCOWL



AMM  
1/9

# HARDLINE HARD ORIGINS

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LOWER EAST SIDE SHIPPING DISTRICT



RIBS FEEL LIKE JELLY.

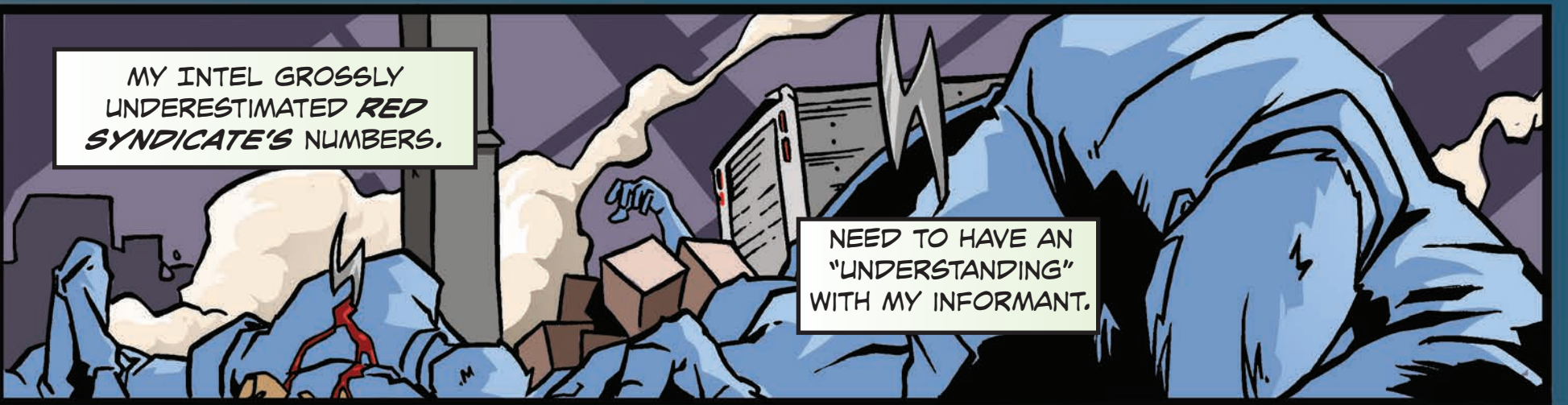
BACK'S ON FIRE.

GET UP.



MY INTEL GROSSLY UNDERESTIMATED RED SYNDICATE'S NUMBERS.

NEED TO HAVE AN "UNDERSTANDING" WITH MY INFORMANT.



RIGHT NOW, JUST KEEP MOVING.




IF YOU STOP, IT'S OVER.



AND YOU'VE COME TOO FAR TO NOT SEE THIS THROUGH.



A scene showing Nightcowl in his blue and grey suit with a yellow collar, crouching in a crime scene. He is surrounded by police officers in brown uniforms, some holding rifles. The background is a hazy, pinkish-red sky.


IT TOOK 3 YEARS TO FINALLY BRING THEM DOWN.

FOUR OFFICERS GAVE THEIR LIVES IN THE PROCESS.

NO WAY THEY WERE GONNA DIE IN VAIN.


BUT SOMETHING THAT BIG DOESN'T COME WITHOUT A PRICE.

YOU DON'T TAKE OUT BIG CRIME WITHOUT SOME PAYBACK COMING YOUR WAY.

A man in a brown jacket is shown in a close-up, holding a woman who is lying on the ground. He has a pained and determined expression. There are blood splatters around them.

THAT WAS MY LAST DAY AS A COP....

...AS A HUSBAND, FATHER.

Nightcowl is shown in a crowd of people, some of whom are holding guns. He is looking towards the camera with a serious expression. The scene is chaotic and filled with tension.

THE DAY NIGHTCOWL WAS BORN.

SINCE THEN, THEY'VE LEARNED TO FEAR ME.

I'VE SPENT THE LAST FEW MONTHS TRACKING DOWN AND FINISHING WHAT I STARTED.

NO STONE UNTURNED. NO BONE UNBROKEN.

AND IT'S ALL LED ME TO HERE...



NIGHTCOWL,  
RIGHT? YER  
THE NEW GUY  
IN TOWN.

LOOK,  
PAL- IT'S LATE  
AND I'M TIRED.  
CLEARLY THIS AIN'T  
BEEN A GREAT NIGHT  
FOR YOU SO WHY  
DONT YOU CALL IT  
QUITS BEFORE  
THINGS GET  
WORSE.

CAN'T QUIT,  
SUNSHINE...  
I'M NOT DEAD  
YET.

RIGHT.  
THE RED HAND  
SAID YOU WERE  
MOUTHY.

THERE'S TWO  
WAYS WE CAN DO  
THIS - THE EASY WAY.  
OR THE *EASIER* WAY.  
PERSONALLY  
I'D PREFER....



YOU TALK TOO MUCH.



**FWIP!**



**WHAT THE-!**



I NEVER UNDERSTOOD THE NEED FOR THEATRICALS.

I LIKE THE MORE DIRECT APPROACH!

YOU "CAPES" ARE ALL ALIKE...



ALWAYS  
LOOKING DOWN  
YER NOSES AND  
THINKIN' YER  
BETTER 'N THE  
REST OF US!

I MEAN,  
HOW STUPID IS IT  
WHEN YOU'RE JUST  
A GUY WITH SOME  
GADGETS PICKIN'  
A FIGHT WITH  
SOMEONE WHO CAN  
BENCH PRESS A  
TANK?



BUT I  
GUESS  
YOU'RE  
FINDING THAT  
OUT NOW,  
RIGHT?

UNGH!



YOU'RE  
CONFUSING  
ARROGANCE  
WITH FOCUS,  
**BRAWLER.**

BUT IT'S  
ARROGANT TO  
UNDERESTIMATE  
ME. WHICH YOU'RE  
ABOUT TO FIND  
OUT NOW.



WHATEVER,  
TOUGH GUY. LET'S  
JUST CUT TO THE  
PART WHERE YOU  
FALL DOWN.

TWOK



THE ONLY REAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN US -

IS THAT I'M GOING HOME TONIGHT!



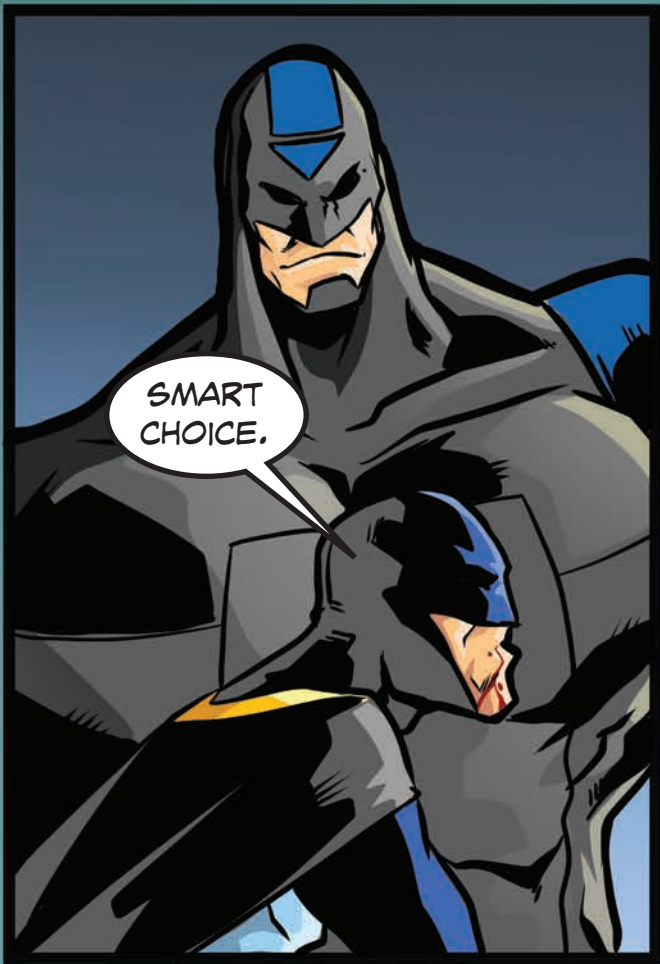
LOOK, MAHONEY- YEAH I KNOW WHO YOU ARE-

I'M NOT GUNNING FOR YOU. NOT TONIGHT ANYWAY.

THE RED HAND IS ON HIS WAY TO SILENCE SOME ORPHANS THAT CAN PLACE HIM BEHIND A HUMAN TRAFFICKING OPERATION.

HE'S TAKEN ENOUGH LIVES ALREADY. IT ENDS TONIGHT.





"...APPEARS TO BE THE RESULTS OF A TURF WAR BETWEEN THE RED SYNDICATE AND UNKNOWN RIVALS...."

"...AMONG THE CONFIRMED BODIES, IS FORMER CITY COUNSELMEN, HARRIS BETTS..."

"...BETTS HAS BEEN IDENTIFIED AS THE CRIME BOSS, RED HAND AND IS BEING LINKED TO A HUMAN TRAFFICKING RING..."

WELL WHADDYA KNOW...

THE LITTLE GUY DID IT.

WHAT DO I OWE YA, SCULLY?

ON THE HOUSE. BESIDES...

I'M GUESSING YER KINDA BETWEEN JOBS AT THE MOMENT.

YER GOOD PEOPLE, SCULLY. THAT'S WHY I LOVE COMING HERE.

ENJOY IT WHILE IT LASTS

HOW'S THAT?

MET ME A PRETTY NUMBER AT THE CENTER. THINKING 'BOUT HANGING UP MY APRON AND HEADING DOWN TO NAPLES.

MAKE YOU A SWEET DEAL, MIKE...

YA NEVER KNOW, SCULLY...

YA NEVER KNOW.

IF YER THINKING 'BOUT A CAREER CHANGE...

THE ~~END~~ BEGINNING...