

SEGURA • MORECI • BORGES • OSMAN • ENGLERT • CAMPBELL



# DICK TRACY®

#1





THE CITY, 1947.



AN URBAN JUNGLE  
STRUGGLING TO  
ESCAPE A HELL OF  
ITS OWN CREATION.



THE GREEN EYE  
DINER, 2 A.M. THE  
LATE NIGHT PLACE  
TO MEET...



...BUT NOT  
BE SEEN.



A PLACE FOR THE PEOPLE  
IN THE SHADOWS TO DO  
THEIR DIRTY WORK.

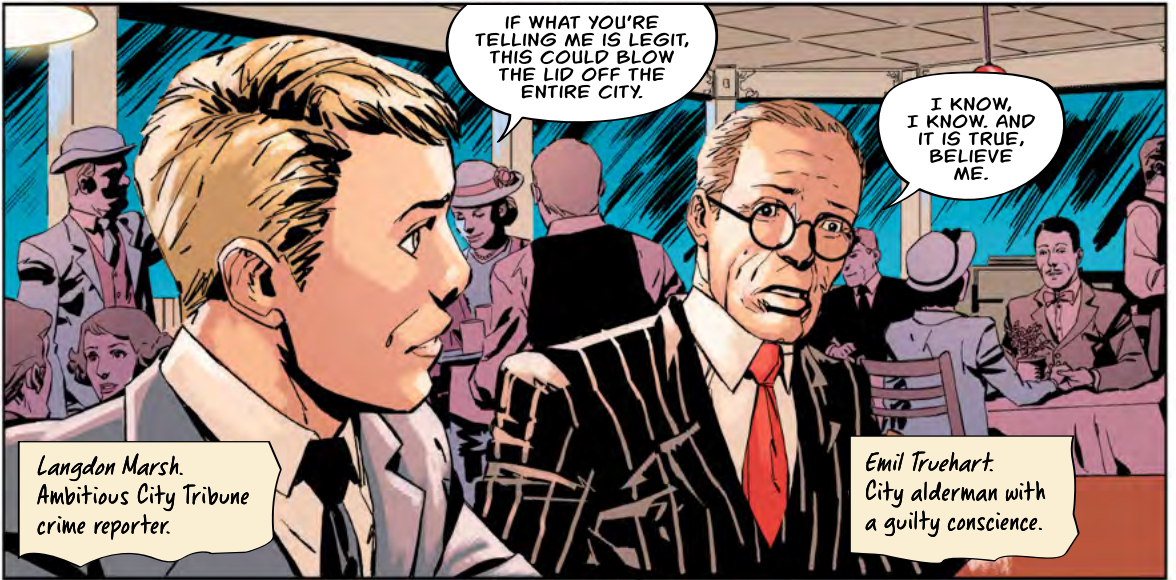


...LIPS AIN'T NOBODY NO MORE, I TELLS THE GUY...

...UNBELIEVABLE, TOMMY. I WAS IN LOVE FROM THE GET-GO...

...THE TRAMP CAN FENCE IT. LEMME ASK, ALRIGHT?

...DROP A SHOT OF WHISKEY IN THAT COFFEE WILLYA, SWEETHEART...?



IF WHAT YOU'RE TELLING ME IS LEGIT, THIS COULD BLOW THE LID OFF THE ENTIRE CITY.

I KNOW, I KNOW, AND IT IS TRUE, BELIEVE ME.

Langdon Marsh. Ambitious City Tribune crime reporter.

Emil Truehart. City alderman with a guilty conscience.



THEN WALK ME THROUGH IT. CONVINCE ME, AND I'LL WRITE IT.

IF THIS GUY'S ON THE TAKE, THERE'S NO TELLING WHO ELSE IS, RIGHT?



DING DING DING

YOU OKAY, TRUEHART?



DEAR GOD... HE'S FOUND ME.

THE CLICHÉ  
"TIME FLIES"  
HOLDS TRUE  
FOR MOST  
MOMENTS.

EXCEPT THOSE LAST FEW  
SECONDS BEFORE DEATH...

...AS YOU STARE DOWN  
THE BARREL OF A  
LOADED GUN.

BADDA-BADDA-POW  
BADDA-BADDA-POW  
BADDA-BADDA-POW





IN THOSE INSTANTS,  
AS YOUR HEART  
BEATS TOWARD  
NOTHING...



...TIME  
SLOWS  
DOWN.



FREEZING  
EVERYTHING  
IN PLACE.



NO.



EVERYTHING HANGS, A MOMENT  
CAPTURED IN TIME, AND THEN  
TIME RESUMES, BUT BY THEN--

**BAM**



IT'S

JUST

TOO  
LATE

DAWN.

WHAT A MESS.

YOU GOT THAT RIGHT, PAL. AND HERE I THOUGHT THE WAR WAS OVER.

NOW WHAT'S A NO-GOOD PENCIL-PUSHER LIKE MARSH DOING MEETING WITH A CITY OFFICIAL LIKE TRUEHART? WHAT COULD THEY BE TALKING ABOUT?

NOTHING GOOD, I CAN TELL YOU THAT.

I AIN'T NO DETECTIVE, BILL, BUT GUYS LIKE TRUEHART DON'T SIT DOWN WITH A REPORTER IN THE WEE HOURS TO TALK ABOUT THE MARSHALL PLAN, YOU KNOW?

THE ONLY TIME YOU TALK TO A REPORTER IS TO COVER YOUR ASS OR STIR UP SOME SHIT.

TRUEHART ALWAYS STRUCK ME AS A STAND-UP--

HRM?

SOME SCENE WE'VE GOT HERE, BOYS--

A comic book illustration of Dick Tracy. He is wearing a bright yellow trench coat over a dark suit, a red tie, and a yellow fedora. He has a serious expression and is looking slightly to the left. A bright, starburst light effect emanates from the left side of the frame, partially obscuring his face. The background shows a cityscape with buildings and a blue sky. There are two speech bubbles: a large one at the top right containing the name 'DICK TRACY!' and a smaller one below it containing the text '--BUT I'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE.' The artist's signature 'LEONARD 12/23' is in the bottom left corner.

**DICK TRACY!**

--BUT  
I'LL TAKE  
IT FROM  
HERE.

LEONARD  
12/23