

Number Six

CRIMINAL MIND



Ed Brubaker
Sean Phillips



by
**Ed Brubaker and
Sean Phillips**

**Colors by
Jacob
Phillips**

Cruel Summer

Part Two



IMAGE COMICS, INC.
Robert Kirkman: Chief Operating Officer
Erik Larsen: Chief Financial Officer
Todd McFarlane: President
Marc Silvestri: Chief Executive Officer
Jim Valentino: Vice President
Eric Stephenson: Publisher / Chief Creative Officer
Jeff Boison: Director of Publishing Planning & Book Trade Sales
Chris Ross: Director of Digital Sales
Jeff Stang: Director of Direct Market Sales
Kat Salazar: Director of PR & Marketing
Drew Gill: Art Director
Heather Doornink: Production Director
Nicole Lapalme: Controller
IMAGECOMICS.COM

CRIMINAL #6. July 2019. Published by Image Comics, Inc. Office of publication: 2701 NW Vaughn St, Suite 780, Portland, OR 97210.

Copyright © 2019 Basement Gang Inc. All rights reserved. "CRIMINAL," its logos, and the likenesses of all characters herein are trademarks of Basement Gang Inc, unless otherwise noted. "Image" and the Image Comics logos are registered trademarks of Image Comics, Inc. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means (except for short excerpts for journalistic or review purposes), without the express written permission of Basement Gang Inc, or Image Comics, Inc. All names, characters, events, and locales in this publication are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events, or places, without satirical intent, is coincidental.

DIGITAL EDITION.



Publication design by Sean Phillips

Song to the Siren

Teeg Lawless was in love and it was the worst thing that had ever happened to him...



He was sure of it.



HEY - I THINK CAN YOU GET IT?
THAT'S ROOM SERVICE...



YEAH...





The problem was, it was also the first time he'd been *happy* since he couldn't say when.

DON'T FORGET TO TIP.

ISN'T IT INCLUDED ON THE BILL?

THERE'S THE TIP AND A DELIVERY FEE.



I KNOW, BUT GIVE THEM AN EXTRA TWENTY ANYWAY.



REALLY?



DON'T BE CHEAP. THERE'LL ALWAYS BE MORE MONEY.



OKAY... IF YOU SAY SO...

And it turned out happiness was like a *drug* you got hooked on.

Pretty soon you could barely remember what your life was like before...

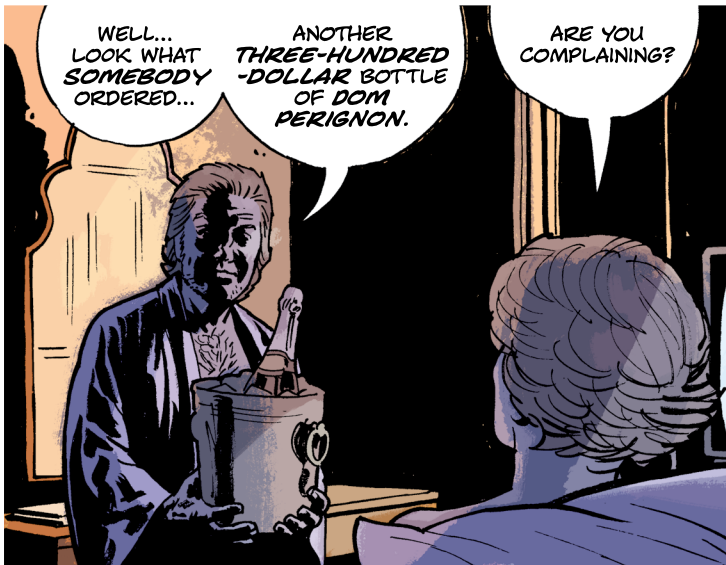


KEEP THE CHANGE.

OH, THANK YOU, SIR.



...When you had to live *without* it.



WELL... LOOK WHAT SOMEBODY ORDERED...

ANOTHER THREE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR BOTTLE OF DOM PERIGNON.

ARE YOU COMPLAINING?



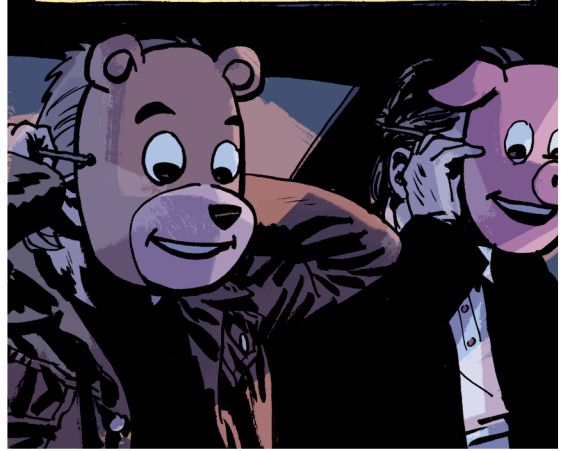
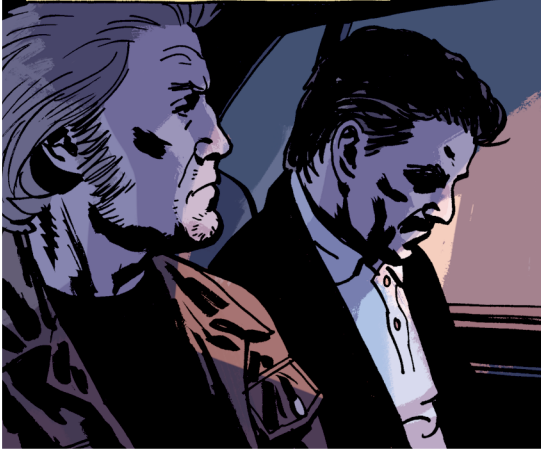
NO... NEVER. NOT ME.

YOU BETTER NOT BE...



Teeg had come to Center City a few weeks back to work a job with *Chic Severin*.

It wasn't a huge score, but it was just the two of them, so the split would be enough to keep his bills paid for a few months.



And it was simple.

The whole thing took three minutes, in-and-out... Maybe less.

YOU! GET THAT SAFE OPEN - NOW!



Hell, they didn't even have a *driver*... Just left the car idling in the parking lot.





The take was just under *twenty-five grand*, which was better than they had been expecting...

So they went out to celebrate.



Chic knew a good club downtown... The kind of place where there was *coke* in the bathrooms...



...And *sex* on the dance floor.



That's where Teeg met Jane.



She was *staring* at them from across the bar.



And when he realized she was looking at Chic, not *him*...

Teeg felt like he'd been stabbed in the gut.



Turned out she was an old girlfriend of his... Just passing through town.

Said she'd been hoping to run into him.

This used to be one of their hangouts.



Teeg couldn't take his eyes off her.

And even though he was nearly *fifty years old*...

He'd never experienced anything like that in his life.



Sure, he'd been with plenty of women...

But none of them had ever made him feel sick to his stomach.



None of them had made him smile like this.

Like some idiot.



She was tough, too.

And funny.



She made jokes at Chic's expense, which made Teeg like her even more.



But she *left* with him, too.



And after that, the night was ruined.



None of the other girls there had what Jane had.



They couldn't even distract him.





And maybe that would've been the end of it.

Maybe he would've forgotten about her... Convinced himself that feeling was all in his mind.

Just the drugs and booze and adrenaline from the heist.



But before he could get on the road the next day, Chic showed up...

YOU WANNA HELP ME WITH SOMETHING?

WHAT?

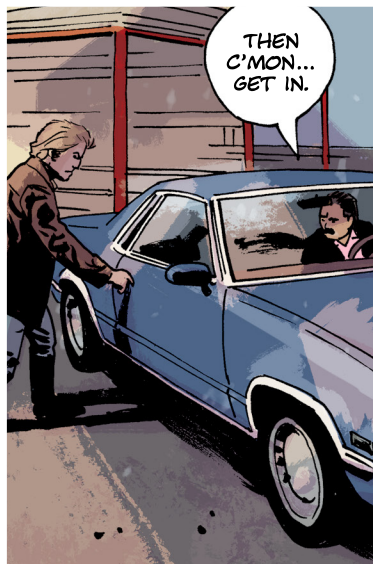


I NEED TO TEACH SOMEONE A LESSON...

YOU UP FOR THAT?



SURE... WHY NOT...



THEN C'MON... GET IN.



MOTEL

BOYD'S Juice

WHEEL PARTS



They drove half an hour north of the city, to a vacation property near Red Fern Lake...

WHO'S WAY OUT HERE?

SHE IS... THE GIRL FROM THE CLUB LAST NIGHT.

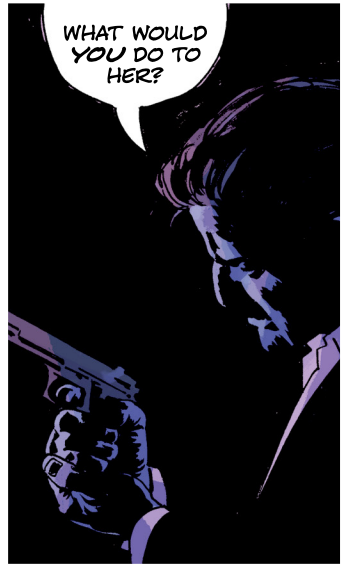


OH...



HEY... HOW FAR ARE YOU TAKIN' THIS, MAN?

SHE STOLE TEN GRAND FROM ME WHILE I WAS SLEEPING...



WHAT WOULD YOU DO TO HER?



It was a fair point, Teeg couldn't deny it.

JUST FOLLOW MY LEAD...





He almost fired,
just on instinct.

But here's
the thing...





The second Teeg saw her...



Even though there was murder in her eyes...



He smiled. That same idiot smile.

SO... I GUESS THINGS DIDN'T WORK OUT WITH YOU AN' CHIC...



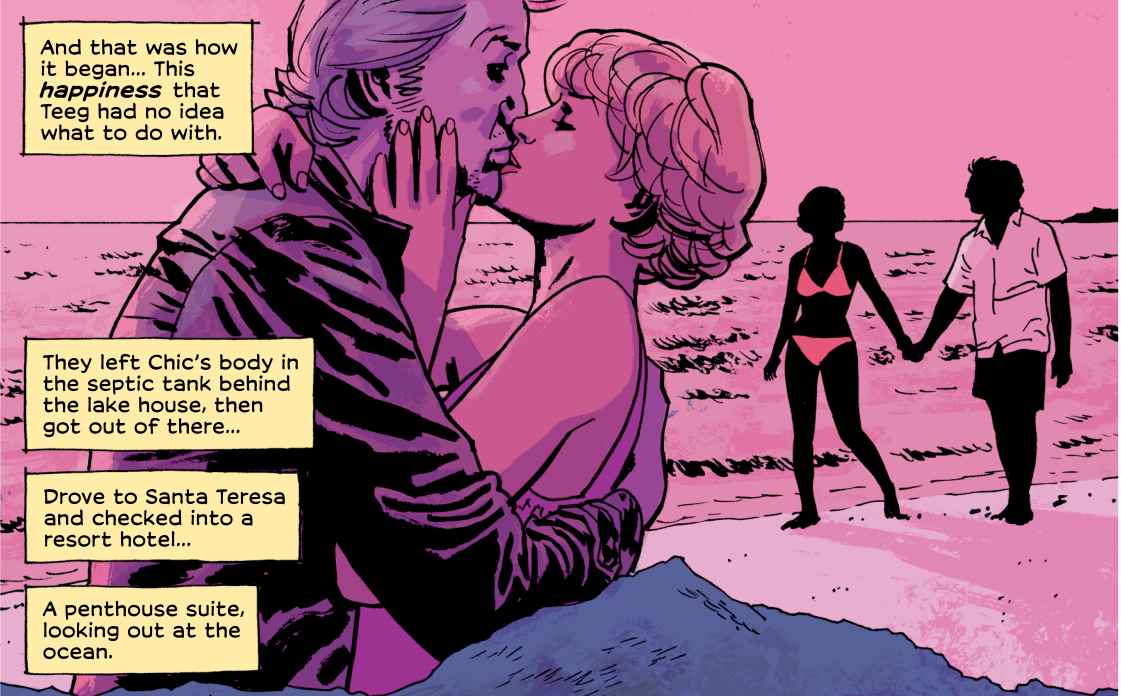
That's how he knew he was doomed.



MAYBE I CAN BUY YOU A DRINK TO TAKE YOUR MIND OFF IT?



YOUR NAME WAS TEEG... RIGHT?




And that was how it began... This *happiness* that Teeg had no idea what to do with.

They left Chic's body in the septic tank behind the lake house, then got out of there...

Drove to Santa Teresa and checked into a resort hotel...


A penthouse suite, looking out at the ocean.




Places like that were practically a foreign country to Teeg...

But he was a passenger on her trip now.

And Jane liked to live the high life.





She spent money
like it had an
expiration date.

But for once,
he didn't care
about that.

He didn't care about
anything... Just that
he could touch her.

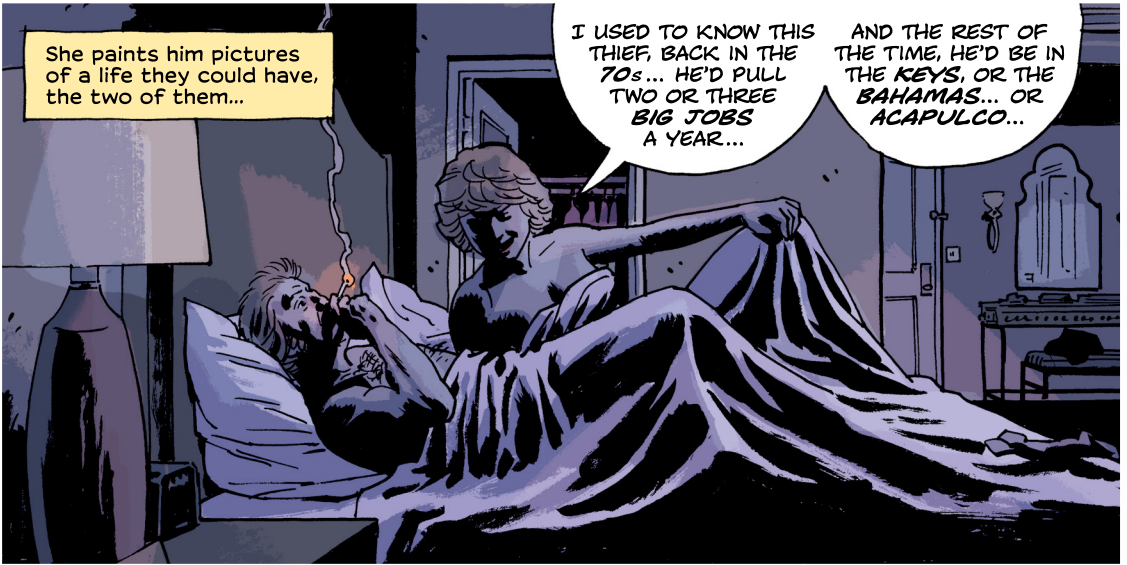
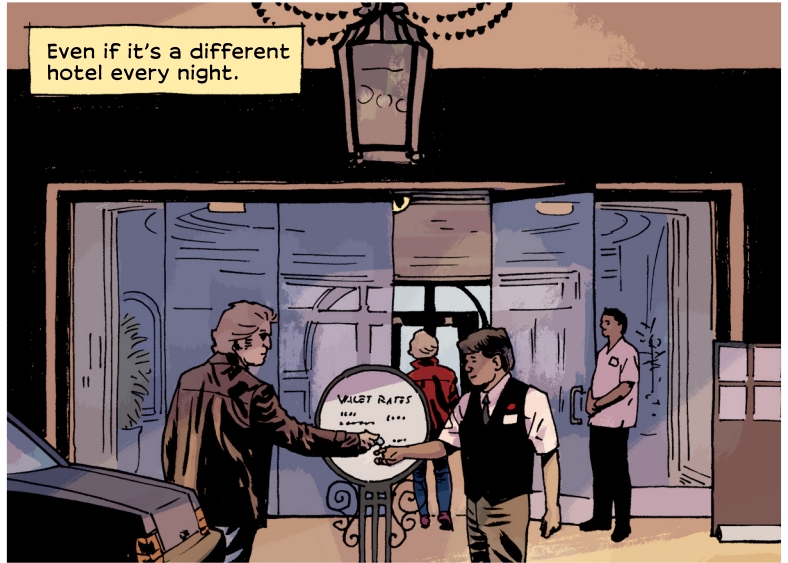
Just that
she would
look at him.

When they slept, she wrapped
herself around him, and he felt
her warm breath on his neck.

And he thought,
how stupid that
it was this easy.

That after a lifetime of
fighting and misery, he
could suddenly be here...

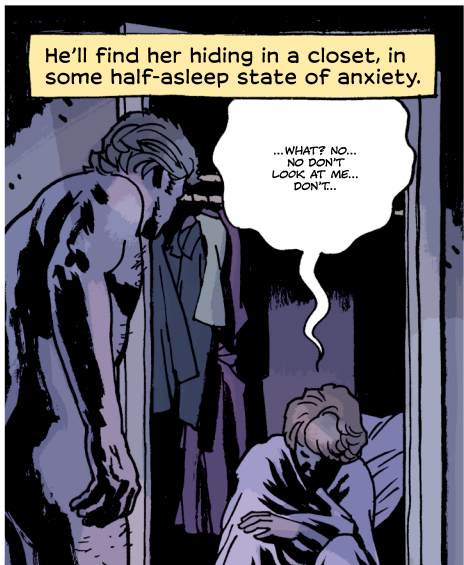
In this
endless
moment.





But there's something else about her, too, that brings out another side of him.

Sometimes he wakes in the middle of the night and she's not there.



He'll find her hiding in a closet, in some half-asleep state of anxiety.

...WHAT'S NO...
NO DON'T
LOOK AT ME...
DON'T...

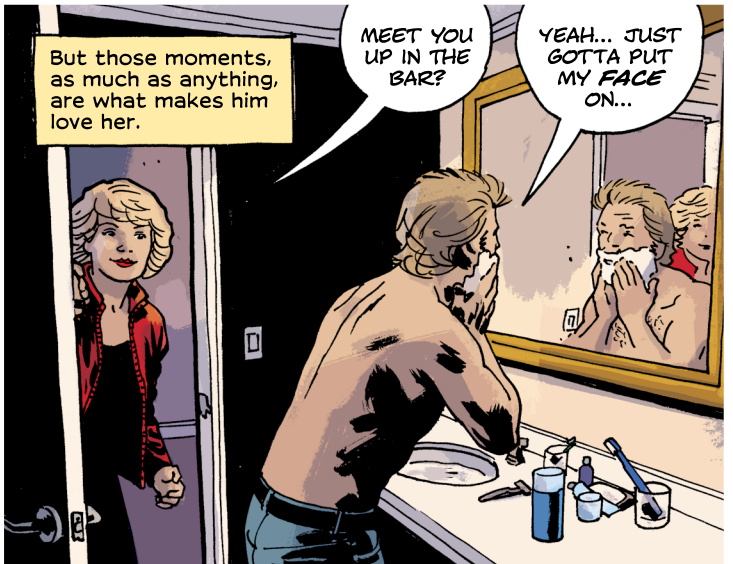


Like a frightened little kid, scared the morning will never come.

...I'M SORRY...
I'M SORRY I
DIDN'T MEAN
TO...



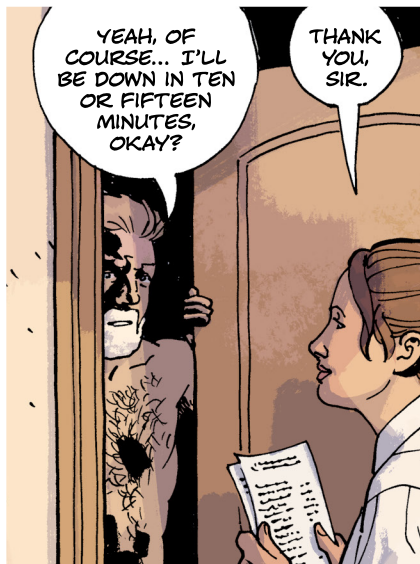
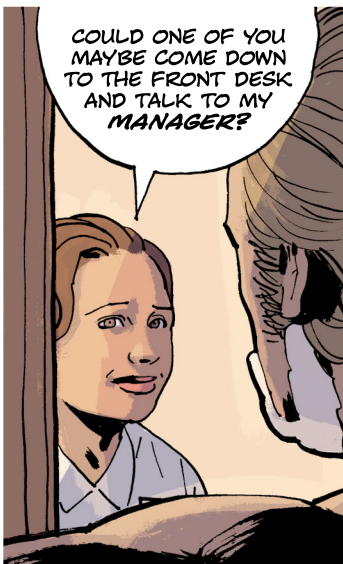
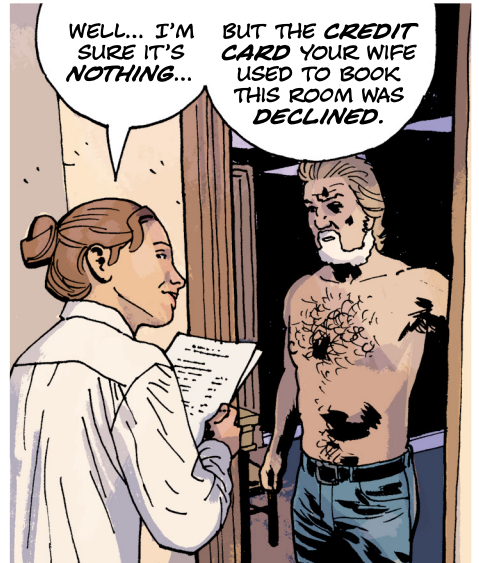
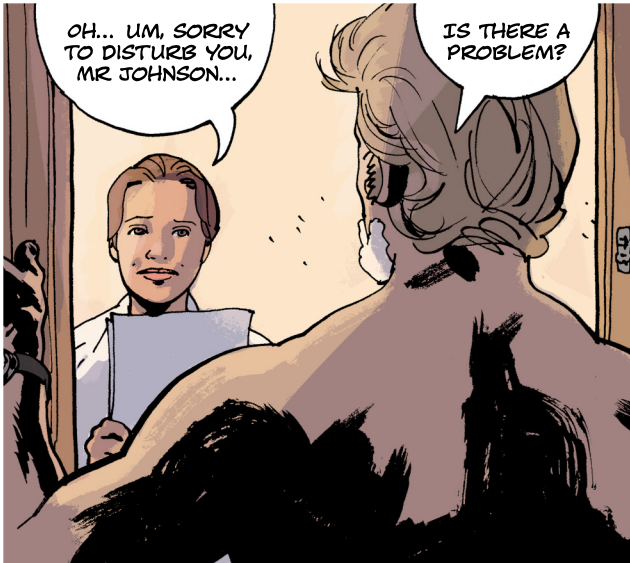
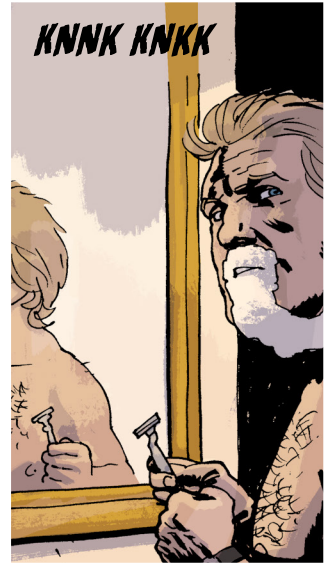
They don't discuss it...



But those moments, as much as anything, are what makes him love her.

MEET YOU UP IN THE BAR?

YEAH... JUST GOTTA PUT MY FACE ON...

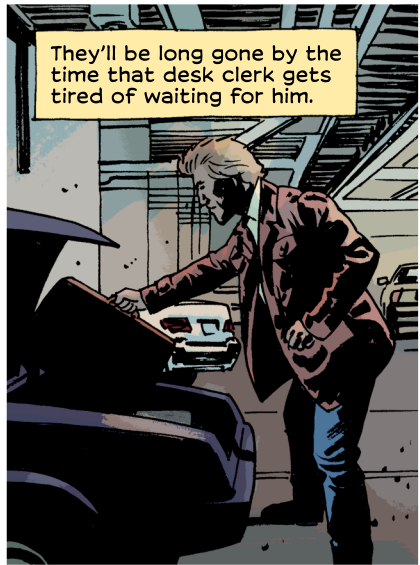




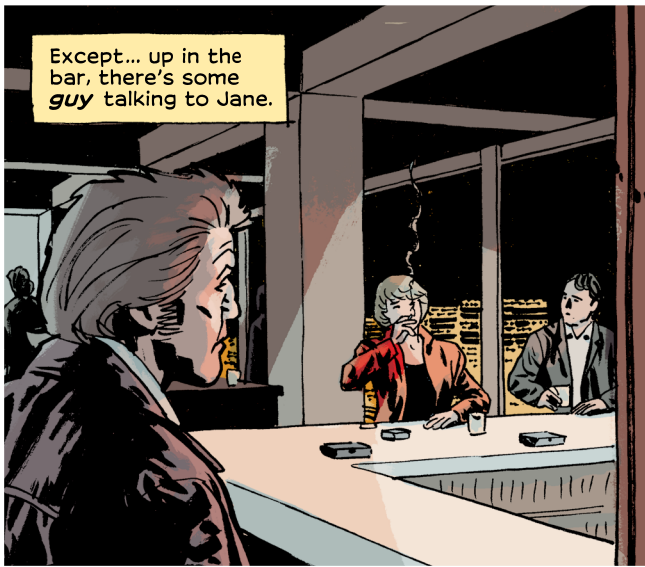
Luckily, they both pack light... Always ready to move without notice.



And the service elevator goes right to the parking garage...



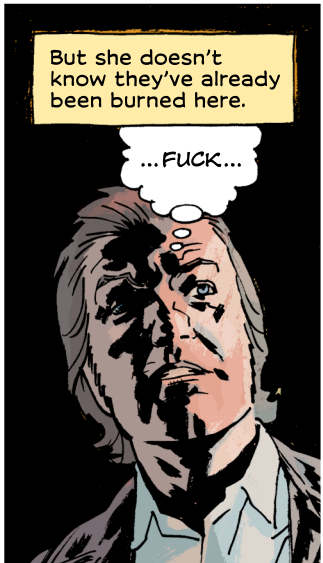
They'll be long gone by the time that desk clerk gets tired of waiting for him.



Except... up in the bar, there's some *guy* talking to Jane.

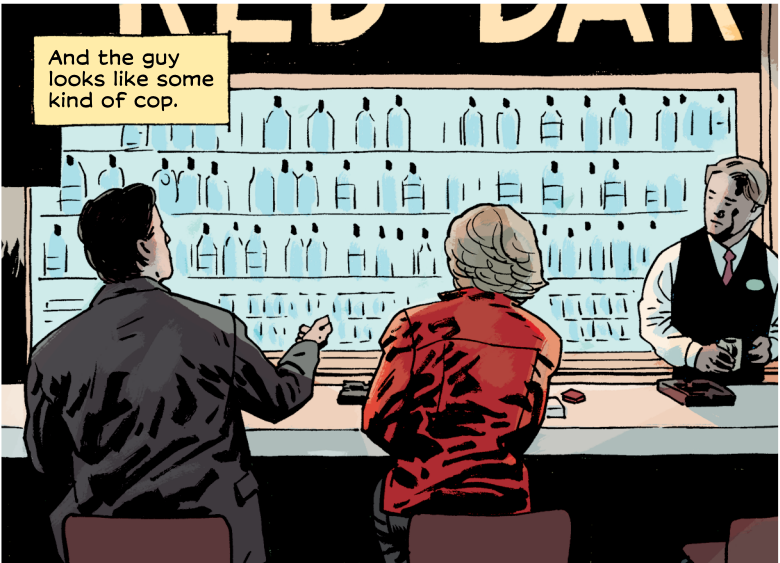


She gives Teeg a look to stay away...

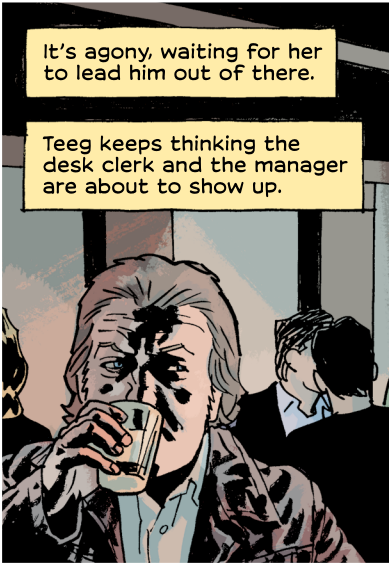


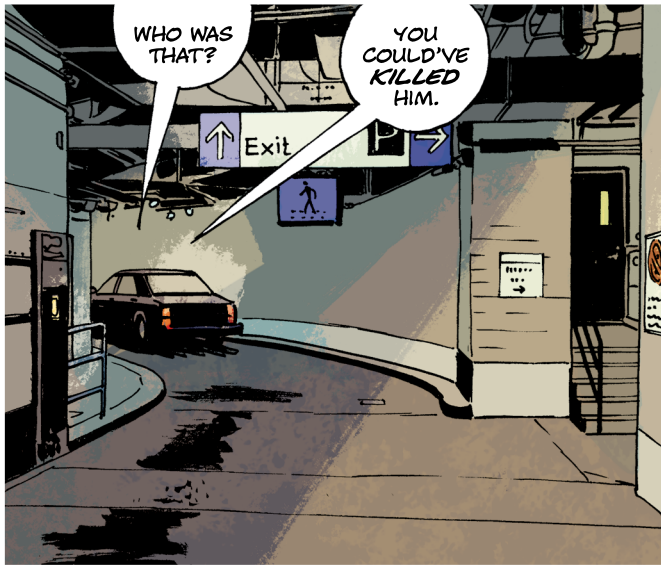
But she doesn't know they've already been burned here.

...FUCK...



And the guy looks like some kind of cop.





WHO WAS THAT?

YOU COULD'VE KILLED HIM.



I KNOW... WHO WAS HE?

JUST SOME GUY FROM HOTEL SECURITY... I WAS GETTING RID OF HIM.



NO. THEY WERE ONTO US.

THE CREDIT CARD GOT REPORTED.



OH... CRAP.



HOW MUCH MONEY DO WE HAVE LEFT?

NOT A LOT... JUST OVER A GRAND.



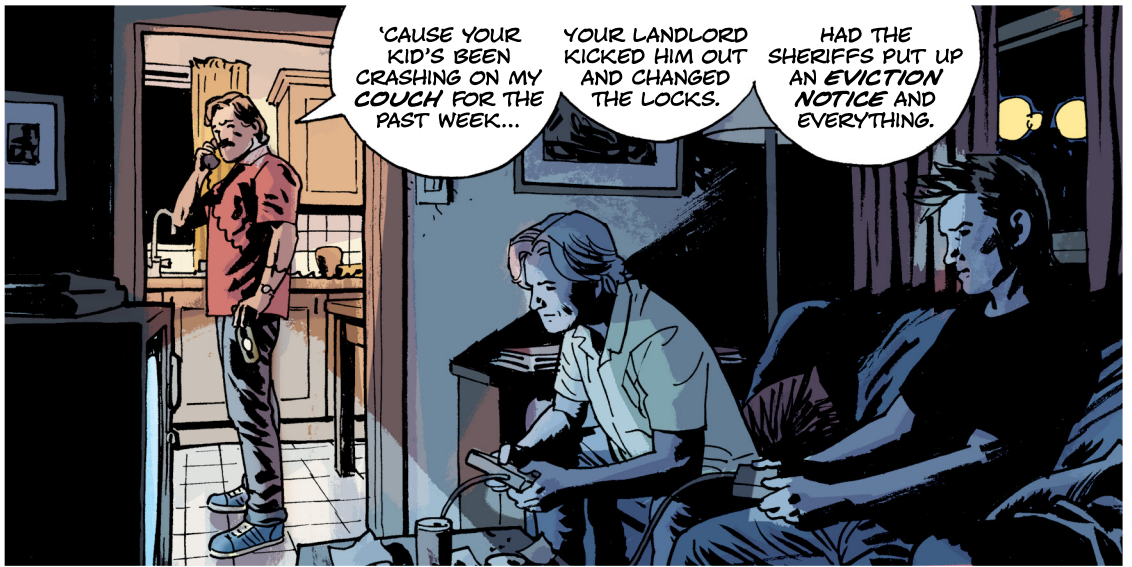
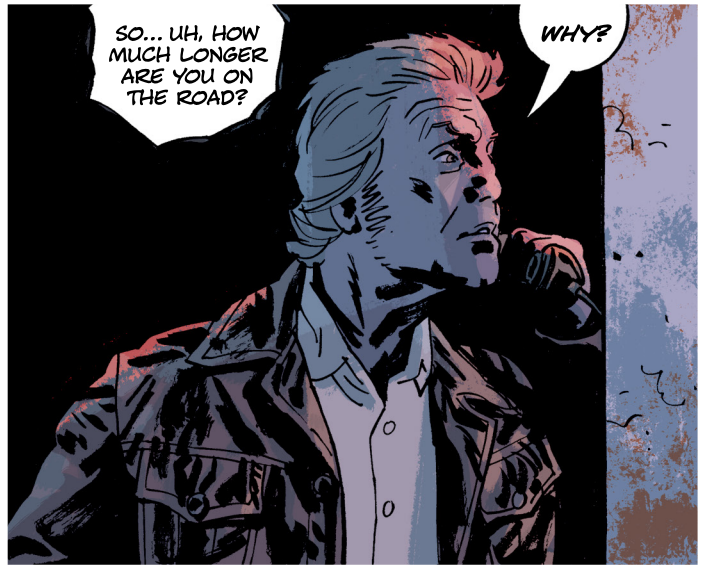
BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, OKAY?

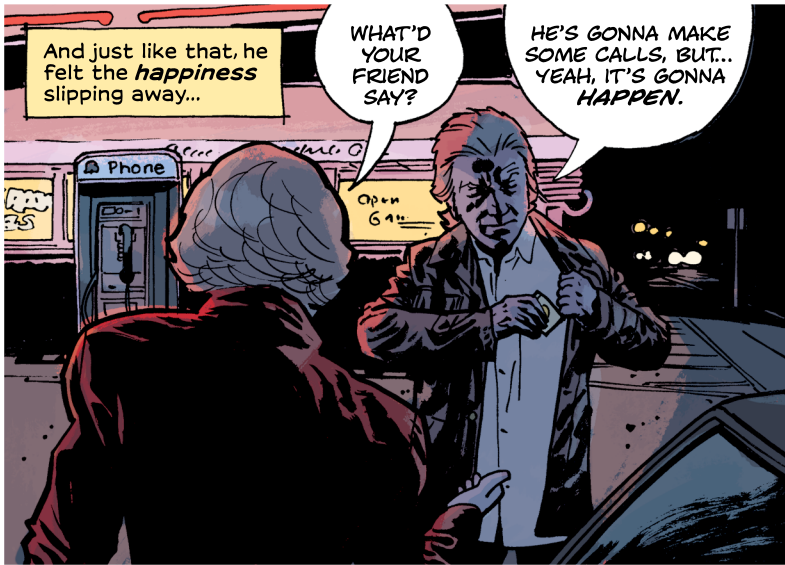
WE'RE GONNA BE FINE - WE'RE GONNA BE MORE THAN FINE.



I JUST NEED TO PUT SOME WHEELS IN MOTION...







And just like that, he felt the *happiness* slipping away...

WHAT'D YOUR FRIEND SAY?

HE'S GONNA MAKE SOME CALLS, BUT... YEAH, IT'S GONNA HAPPEN.

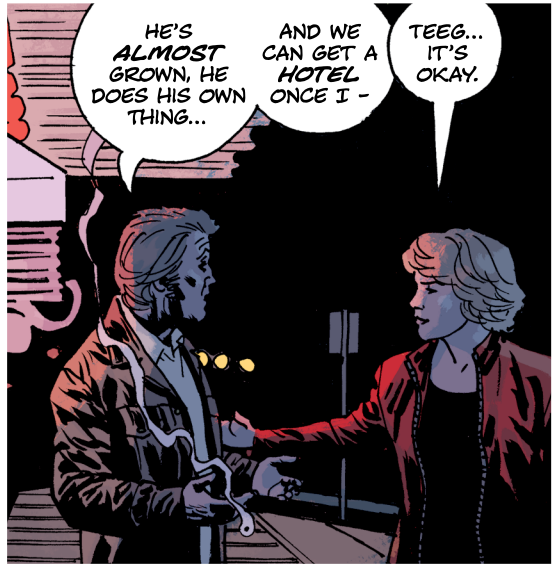


GREAT. THAT'S PERFECT.



HEY, I FORGOT TO MENTION BEFORE... I STILL HAVE A KID LIVING AT HOME WITH ME.

BUT - HE'LL STAY OUT OF OUR WAY.



HE'S ALMOST GROWN, HE DOES HIS OWN THING...

AND WE CAN GET A HOTEL ONCE I -

TEEG... IT'S OKAY.



REALLY. I LIKE KIDS.



YEAH, WELL... YOU HAVEN'T MET MINE YET.

He says it like a joke, but it isn't...



That fucking kid, he was going to ruin everything.

To Be Continued

Just before issue 5 came out, Sean and Jake flew over to Los Angeles for a comic fest in Huntington Beach, so we got to spend most of a week together, signing books and meeting readers. We interviewed our old heroes The Hernandez Brothers for a panel, and then did a few signings at comic shops in Los Angeles.

The Secret Ingredient is Crime

And somehow Sean and Jake managed to fly home and still get this issue done in time. I hope you're liking CRUEL SUMMER so far. The switching character focus each issue is allowing this story to cover a lot of different ground, as we'll see next issue, when young Ricky Lawless takes center stage.

A few weeks after Sean and Jake went home, I attended the premiere of the event series I wrote with Nicolas Refn, TOO OLD TO DIE YOUNG. It was quite a night after years and years of hard work. We did a short Q and A before the screening, conducted by Keanu Reeves. I mostly just stood there, next to Keanu. As you can see.



We had the after party in black and white, because that's how pretentious we are.

On the show itself, as I said last time, I expect it to be pretty divisive, and like all of Refn's stuff some will love it and some will hate it. It got a huge response out of Cannes, but it is definitely aimed at that audience. Refn is a crazy European art film director, and when you write with him, you can start with a straight crime story and it will evolve into a slow and surreal and occasionally offensive 13 hour movie, which is what he calls this. Writing it with him was so different than anything else I've ever done, especially these comics. Me and Halley Gross (the other writer on the show) spent years writing and rewriting these episodes, constantly chasing Refn's shifting sands right up until the end of production, and in the end, I felt more like I was trying to help him achieve his vision than anything – just as the DP and the actors are helping the director achieve their

Our friend Ben Simpson even took us on a tour of the Warner Bros lot and Sean got lots of reference photos for our next old Hollywood story. And we sat unhappily on the FRIENDS couch.



And here's a photo of me with my friend John Hawkes at the after party.



vision. I suspect that's what it's always like when the director is the co-writer. So while there are certainly sequences that I see my influence on, or dialog that I wrote, in the end it was both fulfilling and frustrating. It's hard to go from being the prime storyteller to being, well, not that. It was hard on Westworld, and it was hard on this show, even though I was the co-creator. So my goal for the next time I work in TV is to be the one in charge, but we'll see how that goes. I certainly learned a lot making this show, and worked with an amazingly talented cast and crew. It was like being in boot camp for two years, but all the other soldiers are artists and lunatics.

The show is up on Amazon Prime now, and if you're a fan of dark and strange and slow and gorgeous films, you should check it out if you haven't already.

The BAD WEEKEND hardback came out today, alongside this issue. As I mentioned before, this hardback version has an additional 8 pages of story, some scenes from the convention floor, that I couldn't fit when we serialized it in issues 2 and 3. I also made minor alterations to a few scenes, changing some dialog or narration. Sean and Jake and I signed a lot of book plates for this hardback release, too, so you might be able to track one of those down if your store is a big CRIMINAL booster (they had to order a set amount of copies to get the book plates).



That's it for this issue. Write to us with questions and comments: criminalcomic@gmail.com.

We'll be back next month with the next chapter of CRUEL SUMMER, starring Ricky Lawless (and featuring Leo and Jacob and Jenny). See the cover on the next page.

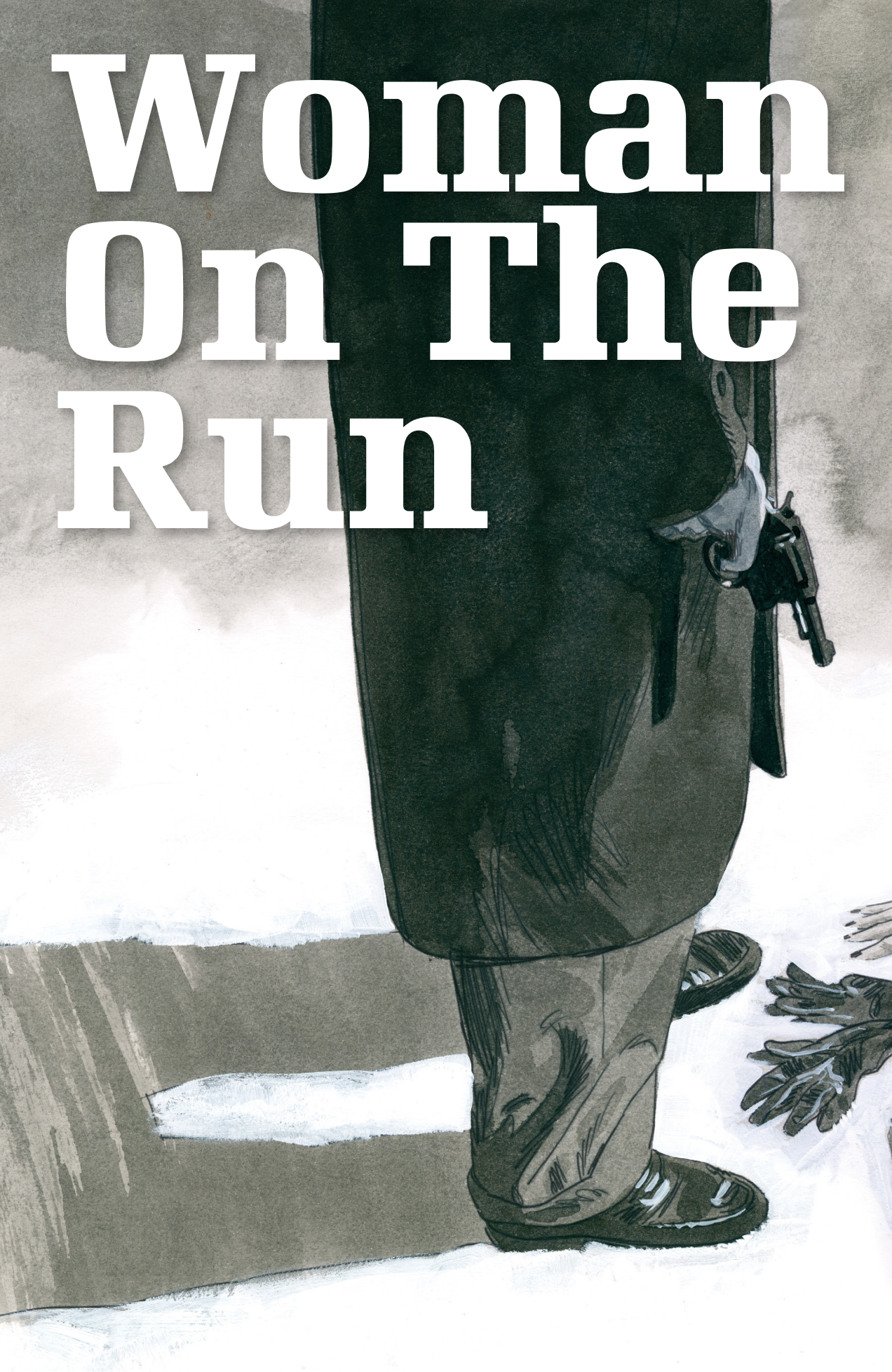


In our back pages this month, Kim Morgan is back with a great piece on WOMAN ON THE RUN, an old Norman Foster film from the 1950s, as always with illustrations by Sean.



Sean
2019

Woman On The Run



by
Kim Morgan
illustrated by
Sean Phillips



Norman Foster's *Woman on the Run* asks – those marital bonds: What do they do to people? Or rather, how do people perceive them? And more specifically, how do women? Women living in 1950? In San Francisco. In a small apartment. With no kids. And her husband's pet dog. (Good for her, I say).

Marriage in 1950 and still, now ... Sure, it can be fulfilling for some- and children were/are often born happily, and two souls are united, and then there's hard times and good times and then... who are we kidding? It gets old for so many. Not irrevocably so, and not always (but enough that divorce is as common as the common cold) but some couples become so rote, so invisible to one another, that they lose their way. They sleepwalk through the motions, dreaming of another life, floating in some marital netherworld they never anticipated.

Enter steely, smart Eleanor (Ann Sheridan) who, when the cops come to question her after her husband has fled the scene of a crime (was he involved?), walks around her small kitchen and coolly reveal rows of dog food cans (in otherwise barren cupboards) to inspectors. She doesn't cook much, obviously, and she makes that fact known almost as a matter of sardonic pride. She's no Donna Reed type. She also doesn't see her husband much. He does his own thing (he's a painter – she shows his work to the detectives, praising it) and she does her own thing. It's quite a modern arrangement, really. For 1950, this was not exactly the norm in movies, especially when the woman will not become some easy "femme fatale" (the bitch out to destroy her poor husband). And so nothing is unrecognizable in the movie either – people and relationships are complex. Humans are human. And odd. And frustrating. When cynical, seen-it-all Eleanor (could she even be described as a housewife?) is asked to describe her missing husband to suspicious detectives, she answers: "I haven't been able to for a long time."

It's an unusual, intriguing set-up. After Eleanor's husband, Frank (Ross Elliott) witnesses a murder, he immediately goes missing. Why? Who cares about the cops, *we* wonder why? And most importantly, *Eleanor* wonders why. So it is not the cops but Eleanor who winds up doing the detective work to track down Frank. As said, when you first meet her, she seems to barely care he's gone. He's *always* gone it seems, and their marriage is so damaged she's hardened into grim acceptance. That's just how it is. Still, she's no rat (see, she does care about marital bonds – *thou shall not rat your husband* seems implicit – or maybe that's just me). But then she isn't even sure *what* she

would be ratting out – she has no idea what is going on. And then she learns that Frank needs life-saving heart medicine – she didn't know this about him either. This concerns her and so she teams up with a reporter (Dennis O'Keefe) and scours San Francisco (the film utilizes striking locations in the city) to find her missing heart-afflicted husband. But it can't be purely medical that she's out to restore his heart.

You'd think the title -- *Woman on the Run*, a film noir (though it goes beyond genre) would simply be about a woman fleeing – and as described earlier, fleeing a bad marriage. But it isn't *really* about that – this is a woman who is fleeing from the nosey, rather sexist interrogations of police detectives about her husband and judging her for her unconventional life. Frank's the one who has fled, but now *she* is fleeing to figure out what in the hell is going on and where in the hell he is, and really who is she? She's fleeing from her own mental prison and it's a fascinating beautiful thing to watch – and in the end, incredibly romantic. With style, beautiful grit, and hard-boiled empathy, *Woman on the Run* dissects the sacred union without any artifice. It's a tough movie, but damn if you're not enormously moved by the end.

With that, the picture upends expectations of the cynical wife in this noir landscape – as she searches for him, talks to locals at bars and various areas in San Francisco, she starts learning how much her husband actually loves her. How much he brought her up to others. She was on his mind. And she starts feeling things again. She starts understanding him more.

Baroquely beautiful, absolutely brimming with style, even surrealistic at times, Foster's *Woman on the Run* still feels firmly grounded in reality. The director's mentoring and work with Orson Welles (Foster collaborated with Welles on *It's All True* and directed *Journey Into Fear*) is felt throughout (with help by DP Hal Mohr). And marriage is the focal point, with a script by Alan Campbell, who had recently divorced Dorothy Parker, the two got back together after this picture was made, another curiosity).

Sheridan (the "Oomph girl!" – a moniker she detested. She once said: "Oomph" is what a fat man says when he leans over to tie his shoelace in a telephone booth.") gives perhaps her greatest performance here: Tough but vulnerable, jaundiced but sophisticated, she's able to light up when she really starts to see that her marriage has been muddled by a dreary fog. And they both (she and her husband) let it happen. It's powerful and disarmingly moving that the picture's finale occurs on what's often representational of love:

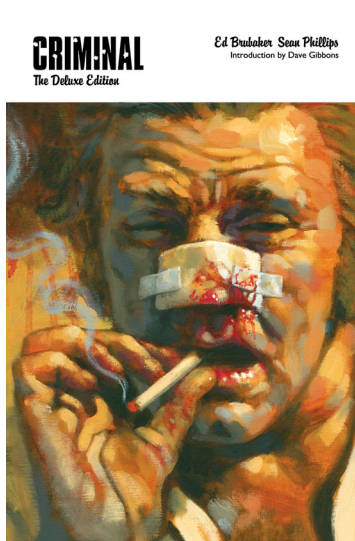
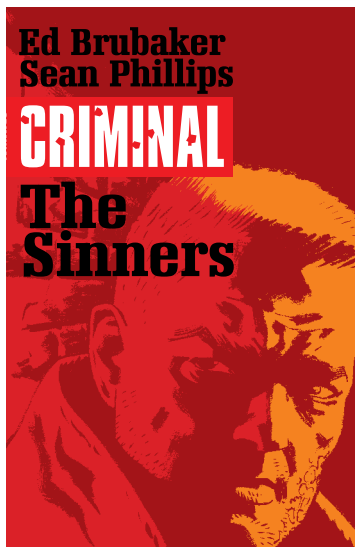
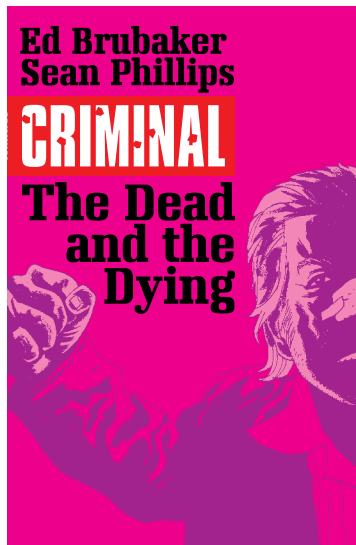
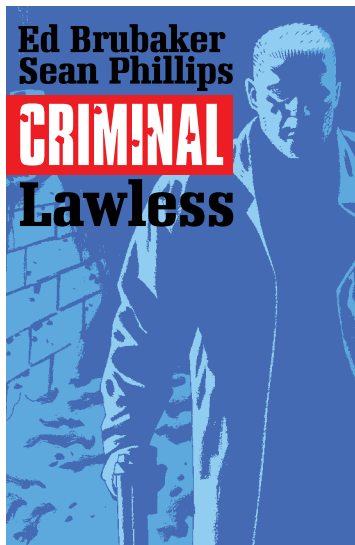
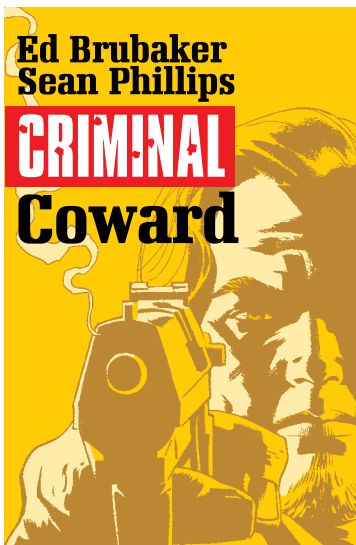
a rollercoaster (up and down and up and down and a lot of screaming and laughing and fear) and Sheridan is so moved to finally see her husband, that she screams his name with fear and love. It's a beautiful moment.

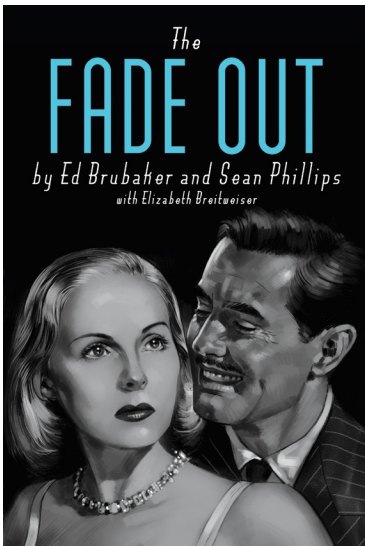
What's intriguing about *Woman on the Run* is that the picture isn't trying to wag its finger at Sheridan for being such a hard-boiled cynic – a "bad" wife." She's presented with empathy and complexity, and it's not all her fault things have stagnated in her marriage. It's not all her husband's fault either. They both need to work on things. But this is about the "woman on the run" – Sheridan – and she needs to find her life and resuscitate her marriage, and so after she finds herself running from the police, she eventually will find herself running from the reporter (who reveals his true, evil intentions later in the movie). She can't trust anyone. Really, she can only trust the one she was so dismissive about from the start – her husband.

Sheridan plays a woman who appears to have a hard heart tamped down by disappointment and marital atrophy – but as the movie reveals, she is full of love and understanding once she really opens herself up again. Marriage is viewed through a dreamy, demented landscape here, but it's part of the institution's tumultuous journey.

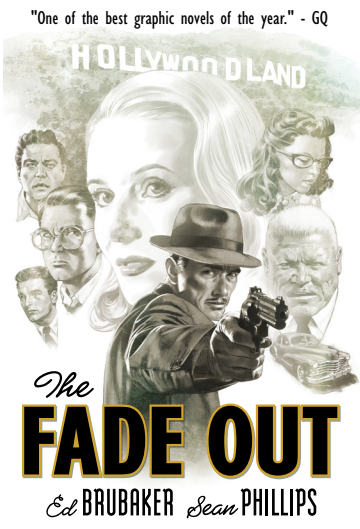
A key moment in *Woman on the Run* occurs when, before Frank flees, he's asked by an inspector if he's married. His answer: "In a way." Yes, in a way. But by the end of the movie, what that really means, romantically, is, it's *their way*.







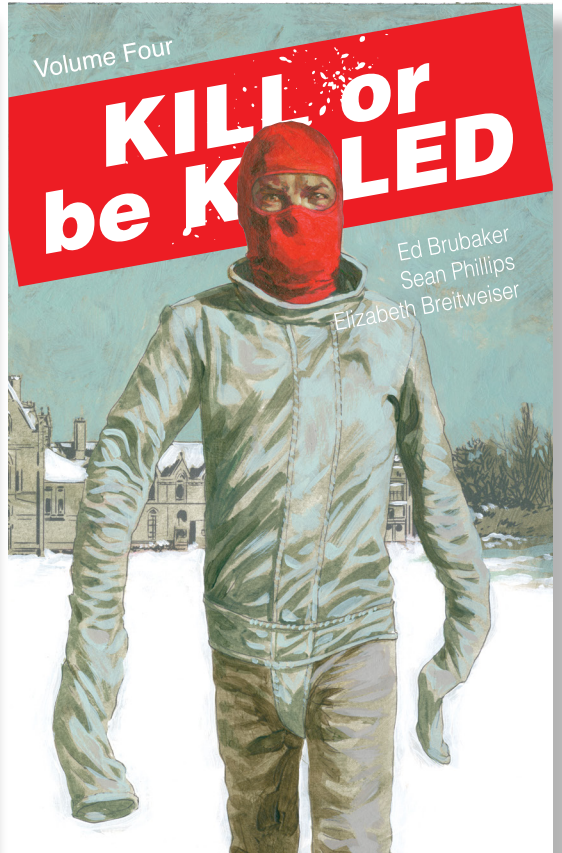
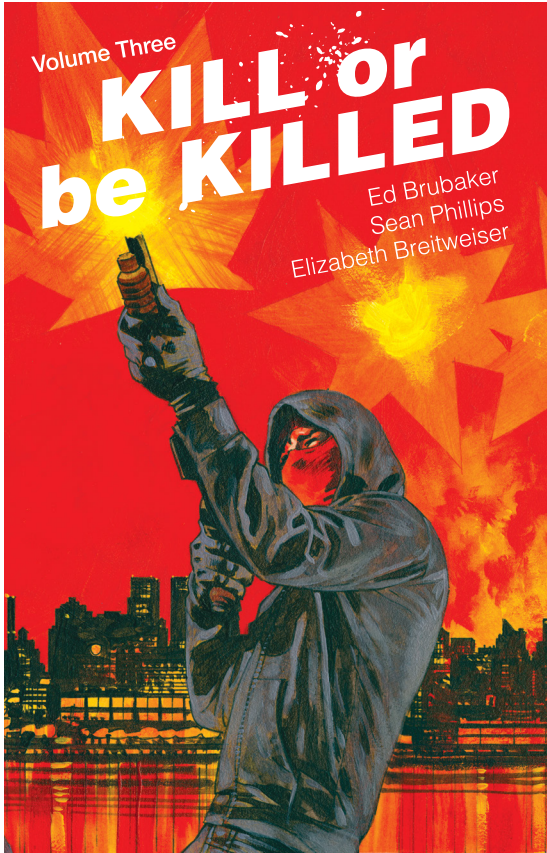
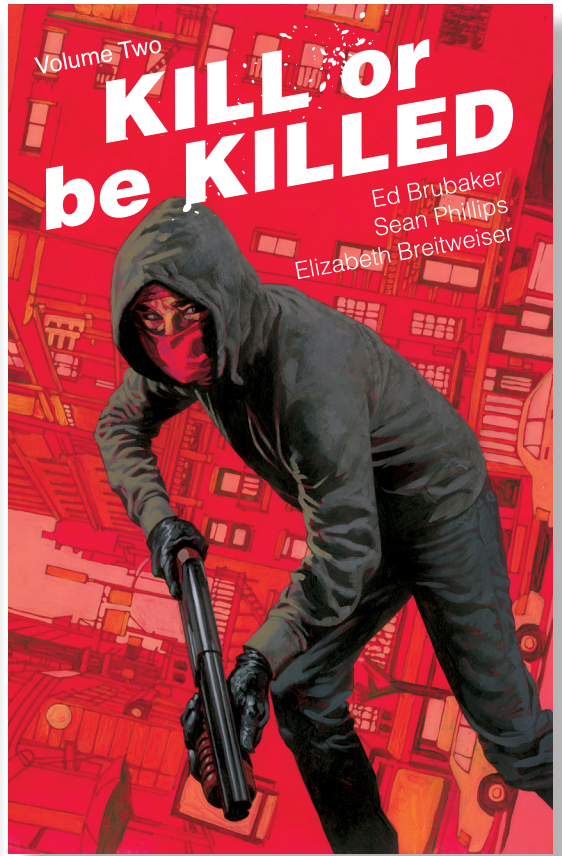
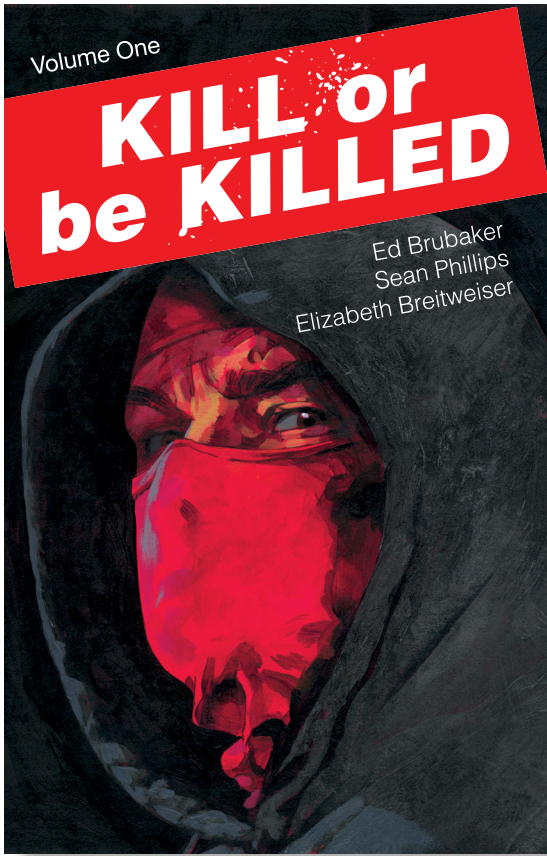
“CRIMINAL is equal parts John Woo’s THE KILLER, Stanley Kubrick’s THE KILLING, and Francis Ford Coppola’s THE GODFATHER.”
—Playboy Magazine



“One of comics dream teams delivers their best story yet in THE FADE OUT, an old Hollywood murder mystery draped against HUAC and the Red Scare.”
—New York Magazine



Newsweek’s Best Comic Books of 2018
Thrillist’s Best Comics & Graphic Novels of 2018
Diamond Gem Award for Best Original Graphic novel 2018



ED BRUBAKER SEAN PHILLIPS



ED BRUBAKER SEAN PHILLIPS



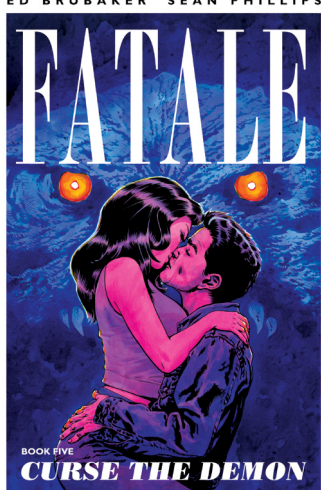
ED BRUBAKER SEAN PHILLIPS



ED BRUBAKER SEAN PHILLIPS



ED BRUBAKER SEAN PHILLIPS



ED BRUBAKER SEAN PHILLIPS

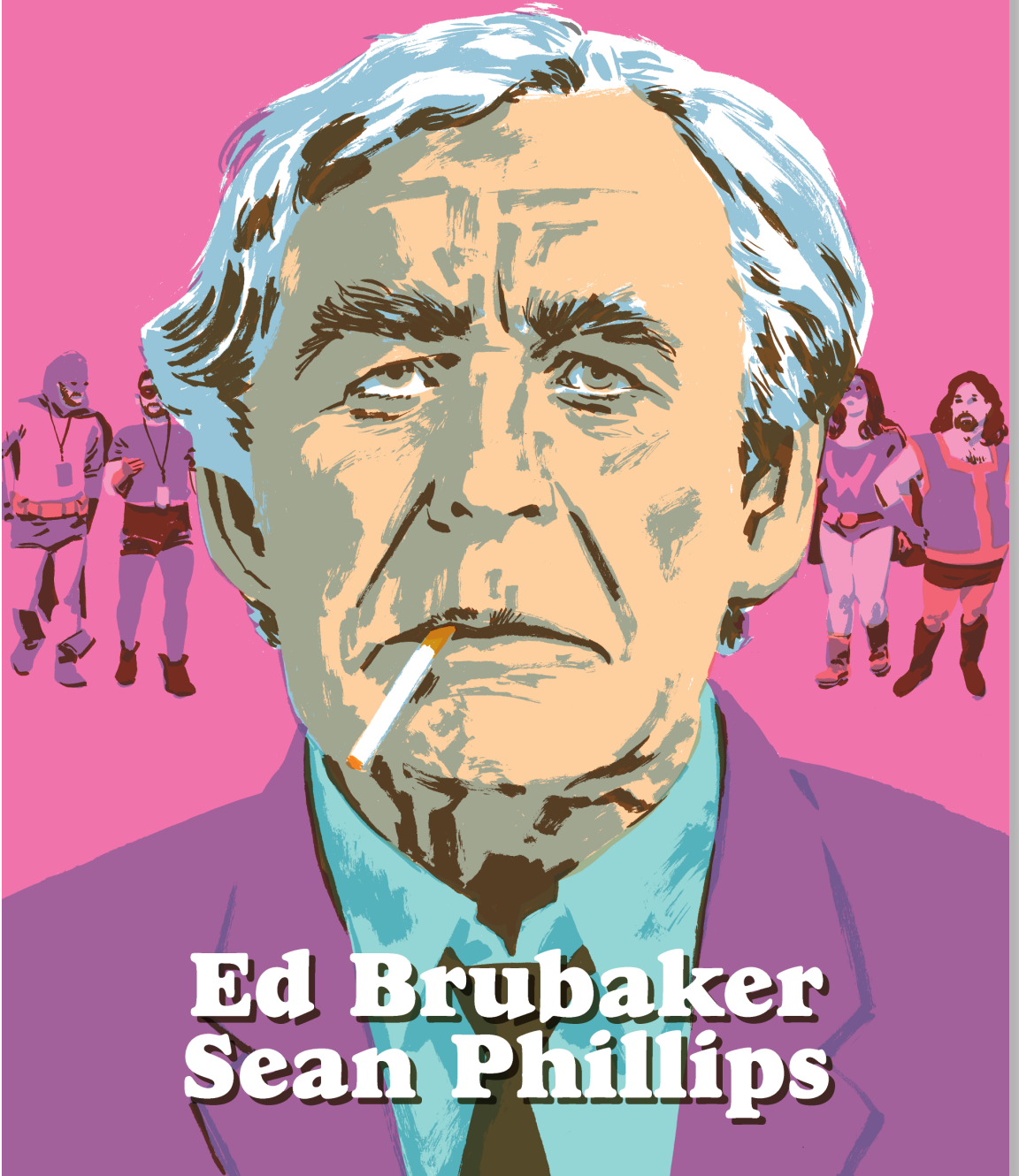


ED BRUBAKER SEAN PHILLIPS



**"Immortality may be a double-edged sword, but it's one the intoxicating Jo wields with a boundless grace in this addictive page-turner."
—Publishers Weekly**

Bad Weekend



Ed Brubaker
Sean Phillips

**Comics won't just break your heart.
Comics will kill you.**

**"BAD WEEKEND is the Ghost of Christmas Future that
all freelancers fear. I am chilled to my core."**

**— Kelly Sue DeConnick
(BITCH PLANET, Captain Marvel)**

**"Far and away the best work yet from one of the best
teams in the history of comics. Essential reading."**

**— Brian K. Vaughan
(PAPER GIRLS, SAGA)**

**"Easily one of the best comics of the 21st century...
a story that reflects the crooked soul of our times."**

**— Tom King
(Mr Miracle, Sheriff of Babylon)**

**"The woozy, haunted, authentic intensity of BAD
WEEKEND proves conclusively that Ed Brubaker and
Sean Phillips are one of the best creative teams in
the world right now."**

**— Warren Ellis
(Gun Machine, Transmetropolitan)**

**A gorgeous new hardback graphic novel
from the creators of CRIMINAL, FATALE,
and KILL OR BE KILLED.**

AVAILABLE NOW



Number Six

CRIMINAL

Ed Brubaker
Sean Phillips
Jacob Phillips
Rated M / Mature
imagecomics.com