

**CICERO, ILLINOIS.
TASK FORCE X BLACK SITE.**



PLEASE STATE YOUR NAME AND RANK FOR THE RECORD.

**THIS STORY IS SET BEFORE THE EVENTS OF JUSTICE LEAGUE VS. SUICIDE SQUAD.*

MAXWELL LORD IV.

DIRECTOR AND BLACK KING OF THE U.N.'S PEACE-KEEPING OPERATION CHECKMATE.



MY HOBBIES INCLUDE GOLF AND COLLECTING CIGAR BANDS.

BUT YOU ALREADY KNEW THAT. IT'S YOUR JOB TO KNOW EVERYTHING...



...ISN'T IT, AMANDA?

YOU'LL REFER TO ME AS DIRECTOR WALLER. IT'S MY JOB TO PURSUE JUSTICE.

DO YOU KNOW WHY YOU'RE HERE, MR. LORD?

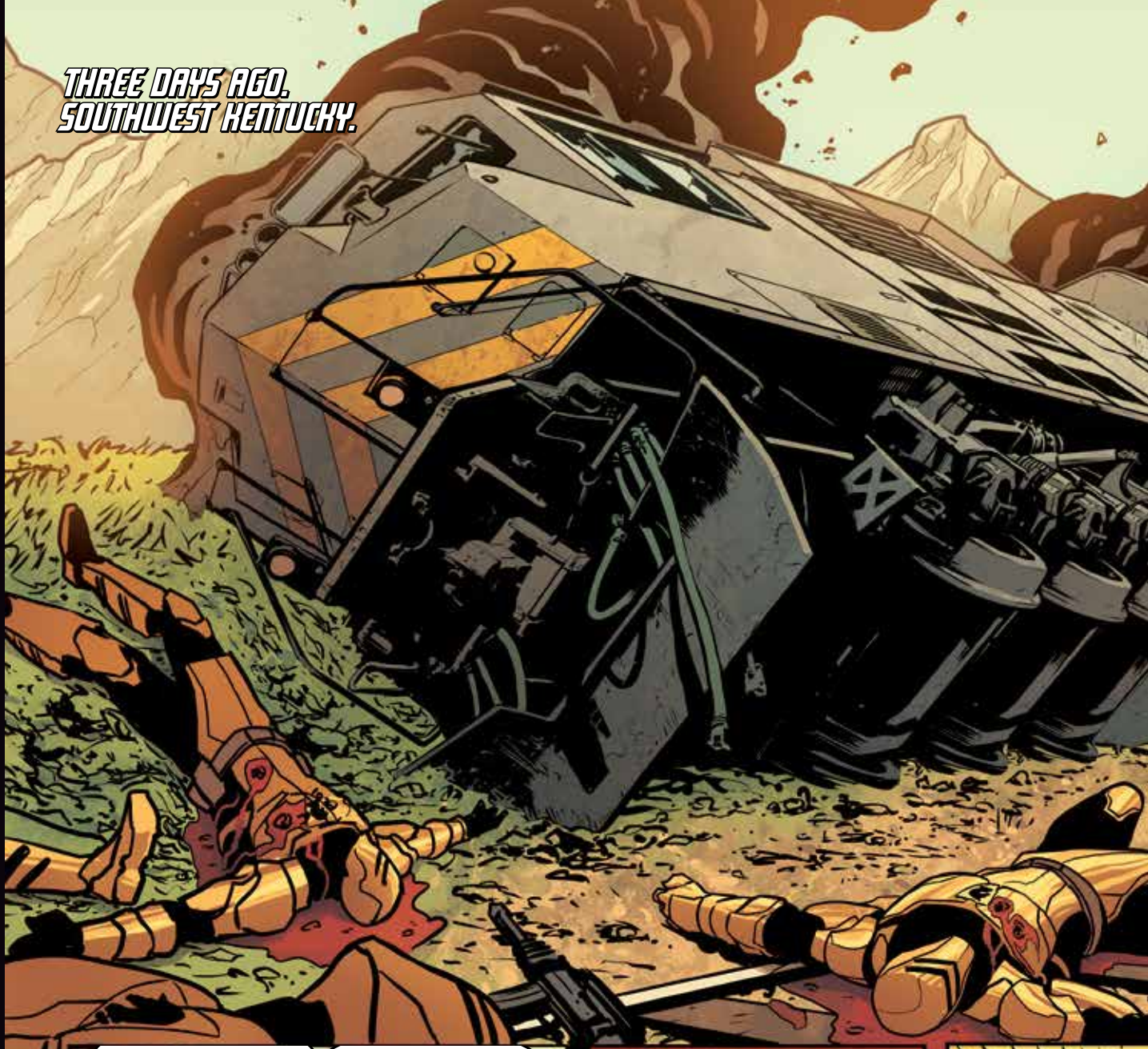


HM.

IT MUST BE ALL THOSE UNPAID PARKING TICKETS.



**THREE DAYS AGO.
SOUTHWEST KENTUCKY.**



HAD I SEEN MY OL' PAL
THE WALL, MAYBE WE
COULD HAVE AVERTED
BLOODSHED.

BUT YOU WERE
HIDING BEHIND A BUNCH
OF INTERNATIONALLY
KNOWN AND WANTED
SUPERCRIMINALS!

NEXT TIME YOU
MIGHT WANT TO CONSIDER
STANDING OUT IN FRONT, OR
MAYBE HAVE YOUR CRONIES
WEAR A SIMPLE PATCH ON
THEIR SHOULDERS SAYING
TASK FORCE DAMN X!



A MISTAKE?
A MISTAKE?!

WHAT POSSIBLE
REASON COULD
CHECKMATE HAVE FOR
ATTACKING ONE OF MY
DAMN TRAINS?!

WE WERE
ACTING ON VERY
GOOD INTELLIGENCE
THAT **KOBRA CULTISTS**
WERE SEEKING TO
COMMANDEER THIS
PRISONER
TRANSFER!



YOU WANT
ME TO PUT
ONE BEHIND HIS
EAR OR--?

NO, DEADSHOT.
SECURE HIM.
I WANT MR. LORD
TO LEARN THE
CONSEQUENCES OF
QUESTIONING MY
CONTROL.



YOU GRAB MY ARM WHEN I'M A METER MAID, OR AFTER YOU BOTCH A PRISON TRANSFER, YOU GET THE SAME RESULT.

TOUCHY.



YOU HAVE AN IMPRESSIVE RÉSUMÉ. SINGLE REMAINING *ROYALTY-RANKING* MEMBER OF *CHECKMATE*, CO-HEAD OF THE *CADMUS PROJECT*, AND EXECUTIVE COMMISSIONER OF THE *OMAC INITIATIVE*.



BUT YOU'VE GOT SOME RED MARKS. WHENEVER YOU WERE TASKED WITH WORKING WITH OTHER AGENCIES, CONFLICTS AROSE. YOU HAVE VERY POOR REVIEWS FROM THE HEADS OF BOTH *S.H.A.D.E.* AND *SPYRAL*.



YOU DON'T PLAY WELL WITH OTHERS. OR MAYBE IT'S THAT YOU HAVE AN ISSUE WITH AUTHORITY FIGURES AND FOLLOWING CHAIN OF COMMAND.



I THOUGHT THIS WAS AN INQUISITION, BUT THIS IS GETTING DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO A *PSYCH EVALUATION*.

WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO TELL YOU ABOUT MY FATHER?

NO NEED. LIKE YOU SAID, I KNOW ALMOST EVERYTHING. BUT IN THE CASE OF YOUR FATHER, I DIDN'T HAVE TO DIG FAR.

ALBERT LORD.

ENTREPRENEUR AND SELF-MADE MAN. STARTED CHEMTECH PHARMACEUTICALS AND MADE MORE MONEY IN A WEEK THAN MY OL' MAN MADE IN A LIFETIME.

BUT THEN THERE WAS THAT BOMBHELL REVELATION THAT ONE OF CHEMTECH'S WEIGHT-LOSS PILLS CAUSED CANCER.



I MEAN, I GUESS THAT IS ONE WAY TO LOSE WEIGHT.

POOR ALBERT. HE TOOK IT HARD.

THAT MUST HAVE BEEN DIFFICULT FOR YOU AND YOUR FAMILY. ESPECIALLY YOUR MOTHER.

HM. THERE'S NOT MUCH ABOUT HER, THOUGH. SHE DROPPED OUT OF THE PUBLIC EYE.

IF THIS FEELS SO MUCH LIKE A PSYCH EVAL TO YOU, WE CAN ALWAYS GO ALL IN.

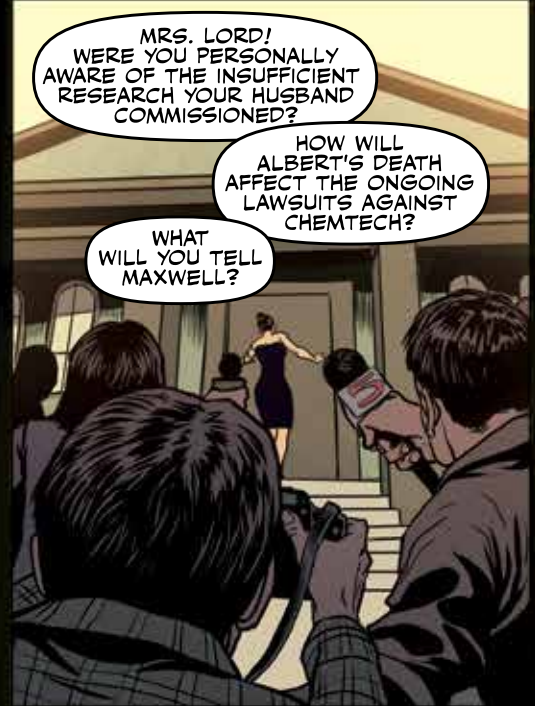
"PLEASE, MIZTER LORD. TELL ME ABOUT YOUR MOZZER."

NO.

**MARBLEHEAD, MASSACHUSETTS.
TWENTY-THREE YEARS AGO.**



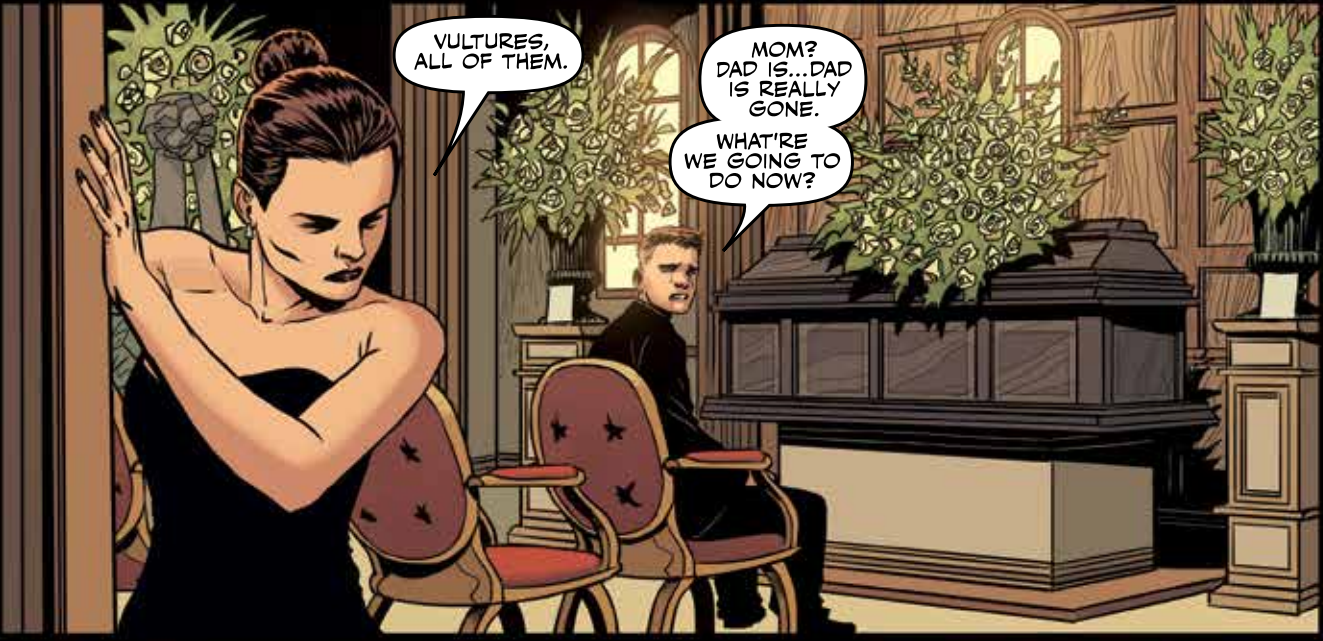
NO!



MRS. LORD!
WERE YOU PERSONALLY
AWARE OF THE INSUFFICIENT
RESEARCH YOUR HUSBAND
COMMISSIONED?

HOW WILL
ALBERT'S DEATH
AFFECT THE ONGOING
LAWSUITS AGAINST
CHEMTECH?

WHAT
WILL YOU TELL
MAXWELL?



VULTURES,
ALL OF THEM.

MOM?
DAD IS...DAD
IS REALLY
GONE.

WHAT'RE
WE GOING TO
DO NOW?



IT'S OKAY, MY
SWEET BOY.

WHAT WE'RE
GOING TO DO IS
BURY YOUR FATHER.
WE'RE GOING TO
SHAKE HANDS AND
SHED TEARS.



AND THEN
THERE'LL BE NO
MORE PAMPERING.
NO MORE WEAKNESS.
NO MORE HEADACHES
AND BLOODY NOSES
AND HEARING
VOICES, MAX.



I NEED YOU TO
FIND YOUR OWN
VOICE.

BECAUSE YOU'RE
GOING TO PROMISE
ME TO NEVER BE
ANYTHING LIKE YOUR
COWARDLY, PATHETIC
FATHER.