

NOCTURNAL

CITY OF MASKS



#1

PHILADELPHIA—
NIGHT OF FACES

This city wears
masks every night.

Tonight, it admits it.



Do I look scary?

Only to rabbits.



You're really not wearing one?

I already lie for work.



You're late.

The first bell hasn't rung.



Gideon Vale.
City archivist.
Door locked from inside.
No wounds. No prints.



That was
sitting beside him.



HMMMMMMM



I kept what
they told me
to keep.



He wasn't alone.

You said my name
would stay out of it.

Names are what
masks eat first.



You recognize him?

I recognize
the performance.



Jester.





For one night, no title
stands above another.
No history follows us.
Beneath the mask,
we stand equal.



A speech about
equality from
a balcony.

The city enjoys
irony when it
wears gold.



GONNING



Beautiful liars,
powdered thieves,
faithful traitors—
welcome.

Your city promised
that tonight, every face
would be equal.

I have come to
make the promise true.



Get this off me!



I altered the inspection report.



I paid the witness to leave the city.



At every bell, another secret. At midnight, the city chooses which face it deserves.



Where are you going?

Clear the square.

To find the stage.



Is he telling the truth?

Truth does not need a hostage.





Tell me—when you
hear the dead,
do they forgive you?

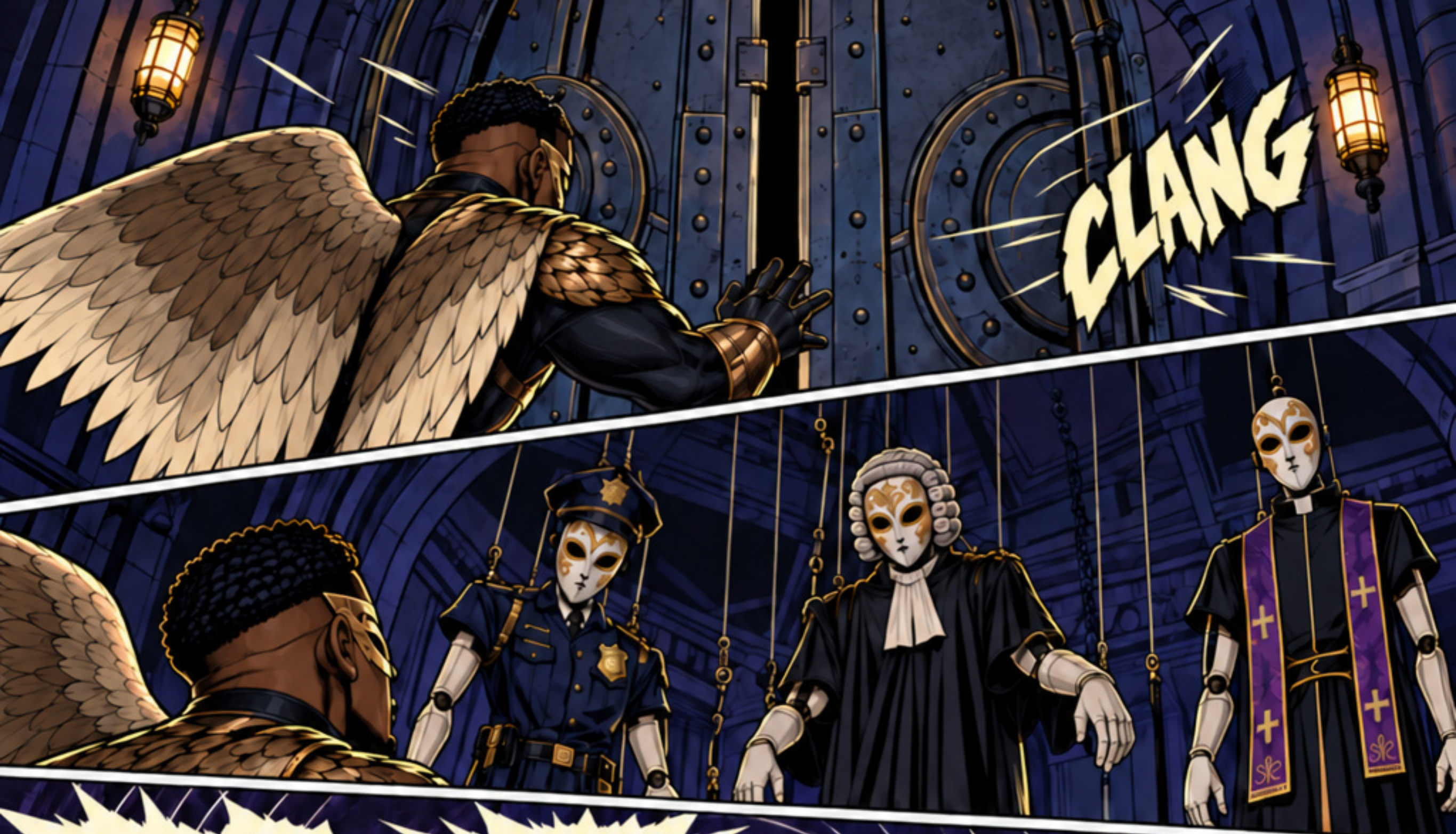
The Gilded Court.



There. That little
silence behind
your ribs.



Oh, good.
You remembered me.



Anger is loud.

Guilt is louder.







Please tell me you found him.



I found what he wanted me to find.



Vey?

And half the city beneath him.



Second bell,
old friend.

Now the hero
joins the trial.

GONNNING

We wait for
the warrant.
We do this
correctly.