



It all happens quickly.

C'MON, MATT...
CALL ME BACK...
SOMETHING...

The cops work the crime scene. The robber is declared dead half an hour after he gets to the hospital.

It's ruled a *homicide*. Word spreads, probably leaked by the *lesser* officers of the NYPD.

Daredevil is a murderer.



At times like this it's best to seek *counsel*.

...MATT? IT'S ME AGAIN. PICK UP, MAN...

My counsel is my oldest friend, *Foggy Nelson*.

But *he* can't help.

Oh, he'll *think* he can. He'll tell me I can turn myself in, *prove* my innocence.

And that they'd maybe even let me keep the *mask*.

He's *wrong*.

I KNOW YOU'RE AVOIDING ME, BUT YOU CAN'T--
FOGGY.





HOLY--

MY GOD, MATT! YOU'RE--

I'M FINE.

I CAME TO TELL YOU I'M FINE.



THANK GOD, I THOUGHT YOU'D-- I DON'T KNOW.

WHAT... WHAT HAPPENED? THAT GUY...

HE'S DEAD. IT'S TRUE.



BUT I DIDN'T DO IT. I DON'T KILL, FOGGY. YOU KNOW THAT.

SOMEBODY'S SETTING ME UP.

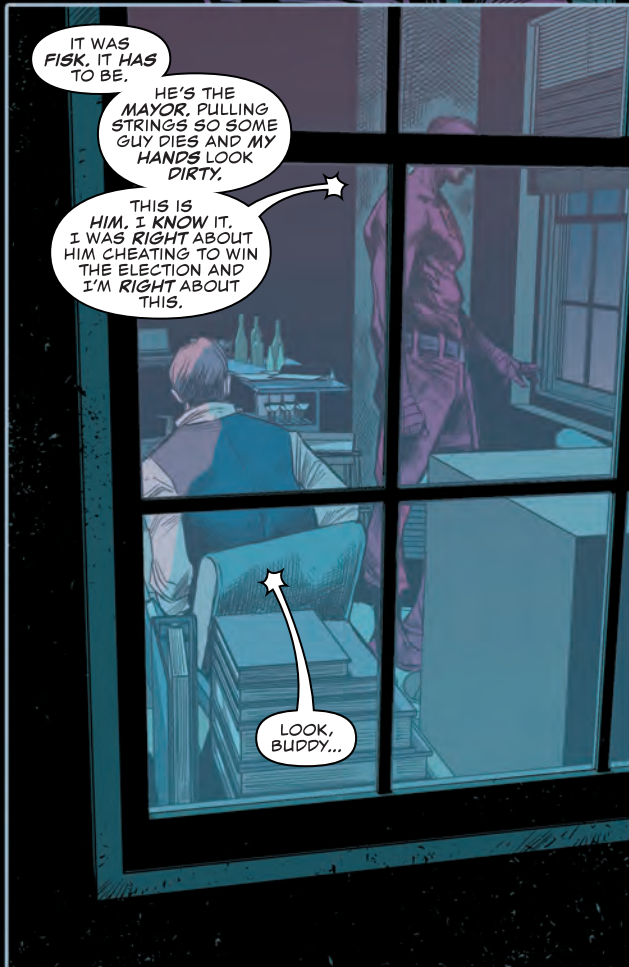


I-- WHAT DO YOU MEAN...?

LOOK... YOU'VE... YOU'VE TOLD ME ABOUT... INCIDENTS LIKE THIS FROM THE PAST, PEOPLE WHO HAVE DIED, YOU--



I DIDN'T DO IT.



IT WAS FISK. IT HAS TO BE.

HE'S THE MAYOR, PULLING STRINGS SO SOME GUY DIES AND MY HANDS LOOK DIRTY.

THIS IS HIM. I KNOW IT. I WAS RIGHT ABOUT HIM CHEATING TO WIN THE ELECTION AND I'M RIGHT ABOUT THIS.

LOOK, BUDDY...



...WE'LL BEAT THIS. WE'LL FIGURE OUT WHAT HAPPENED.

THERE'S EVEN A CHANCE WE CAN HAVE THEM AGREE TO YOU KEEPING THE MASK IF WE GO IN WILLINGLY.

YOU'VE TESTIFIED AS DAREDEVIL BEFORE, SO IT'S NOT WITHOUT--

There it is.



NO, I WON'T DO THAT.

...WELL--AT LEAST PUT THE COSTUME AWAY, FOR GOD'S SAKE! EVERYONE'S LOOKING FOR DAREDEVIL, NOT MATT MURDOCK.

NO. IF I DISAPPEAR, IT'S GUILT.

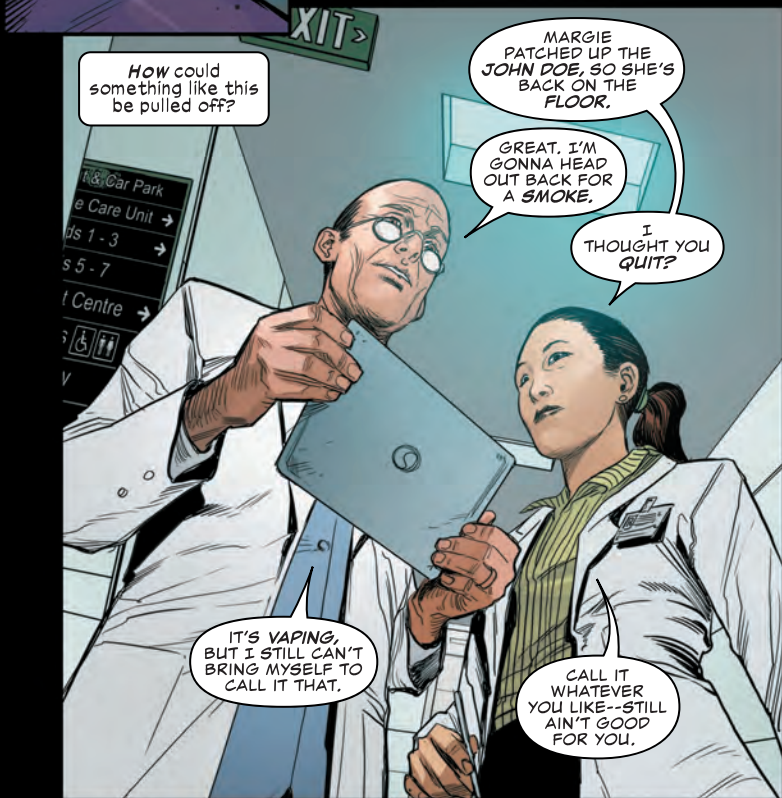


THE COSTUME STAYS ON, PEOPLE NEED TO SEE IT, TO SEE ME.

I'M DAREDEVIL.



And I'm innocent.



How could something like this be pulled off?

MARGIE PATCHED UP THE JOHN DOE, SO SHE'S BACK ON THE FLOOR.

GREAT, I'M GONNA HEAD OUT BACK FOR A SMOKE.

I THOUGHT YOU QUIT?

IT'S VAPING, BUT I STILL CAN'T BRING MYSELF TO CALL IT THAT.

CALL IT WHATEVER YOU LIKE--STILL AIN'T GOOD FOR YOU.



You'd need people on the inside.

Dirty cops...



...or doctors with something to hide.

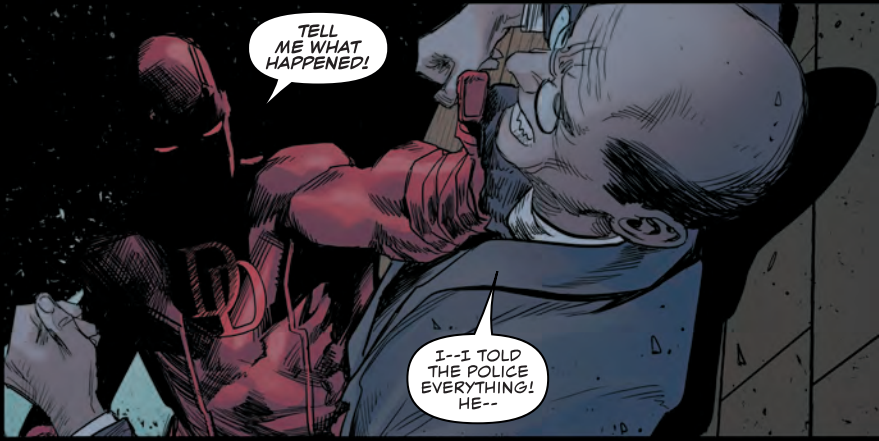
WHAT DID YOU DO?

AHH!



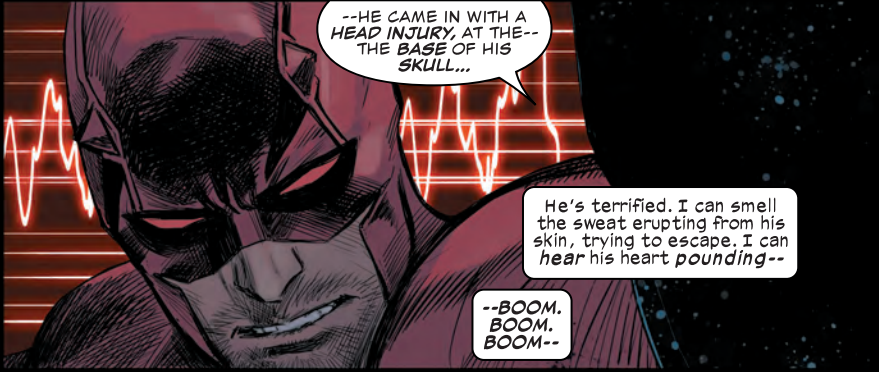
LEO CARRARO, THE THIEF WHO "DIED" UNDER YOUR WATCH, DR. MOFFAT...

WH-WH-WHAT ARE YOU--



TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED!

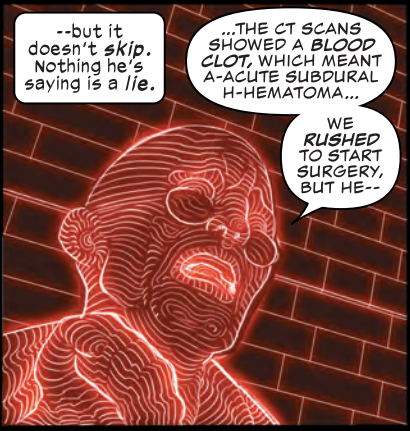
I--I TOLD THE POLICE EVERYTHING! HE--



--HE CAME IN WITH A HEAD INJURY, AT THE-- THE BASE OF HIS SKULL...

He's terrified. I can smell the sweat erupting from his skin, trying to escape. I can hear his heart pounding--

--BOOM. BOOM. BOOM--



--but it doesn't skip. Nothing he's saying is a lie.

...THE CT SCANS SHOWED A BLOOD CLOT, WHICH MEANT A-ACUTE SUBDURAL H-HEMATOMA...

WE RUSHED TO START SURGERY, BUT HE--



IT WAS TOO LATE.