



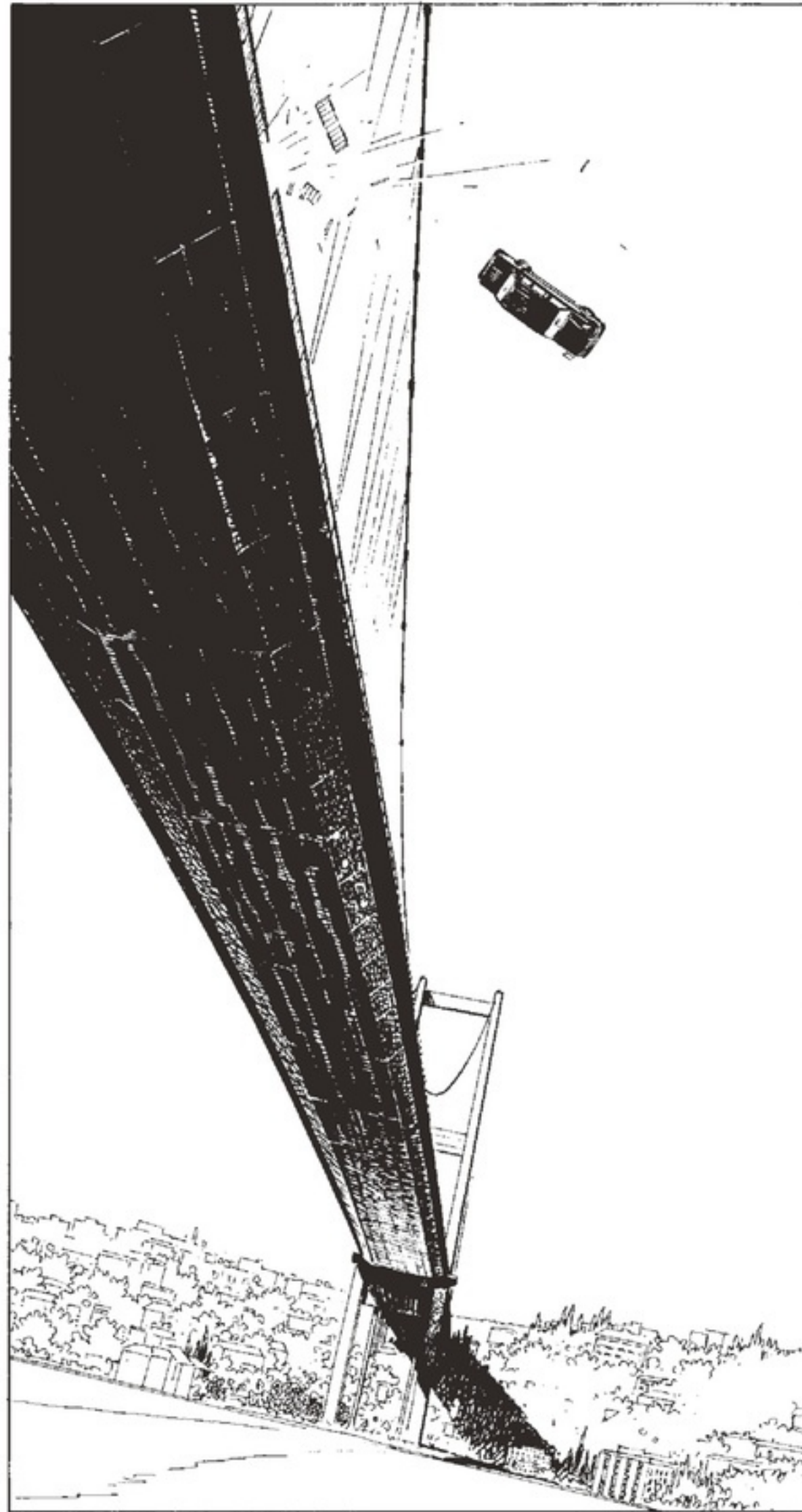
LARGO WINCH

PHILIPPE FRANCO • JEAN VAN HAMME

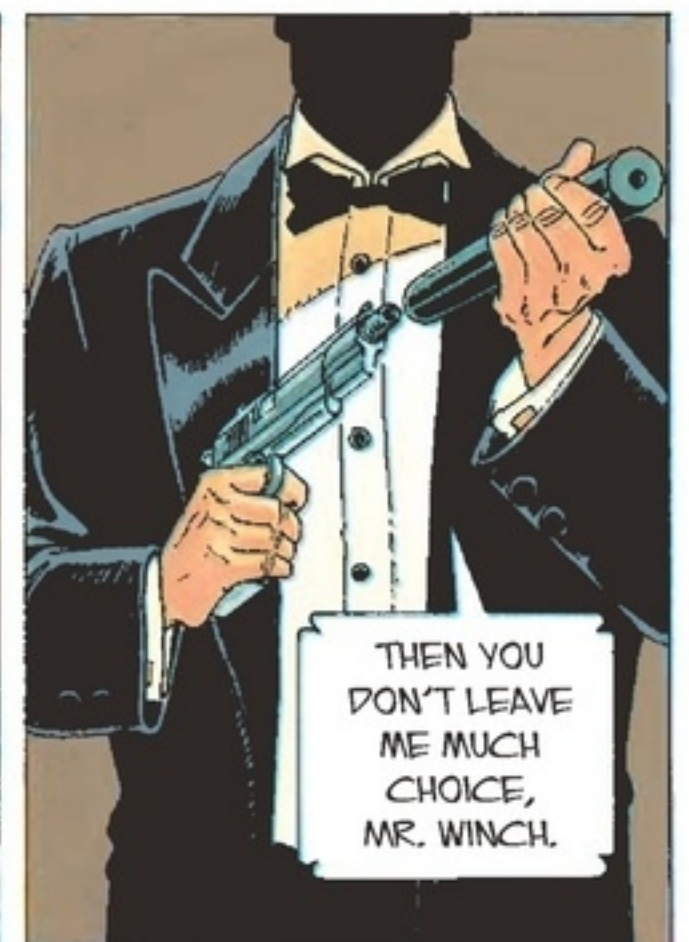
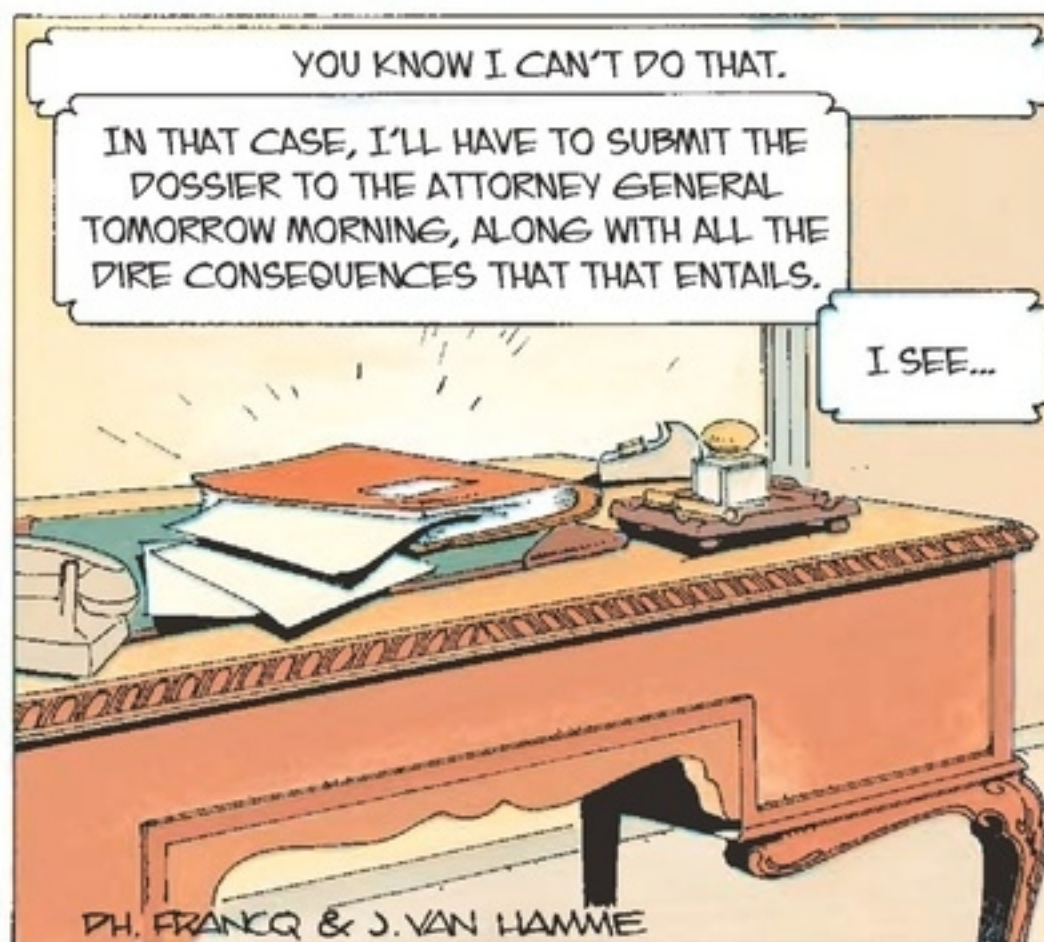
THE HEIR

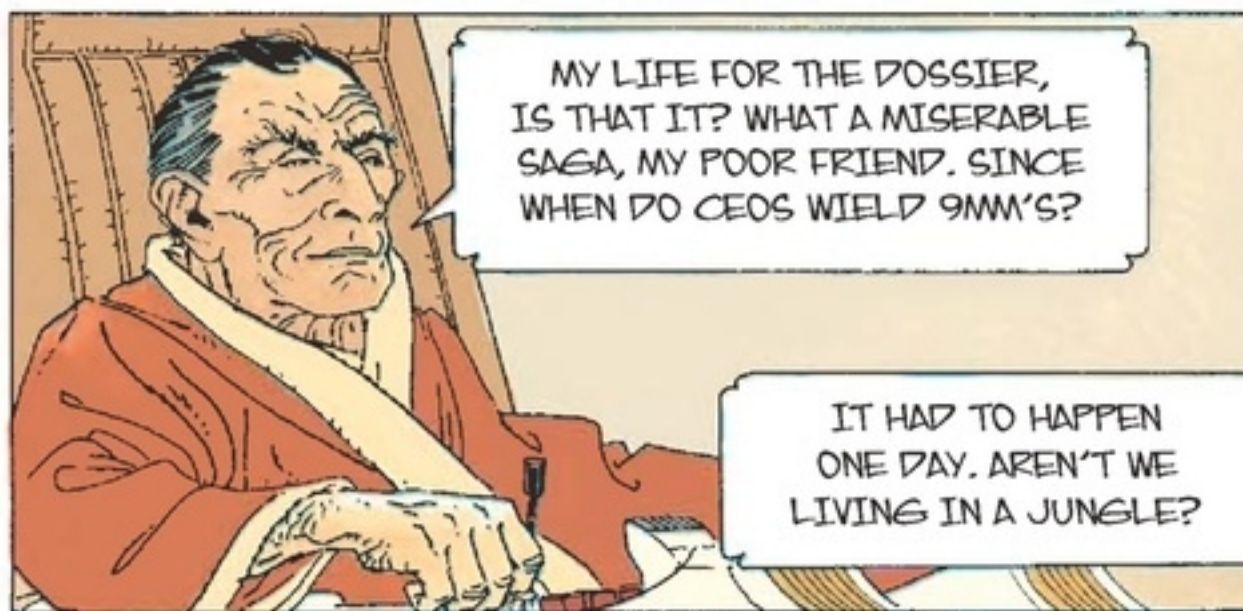


THE HEIR



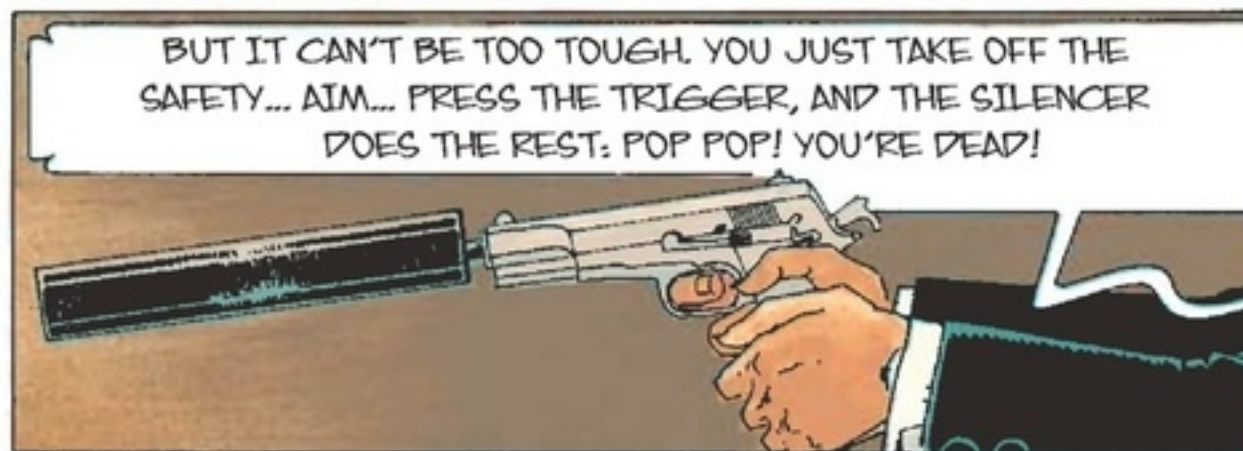
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MY LIFE FOR THE DOSSIER, IS THAT IT? WHAT A MISERABLE SAGA, MY POOR FRIEND. SINCE WHEN DO CEOS WIELD 9MM'S?

IT HAD TO HAPPEN ONE DAY. AREN'T WE LIVING IN A JUNGLE?



BUT IT CAN'T BE TOO TOUGH. YOU JUST TAKE OFF THE SAFETY... AIM... PRESS THE TRIGGER, AND THE SILENCER DOES THE REST. POP POP! YOU'RE DEAD!



POP POP, I'M DEAD... THAT'S FUNNY! WHAT IF WE CONTINUED THIS EXCITING CONVERSATION OUT ON THE TERRACE? SUCH NICE WEATHER OUTSIDE, IT'D BE A SHAME NOT TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT.

JUST A MINUTE!
WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?



WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF? THAT I'M HIDING MACHINE GUNS IN THE ARMS OF MY WHEELCHAIR? YOU GO TO THE CINEMA TOO MUCH, MY FRIEND. LET'S GO, COME ON.



SPRING IS TRULY THE MOST PLEASANT SEASON IN NEW YORK. YOU FEEL THAT SOFTNESS IN THE AIR? A NICE NIGHT FOR A MURDER, DON'T YOU THINK?

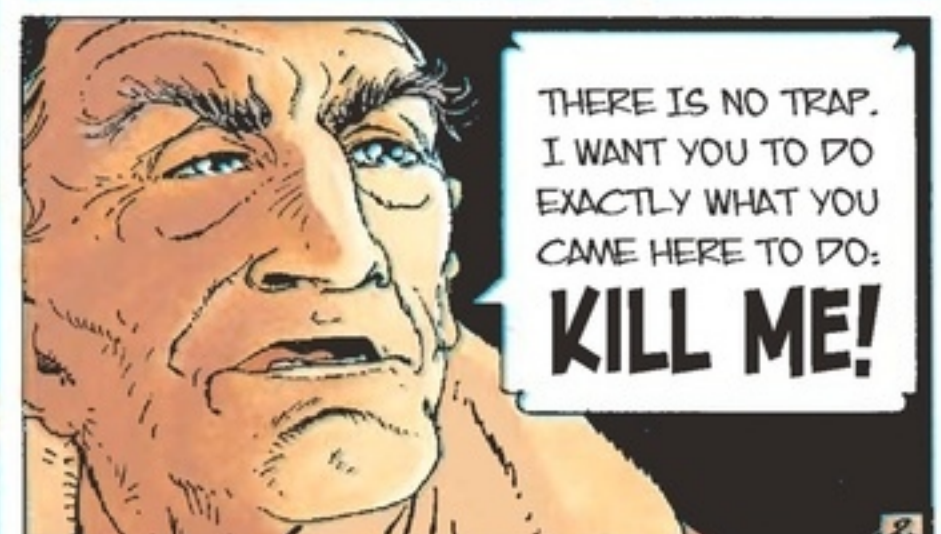
WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME THE RULES OF THE GAME, MR. WINCH?



YOU SUMMON ME HERE IN GREAT SECRECY... YOUR SERVANTS ARE ON HOLIDAY AND YOUR BODYGUARDS MYSTERIOUSLY ABSENT... YOU MEET ME WITHOUT WITNESSES TO SHOW ME THIS DOSSIER THAT YOU'VE BUILT UP AGAINST ME AND OF WHICH YOU CLAIM TO BE THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS THE CONTENT...



SO, WHAT I'M ASKING IS: WHERE'S THE TRAP?

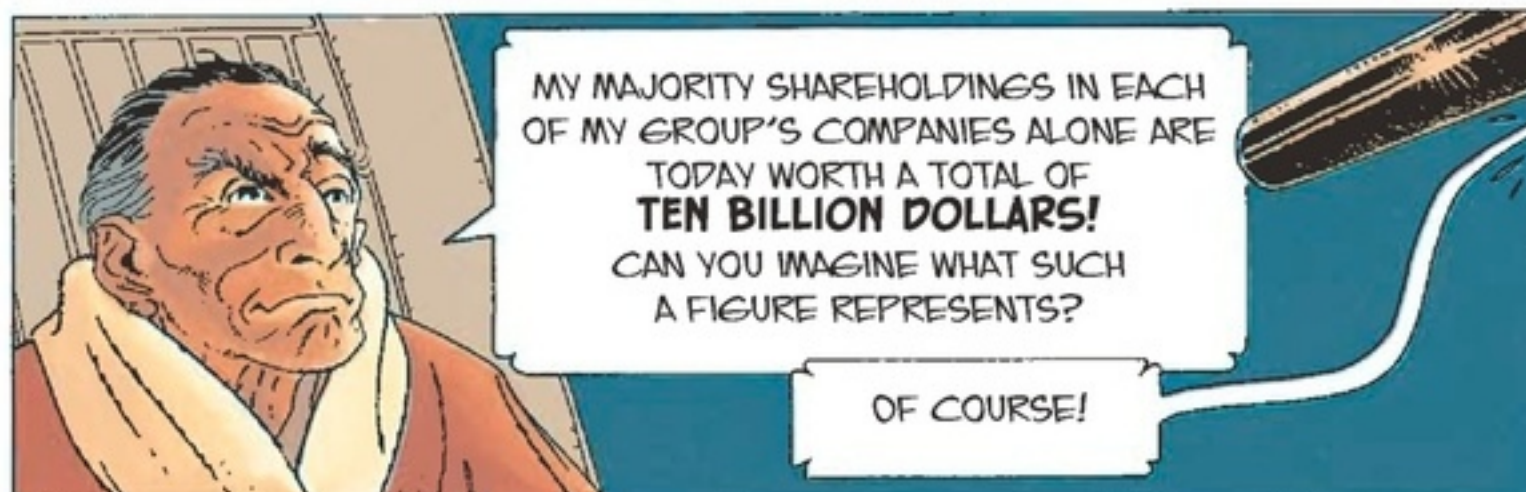


THERE IS NO TRAP. I WANT YOU TO DO EXACTLY WHAT YOU CAME HERE TO DO:
KILL ME!



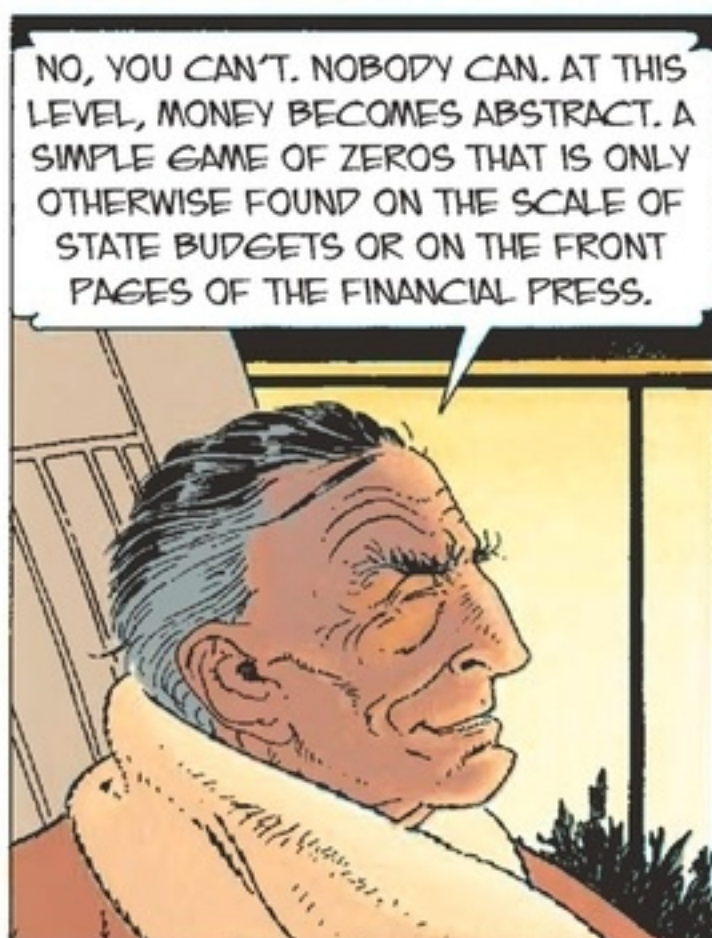
YOU'RE... **ASKING** ME TO KILL YOU?!
YOU, NERIO WINCH, ONE OF THE MOST
POWERFUL MEN ON THE PLANET?!
YOU MUST BE JOKING...

THE IDEA OF DEATH DOESN'T MAKE
ME ANY HAPPIER THAN IT WOULD
THE MOST PITIFUL BEGGAR,
BELIEVE ME. BUT UNFORTUNATELY
I DON'T HAVE THE CHOICE.



MY MAJORITY SHAREHOLDINGS IN EACH
OF MY GROUP'S COMPANIES ALONE ARE
TODAY WORTH A TOTAL OF
TEN BILLION DOLLARS!
CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT SUCH
A FIGURE REPRESENTS?

OF COURSE!



NO, YOU CAN'T. NOBODY CAN. AT THIS
LEVEL, MONEY BECOMES ABSTRACT. A
SIMPLE GAME OF ZEROS THAT IS ONLY
OTHERWISE FOUND ON THE SCALE OF
STATE BUDGETS OR ON THE FRONT
PAGES OF THE FINANCIAL PRESS.



AND YOU KNOW WHAT? I'VE DONE
EVERYTHING I POSSIBLY COULD
HAVE TO BE IN THIS ABSTRACT
GAME. FELONY, BETRAYAL, BLACK-
MAIL, CORRUPTION... NOTHING
MADE ME FLINCH. YOUR MINOR
INDISCRETIONS COULD NEVER
COMPARE TO THE CRIMES I'VE
COMMITTED, MY POOR FRIEND.



AND HERE I AM. I MADE IT, AS YOU
SAY, THANKS TO THE POWER THAT
MONEY CAN GIVE. AM I NOT THE VERY
PICTURE OF A MASTER VICTORIOUS
OVER THE WORLD? WHAT A JOKE!...



A LITTLE LATE FOR A CRISIS OF CONSCIENCE,
BUT STILL VERY MOVING, MR. WINCH.
THERE'S A LUMP IN MY THROAT. ARE YOU
HOPING FOR SAINTHOOD?

YOU'RE RIGHT. I GOT CARRIED AWAY.
EXCUSE ME. LET'S GET TO THE POINT THEN,
SO TO SPEAK, MOVING SWIFTLY ALONG,
ABOUT A SUBJECT THAT CONCERNS ME...



A SUBJECT THAT CAN BE SUMMED
UP IN ONE WORD. ONE SIMPLE
WORD, THE PAINFUL MEANING OF
WHICH WOULD BE WELL BEYOND
ME TO UNDERSTAND: **CANCER.**

