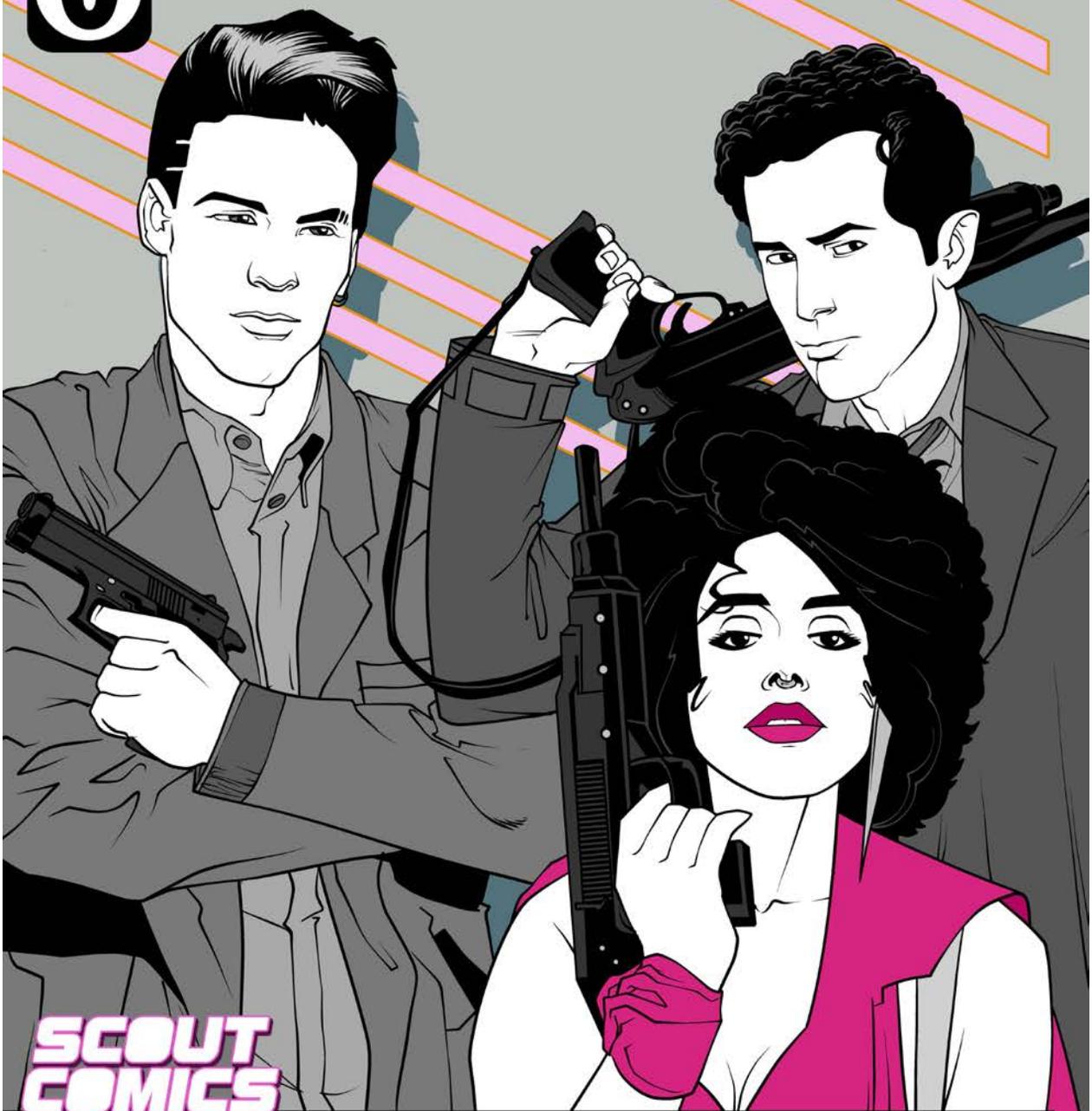


SCOUT
COMICS

FREE COMIC BOOK DAY

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SCOUT
COMICS

PRESENTS

HANDFIELD & HAICK / LOUREIRO

the mall

an '80s coming of age crime story

+ previews of zinnobor - oblivion - monarchs - genetica

Fort Myers, Florida. 1984



YOU KNOW THOSE STORES IN THE MALL THAT ARE ALWAYS EMPTY?

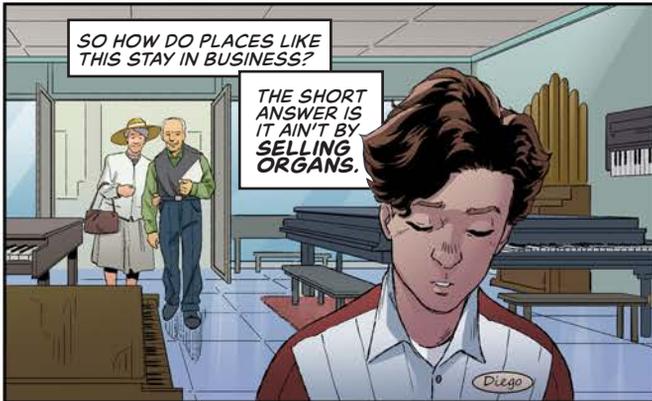


YOU KNOW THE PLACES I MEAN. THE ONES WITH PRIMO EXPENSIVE SPOTS IN THE BUSIEST MALLS THAT NEVER HAVE ANY CUSTOMERS.



LIKE THIS PLACE, I MEAN IT'S NINETEEN-FREAKING-EIGHTY FOUR. WHO BUYS AN ORGAN?

WHO BESIDES A TOTAL LOSER LIKE ME WOULD EVEN BE CAUGHT DEAD PLAYING ONE...



SO HOW DO PLACES LIKE THIS STAY IN BUSINESS?

THE SHORT ANSWER IS IT AIN'T BY SELLING ORGANS.

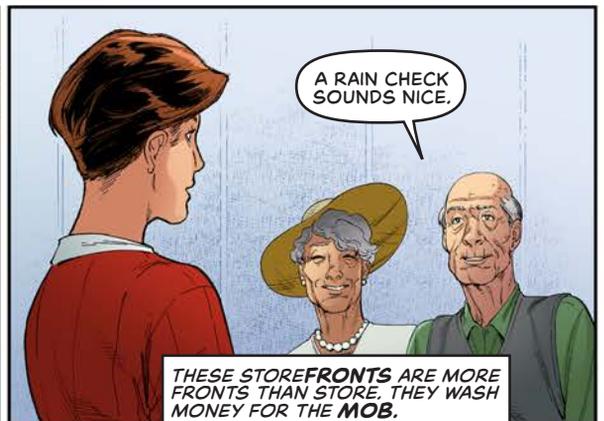


I SAW THE AD IN THE PAPER--WANT TO SEE IF THIS PRICE IS STILL GOOD?

IT'S BY DOING SOME OTHER KIND OF BUSINESS YOU CAN'T SEE.

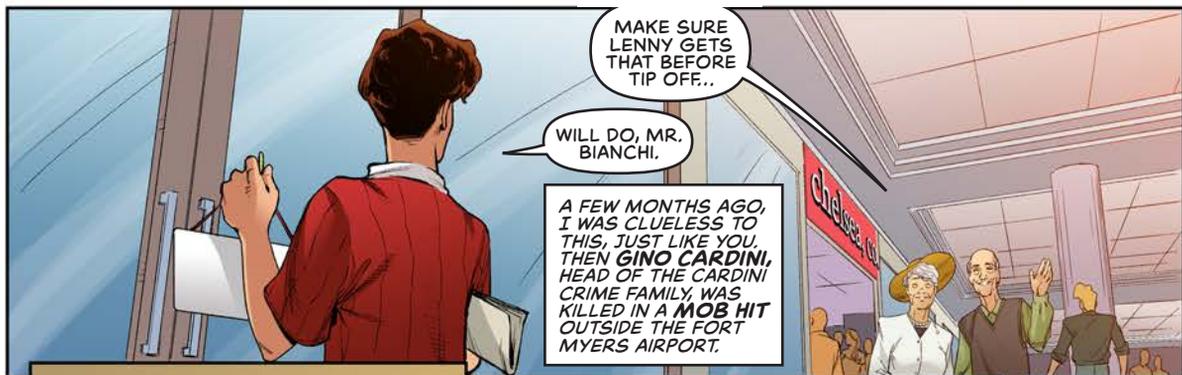


YOU KNOW WHAT? WE DON'T HAVE THIS MODEL ANYMORE. BUT I CAN WRITE YOU A RAIN CHECK? THEN WHEN IT COMES IN WE CAN GIVE YOU THAT PRICE.



A RAIN CHECK SOUNDS NICE.

THESE STOREFRONTS ARE MORE FRONTS THAN STORE. THEY WASH MONEY FOR THE MOB.



MAKE SURE LENNY GETS THAT BEFORE TIP OFF..

WILL DO, MR. BIANCHI.

A FEW MONTHS AGO, I WAS CLUELESS TO THIS, JUST LIKE YOU. THEN GINO CARDINI, HEAD OF THE CARDINI CRIME FAMILY, WAS KILLED IN A MOB HIT OUTSIDE THE FORT MYERS AIRPORT.



YOU SEE GINO APPARENTLY, GOT AROUND WITH THE LADIES, AND MY CHURCH-GOING CUBAN MOM WAS NO EXCEPTION.



GOLD MINE

SO ME AND TWO OTHER LUCKY KIDS WHOSE MOM THIS MOBSTER GUY KNOCKED UP EACH INHERITED A STORE IN THIS MALL.



SLICE OF PEPPERONI AND A TAB.

AND CAN YOU TELL MR. CARDINI I GOT THE PAPER FOR HIM?

YEAH, KID, TAKE A SEAT, HE'LL BE RIGHT DOWN.



WE'RE PART OF THIS WHOLE MESSED UP FAMILY NOW, HEADED BY GINO'S BROTHER LENNY WHO OWNS THE PIZZERIA ARCADE.

YOU'RE GETTING WORKED, RALPHIE. YOU BETTER SWEEP THE LEG!

NO MIYAGI HERE TO SAVE YOU, SUCKER! I'M A BLACK BELT IN REAL LIFE, CHUMPS, SO NONE OF YOU WILL BEAT ME.



THE MONEY IS GREAT AND ALL, AND I GUESS IT'S COOL BEING MOB CONNECTED.. BUT I'M STILL A VIRGIN AND A GEEK THAT NO ONE WILL SIT WITH AT LUNCH.





THIS IS LIKE EVERY TIME WE GO OUT FOR THE LAST TWO MONTHS.

CHAUNCEY AND THE STUPID VIDEO GAMES...



WHAT'S WITH DRINKING **TAB**? YOU WATCHING YOUR FIGURE?



NO, MR. CARDINI. JUST LIKE THE TASTE.

HEY, YOU'RE FAMILY NOW. **UNCLE LENNY** FROM NOW ON.

OK, YEAH.

QUITE A VIEW YOU GOT HERE.



BUT, KID, YOU GOTTA STOP **STARING**. SHE'S GONNA THINK YOU'RE A **CREEP**.

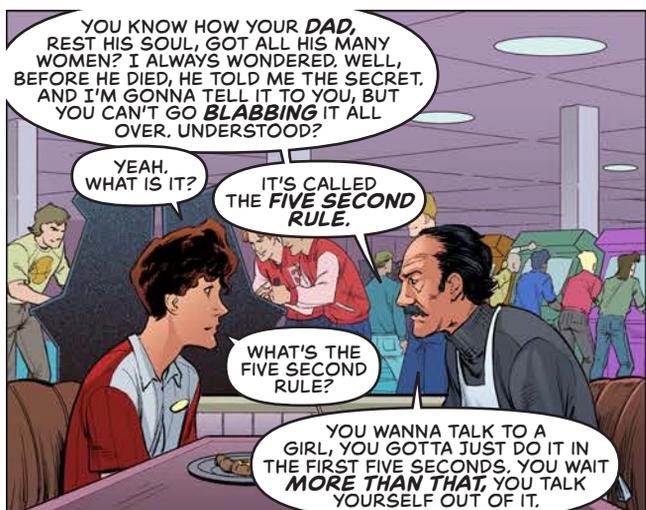
IT'S OKAY. I'M PRETTY SURE SHE **ALREADY DOES**.



NOT HERE. NOT NOW. EAT, THEN BRING IT TO THE OFFICE.

OKAY.

~~COUGH~~
~~COUGH~~



YOU KNOW HOW YOUR **DAD**, REST HIS SOUL, GOT ALL HIS MANY WOMEN? I ALWAYS WONDERED. WELL, BEFORE HE DIED, HE TOLD ME THE SECRET. AND I'M GONNA TELL IT TO YOU, BUT YOU CAN'T GO **BLABBING** IT ALL OVER. UNDERSTOOD?

YEAH. WHAT IS IT?

IT'S CALLED THE **FIVE SECOND RULE**.

WHAT'S THE FIVE SECOND RULE?

YOU WANNA TALK TO A GIRL, YOU GOTTA JUST DO IT IN THE **FIRST FIVE SECONDS**. YOU WAIT **MORE THAN THAT**, YOU TALK YOURSELF OUT OF IT.



YEAH, WELL, TOO BAD I'VE BEEN STARING AT HER FOR LIKE **TWO YEARS**. MY FIVE SECONDS IS **WAY UP**.

THERE WILL BE ANOTHER MOMENT. ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY. ~~COUGH, COUGH~~ DON'T SIT BACK. FIND YOUR FIVE SECONDS AND **JUMP IN**.

FIVE SECONDS. GOT IT.



HA! GET A BODY BAG! PAY UP, RALPHIE. **TWO HUNDO!**

DALLAS! GET UP HERE, CHUMP. YOU'RE NEXT!

FIGHTING ISN'T A VIDEO GAME WHERE I COME FROM. BUT LET'S PLAY.

WAX ON, WAX OFF. THAT SIMPLE...



I CAN'T BELIEVE HE IS SPENDING YOUR ENTIRE DATE WITH HIS FACE **GLUED** INTO A VIDEO GAME.

WE SHOULD JUST DITCH ALL OF THEM.

I WOULD SERIOUSLY DO **ANYTHING** IF SOMEONE WOULD JUST **BEAT HIM** AT THAT GAME SO HE WOULD STOP PLAYING IT.



I--I--I **COULD, I COULD!**



EXCUSE ME?



I **COULD BEAT HIM**. I HAVE THE **HIGH SCORE**.

I CAN BEAT HIM.



OH MY GOD, DAWN, IT'S YOUR NERD-IN-SHINING ARMOR.

GO BACK TO THE PIANO STORE, DUDE.

YOU CAN REALLY BEAT HIM?



YOU'RE NOT SERIOUS, DAWN.

IF IT GETS HIM TO STOP PLAYING, YES!

I CAN BEAT HIM, BUT IF I DO...



WILL YOU--

WILL I WHAT?

GO TO THE DANCE WITH ME.

WHAT? THE DANCE? WHY WOULD SHE GO TO THE DANCE WITH YOU? IN A MILLION YEARS.

SHE SAID SHE WOULD DO ANYTHING.

I CAN'T GO TO THE DANCE WITH YOU--I HAVE A BOYFRIEND...

WHO COMPLETELY IGNORES YOU AND TAKES YOU FOR GRANTED.



NO KISSING. NO HAND HOLDING. JUST DINNER AND ONE DANCE WITH ME. THAT'S ALL.

WORST THAT HAPPENS I MAKE HIM JEALOUS AND FROM NOW ON HE ACTUALLY PAYS ATTENTION TO YOU.

DAWN, YOU AREN'T **ACTUALLY** CONSIDERING THIS.

CHAUNCEY LIKES COMPETITION. LET'S GIVE HIM SOME.

YEAH!
WHOO!

HA! GET A BODY BAG!



I AM UNSTOPPABLE--



NEXT GAME?



YOU COULDN'T BEAT ME IF YOUR LIFE DEPENDED ON IT, NERD.



I GOT FIVE GRAND CASH THAT SAYS I CAN.