

Watchmen Excerpt 001

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►TIME: 0:46:27

Moloch, an old enemy, attends Eddie Blakes's ("The Comedian") funeral. Rorschach visits him, to find out why.

Rorschach: Edgar William Jacobi. Also known as Edgar William Vaughn. Also known as *Moloch*.

Moloch: What are you talking about? I'm a retired businessman.

R: Lie again, Moloch, I break another finger.

M: I did my time. I'm not Moloch anymore. What do you want from me?

R: Heard you attended Blake's funeral. Why?

M: I just felt I should...pay my respects to the Comedian.

R: How'd you know he was the Comedian?

M: He broke in here. A week ago. He had his mask off. He was drunk.

R: Enemies. For decades. Why should he visit you?

M: I don't know. I woke up in my bedroom and there he was. He was upset. He was crying.

R: Crying? The Comedian?

M: He was babbling, not making any sense. I was pissing in my pants. I thought he was gonna kill me.

R: What did he say?

The Comedian: It's a joke. It's all a fucking joke. You know, I thought I knew how it was. I thought I knew how the world was. I've done some bad things. I did bad things to women. I shot kids. In 'Nam, you know. But that was fucking war. This... I never done anything like this.

C: God, here I am...spilling my guts...to one of my archenemies. But the truth is...you're the closest thing to a friend I got. What the fuck does that say? Shit.

C: And your name...your name was on the list...along with Janey, you know, whatever the fuck her name is. Manhattan's old girl.

C: Mother, forgive me.

M: And then he left. I swear I don't know what the hell he was talking about.

R: Funny story. Sounds unbelievable. Probably true.

M: So that's it? I'm clean?

R: You? Clean? Amygdalin. This phony medication made from apricot pits. It's illegal.

M: Come on. Please don't confiscate that. I'm trying anything. I have cancer.

R: What kind of cancer?

M: You know the kind you eventually get better from? That ain't the kind I got.