

"A LIFE IN THE NIGHT"

IF I HAD A SAWBUCK FOR EVERY LOUSY NIGHT I'VE ENDED UP LIKE THIS, I'D BUY MYSELF A NEW LIFE.

NEW CAR, NEW APARTMENT, IN A NEW CITY NO LESS. MAYBE EVEN A BRAND NEW DAME.

VICTOR VON ONLY KNOWS, THE OLD ONE'S BROUGHT ME NOTHING BUT TROUBLE.

FUNNY WHAT A NICE PAIR OF LEGS— YOU KNOW, THE KIND THAT START ON THE GROUND AND END AT THE MOON— CAN DO TO A FELLA.

AND I AIN'T TALKIN' 'FUNNY' IN A "HA HA" SORTA WAY.

NOT IN AN IRONY-FILLED WAY EITHER.

I'M TALKING 'FUNNY' IN A TRAGIC, SHAKESPEAREAN WAY.

'CEPT THERE AIN'T NOthin' 'FUNNY' ABOUT THAT.

IT'S TRUE WHAT THEY SAY...YOUR WHOLE LIFE FLASHES IN FRONT OF YOUR EYES BEFORE YOU DIE.

I FAST-FORWARD THROUGH ALL THE SCREAMING VILLAGERS AND LITTLE GIRLS WITH DANDELIONS.

THE RECENT PAST IS WHAT I'M AFTER. SPECIFICALLY, THE LAST FEW HOURS.

EVERY JOE HAS THE RIGHT TO KNOW WHY HIS TICKET GOT PUNCHED.

EIGHT TIMES OUTTA' TEN, IF YOU'RE LYING ON A ROOFTOP DECORATED WITH BULLET HOLES, THERE'S PROBABLY A DAME INVOLVED.

CASE IN POINT...

FRANKIE, YOU GODDAMN WASTE OF BODY PARTS!

NOT ONLY ARE YOU WAY BEHIND ON YOUR ALIMONY AND CHILD SUPPORT-

BUT NOW YOU'RE TAKING JOBS SPYING ON ME? YOU CREEPY SONUVABITCH!

Hrugh?

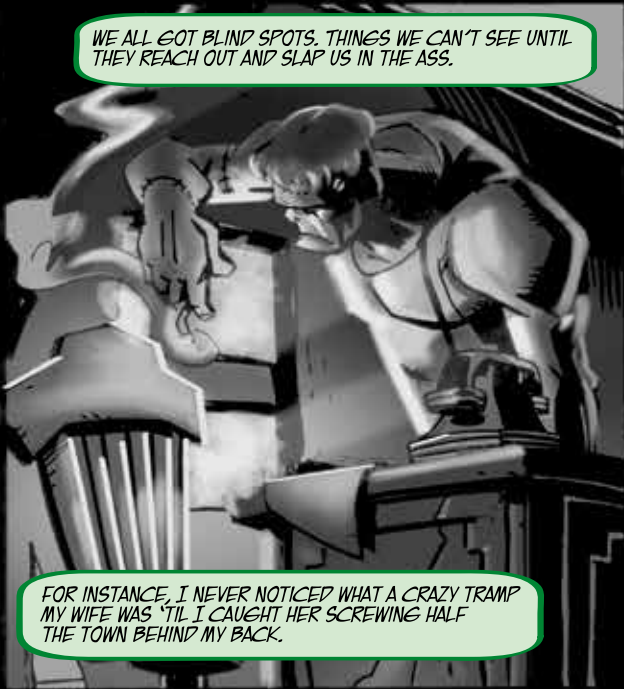
HE AND HIS WIFE JUST HAD A NEW LITTER LAST YEAR! DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW PISSED SHE IS?

I'VE GOT FRIENDS, FRANKIE- THE KIND THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT.

SO UNLESS YOU WANT TO GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT, I SUGGEST YOU LAY OFF ANY JOBS INVOLVING ME.

CATCH MY DRIFT, LUG NUTS?

WE ALL GOT BLIND SPOTS. THINGS WE CAN'T SEE UNTIL THEY REACH OUT AND SLAP US IN THE ASS.



THAT FIRST SLAP...IT STINGS FOR LIFE.



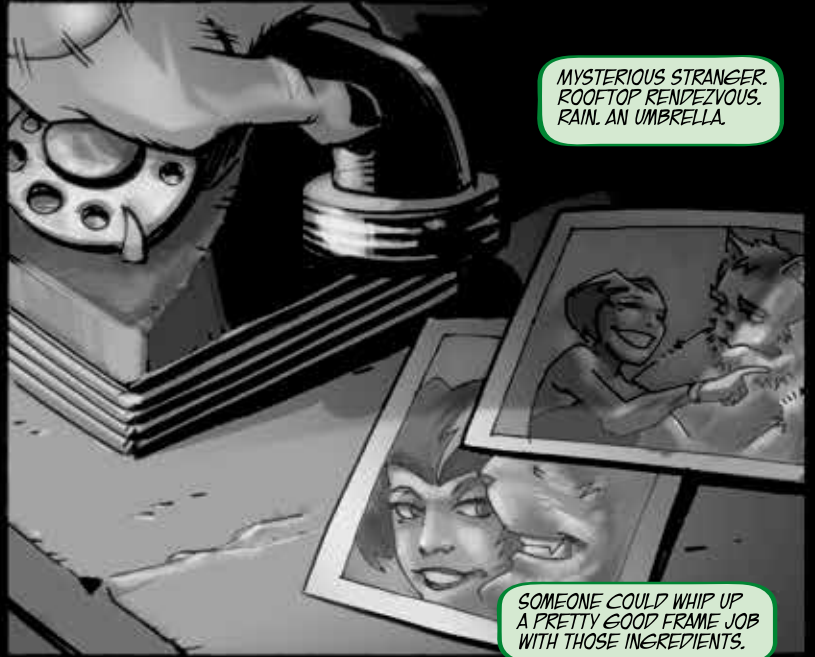
FOR INSTANCE, I NEVER NOTICED WHAT A CRAZY TRAMP MY WIFE WAS 'TIL I CAUGHT HER SCREWING HALF THE TOWN BEHIND MY BACK.

THE ROOF OF THE LUGOSI BUILDING, MR. STEIN. TWENTY MINUTES, AND BRING AN UMBRELLA, IT'S GOING TO RAIN.



Hugh.
Grrgh.

MYSTERIOUS STRANGER. ROOFTOP RENDEZVOUS. RAIN. AN UMBRELLA.



SOMEONE COULD WHIP UP A PRETTY GOOD FRAME JOB WITH THOSE INGREDIENTS.

LUCKY FOR ME, I NEVER EAT ANYTHING I DON'T COOK.



THE LUGOSI BUILDING.

ROOFTOP.

THIRTY MINUTES LATER.

I LOVE THE RAIN.

THE GENTLE PITTER PATTER OF RAINDROPS ON CONCRETE, THE WAY EVERYTHING LOOKS SO CLEAN WHEN IT'S WET. AND MOST OF ALL, I LOVE THE--

SORRY TO KEEP YOU WAITING, MR. STEIN.

I HOPE YOU AT LEAST USED THE EXTRA TIME I GAVE YOU TO THINK ABOUT YOUR POOR CHOICE OF PROFESSION.

MRS. WOLF. THE WOLFMAN'S WIFE. I SHOULD'VE GUESSED AS MUCH.

BECAUSE TO ME, ALL YOU PRIVATE EYES DO IS CAUSE INNOCENT PEOPLE PAIN.

SHOW THEM THINGS THEY DON'T WANT TO SEE.

SORRY? FOR WHAT??!??

FOR TAKING SOMETHING THAT MAYBE I KNEW ALL ALONG AND MAYBE WAS ABLE TO DEAL WITH--

FOR THE SIMPLE FACT THAT AT LEAST NO ONE ELSE KNEW MY HUSBAND COULDN'T KEEP HIS FURRY PAWS TO HIMSELF??!!

Hurghlr. Me am... SORRY.

OH, I'D SAY YOU'RE SORRY ALRIGHT!!!

KRAK-KOW!

Hurk

HOW ABOUT...

DIE!

DIE!

DIE!

HURK?
IS THAT ALL
YOU HAVE TO SAY
FOR YOURSELF?
HURK?!?

BAM

--DIE?