



YAH HA HA... THAT'S RICH! THE BIG SHOWBIZ GIANT, ASKIN' ME FOR FAVOURS?

LOOK—I'M NOT TRYING TO BE SMART OR PATRONISE YOU, LENNY. THIS IS ON THE LEVEL.

AS SOON AS DAVID HAS GONE...



OKAY, TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS GO TELL YOUR NURSE—MAIDS THAT'S MY PRICE, BOY!



DAVID'S SHAKEN, BUT HE KEEPS HIS COOL. HE INSISTS ON HAVING IT IN WRITING...

SURE, WHAT'S A SCRAP OF PAPER? SURPRISED I CAN ACTUALLY WRITE, ARE YOU?

I GUESS YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY THE FRIENDLY TYPE, LENNY. MAYBE I DOING BLAME YOU.



GURRRGH! THE SUCKER 'FRIENDLY', HE SAID! OH MY STARS, CASSIDY—HAVE I TAKEN YOU FOR A RIDE? TEN THOUSAND... DOLLARS!



IN FACT, THE MONEY MEANS LITTLE TO THE CASSIDY MACHINE. IT'S THE GOODWILL — THE PLEASING OF THE FANS THAT REALLY MATTERS...

I'LL HAVE THIS TYPED UP AND SENT OVER FOR DUMAINE'S SIGNATURE. ROUGH RIDE, DAVID?

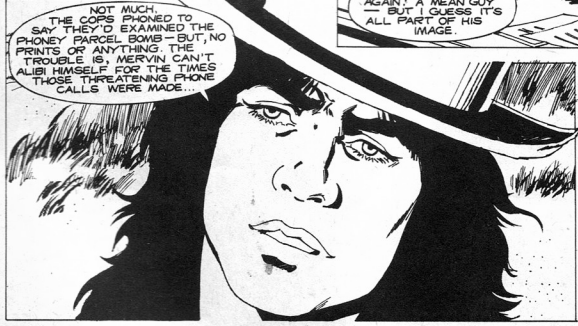
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN! A MEAN GUY — BUT I GUESS IT'S ALL PART OF HIS IMAGE.



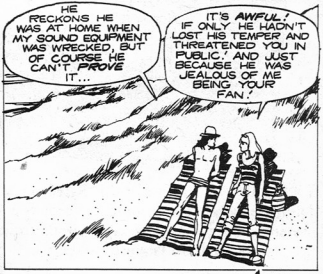
THAT AFTERNOON, DAVID MEETS UP ON THE BEACH, RELAXING WITH ARLENE, AGAIN...

HI!

ANYTHING ELSE ABOUT MERVIN, DAVID?



NOT MUCH. THE COPS PHONED TO SAY THEY'D EXAMINED THE PHONE PARCEL BOMB — BUT, NO PRINTS OR ANYTHING THE TROUBLE IS, MERVIN CAN'T ALIBI HIMSELF FOR THE TIMES THOSE THREATENING PHONE CALLS WERE MADE...



HE RECKONS HE WAS AT HOME WHEN MY SOUND EQUIPMENT WAS WRECKED, BUT OF COURSE HE CAN'T PROVE IT...

IT'S AWFULLY IF ONLY HE HADN'T LOST HIS TEMPER AND THREATENED YOU IN PUBLIC AND JUST BECAUSE HE WAS JEALOUS OF ME BEING YOUR FAN!



DON'T WORRY! I'LL ALL COME RIGHT IN THE END, BELIEVE ME!



THEN, SUDDENLY, A CHILLING COMMANDING VOICE...

FREEZE, CASSIDY! ONE WRONG MOVE, AND I PULL THE TRIGGER!

JUPITER! WHAT THE BLAZES? WHO ARE YOU?