



GUHHH!



GET OFF ME!

URRRGH! JOHNNY PLEASE!



THEN...

FREEZE! MY GUN, I THINK!



LOUIE! FRANK! COME ON IN - I GOT THE DROP ON THEM!

OH, BOY, HAVE YOU BLOWN IT NOW!



SANTINI! JUST CLEAR OUT OF HERE, WILL YOU? I CAN GET THROUGH TO JOHNNY IN THE END - HE WON'T BOTHER YOU ANY MORE...

SKIP IT. I GOT MY PLANS.



THERE'S SNOW ON THESE MOUNTAINS THE WHOLE YEAR ROUND. IN TEN MINUTES, YOU TWO ARE GONNA BE UNDER IT - AND NOBODY'S EVER GONNA FIND THE BODIES!

BUT EVEN AS DAVID AND JOHNNY STARE CERTAIN DEATH IN THE FACE...



TWO SHOTGUNS HERE SAY YOU'D BETTER FORGET THAT THREAT, MISTER! THROW DOWN THE HARDWARE!



THEATRE MANAGER IN DAYBROOK GOT US TO LOOK FOR YOU, MISTER CASSIDY. LUCKY WE DID.

MARRY. I'LL SAY! I THOUGHT WE'D HAD IT!

AND NEXT EVENING, WHEN DAVID GIVES AN OVERDUE CONCERT TO PLEASE DAYBROOK'S DISAPPOINTED FANS...



WELL, JOHNNY? I RECKON WHEN SANTINI GOES TO COURT, YOUR SIDE OF THE STORY CAN BE SORTED OUT - LEGALLY.

I GUESS IT CAN, KID. MAYBE I SHOULD THANK YOU AFTER ALL...



FOLKS, I'VE JUST BEEN REHEARSING A SONG THAT WAS ONLY WRITTEN THIS MORNING. IT WAS DONE SPECIALLY FOR ME - AND THE COMPOSER'S GOING TO PLAY THE BACKING. GIVE HIM A BIG HAND... JOHNNY FREW!

Join David in a new story next week!