

WITHIN FIFTEEN MINUTES...



THERE / HOW'S THAT?

IT'S PERFECT / MA'AM, AND WITH THESE SUNSHADES, NOT EVEN MY MOTHER WOULD KNOW ME. I SUPPOSE YOU WOULDN'T KNOW WHO THE LOCAL MOTORCYCLE GANGS HANG OUT?



NOT OFFICIALLY... BUT ONE OF OUR ACTORS IS A BIT OF A ROUGH DIAMOND, AND HE'S MENTIONED A CAFE CALLED THE BLACK TIGER ONCE OR TWICE...

I'M MUCH OBLIGED, EFFIE. JUST WISH WE HUNG OUT, HUH?



AT THE BLACK TIGER...

HEY! YOU'VE MADE A COFFEE, BLACK AN' SWEET?

SURE, BUDDY.



WHERE'S BLADE?

B, BLADE? I DON'T KNOW ANY BLADE, MISTER...

DAVID IS JUST AS GOOD AN ACTOR AS HE IS A SINGER...

GET WISE, LITTLE MAN! I HAVEN'T COME ALL THIS WAY FOR SMALL TALK!



UHHH... YOU'RE ROCCO? THE GUY BLADE PHONED? I... I'M SORRY! I DIDN'T REALIZE HE'D SAY HE'D MEET YOU HERE?



MEATHEAD! WOULD ASK IN THAT CASE? GIVE MAN—OUR CONVERSATION ON THE WIRES WAS LIKE CUT SHORT.

THE... THE GORMAN WAREHOUSE SIR? THAT'S WHERE HE OPERATES FROM... TOONY STREET?



WELL PLEASD, DAVID LEAVES...

SO FAR, SO GOOD. I FIND THIS PLACE, AND WATCH IT BLADE AND HIS APES SHALL SET OFF TO MEET ME ABOUT NINE-THIRTY... AND THEN I'LL PROBABLY LEAVE A COUPLE OF GUYS TO WATCH SHAREN...

BUT THINGS AREN'T GOING TO BE THAT EASY... AS FOR BLADE'S WAREHOUSE HEADQUARTERS...



THEN I MOVE IN. SURPRISE I'LL BE ON MY SIDE... AND IF I CAN'T GET SHAREN OUT, MY NAME ISN'T DAVID CASSIDY!



ROCCO AN' HIS BOYS SHOULD SOON BE HERE. I'VE HEARD SUCH, HUH? AN OUT-OF-TOWN MOB GOES WITH ME TO FIX CASSIDY. I'VE HEARD GUYS STAY HERE TO GIVE US AN ALIBI.

SURE BLADE. I'VE CASSIDY FACES OUT, NOBODY CAN PIN IT ON US...

Next week: motorbike chase!