

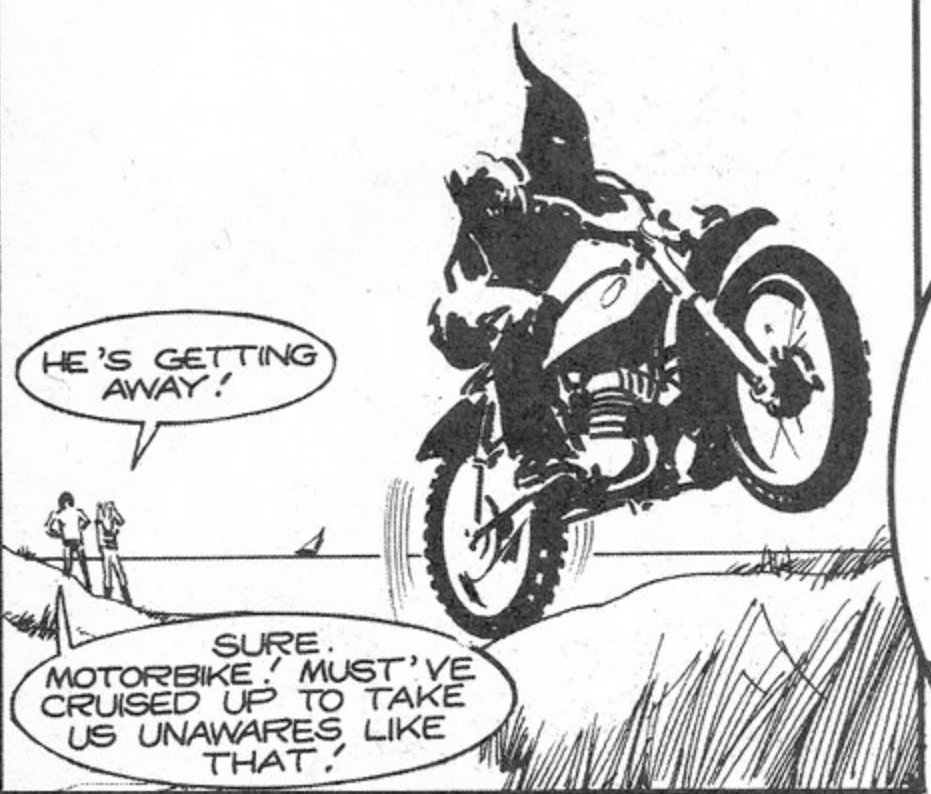
THE MAN FIGHTS WITH SILENT, DESPERATE STRENGTH! AND THEN...



CURSE YOU TO BLAZES, CASSIDY!

URRRGH!

BY THE TIME DAVID AND ARLENE SORT THEMSELVES OUT...



HE'S GETTING AWAY!

SURE. MOTORBIKE! MUST'VE CRUISED UP TO TAKE US UNAWARES LIKE THAT!

THAT PAPER...



I HAVEN'T GOT IT. I WAS BLUFFING. BUT IT MUST HOLD SOME KIND OF CLUE TO ALL THIS. I GUESS I'VE GOT MY OWN IDEAS...

DAVID AND ARLENE RETURN TO THE HOTEL WHERE DAVID'S ENTOURAGE IS STAYING...



DUMAINE'S ORIGINAL AGREEMENT? SURE - HERE IT IS.

LENNY DUMAINE'S SCRIBBLE REVEALS NOTHING... BUT WHEN DAVID TURNS THE PAPER OVER...



WOW! IT'S A BILL FOR AN ALARM CLOCK!

HE TRIES TO WRECK MY SHOWS, RIGHT? AND THEN COMES THE BONANZA WHEN WE OFFER HIM TEN THOUSAND TO TAKE OVER HIS SPOT! NO WONDER HE LAUGHED!



YE GODS! THE ALARM CLOCK USED IN THE BOMB HOAX?



WHAT ELSE! HECK, I MUST'VE BEEN BLIND! LENNY DUMAINE - HE'S THE GUY BEHIND ALL THIS CHAOS! I ARRIVE IN TOWN, AND HIS SHOW DOES A FLOP BECAUSE ALL THE FANS COME TO SEE ME!

IMMEDIATELY, THEY TELEPHONE THE POLICE...



YES, YES. IT LOOKS CONCLUSIVE. SURE. WE'LL BE DOWN RIGHT AWAY. FINE. I'LL TELL HER YOU'RE CONDITIONALLY RELEASING YOUNG MERVIN...

ARLENE'S IN SEVENTH HEAVEN - AND DAVID FEELS ALMOST AS GOOD. BUT FOR HIM, IT ISN'T OVER YET... NOT BY A LONG CHALK...



I'M SORRY, MISTER CASSIDY - BUT LENNY DUMAINE'S GONE TO GROUND. I FIGURE IF YOU PLAY THESE CONCERTS, YOU'LL BE PUTTING YOURSELF IN DANGER... OF REVENGE!

Next week: danger from above!