



YOU MAY PROCEED IMMEDIATELY TO TERMINATE TARGET "B"... BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY.

GOTCHA. PINKY KNOWS WHO, WHEN...





->SIGH->
WHAT'S THE
PLAN NOW?

SO FAR,
OUR SEARCH FOR
INFORMATION ON
THE SHOOTER
HAS RESULTED
IN A BIG FAT
NUTHIN'!!



TALK ABOUT YER
MAJOR LEAGUE
STRIKEOUTS!!



HEY NOW...DON'T BE
GIVIN' UP JUST YET,
SAMMY!

I KNOW A
GUY WHO CAN
DEFINITELY HELP
US OUT.



YEAH?
WHO?

NAME'S
HINKY HAVENS.
HE RUNS THIS HERE
CLUB--THE
JIVE SPOT.

HE'S ALSO A
WELL-CONNECTED **BOOKIE**
AND **FENCE.** HAS HIS EAR TO THE
GROUND LIKE AN **HONEST-TO-GOD**
APACHE OUT ON THE PLAINS.
ANY STRANGE FRUIT PLOPS DOWN
INSIDE THE CENTRAL CITY LIMITS...
HINKY WILL KNOW
ABOUT IT.



SUPER!
LET'S SEE
IF HE'LL
PLAY BALL!

ONLY
ONE THING,
THOUGH...

THIS, EHH...
AIN'T EXACTLY YOUR
TYPE OF PLACE.
MAYBE YOU WANNA
WAIT IN THE CAR?

YOU CRAZY?
HOW COME?



OH.



HOW'S IT GOIN', EZRA? I'M HERE TO SEE HINKY. CALLED AHEAD... HE'S EXPECTING ME.

JUST AS YOU SAY, MR. WHITE. BUT YOUR 'NILLA MILK-SHAKE PAL...? HE GOTTA WAIT OUT HERE.



WHATEVER YOU SAY, EZ.



SO, FELLAS... HOW 'BOUT DEM SAINTS?



HEY THERE, HINK. THANKS FOR SEEIN' ME.

STILL PAINTING UP A STORM, I SEE.

STILL SEARCHIN' FOR TRUTH, BROTHER WHITE. STILL TRYIN' TO SEE PAST WHAT THE EYES CANNOT REVEAL!

WELL... ART'S NEVER BEEN MY STRONG POINT, BUT I DO KNOW ABOUT SEARCHIN'.

I NEED HELP FINDING A HIRED SHOOTER, HINK. ALMOST CERTAINLY AN OUT-OF-TOWNER.

BIG BRUISER WITH A CLOUDY PEEPER AND MISSING BOTH HIS LITTLE DIGITS.

YOU HEAR TELL OF ANY PILGRIM MATCHING THAT DESCRIPTION?

WELL NOW, BROTHER WHITE... YOU AND ME, WE ON OPPOSITE SIDES OF THAT GREAT DIVIDE.

WHAT THE REG'LAR WORLD CALL "THE LAW".

BUT, I STILL REMEMBER HOW, COUPLE YEARS BACK, YOU AND YOUR BIG BLUE FRIEND STOPPED THE 8TH STREET PHARAOKS FROM FIRE-BOMBIN' THIS HERE JOINT O' MINE.

SO...

YEAH... I KNOW 'BOUT THAT GUY.