

To Set the World on Fire





SCREW YOU, PAL.

CHARLIE AND GIL HADN'T BEEN GETTING ALONG THE PAST FEW DAYS... TO PUT IT MILDLY.



THE NIGHT GIL HAD DISAPPEARED UP IN *QJAI*, CHARLIE WANTED TO KILL HIM.

WELL, NOT KILL... BUT KNOCK HIS BLOCK OFF.



HE'D SAT UP STARING AT THE BLANK PAGE IN HIS TYPEWRITER...



...WITH HATRED.



THE NEXT MORNING HE HAD TO START A *FIGHT* WITH SCHMITT. ACT LIKE A PRIMA DONNA.

WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME? YOUR CHANGES MADE NO SENSE!



IT WAS THE BEST COVER HE COULD COME UP WITH... *EGO*.

JUST RESHOOT THE ORIGINAL SCENE AGAIN.

STOP DRIVING ME CRAZY.





THE MOVIE PREMIERE HAD BEEN DOTTIE'S IDEA.

HE'D TAKEN MAYA'S ADVICE AND SENT HER SOME FLOWERS...



...BUT WHEN HE DROPPED BY TO APOLOGIZE IN PERSON, HE FOUND HER DEALING WITH HER OWN PROBLEMS.

ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP?

HUNH... YOU KNOW, MAYBE THERE IS...



MAYA'S WALKING THE RED CARPET AT BOGIE'S NEW PICTURE TONIGHT...

SHE DID A SONG IN THE NIGHTCLUB SCENE, I GUESS.



BUT WITH TY IN THE HOSPITAL, SHE DOESN'T HAVE A DATE.

YOU WANT ME TO...?



DON'T GET TOO EXCITED, MISTER...

YOU'D BE AN ESCORT, THAT'S ALL.



THE PRESS ARE GOING TO BE SWARMING THE JOINT...

...AND I CAN'T HAVE IT LOOK LIKE SHE'S STEPPING OUT ON PRINCE CHARMING WHILE HE'S IN TRACTION.

