

# PENGUIN'S CLUB. MANHATTAN.

LET GO  
OF ME, YOU  
CREEPS!

OH, WE'LL BE  
LETTING GO OF YOU,  
SISTER, DON'T WORRY  
ABOUT IT.

RIGHT INTO  
YOUR NEW  
HOME...

...WITH YOUR NEW  
ROOMMATE.

YOUR  
MOTHER'S ALREADY  
MY ROOMMATE, YOU  
**FRIGGIN'  
SCUMBAGS!**



FRANK  
FRANK!



WHAT THE HELL? I THOUGHT YA WAS SUPPOSED TO BE BLIND, COACH.

IT'S HARD NOT TO RECOGNIZE THAT HARSH BROOKLYN ACCENT OF YOURS. OR YOUR SCENT OF SLEAZE.

ALTHOUGH FALSE FACE DID MANAGE TO NAIL BOTH, IN ALL HONESTY...

SO WHY DID YA HIT ME?

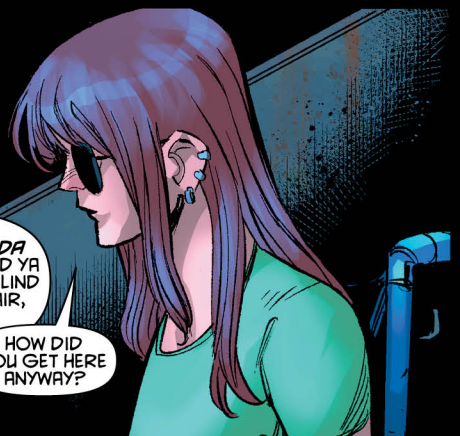
I DUNNO. JUST A REACTION. BEEN DYING TO HIT SOMEBODY SINCE THIS WHOLE MESS STARTED.



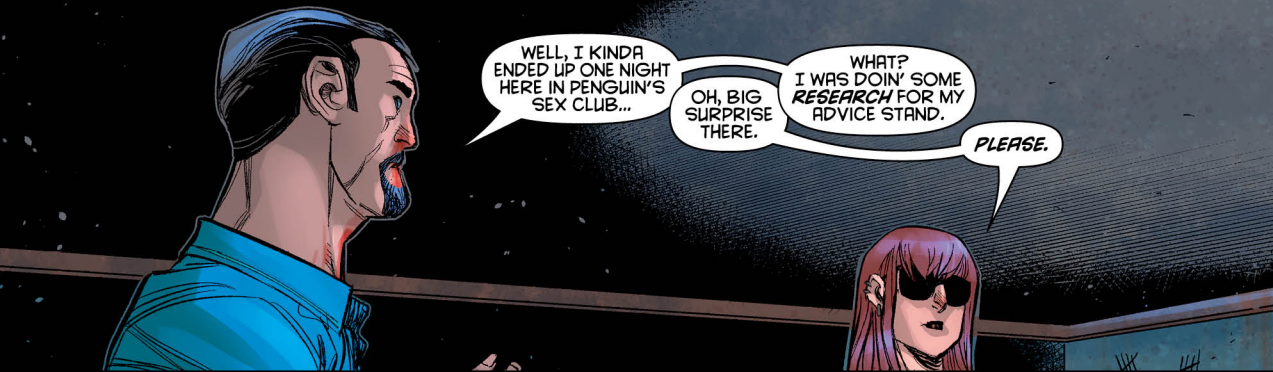
YEAH, WELL, YOU'RE LUCKY YOU'RE BLIND AND IN A WHEELCHAIR. AND A CHICK.

EH, WHO AM I KIDDIN'. I WOULDNA PROBABLY SLUGGED YA IF YOU WERE JUST BLIND AND IN A WHEELCHAIR, COME TO THINK OF IT.

HOW DID YOU GET HERE ANYWAY?





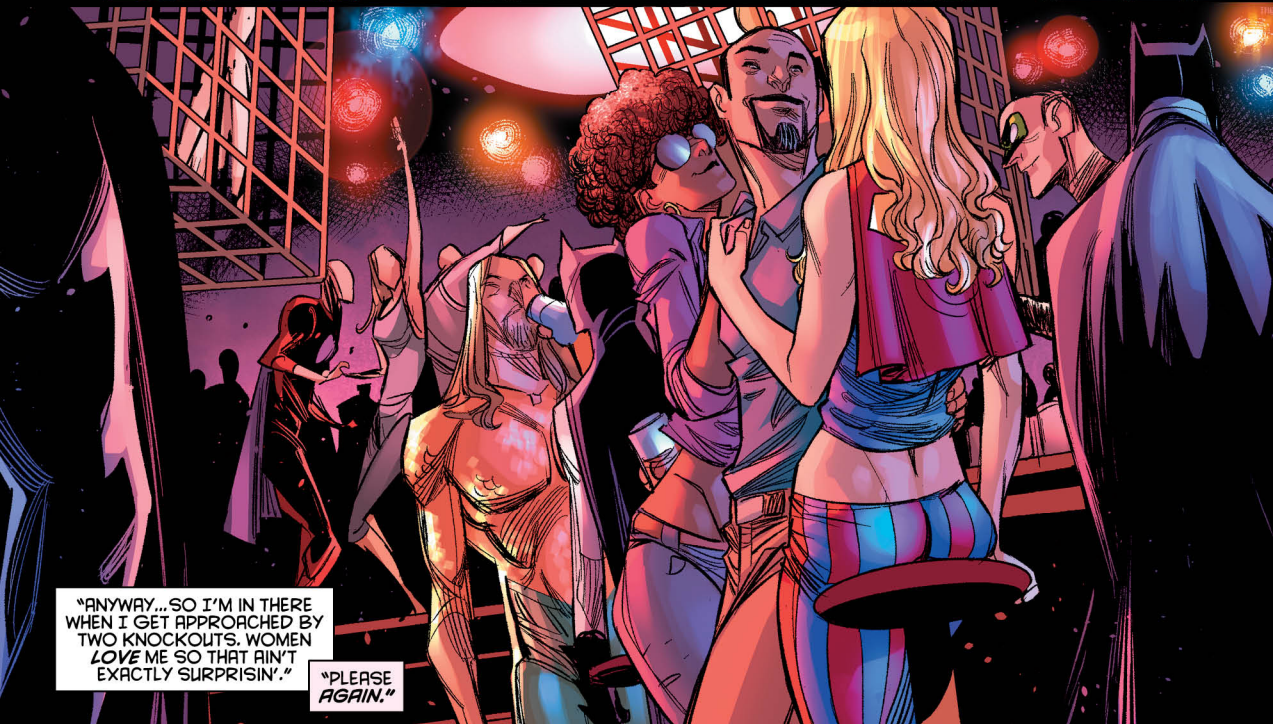


WELL, I KINDA ENDED UP ONE NIGHT HERE IN PENGUIN'S SEX CLUB...

OH, BIG SURPRISE THERE.

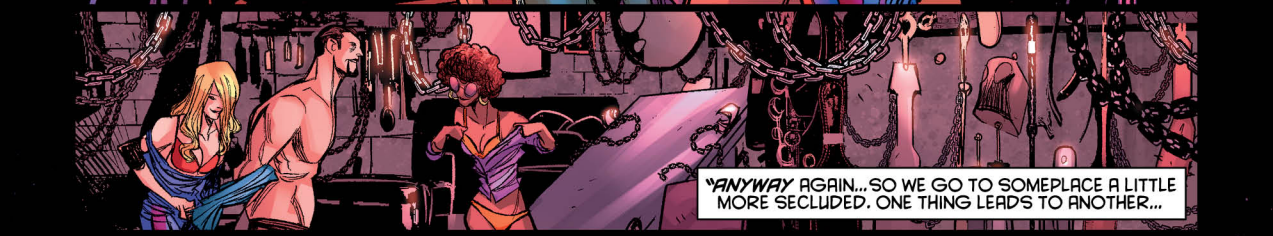
WHAT? I WAS DOIN' SOME RESEARCH FOR MY ADVICE STAND.

PLEASE.

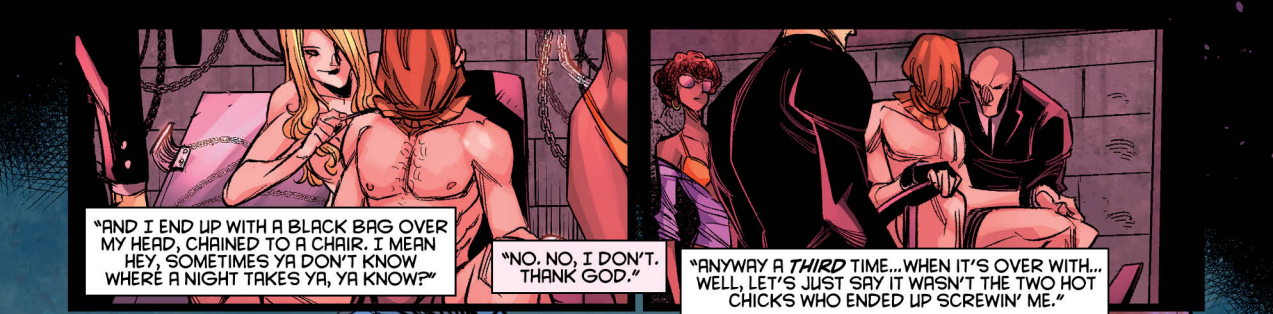


"ANYWAY...SO I'M IN THERE WHEN I GET APPROACHED BY TWO KNOCKOUTS. WOMEN LOVE ME SO THAT AIN'T EXACTLY SURPRISIN'."

"PLEASE AGAIN."



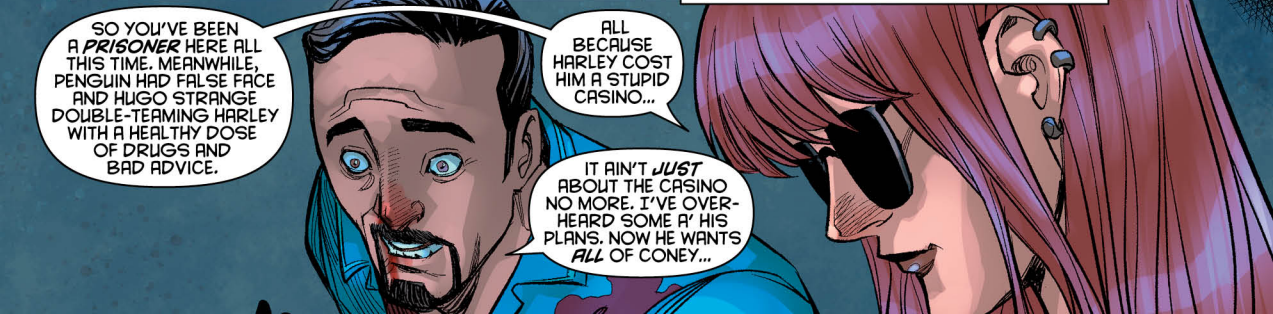
"ANYWAY AGAIN...SO WE GO TO SOMEPLACE A LITTLE MORE SECLUDED. ONE THING LEADS TO ANOTHER..."



"AND I END UP WITH A BLACK BAG OVER MY HEAD, CHAINED TO A CHAIR. I MEAN HEY, SOMETIMES YA DON'T KNOW WHERE A NIGHT TAKES YA, YA KNOW?"

"NO. NO, I DON'T. THANK GOD."

"ANYWAY A *THIRD* TIME...WHEN IT'S OVER WITH... WELL, LET'S JUST SAY IT WASN'T THE TWO HOT CHICKS WHO ENDED UP SCREWIN' ME."



SO YOU'VE BEEN A PRISONER HERE ALL THIS TIME. MEANWHILE, PENGUIN HAD FALSE FACE AND HUGO STRANGE DOUBLE-TEAMING HARLEY WITH A HEALTHY DOSE OF DRUGS AND BAD ADVICE.

ALL BECAUSE HARLEY COST HIM A STUPID CASINO...

IT AIN'T *JUST* ABOUT THE CASINO NO MORE. I'VE OVERHEARD SOME A' HIS PLANS. NOW HE WANTS ALL OF CONEY...



"AND HE COULD GIVE A DAMN *HOW*—OR WHO HE HAS TO *HURT*—TO GET IT."







I AM VICTOR FRIES...

AND I NOW CONTROL THE CONEY ISLAND COASTLINE.



NO SWIMMING. NO BOATS GOING IN AND OUT. I WILL HOLD THIS ENTIRE COASTLINE HOSTAGE UNLESS MY DEMANDS ARE MET.

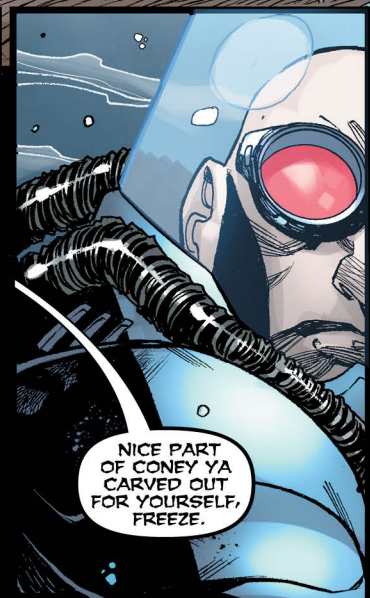


AND THEY ARE AS FOLLOWS. FIRST OFF, I WANT--

--WHAT?



**SLAMM!**



NICE PART OF CONEY YA CARVED OUT FOR YOURSELF, FREEZE.



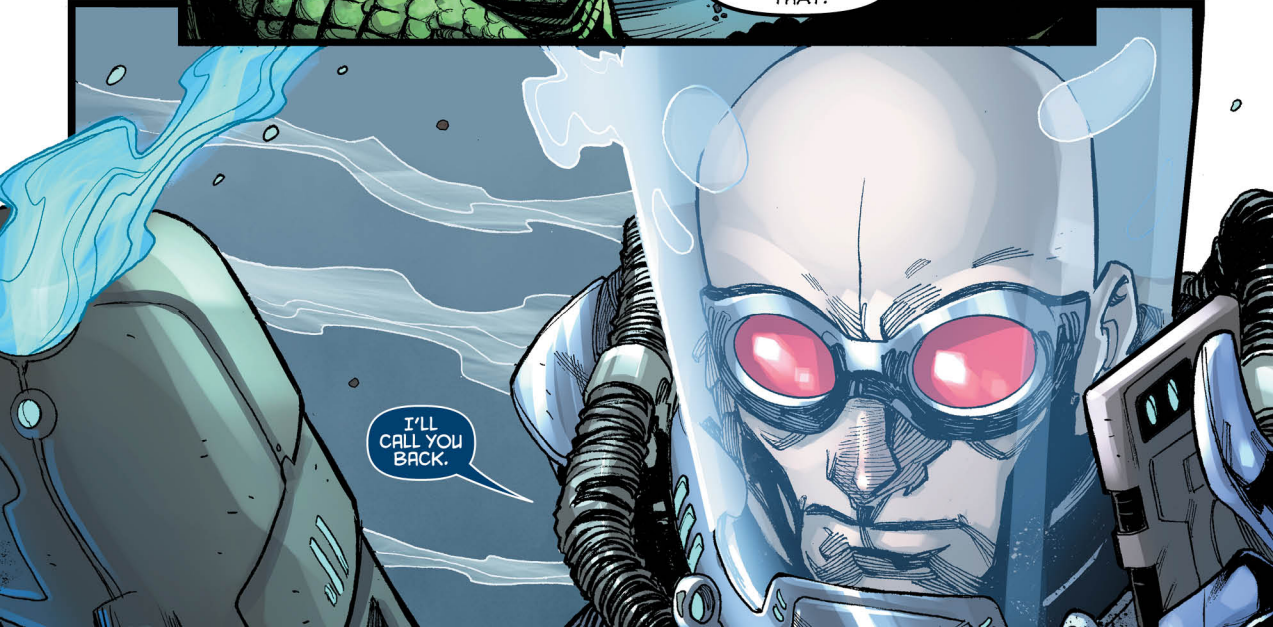


I WANT IT.

SO AS THE SAYING GOES...



THIS TOWN AIN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR THE BOTH OF US, AND ALL THAT.



I'LL CALL YOU BACK.