



SHE
SIGNED THE
CONTRACT.

WHAT?

MERCY
TOLD ME THE
NEWS. LES IS
GONNA BUILD HER
A NEW THEATER
AND PAY HER
A MINT.

SUCKS,
BUT...
HEY...

BETSY
DOESN'T
KNOW A
THING.

BUT...

STICKY
TOLD ME
ABOUT YOUR
MASTER
PLAN.

WHAT
MADE YOU
THINK THAT
COULD
POSSIBLY
WORK?



I GUESS IT'S SAFE TO SAY LES IS STILL BETTING AGAINST YOU TOMORROW NIGHT. YOU CAN'T FIGHT. YOU'RE A MESS.



GRAB YOUR STUFF. LET'S GO, OLD MAN.



C'MON, MOVE IT.



THANKS.

