

HOT TIME in the OLD TOWN

Romeyn Falls, 1928!

PALACE
ROMEYN

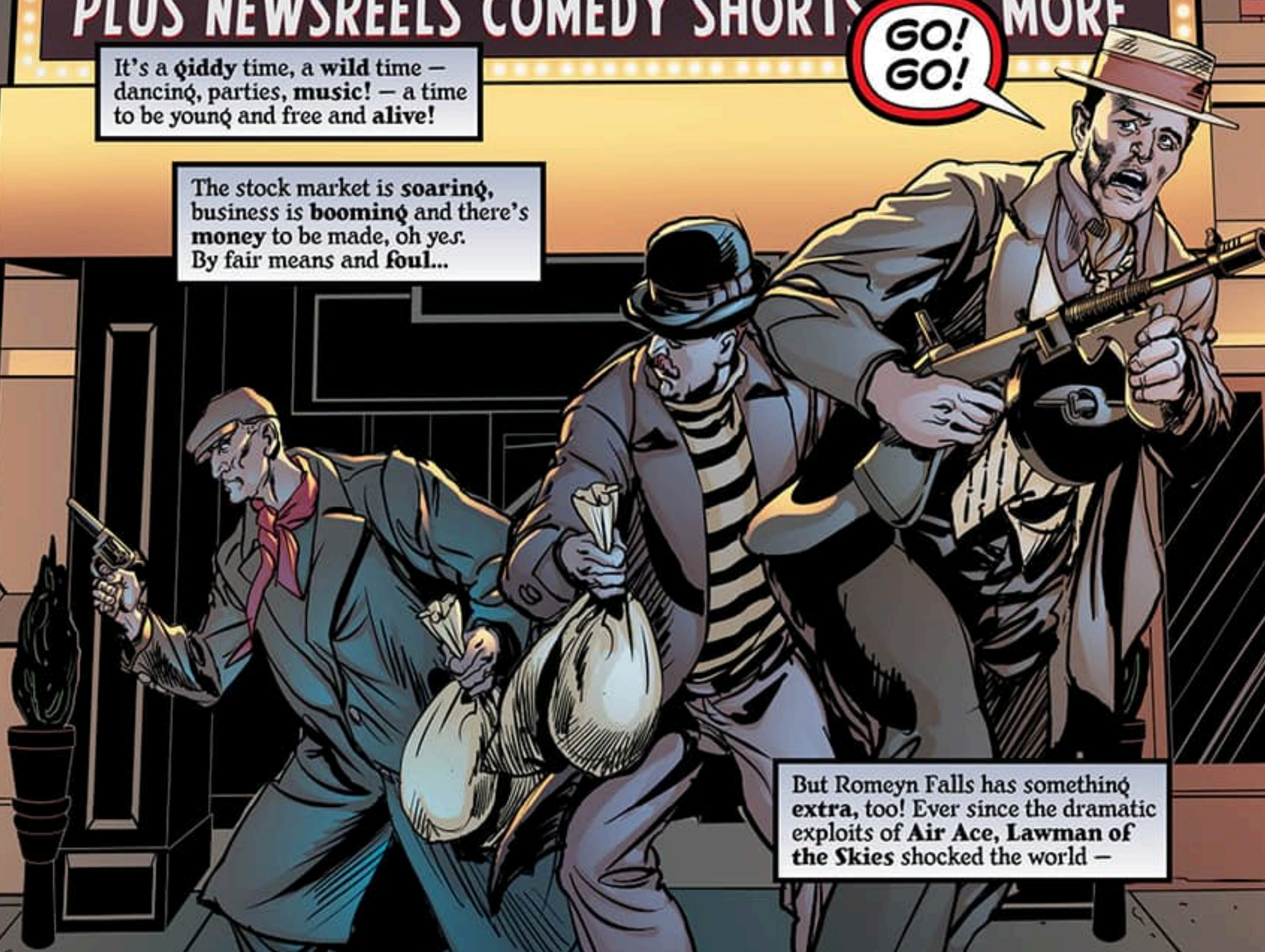
AIR ACE VS. THE SKY RUSTLERS
PLUS NEWSREELS COMEDY SHORTS AND MORE

It's a giddy time, a wild time — dancing, parties, music! — a time to be young and free and alive!

GO!
GO!

The stock market is soaring, business is booming and there's money to be made, oh yes. By fair means and foul...

But Romeyn Falls has something extra, too! Ever since the dramatic exploits of Air Ace, Lawman of the Skies shocked the world —



— Romeyn Falls has had heroes, who've followed in the Cloud Champion's path!

THE CAR!

There was the **Cloak of Night**, terror of the Canadian whiskey mobs! Tight-lipped, he let his **guns** speak for him...

CHOW
CHOW

...and whispers said he could see who was marked for **death**!

There was the death-defying **Yankee Sheikh**, laughing daredevil of righteousness —

HA!
UNHAND THAT GIRL, FIEND --

-- OR FACE MY BLADE!

— and, rumor had it, one of the city's most **eligible** young men!

There were even the **Five Fists**, brave Asiatics who patrolled the city's Fujitani Bay neighborhood —

WRACK
TAK

KRAK

— guarding white and yellow men alike from the scourge of the **opium** trade!

And there were even those who'd **predated** Air Ace, come into the open after he'd set an **example**!

WHERE'S THE CAR?!

AW, NO...

Heroes like —



CAR'S NOT HERE, SORRY.

YOU KNOW HOW FINICKY THOSE NEW SELF-STARTER ENGINES ARE!

OR AT LEAST, I'D THINK YOU DO, BEING BIG BRAVE DARING MEN AND ALL.

ME, I WOULDN'T KNOW A CARBURETOR FROM A CUCKOO CLOCK! YOU KNOW US DIZZY DAMES! YOUR DRIVER, HE'D HAVE EXPLAINED IT TO ME, SURE --

JAZZBABY!

GUN HER! GUN HER NOW!



BLAM

-- BUT HE HAD TO TAKE A SUDDEN NAP.

BLAM

BLAM

NEEDS VITAMINS, MAYBE.



Nhh?

SO. WHO'S UP FOR A DANCE? ANYONE?

A-AHH!



Two minutes.

WOULDN'T YOU JUST KNOW? A GAL WANTS TO CUT A RUG, AND THE GUYS ARE ALL TOO DIZZY TO DANCE.

THAT DEMON RUM, HM?



NIIIICE.

Ten minutes.

WE'VE BEEN AFTER THESE JOKERS FOR WEEKS! HITTING THEATERS, SPEAKEASIES, LUNCH COUNTERS... ANYWHERE FOR A WAD OF CASH.

AND YOU STICK AROUND A SEC, J.B. -- I'VE GOT A FEW QUESTIONS FOR --

It's her *town*, she thinks. From the *Biro Island* rapids to the peak of *Mount Kirby*. She feels it, pulsing with life like a *heartbeat*.

Like *music*.

Huh?
WHERE'D SHE GO?

Like a never-ending *dance number*, bright and *driving* and energetic, like the life of the *people* flowing through its streets...



But that *up-tempo, syncopated beat* isn't all there is. There's something *colder, darker*, an undercurrent of --

-- of *what?* She doesn't *know*.

But they have it *in* them, these men and women. Young and old, they all *have* it.

A *shadow* at their hearts. Something they dance to *escape*, to elude, to *chase away* for an hour or two.

All of them --

100

-- like *this* man here.

What is he *thinking* about?

What swirls around his *heart* like that, like the echo of a rumbling *bass*? What does he *see*?

LOOKS INTERESTING, HUH?



ALHAMBRA THEATRE