



NOTHING ON WHITE MASK.



NOTHING ON DAVID FRANCO.



SORRY SEL, I'VE GOT WELL...

NOTHING.



EH, IT'S NOT SURPRISING YOU COULDN'T FIND ANYTHING, TESLA.

Especially considering one is supposed to be six feet under and the other is his secret creepo society I.P.

So if in fact a False Face Society civil war is about to happen and my one-time-presumed-dead boyfriend is leading the charge...

I guess I'll have to find out what's going on the old-fashioned way.



NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...

I HAVE
AN ENTRANCE
TO MAKE.

SO SORRY
TO BREAK UP THIS
LITTLE PARTY,
FOLKS.

OH
WAIT...

WHPPP



...I'M
TOTALLY
NOT.

NOW
GIRLS, I KNOW
YOU'RE JUST DOING
YOUR JOBS AS FALSE
FACE SOCIETY BIMBOS
BY HELPING WHITEY
HERE CELEBRATE HIS
CORONATION, BUT
I'M ONLY GOING
TO SAY THIS
ONCE...



...GET
THE HELL
OUT.



WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS... CATWOMAN, ISN'T IT?

I KNOW YOU'VE HAD SOME PROBLEMS WITH BLACK MASK IN THE PAST, BUT AS FAR AS I KNOW WE'VE NEVER MET NOR--



TAKE YOUR MASK OFF.

CLICK

NOW!

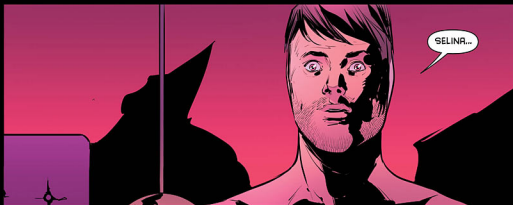


OKAY, OKAY. BUT I REALLY DON'T SEE WHAT THIS COULD HAVE TO DO WITH ME.



STARTING TO GET A BETTER IDEA YET...

DAVID?



SELINA...