

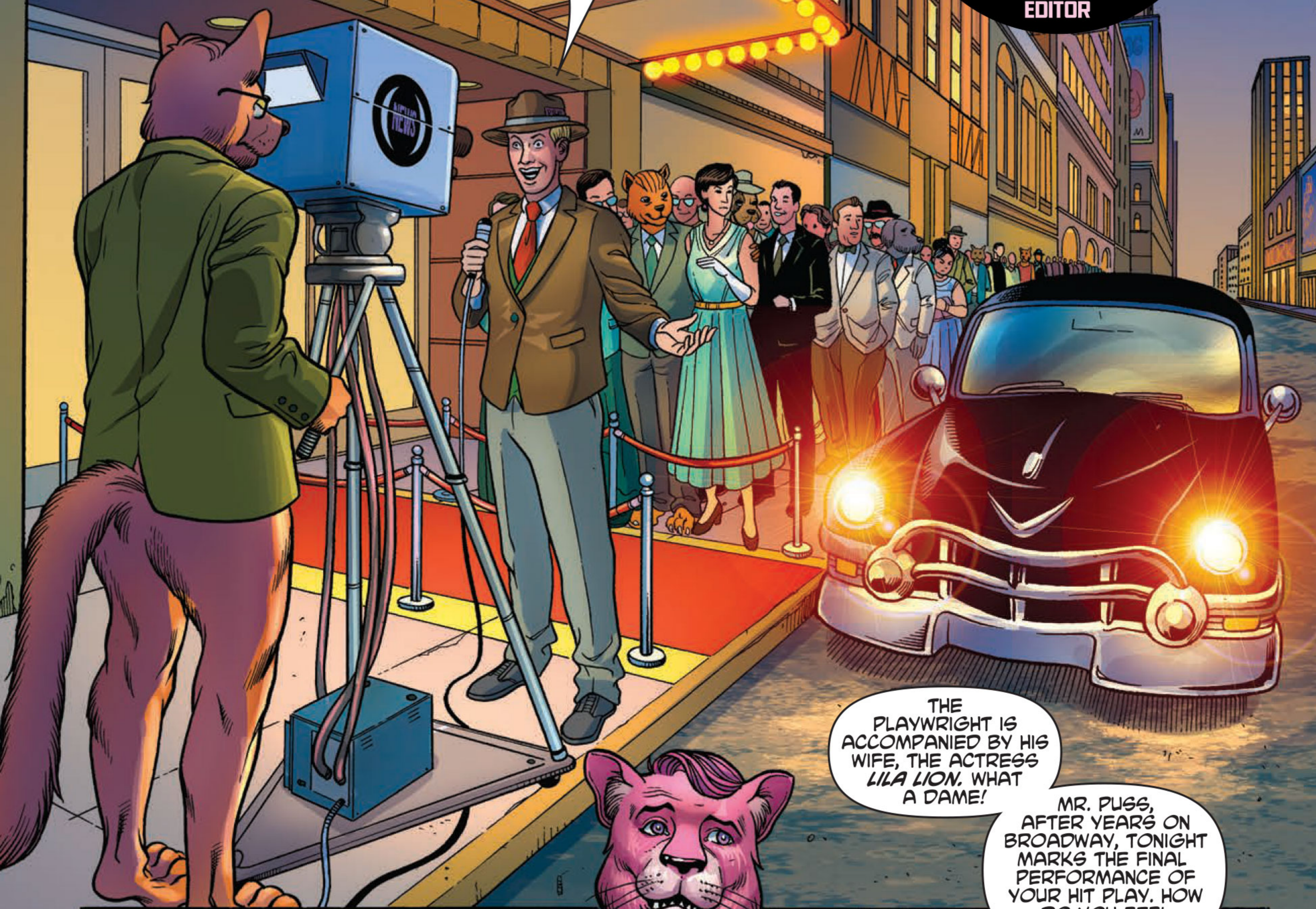
...LOSING NIGHT!  
...LEVEL PART IS A  
...CLOSING NIGHT!

# EXIT STAGE LEFT: THE SNAGGLEPUSS CHRONICLES

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HERE COMES BROADWAY'S BRIGHTEST STAR. THE MAN OF THE HOUR--  
**SNAGGLEPUSS!**



THE PLAYWRIGHT IS ACCOMPANIED BY HIS WIFE, THE ACTRESS LILA LION. WHAT A DAME!

MR. PUSS, AFTER YEARS ON BROADWAY, TONIGHT MARKS THE FINAL PERFORMANCE OF YOUR HIT PLAY. HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THAT?



I THINK IT SHOULD GO AWAY. A PLAY THAT OVERSTAYS ITS WELCOME STARTS TO FEEL LIKE AN AUNT SLEEPING ON YOUR COUCH.

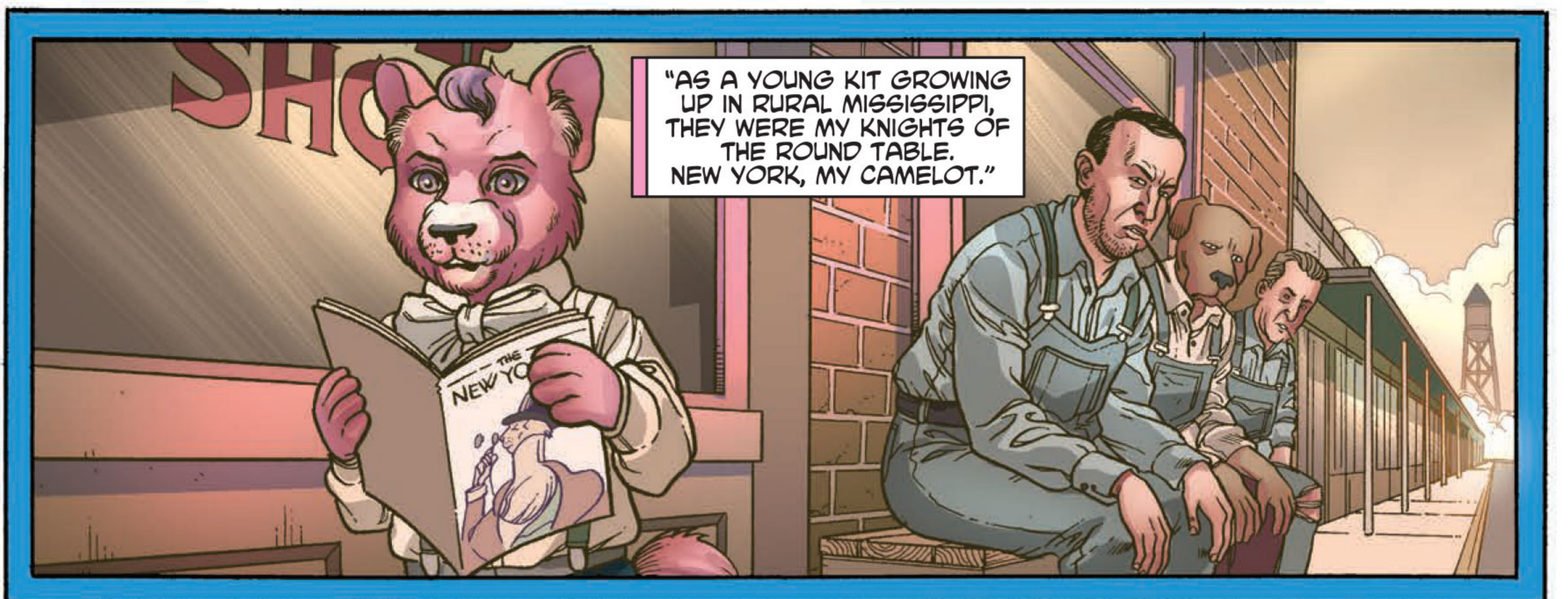


YOUR WORK HAS INSPIRED A WHOLE NEW GENERATION OF PLAYWRIGHTS.

BUT WHO INSPIRED YOU?



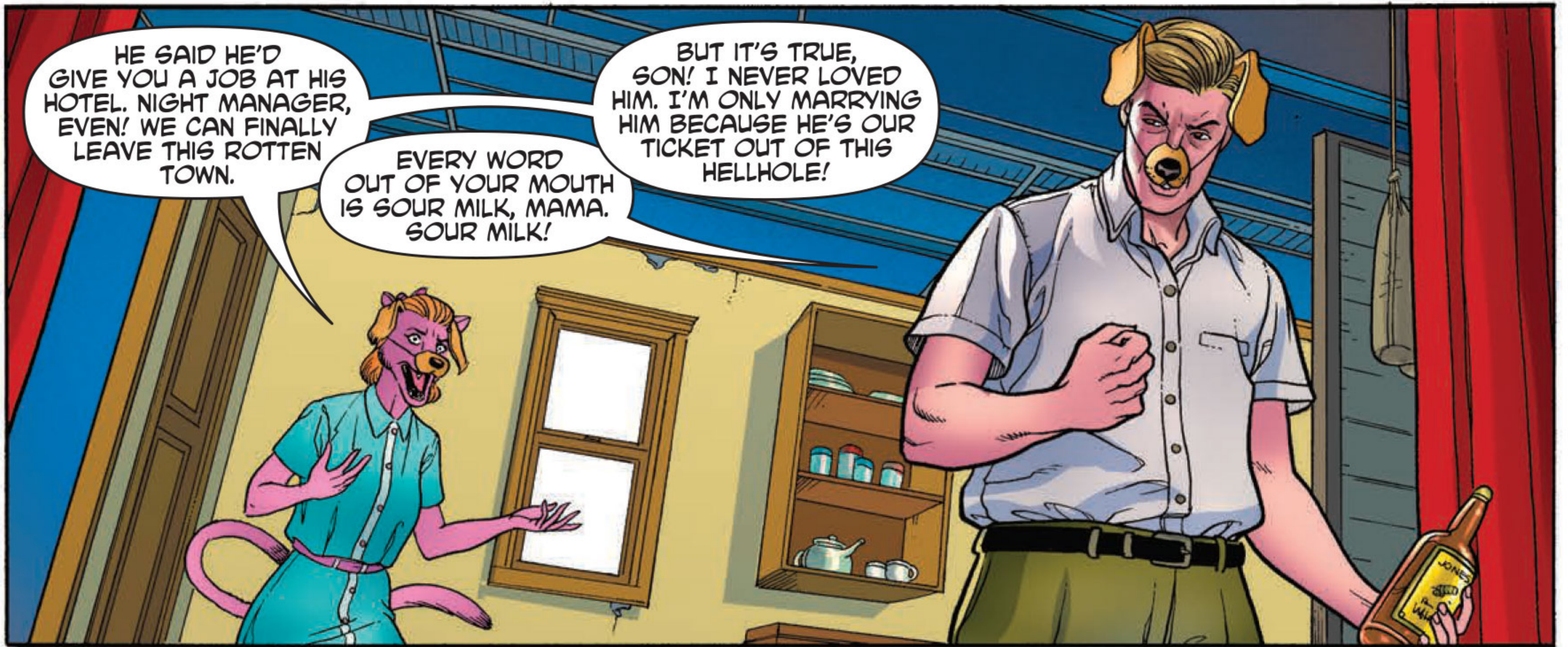
"PERSONALLY, I ALWAYS ADMIRERD THE ALGONQUIN ROUND TABLE. THE FINEST ASSEMBLAGE OF WITS IN AMERICAN HISTORY.



"AS A YOUNG KIT GROWING UP IN RURAL MISSISSIPPI, THEY WERE MY KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE. NEW YORK, MY CAMELOT."



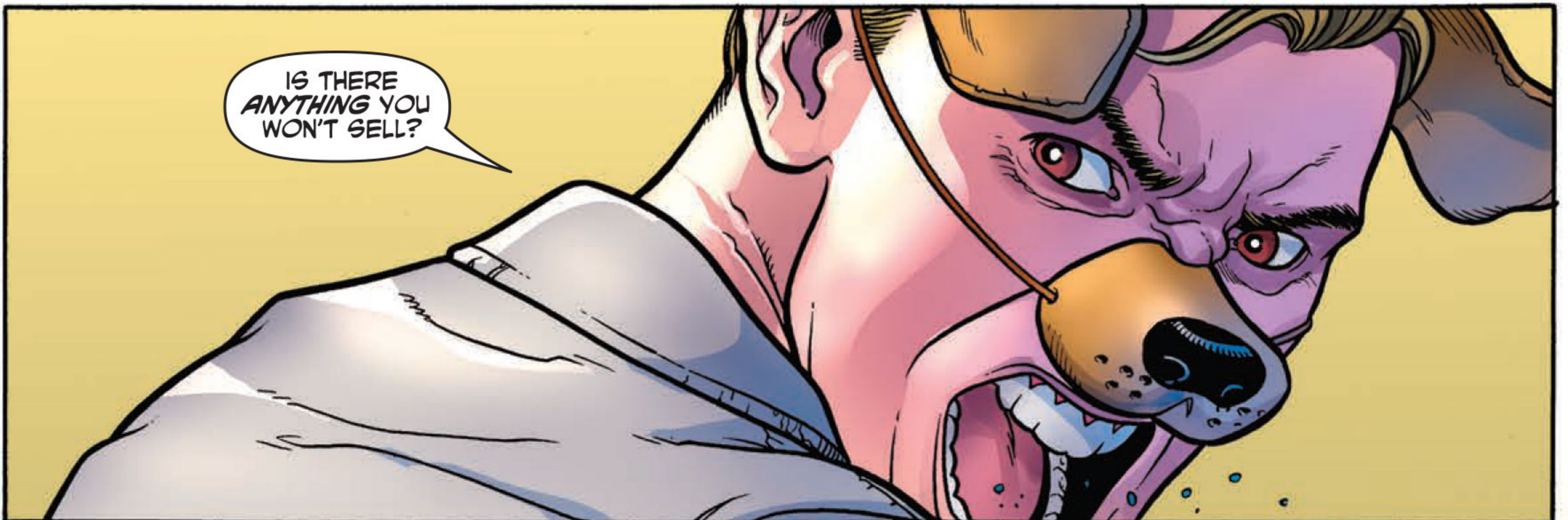
A YOUNG LION MAKES GOOD. ONLY IN AMERICA!



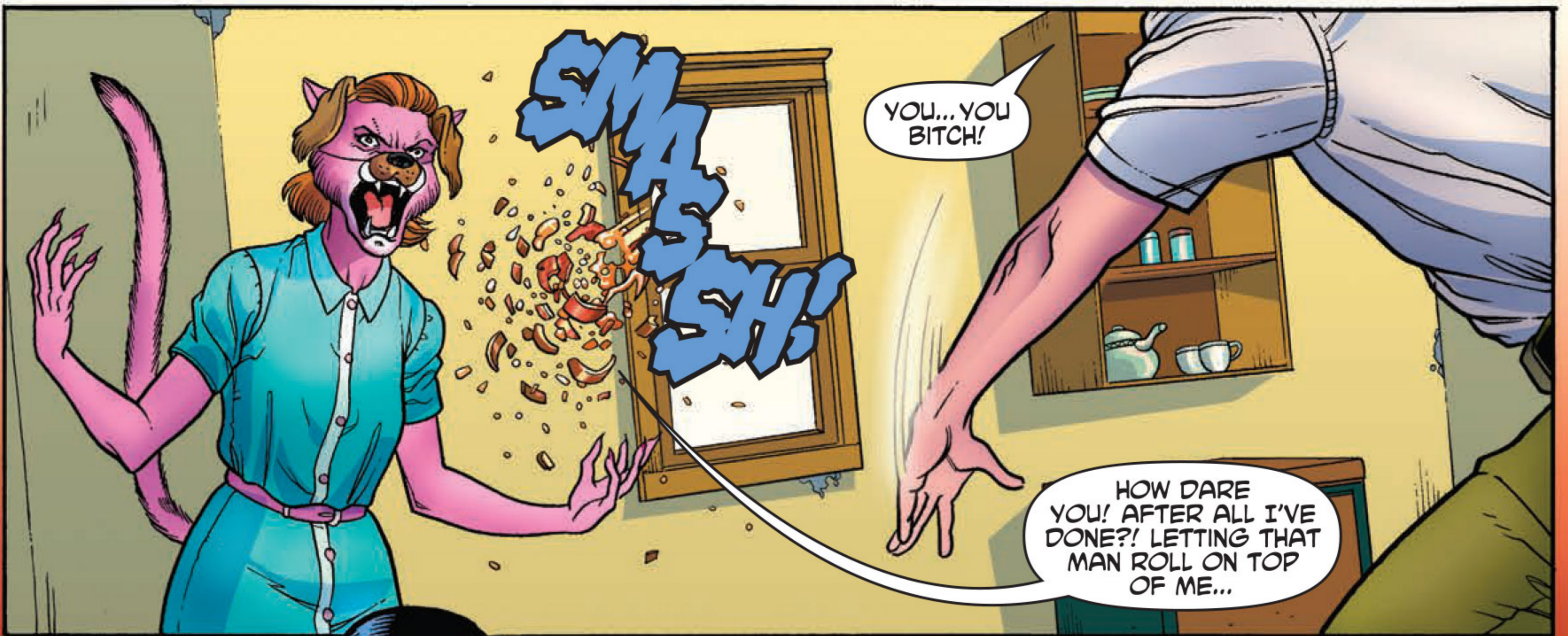
HE SAID HE'D GIVE YOU A JOB AT HIS HOTEL. NIGHT MANAGER, EVEN! WE CAN FINALLY LEAVE THIS ROTTEN TOWN.

EVERY WORD OUT OF YOUR MOUTH IS SOUR MILK, MAMA. SOUR MILK!

BUT IT'S TRUE, SON! I NEVER LOVED HIM. I'M ONLY MARRYING HIM BECAUSE HE'S OUR TICKET OUT OF THIS HELLHOLE!



IS THERE ANYTHING YOU WON'T SELL?



YOU... YOU BITCH!

HOW DARE YOU! AFTER ALL I'VE DONE?! LETTING THAT MAN ROLL ON TOP OF ME...

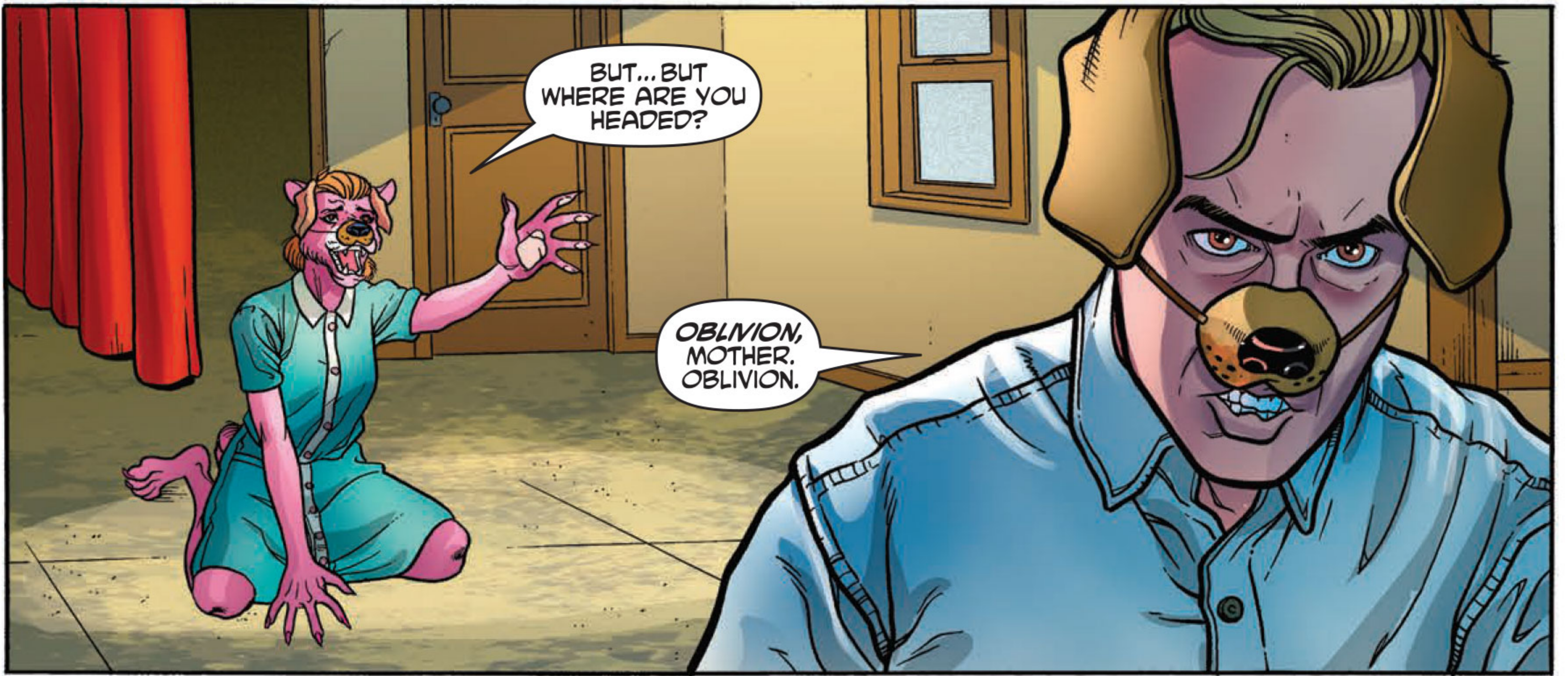


REMEMBER TO DO THE DRUNK LIMP WHEN YOU WALK ONSTAGE.

NOT A PROBLEM.

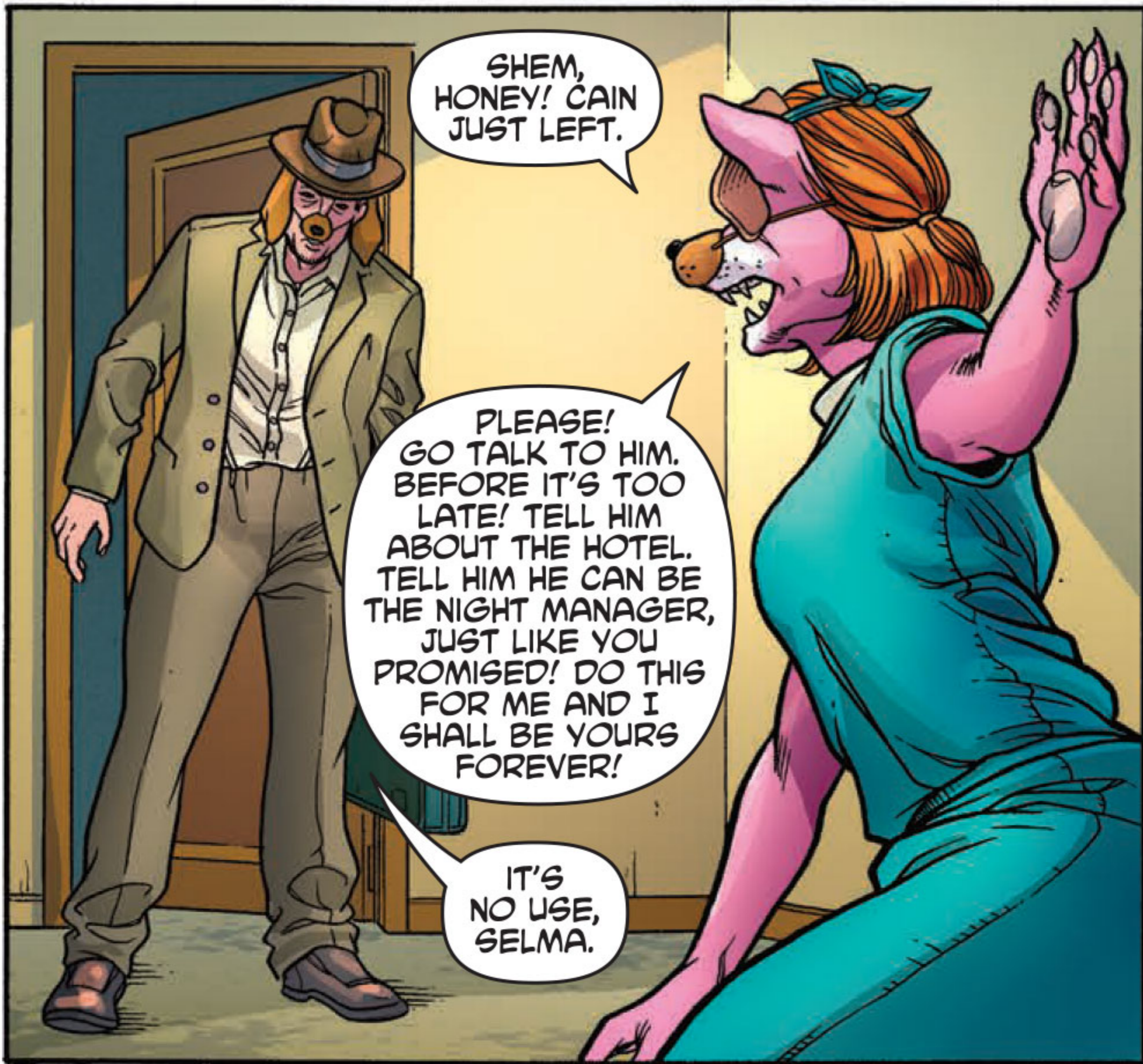
YOU'RE NOT ACTUALLY DRUNK, ARE YOU?

I'M LEAVING, MOTHER! NEVER SPEAK TO ME AGAIN!



BUT... BUT WHERE ARE YOU HEADED?

OBLIVION, MOTHER. OBLIVION.



SHEM, HONEY! CAIN JUST LEFT.

PLEASE! GO TALK TO HIM. BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! TELL HIM ABOUT THE HOTEL. TELL HIM HE CAN BE THE NIGHT MANAGER, JUST LIKE YOU PROMISED! DO THIS FOR ME AND I SHALL BE YOURS FOREVER!

IT'S NO USE, SELMA.



THEY FIRED ME FROM THE HOTEL.

BUT WE CAN STILL LEAVE TOWN! WITH YOUR SAVINGS...

I'M FLAT BUSTED. SPENT THE LAST OF MY MONEY AT THE TRACK.

BUT HOW... HOW COULD YOU?

I'M A DESPERATE MAN, SELMA. DESPERATE MEN TURN HOPES INTO WAGERS AND DREAMS INTO LIES.



THEN GET OUT! YOU SNAKE! GET OUT!

I'M SORRY, PEANUT. IT'S JUST THAT...

WHAT?!



COULD YOU LOAN ME FIFTY BUCKS? I GOT NOTHING IN THIS WORLD, BABY. NOTHING.

LEAVE!

