

--OPERATION!

AGGH!

YOU WORK FOR THE NAMES!

DID YOU KILL MY HUSBAND?

UGH!

THE SURGEON...

I MEAN, COME ON--

...WHO CALLS THEMSELVES THE SURGEON, EH, SON?

SOMEONE QUALIFIED...TO PERFORM INVASIVE TECHNIQUES TO TREAT ILLNESSES OR INJURY?

HE MIGHT BE QUALIFIED, BUT HE'S NOT TREATING ANY ILLNESSES.

THEN WHAT IS HE TREATING, FATHER?



THEN
WHAT IS
HE--



AAGH!

UGH! JUST
FOLLOWING
ORDERS?

YOU
ASKED...UGH...
FOR THE
TRUTH.



WHO
GAVE YOU THE
ORDER? WAS IT
THAT GUY WHO
PHONED ME?
STOKER?!

ENOUGH!



PUT YOUR HANDS IN
THE AIR NOW, OR I
CUT HIM. I KNOW WHAT
I'M DOING. HE'LL BE
BRAIN DEAD WITHIN
SECONDS.

A--ALL
RIGHT! ALL
RIGHT!



BHAFF!

BETTER.

UNNGH!

"OUR COLLECTION IS QUITE IMPRESSIVE."

"WE HAVE TWO EARLY DE KOONINGS, A SKETCH BY MATISSE, ONE PROTO-CUBIST WORK BY PICASSO, POSSIBLY BRAGUE..."

...ONE LOST JASPER JOHNS, ONE VERY IMPORTANT FRANCIS BACON OF HIS LOVER, GEORGE DYER, AND FINALLY TWO EARLY EDWARD HOPPERS.

ESTIMATED AUCTION VALUE ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY MILLION DOLLARS.

OUR LITTLE ART APPRECIATION CLUB HAS DONE RATHER WELL THIS TIME.

WHEN YOU'RE READY, GENTLEMEN.

WOOSH



YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT OUR FRIEND. HE IS OUT OF CONTROL.

I'VE GOT A LOT OF PEOPLE LOOKING FOR HIM, BUT I KNOW HOW GOOD YOU ARE AT THESE THINGS.

THAT WACKO NEEDS A DOCTOR.



A NAMES MEDIC FOUND HIM IN A BAR IN THE MEATPACKING DISTRICT. HE OFFERED HIM HELP, MEDICATION.

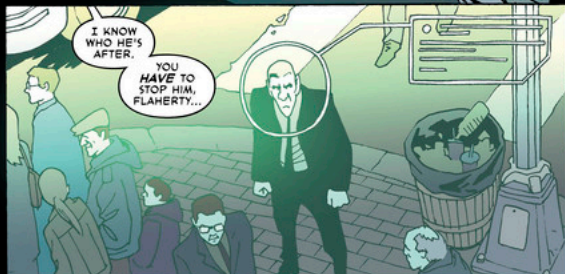
AND?



"AND PART OF THE MEDIC'S JAW AND SKULL ARE STILL MISSING."

WE TRACED HIM TO WALL STREET, NOT FAR FROM HERE, AT FIRST I THOUGHT HE WAS COMING AFTER ME.

BUT NO.



I KNOW WHO HE'S AFTER.

YOU HAVE TO STOP HIM, FLAHERTY...