

Strangeness in the Night

ART AND STORY:
GREGORY DAMIEN GRINNELL
LETTERS: ROO GRUBIS

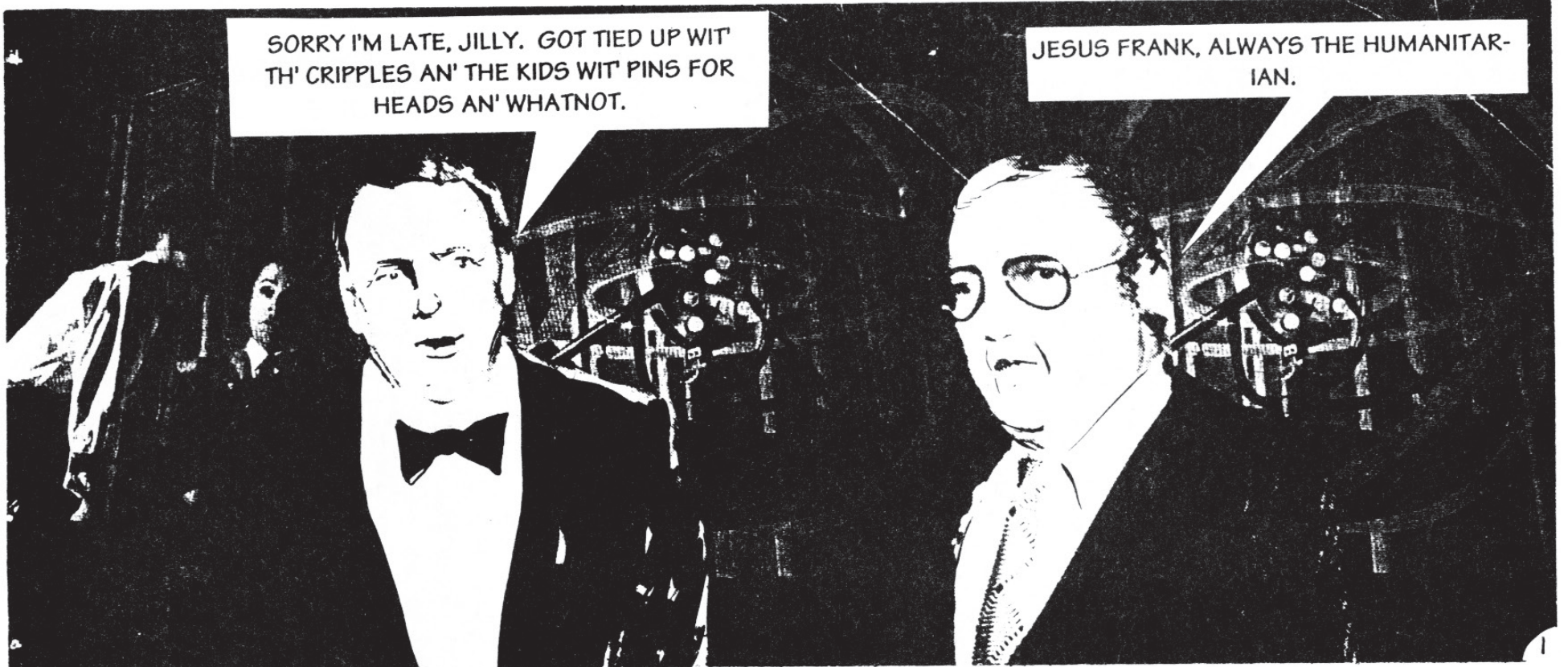
LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

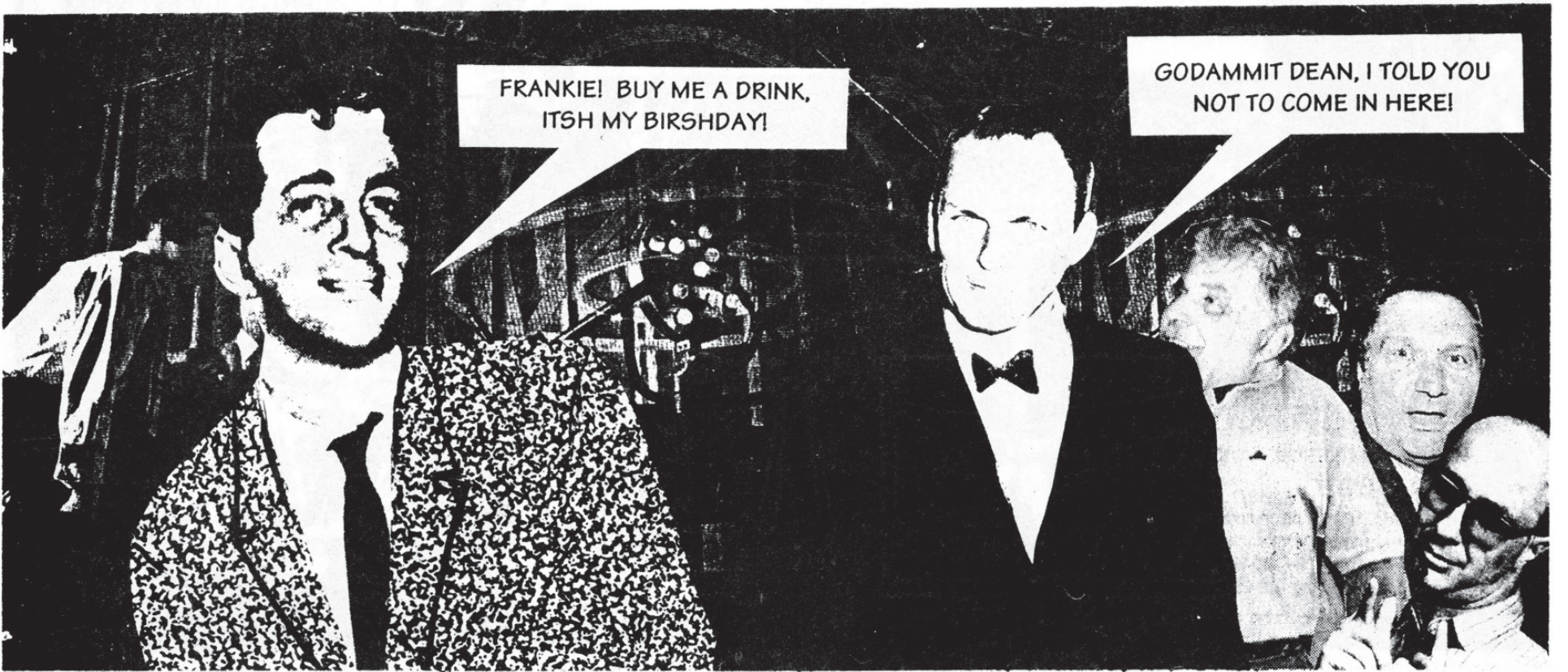
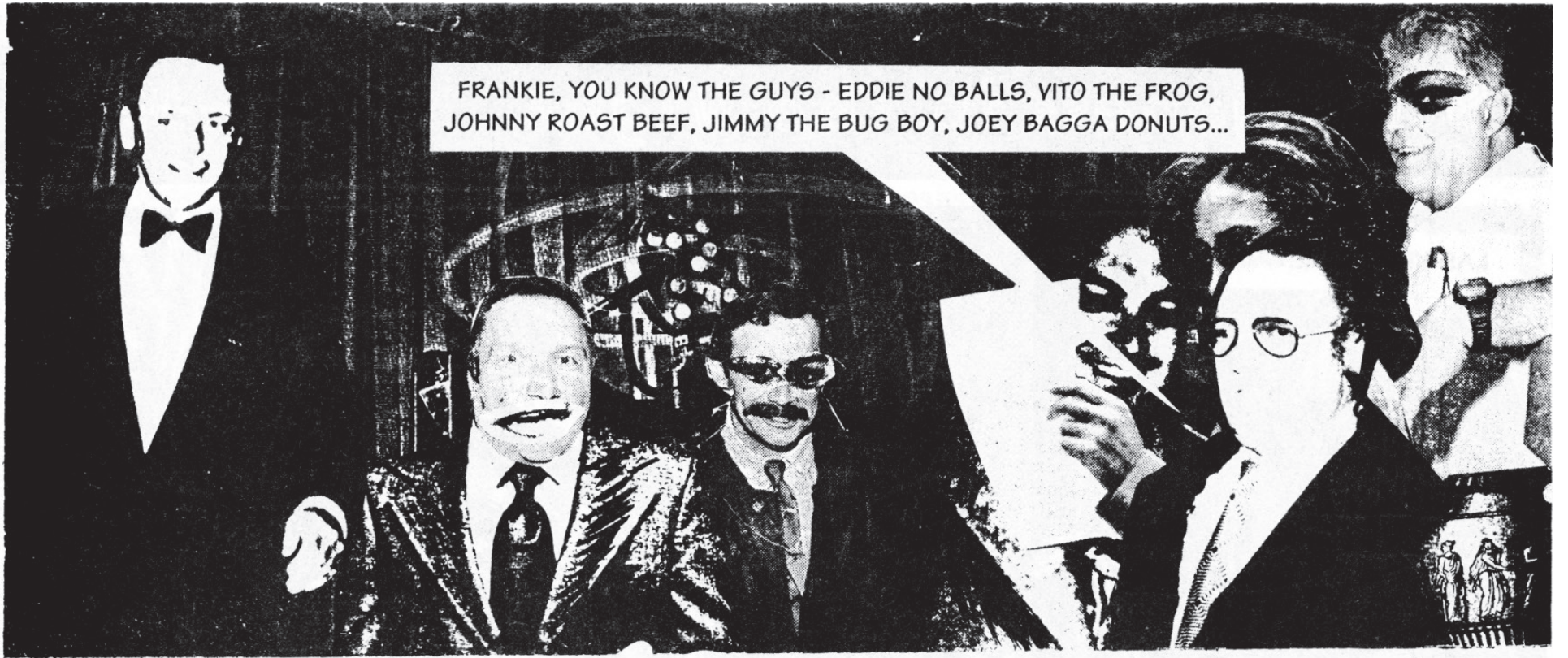
WHADDA YOU GUYS WANT ME TO SIGN YOUR CASTS?



SORRY I'M LATE, JILLY. GOT TIED UP WIT'
TH' CRIPPLES AN' THE KIDS WIT' PINS FOR
HEADS AN' WHATNOT.

JESUS FRANK, ALWAYS THE HUMANITAR-
IAN.

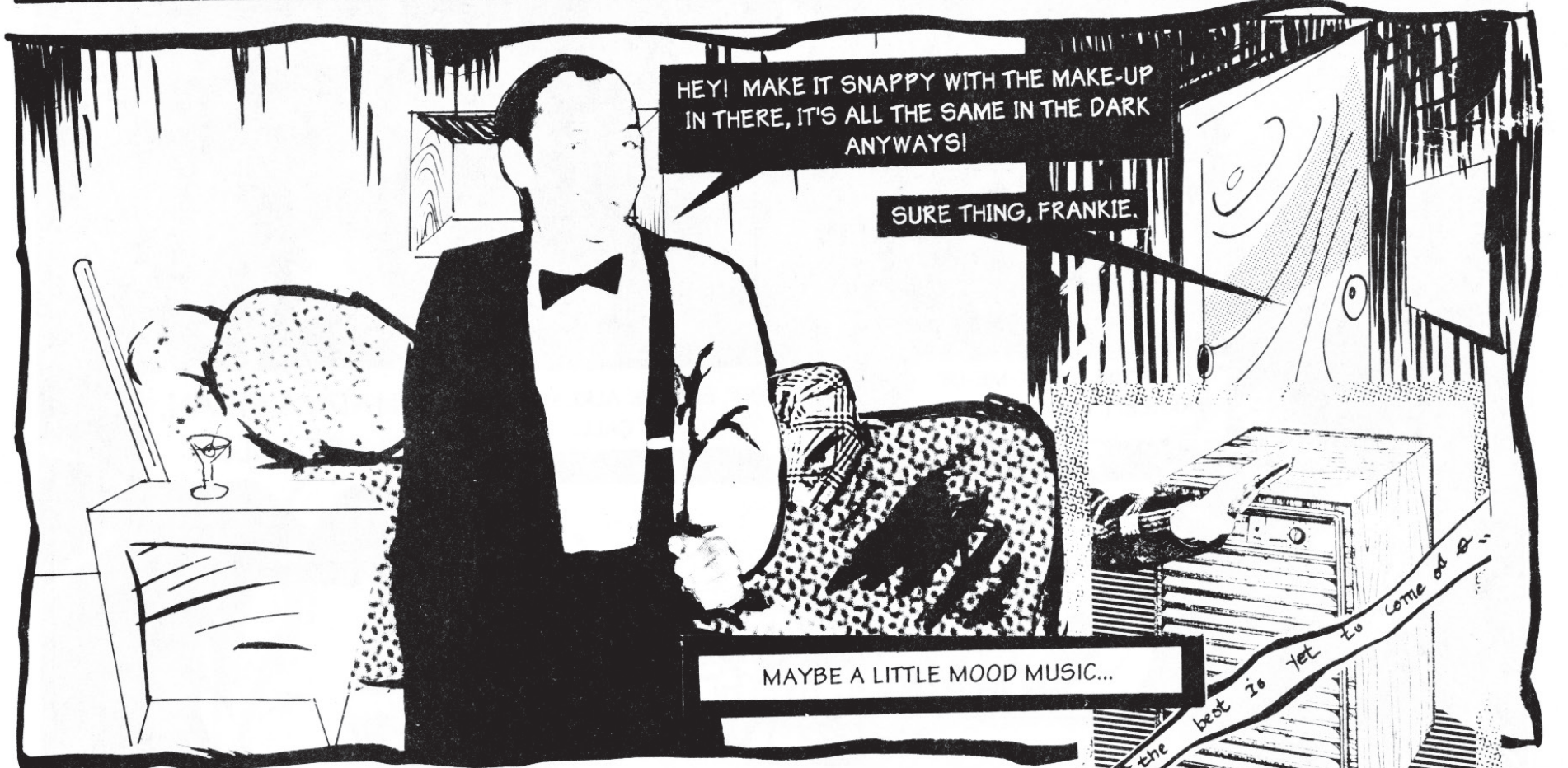






AH, I GOTTA GO ANYWAYS. I GOT SOME BROAD UPSTAIRS I GOTTA GO BANG.

OKAY, SEE YA FRANKIE.

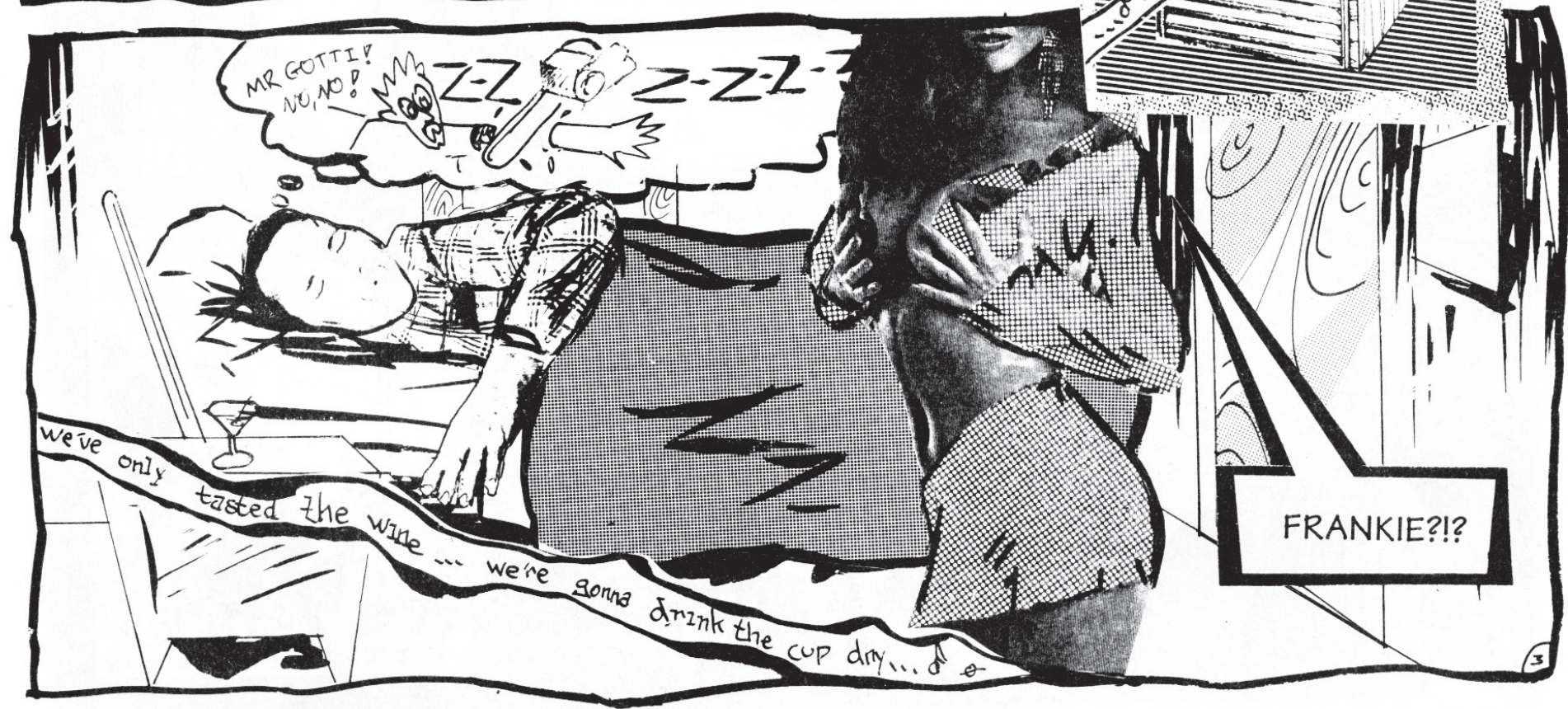


HEY! MAKE IT SNAPPY WITH THE MAKE-UP IN THERE, IT'S ALL THE SAME IN THE DARK ANYWAYS!

SURE THING, FRANKIE.

MAYBE A LITTLE MOOD MUSIC...

...the best is yet to come of &

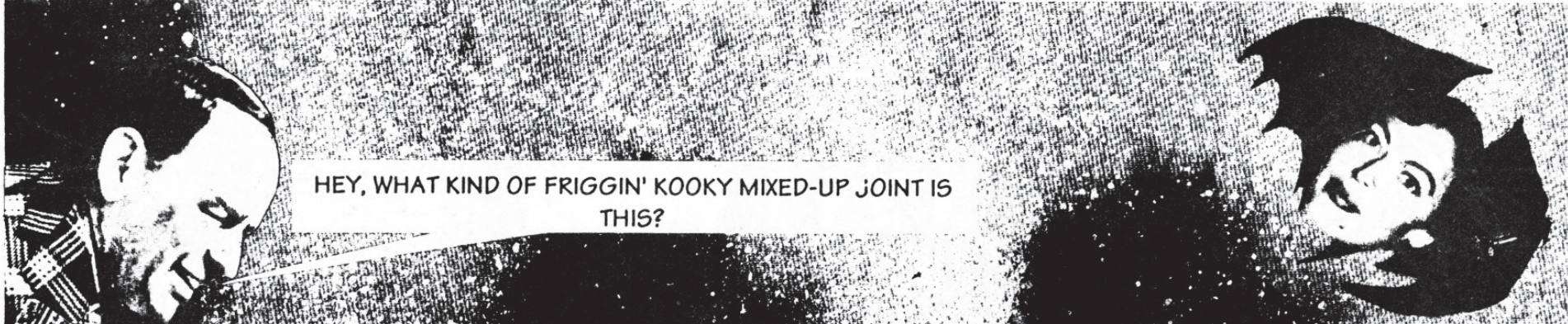


MR GOTTIE!
NO, NO!


Z-Z-Z-Z

we've only tasted the wine ... we're gonna drink the cup dry... &

FRANKIE!?!?



HEY, WHAT KIND OF FRIGGIN' KOOKY MIXED-UP JOINT IS THIS?



AH, MAYBE A PICK-ME-UP. BARKEEP! CHIVAS. NEAT.

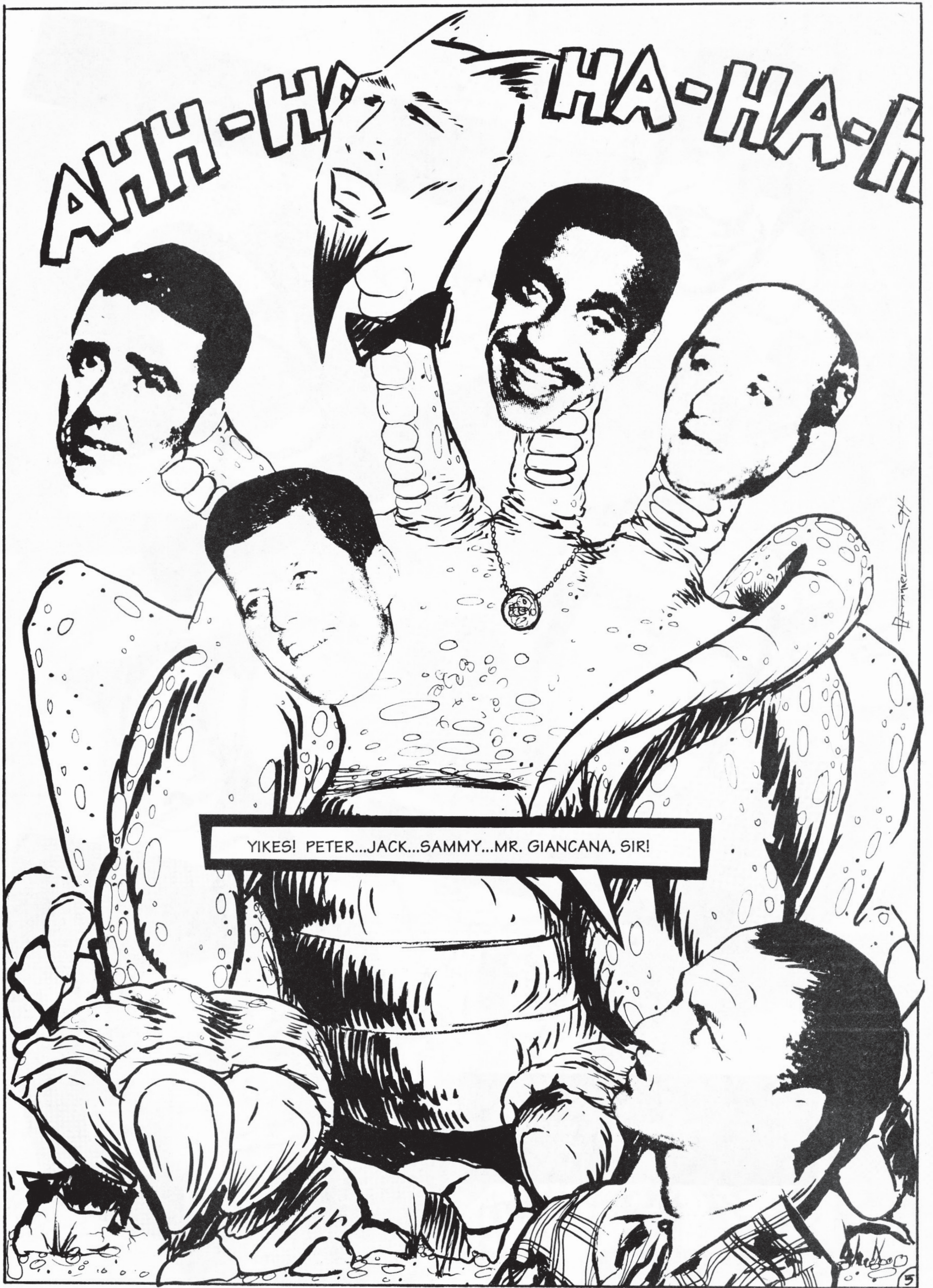
SORRY, SIR. WE ALREADY HAD LAST CALL.

WHAD'YA MEAN, "LAST CALL"?



SORRY SIR, IT'S ALWAYS LAST CALL...





YIKES! PETER...JACK...SAMMY...MR. GIANCANA, SIR!



FRANK MAN, WE TRIED TO WARN YOU. YOU CAN'T BE THE CAT THAT JUST SWINGS 'ROUND BLOWIN' OTHER PEOPLE'S SCENES, DIG?



...AND BEING MEAN TO DEAN MARTIN ON HIS BIRTHDAY.



YEAH, FRANK. WHY YOU GOTTA BE SUCH A FRIGGIN' SCUCCIA?

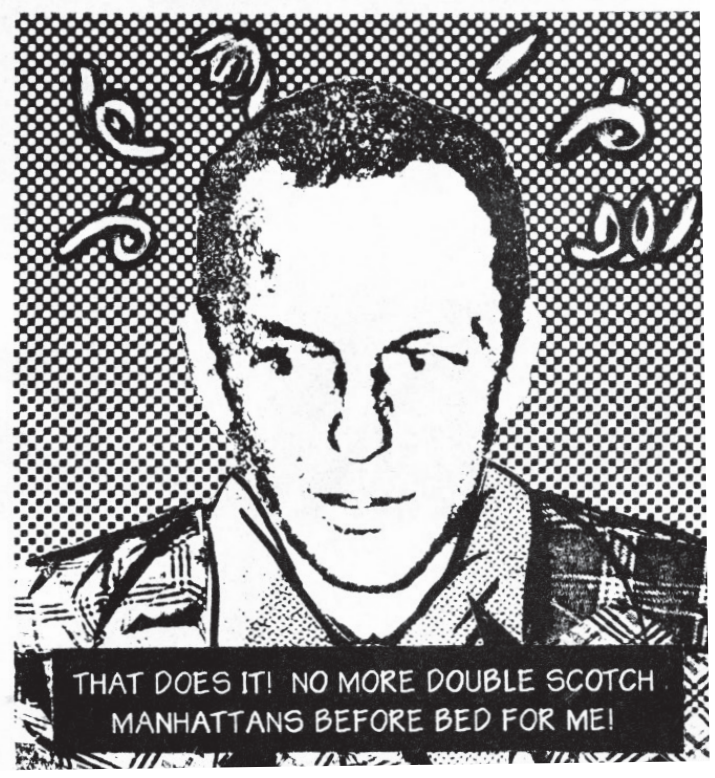


SORRY TO, AH, SAY, FRANK, THE, AH, DIE IS AH, CAST. YOU'VE BEEN CONDEMNED TO AH, SPEND ALL ETERNITY AS AH...



...HARRY CONNICK JR.'S
LIGHT MAN!!!

HEY POPS! EASY WITH THE HI-BEAMS, MAN,
YER GIVIN' ME A HEADACHE!



THAT DOES IT! NO MORE DOUBLE SCOTCH
MANHATTANS BEFORE BED FOR ME!

