



































TOUGH CROWD.



HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO STING YOU CLOWNS BEFORE YOU GET IT THROUGH YOUR THICK HEADS?

THERE ARE NO MEETS BETWEEN FAMILIES IN THIS TOWN THAT *I'M* NOT A PART OF.

CAPICE? ASO?



WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?! HE CAN'T HAVE ENOUGH DARTS FOR *ALL* OF US.

CHOK

BUT I BET WE GOT ENOUGH BULLETS FOR HIM.



DID YOU JUST COCK YOUR GUN?

WHAT?

YOU WERE ALREADY POINTING YOUR GUN AT ME, AND THEN YOU JUST COCKED IT DURING THAT WHOLE "I BET WE GOT ENOUGH BULLETS FOR HIM" MOMENT.

I MEAN, I LIKE DRAMA AS MUCH AS THE NEXT GUY, OBVIOUSLY. BUT WHO THE HELL POINTS AN *UN*-COCKED GUN AT SOMEBODY?



IT'S ABOUT AS STUPID AS SHOWING UP ALONE IN A ROOM FULLA STRAPPED KILLERS WITH JUST A PAIR OF DART GUNS.









AH.  
HERE  
IT IS.

PARKING  
BAD THIS  
TIME OF  
NIGHT?

MURDER.

PLEASE.  
DON'T GIVE  
'EM ANY  
IDEAS.



