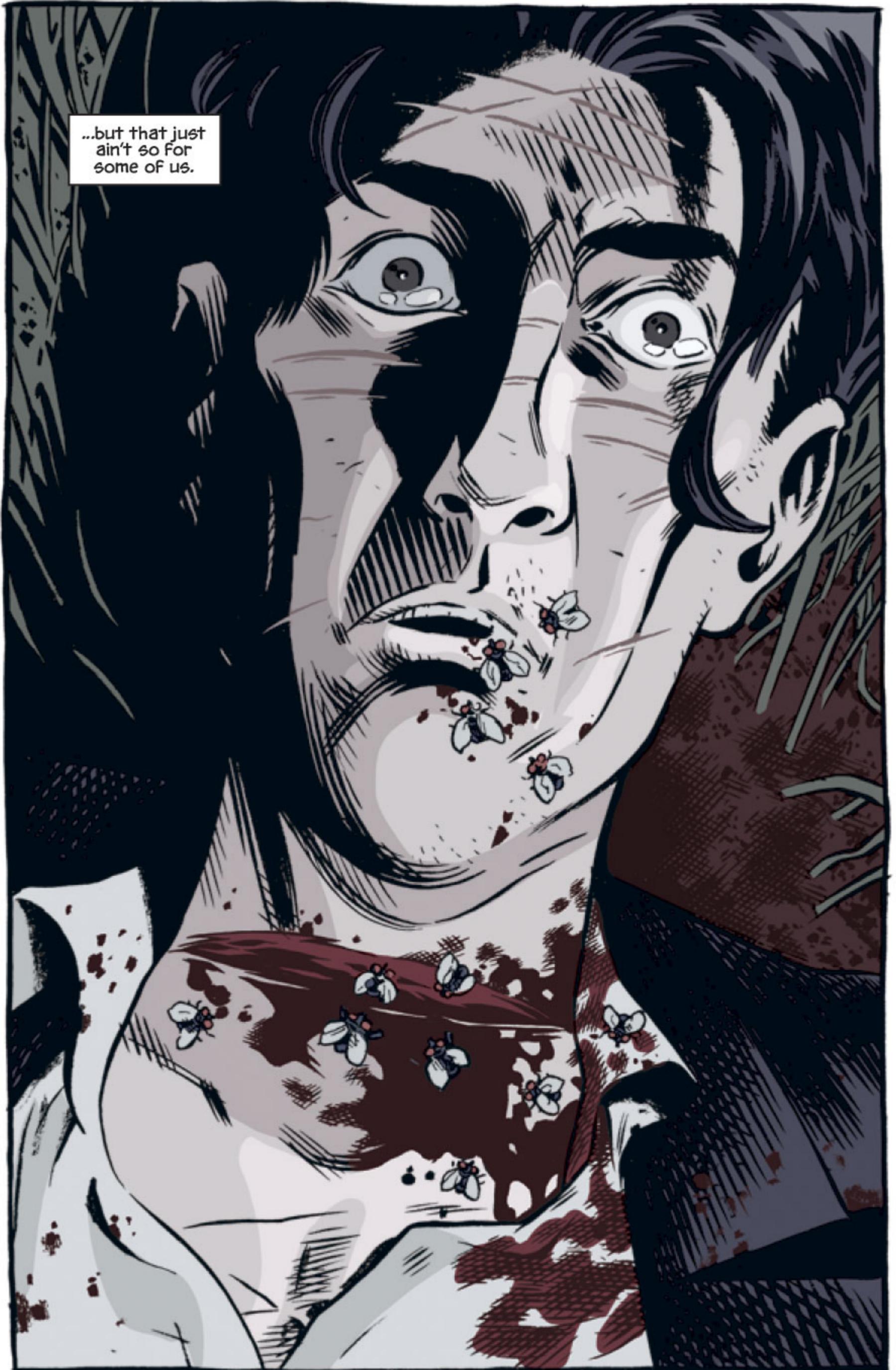


...but that just
ain't so for
some of us.





Why are we worryin' with a stiff anyway?

The bulls will find him soon enough, once he starts stinkin'.

Quit yer bellyachin', Dutch.

You ain't paid to gripe, and I ain't paid *near enough* to listen to yer gums flappin'.



I'll get his feet. You take his hands.



Hrggk!





Excuse me waiter, but there's a fly in my—

Shaddup.



You shoulda known better than to play the double-cross, Dutch.



Ptu!



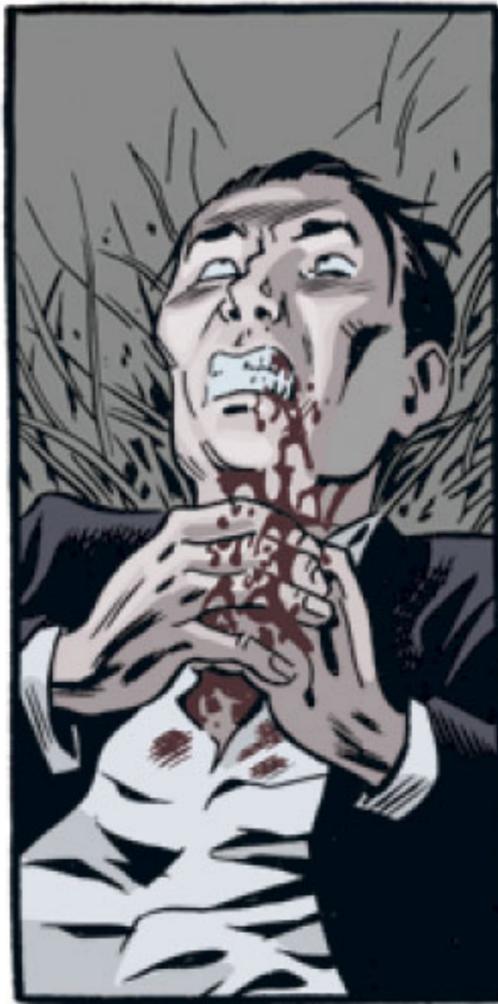
Took you guys long enough.

I smell like [redacted]

How long have I been out here?



Not nearly long enough, Eddie.





Alphonse Aligheri.

He's everything you might expect in a crime boss. Cunning... ruthless...



Pretty much a complete sonovabitch.

Big Al?



Eddie! Come in and take a load off!

How ya been?



Dead.



But you knew that already, so why waste your breath asking?

...not to mention,
he's a *demon*.



No law against
being courteous to
an old friend,
is there?



We're friends
again, is that it?
Last I heard, you
didn't care if I
lived or died.

Makes a guy
wonder *why* you
pulled him out of
the gutter.



You're an
ungrateful piece of
work, you know that,
Eddie?

As far as I'm
concerned, the
world's a better place
without you in it.



The boss here
wants to dust you off,
though, so that's
fine by me.

But you're
bent if you think
I'm gonna let you
spit in his face.

