

A hair after 3am,  
May 12, 1987.

This is the Stage East Nightclub,  
in some godforsaken coastal  
Connecticut town, about 45  
minutes from New York City.

Off in the distance, even  
at this hour, I can hear the  
rumble of traffic heading  
towards Manhattan on I-95.

Christ, I wish I was  
headed back there  
with them.

Instead, I'm here. Clubs like this  
dot the country (hell, the world)!  
I've been in them all. I know every  
vomit-covered bathroom, back  
office, and dressing room.

The music business is  
exploding, it's flush with cash.  
MTV is on 24/7, breaking  
new artists and creating  
demand for new live venues.

A middle-aged loser with a  
taste for the rock and roll  
lifestyle finds a deserted  
building in a lousy area of  
town and decides he'll cash in.

A fresh coat of paint (off-white  
outside, black on the inside) and  
a new club opens for business.

Before long there's regret.  
This isn't the glamorous,  
money-making side of the  
music business. It's hard  
work for a tiny slice.

Booking agents bleed you  
dry for bands who don't  
draw crowds. Bartenders are  
on the take. The local mob  
supplies booze at astronomical  
cost and demands a cut on top.

If they don't get  
paid, your place burns  
down one night.

Historically, the industry  
has been pretty mobbed-up.  
There's a lot of conflict,  
but people "like" me. Or  
they act like they do...I  
can't be sure anymore...

And because  
of all this,  
I'm being held  
hostage by four  
of the most  
vicious scumbags  
I've ever met.

|||w

# GUNNING FOR NOTS MUSIC THRILLER



OKAY, WEASEL--  
YOU WANNA END  
THIS TONIGHT? GIVE  
US SIX MILLION  
DOLLARS!

Oh Christ.

**JEFF ROUGVIE**  
WORDS

**MORITAT**  
ART

**CASEY SILVER**  
COLORS + LETTERS



WAIT...  
WHAT?

ARE  
YOU DEAF? I  
SAID SIX MILLION  
DOLLARS AND  
THIS CAN BE  
ALL OVER!

NO--NOT  
THE MONEY,  
WE'LL GET  
TO THAT.

BUT...  
WEASEL?



YOU KNOW WHAT  
I MEAN--RECORD  
COMPANY WEASEL.  
THAT'S WHAT THEY  
CALL YOU GUYS,  
RIGHT?

I'm in the music business, an  
A&R guy. It's my job to sign  
bands. Even the very best  
of us only have a hit about  
half the time. I figured out  
how to do a little better.



This is how bands negotiate  
record deals. It's my job to  
take some of their shit, talk  
some sense to them, and close.

OKAY, SURE.  
I'M A WEASEL.  
TELL ME DIANE,  
WHAT DO YOU  
WANT?



WE WANT  
A SIX-MILLION  
-DOLLAR  
DEAL.

YOU WILL  
MAKE US  
MILLIONAIRES.

Diane here is Billy's  
manager. And girlfriend.  
This is usually a terrible  
combination.