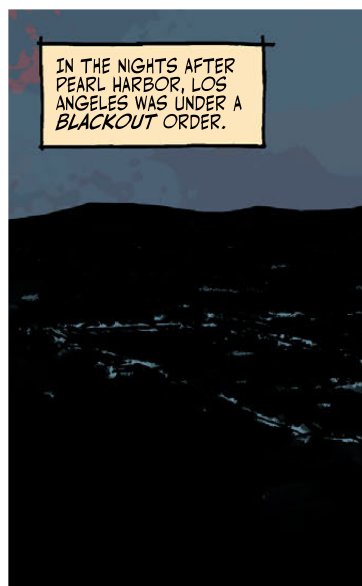


The Wild Party



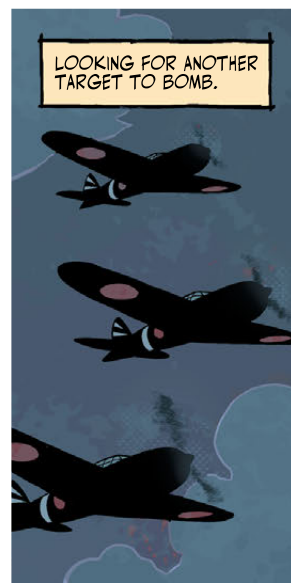
CHARLIE STILL THOUGHT ABOUT THE *PHANTOM PLANES* SOMETIMES.



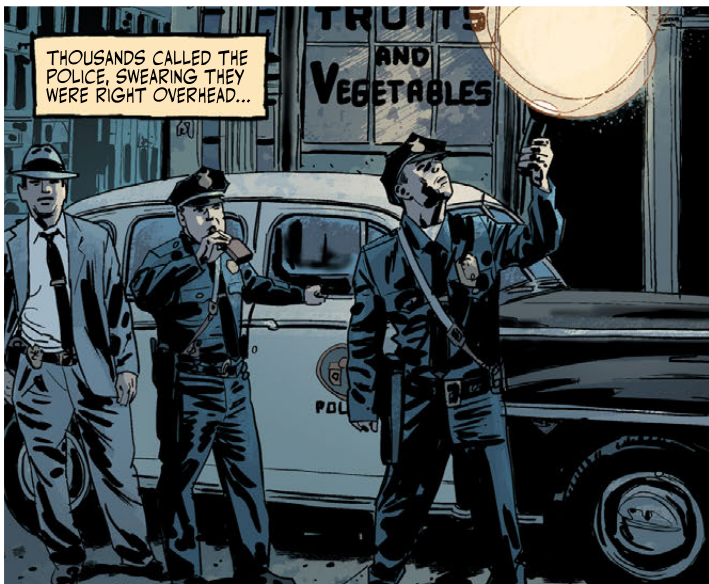
IN THE NIGHTS AFTER PEARL HARBOR, LOS ANGELES WAS UNDER A *BLACKOUT ORDER*.



BUT AFTER MIDNIGHT, SQUADRONS OF JAPANESE FIGHTERS WERE HEARD BUZZING BACK AND FORTH OVER THE CITY...



LOOKING FOR ANOTHER TARGET TO BOMB.



Los Angeles
Fall - 1948

...HELLO...?

CHARLIE KNEW THIS PLACE. IT WAS ONE OF THOSE LITTLE BUNGALOWS IN STUDIO CITY.

WHERE THEY STASHED CONTRACT PLAYERS, TO KEEP THEM CLOSE TO SET.

BUT HOW DID HE GET THERE?

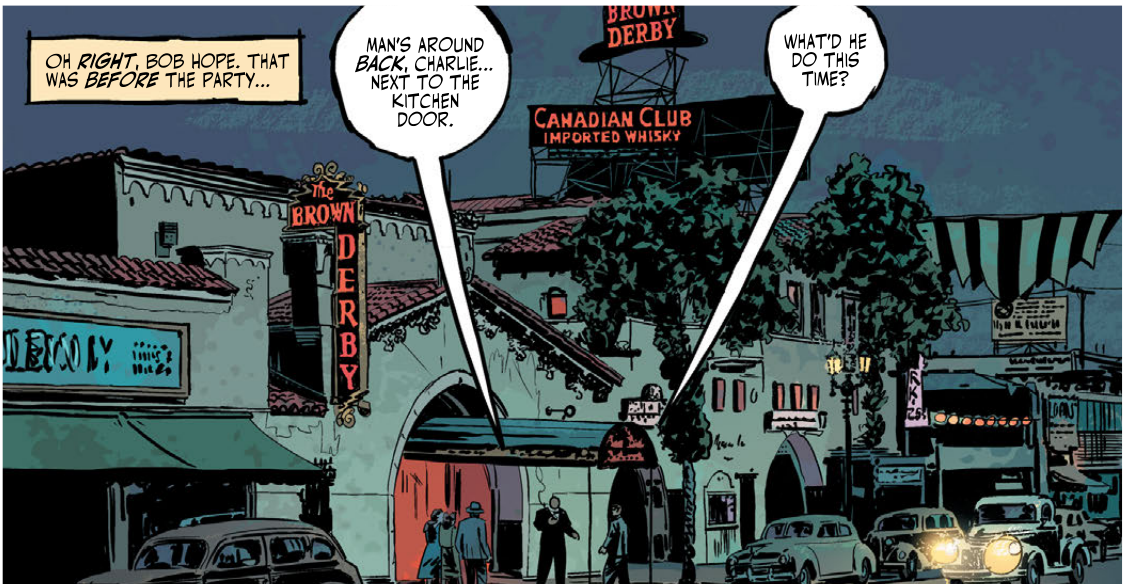
WHAT DID HE REMEMBER FROM LAST NIGHT?

OH YEAH... THE PARTY.

WATCH IT, JACK.

OH, THE GREAT WHITE HUNTER... RIGHT.

EVEN BOB HOPE COULD KICK YOUR ASS.





THIS IS WHO YOU CALL, JIMMIE...?

NOT GOIN' ANYWHERE WITH THIS... THIS FUCKING TRAITOR.



JUST GET UP, GIL... YOU'VE GOTTA GET HOME.

THOUGHT YOU TWO WERE PALS?



HAI! MY FIST IS PALS WITH HIS FACE!



I CAN TAKE IT FROM HERE.

THANKS, CHARLIE.



FUCK'RE YOU STARING AT?



I DON'T KNOW... MAYBE THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS YET-TO-COME...



WHAT... ..FUCK YOU...