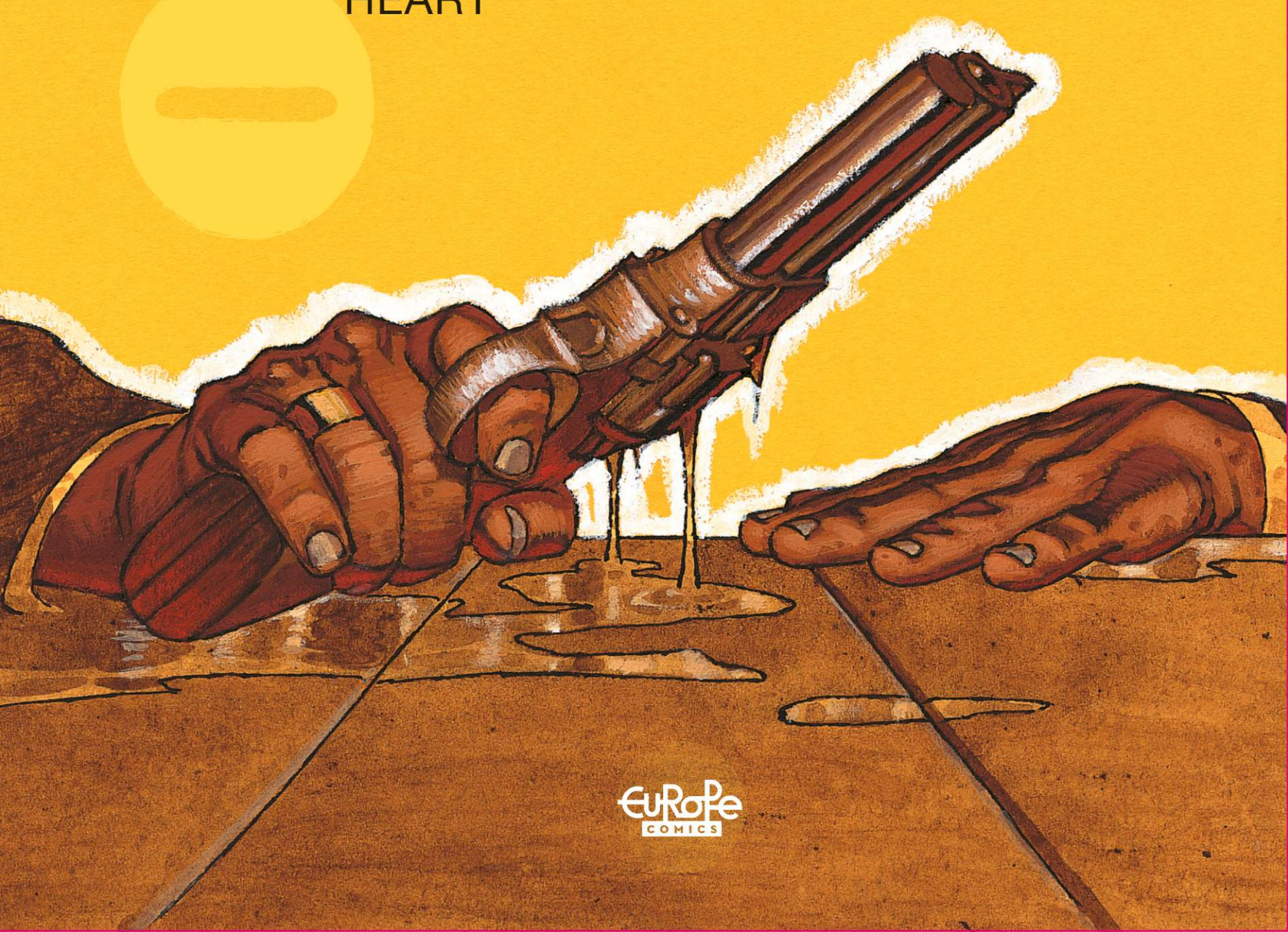
Lethal Lullaby

ONE

PHILIPPE TOME

RALPH MEYER

TELENKO'S HEART



EUROPE COMICS

LEthAL
LuLLaby

To Barbara and Gérard, for the rainless storms of Del Rio.

TOME

Thanks to Boon' Van Dick and Jean-Claude Hubert, aka Mister Debased.
For Mikerlé and Gottelé, with affection.

RALPH

LETHAL LULLABY

TELENKO'S HEART

PHILIPPE TOME RALPH MEYER

EUROPE COMICS - ALL DIGITAL. ALL EUROPEAN.
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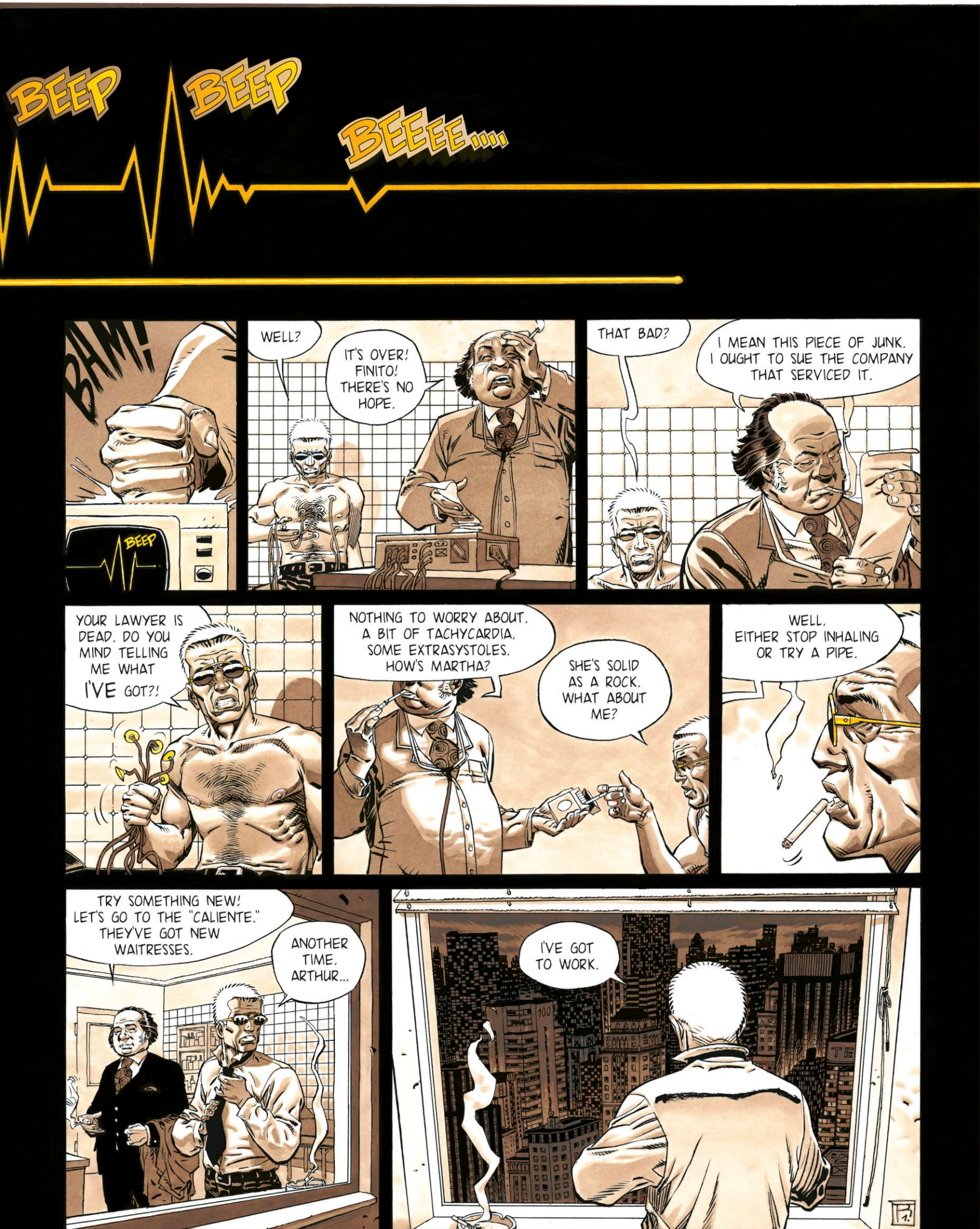
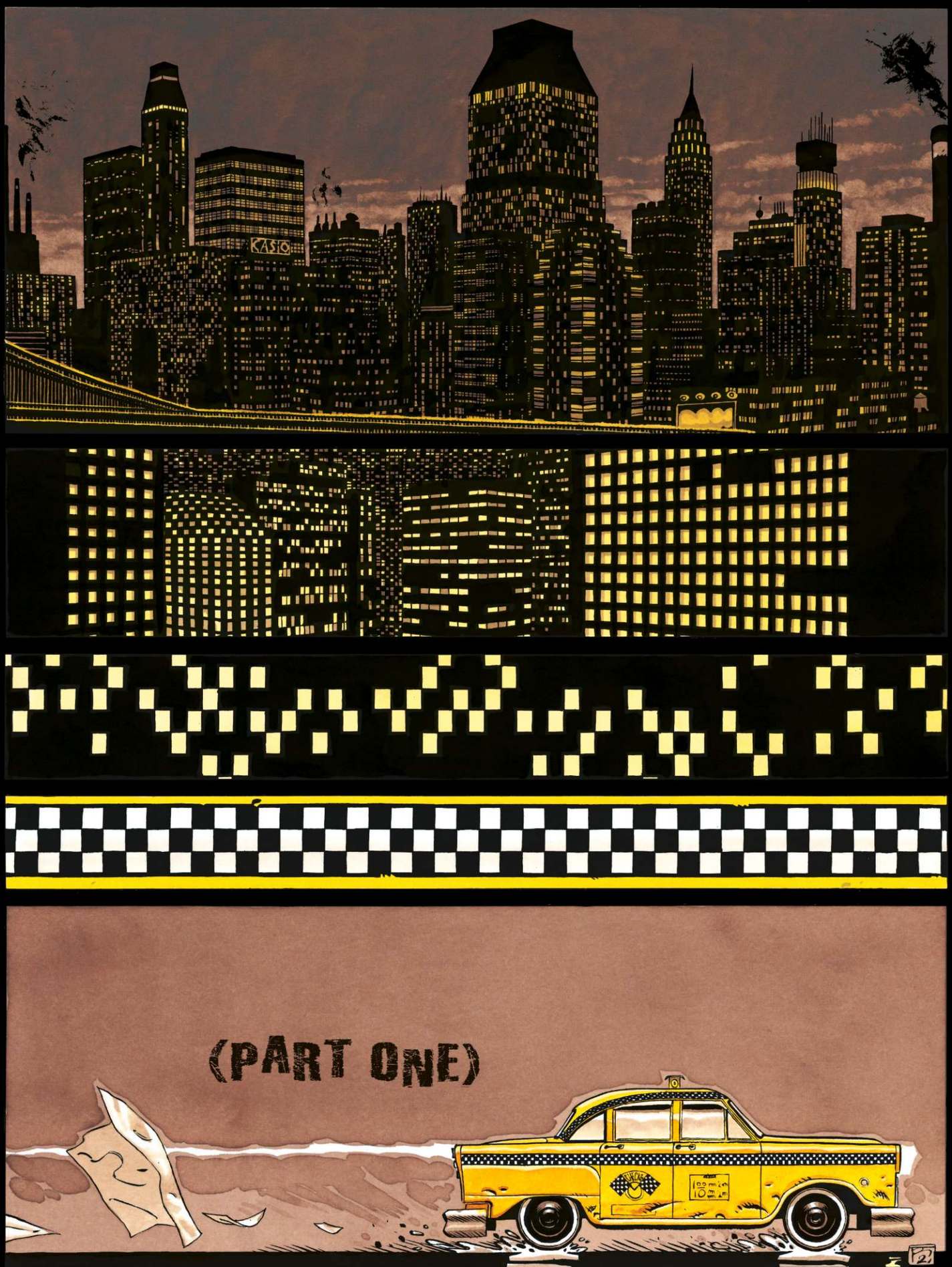

BEEP BEEP BEEEE...
BAM!
BEEP
WELL?
IT'S OVER! FINITO! THERE'S NO HOPE.
THAT BAD?
I MEAN THIS PIECE OF JUNK. I OUGHT TO SUE THE COMPANY THAT SERVICED IT.
YOUR LAWYER IS DEAD. DO YOU MIND TELLING ME WHAT I'VE GOT?!
NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. A BIT OF TACHYCARDIA, SOME EXTRASYSTOLES. HOW'S MARTHA?
SHE'S SOLID AS A ROCK. WHAT ABOUT ME?
WELL, EITHER STOP INHALING OR TRY A PIPE.
TRY SOMETHING NEW! LET'S GO TO THE "CALIENTE." THEY'VE GOT NEW WAITRESSES.
ANOTHER TIME, ARTHUR...
I'VE GOT TO WORK.


KASIO
(PART ONE)

I REMEMBER THAT WAS THE NIGHT I DECIDED TO KILL MARTHA.
JUST AFTER LEAVING ARTHUR AT THE "CAFE CALIENTE."
Caliente Café
SO, NO REGRETS, OLD TIMER?
NONE. AND DON'T CALL ME "OLD."
THE DOC AND I ARE THE SAME AGE. HIS WIFE DIED LAST YEAR. EVER SINCE, HE SEEMS TO GET YOUNGER AND I SEEM TO AGE TWICE AS FAST.
TELENKO? YOU'VE GOT A FARE! 2001 WESTLAKE STREET
LENNON'S RESURRECTION AS A BIRD!
I DON'T REMEMBER WHEN THE PAIN STARTED. MAYBE A YEAR OR TWO AGO. REMINDS ME OF THIS GUY...
TELENKO?!
...IN A MOVIE. HE COULD HEAR HIS HEART STOP EVERY TEN OR FIFTEEN BEATS. SAME HERE.
MY PULSE SOMETIMES GETS THE HICCUPS FOR A FEW SECONDS.
THEN THE TICKER BEATS NORMALLY AGAIN.
OK! ON MY WAY!
HEART ATTACKS ARE THE NUMBER ONE CAUSE OF DEATH FOR MEN MY AGE.
AND IT'S EVEN WORSE IF YOU'RE UNDER STRESS. LIKE IF YOUR WIFE HATES YOU, FOR EXAMPLE.

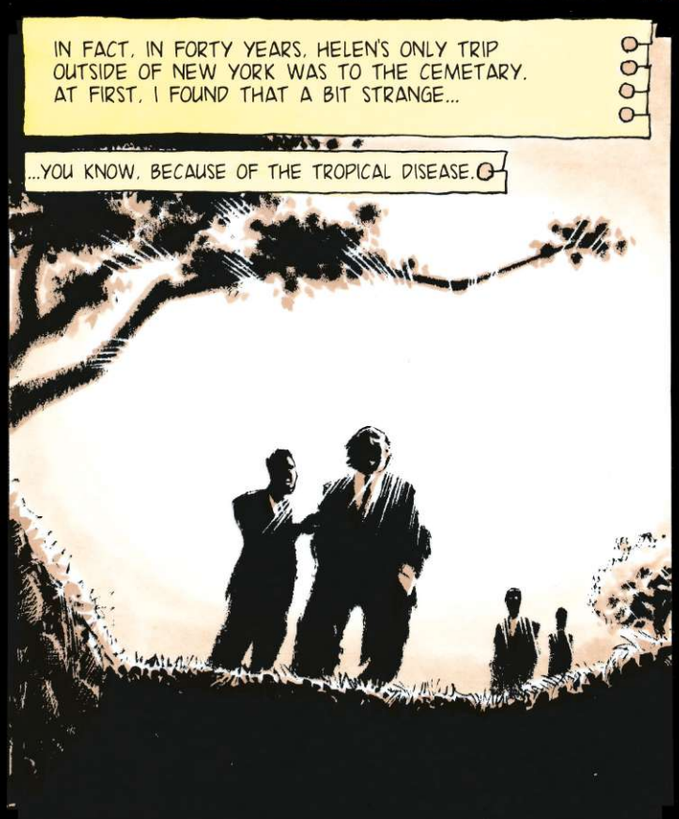
THAT'S WHAT ARTHUR SAYS ANYWAY. HE'S MORE OPEN ABOUT THAT SUBJECT SINCE LOSING HIS WIFE.
WESTLAKE ST
STRONG EMOTIONS AND PHYSICAL EXERTION ONLY MAKE IT WORSE. MY PULSE RACES AS IT APPROACHES THE SILENCE AFTER EVERY SIXTH OR SEVENTH BEAT. ARTHUR SAYS...
2001
HELLO?
TAXI, MISS!
...IT'S NOT SERIOUS. I HAVE MORE TROUBLE SHAKING THE IDEA THAT ONE DAY, THERE MAY BE NO MORE BEATS, JUST THE SILENCE IN BETWEEN AND NO ONE THERE TO TAKE MY PERMANENTLY INTERRUPTED PULSE.
THE GUY IN THE MOVIE SAYS THAT TOO, AND HE DIES AT THE END.
IS YOUR CAB FAR?
THAT'S IT.
GET IT CLOSER! WE'VE GOT BAGS!

ST. BASIL'S HOSPITAL! LET'S ROLL!
IT'S NOT NEXT DOOR! DON'T YOU WANT AN AMBULANCE?

DRIVE! MY HUSBAND'S DYING.

THAT'S ALMOST WORD FOR WORD WHAT ARTHUR SAID ABOUT HIS WIFE JUST BEFORE SHE DIED FROM SOME TROPICAL DISEASE.

THINGS WEREN'T GREAT BETWEEN THEM, BUT ARTHUR WAS EXEMPLARY IN CARING FOR HER AT HOME UNTIL THE END. "THIS IS WHERE SHE BELONGS," HE'D SAY.


IN FACT, IN FORTY YEARS, HELEN'S ONLY TRIP OUTSIDE OF NEW YORK WAS TO THE CEMETARY. AT FIRST, I FOUND THAT A BIT STRANGE...
...YOU KNOW, BECAUSE OF THE TROPICAL DISEASE.

JUST LIKE MARTHA, HELEN HATED CIGARETTES. AFTER SHE DIED, ARTHUR TOOK UP DRINKING AND SMOKING AGAIN.

GRIEF, NO DOUBT.

HRHRRH
...
STOP GIGGLING, ALTON. WALKING IN ON US MIGHT'VE BEEN WHAT BLEW THE OLD MAN'S FUSE!
IF THAT'S SO, I'M OUTTA WORK AND YOU-- HEY! WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE...
LRLLL... G
GLL... GLL...
...GHH.
HEY?!
THE OLD MAN! GET OFF! SHIT!
HUNH?!
HE CROAKED!

KING
NEW YORK'S FUNNIEST EROTIC COMEDY
NIKON
!!!
HIS HEART.
YOU OK, BUDDY?
MY NAME'S TELENKO. WHO WAS HE?
AN OLD SOFTY SOME BITCH EVENTUALLY WORE INTO THE GROUND. IT'S NOT THAT RARE. I'VE SEEN STATISTICS ON IT.
STATISTICS...
A BAD HEART, A WIFE SLOWLY RUINING YOU. ONE DAY, ONE HICCUP TOO MANY TURNS THE MACHINE OFF. DOCTORS SAY, "HEART ATTACK." WHICH, TO THE LAW, MEANS "NATURAL."
IN THE END, NO ONE ACTUALLY CARES!
133
AMBULANCE
ENJOY Coke
DIGITAL & VIDEO
NOVOTEL
YOU GOT LORE?
Canon
JVC
THE QUALITY.
MARTIN JEWEL
BURGER
ROXY
H.JOHNSON'S
WHSK
Y'KNOW, YOU DON'T LOOK SO HOT. DO YOU WANT SOMEONE TO TAKE A QUICK LOOK AT YOU?

MAYBE I SHOULD LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE...
...I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT MARTHA SPREADING HER LEGS IN THE BACK OF A CAB TO SHOW SHE'S RUINING ME. BESIDES...
FLORIST
ROSES, A BIG OL' BOUQUET.
...I'M NO BILLIONAIRE, WHICH AT LEAST SPARES ME BEING HATED FOR MY MONEY.
MARTHA, LISTEN--
YOU'RE LATE...

...AND YOU STINK OF SMOKE!
...
WE'VE GOT TO TALK ABOUT--
NO, THERE'S NO POINT!
I FOUND A NOTEBOOK WITH THE... NONSENSE YOU WRITE!
YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T HAVE... MARTHA.
I WON'T GIVE YOU A DIVORCE, THAT'D BE TOO EASY.
YOU DON'T DIVORCE A WIFE IN A WHEELCHAIR, TELENKO!
AND YOU DON'T APOLOGIZE FOR BEING A FAILURE WITH A DOZEN THIRTY-CENT ROSES!
YOU HEAR ME, TELENKO?
YOU... YOU WANT TO SMOKE?! HERE?!
GRIEF, MARTHA.
GRIEF.

NO MORE WRITING. IF YOU WANT TO READ THE NEXT CHAPTER, MARTHA, YOU'LL HAVE TO SCAN MY BRAIN.
Ragie
Hair
JOHN JOVINO CO
BLUE BAR
$9.95
SHERMAN

EEEEEEEEEE
ASESINO! CRIMINAL!
ONE...
MI MADRE! IF YOU WANT TO KILL PEOPLE, BUY A GUN! ES MAS LIMPIO!
TWO...
YOU OK, KID?
THREE... FOUR...
HOW 'BOUT YOU, FAGGOT! HOW'RE YOU DOING?!
SUNGLASSES AT NIGHT? THIS AIN'T CONEY ISLAND!
MY... MY EYES! THE NEON! I'VE GOT PINK EYE!
FIVE...
WEEEOOOOOPPP
SIX...
SEVEN...

EIGHT...
... ?...
MOTEL
...EIGHT?
WEEOOOWEE
POLICE
...NINE... TEN!
I'M STILL ALIVE.
THE COPS DIDN'T EVEN STOP.
THEY'LL GET THE GUY!
TACHYCARDIA, MY ASS!

ANOTHER...
ABE'S PALACE CAFFE
MOTEL
BAR
POLICE

LIGHT

PEPSI COLA
HELLO, ABE. TWO COORS! WE DESERVE 'EM.
THEN IT'S ON ME.

WE GOT YOUR SKATER. WE'D BEEN AFTER HIM FOR SOME TIME. YOU DOING OK?
I'M OK.

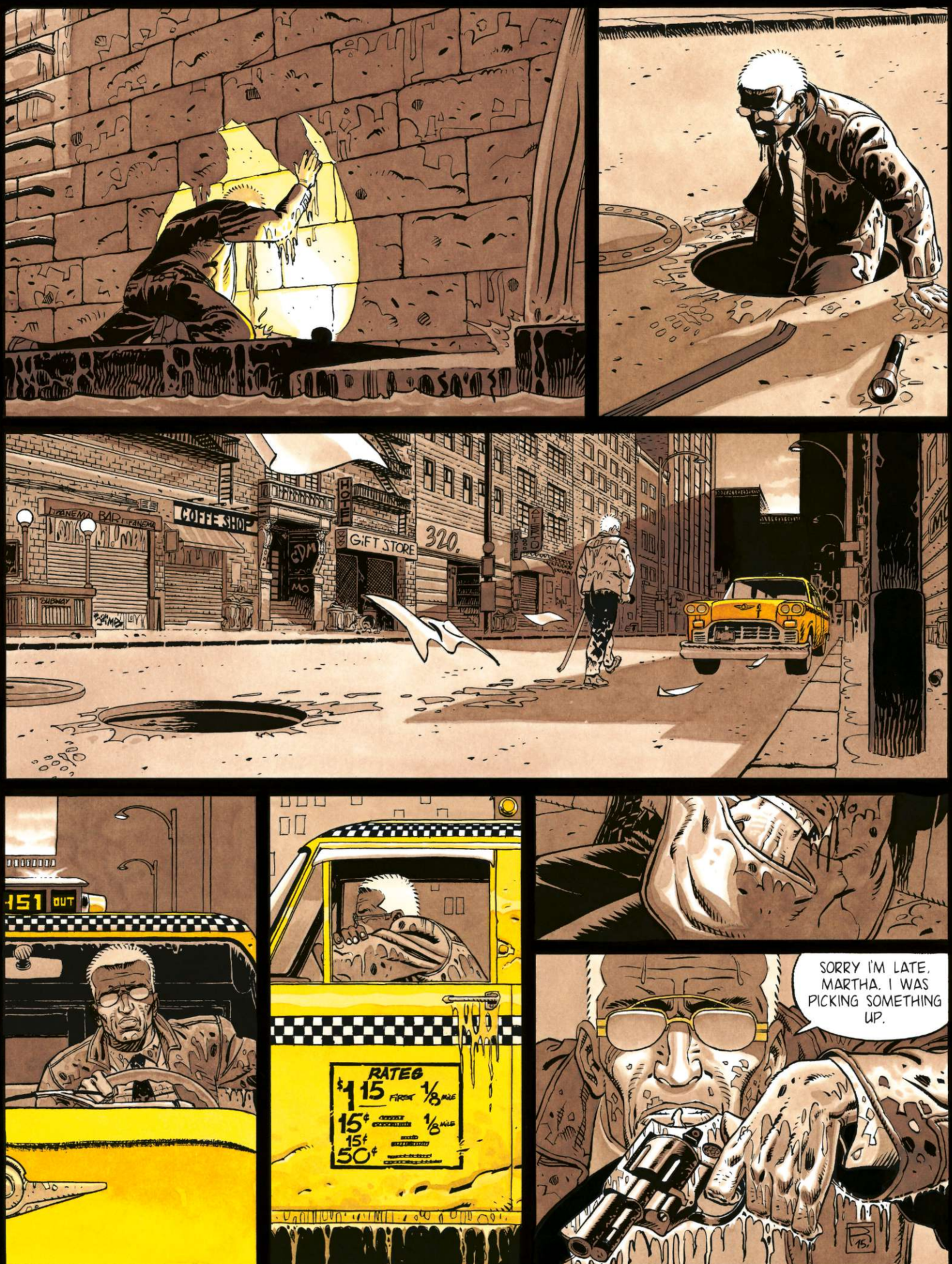
IT WON'T KILL ME.
WE'VE GOT ENOUGH TO HOLD HIM FOR A WHILE. IF YOU WANT TO GIVE A STATEMENT... WAS HE ARMED?

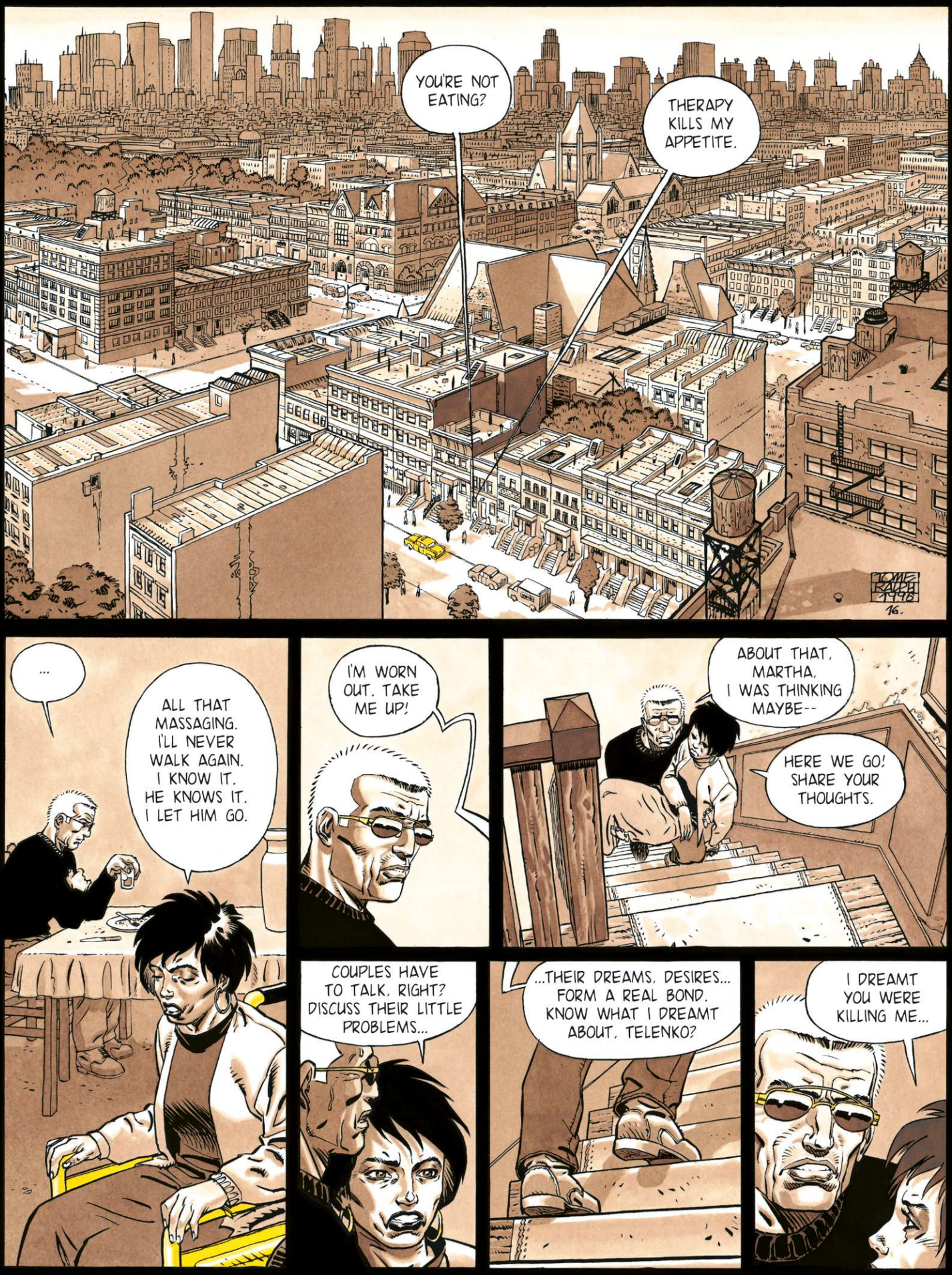
ARMED?... NO... NO. NO GUN.

TAKE IT EASY, BOYS!
THANKS, ABE! 'NIGHT!
ABE'S PALACE CAFFE
BAR
3180

CLOSING TIME.
OK... KEEP... THE CHANGE!

ABE'S PALACE CAFFE
BAR


COFFEE SHOP
GIFT STORE
320.
SUBWAY
451 OUT
RATES
$1.15 FIRST 1/8 MILE
15¢ 1/8 MILE
15¢ 50¢
SORRY I'M LATE, MARTHA. I WAS PICKING SOMETHING UP.


YOU'RE NOT EATING?
THERAPY KILLS MY APPETITE.
16.
...
ALL THAT MASSAGING. I'LL NEVER WALK AGAIN. I KNOW IT. HE KNOWS IT. I LET HIM GO.
I'M WORN OUT. TAKE ME UP!
ABOUT THAT, MARTHA, I WAS THINKING MAYBE--
HERE WE GO! SHARE YOUR THOUGHTS.
COUPLES HAVE TO TALK, RIGHT? DISCUSS THEIR LITTLE PROBLEMS...
...THEIR DREAMS, DESIRES... FORM A REAL BOND. KNOW WHAT I DREAMT ABOUT, TELENKO?
I DREAMT YOU WERE KILLING ME...

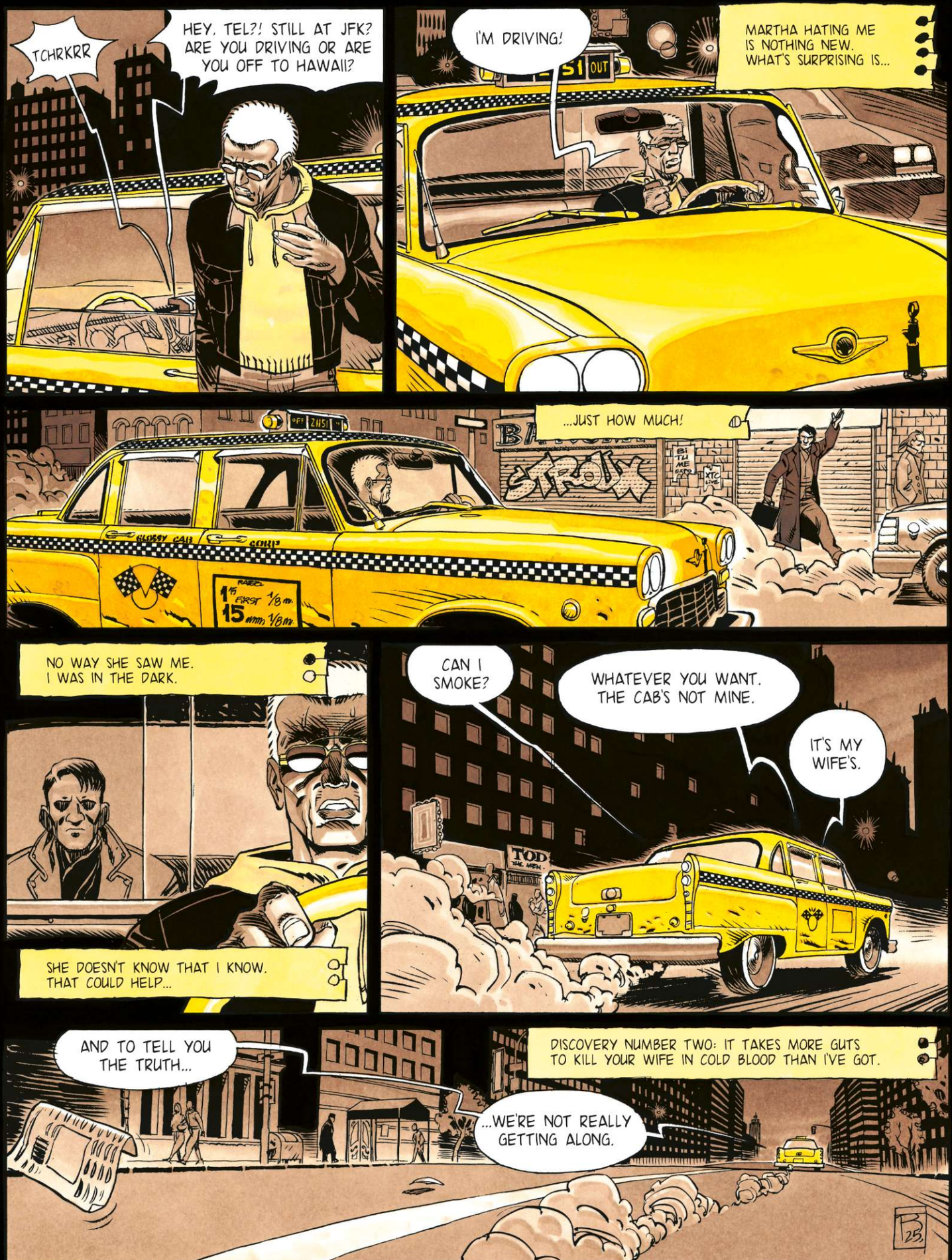
...BY TOSSING ME DOWN THE STAIRS... MADE IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?
EXACTLY... I MEAN...
...HAVE YOU CONSIDERED HAVING YOUR BEDROOM ON THE GROUND FLOOR, IT'D BE EASIER.
SO THAT'S IT!
FIRST THE GROUND FLOOR. NEXT STOP, THE CELLAR?
NO, MARTHA!
NO ONE WOULD BELIEVE IT WAS AN ACCIDENT.
AT LEAST...
...NOT THAT TYPE OF ACCIDENT.

19:59
20:00
ON/OFF RADI
SONY
... EIGHT O'CLOCK. TIME FOR THE NEWS WITH MIKE EPSTEIN...
...WHITE SOX WIN AT YANKEE STADIUM...
BYE, MARTHA. I'M OFF NOW.
YNE

MACY'S
YELLOW CENTRAL? TELENKO HERE...
I'LL BE UNAVAILABLE FOR A FEW. I JUST PICKED UP A FARE FOR JFK.
NTRODYNE
MACY'S

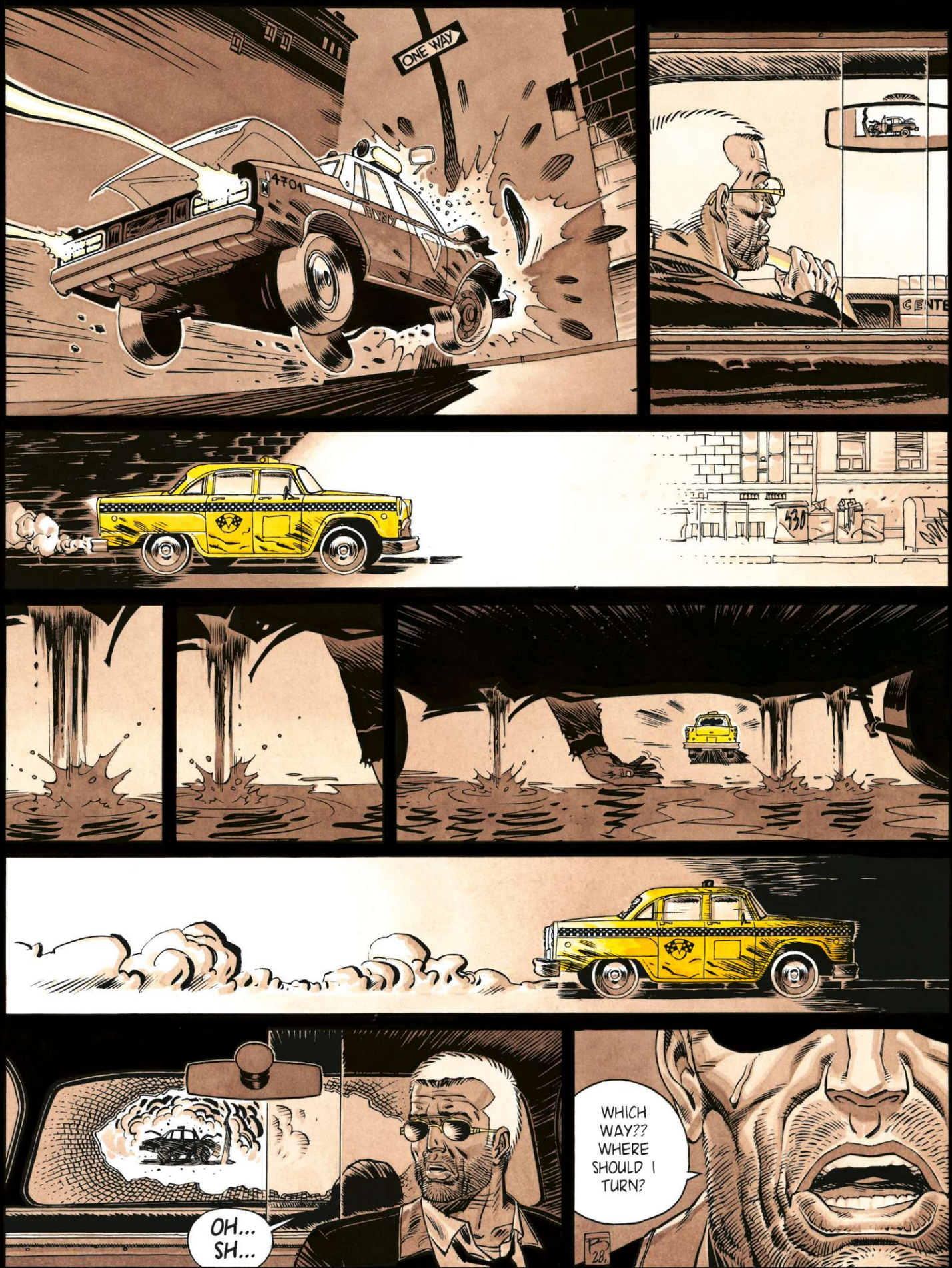
J·F·K AIRPORT
TO QUEENS
QUEENS
BRUNCKHOTS
24H
Tony'S
CALVIN KLEIN
VIDEO
SUBWAY TO QUEENS
FUCK THE POLICE
BOOM
SUBWAY TO MANHATTAN

SINCE WHEN? DAYS, MONTHS?
THAT BITCH HAS THE PARALYZED ACT DOWN...
THE BATHROOM... THE STAIRS... ALL OF IT!
THE BITCH CAN WALK!
SO, SHE ENDS UP GETTING THE USE OF HER LEGS BACK AND PLAYS ME FOR A FOOL.
BUT WHY?
ONE...
TWO...
TO WORK ME TO DEATH!
SHE WANTS ME DEAD! BITCH!
I'M SUCH AN IDIOT! SHE'S THE ONE TRYING TO KILL ME! THAT'S IT!


TCHRKRR
HEY, TEL?! STILL AT JFK? ARE YOU DRIVING OR ARE YOU OFF TO HAWAII?
I'M DRIVING!
MARTHA HATING ME IS NOTHING NEW. WHAT'S SURPRISING IS...
...JUST HOW MUCH!
NO WAY SHE SAW ME. I WAS IN THE DARK.
SHE DOESN'T KNOW THAT I KNOW. THAT COULD HELP...
CAN I SMOKE?
WHATEVER YOU WANT. THE CAB'S NOT MINE.
IT'S MY WIFE'S.
AND TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH...
DISCOVERY NUMBER TWO: IT TAKES MORE GUTS TO KILL YOUR WIFE IN COLD BLOOD THAN I'VE GOT.
...WE'RE NOT REALLY GETTING ALONG.

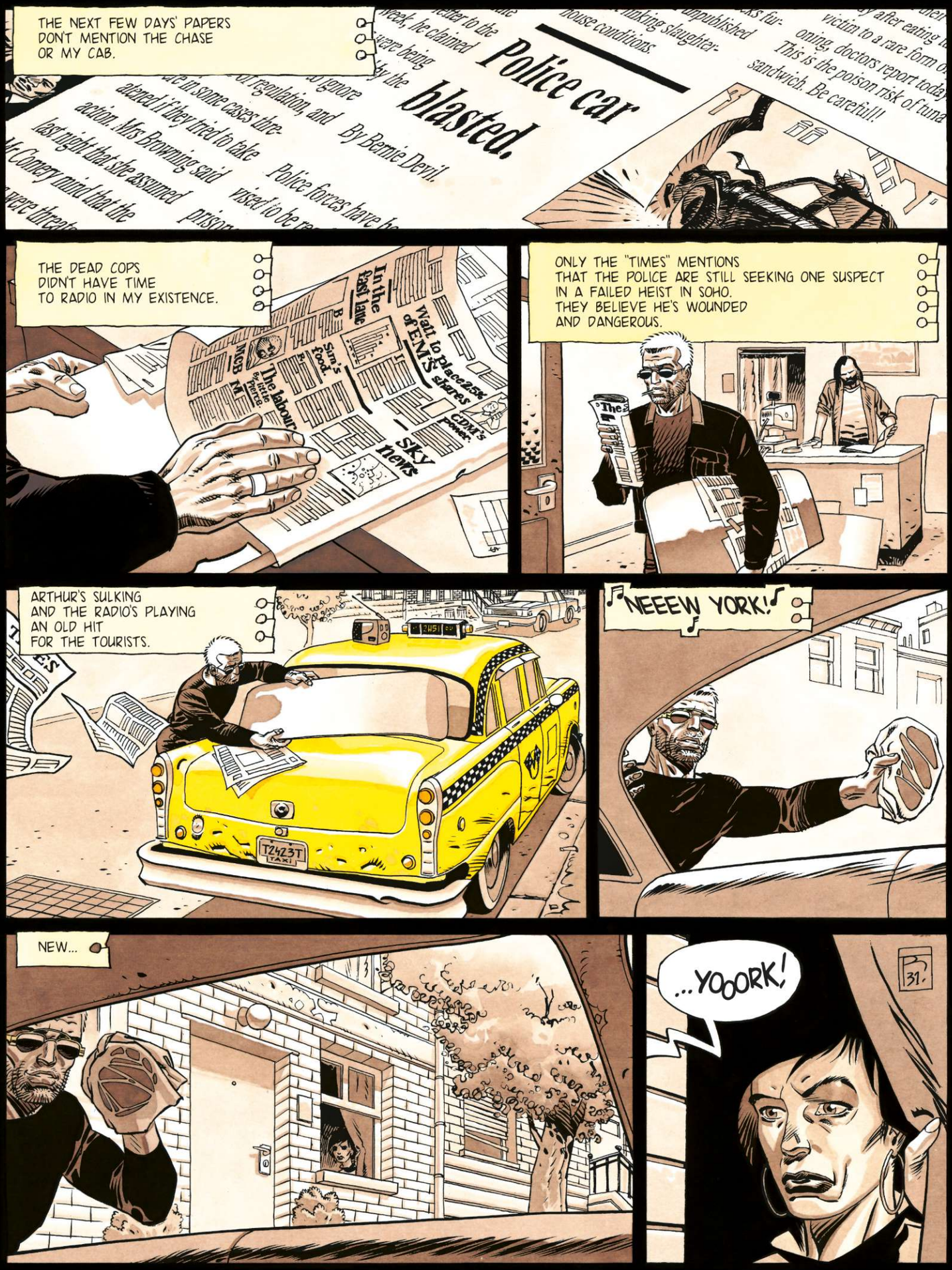
I HATE TAXIS. NOT JUST BECAUSE THE ONE I DRIVE BELONGS TO MARTHA.
"GO TO SLEEP, LITTLE BABY, GO TO SLEEP, LITTLE BABY. MAMMY AND DADDY HAVE GONE AWAY..."
YOU NEVER KNOW WHO'LL GET IN YOUR CAB, ORDINARY FOLK, PRINCES...
2H51 OUT
OKAY, CHIEF! NOW, HOW ABOUT SINGING ME YOUR DESTINATION?
"...AND LEFT NOBODY FOR TO MIND YOU, SO ROCKABY AND GO TO SLEEP, LITTLE BABY, AND WHEN YOU WAKE, YOU CAN RIDE ALL THE PRETTY LITTLE PONIES..."
NUTJOBS, DRUGGIES, CRIMINALS...
"...PAINT AND BAY SORREL AND GRAY AND ALL THE PRETTY LITTLE PONIES, SO GO TO SLEEP, BABY..."
IN THE END, YOU GET USED TO IT.
ART & SIGNS
LANDROMAT
EVEN IF YOU NEVER ENTIRELY LOSE THE FEAR.
BANG
26.

HEY! YOU!
DRIVE! MOVE YOUR ASS!
RATES
FIRST 1/8 mi
1/8 mi
YOU HAVE STRANGE THOUGHTS IN MOMENTS LIKE THESE.
HALF THIS CITY LIVES WITH A GUN GLUED TO THEIR HAND.
I'M ON A SLOW RIDE TOWARDS DEATH... MY HEART IS JELLY...
LISTEN... YOUR... YOUR TIMING'S AWFUL. MY HEART'S ABOUT TO GO!
CHEVROLET
POLICE
401
WHO KNOWS? RIGHT ABOUT NOW, MARTHA MIGHT BE OUT FOR A JOG!
27


ONE WAY
4701
GENTE
530
OH...
SH...
WHICH WAY?? WHERE SHOULD I TURN?
28

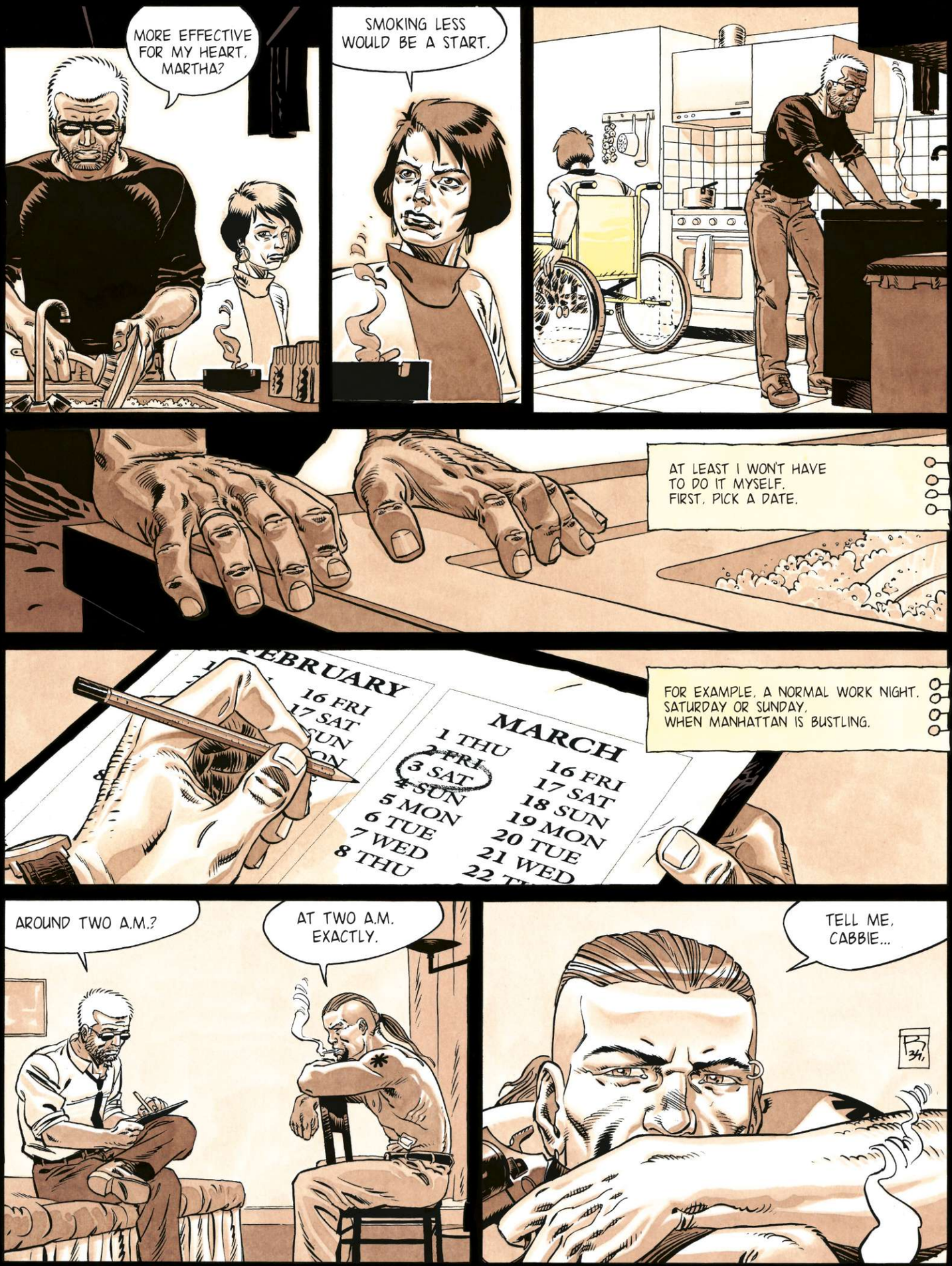
NO ANSWER...
HE'S NOT DEAD!
HE'S A REAL FIGHTER.
"A FIGHTER..."
KEYS MADE
LIQUORS
SEX
LIQUORS
"A..."
"...REAL"
POLIC
POLICE HEADQUARTER
"...FIGHTER!!!"
29

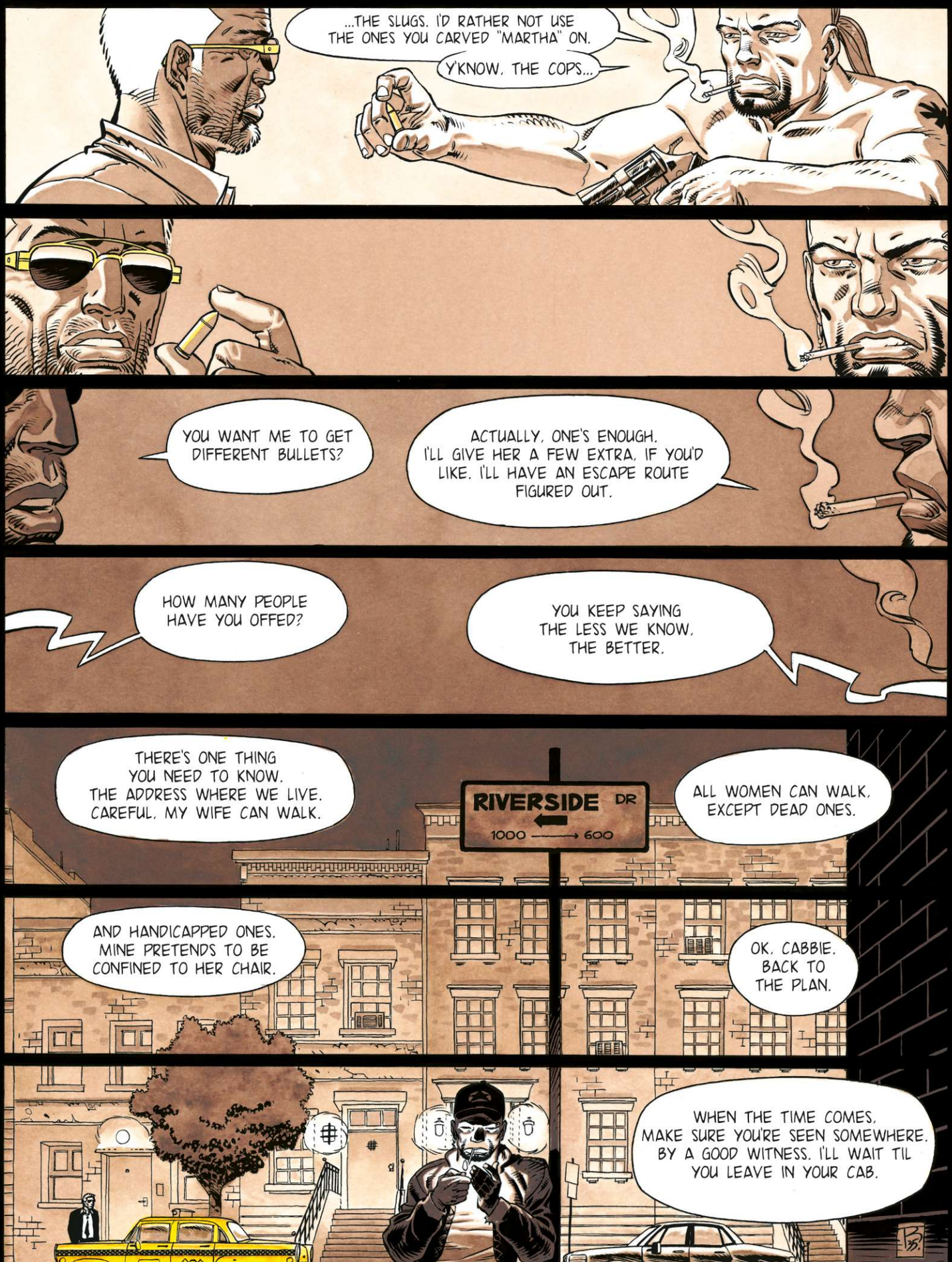
THAT'S WHAT MADE ME THINK OF YOU AND... AND YOUR WIFE, HELEN!
THANKS! I'M TOUCHED!
YOU'RE LOSING IT, TELENKO! YOU NEED TO GET LAID MORE! NOW, WHAT'S UP?
YOU LIVE ALONE! KEEP HIM HERE TIL HE'S BETTER. I'LL FILL HIM IN MYSELF.
WHAT IF THE COPS COME AROUND? DO I SING THEM A LULLABY? I DIDN'T MANAGE TO BURY HELEN JUST TO END UP AS A JAILHOUSE SEX TOY.
COME ON! YOU DON'T NEED TO WORRY ABOUT THAT!
HUNH?
IF ANYONE'S GOING DOWN, IT'LL BE ME. DAMAGE WAS DONE. I WAS IN ON IT. THE LESS YOU KNOW, THE BETTER!
YEAH, WHAT THE FUCK EVER. I CAN PROVE YOU FORCED ME...
...BUT IF SOME DETECTIVE STARTS SNOOPING INTO HELEN'S DEATH, I COULD GO DOWN...
AH, HELEN'S "ILLNESS." HUH?
"TROPICAL DISEASES" WAS YOUR SPECIALTY TWENTY YEARS AGO, YEAH? SO WHAT'D YOU USE? A SYRINGE? A DEATH POTION? WHAT DO I TELL THE COPS, IF THEY ASK?
I WAS WRONG ABOUT YOU. IN SOME WAYS, YOU'RE WORSE THAN ME!
NOW THAT HURTS, ARTHUR. THIS SORT OF TALK IS BAD FOR MY HEART, AND YOU KNOW I'M TRYING TO GET HEALTHY.
CALL ME WHEN HE COMES TO.
30

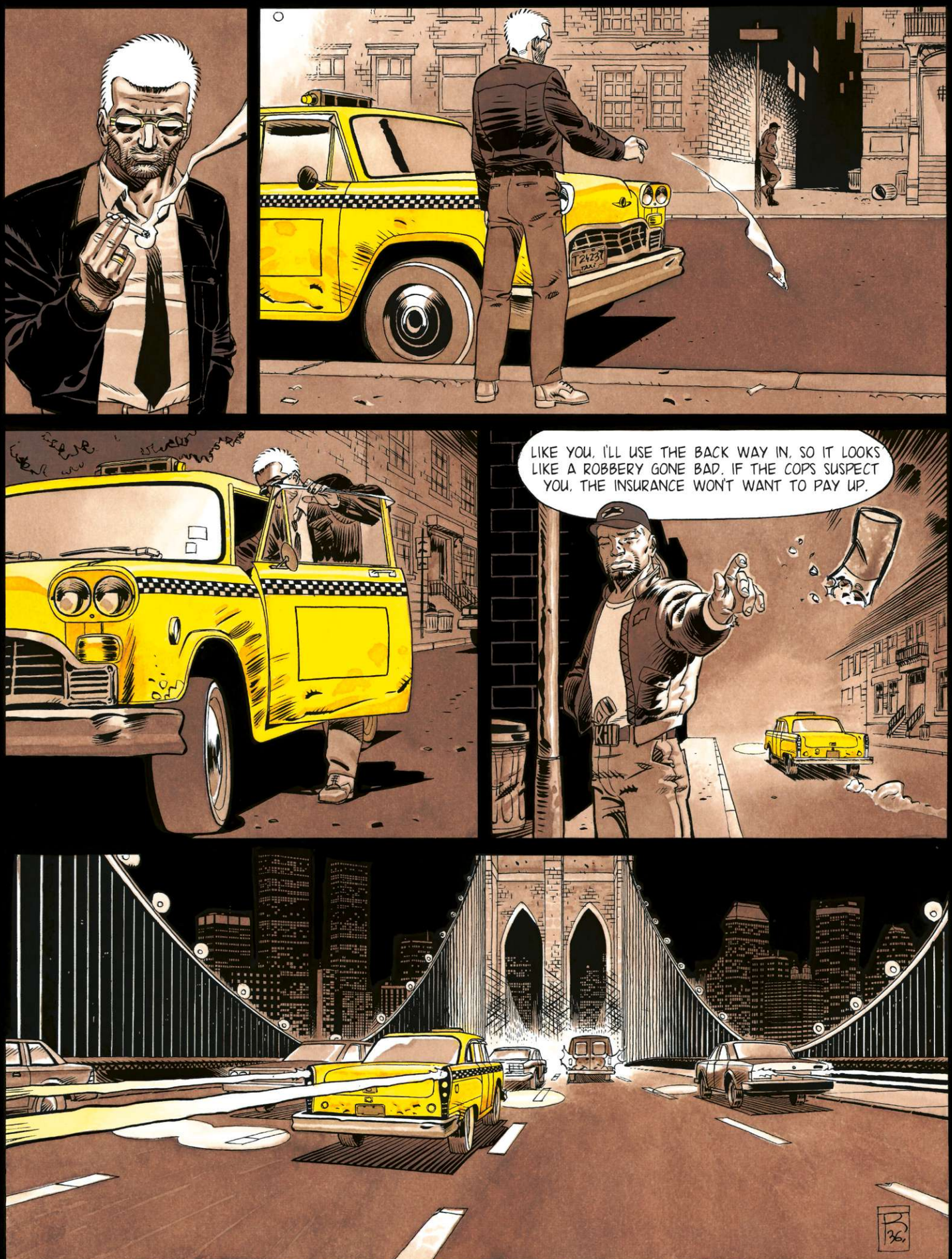

THE NEXT FEW DAYS' PAPERS DON'T MENTION THE CHASE OR MY CAB.
Police car blasted.
By Bernie Devil.
THE DEAD COPS DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO RADIO IN MY EXISTENCE.
In the fast lane
Wait to place 25% of EMS shares
Sim's food.
The labour
CDM's power.
Sky news
ONLY THE "TIMES" MENTIONS THAT THE POLICE ARE STILL SEEKING ONE SUSPECT IN A FAILED HEIST IN SOHO. THEY BELIEVE HE'S WOUNDED AND DANGEROUS.
ARTHUR'S SULKING AND THE RADIO'S PLAYING AN OLD HIT FOR THE TOURISTS.
T2423T
TAXI
NEEEW YORK!
NEW...
...YOOORK!
31.

SHINK
HELP YOU?
WHY WOULD I DO THAT, CABBIE? YOU DON'T KNOW ME, I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR NAME.
YOU DON'T NEED TO KNOW MY NAME TO DO WHAT I'M ASKING.
AND SINCE YOUR NAME DOESN'T MATTER TO ME, LET'S CALL OURSELVES JOE AND BILL.
GO ON, JOE.
I TOSSED YOUR GUN, BUT HERE'S ANOTHER. YOU'RE FREE. GO OUTSIDE. DOC TOLD ME YOU COULD WALK.
BUT FIRST, I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT SOMETHING... SOMETHING YOU KNOW HOW TO DO AND I DON'T.
HOW MUCH DOES THE JOB PAY, JOE?
I SAVED YOUR LIFE. BY HELPING ME, YOU REPAY YOUR DEBT.
I HAVE AN ALTERNATIVE...
...MAYBE YOUR WIFE'S GOT SAVINGS, LIFE INSURANCE... SOMETHING. 'CAUSE THEN...
I'LL OFF HER. I KEEP THE CASH AND WE'RE EVEN.
AND I'M RID OF MY WIFE. THAT'S THE MOST IMPORTANT THING...
...BILL.

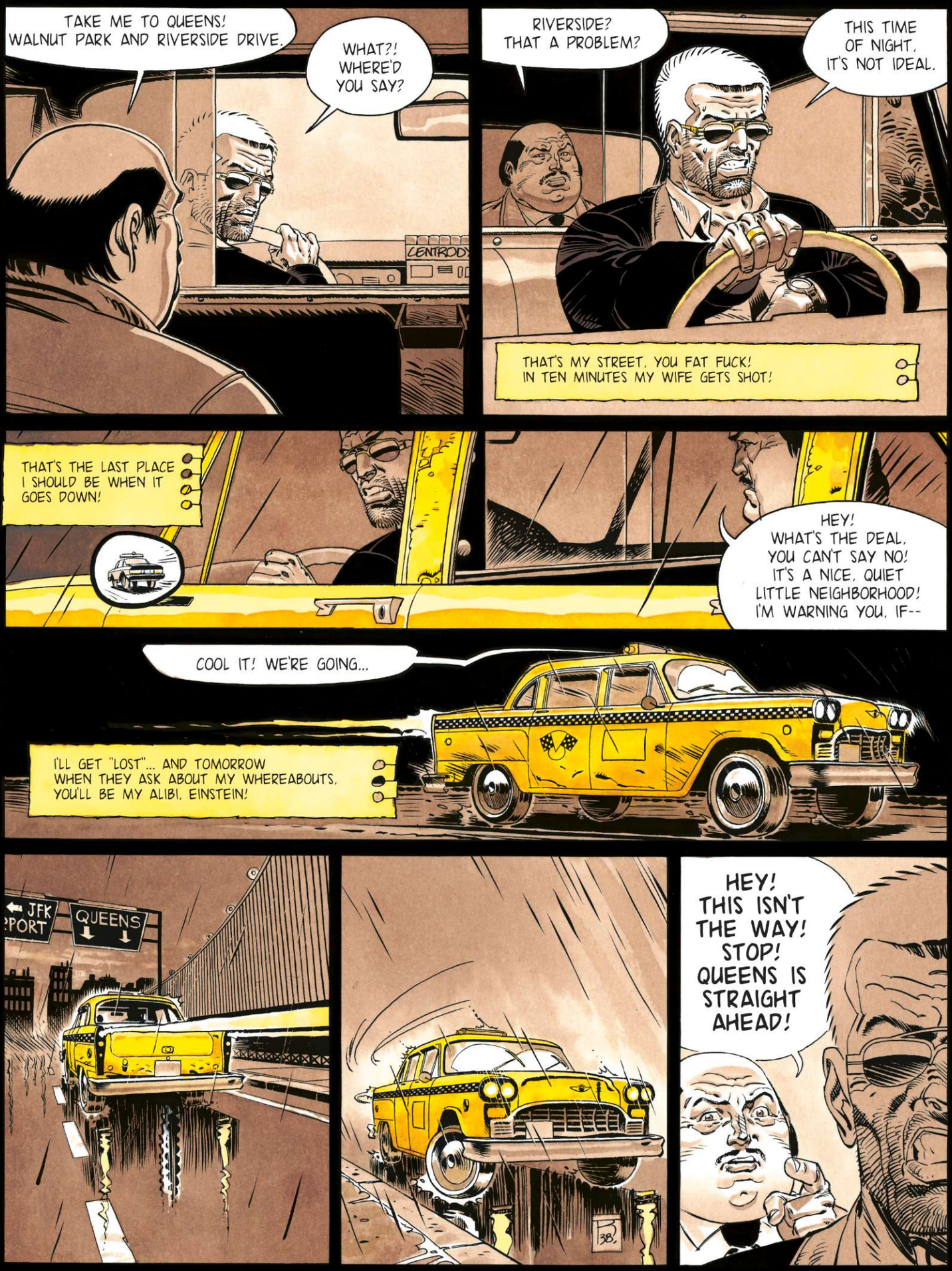
THERE SHOULDN'T BE ANYTHING UPLIFTING ABOUT THE IMMINENT DEATH OF A WOMAN YOU'VE LOVED.
STILL, THINKING ABOUT THE PAST FEW WEEKS, I'M NOT SURPRISED THAT INSTEAD OF SOME ELEGANT REMORSE...
...I FIND MY FEVER RISING DAY BY DAY AS--LET'S BE HONEST-- MY DAY OF RELIEF APPROACHES.
MY BODY WON'T GIVE ME A BREAK. IT INSISTS ON TORTURING ME, TO REMIND ME EXACTLY WHAT'S AT STAKE: HER OR ME.
I'M HAUNTED BY THE IDEA THAT I'LL SUFFER AN IRONIC FATE AND DIE OF A HEART ATTACK BEFORE ACHIEVING MY GOAL.
I HAVE SOMETHING TO CONFESS, TELENKO.
THE GLASSES I GET, THEY HIDE THE WEAKNESS IN YOUR EYES. BUT WHAT I FIND MUCH HARDER TO TAKE IS...
... YOUR BAD BREATH.
WHAT'S WITH ALL THE GARLIC?
GARLIC...
IT'S GOOD FOR THE HEART, MARTHA.
YOUR HEART... COME ON, TELENKO, THERE MUST BE SOMETHING MORE EFFECTIVE FOR YOUR HEART. THINK ABOUT IT.
33


MORE EFFECTIVE FOR MY HEART, MARTHA?
SMOKING LESS WOULD BE A START.
AT LEAST I WON'T HAVE TO DO IT MYSELF. FIRST, PICK A DATE.
FEBRUARY
16 FRI
17 SAT
MARCH
1 THU
2 FRI
3 SAT
4 SUN
5 MON
6 TUE
7 WED
8 THU
16 FRI
17 SAT
18 SUN
19 MON
20 TUE
21 WED
FOR EXAMPLE, A NORMAL WORK NIGHT. SATURDAY OR SUNDAY, WHEN MANHATTAN IS BUSTLING.
AROUND TWO A.M.?
AT TWO A.M. EXACTLY.
TELL ME, CABBIE...


...THE SLUGS. I'D RATHER NOT USE THE ONES YOU CARVED "MARTHA" ON.
Y'KNOW, THE COPS...
YOU WANT ME TO GET DIFFERENT BULLETS?
ACTUALLY, ONE'S ENOUGH. I'LL GIVE HER A FEW EXTRA, IF YOU'D LIKE. I'LL HAVE AN ESCAPE ROUTE FIGURED OUT.
HOW MANY PEOPLE HAVE YOU OFFED?
YOU KEEP SAYING THE LESS WE KNOW, THE BETTER.
THERE'S ONE THING YOU NEED TO KNOW. THE ADDRESS WHERE WE LIVE. CAREFUL, MY WIFE CAN WALK.
RIVERSIDE DR
1000 600
ALL WOMEN CAN WALK, EXCEPT DEAD ONES.
AND HANDICAPPED ONES. MINE PRETENDS TO BE CONFINED TO HER CHAIR.
OK, CABBIE. BACK TO THE PLAN.
WHEN THE TIME COMES, MAKE SURE YOU'RE SEEN SOMEWHERE. BY A GOOD WITNESS. I'LL WAIT TIL YOU LEAVE IN YOUR CAB.


LIKE YOU, I'LL USE THE BACK WAY IN. SO IT LOOKS LIKE A ROBBERY GONE BAD. IF THE COPS SUSPECT YOU, THE INSURANCE WON'T WANT TO PAY UP.
36

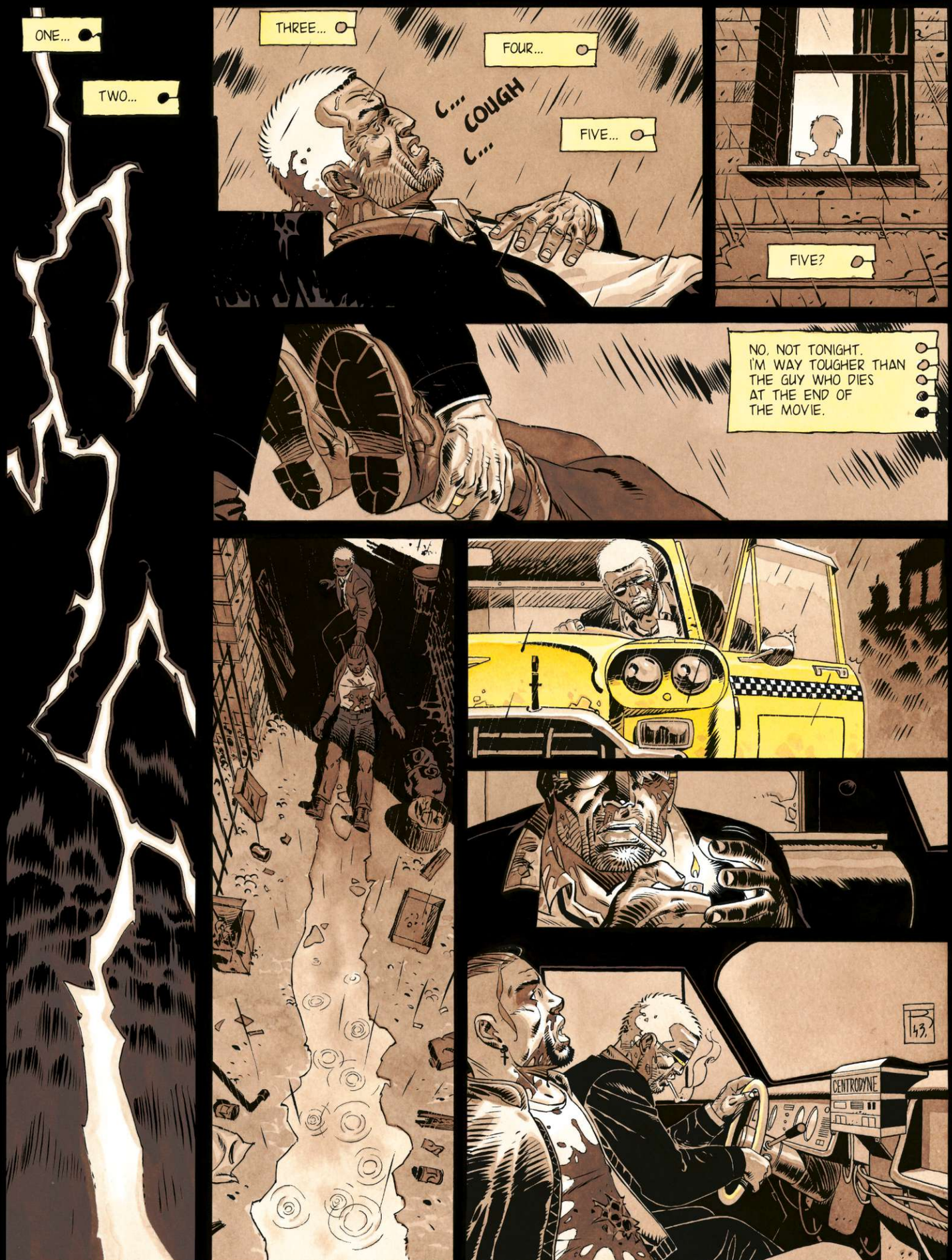
ALMOST TWO O'CLOCK... IT'S TIME TO--
WHOA! I'M IN LUCK!
HEY, FRANKIE! LOOK AT THAT...
BARRO SEX XX
CAMERAS-VIDEO ELECTRONIC
POLICE
3180
WEOOOP!!
HEY! YOU CAN'T STAY THERE!!
ROXY XX MOVIES
SAY, IT'S THE CABBIE WHO HIT THE SKATER A FEW WEEKS BACK!
SORRY, GUYS, I'M MOVING. I WASN'T SURE THIS OLD BUCKET WOULD LAST THE REST OF THE NIGHT!
SIX HOURS TO GO. AND HERE'S A FARE FOR YOU.
TAKE IT EASY, BOYS!
WHERE TO?

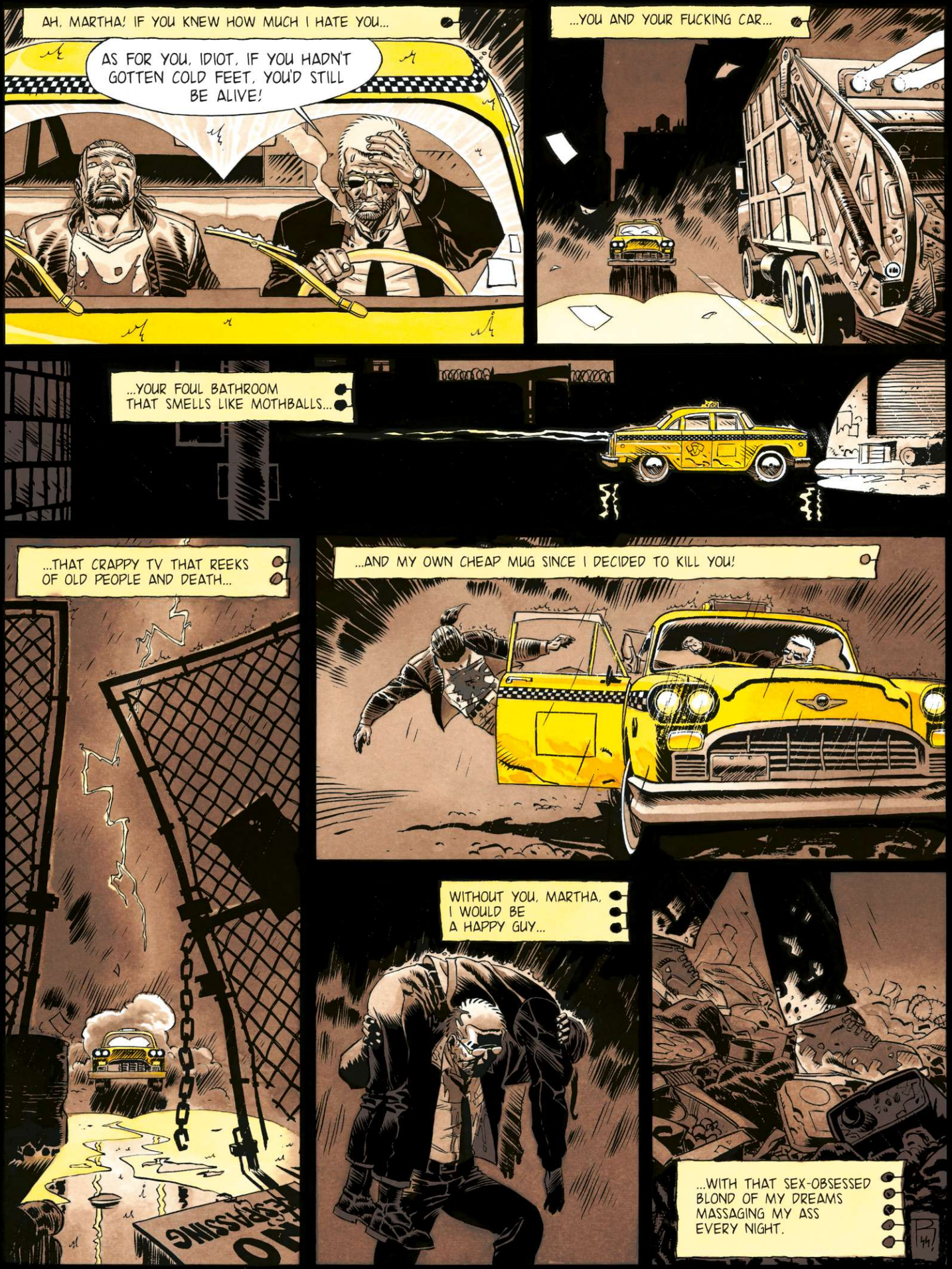

TAKE ME TO QUEENS! WALNUT PARK AND RIVERSIDE DRIVE.
WHAT?! WHERE'D YOU SAY?
CENTRODY
RIVERSIDE? THAT A PROBLEM?
THIS TIME OF NIGHT, IT'S NOT IDEAL.
THAT'S MY STREET, YOU FAT FUCK! IN TEN MINUTES MY WIFE GETS SHOT!
THAT'S THE LAST PLACE I SHOULD BE WHEN IT GOES DOWN!
HEY! WHAT'S THE DEAL, YOU CAN'T SAY NO! IT'S A NICE, QUIET LITTLE NEIGHBORHOOD! I'M WARNING YOU, IF--
COOL IT! WE'RE GOING...
I'LL GET "LOST"... AND TOMORROW WHEN THEY ASK ABOUT MY WHEREABOUTS, YOU'LL BE MY ALIBI, EINSTEIN!
JFK
QUEENS
HEY! THIS ISN'T THE WAY! STOP! QUEENS IS STRAIGHT AHEAD!

OW! WHAT ARE YOU--?
LISTEN, SHITHEAD!
THREE HUNDRED SIXTY-FOUR NIGHTS A YEAR, I TAKE FUCKERS LIKE YOU WHERE THEY WANT FOR NEXT TO NOTHING.
TONIGHT IS THE THREE HUNDRED SIXTY-FIFTH AND I'M TREATING MYSELF. YOU'RE TAKING THE SUBWAY.
TH... THE SUBWAY DOESN'T RUN THIS LATE!
FOUR MINUTES...
NO CHOICE... GOTTA STOP HIM BEFORE--
39

WE'RE THERE! GET OUT!
HOW... MUCH DO... I OWE YOU?
FORGET IT, IT'S ON ME!
B... "BILL"?

BANG


ONE...
TWO...
THREE...
FOUR...
c... COUGH c...
FIVE...
FIVE?
NO. NOT TONIGHT. I'M WAY TOUGHER THAN THE GUY WHO DIES AT THE END OF THE MOVIE.
CENTRODYNE
143

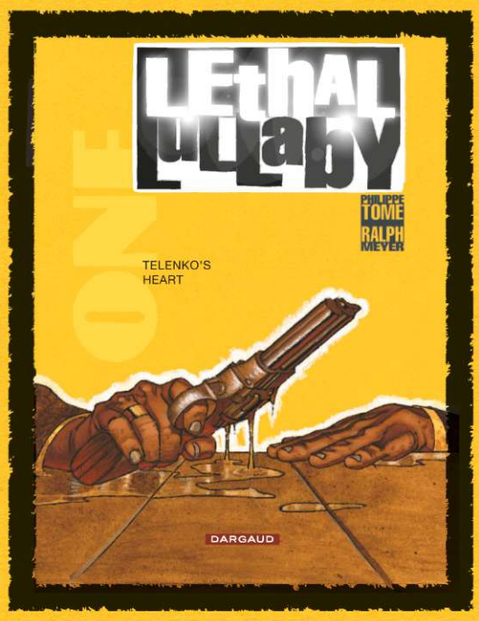

AH, MARTHA! IF YOU KNEW HOW MUCH I HATE YOU...
AS FOR YOU, IDIOT, IF YOU HADN'T GOTTEN COLD FEET, YOU'D STILL BE ALIVE!
...YOU AND YOUR FUCKING CAR...
...YOUR FOUL BATHROOM THAT SMELLS LIKE MOTHBALLS...
...THAT CRAPPY TV THAT REEKS OF OLD PEOPLE AND DEATH...
...AND MY OWN CHEAP MUG SINCE I DECIDED TO KILL YOU!
WITHOUT YOU, MARTHA, I WOULD BE A HAPPY GUY...
...WITH THAT SEX-OBSESSED BLOND OF MY DREAMS MASSAGING MY ASS EVERY NIGHT.

THERE'S NO DOUBT THAT SHE AND I WOULD BE WATCHING YOUR YELLOW HUNK OF JUNK EAT OUR DUST...
...SOMEWHERE DOWN SOUTH...
...BETWEEN THE RAINLESS STORMS OF DEL RIO...
...AND THE FIERY SKIES OF TUCSON'S SUNSETS.
BANG
ALL WHILE SHE ASKS ME HOW I LIKE MY BLOWJOBS...
BANG
BANG
BANG
REST IN PEACE. WITH YOUR FACE LOOKING LIKE THAT, THEY'LL IDENTIFY YOU FASTER BY ANALYZING MY PUKE.
...WITH OR WITHOUT ICE.
145.

THAT'S WHAT I'D BE WITHOUT YOU, MY DEAR MARTHA...
...MY WIFE...
...MY CHAIN...
...MY CROSS...
...MY FAULT.
A HAPPY GUY.
A FUCKING...
...HAPPY...
...GUY.
684
46

JUST ONCE, MARTHA, LET ME BE. GO AHEAD, PISS ALL OVER YOUR WHEELS.
I'LL CLEAN IT UP LATER.
LIKE I DID THE BACKSEAT. TOO BAD I CAN'T SHOW YOU. IT'S LIKE NEW!
I'M WORN OUT, BEAT...
...OR MAYBE..
...I'M ABOUT TO KICK IT.

ONE...
...TWO...
...THREE...
...FOUR...
...FIVE...
...
...FIVE?
...
...THE GUY...
IN THE MOVIE...
YOU SMELL LIKE A DUMP, TELENKO.
TOME RALPH
1997.



Part One.

Martha hates Joe.
And Joe hates Martha.

Now Joe has decided to alter the tempo of their love's slow dance.

His heart yearns for a different beat.

It'll get one.

Tonight, Joe TELENKO decided to kill MARTHA.

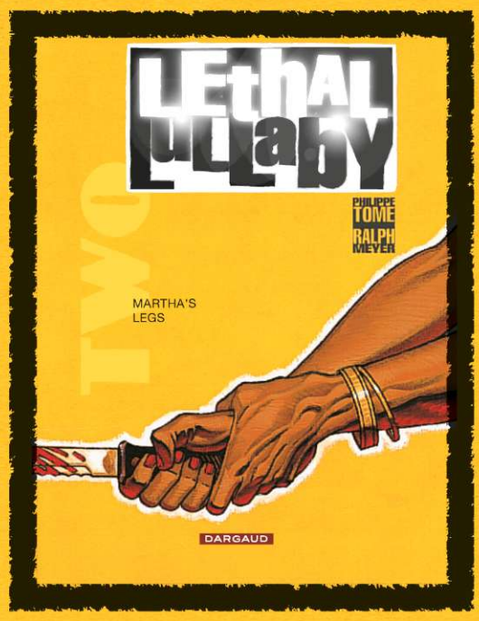
Part Two.

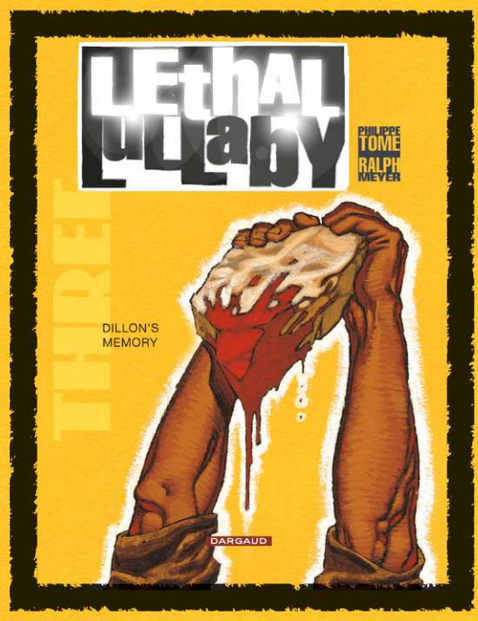
Martha dreamt of dancing.
Martha's legs made Joe's dreams dance.

On a country road, the day after their wedding, Martha and Joe's dreams died in a mess of crumpled steel.

Tonight, Martha's bringing her dreams back to life.

She'll be dancing on JOE's grave.





Part Three.

One…
…Two…
Joe and Martha had very different ideas about their future.
…Three!

Now Dillon springs up from the past.
He's after them, obsessively chanting the words of an old Indian lullaby to himself:

"Sleep… little… baby!"