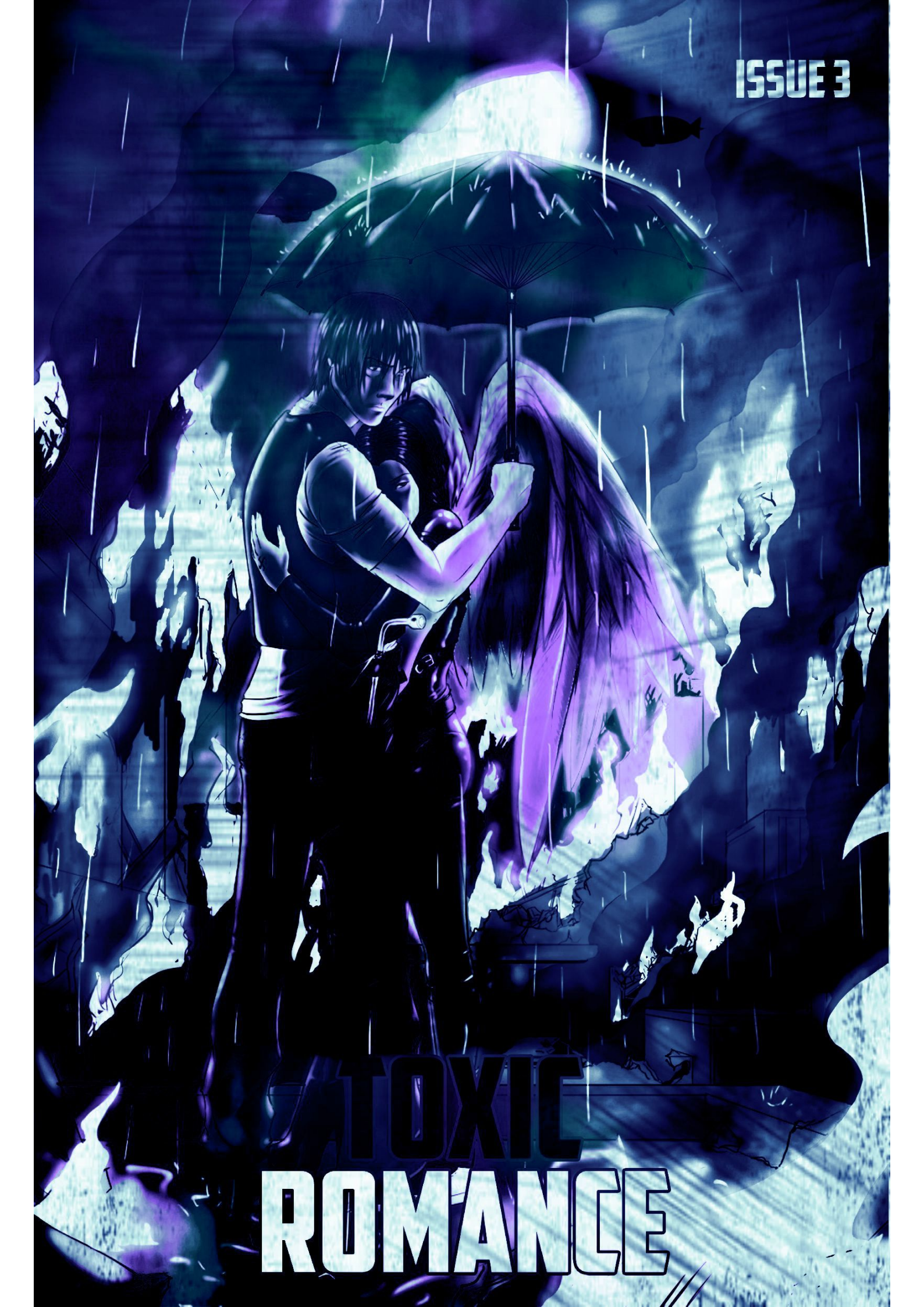
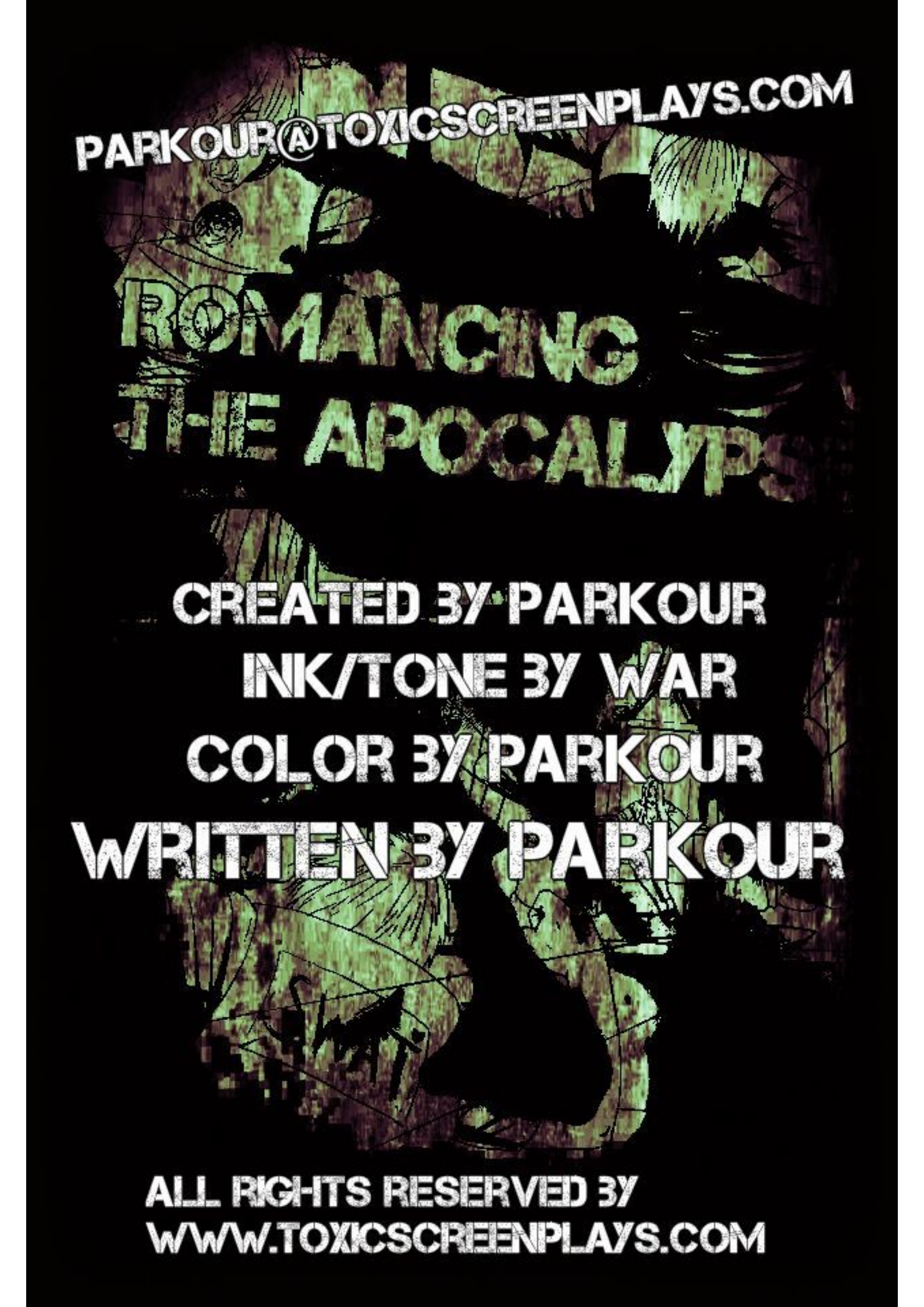


ISSUE 3



TOXIC ROMANCE



PARKOUR@TOXICSCREENPLAYS.COM

ROMANCING THE APOCALYPS

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THE SCENT OF A GERMAN
WOMAN. SILENT RAGE AND TRUE
BEAUTY. OUR BURNING CO-EXISTENCE TO
- RE-CREATE THE PAST. FLAMES FROM
OUR EYES... CRACKLING BLUE SPARKS FROM
OUR UNBORN CHILDREN... BLUE EYES... TO
HYPNOTIZE, TO BLAZE AND SPUTTER INTO
THEIR HEART LIKE A KNIFE -
HEIL HITLER, INDEED.

ARE WE DONE.
THE PARTY'S IN FULL
FORCE UPSTAIRS...

WITH ALL DUE
RESPECT, I TOOK
LOTS OF TIME TO
MARK THIS DAY IN
MY CALENDAR.

SORRY
FOR ROUGHING UP
YOUR BRIDE. AFTER
ALL, THE KING OF NEO-
MANHATTAN DOES WHAT
HE WISHES.

SO, WILL MY WIFE
GIVE ME A HAUNTING DANCE
TONIGHT, TO KICK-START OUR
HONEYMOON AT THE NEWLY
RENOVATED ALCATRAZ. NOTHING
HAPPENS UNLESS, FIRST - THE
BIRTH OF THE PERFECT MILITARY
FAMILY. TO LIVE A LIFE
ONCE IMAGINED.











CRACK

SMACK

OLD NATIONS PASS
AWAY. NEW OPPORTUNITIES ARISE.
JUST LIKE THE GUN FIGHTS OF 1945.
THE OLD WILL NEVER FORGET. THE
NEW AND THE YOUNG WILL
NEVER ARRIVE.

A YOUNG MAN WALKS
IN MY ESTABLISHMENT LIKE A
KNIGHT IN SHINING ARMOR, WITHOUT
ANY TRAINING AND PRETENDS TO BE
A SOLDIER. AND WHAT'S EVEN MORE
BAFFLING, IS THAT I RECRUITED THREE
MEN TO PROVIDE ME WITH THE
HIGHEST LEVEL OF
SECURITY.



THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE
FIRST BASE TO A GLORIOUS
HONEYMOON AND THE REBIRTH OF
1945. IT'S THE WORST FEELING, ISN'T IT
- STANDING IN THE SAME ROOM WITH THE
PERSON WHO MEANS THE WORLD TO
YOU AND KNOWING YOU CAN'T DO
ANYTHING. . . YOUNG MAN, SHE'S
GOING NOWHERE.

AT.
SWAT

BLAM

BLAM



THERE WILL ONLY BE ONE LANDLORD OF NEO MANHATTAN. BY THE WAY, YOU SMELL LIKE A LITTLE JEW WHO JUST STEPPED OUT THE SEWER. I WOULD LIKE TO SHARE MY HOSPITALITY WITH YOU. MY SPECIAL SHOWER AWAITS YOU.



I TOOK A LONG SHOWER THIS MORNING. AND WHEN I WAS JERKING OFF, I WAS THINKING HOW I'M GONNA KILL SOME NAZIS.

MORPHINE!



