

TERRY MOORE

STRANGERS IN PARADISE



HEART IN HAND

STRANGERS IN PARADISE: HEART IN HAND
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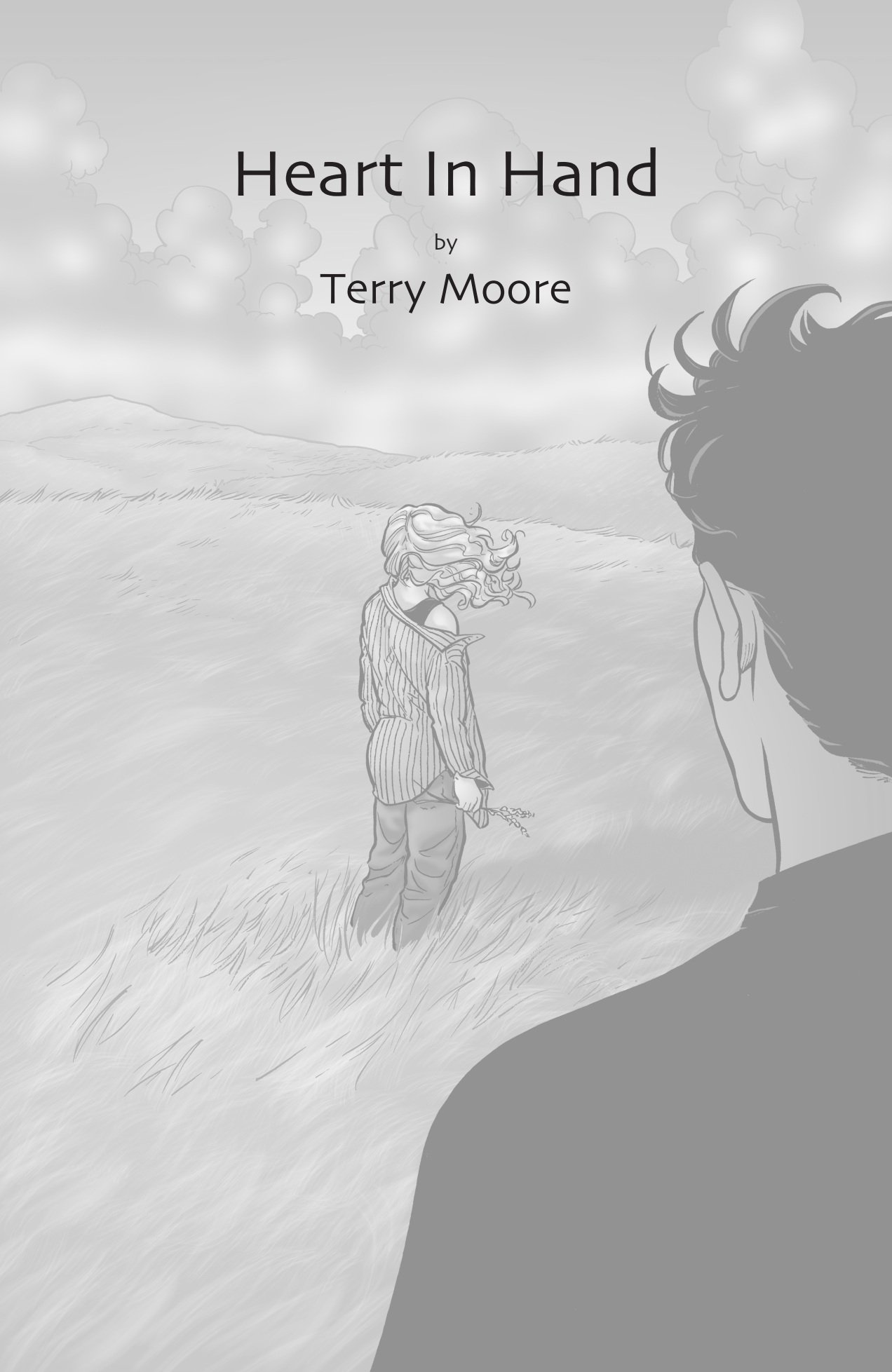
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Heart In Hand

by

Terry Moore

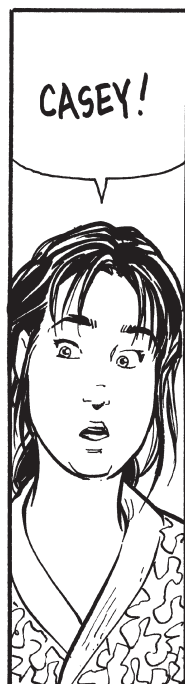
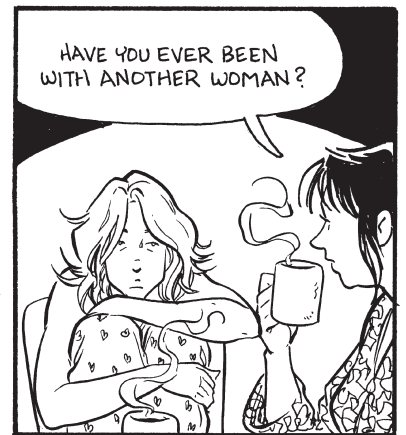
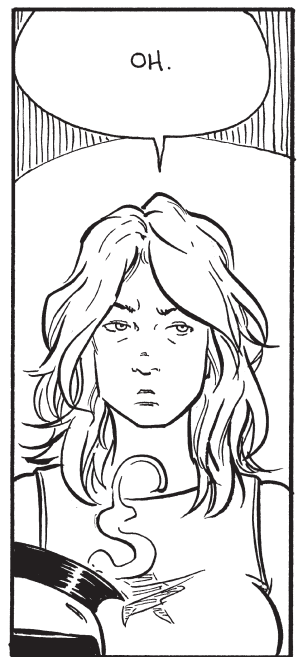


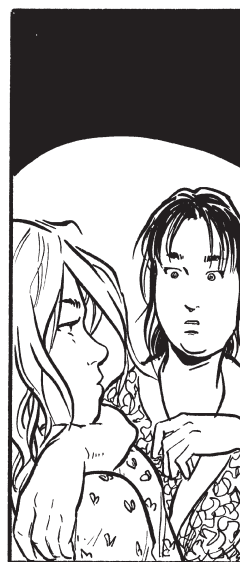


I'll give up my life, I'll give up my band
I'll come back to you, my heart in hand.

Heart In Hand by Griffin Silver

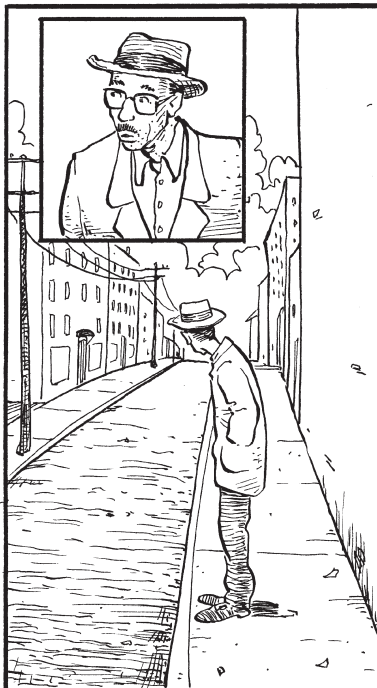
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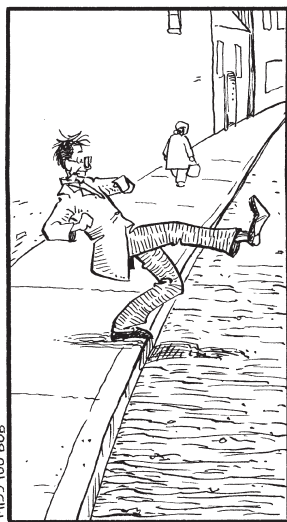
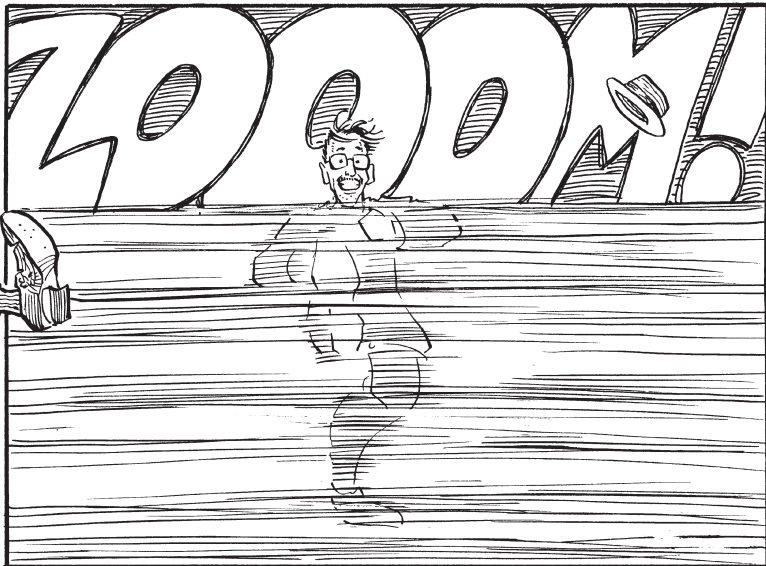


The next day...

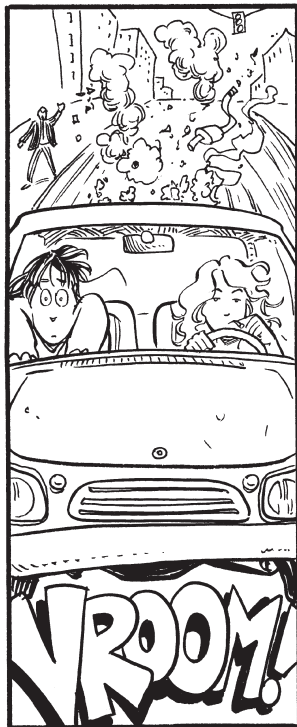
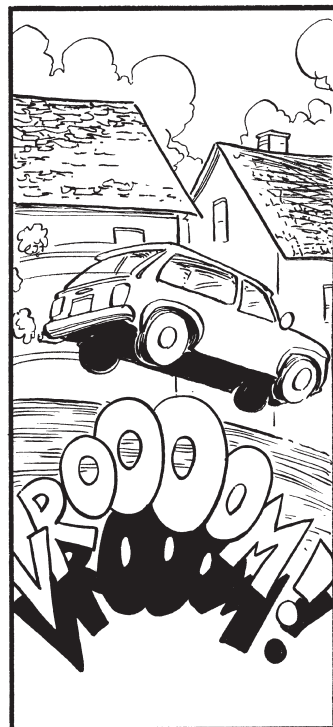
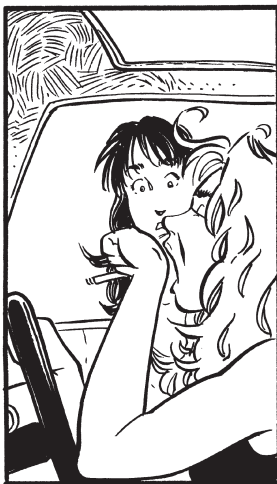
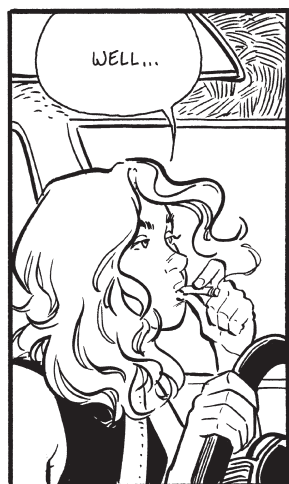
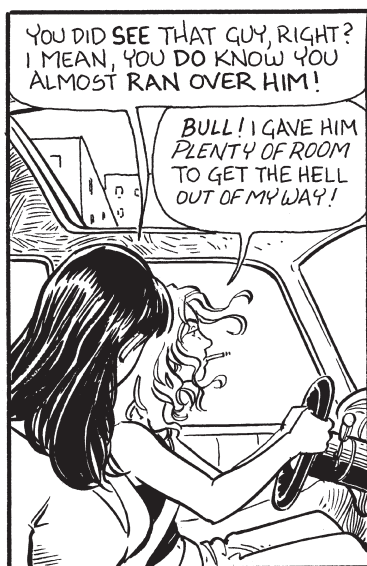
I HATE EVERYBODY. I HATE ME,
I HATE YOU... I HAD A CAT NAMED
FRITZ ONCE, I HATED HIM, TOO!
I HATE WOMEN, I HATE MEN, I...

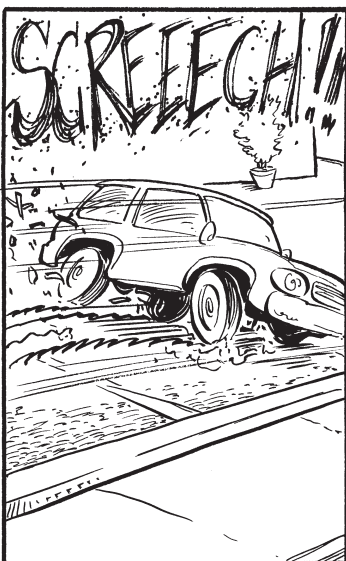
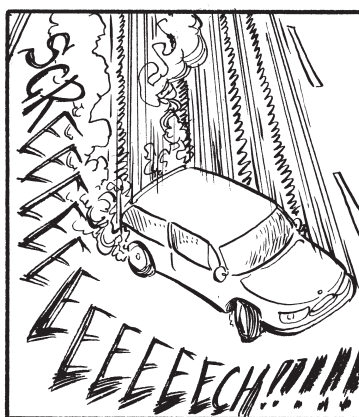
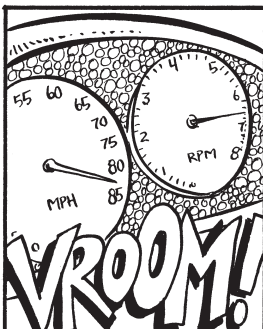
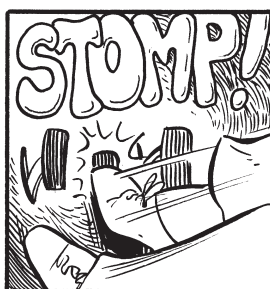
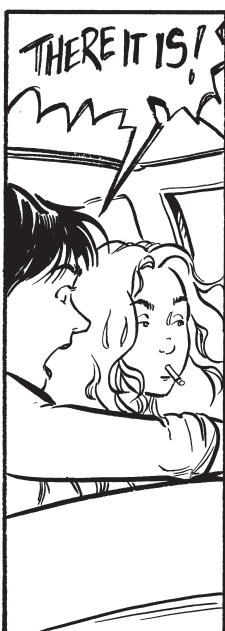


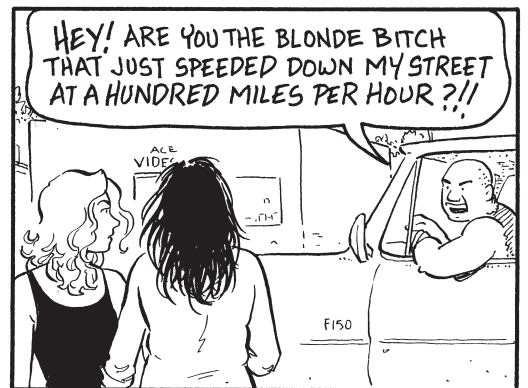
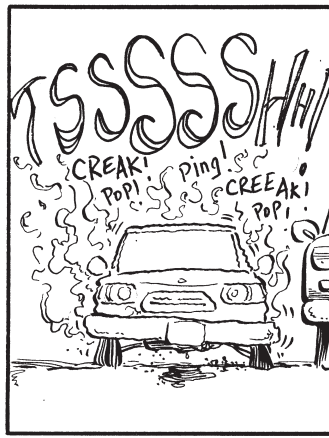
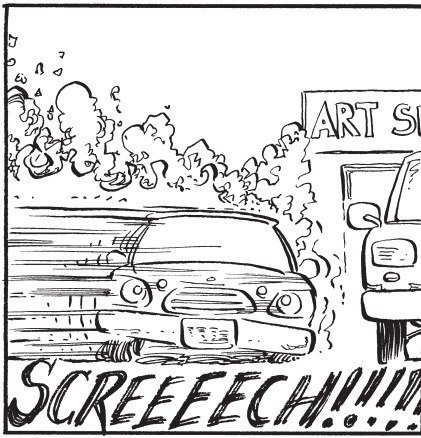
LIFE IS SWEET! NOTHING BUT BIG,
HUGE STOCKY MOUNDS OF EVER LOVIN'
GRADE A ALL-NATURAL PINK...

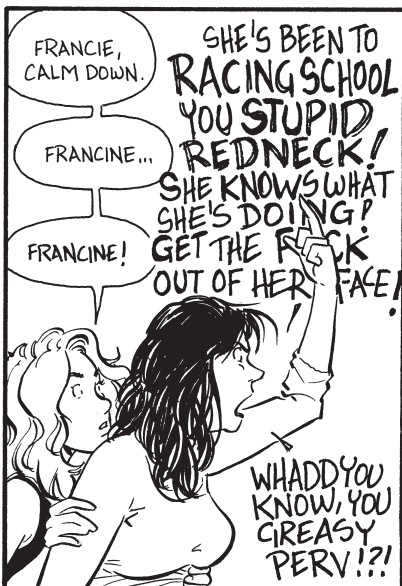


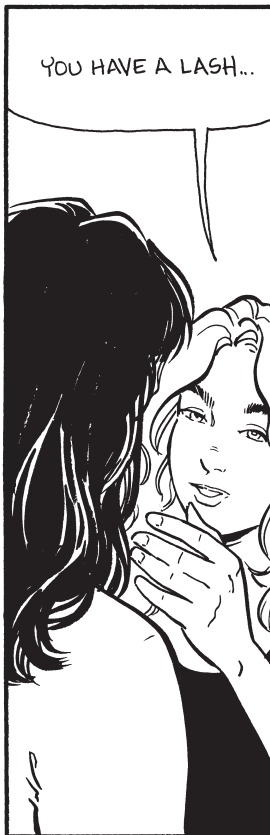
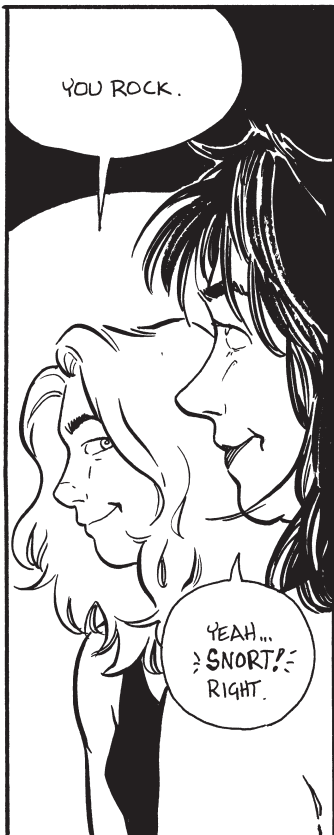
MISS YOU BOB

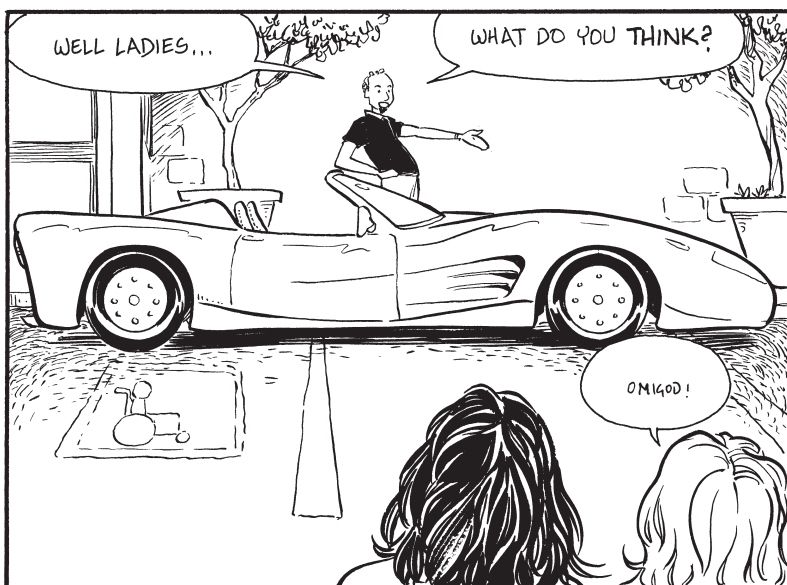


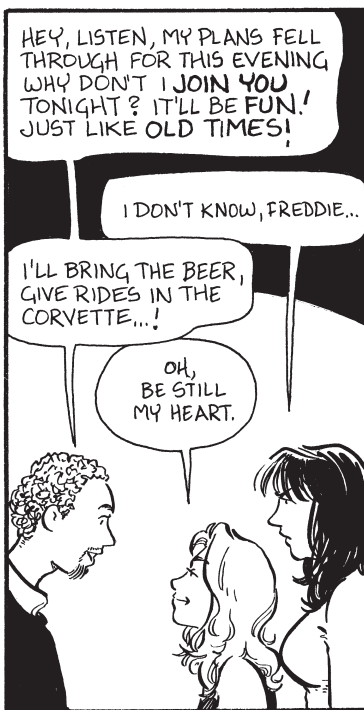












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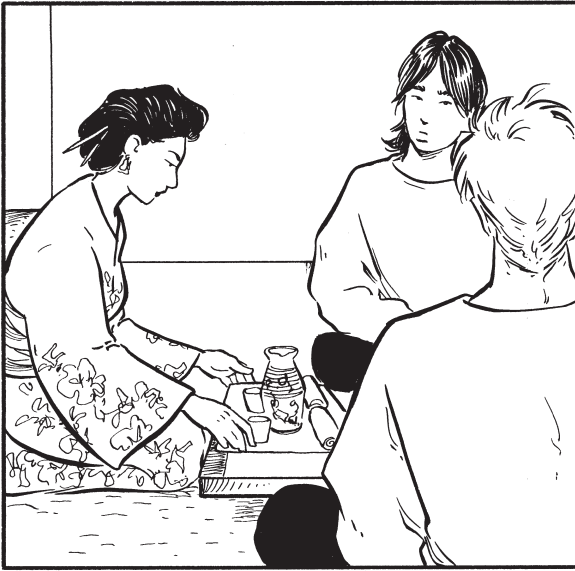
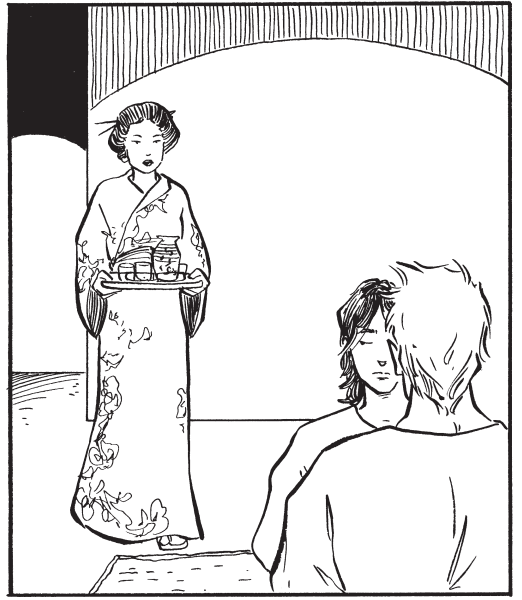
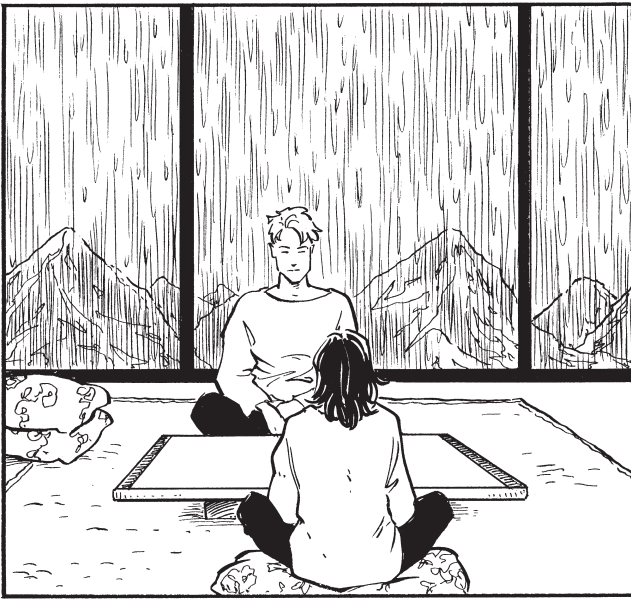
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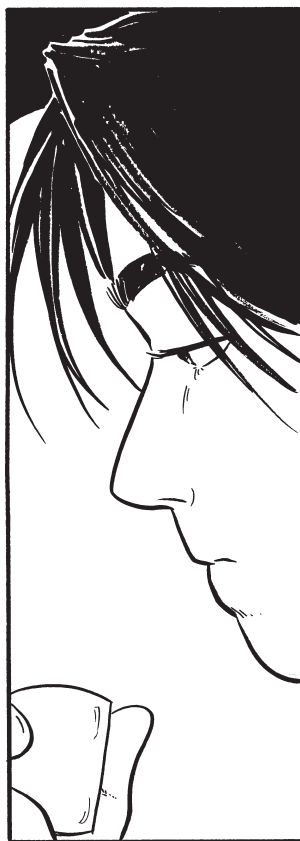
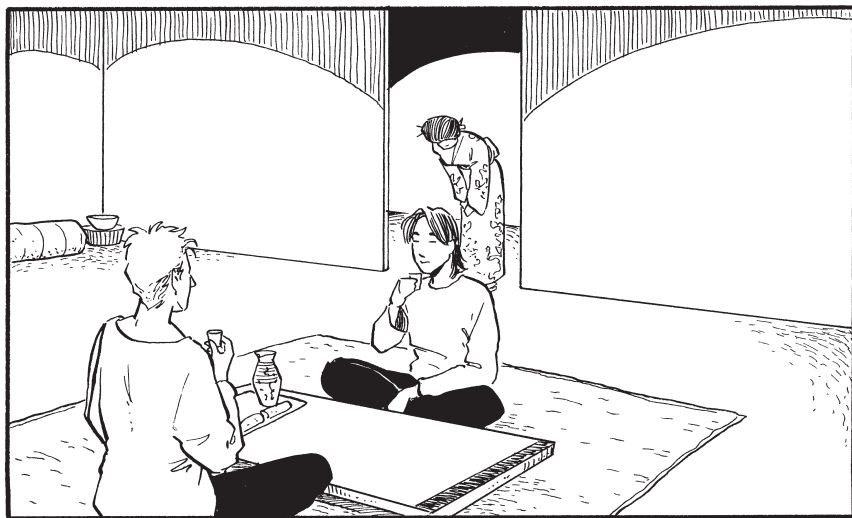
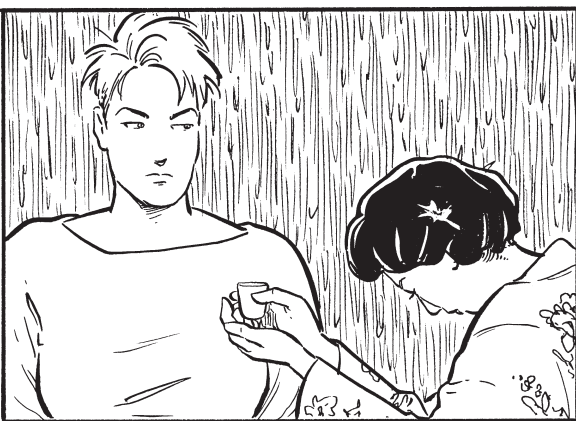
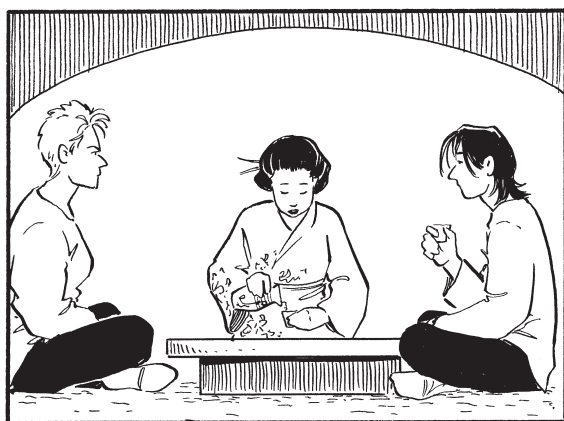
that movie, The Adventures of F. Fi, where the 2 teen girls babysit a rich poodle and nearly kill it, a million times but the damn thing ^{accidentally} always trots away w/out a scratch. First time I saw that movie I nearly peed my pants & I guess the tequila helped. But that's the night I first saw her. She was standing outside the video store w/ Cheryl Albert and Vicki Britchin wearing that stupid band jacket they gave her for killing a clarinet from the back row. Her face was so pale and clean, her eyes big and brown and clear. I remember how pretty her hair was, laying on her shoulders like thick soft silk. Jimmy and I pulled up and he went inside to grab some DVDs (Fifi, Reanimator and Coy Dakey) but I stayed on the bike so I could look at Francine. I didn't know her name then of course. I just ~~saw~~ couldn't take my eyes off her. She hid behind her nerdy friends like a lost doe. She was cold - her nose was pink, her lips cherry red. She stood like newborn race horse, kind of awkward and uncertain on long young legs. She made me feel warm inside.

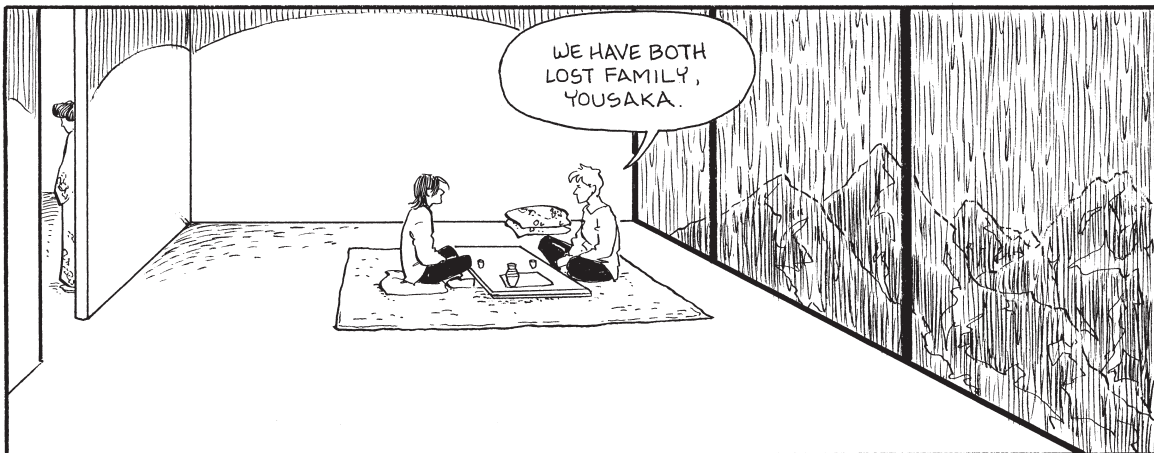
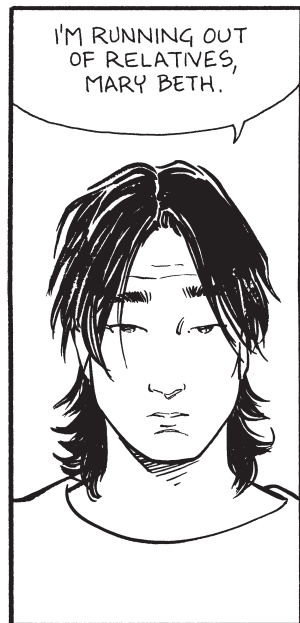
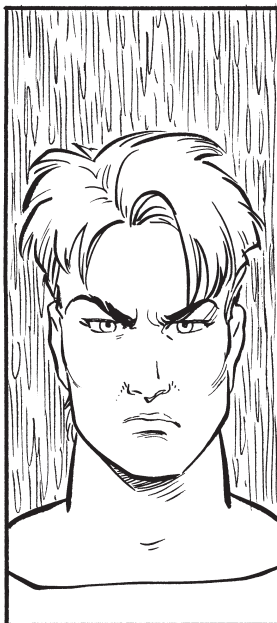
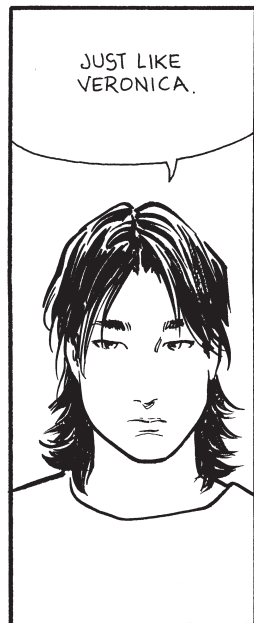
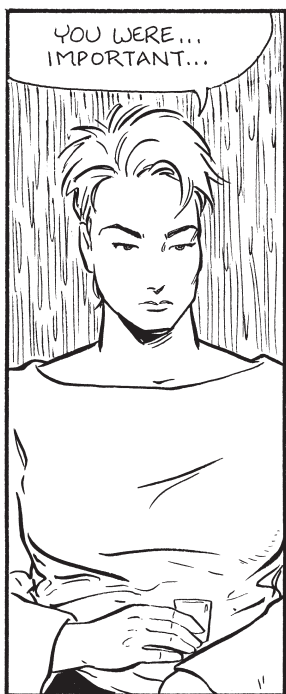
EXHIBIT: KKL.b

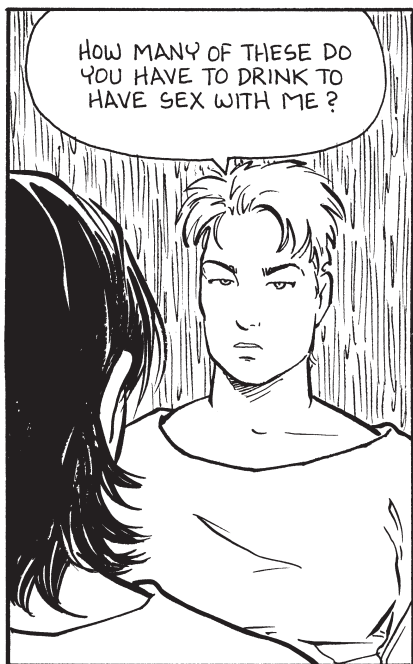
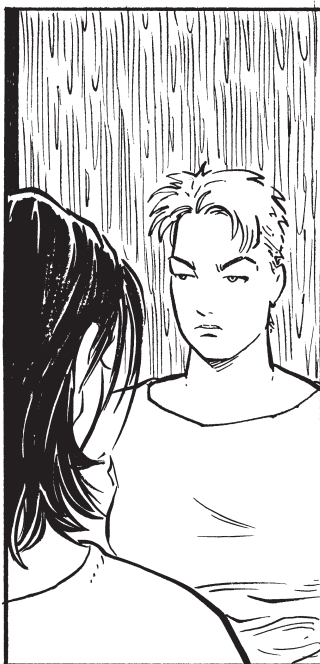
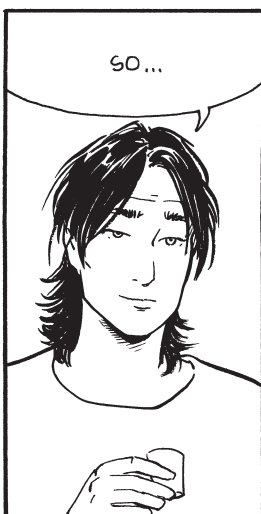
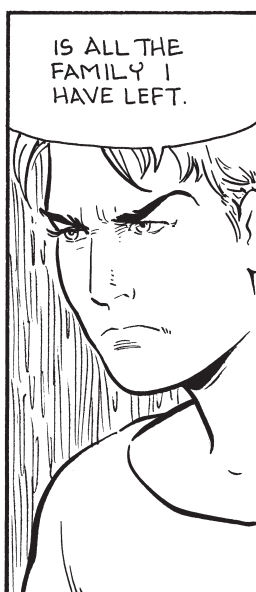
ITEM 1204.87.440.10

Katina Marie Choovanski Journal









Meanwhile...

(Katchoo and Francine walking down colorful aisle in art store. Katchoo s picking things off shelf and dropping them into the basket Francine carries beside her.)

KATCHOO

I love going to the art store.

FRANCINE

I didn't realize it took all this art stuff to make a painting.

KATCHOO

Oh yeah, the more art stuff the better the painting.

FRANCINE

Serious?

KATCHOO

Sure. Why do you think Picasso was so good? He had a lot of art stuff.

FRANCINE

Well, I guess that makes sense.

KATCHOO

Francine. I'm putting you on! You really think all it takes to make a good painting is paint?

FRANCINE

That's what Miss Lipner told us.

KATCHOO

Who's Miss Lipner?

FRANCINE

My 3rd grade art teacher.

(Katchoo looks at Francine.)

KATCHOO

You know what? she was right. Forget what I just said. So... sketchbooks? Where would we find sketchbooks?

(A tiny and impossibly thin teenage girl wearing an orange employee apron stacks pencils on a shelf. She sports dyed black hair, layered black clothing and two pounds of cheap jewelry)

FRANCINE

Excuse me, where are the sketchbooks?

EMPLOYEE

(shrugs)

Over there, ma'am.

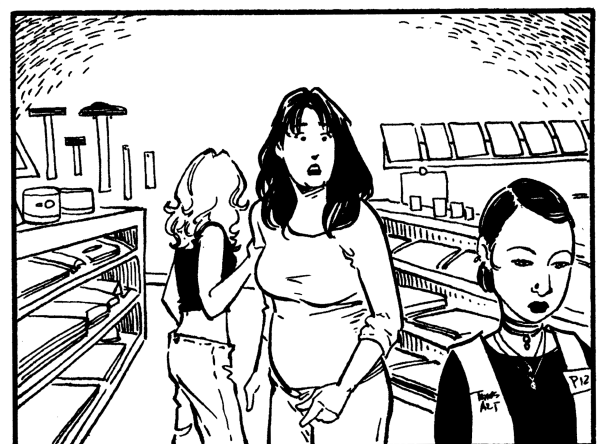
(The girl walks off. Francine stands in shock. Katchoo tugs on her arm.)

KATCHOO

C'mon.

FRANCINE

Did you hear that? Did you hear what she called me?



KATCHOO

What?

FRANCINE

Ma'am! She called me ma'am! Right to my face! Like I'm an old lady!

KATCHOO

So? What is she, like, twelve? Everybody's old to her.

FRANCINE

I don't have to take that!

(Katchoo pulls on her.)

KATCHOO

Come on, grandma.

FRANCINE

Nobody calls me ma'am! I have more self-respect than that!

(Katchoo's eyes light up)

KATCHOO

Oooh... brushes!

FRANCINE

I demand an apology!

(Several minutes later, Francine and Katchoo walk up to the cash register to check out with two full baskets.)

KATCHOO

(looking ahead,
muttering)
Hey... check it out.

(The same young girl is doing check out. Francine's eyes narrow.)

FRANCINE

Hmmmmmm.

(They put their baskets on the counter. The girl begins scanning items while blowing bubbles with her gum. Katchoo watches Francine fidget, struggling for the right words to correct this girl of her serious error.)

KATCHOO

(in faux middle-aged style)
Don't forget the brushes, young lady.

(Francine shoots Katchoo a look that screams QUIT IT! The young girl doesn't look up, continues scanning, chewing gum.)

FRANCINE

(to Katchoo in louder than normal voice)
So... how about the latest Griffin Silver... great CD, huh?

(No response from girl— she continues scanning. Francine looks at Katchoo and



nods her head towards girl, begging help.)

FRANCINE

(continuing)
Eh? Eh?

KATCHOO

Oh... yeah. Griffin Silver... groovy.

(Fran frowns at smirking Katchoo. Young girl glances at Kat and smirks, continues scanning.)

FRANCINE

(to young girl)
You like Griffin Silver, don't you, uh...

(Bends over to see name on name tag.)

FRANCINE

(continuing)
... Piza?

(Piza doesn't look up, clicking keys on register.)

PIZA

I'm so sure. He's like, my parents age. That'll be \$639.63.

FRANCINE

Griffin Silver's not that old!

PIZA

Yes ma'am.

FRANCINE

Don't ma'am me! I'll have you know I am 29 years old! I am not a ma'am!

PIZA

Whatever.

FRANCINE

Don't do that!

PIZA

Do what?

FRANCINE

Talk to me like I'm your mother! I'm young enough to be your older sister!

(Katchoo giggles. She's enjoying this.)

KATCHOO

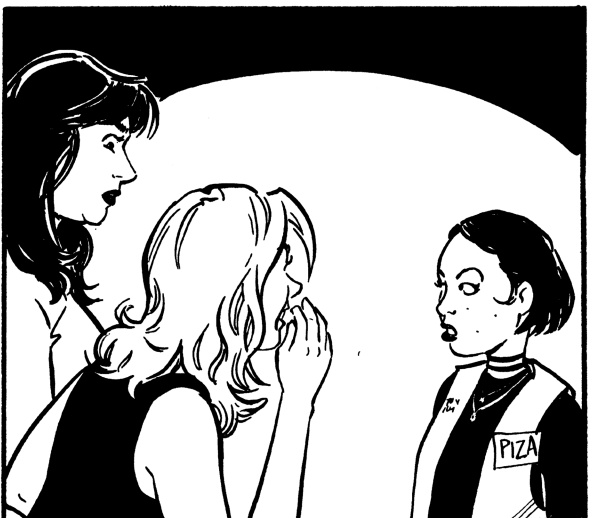
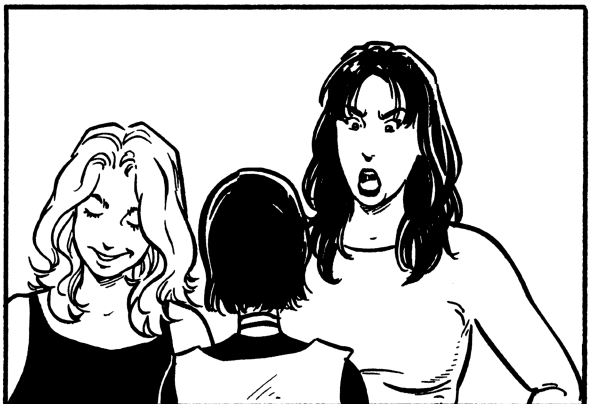
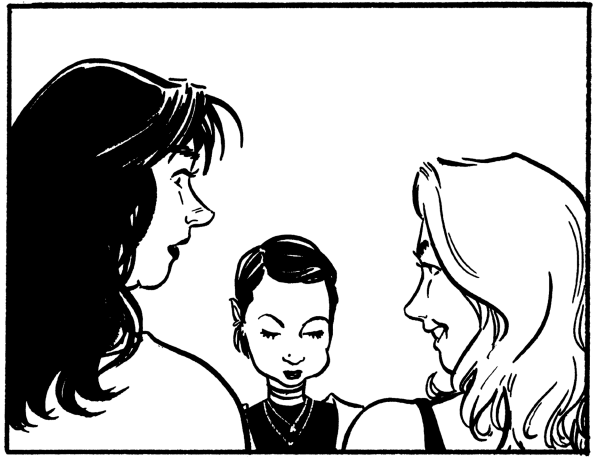
You'll have to excuse her, Piza... menopause and all that.

(Piza smirks and runs the card. Fran steams.)

FRANCINE

So who do you listen to, Piza? Go on, tell me! I bet I have their CD's too!

(Piza hands the sales slip to Katchoo



who begins signing.)

PIZA

Linkin Park, Manson...

FRANCINE

Hah! Lincoln Park! I've heard of them! Head Like A Hole, right?

(Piza looks at Francine as if something were hanging from her nose. Piza tears receipt and gives it to Katchoo.)

PIZA

(dryly)

Have a nice day.

FRANCINE

No wait, Black Hole Sun! Right? The lead singer shot himself for Courtney Lovitz... or something...

(Katchoo shoves Francine out the door.)

KATCHOO

Come on, mom, let's go. You're embarrassing the kids.

FRANCINE

I am not old!

PIZA

No ma'am.

FRANCINE

(yells back from the door)

Don't call me that!

(Piza watches Francine leave, turns back to register and resumes sipping a can of Pepsi One through a straw. A young boy with a haphazard complexion and do-it-yourself haircut strolls up. He's also wearing the orange vest.)

PIZA

Promise me if I ever get that old and senile you'll kill me.

BOY

You got it. How do you want it?

(Piza thinks about this seriously for a moment.)

PIZA

I want... to be smothered by doves in a bed of rose petals... while my parents watch.

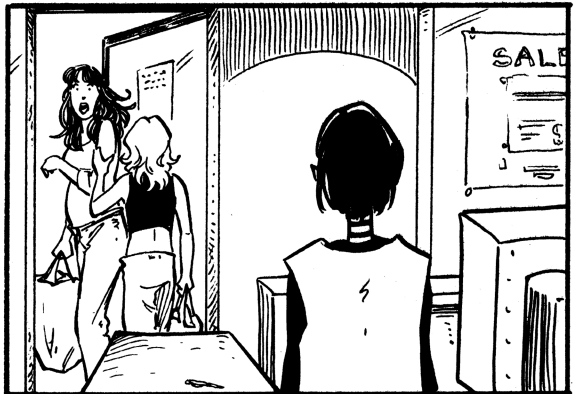
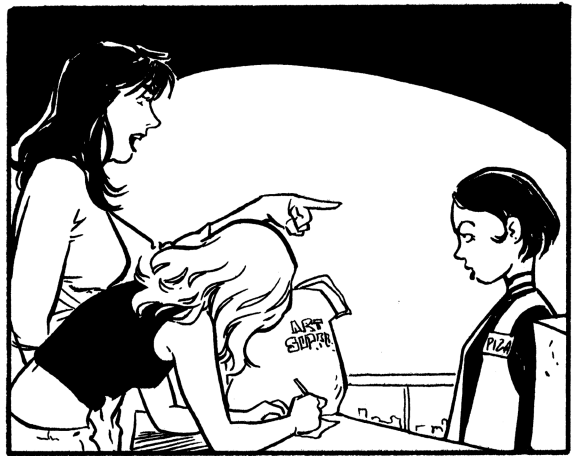
(Boy smiles in approval.)

BOY

Sleeeeeezy.

(Piza smiles for the first time.)

(Fade out.)



He dreamed about fly-fishing on a warm summer day somewhere deep in the Rocky Mountains where the sky was blue and the air clean. Red, his faithful companion, lay sleeping in the back of the truck, guarding a cooler of beer beneath the shade of a centenarian oak. Birds sang and sailed the gentle breezes that rolled across the valley. The river was cold and crystal clear. He had already caught dinner but he continued fishing and releasing his catch because there was nowhere else he had to be and nothing else he'd rather be doing, at least not until sundown. Only then would he head back to the cabin and prepare the fish for Gina, who would dip them in a Cajun batter and fry them in the skillet, serving them with homemade hushpuppies and ice cold beer. After dinner they would sit on the porch and listen to the chatter of the nightlife. Critterville, Gina called it. When she touched his hand and smiled they would turn out the lights and go to bed. For a while the critters would listen to them, then they would all fall silent, sleeping under a pale blue moon.

This is what Detective Mike Walsh dreamed when he closed the door to his office, downed a Slim Fast in one gulp and spent the remaining twenty-nine minutes of his lunch break leaning back in his chair, arms folded, eyes closed, and a smile on his face. This is what got him through the drudgery of routine and paperwork that made up the majority of his day with the Houston Police Department. This is why he failed to notice the telephone messages from Washington shuffled beneath the papers on his desk that morning. The phone rang, startling Walsh from his thoughts.

"Detective Walsh."

"Detective, this is FBI Special Agent Sara Bryan. How are you today, sir?"

"Uh... fine, thanks. What can I do for you?"

"Well, I'm working on an investigation here and your name has turned up in our files. I was wondering if I could ask you a couple of questions."

"Okay... uh, sure. What are we talking about?"

"Parker Girls."

A chill ran through Walsh's body. He eased his chair upright and waited for Bryan to speak.

"I've been reading the files of your investigation when you were with the bureau, but I also see where, as recently as two years ago, you made inquiries about a Parker Girl through the Houston Police Department."

Walsh racked his mind, trying to recall the circumstances Bryan was referring to. She beat him to it.

"I believe you may have had her in your custody at one time under assault and battery charges, filed by a Frederick Femur..."

Walsh could feel the blood rush from his face. He had promised her this wouldn't happen. He had gone to great lengths to make sure the charges were dropped, that her files were pulled from the Houston office and delivered to her. When he went to California and New York to help her he had done so with his own money, using vacation time away from work. He had gone to great lengths to protect her because he owed her. But that day she first appeared in handcuffs at his desk, refusing to talk, he had sent out a general inquiry. FBI records revealed a file on her, but it was classified Top Secret, All Access Denied. Later, after he got to know her, he cleaned his tracks, vowing to protect her anonymity. But he couldn't erase the request he made for her file that first day.

"Uh... sorry. Doesn't ring a bell..." Walsh lied.

"Her name is Choovanski. Katina Marie Choovanski," Agent Bryan continued. "I was wondering if you could help me locate Miss Choovanski. I'd like to talk to her."

and I'm really beginning to wonder why I put up with it. How long has it been? Am I supposed to just put my life on hold while she tries to make a fritchin decision?! Jesus! Give me a break!
I have a limit.

So, I'm puttin' around, wondering what to do, when Carolyn Hobbs calls. How she tracked me down (again!) I don't know, but she's like a Pitbull - "let me represent you! You're a great artist - I can make you famous!" ~~I~~ I groan ~~like~~ I wanted to say no thanks and catch the next plane back to my little house on the islands, but she offered me a studio here in Houston and it occurred to me that maybe that's what could do. Paint here in Houston - get a house in the Heights and just... be here.

Let Francine come to me. - which she will - and when she does I will be in the position to say 'hook, see? You came to me. So let's stop dorking around and GET ON WITH IT!'

EXHIBIT: KKB.e

ITEM 1204.87.100.351

Katina Marie Choovanski journal

SHE DREAMS OF
HER UNBORN
CHILD TAKING
HER FIRST
WOBBLY STEPS —



SHOPPING FOR
HER PROM DRESS —



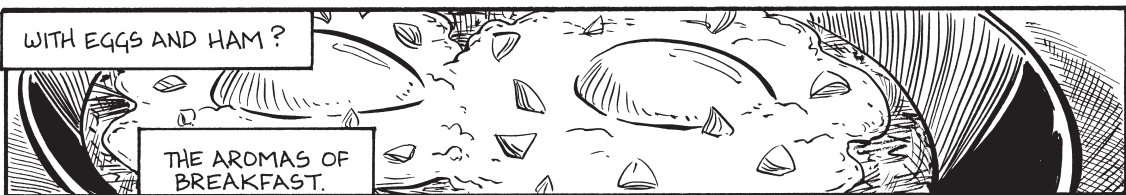
AND SAUSAGE ...

GNIFF



WITH EGGS AND HAM ?

THE AROMAS OF
BREAKFAST.



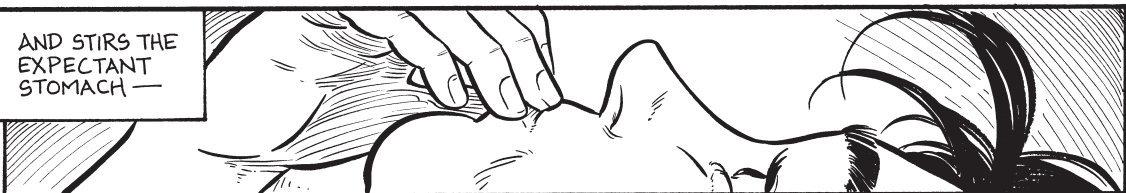
SHE WAKES.



THE SMELL OF TOAST AND FRESH
COFFEE SOOTHES THE SOUL ...



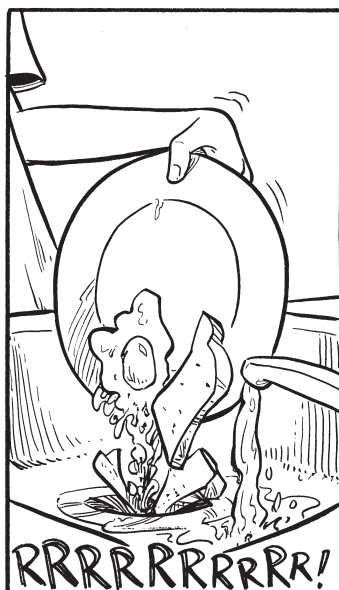
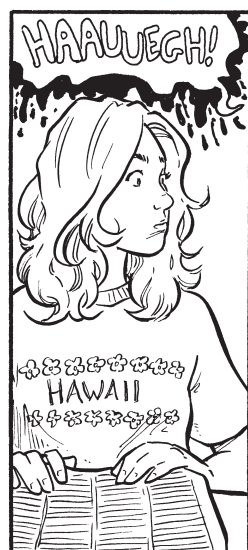
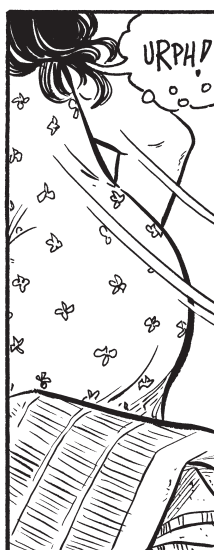
AND STIRS THE
EXPECTANT
STOMACH —

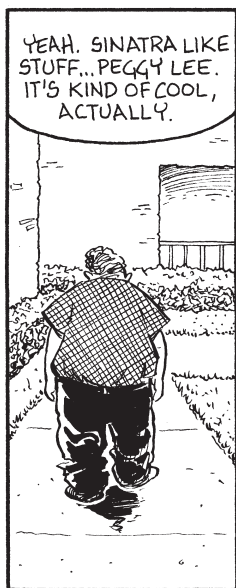
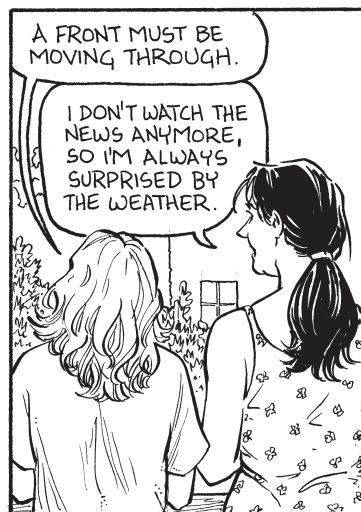
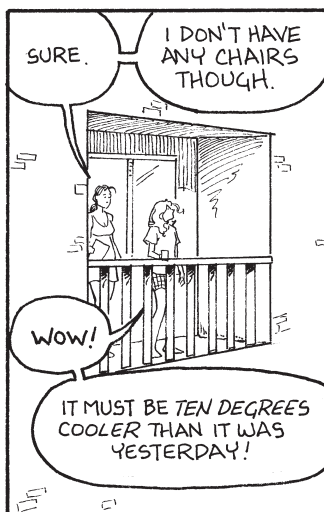
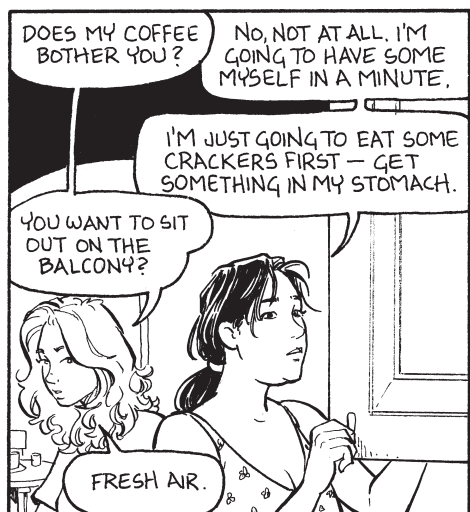


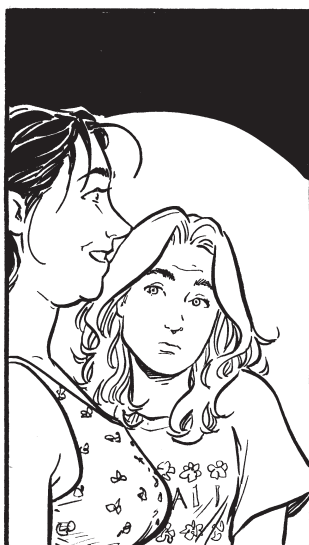
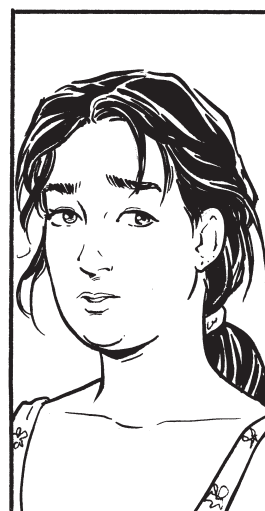
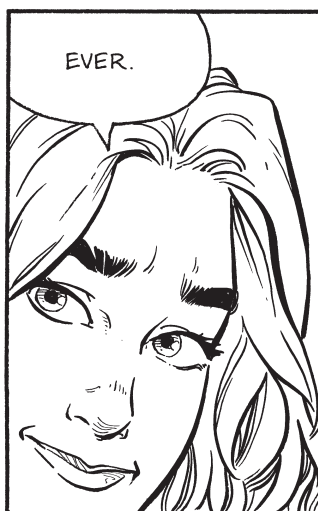
AND STIRS ... AND STIRS...

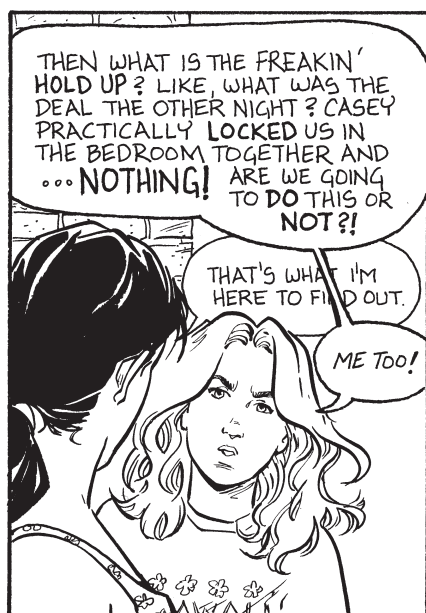
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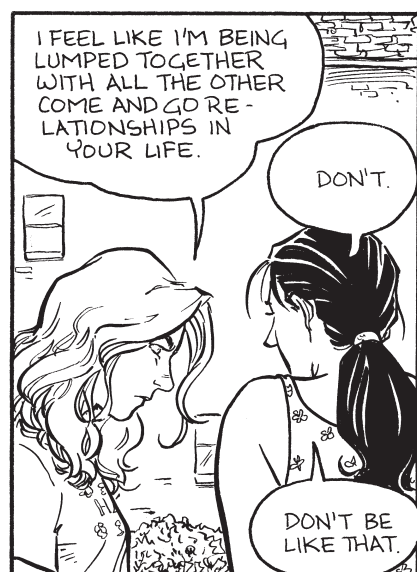
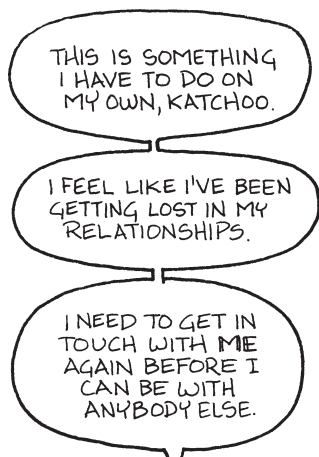












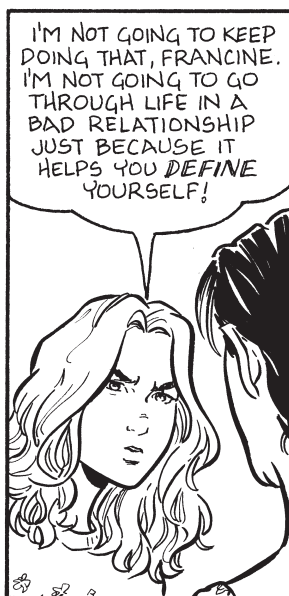




EXHIBIT: KKN.c
ITEM 1204.87.540.1
Katina Marie Choovanski Bedroom
Detail: floor by bed

Detective Walsh pulled into his usual parking space beneath the big oak tree behind the police station. He knew he'd return to find bird crap on his aging pickup, but it was better than the sun damage of a brutal Houston summer. He walked across the parking lot to the back door of the station, glancing up at the tall cumulus clouds building on the horizon. It would be hot and humid today. He felt sorry for the cops who would be working their beats downtown. It was a thankless job performed for hot, irritable people crammed together in a city that was forever dirty and under construction. Walsh punched his 5-digit code into the keypad by the door. A lock released allowing Walsh entry. Refrigerated air and the smell of coffee greeted him as he walked up the hallway to a cluster of doorways. On good days he made it all the way to his office before someone bushwhacked him with problems and paperwork.

"Hey, Mike."

Damn.

"Got a minute?"

Walsh turned on his heels, walking backwards. "I'm headed for the coffee machine, Reed. Can it wait 'til I tank up?"

Reed left his vigil at the copier and joined Walsh. "I'll join you. I need a refill."

Reed led the way to a small kitchenette at the end of the hall on the right. He grabbed a styrofoam cup from the top of a stack on the counter and filled it with the black atomic brew that passed for coffee at the station house. Nobody knew the last time the pot had been washed, since the station was open 24-7 and coffee was in constant demand. The women refused to clean up after the men and avoided the kitchenette altogether while the men held to a superstition that washing the pot now would ruin it just as surely as cleaning an old grill would ruin the barbecue. After years of service the pot and machine were so discolored and saturated with the caffeine of years past that it no longer brewed coffee, it performed alchemy, turning clear tap water into a dark potion that shot fire through the arteries and played jump rope with your heart. It tasted like hot motor oil but Walsh and the others drank it anyway as a part of an unspoken, old boy allegiance. You were one of the guys if you drank the station coffee, everybody else went to Starbucks with the women.

"Say, what's going on with you and the FBI?"

Walsh winced at the question, filling his cup with care. "Nothing I know about. Why do you ask?"

"There's an agent waiting to see you in the lobby. Louise says they've called you several times over the last couple of weeks."

"Louise has a big mouth."

"That's why I never tell her anything. I just listen. So what's going on?"

"Just questions about an old case. No big deal."

"You're not going back, are you?"

Walsh smiled at Reed and stepped into his office, closing the door behind him. Reed's shadow hovered on the pebbled glass for a moment, then moved on. Walsh set his coffee down, tossed his worn sport coat towards the chair and dialed the lobby desk.

"Front desk."

“Hey sweetness. What’s up?”

“You have a visitor,” said Louise. “FBI.”

“Okay. Send ‘em back.”

Walsh hung up the receiver and cleared an opening on his desk, moving a box of files to the floor and throwing the leftovers of yesterday’s fast food lunch in the trash. He moved the extra chair from the wall and positioned it in front of his desk. Crap. His hands left marks in the dust. He quickly surveyed the room for something to wipe the chair, but saw only paper, boxes, two files cabinets full of more paper, his desk and chair. He was using his coat as a dust rag when three sharp knocks came at the door.

“Yeah. Come in,” said Walsh.

She didn’t look anything like Walsh had pictured. Her voice on the phone had been deep and authoritative with a hybrid American accent and a tendency to sound as though she were speaking through a jutting jaw. He had expected a thick, powerful looking woman in her mid-forties, with sensible shoes and a sensible haircut. The woman walking in his office couldn’t have been more different. Trim, fit and pretty in a college girlfriend sort of way, she was closer to thirty than forty. She wore a pale blue linen dress with matching jacket and squeezed his hand like a Glock 9mm while showing him her badge.

“Detective Walsh? I’m Special Agent Sara Bryan, FBI”

The voice on the phone came out of her mouth but it seemed out of place to Walsh. He realized he had made a mental profile of Bryan that was wrong. As a detective he was supposed to be good at such things, and this bothered him. He would come back to it later, when he had time to think.

“Uh, yeah. Pleased to meet you, Bryan. Call me Mike. We don’t stand on protocol here. Have a seat.”

Agent Bryan smiled and complied. Walsh walked around his desk and sat down, popping up immediately to move his coffee cup from the center of the desk to the filing cabinet. He sat down again. Agent Bryan was still smiling.

“You don’t look anything like I pictured,” she said.

Walsh laughed and scratched the back of his head. “Well... that could be good and bad,” he said.

Bryan gave him a big smile, revealing pretty white teeth with a mild overbite. “I appreciate the information you’ve given me on the Parker Girl case, Detective Walsh. You’ve been a big help.”

“Happy to be of service. I have to admit, uh, I’m a little surprised to see you. I assume you’re here on the case.”

Bryan chose not to reply to that bit of drivel, but smiled and let him dig the hole all by himself. Walsh took a deep breath and exhaled his next question, “So... what can I do for you... Agent Bryan?”

Bryan fixed her steel blue eyes on Walsh and spoke with a smile that belied her determined tone. “I think you know more than you’re telling me, sir. I came to find out why.”

And just like that Mike Walsh knew he was in trouble. He shifted uncomfortably in his chair and studied Bryan with a frown. This wasn’t a social call. She neither flinched nor dropped her stare, but watched him with a calm repose; every move he made going into her behavioral databanks; every move he made telling her

more about him than he cared to reveal. He took a moment to consider his next words carefully.

"Agent Bryan... it's kind of early in the morning to be puttin' me on the spot. I haven't even had a chance to offer you any coffee first."

"I'm fine, thank you, sir. Parker Girls. You know more than you recorded in your FBI reports. Why?"

"That's an opinion, Agent Bryan."

"That's an educated conclusion, sir. I've read every report you posted with the bureau. I've read the file on your investigations of Darcy Parker. I read about your undercover assignment in Washington, D.C. Brave work. You put your life on the line for the job. You were up for a commendation. Then, when it looked as if you could blow the whole operation wide open, you walked away. Why?"

"People were getting killed."

"It goes with the job."

"Innocent people. Spouses, children."

Bryan's eyes narrowed slightly at that. Her first sign of emotion, Walsh noted.

"Katina Marie Choovanski."

"What about her?"

"You came in contact with her two and a half years ago. You sent a general request for her file."

"I didn't know who she was," Walsh replied truthfully. He consciously controlled his body language, but he felt the heat build in his face. She had come in swinging and caught him off guard. Now she had the advantage and he was on the ropes, doing his best to act as though they were talking about the weather. The career matron on the phone turned beautiful young woman had turned again to reveal a highly trained professional who was ready to play hard ball. Walsh resented her tactics, but wished his own partner were half as sharp. "She appeared at my desk one day on assault charges," he continued. "The FBI wouldn't release her file and the charges were dropped the next day so I let her go. If you wanted her, you should have come down then."

"Nobody called you from the bureau?"

"No."

"Hmm," Bryan frowned. "May I see the book?"

"Sorry?" Walsh cocked an ear as if he hadn't heard.

"The booking report. If Miss Choovanski was here overnight I assume you booked her. I'd like to see the file."

"Oh, yeah. I can have somebody scrounge that up. We were still using a paper system then. It may take a couple of days to locate."

"I need it today. This morning if possible," Bryan said. Her polite smile was really starting to piss Walsh off.

"I'll see what I can do. What else?"

"Have you had any contact with Miss Choovanski since the arrest?"

"Why are you so focused on Katina Choovanski?"

"Parker Girls are like four leaf clovers, detective. I've never seen one. Not alive anyway. You have. I'd like to know what that's like."

"If you don't mind my saying so, it's a lot like meeting you, Agent Bryan. The word stressful comes to mind."

Bryan smiled as if he'd held a door open for her. "You haven't answered my question, sir. Have you had contact with Miss Choovanski since the arrest?" Walsh took a deep breath. Which road was he going to take? He had to decide now. He ran his hand across his mouth and smoothed his mustache. To hell with body language, he wasn't fooling anyone. He chose the high road. "Yes," he said.

Sara Bryan blinked once and waited for him to continue.

"It's a long story."

"That's why I'm here," she said.

Walsh stood, went to the filing cabinet, pulled a small key from the watch pocket of his jeans and unlocked the bottom drawer. He withdrew a manila folder from the back and laid it on the desk. The words *Katina Choovanski* were scrawled in ball point pen on the tab. Walsh stared at the file and released a heavy sigh. Agent Bryan pulled the folder to her and opened it with both hands. What she saw took her breath away.

Sitting atop a sheaf of papers were several photos of Katina Choovanski: the photos taken at the time of her arrest, a couple of surveillance photos of her having sex with an older woman that Bryan recognized as Darcy Parker, and a candid photo taken at a party. Sara looked over each one carefully, but it was the photo from the party that she pulled from the folder. Katina was in a black dress, her blonde hair pulled back tightly in a fashionable ponytail. Her eyes sparkled but the lines beneath them were a hundred years old. Her features were symmetrical and perfectly balanced on a teardrop face. Bryan knew from her profiling classes that symmetry equals beauty. The blonde woman smiling back at her from the photograph possessed that natural gift, and more. Something about her said, '*You will never know me.*' "My god," Sara thought, "she's beautiful!"

"Wow."

"What?" Walsh asked.

"Oh, uh... this place... those columns in the background... this looks like it was at Lincoln Center in New York.

"It was," said Walsh.

"How did you get this?"

"I was there. That's the night Katina met Marshal Weinstein, the reporter for the Washington Daily."

Sara's mouth fell open but no words came.

"Katina was Marshal Weinstein's 'Miracle' source, Miss Bryan. His Deep Throat. She's the one who blew the whistle on the Parker Girls."

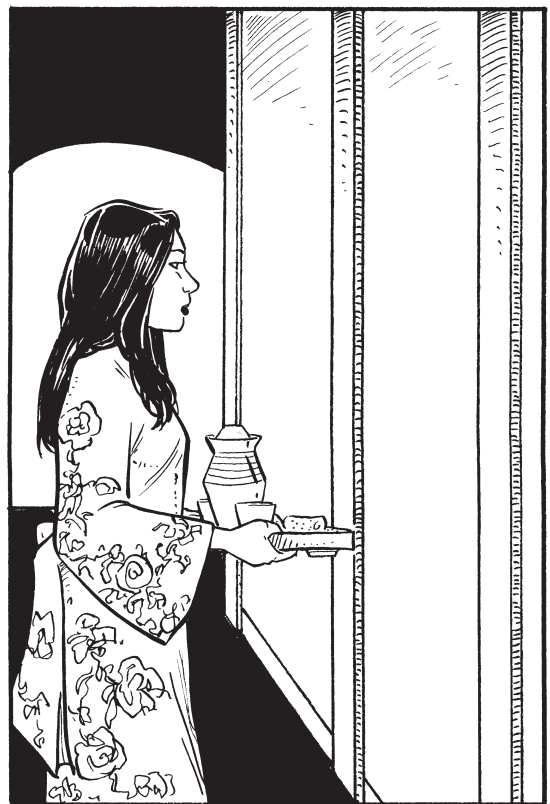
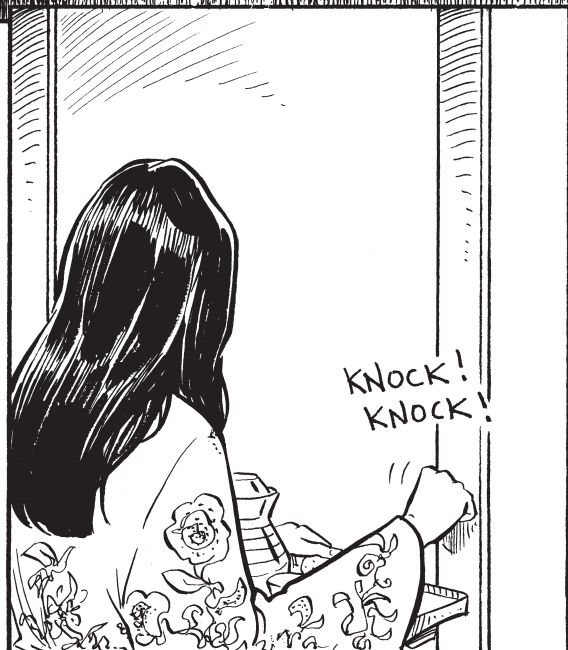
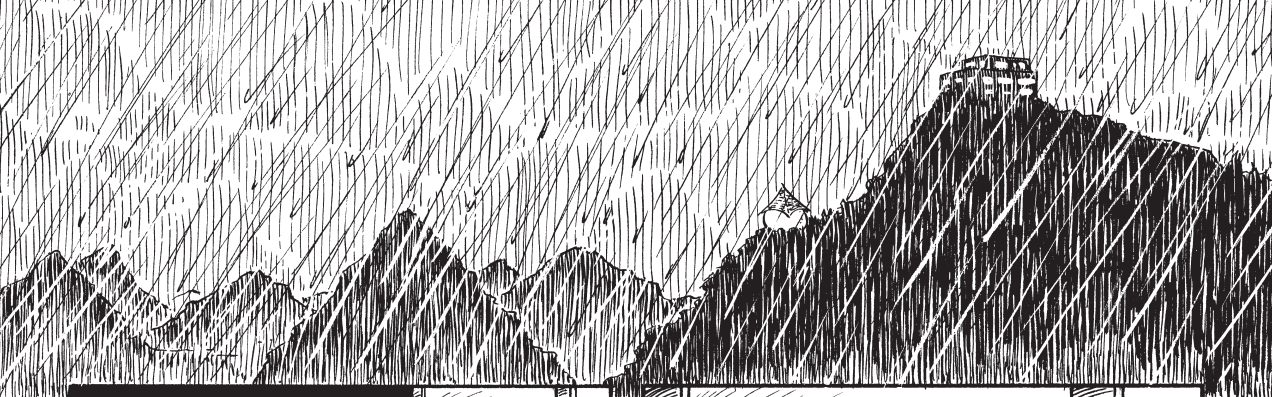






EXHIBIT: KKM.a
ITEM 1204.87.316.x
1972 Ferrari Dino

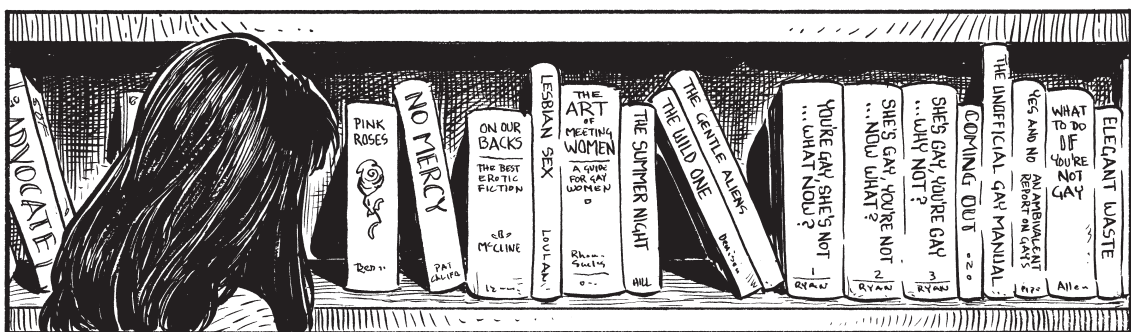
Katina Marie Choovanski's 1972 Ferrari Dino. Gift from Darcy Parker. Abandoned and impounded curbside at Los Angeles International Airport, July 9, 1995.

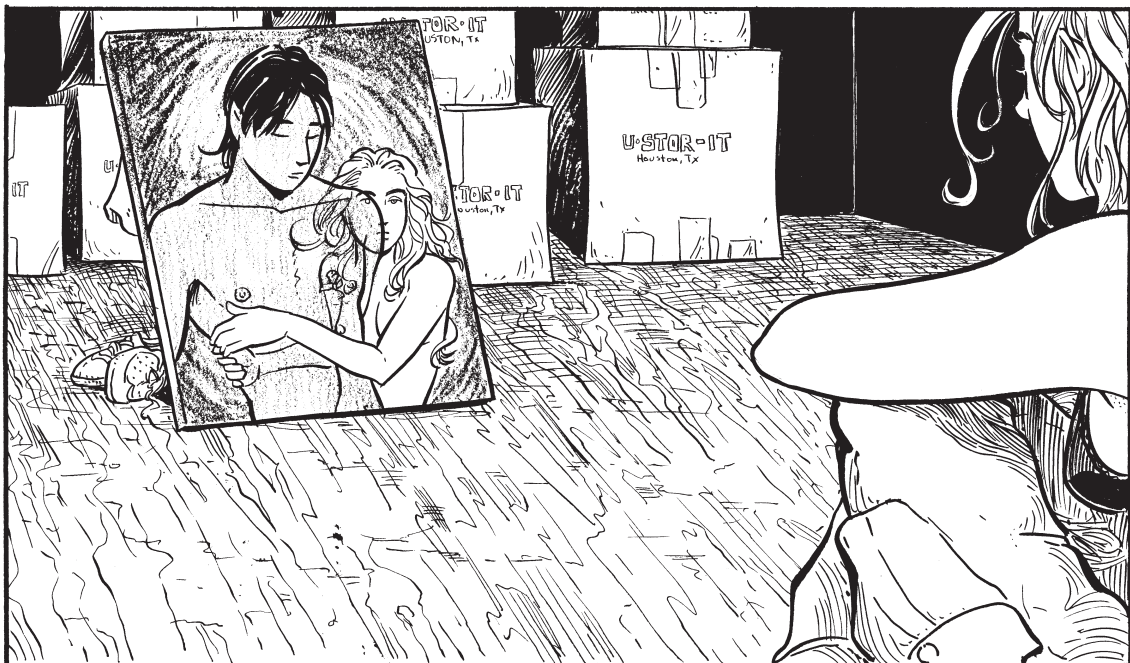
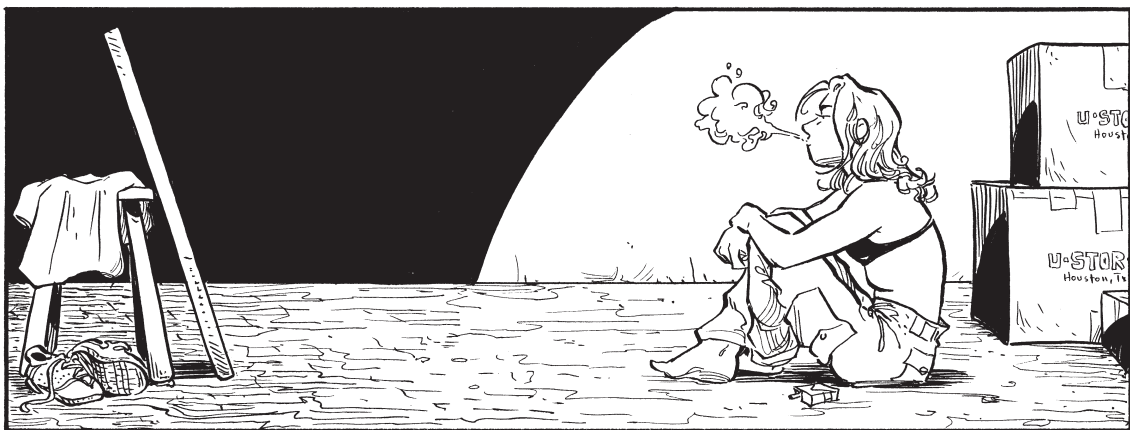


EXHIBIT: KKL.o
ITEM 1204.87.410.8
Katina Marie Choovanski earrings
Impounded from Darcy Parker residence
Bel Air, California July 9, 1995.

MY'S BOOKS







turning
DAEGBD

Now I Hold Back

G. Gidder

[F:0 A6:] You make me talk
Then you tell me my words are all lies
Don't expect me to compromise
You just take it the way you want. A6

You make me part
Then you give me that questioning frown
And you tell me I've let you down
You never let it get off the ground.

Chorus { I keep tellin' me — everything's okay
I keep tellin' me — you're gonna make it someday
And I believe it
And I believe it — sometimes — [F:0 A6:]

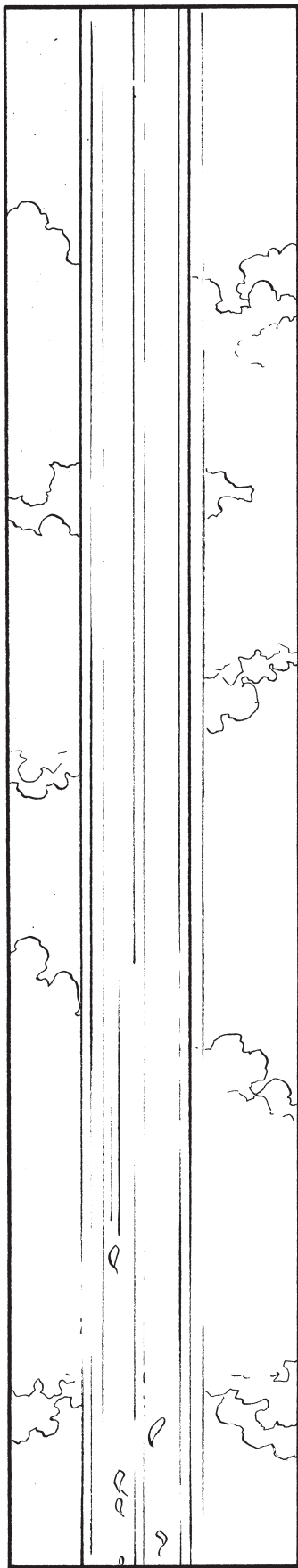
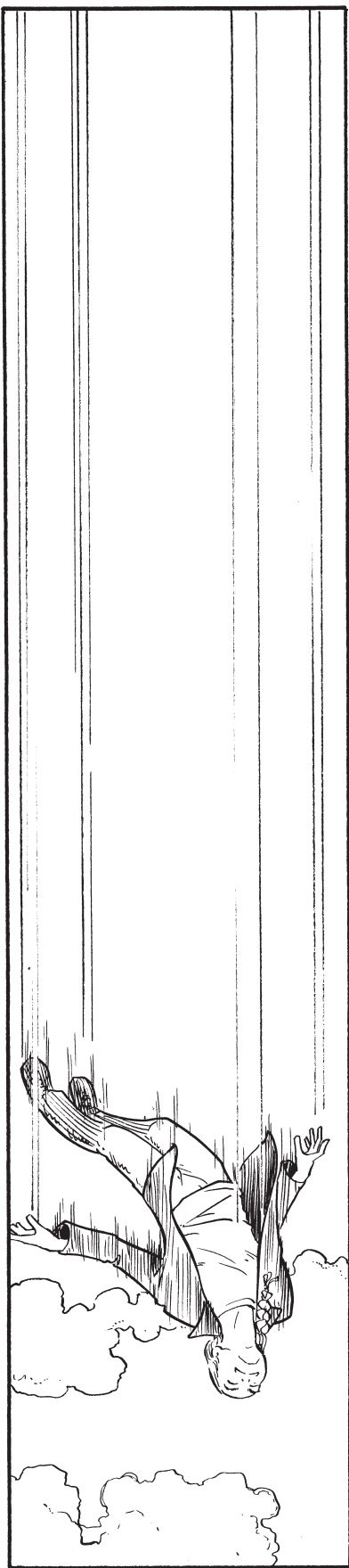
Now I believed
In the sun and the moon and the stars
If somebody told me they were cars
Put out to pasture by Chevrolet

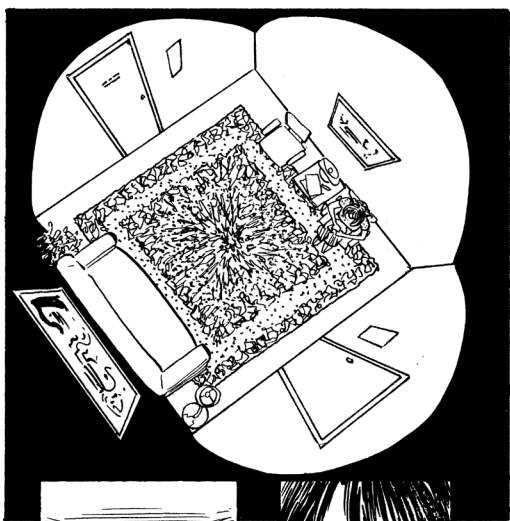
Now I hold back
Check the party before I go in
Check the people before I begin
Check the joker before I grin.

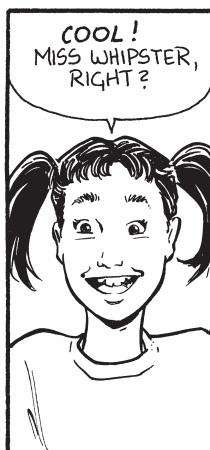
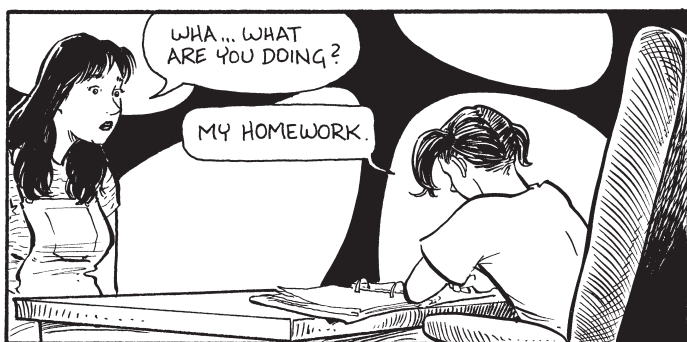
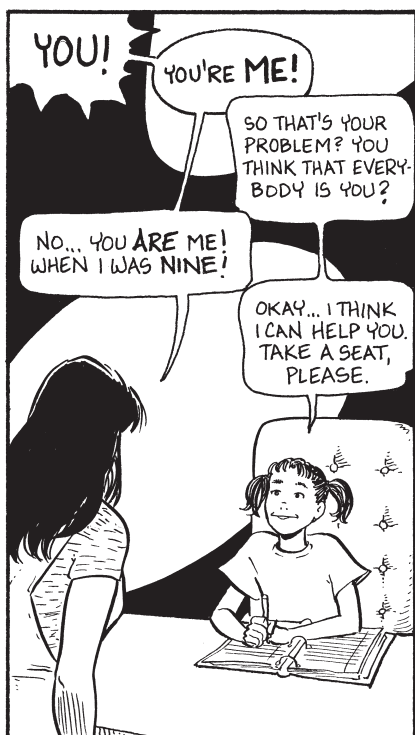
{ I keep tellin' me — everything's okay
I keep tellin' me — you're gonna make it someday
And I believe it
And I believe it — sometimes [F:0 A6:] F — o —

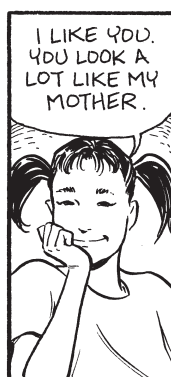
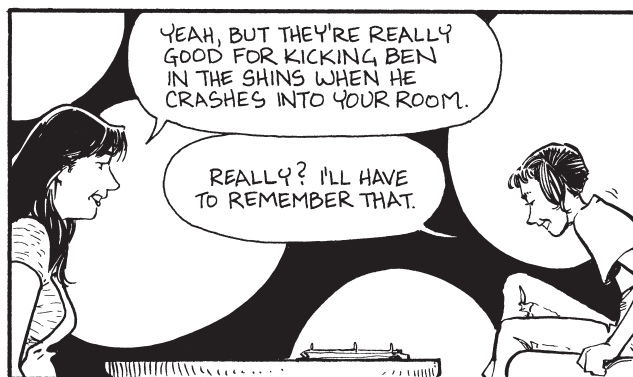
O = open

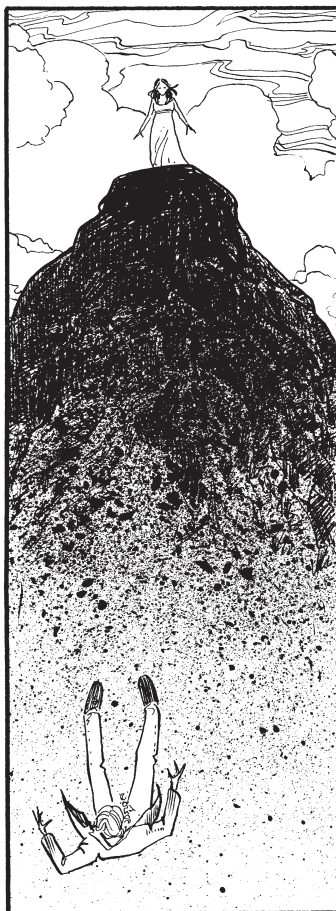
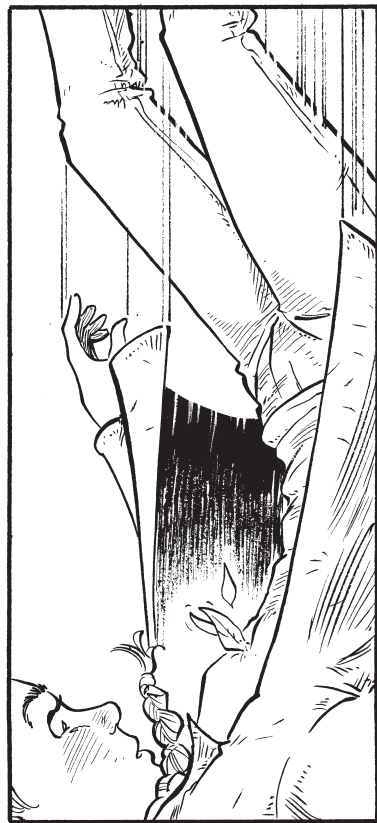
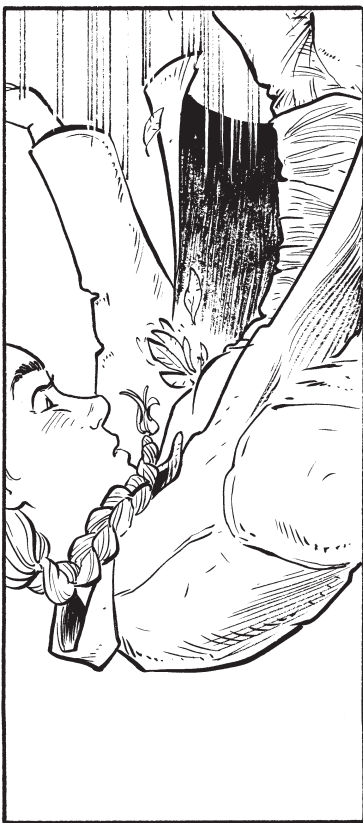


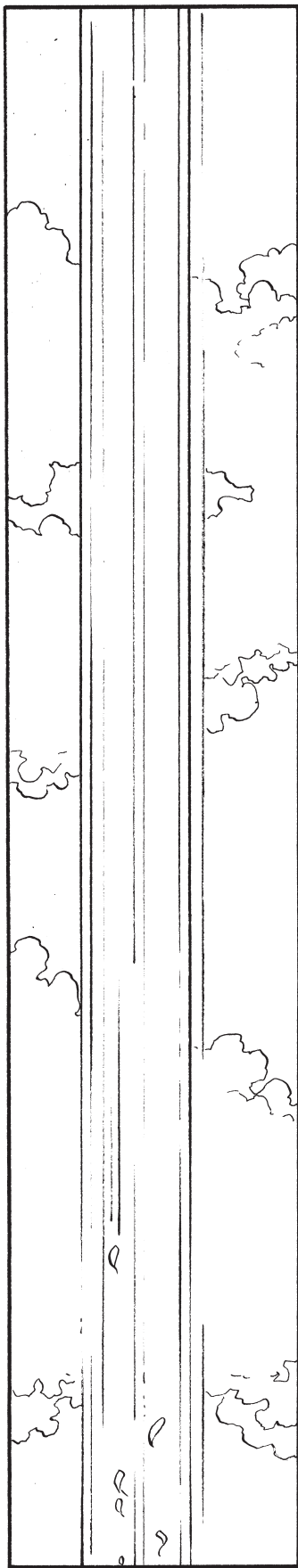
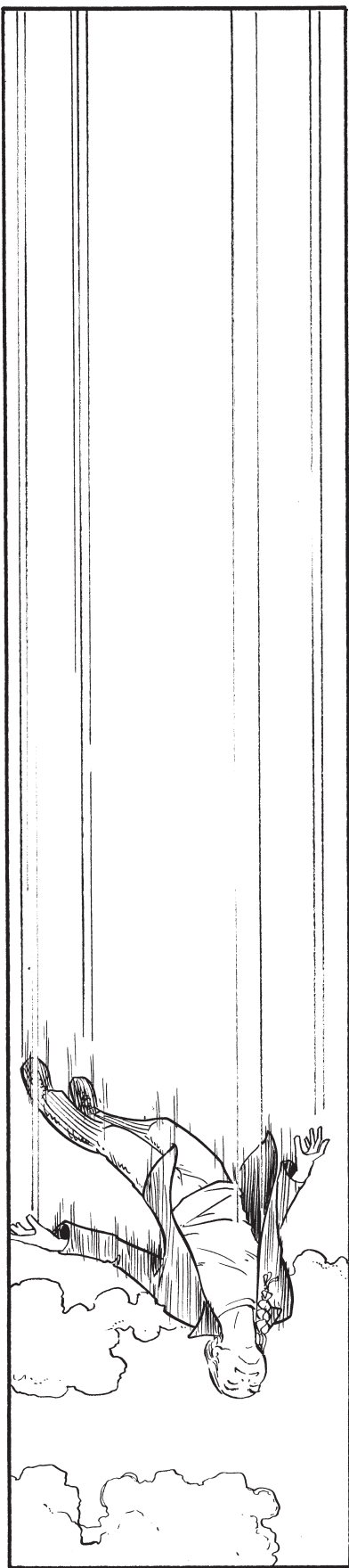


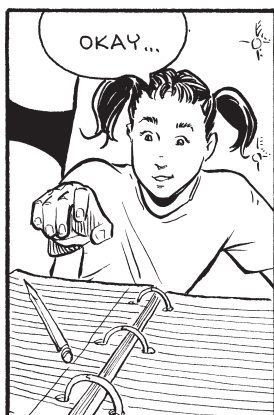
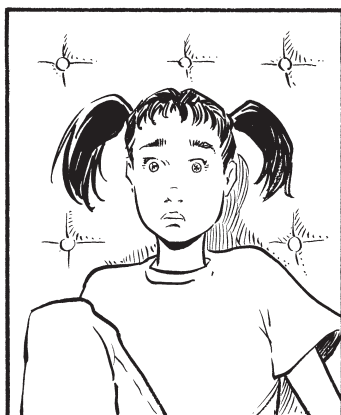
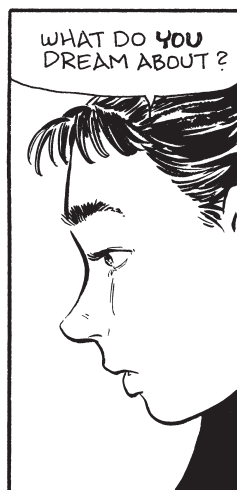
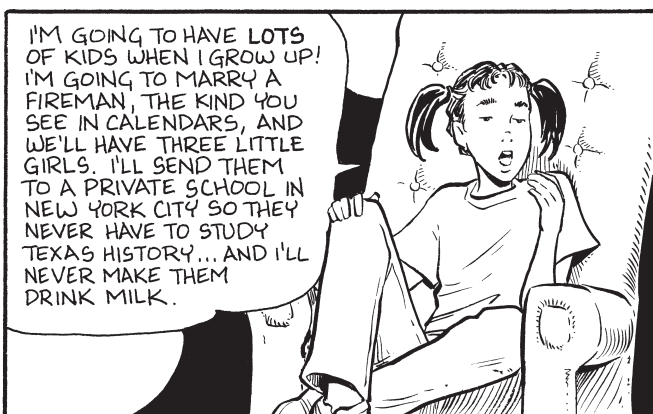


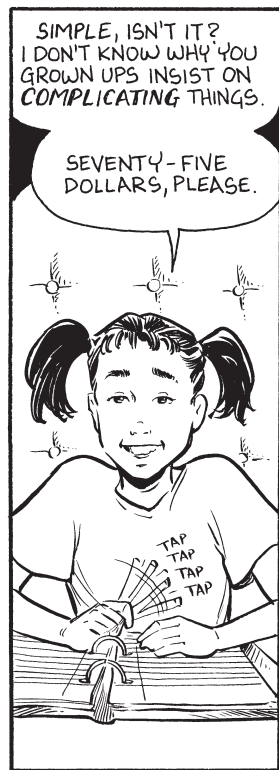
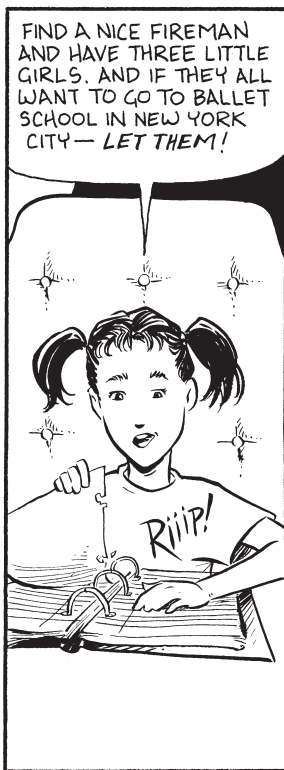
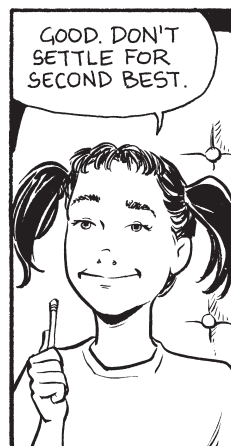
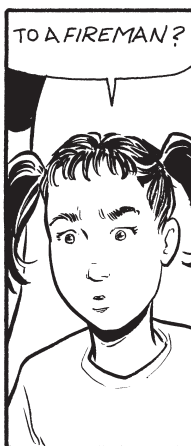


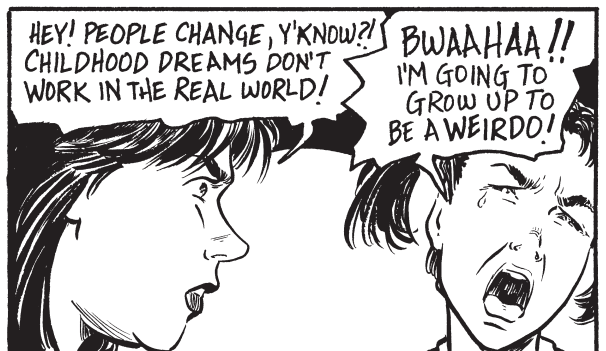
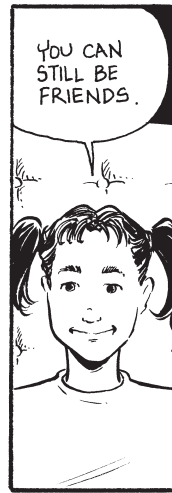




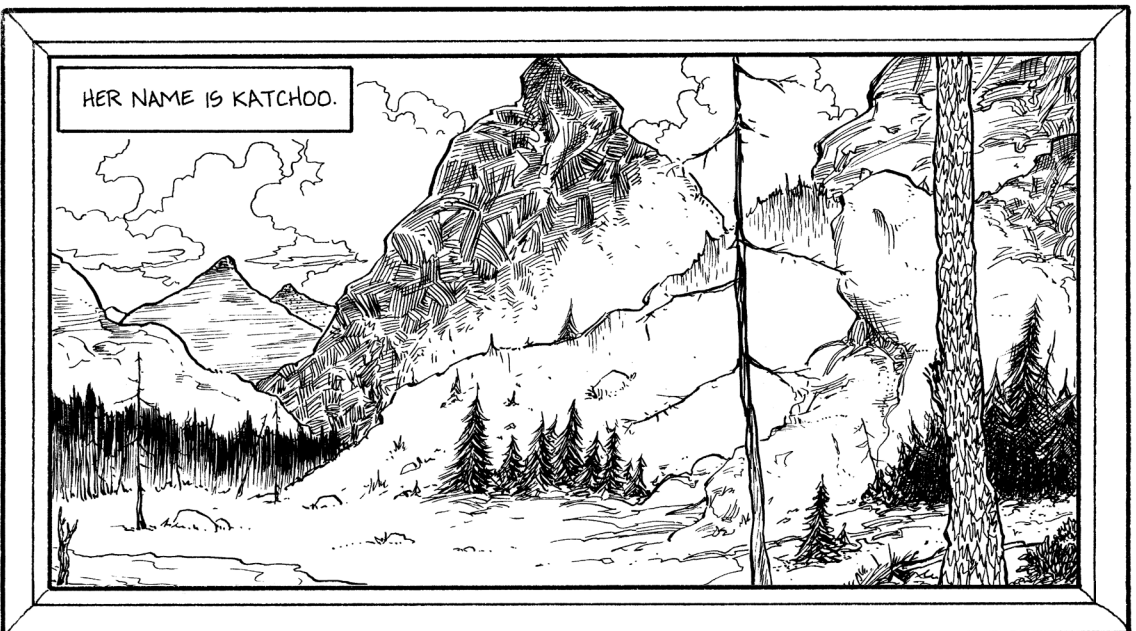
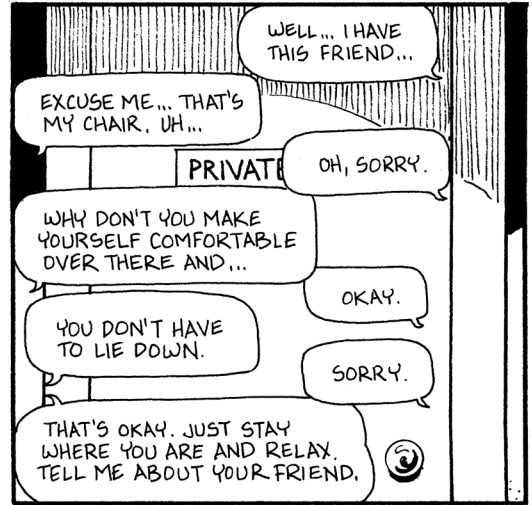
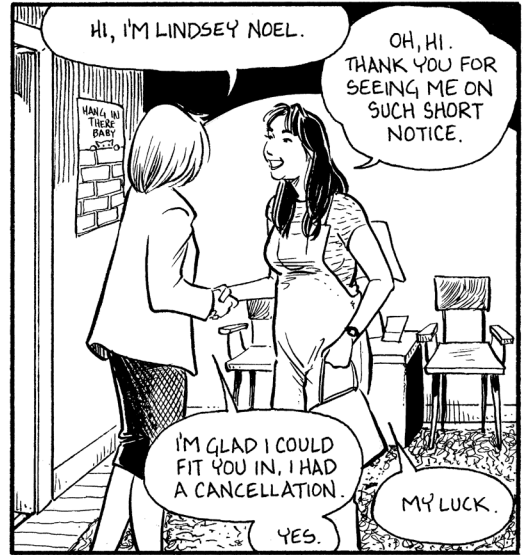
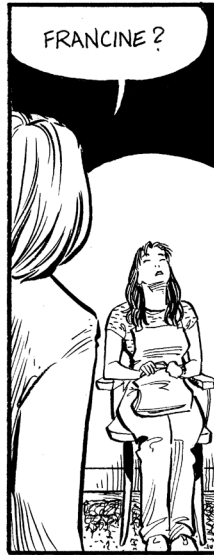
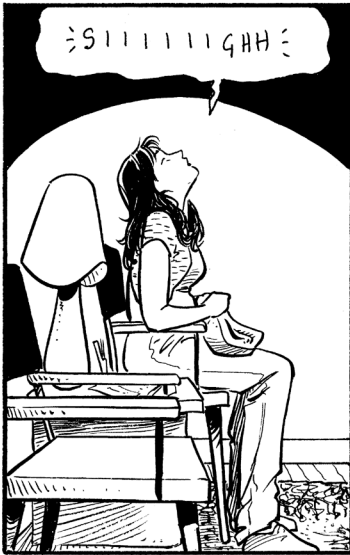








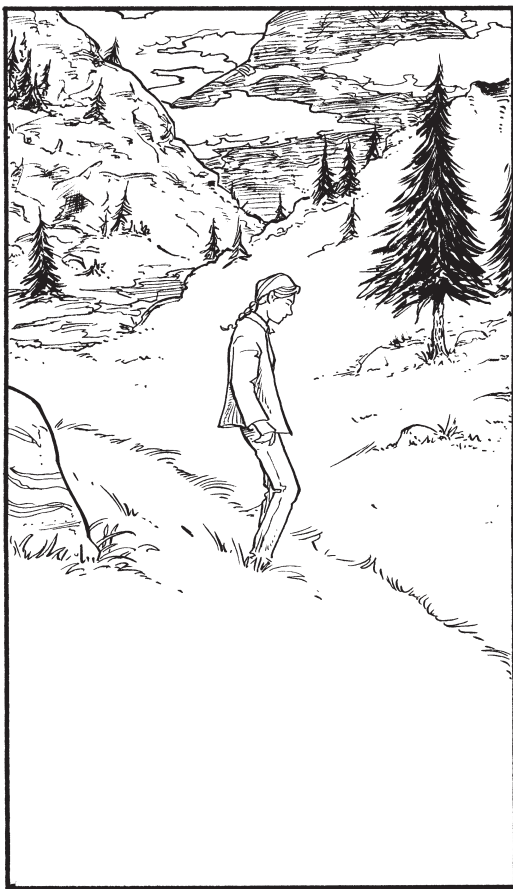
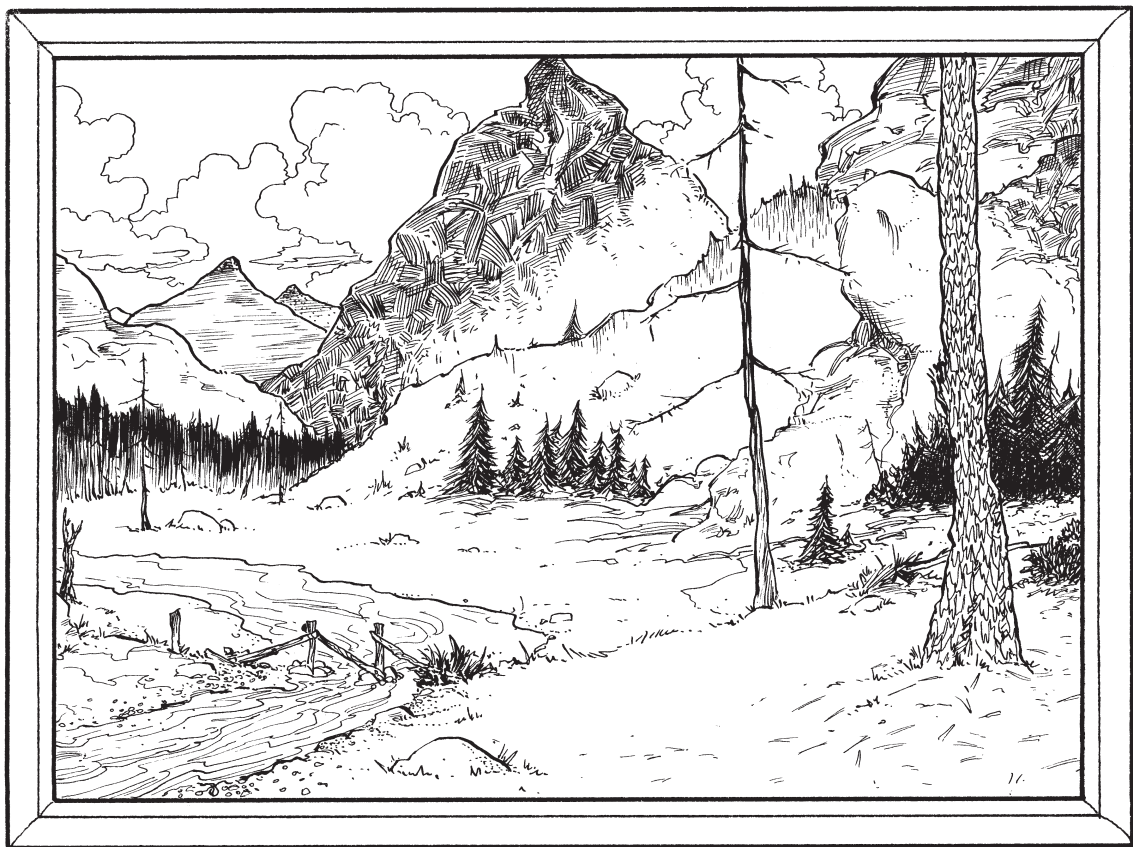


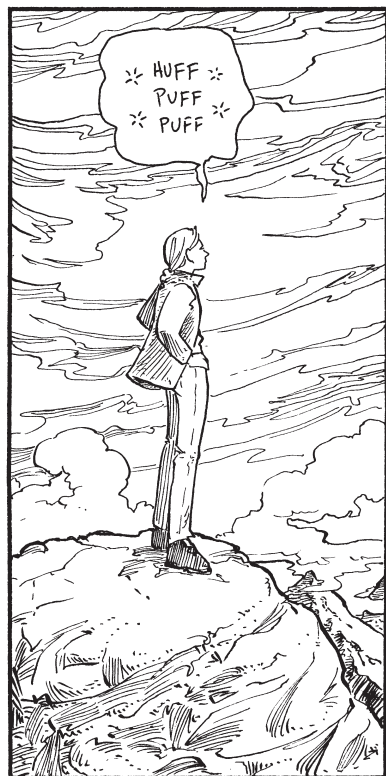
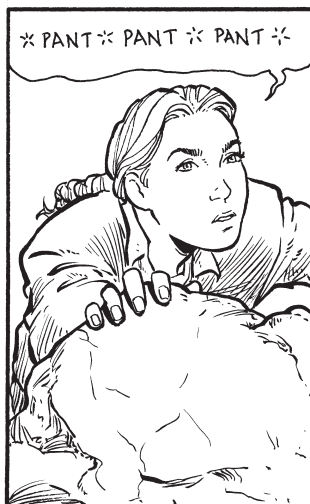


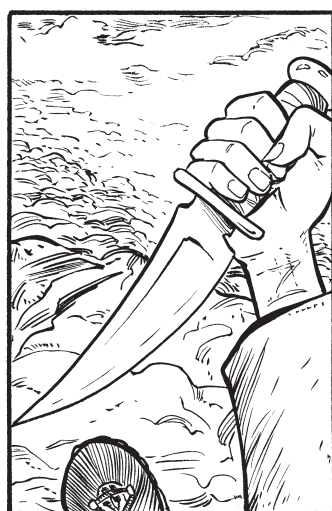
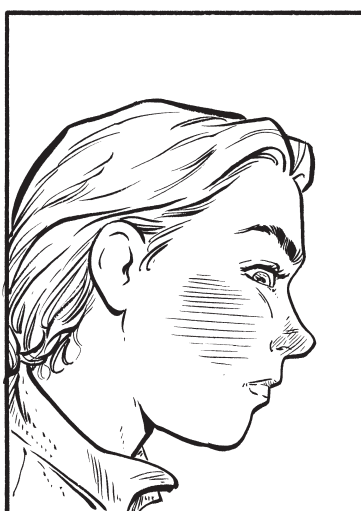
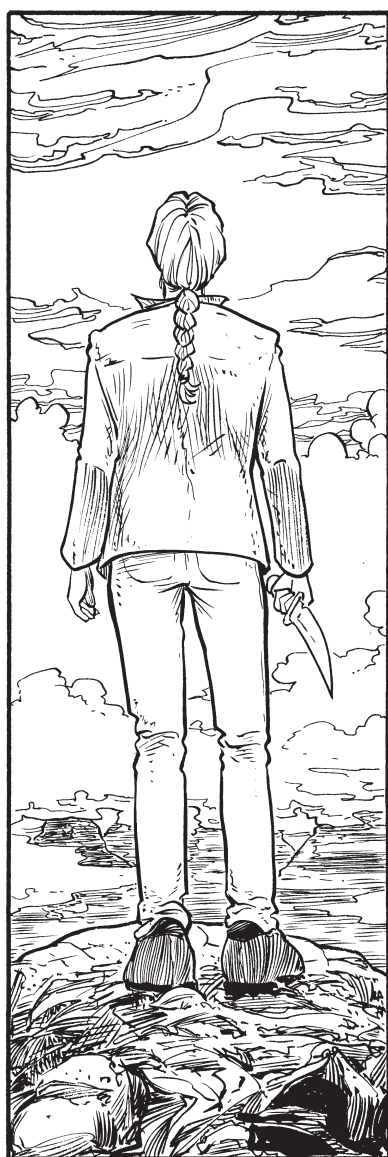
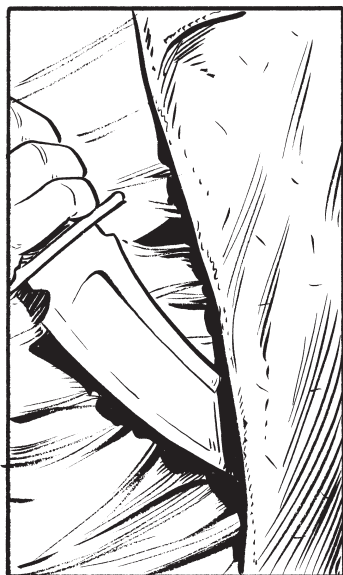
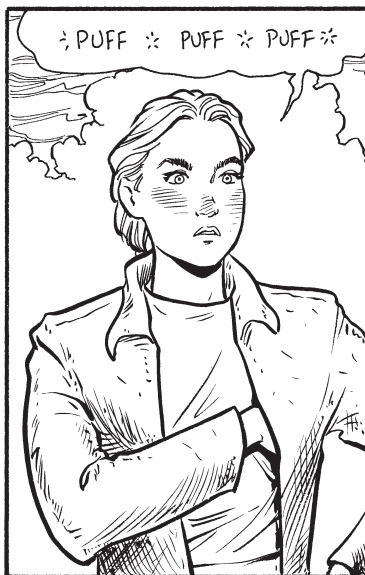
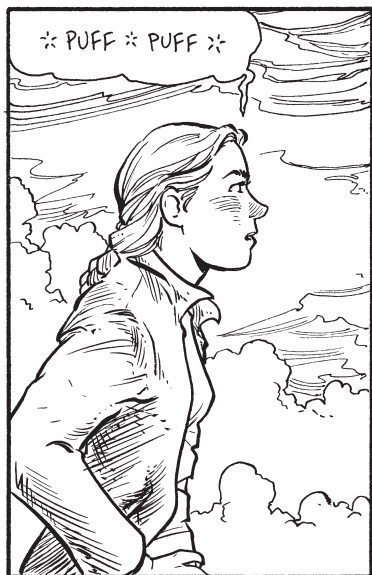


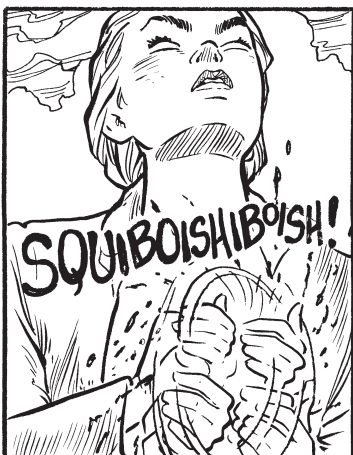
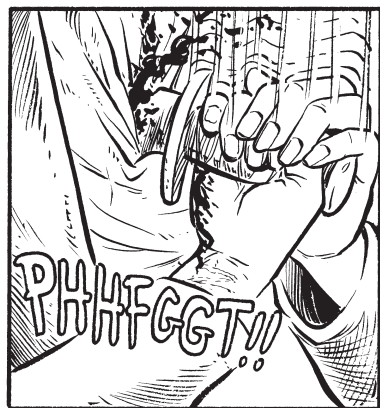
Dreaming like I used to do
Back when everything was new
Played my songs for you all night
You never heard them sung quite right
In the middle of a thousand dreams
I saw you...
I saw you...
I saw you... coming back to me

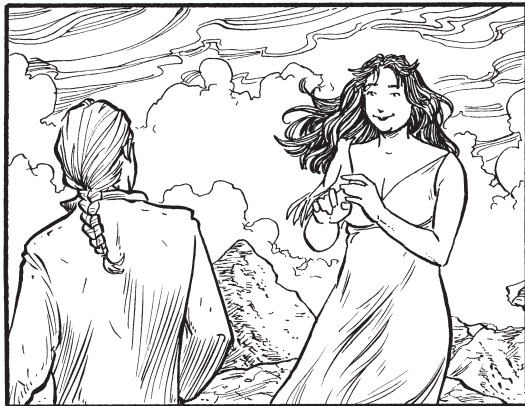
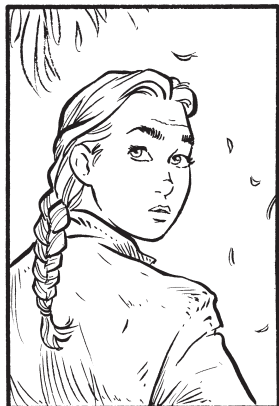
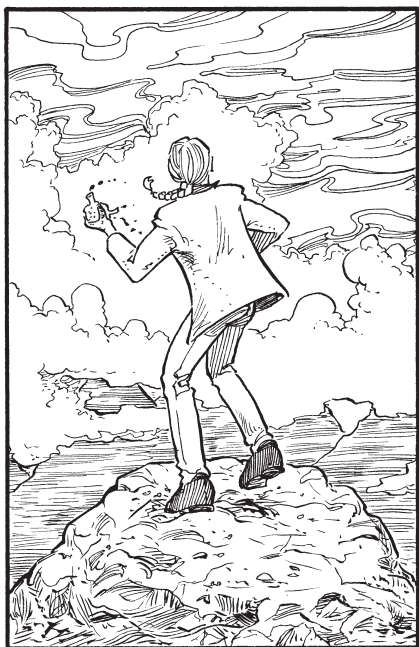
Laughing 'til my sides would ache
Crying when I found the hate
All the times have come and gone
Soon I'll be without a one
The only constant thing in me
Was you...
Was you...
Was you... coming back to me

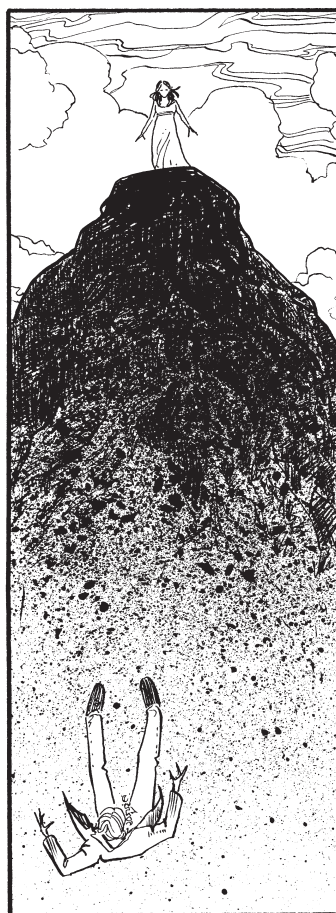
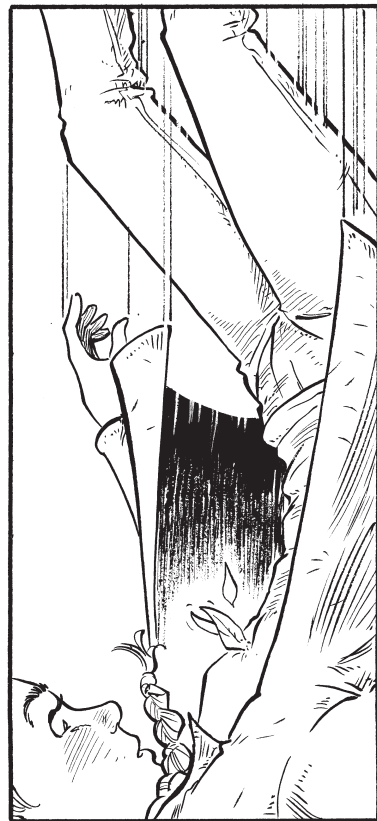
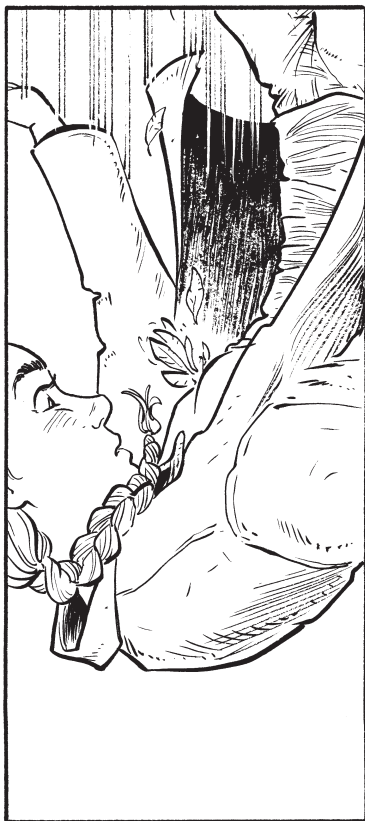


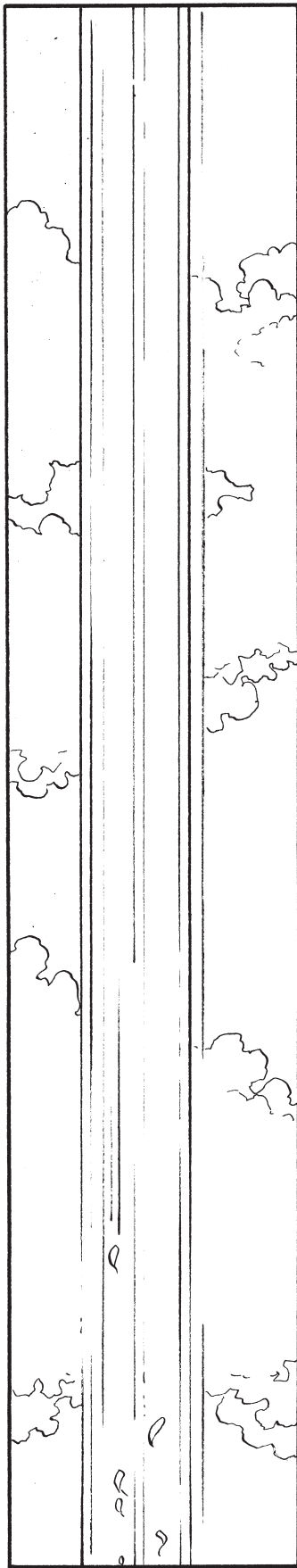
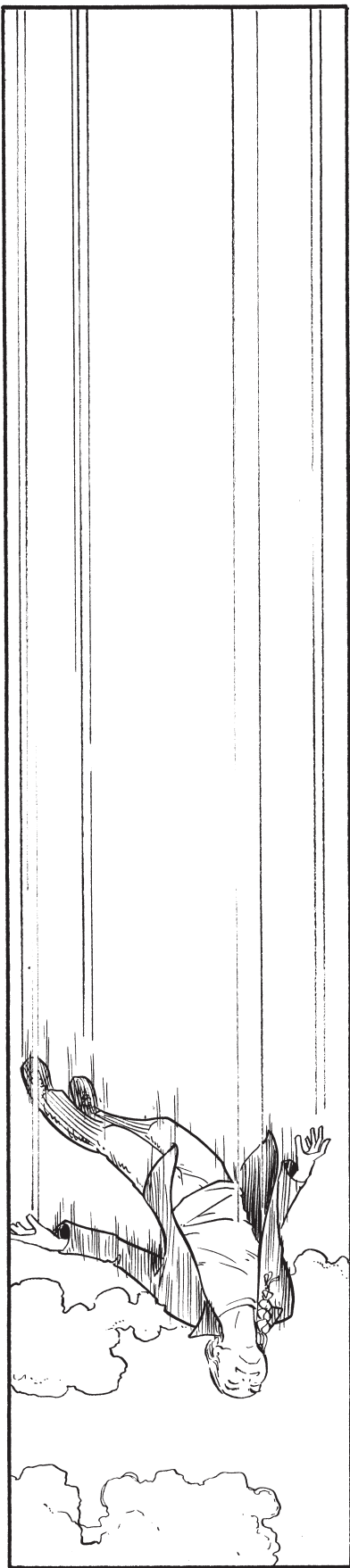


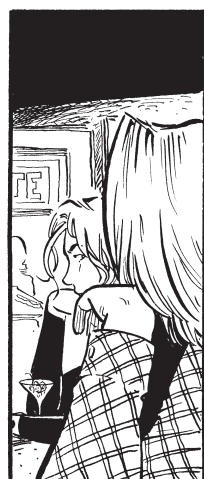
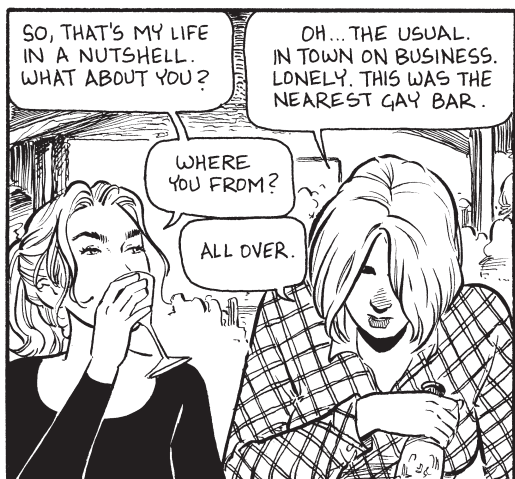
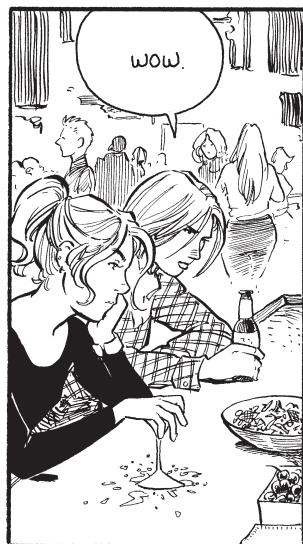
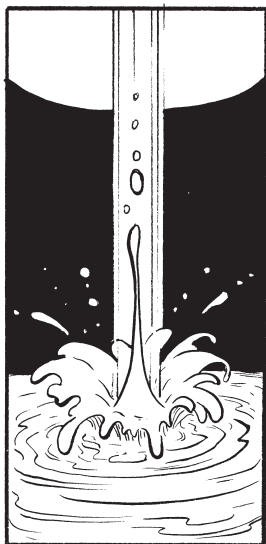






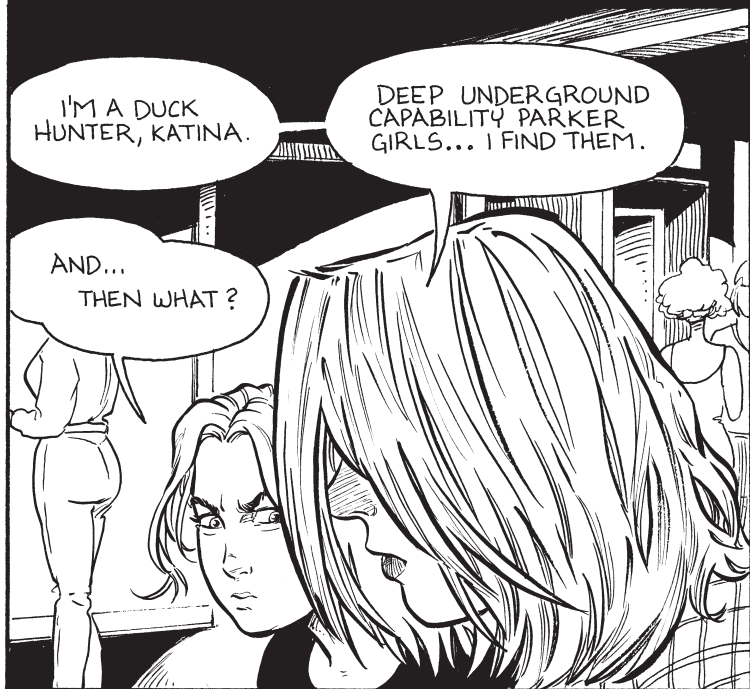








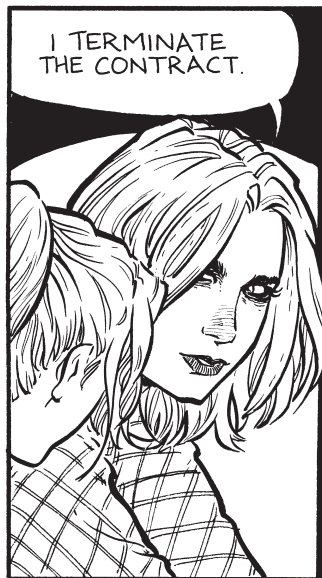
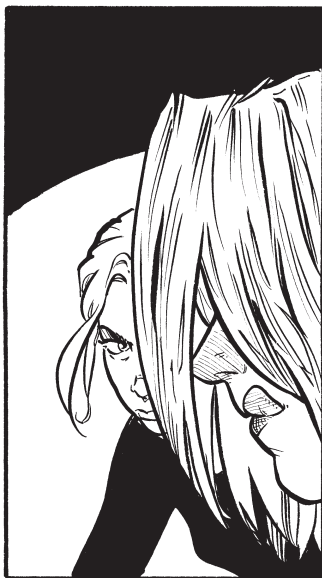
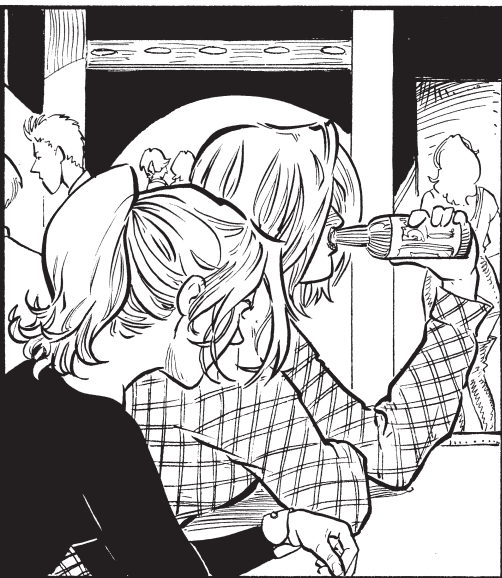
COME AGAIN ?



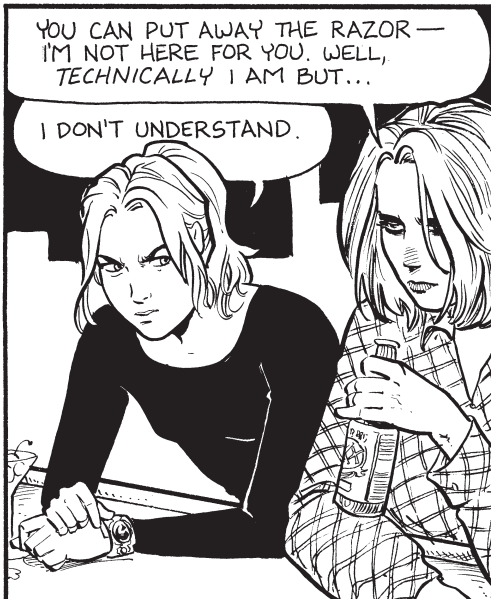
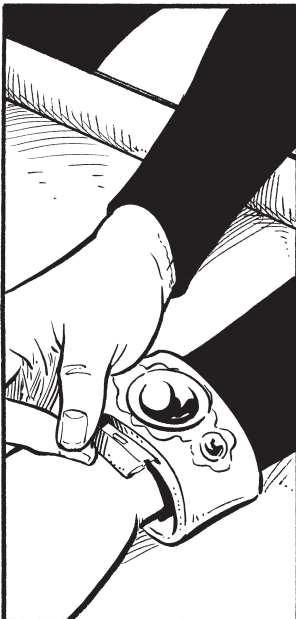
I'M A DUCK
HUNTER, KATINA..

DEEP UNDERGROUND
CAPABILITY PARKER
GIRLS... I FIND THEM.

AND...
THEN WHAT ?



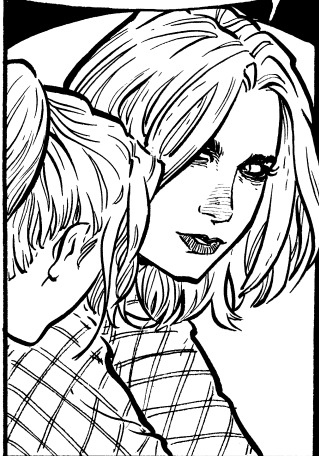
I TERMINATE
THE CONTRACT.



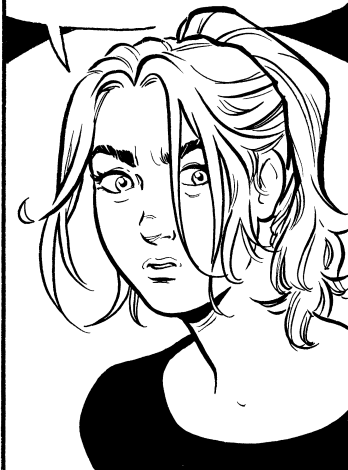
YOU CAN PUT AWAY THE RAZOR —
I'M NOT HERE FOR YOU. WELL,
TECHNICALLY I AM BUT...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

I WORK FOR YOU, KATINA.
I'M HERE TO PROTECT YOU.



OOKAY... WHAT THE HELL
ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

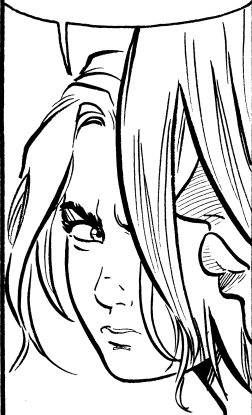


TAMBI SAID YOU WANTED TO
BE A SILENT PARTNER, BUT
YOU STILL OWN HALF THE
COMPANY, SO TECHNICALLY
I WORK FOR YOU, TOO.

MY ORDERS
COME FROM
TAMBI THOUGH.



I'VE NEVER HEARD
OF YOU. TAMBI'S
NEVER SAID A
WORD ABOUT YOU.



WELL, I'M NOT EXACTLY A PERK OF
THE COMPANY. I'M USUALLY THE
LAST PERSON YOU MEET.



SO YOU'RE HUNTING
DOWN THE PARKER
GIRLS AND KILLING
THEM - ONE BY ONE!

THE ROGUE ONES - YEAH.

WHY? WHY
WOULD YOU
DO THAT?

SECURITY.
DAMAGE CONTROL.
ACCOUNTABILITY.



YOUR PERSONAL SAFETY.

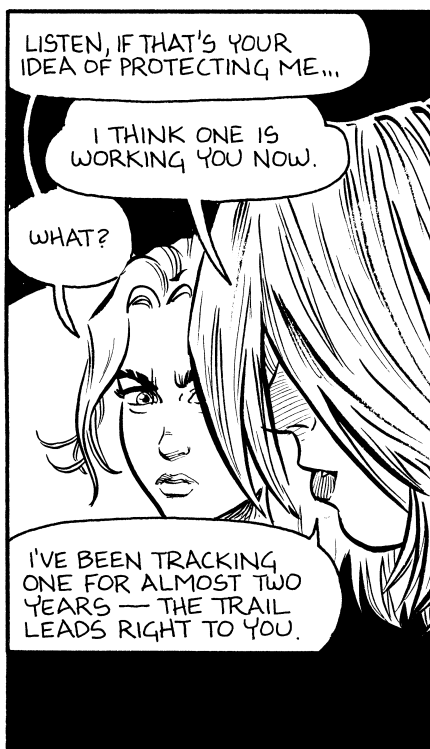


LISTEN, IF THAT'S YOUR
IDEA OF PROTECTING ME...

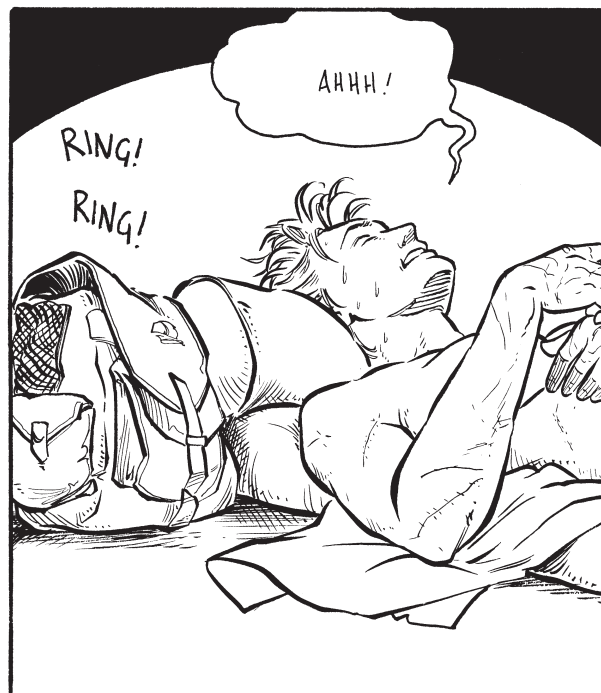
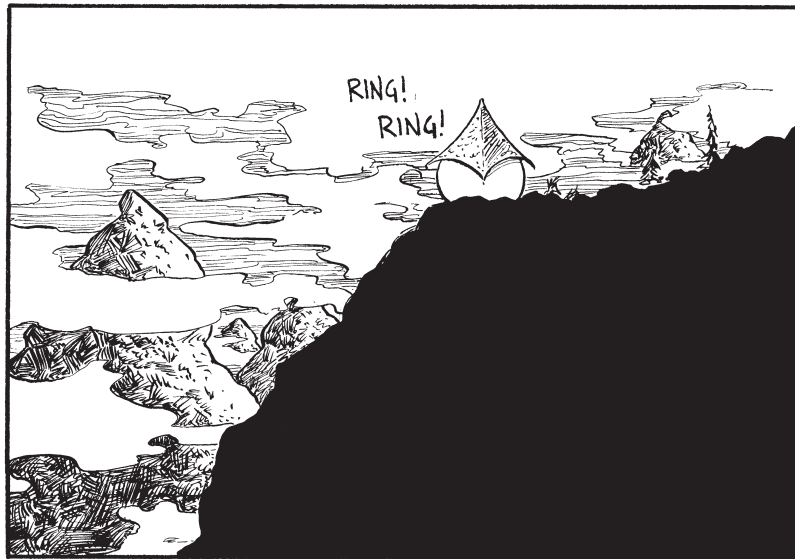
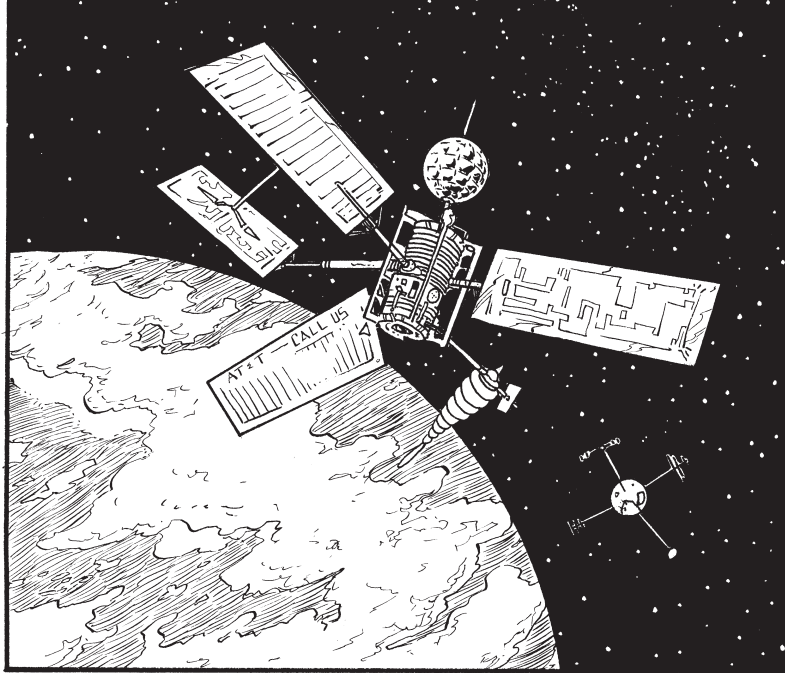
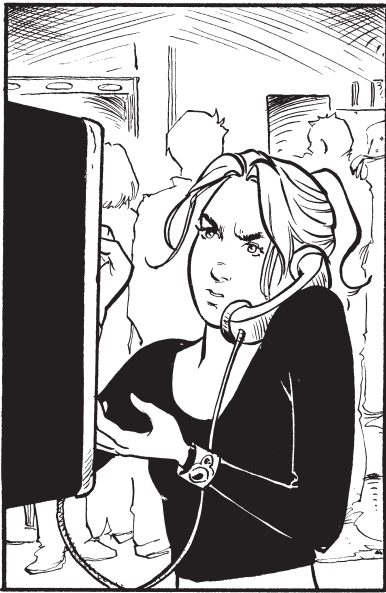
I THINK ONE IS
WORKING YOU NOW.

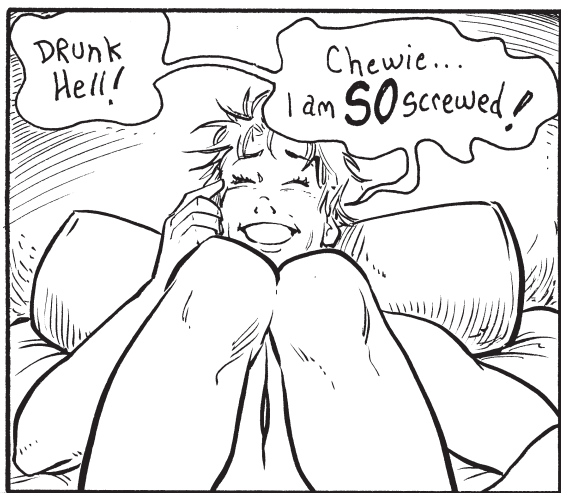
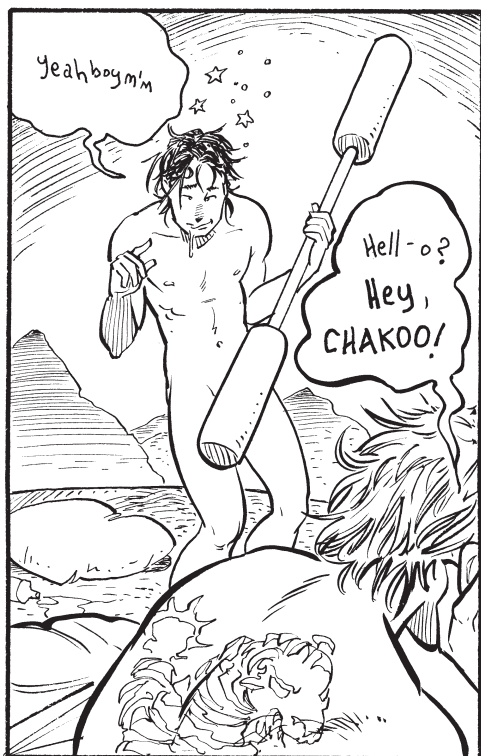
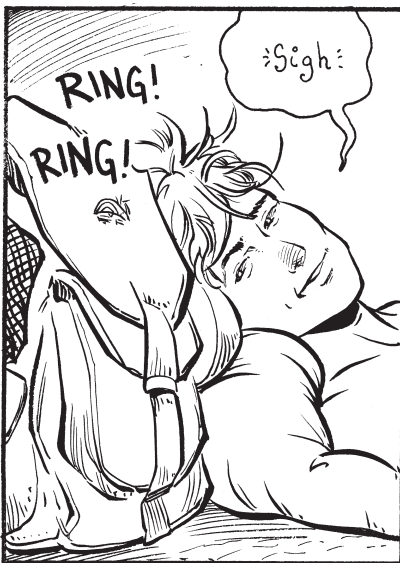
WHAT?

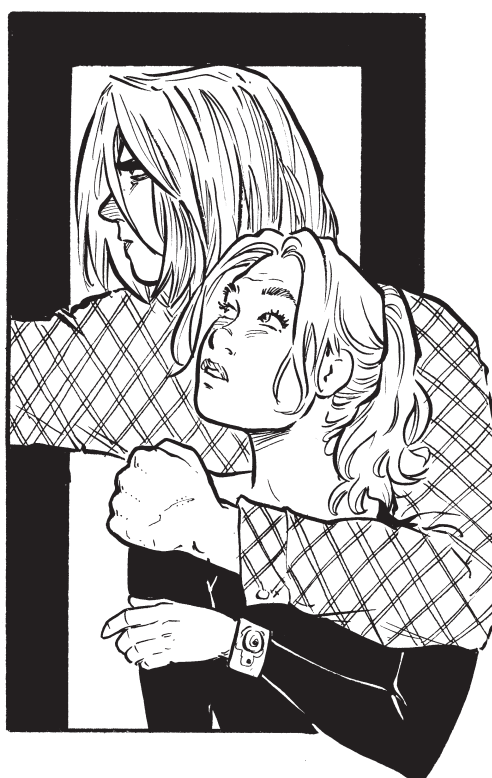
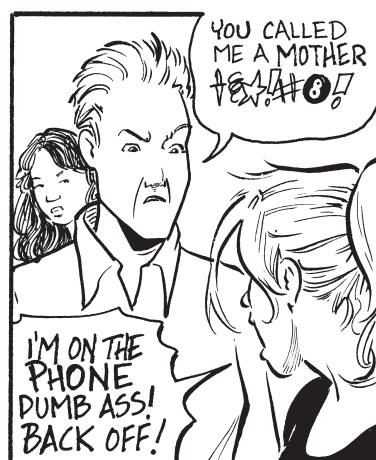
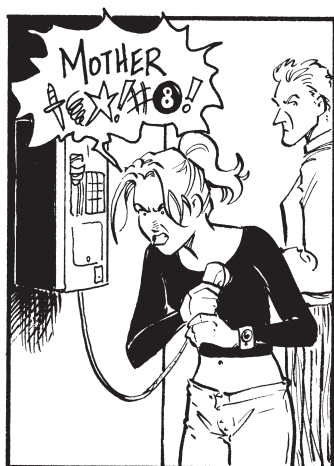
I'VE BEEN TRACKING
ONE FOR ALMOST TWO
YEARS - THE TRAIL
LEADS RIGHT TO YOU.

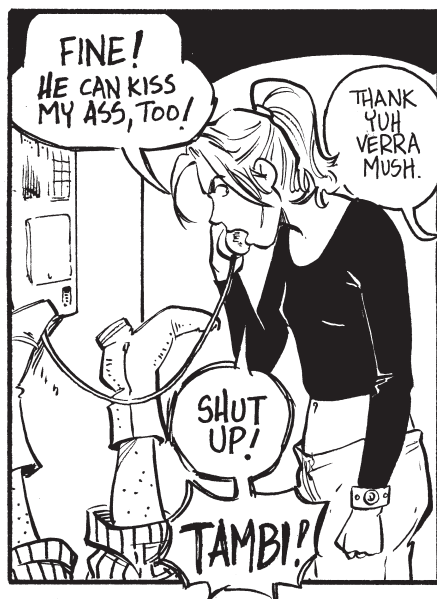
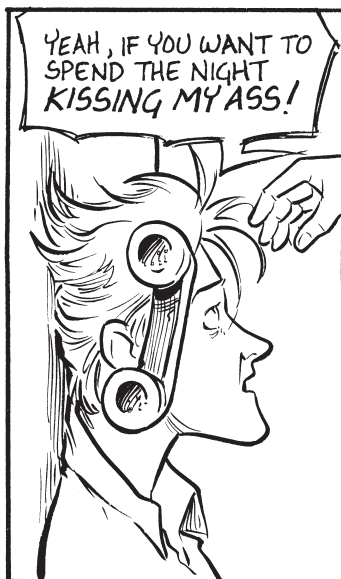
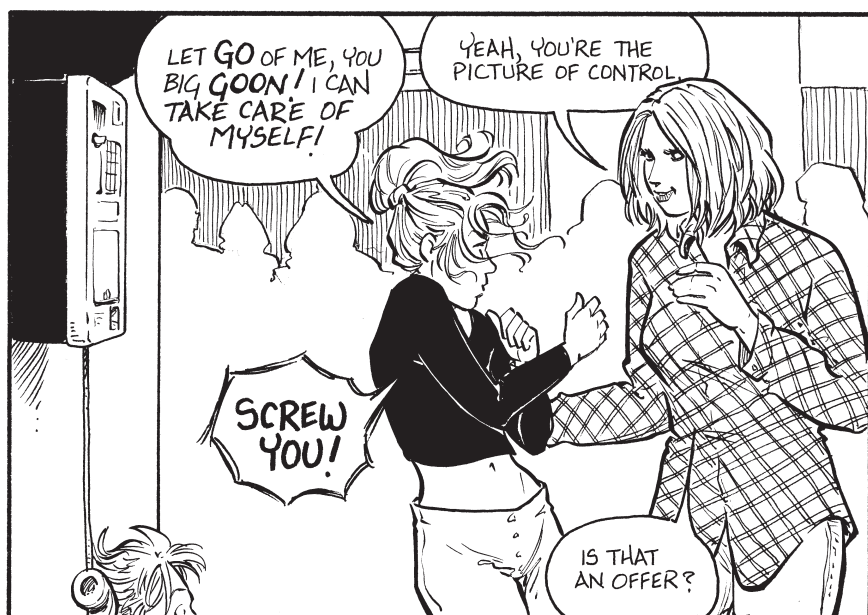
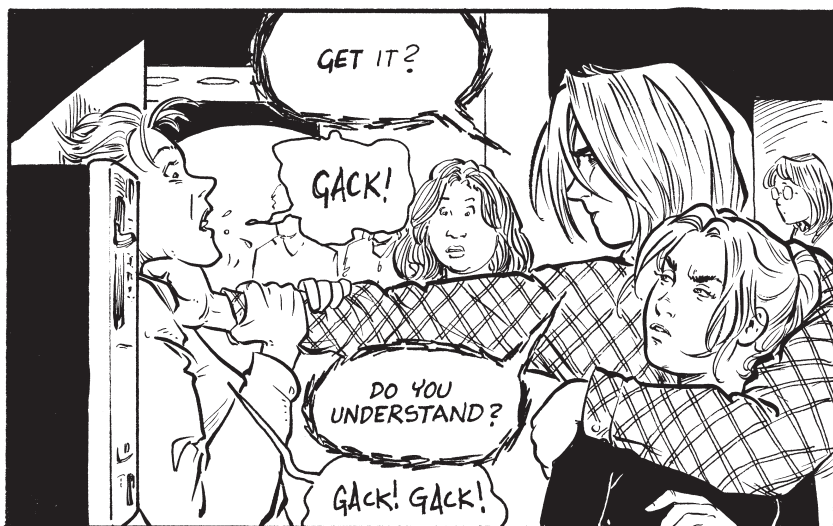


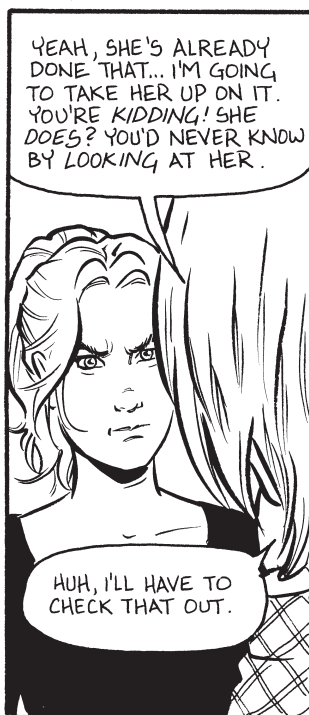
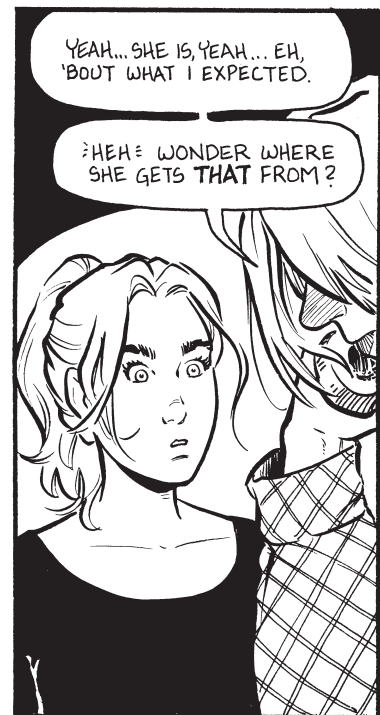
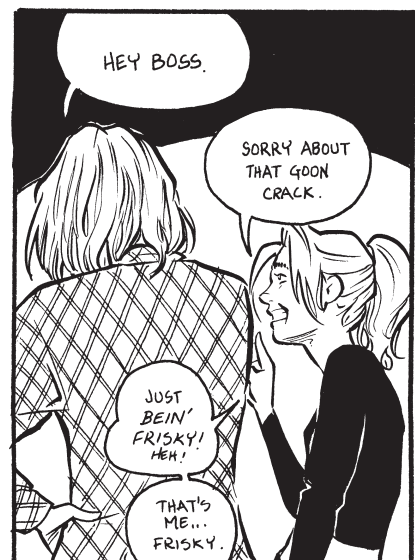
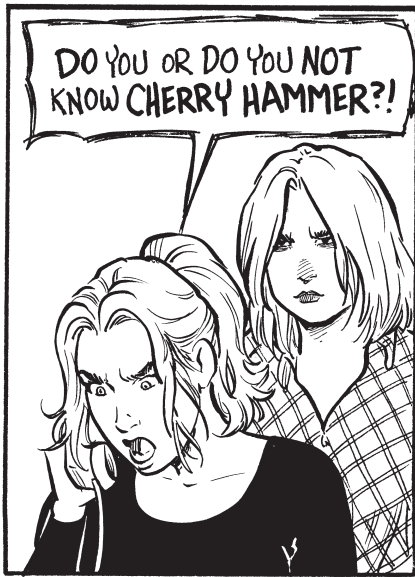


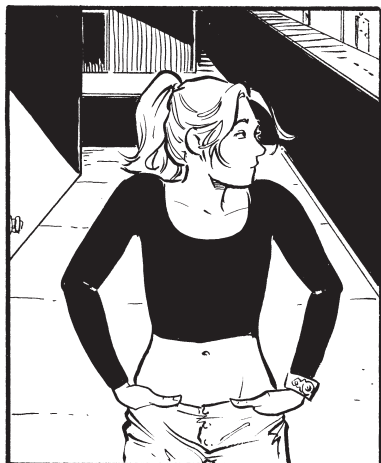
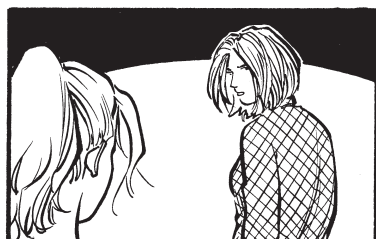
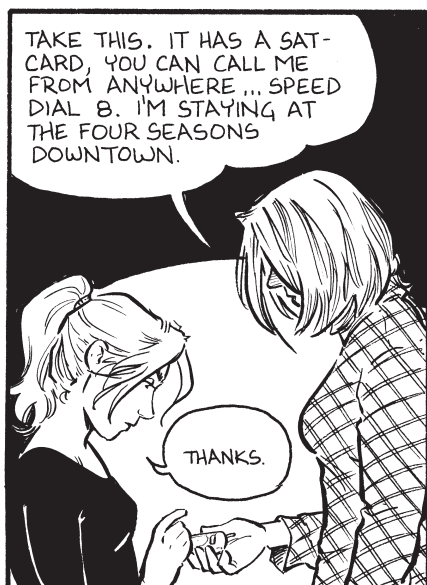
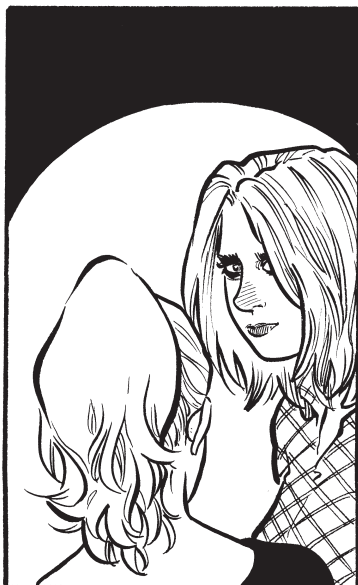
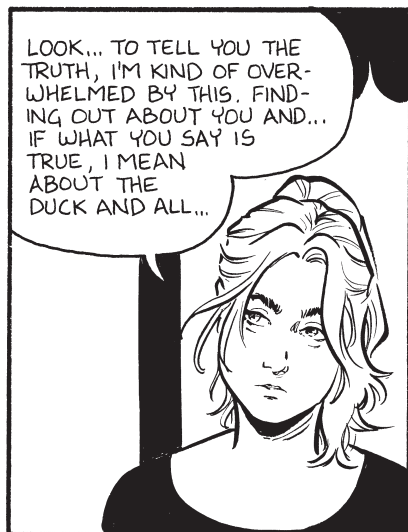


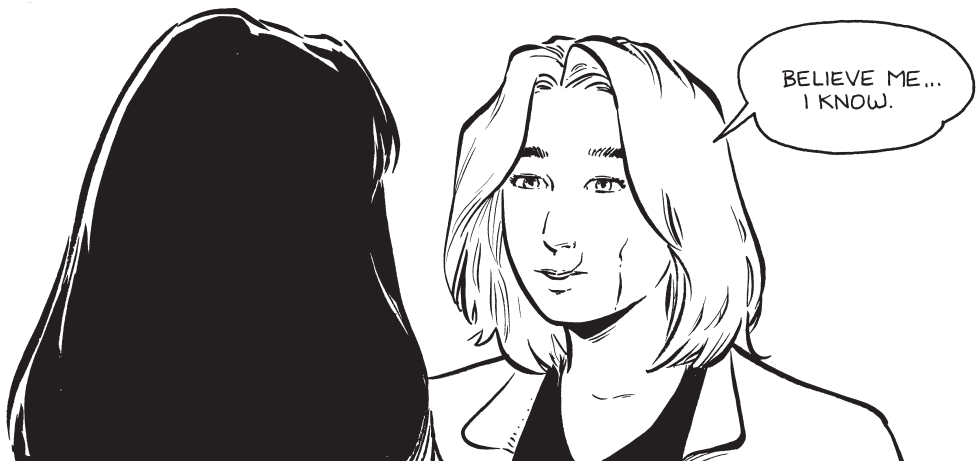
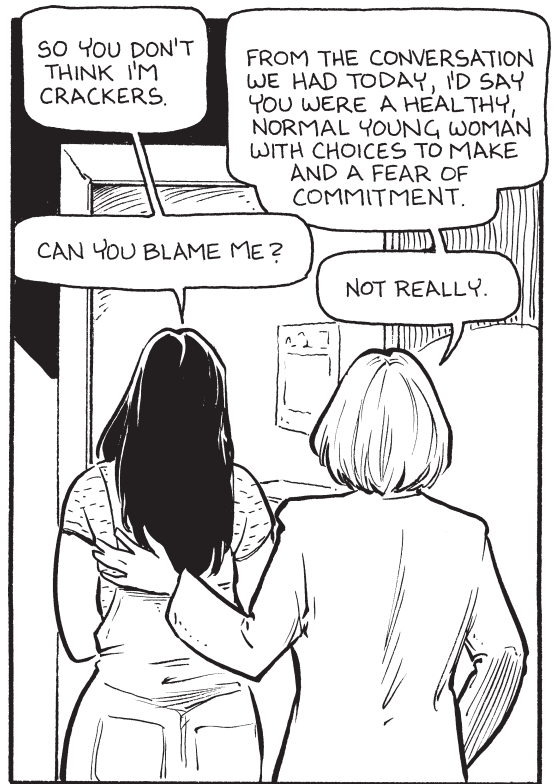


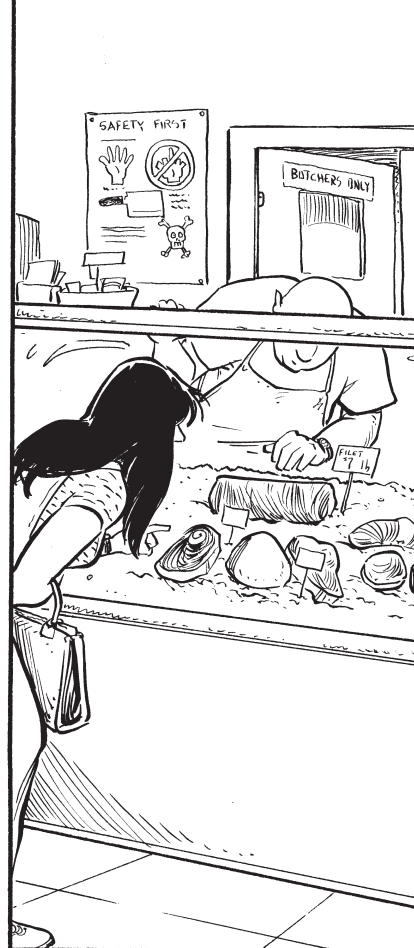


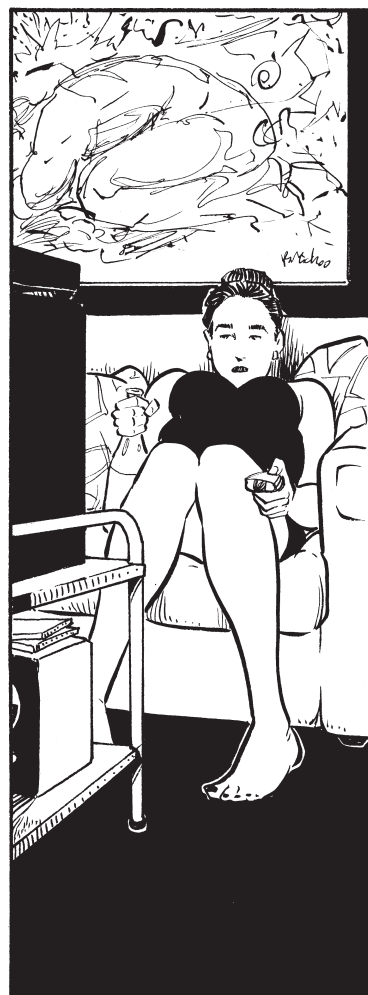
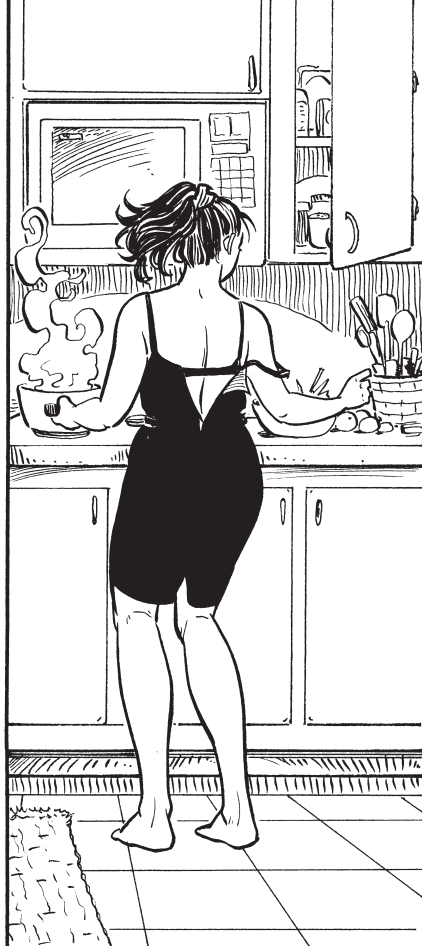
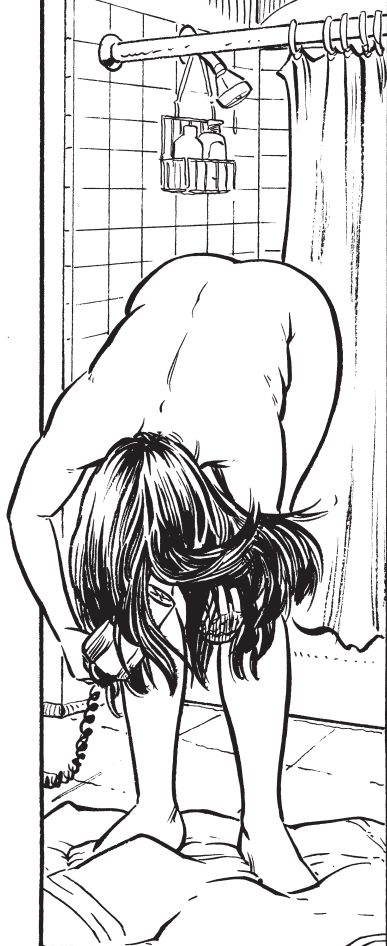


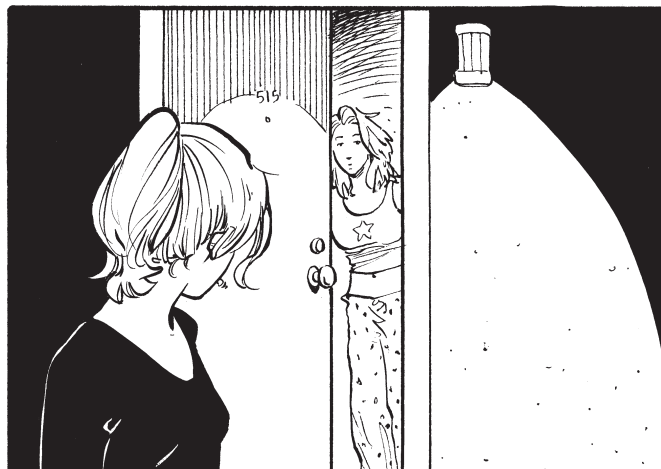
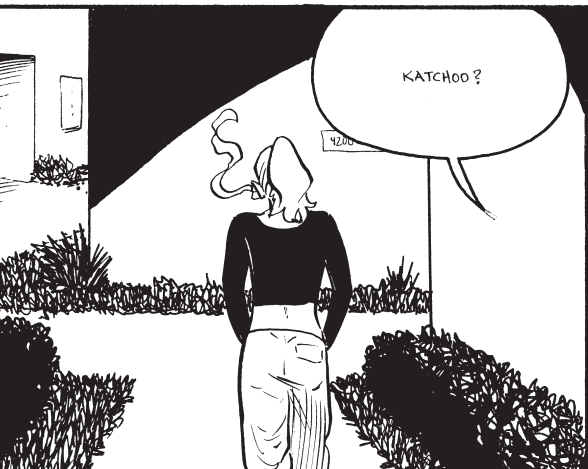


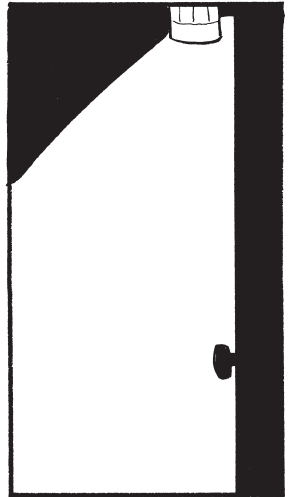
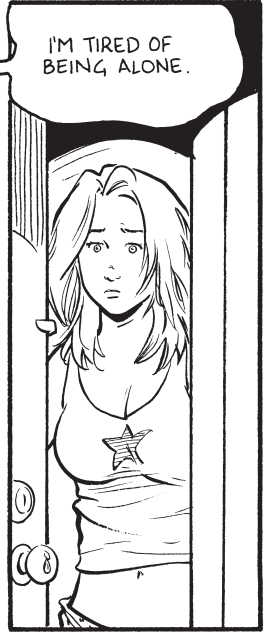
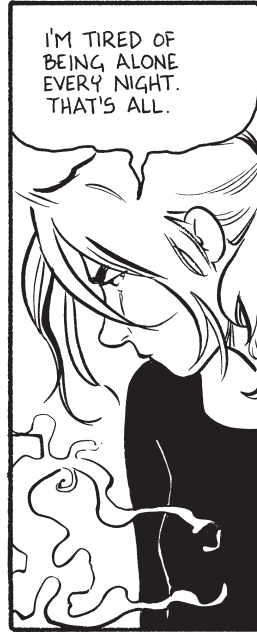
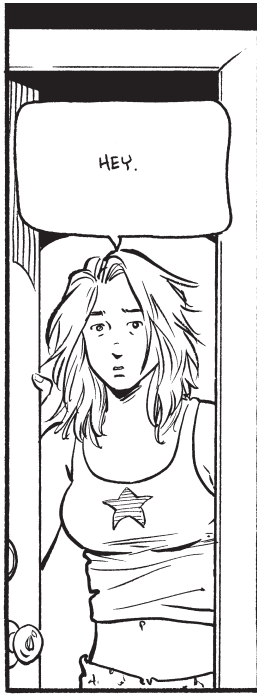


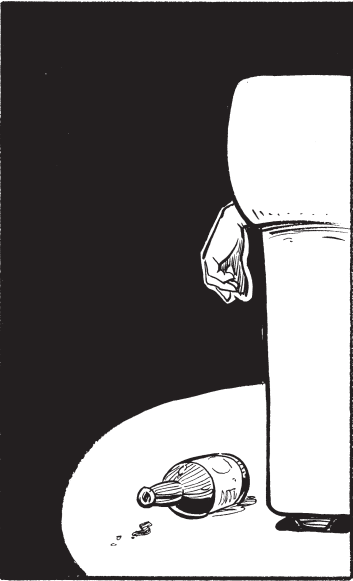
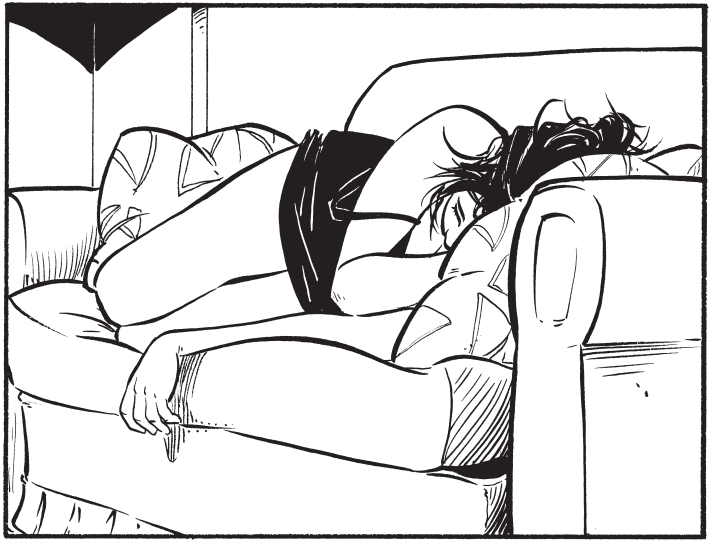


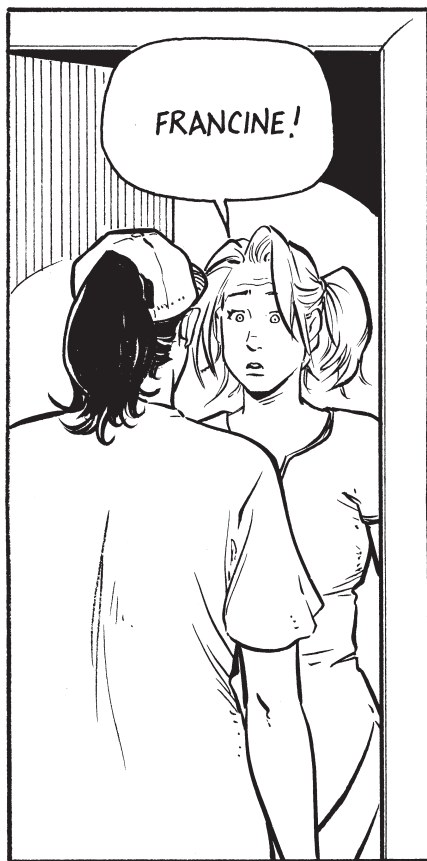
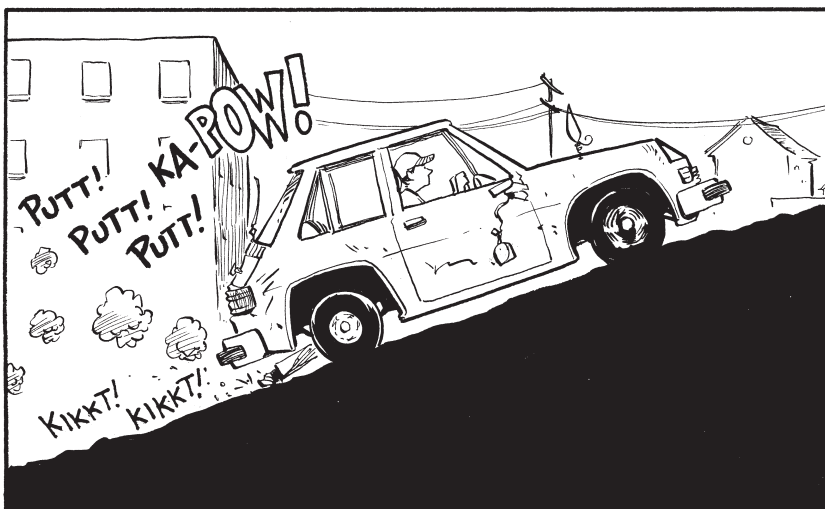
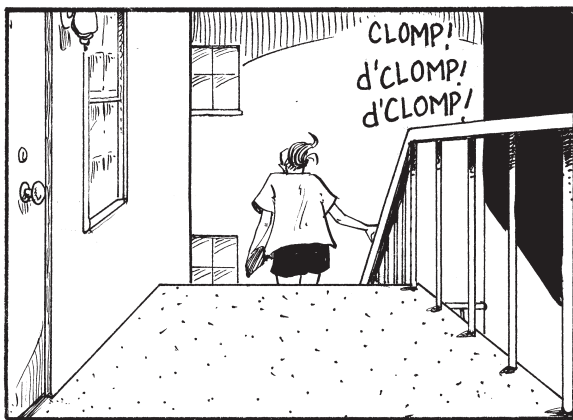


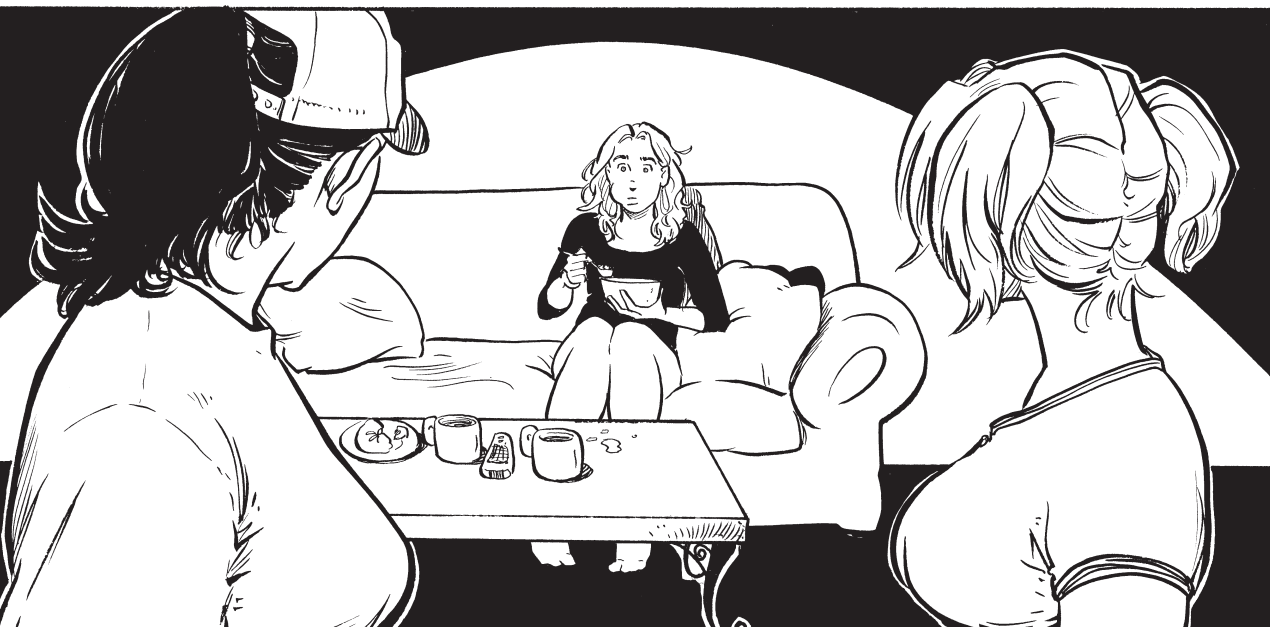


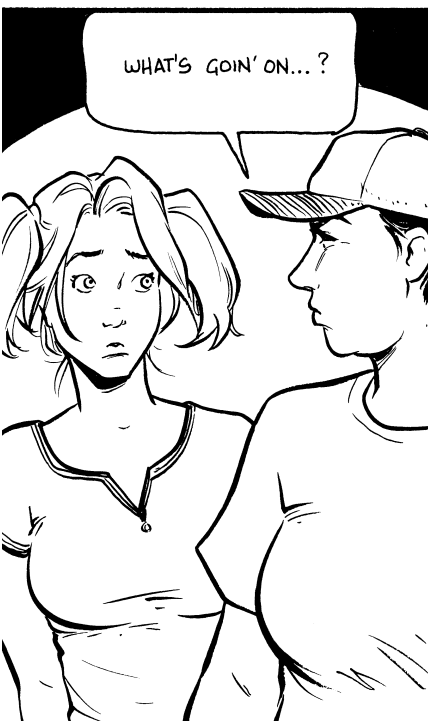
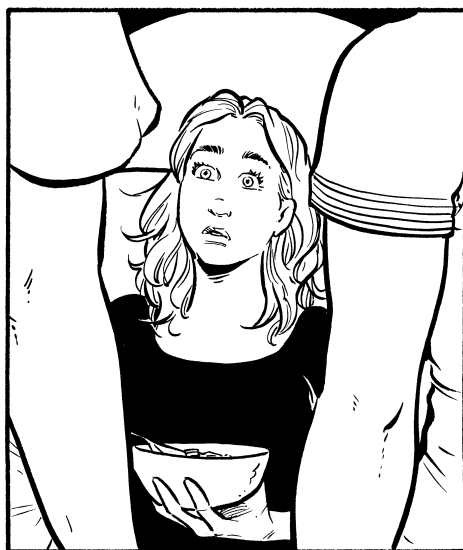
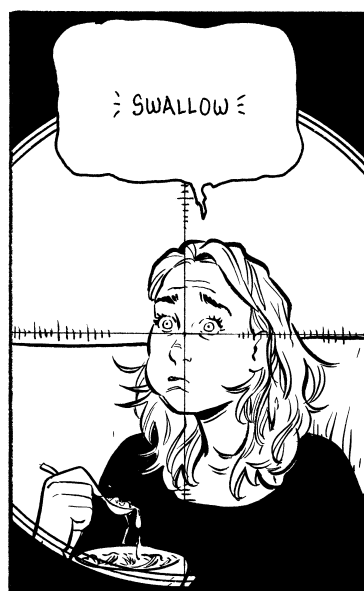
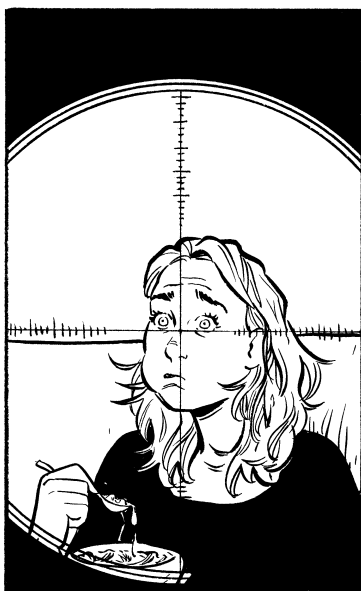
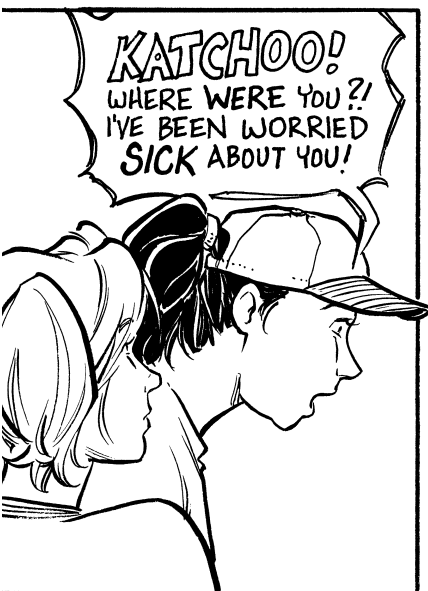










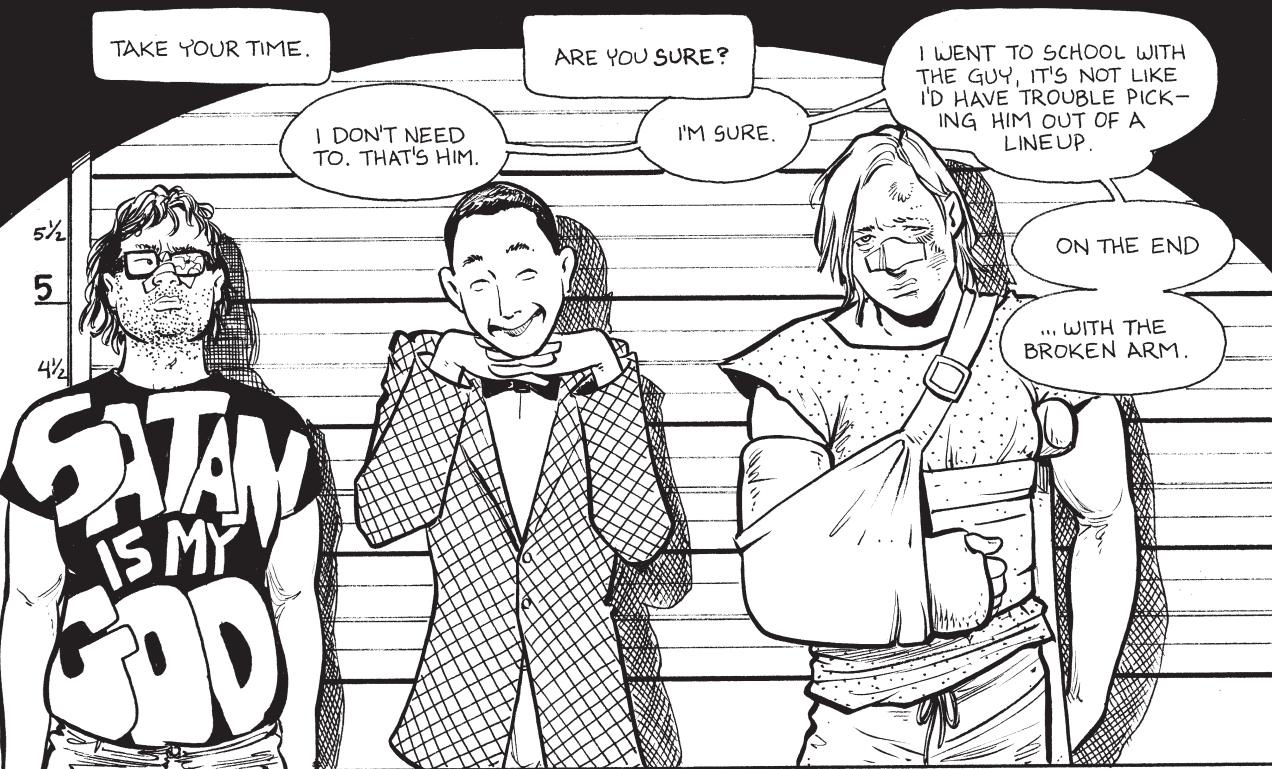




In 1991 the cover of Griffin Silver's 3rd CD *Heart In Hand*, featured a pretty woman holding a human heart. Critics and authorities were outraged, and a Baptist minister in Alabama went so far as to question the legality of such a photograph, filing a civil suit accusing Silver of Satanism. The cover was quickly replaced by Griffin's music company and all unsold copies recalled. The original cover became a valuable collector's item and gave many young fans a graphic and lasting perception of what it meant to be cool and heartbroken. Posters of the infamous cover could be found in certain types of "alternative lifestyle" shops and, for several years, a teenage Katchoo proudly hung hers over the bed.

you'll remember me





TAKE YOUR TIME.

ARE YOU SURE?

I DON'T NEED TO. THAT'S HIM.

I'M SURE.

I WENT TO SCHOOL WITH THE GUY, IT'S NOT LIKE I'D HAVE TROUBLE PICKING HIM OUT OF A LINEUP.

ON THE END

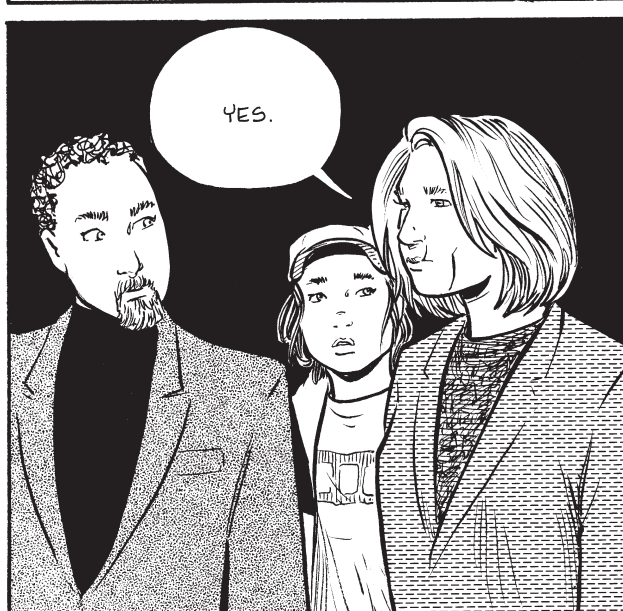
... WITH THE BROKEN ARM.



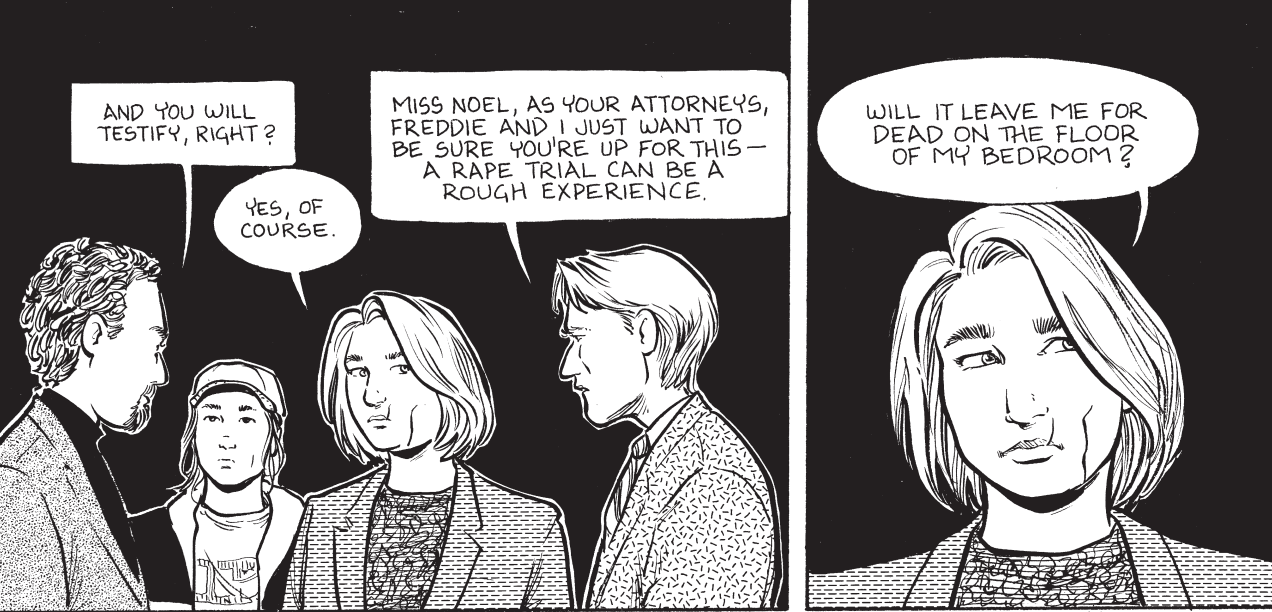
THANK YOU, MONICA.

YOU'RE WELCOME.

WE JUST HAVE TO COVER ALL OUR LEGAL BASES, MISS NOEL...IT'S IMPORTANT LATER, WHEN WE GET TO TRIAL. IS THAT THE MAN WHO RAPED YOU?



YES.

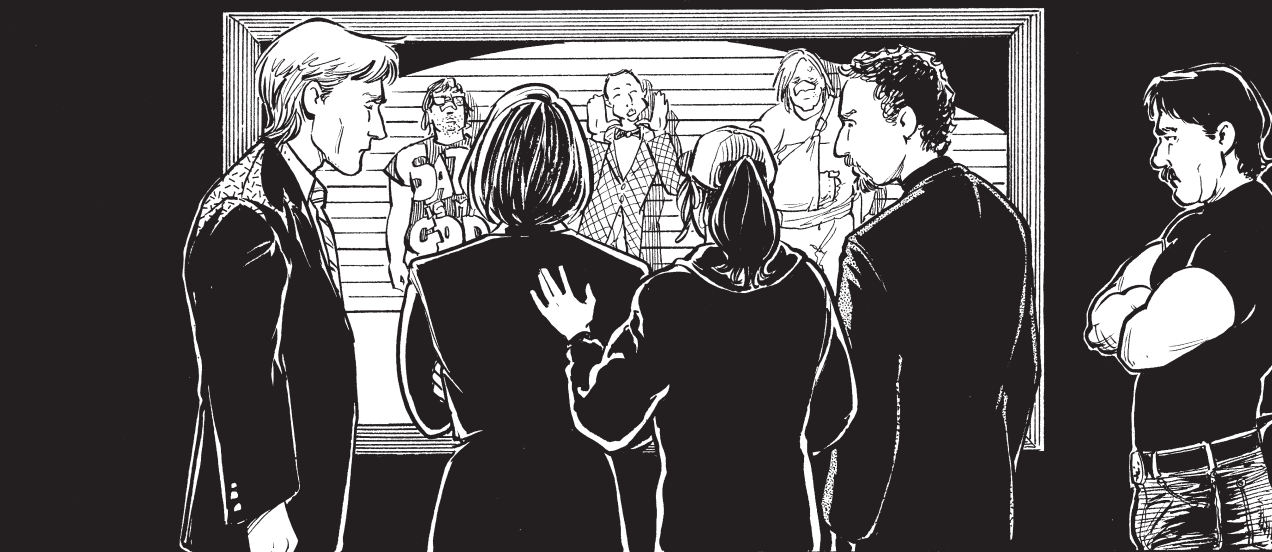


AND YOU WILL TESTIFY, RIGHT?

YES, OF COURSE.

MISS NOEL, AS YOUR ATTORNEYS, FREDDIE AND I JUST WANT TO BE SURE YOU'RE UP FOR THIS — A RAPE TRIAL CAN BE A ROUGH EXPERIENCE.

WILL IT LEAVE ME FOR DEAD ON THE FLOOR OF MY BEDROOM?



I'LL DO WHATEVER IT TAKES TO PUT HIM BEHIND BARS. I OWE IT TO HIS NEXT VICTIM.

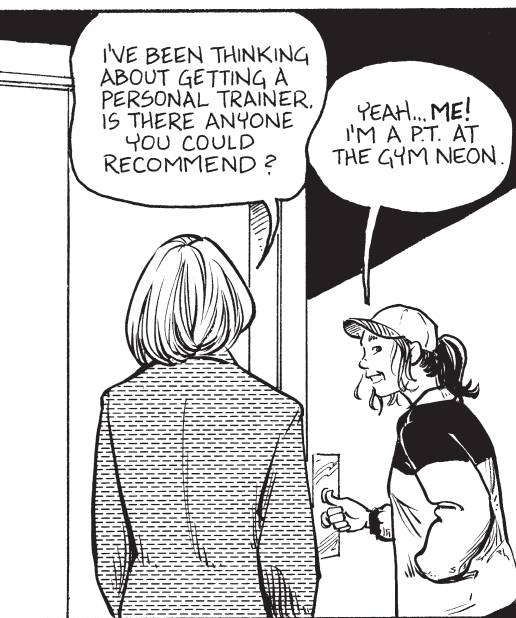
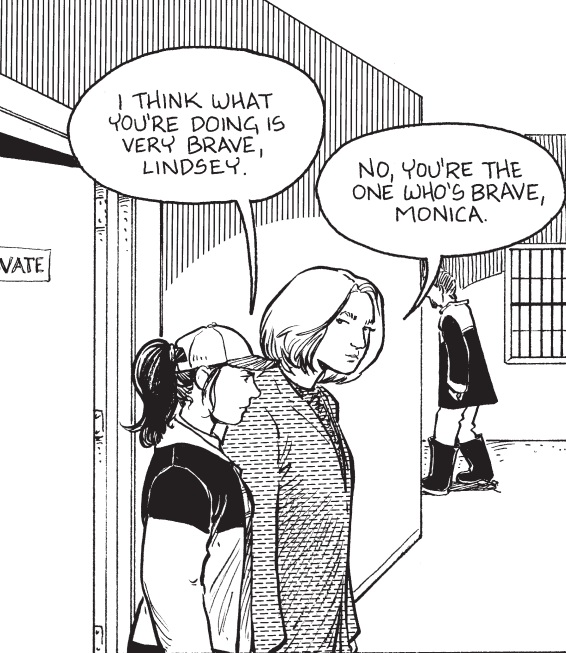


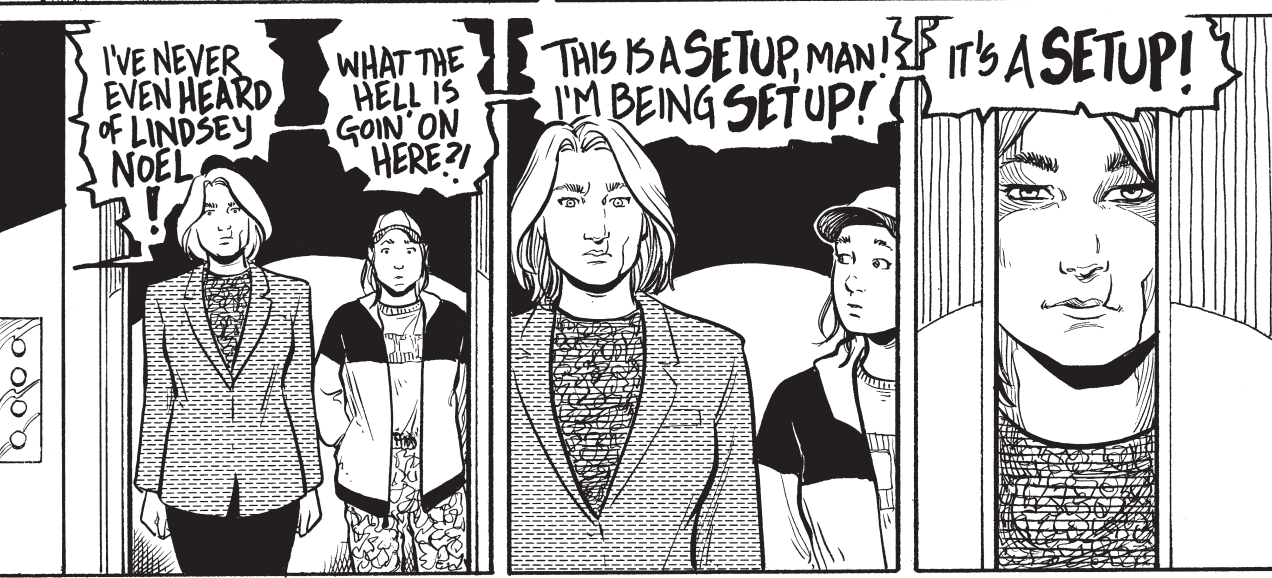
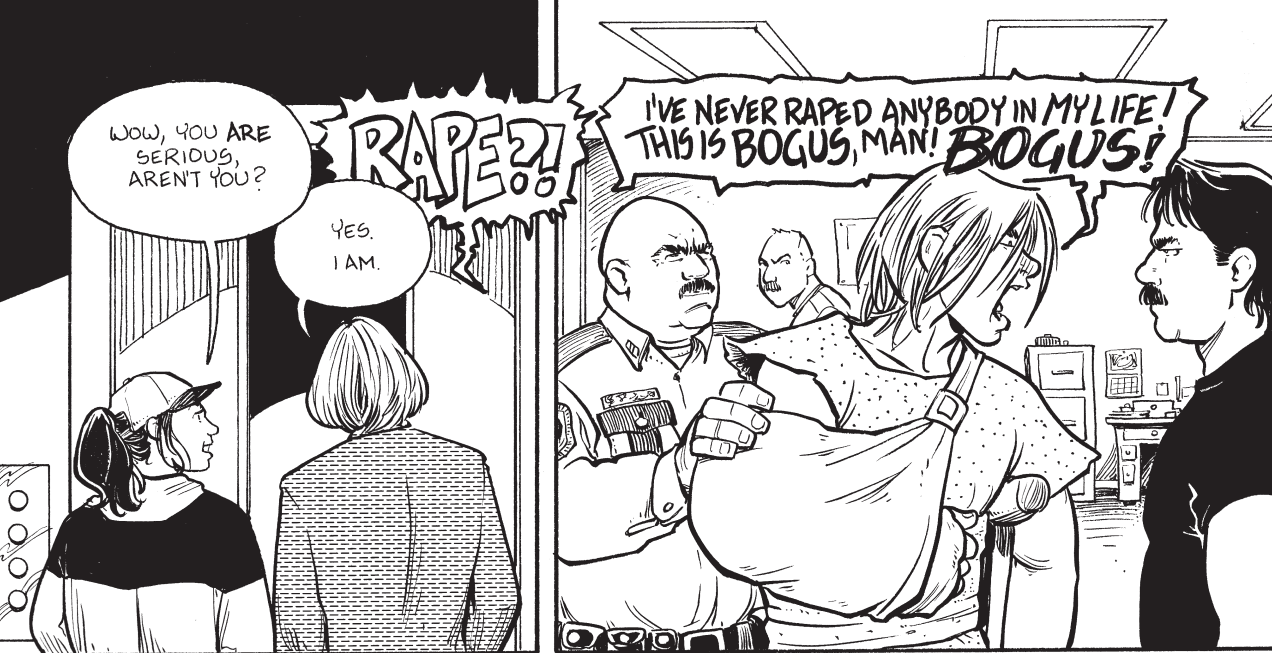
ALL RIGHT THEN, LET'S GET THE BALL ROLLIN'. YOU BOYS GOIN' TO GO SEE THE JUDGE?

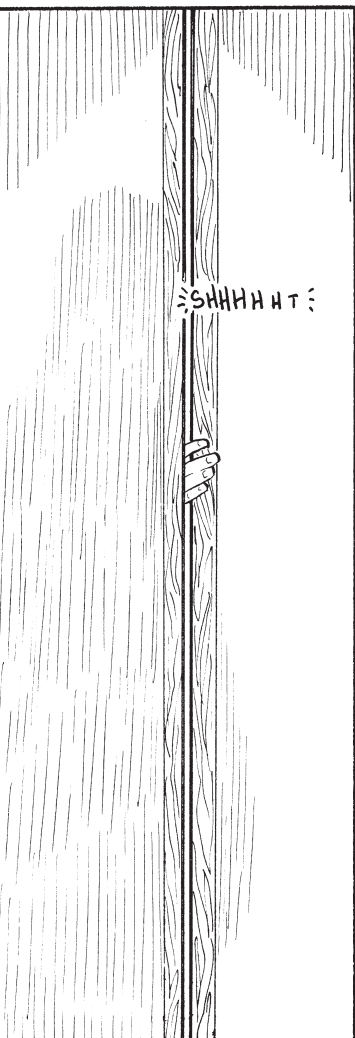
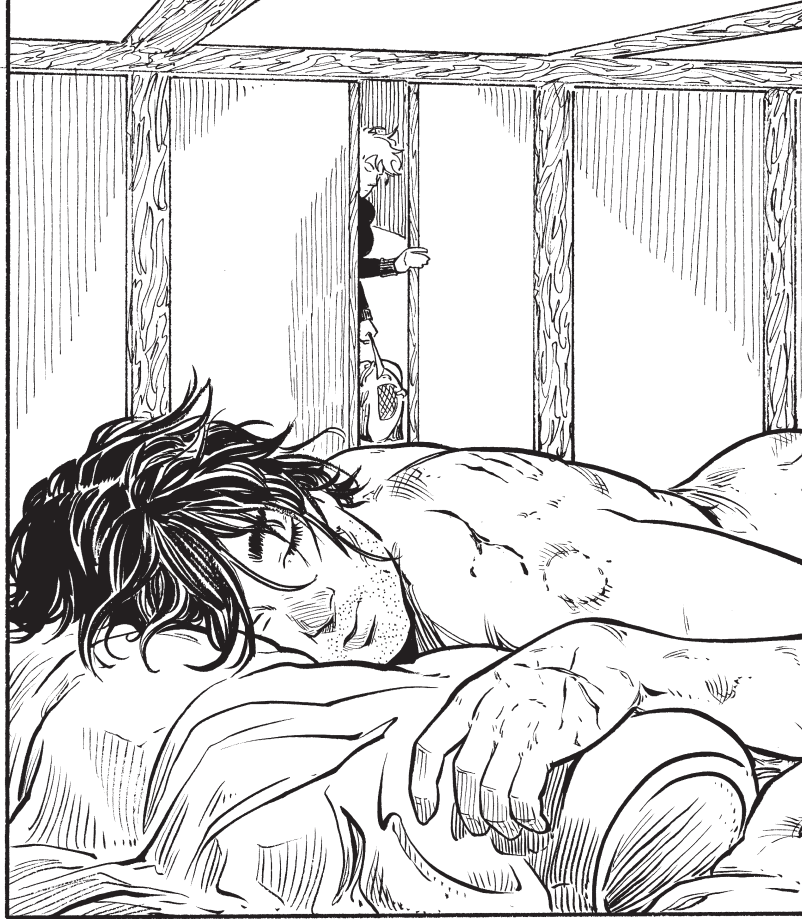
YEAH. CHUCK?

I HAVE THE PAPERS.



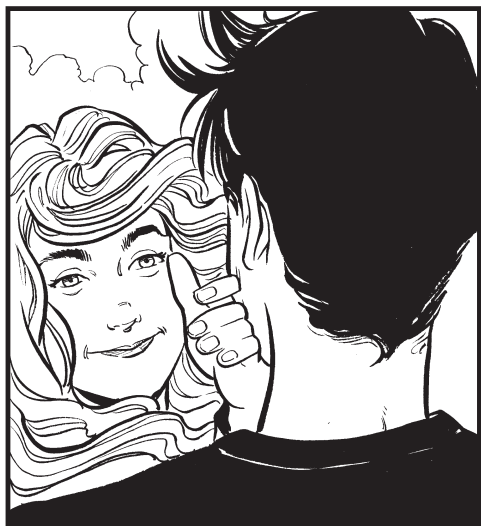
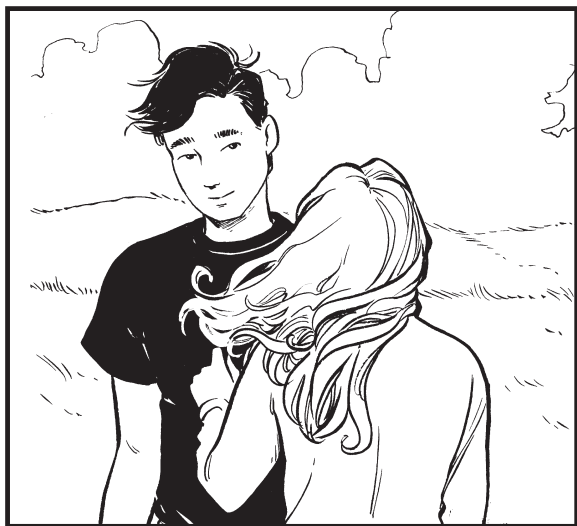
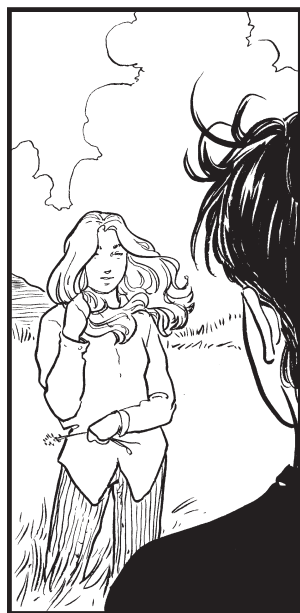
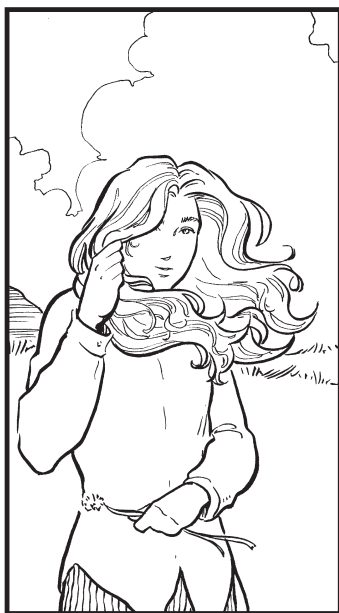


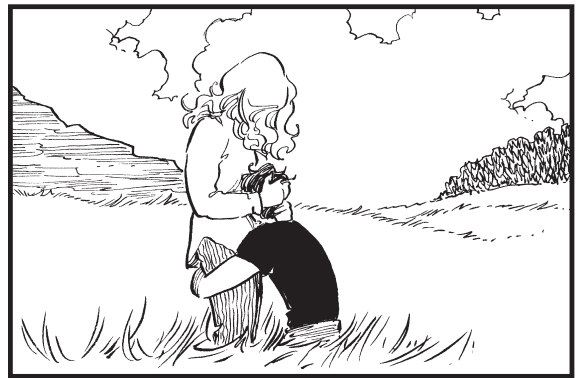
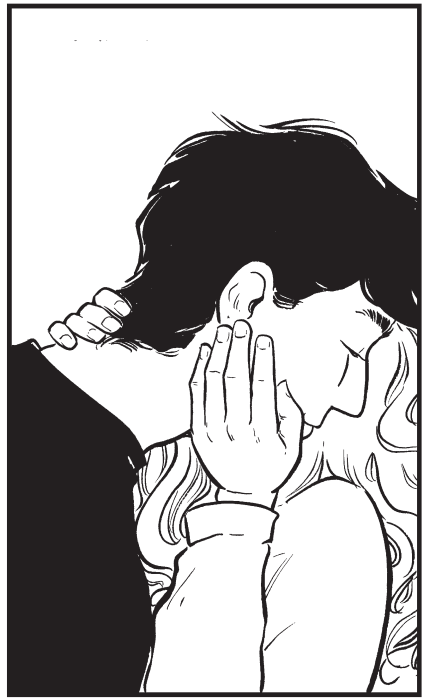
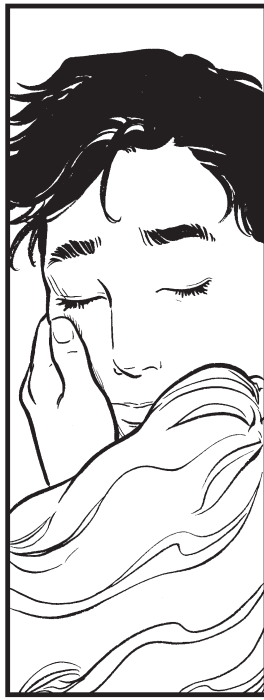
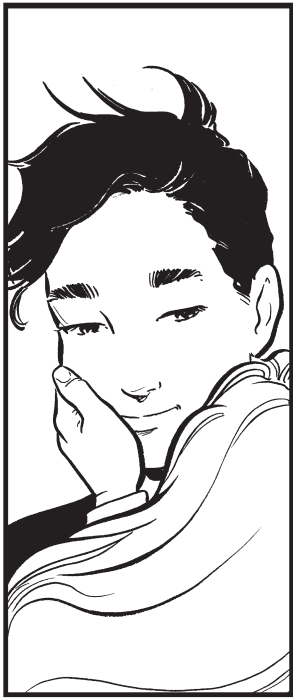


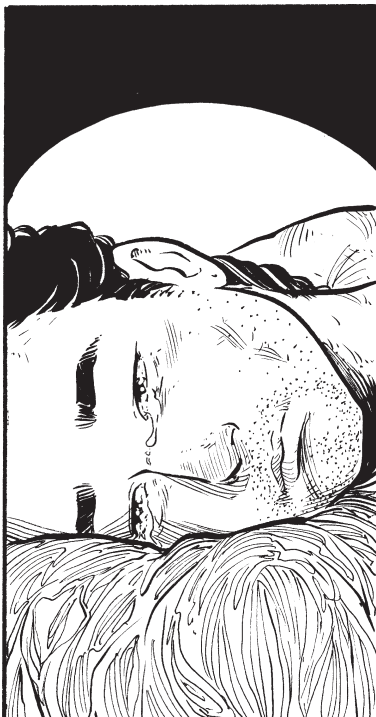
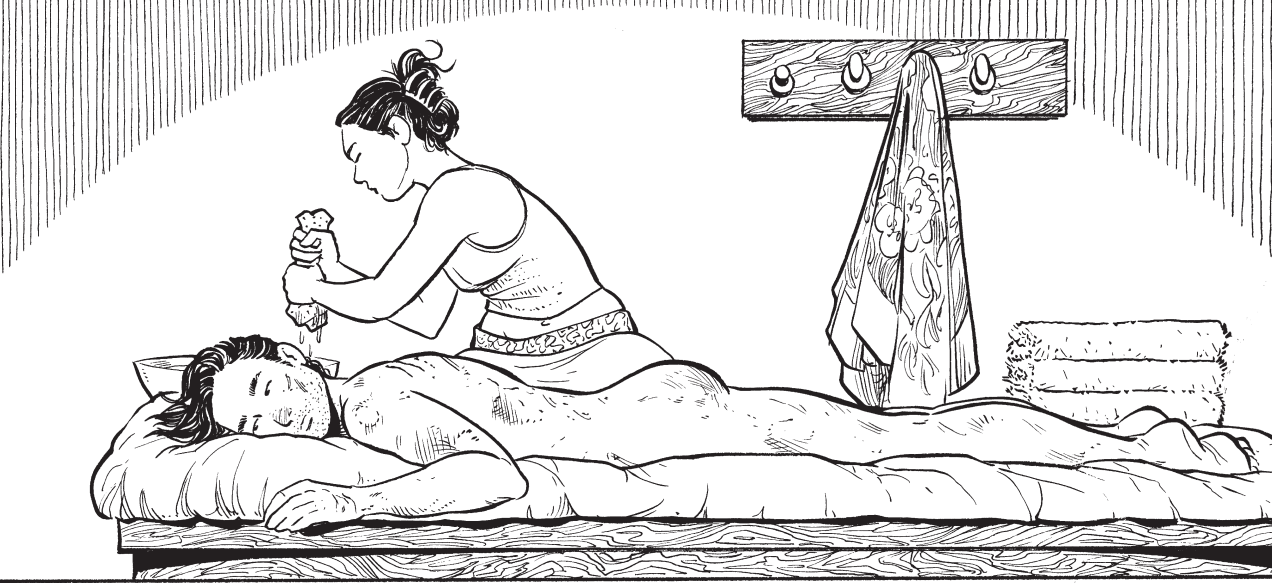




you'll remember me...







**KNOCK!
KNOCK!**

I'LL BET THAT'S KEVIN.

WHO'S KEVIN?

MY NEIGHBOR. HE ALWAYS FINDS SOME EXCUSE TO COME OVER BEFORE I'M DRESSED IN THE MORNINGS.

I'D KICK HIS ASS.

OH, I DON'T MIND. HE'S HARMLESS. IF THAT MAKES HIS DAY THEN...WHATEVER.

FRANCINE!

SHE DIDN'T COME OVER LAST NIGHT, CASEY. IT'S THE FIRST TIME SINCE SHE CAME TO TOWN SHE HASN'T COME OVER. I WAITED UP ALL NIGHT!

WHAT IF SOMETHING HAPPENED TO HER? HOW WOULD I KNOW? I DON'T HAVE ANY WAY OF CONTACTING HER! WHAT IF SHE LEFT TOWN? WHAT IF SHE NEVER CALLS ME AGAIN?

I MEAN, I MADE HER FAVORITE MEAL, I HAD WINE, CANDLES, ROSE PETALS ON THE BED.... I WAS ALL SET FOR THIS SPECIAL NIGHT! Y'KNOW? I EVEN PUT ON BABY... WHAT?

OH GOD, CASEY...

THE THOUGHT OF IT MAKES MY STOMACH HURT! AND JUST WHEN I WAS READY TO COMMIT!

WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE A DEER CAUGHT IN THE...

AM I INTERRUPTING SOMETH...?

KATCHOO!

WHERE WERE YOU? I'VE BEEN WORRIED SICK ABOUT YOU!

I HAD THIS WHOLE BIG SPECIAL EVENING ALL ARRANGED! I WAITED UP FOR YOU ALL NIGHT BUT YOU NEVER CAME! WHY DIDN'T YOU COME OVER? WHY DIDN'T YOU CALL?

WHERE ARE YOUR PANTS?

WHAT'S GOIN' ON...?

OH MY GOD...!

FRANCINE....

OMIGOD, YOU
SLEPT WITH HER!

NO!
I GAVE UP EVERYTHING
TO BE WITH YOU - AND
YOU DUMPED ME!?!
**FRANCINE,
NO!**

ALL THIS TIME I
THOUGHT WE WERE
DESTINED TO BE TO-
GETHER - I GAVE UP
MY MARRIAGE!

I MUST HAVE BEEN
OUT OF MY MIND!
OH GOD, WHAT WAS
I THINKING?!

FRANCINE,
NOTHING
HAPPENED!

I WAS
GOING TO
HAVE SEX
WITH YOU!

I SLEPT ON
THE COUCH!
I SWEAR
TO GOD!

NOTHING
HAPPENED!

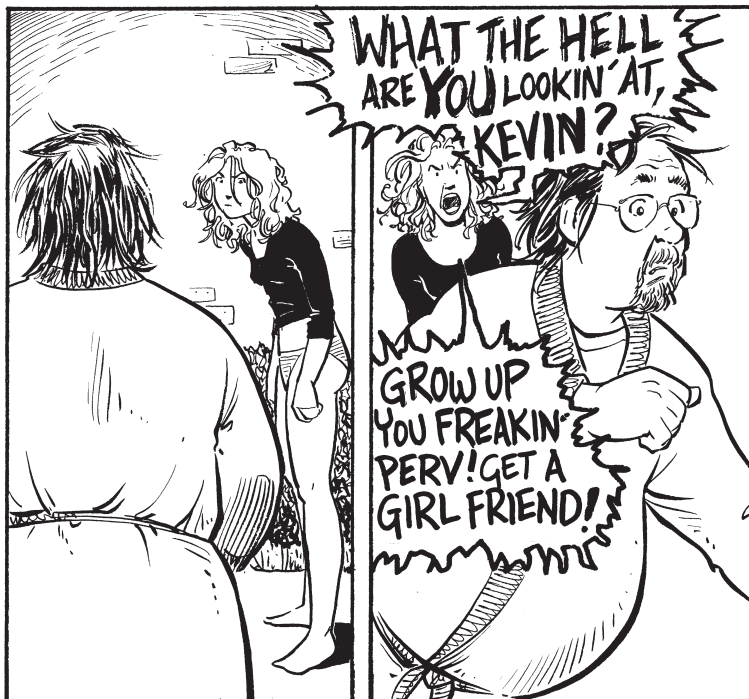
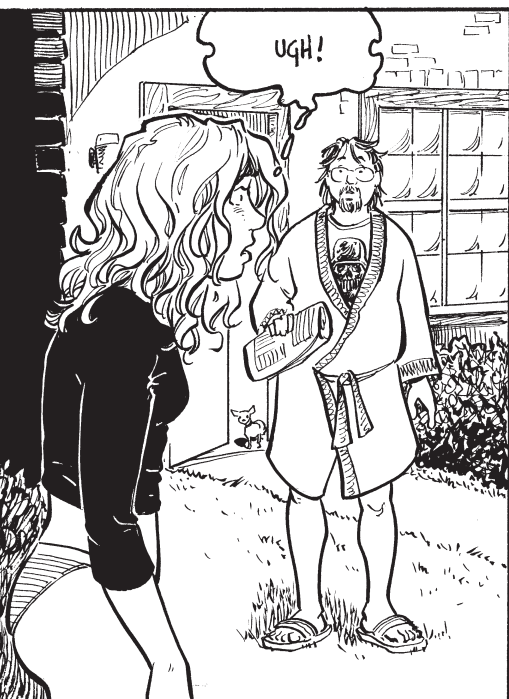
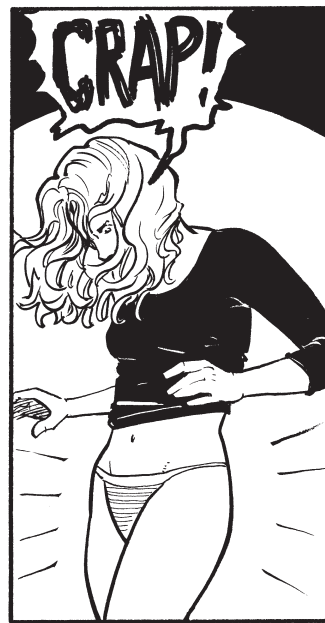
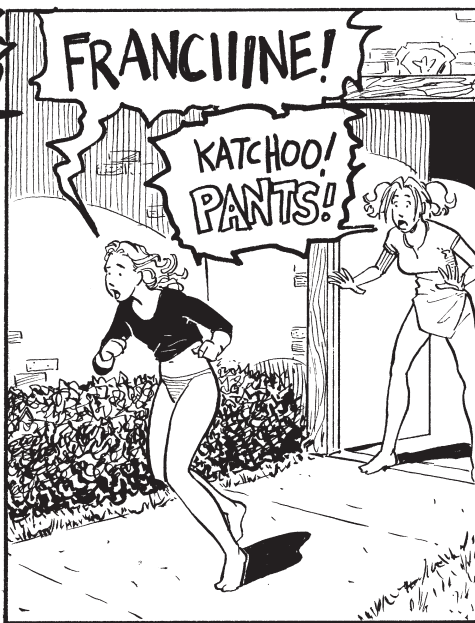
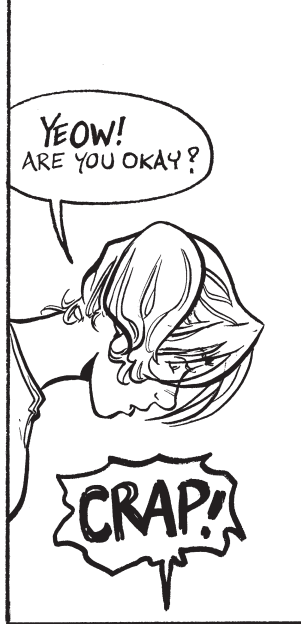
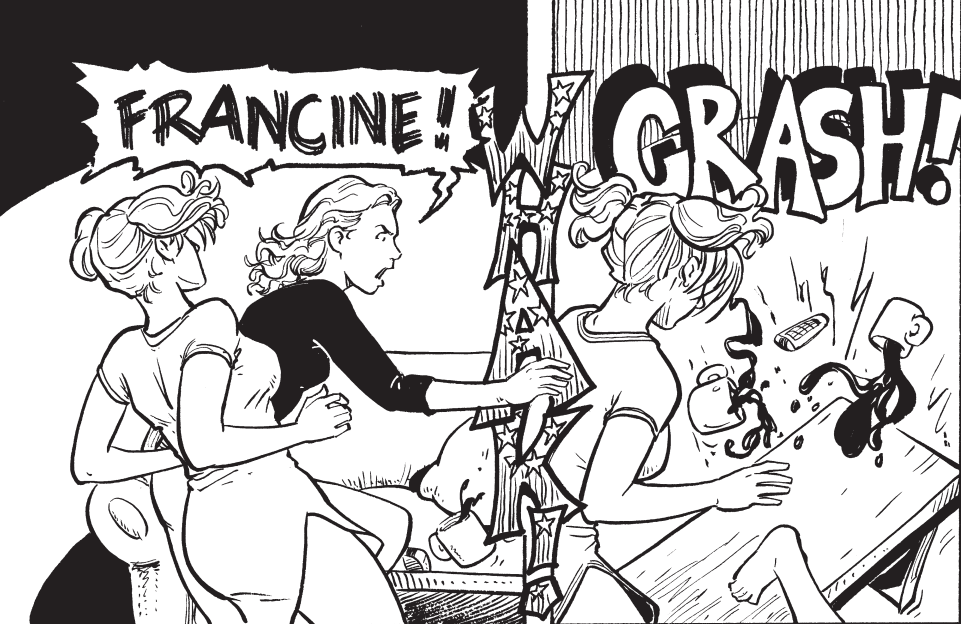
OH GOD...
BRAD!

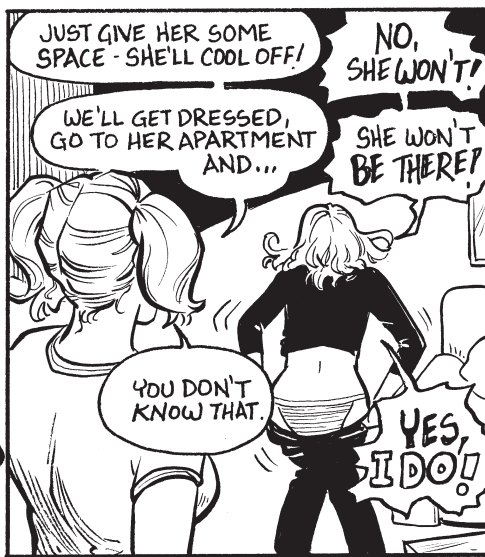
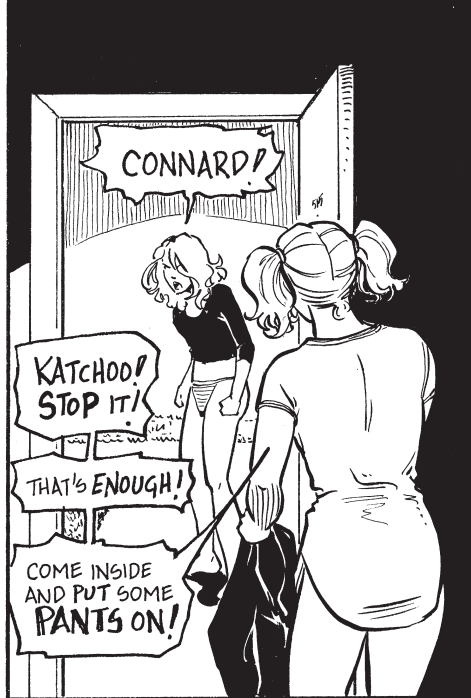
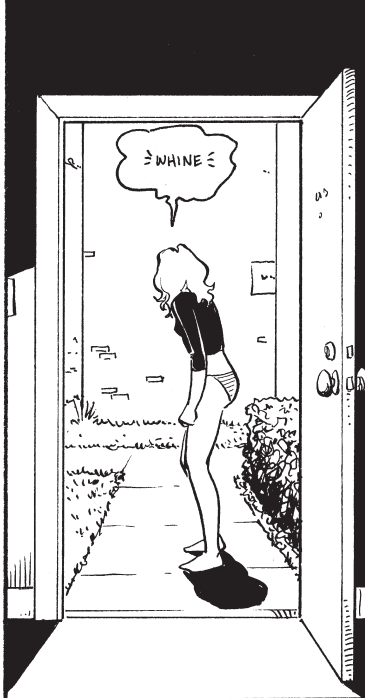
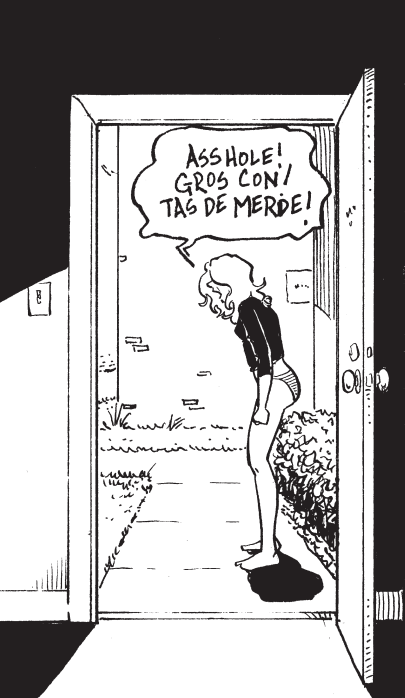
FRANCINE!
FRANCINE!
LOOK AT ME!
LOOK AT ME!
GODDAMN!

LET GO OF ME!
LET GO!

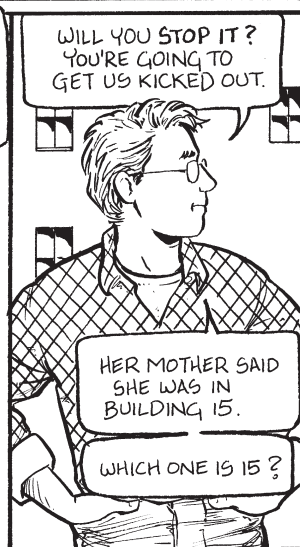
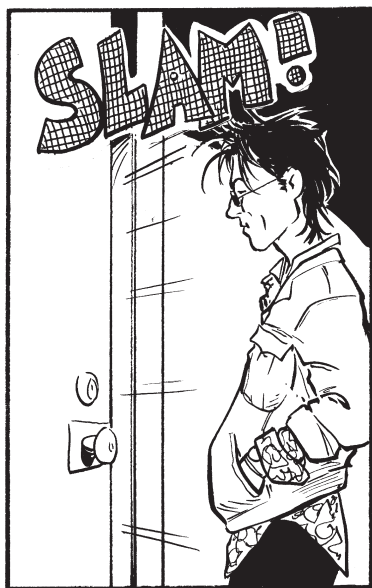
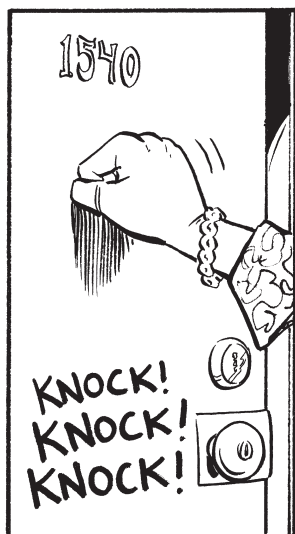
FRANCINE!
NO!
FRANCINE!
WAIT!
I CAN
EXPLAIN!

CRAP!





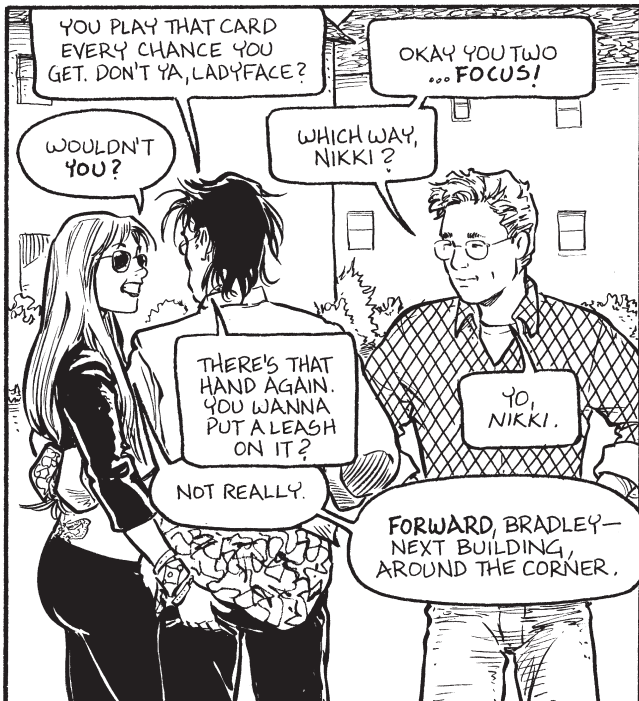




DID YOU
FIND IT?

OF COURSE.
I'M A WOMAN,
AREN'T I?

AMEN!



WOULDN'T
YOU?

OKAY YOU TWO
...FOCUS!

WHICH WAY,
NIKKI?

THERE'S THAT
HAND AGAIN.
YOU WANNA
PUT A LEASH
ON IT?

NOT REALLY.

YO,
NIKKI.

FORWARD, BRADLEY—
NEXT BUILDING,
AROUND THE CORNER.



"NEXT BUILDING!" GOOD GRIEF. EGYPT BUILT THE PYRAMIDS, WE BUILD APARTMENT COMPLEXES.

UH OH... I THINK YOU'VE BEEN MADE, LEROY.

HUH?

INCOMING.

EXCUSE ME...



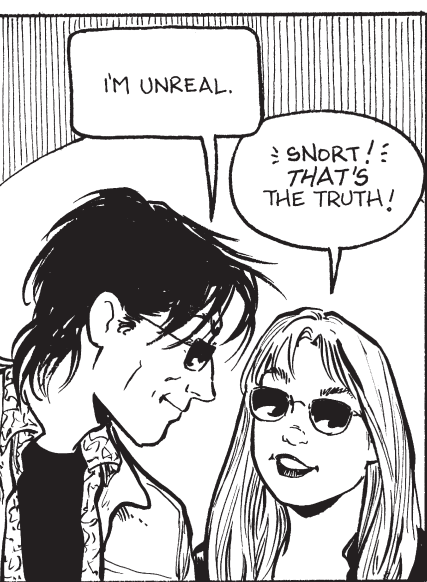
ARE YOU GRIFFIN SILVER?

WHO?

GRIFFIN SILVER. YOU LOOK JUST LIKE HIM!

YEAH?

YEAH. IT'S SO LIKE... UNREAL!



I'M UNREAL.

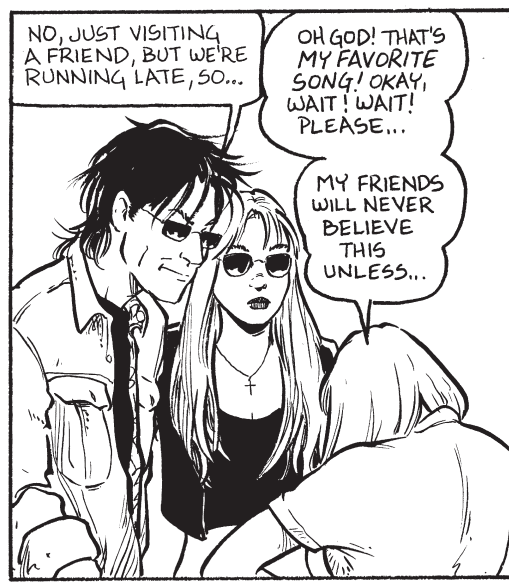
≡ SNORT! ≡ THAT'S THE TRUTH!



OMIGOD, IT IS YOU!

AND YOU'RE NIKKI MCQUEEN! MY BROTHER HAS YOUR POSTER OVER HIS BED!

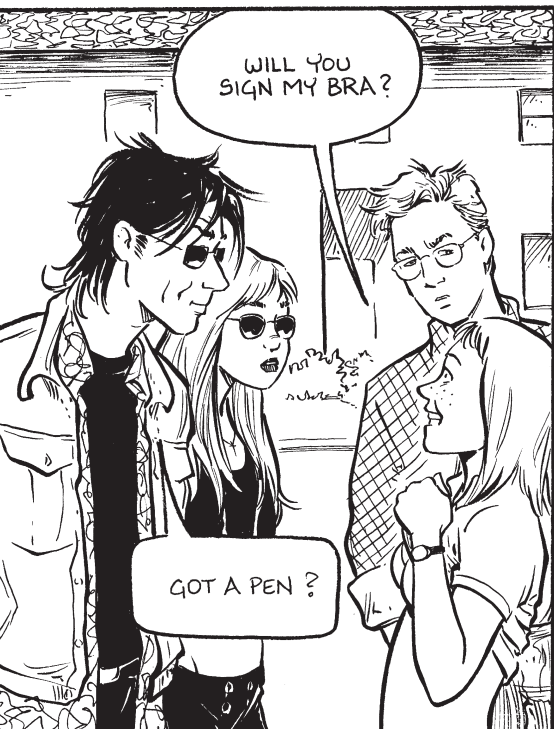
ARE YA'LL MOVIN' INTO OUR APARTMENTS?



NO, JUST VISITING A FRIEND, BUT WE'RE RUNNING LATE, SO...

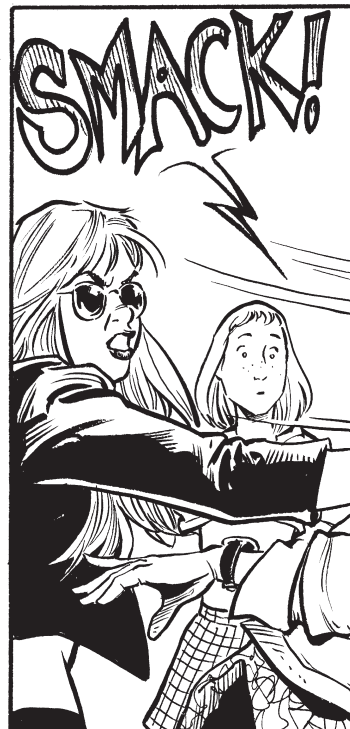
OH GOD! THAT'S MY FAVORITE SONG! OKAY, WAIT! WAIT! PLEASE...

MY FRIENDS WILL NEVER BELIEVE THIS UNLESS...



WILL YOU SIGN MY BRA?

GOT A PEN?



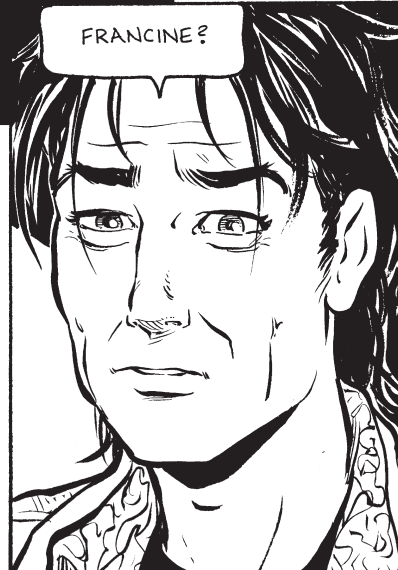
SMACK!

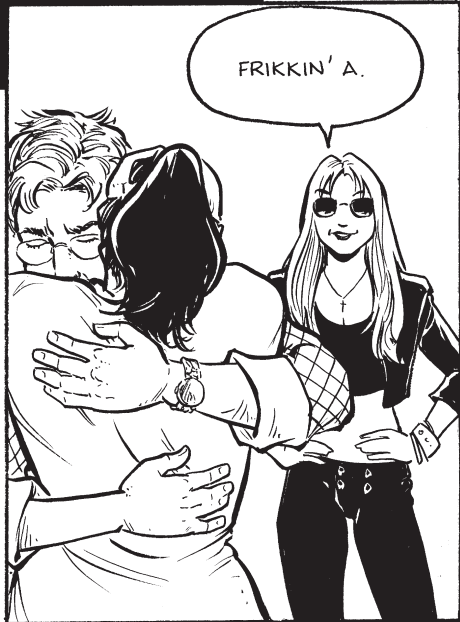
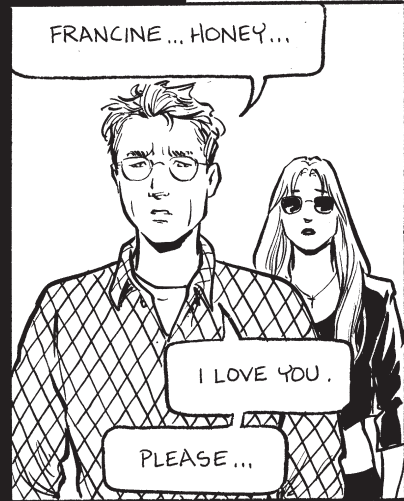
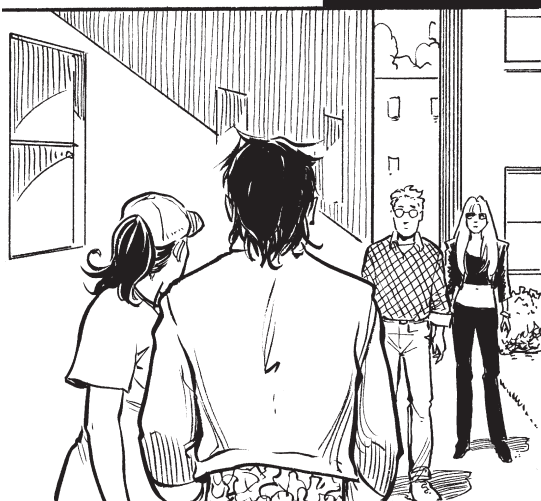


HE DOESN'T SIGN MINORS.

I'M LEGAL.

IN BANGKOK!







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STRANGERS IN PARADISE

PRINCE'S WARRIOR

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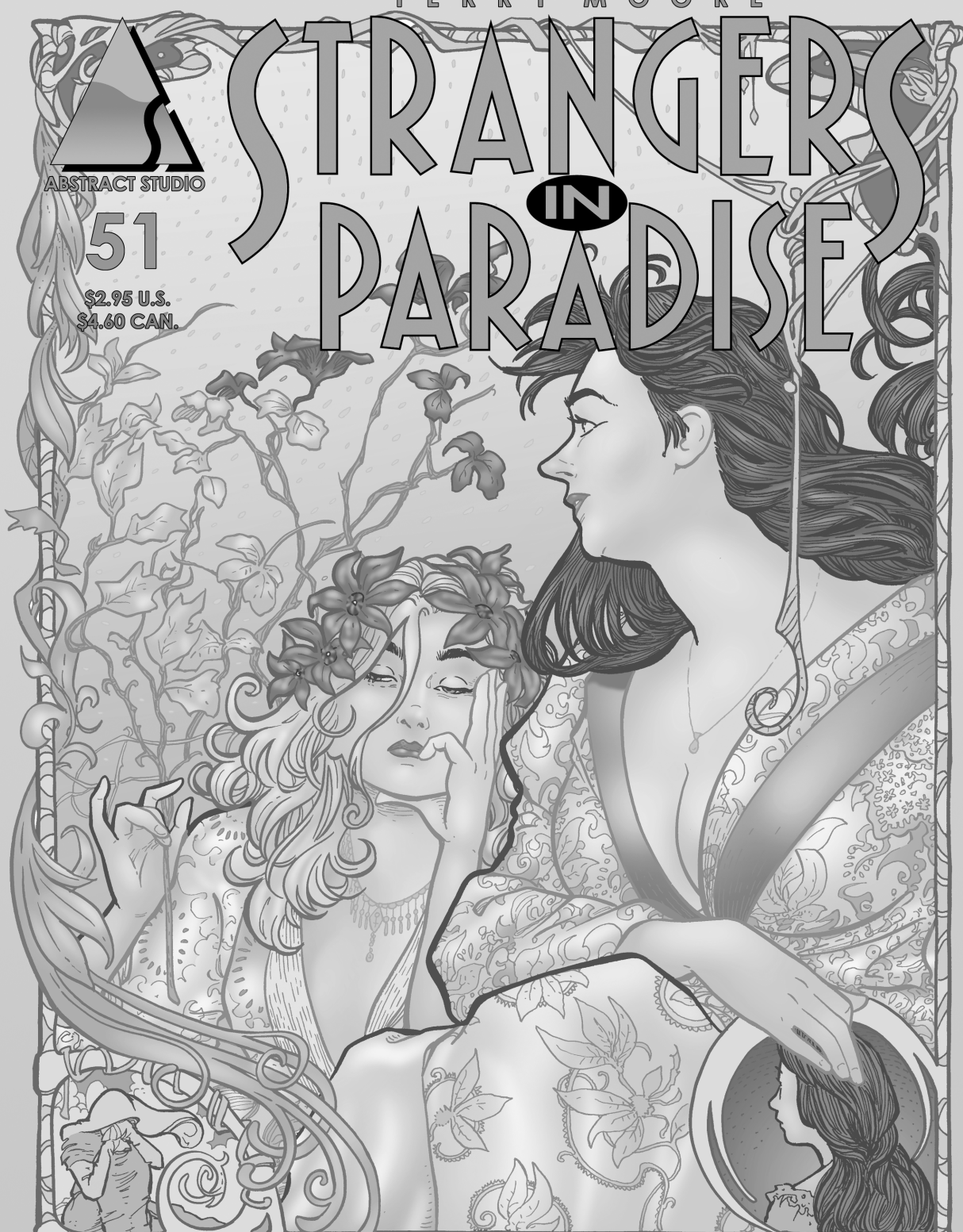


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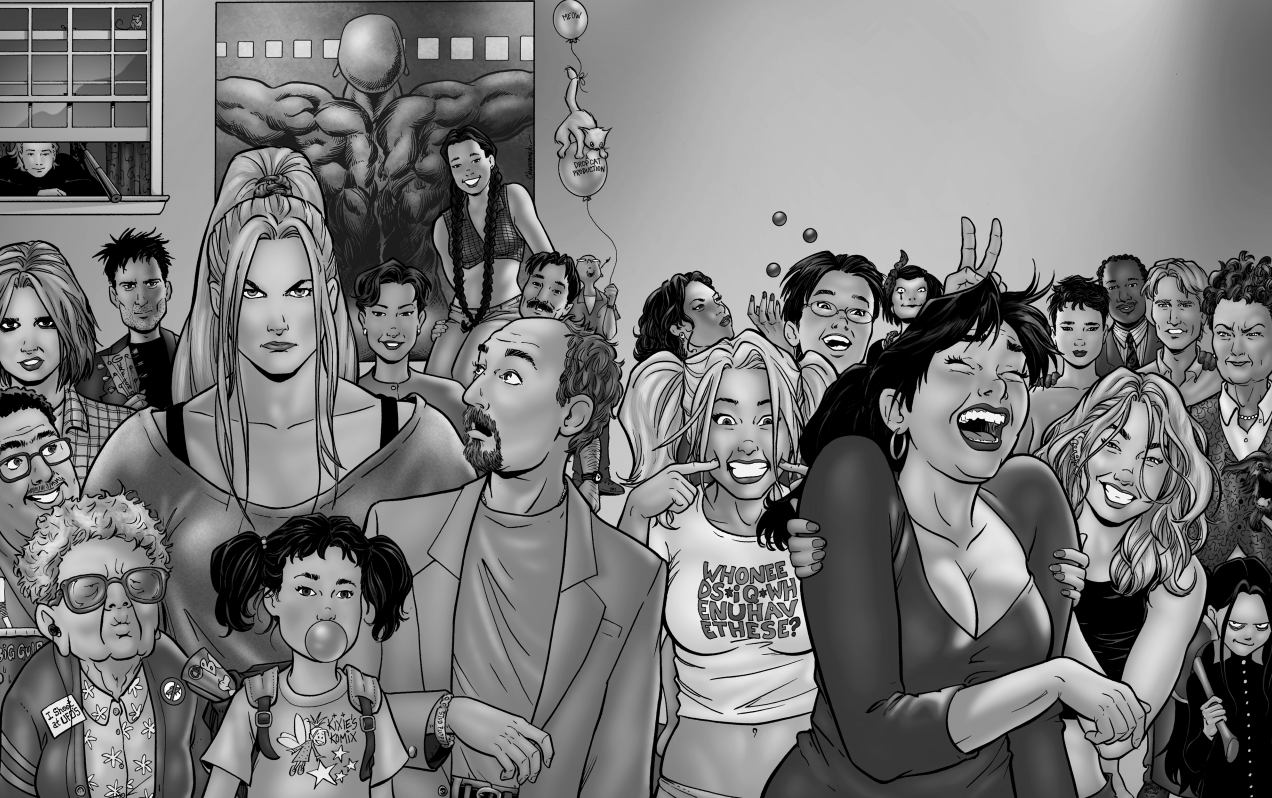
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David's Story
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Ever After