

TKO
STUDIOS
No. 1 OF 6

JOSHUA DYSART
ALBERTO PONTICELLI
GIULIA BRUSCO
STEVE WANDS
SEBASTIAN GIRNER

Goodnight **PARADISE**



TKO PRESENTS A WORLD BY:

JOSHUA DYSART

WRITER

ALBERTO PONTICELLI

ART

GIULIA BRUSCO

COLOR ART

STEVE WANDS

LETTERER

SEBASTIAN GIRNER

EDITOR

JARED K FLETCHER

TITLE DESIGN

JEFF POWELL

COVER DESIGN

ROBERT TERLIZZI

BOOK DESIGN



TKO STUDIOS

SALVATORE SIMEONE - CEO & PUBLISHER

TZE CHUN - PRESIDENT & PUBLISHER

CARA MCKENNEY - TALENT RELATIONS

SEBASTIAN GIRNER - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

JEFF POWELL - PRODUCTION MANAGER

ROBERT TERLIZZI - DIRECTOR OF DESIGN

GOODNIGHT PARADISE #1.

Copyright © 2018

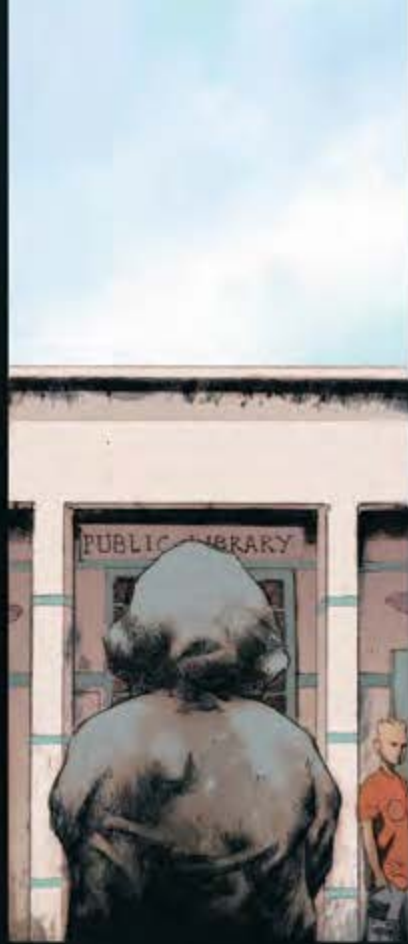
TKO Studios, LLC. All rights reserved.

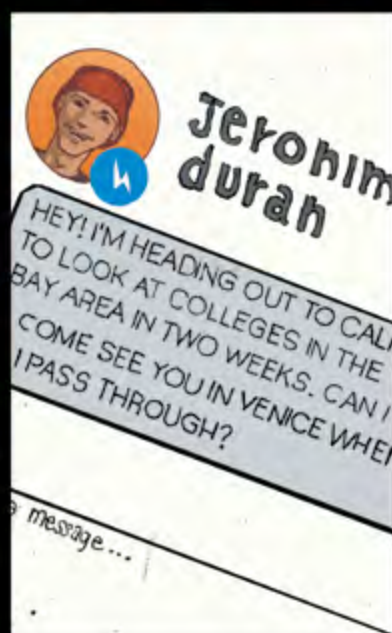
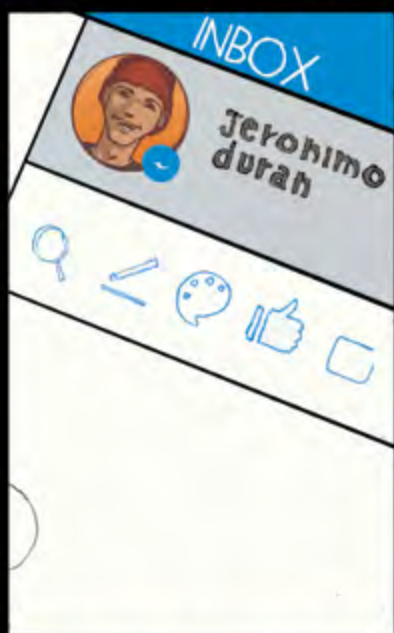
Published by TKO Studios, LLC.

Office of Publication: 450 7th Ave., Suite 2107. New York, NY 10123.

All names, characters, and events in this publication are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events, or places, without satiric intent, is unintended and purely coincidental. Printed in the USA.









I THINK MY CASE
WORKER DROPPED ME.
NOT SURE HOW TO GET
MY FUCKING INSULIN
ANYMORE.

FIGURE OPCC
JUST POCKETS
THE FEDERAL CASH
AND IGNORES
ASSHOLES LIKE ME.
WHATEVER.

THANKS.

I LOSE THE FOOT,
I CAN'T DRIVE...CAN'T
DRIVE, I CAN'T REALLY
LIVE IN THE R.V.
NO MORE.

PF

NAW, IT'S
GOING TO BE
ALRIGHT. YOU'LL
SEE. NOTHIN BAD
WILL HAPPEN.

HERE,
HERE,
TO THAT,
MAN.

I GOTTA
TRY TO USE
YOUR JOHN. I'M
PLUGGED UP LIKE A
MOTHERFUCKER.
STOMACH'S
KILLING ME.

HEY, BOB...
I TELL YOU
JERONIMO
WANTS TO
COME
VISIT?

OH, YEAH?!
THAT'S
FANTASTIC,
MAN! THAT'S A
FANTASTIC
IDEA.

HAHA...
YEAH...

...AHHH...

I DON'T
KNOW...



GHHA,
CAN'T DO IT.
HAVEN'T SHIT
IN DAYS.

YOU
DON'T SMELL
LIKE IT. WHEN'S
JERONIMO
COMING
OUT?

...DON'T
KNOW. I DON'T
KNOW ANYTHING
ABOUT IT. SOON,
MAYBE...



WHEN THINGS ARE
BETTER, YOU KNOW.
WHEN EVERYTHING'S
MORE RIGHT...OR
SOMETHING.

HOW MUCH
MORE RIGHT
CAN IT GET?



IT'S FUCKING
SPRING, MAN!
IT'S GONNA BE
MEMORIAL DAY
WEEKEND ON
VENICE BEACH?
HE'LL LOVE IT!



I... I MEAN
I GOTTA
SQUARE
AWAY A
PLACE FOR
THE KID TO
SLEEP
AND...

STAY HERE,
MAN. YOU AND HIM,
USE THE R.V. I'LL GIVE
YOU SOME SPACE.
I GOT AN OLD LADY,
I TOLD YOU ABOUT
HER...

WE CAN DO
AT LEAST A DAY
OR TWO IN HER VAN
BEFORE ONE OF
US KILLS THE
OTHER.



BUT DON'T
LET THOSE
FUCKING PARKING
PERMIT NAZIS
BURN THE R.V.
DOWN, MAN.

TOOK
ME YEARS
TO SCRATCH
THIS SHIT
TOGETHER.



YEAH...WELL, I DON'T THINK IT'LL WORK OUT. MAYBE LATER. I THINK HE DECIDED NOT TO COME.

OH...I MUST BE FUCKED UP. I THOUGHT YOU SAID HE **WANTED** TO COME...

YEAH...NO... I DON'T KNOW... LET'S...LET'S JUST RELAX...



ELL-AAY WOMAAN! YOU'RE MY WOMAAN!

AH NEED A LITTLE BIT ABOUT A BELLY TONIGHT--SO I GOTTA GO TO WHICH WAY THE WIND BLOW!

YEAH!

HEYHEYHEY... LETS...DO THAT FREE LUNCH THING, MAN. I'M DOG HUNGRY.



CAN'T EAT. I'LL NEVER SHIT AGAIN, B.F. BOB

I LOVE THIS R.V., WE CAN JUST STAY HERE AN' **DRIIINK!**

NAH, FUCK THAT...C'MON, MAN...



"LET'S HIT THE BEACH."



BOB, HOLD ON... HOLD ON...

I'M STARVING, EDDIE!

JUST A SEC...



HEY, GIRL.

YOU--YOU OKAY?

ARK!

ISAIDANDISAID ANDISAID... YOUHAVE TOSAYTHEWORD... ORTHEY'LLDO THAT TOYOU...



OKAY, OKAY, GOOD DOG. RIGHT ON...

ARK!

BRKARK



...YOU TAKE CARE OF HER, BUDDY... THAT'S YOUR JOB.

DON'TLET THEFUCKING TAKERSTAKE ANYMORE...

MMMM



HEY,
EDDIE.
WANT SOME
FOOD?

NAW, *HOGAN*...
THAT VEGETARIAN
STUFF'LL KILL ME
RIGHT NOW. MY
STOMACH'S
FUCKED.



YOU JUST
WATCHING THE
SNAPCHAT
EMPLOYEES
MIGRATE BY?



FRESH-FACED LOCUSTS
OF THE FUTURE, LURCHING
OFF TO SOME NEW PRESSED
JUICE, LOCALLY SOURCED
UTOPIA...



SEE THE
**PRIVATE
SECURITY**
KEEPING THEM
SAFE FROM THE
HORDES OF THE
HOMELESS?

THEY
WANT TO BUY
AS MUCH OF THE
BEACH AS THEY
CAN. POLICE THE
WHOLE BOARD-
WALK THEM-
SELVES...

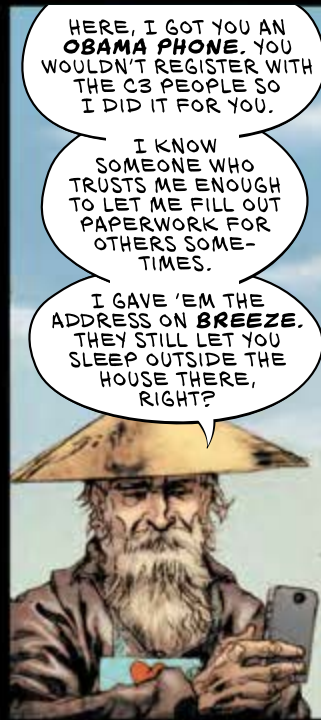
"CLEAN IT UP!
MAKE IT SAFE!"
TURN THE BEACH INTO
THEIR CORPORATE
CAMPUS. FUCK OFFICE
PARKS IN SANTA
MONICA. THAT'S NOT
HIP ENOUGH
FOR 'EM.



MIGHT AS WELL LET 'EM HAVE IT. DOES ANYBODY DESERVE TO TAKE UP SPACE IN PARADISE FOR TOO LONG? THEY'RE YOUNG, MAYBE IT'S THEIR TURN.

YEAH? I DON'T SEE YOU GOING NOWHERE.

AIN'T GOT NOWHERE TO GO...THIS IS HOME.



HERE, I GOT YOU AN **OBAMA PHONE**. YOU WOULDN'T REGISTER WITH THE C3 PEOPLE SO I DID IT FOR YOU.

I KNOW SOMEONE WHO TRUSTS ME ENOUGH TO LET ME FILL OUT PAPERWORK FOR OTHERS SOME-TIMES.

I GAVE 'EM THE ADDRESS ON **BREEZE**. THEY STILL LET YOU SLEEP OUTSIDE THE HOUSE THERE, RIGHT?



HOLD ON, CAN'T THEY LISTEN TO YOU ON THAT THING? SEE THROUGH THE CAMERA AND SHIT?

EDDIE, GOVERNMENT SURVEILLANCE ISN'T YOUR PROBLEM... TAKE IT...IT'S A SURVIVAL TOOL.



AND YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TO GO TO THE LIBRARY EVERY TIME YOU WANT TO TALK TO **JERONIMO**. NOBODY DOES THAT ANYMORE.

YEAH...WELL, OKAY, THIS IS REAL COOL, **HOGAN**. YOU'RE ALWAYS LOOKING OUT FOR ALL OF US.



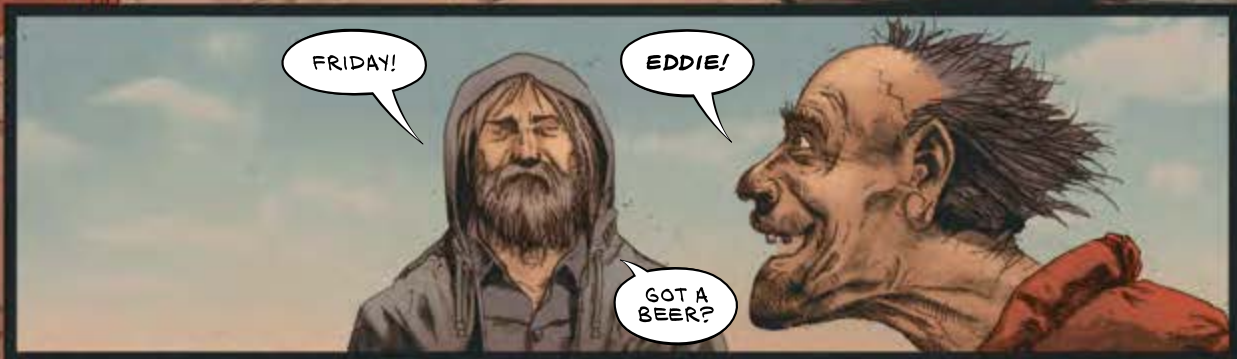
SEE YOU SOON. IF THE STOMACH DOESN'T RIGHT ITSELF, GO TO THE FAMILY CLINIC, ALRIGHT?

YEAH...



IT'S ONE WORLD! IT BELONGS TO ALL OF US! DON'T YOU GO THE WRONG WAY, PEOPLE!

DON'T GO THE WRONG WAY!



FRIDAY!

EDDIE!

GOT A BEER?



THAT GUY'S GOING THE WRONG WAY, FRIDAY!

DON'T GO THE WRONG WAY, GUY!

HAHAHA!



SUNSET'S FUCKING AMAZING. IT'S THE FIRES, MAN. ALL THAT SHIT IN THE AIR, MAKES IT PRETTY. KILLING MY ALLERGIES THOUGH.

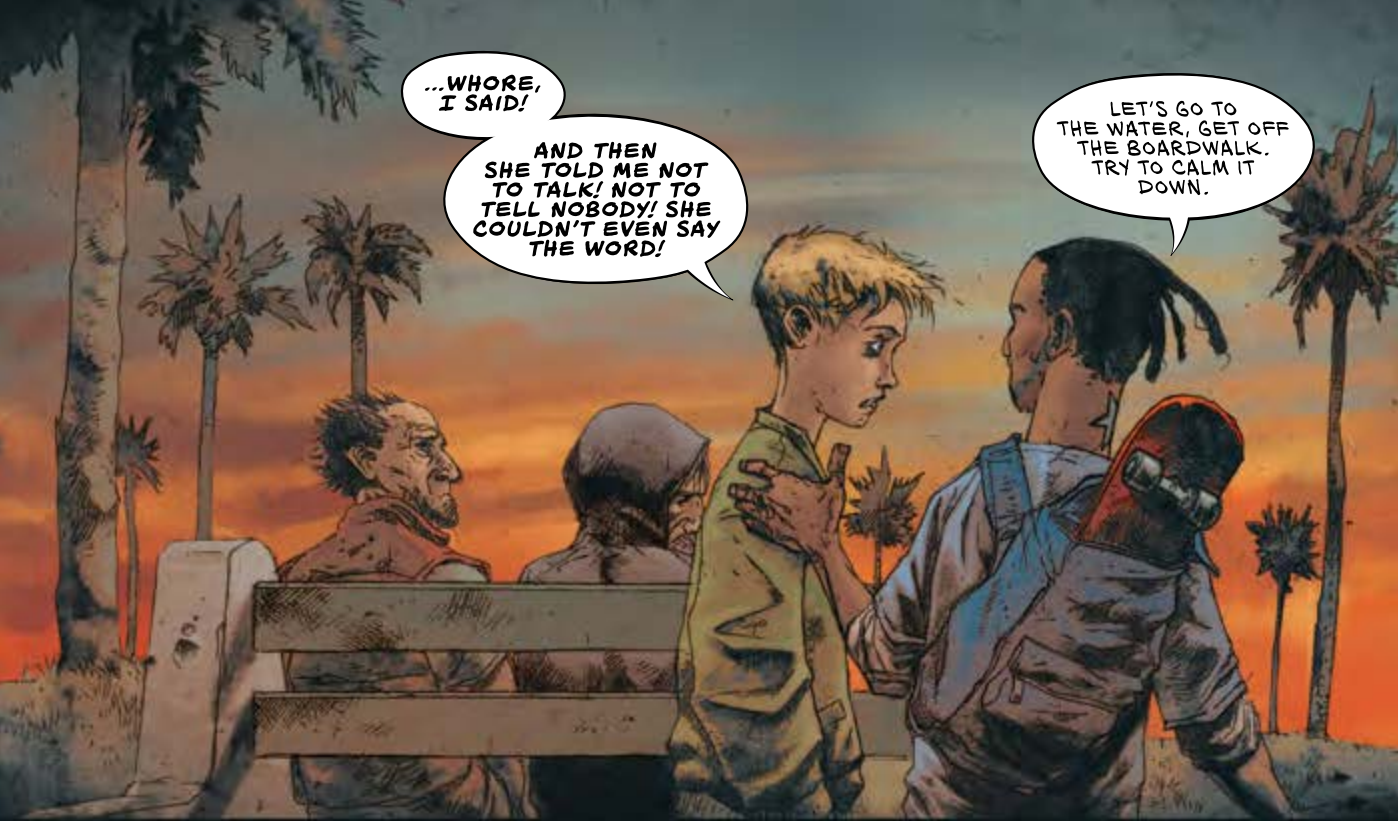
THERE'S ALREADY FIRES? ISN'T IT LIKE, MAY?



THAT SUNSET'S GOING THE WRONG WAY, FRIDAY!

HAHAHA!

DON'T GO THE WRONG WAY, SUNSET!



...WHORE,
I SAID!

AND THEN
SHE TOLD ME NOT
TO TALK! NOT TO
TELL NOBODY! SHE
COULDN'T EVEN SAY
THE WORD!

LET'S GO TO
THE WATER, GET OFF
THE BOARDWALK.
TRY TO CALM IT
DOWN.

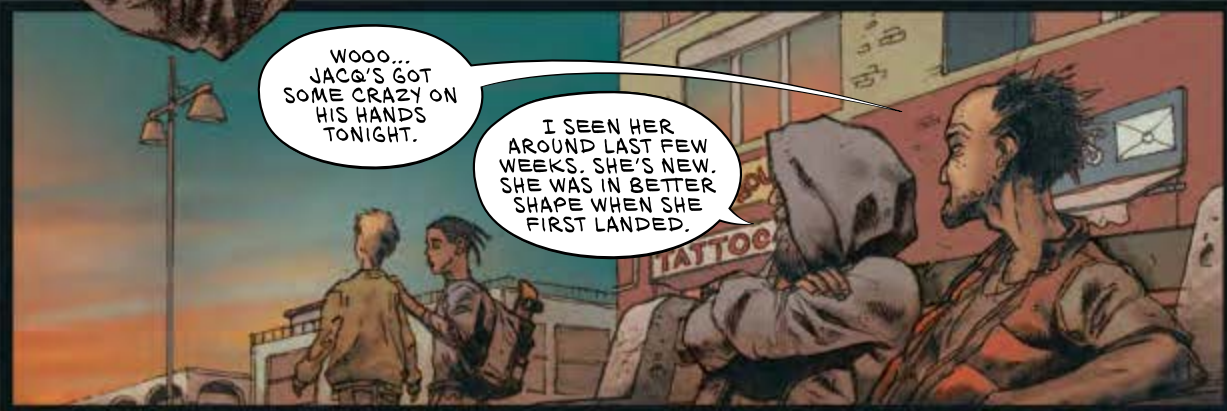


HEY! HEY,
JACQ! I AIN'T
SEEN YOU IN A
SEC! COME ON!
BOTH OF YA.
COME DRINK
WITH US!



SHE'S JUST
SCARED! SHE'S
JUST SCARED!
SHE JUST CAN'T
EVEN SAY THE
WORD
"WHORE!"
WHORE!

FUCK
OFF,
EDDIE!



WOOO...
JACQ'S GOT
SOME CRAZY ON
HIS HANDS
TONIGHT.

I SEEN HER
AROUND LAST FEW
WEEKS. SHE'S NEW.
SHE WAS IN BETTER
SHAPE WHEN SHE
FIRST LANDED.



I THOUGHT
HE PLAYED FOR
MY TEAM.

HE
DOES.

WELL HE
SHOULDN'T BE
FUCKING WITH
THOSE BATSHIT
FAG HAGS
THEN.





OH
GOD!

"OH GOD!"



OH
GOD...

OH...

OH NO...
NO...



FUCK...
FUCK...
FUCK!

DEAD
GIRL!

DEAD
GIRL AND
HER DOG!



YOU SAID
YOU'VE SEEN THE
VICTIM AROUND
THE NEIGHBOR-
HOOD, MR.
QUINONES?

...
WHAT?



YOU SAID
YOU'VE
SEEN THE
VICTIM?

YEAH...
FOR MAYBE A
FEW WEEKS
NOW.



YOU
KNOW WHO
SHE HUNG OUT
WITH?

"MR. QUINONES,
CAN YOU HEAR ME?"



YEAH...
NO, I--UH...I
DON'T KNOW...I
SAW HER SPINNING
OUT EARLIER
TODAY...SO...

AND SHE
WASN'T WITH
ANYBODY?



"NAW...
NOBODY..."



WHEN YOU SAY
"SPINNING OUT"...WE RECEIVED
MULTIPLE DISTURBANCE CALLS
FROM THIS AREA TONIGHT
MATCHING THE VICTIM'S
DESCRIPTION.

SHE WAS YELLING
AT PEOPLE IN THEIR YARDS,
INVADING A FEW OPEN HOMES,
GENERALLY ACTING ERRATIC.
DOES THAT SEEM POSSIBLE
TO YOU?



...YOU OKAY,
MR. QUINONES?

NO...

ALRIGHT,
THAT'S ALL. HOW
CAN WE FIND
YOU? YOU GOT
A PHONE?

NO.





THANK, GOD...
FINALLY...

FINALLY...

Name of contact:
jeronimo

Pleaw com. Need
to see yoio



"MR. QUINONES..."

"YOU SAY YOU'VE SEEN
HER AROUND THE
NEIGHBORHOOD?"



"AND SHE WASN'T
WITH ANYBODY?"





"TESSA
KERRS.

"SHE WAS A
RUNAWAY
FROM UTAH."

...TESSA...

WE'RE ASKING ABOUT A GUY NAMED **BIRMINGHAM ARBROS**.

TESSA'S BOY HERE ON THE BEACH.

EARLY TWENTIES, PRIOR PRISON. MULTIPLE ASSAULT CHARGES. KNOWN ARYAN SUPREMACY AFFILIATION. IRON CROSS ON HIS NECK WITH THE NUMBER 14.

SOMEBODY SAW HIM WITH THE DOG LAST NIGHT, THE ONE SHE WAS FOUND WITH--BUT BEFORE, WHEN IT WAS STILL ALIVE.

I KNOW YOU DON'T HANG WITH THE YOUNGER CROWD, BUT YOU SEEN A GUY LIKE THIS?

...NO... NO...

OKAY. WELL, JUST KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN TODAY. IT'S GONNA BE A SCENE. I'M LOOKING OUT FOR YOU.





YOU HEAR ABOUT THAT DEAD GIRL THEY FOUND IN THE DUMPSTER ON WAVECREST?

OH MY GOD, SO SAD!



THERE WAS A TIME WHEN THAT WOULD'VE KEPT THE RENTS DOWN...NOT ANYMORE.

HAHAHA! YOU'RE EVIL!



HEY,
JACQ...

MOTHER-
FUCKER...
WHY ARE YOU
HERE?



NOT YOUR USUAL
HANG OUT. HAD TO ASK
AROUND. **BEE**, HE CRACKED,
SAID YOU SPLIT THE BEACH
LATE LAST NIGHT.

SAID HE
HELPED YOU
MOVE DOWN **ROSE**,
OUTSIDE THE PUBLIC
STORAGE WHERE HE
KEEPS HIS ART AND
SHIT. SO...YOU
KNOW...

THAT'S
A HOW, NOT A
WHY. AND **BEE**
SHOULDN'TA
TOLD YOU
SHIT.



OKAY, LOOK, WE AIN'T
FRIENDS NO MORE, FINE.
BUT I--JUST...I WANTED
TO TELL YOU...I'M--I'M
THE ONE THAT FOUND
HER LAST NIGHT.


THE DEAD GIRL...
YOU WERE WITH
YESTERDAY...

...AND I'M
SORRY...




YO...
SHE'S NOT
"THE DEAD GIRL".
HER NAME IS
TESSA.

YEAH,
YEAH,
I KNOW,
TESSA.



AND SO
WHAT? YOU AND
THAT OLD QUEEN,
FRIDAY, SAW ME
WITH HER. WELL, I'M
NOT HIDING FROM
THE COPS HERE,
EDDIE.

JUST
CLEARING MY
HEAD. TRYING TO
GET AWAY FROM
EVERYTHING
REMINING ME
OF HER. SO,
BACK OFF.



IT'S NOT LIKE
THAT. THEY'RE ASKING
ABOUT SOME GUY NAMED
BIRMINGHAM...COPS
HAVEN'T EVEN MENTIONED
YOU ONCE. AND I DIDN'T
EITHER.


I AIN'T PUTTIN'
THE POLICE ON A
BLACK QUEER KID...
AND I KNOW YOU DIDN'T
DO IT. YOU COULDN'T
DO NOTHING LIKE
THAT.



YOU DON'T KNOW
SHIT, EDDIE...

ANYWAY, WORD IS
BIRMINGHAM SKIPPED
OFF **DOWNTOWN**. HE'S
HIDING OUT ON **SKID ROW**
BY NOW...MAYBE.

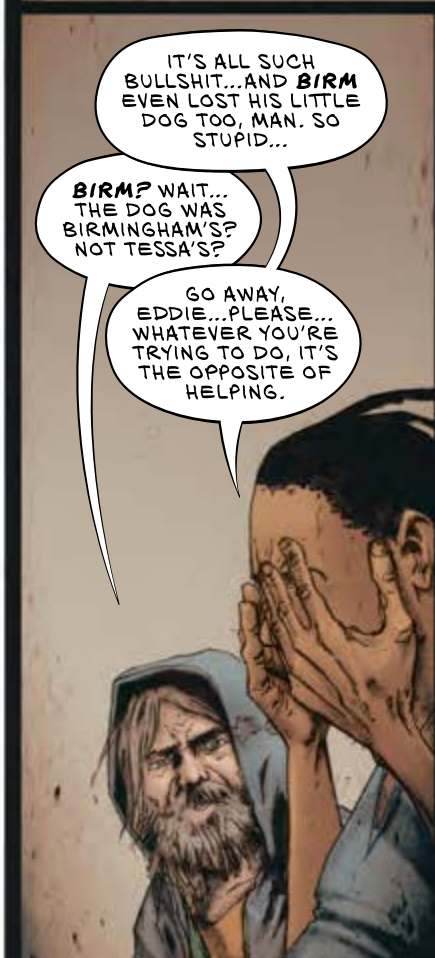
OR WHATEVER,
BUT HE'S GONE,
MAN.



WHEN'S
THE LAST TIME
YOU SAW HIM? SAW
HIM WITH **TESSA**,
I MEAN?

DON'T KNOW.
BEFORE ALL'A
THIS. BEFORE
YESTERDAY.

WHY YOU
ASKING?









WANT TO KEEP READING?



FULL SERIES NOW AVAILABLE

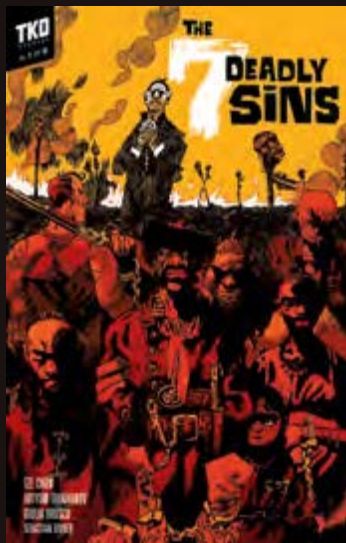
FIND OUT MORE >

VISIT US AT: [TKOPRESENTS.COM](https://tkopresents.com) >

FULL SERIES NOW AVAILABLE



LEARN MORE



LEARN MORE



LEARN MORE



LEARN MORE



VISIT US AT: TKOPRESENTS.COM



ISSUE
NO. 1
OF 6



PRINTED IN THE USA

TKO
STUDIOS

TKOPRESENTS.COM