

TOM RIORDAN

NATHAN GOODEN

KILL

BOX™

#4



American
Gothic
Press
PRESENTED BY
FAMOUS MONSTERS

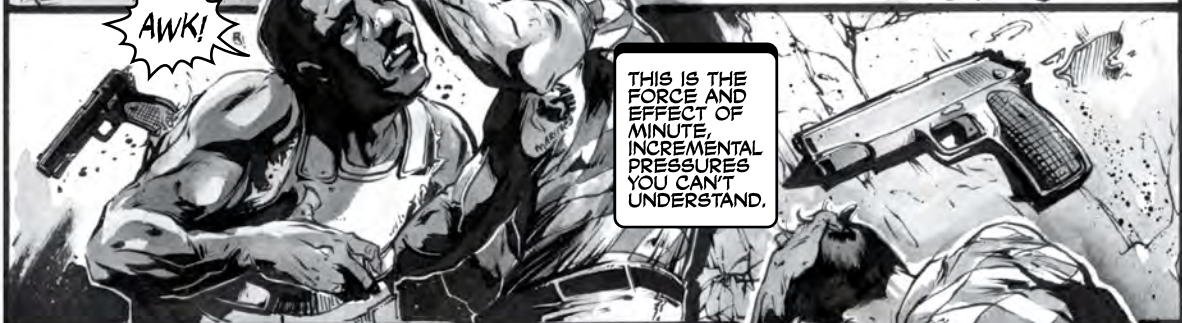
Part 4: Exit Through the Gift Shop



THIS IS INFLUENCE.
THIS IS HOW WE
PUSH. THIS IS HOW
WE WANT IT, THIS
IS AGGRESSION,
THIS IS VIOLENCE...

AWK!

THIS IS THE
FORCE AND
EFFECT OF
MINUTE,
INCREMENTAL
PRESSURES
YOU CAN'T
UNDERSTAND.



FROM THE ANCIENT
ASSYRIAN KINGS WHO
WERE COAXED INTO
HOSTING WRESTLING
TOURNAMENTS TO THE
CIRCUS MAXIMUMS
AND THE COLISEUM
IN ROME.

NOT SO
FAST!

SONNOFA-
BITCH!

THE INQUISITION
WAS A MASTERFUL
PIECE OF THEATRE,
BUT NOT NEARLY AS
ENTERTAINING AS
THE THUGEE CULT.





ACK!

THEN THE HOLOCAUST,
KILLING FIELDS, ISLAMIC
JIHAD, WORLD WARS...
THE CROWN JEWEL
OF NUCLEAR ATROCITY.

SQUELLCCHH! ARRHHH!

ALL OF THIS PREORDAINED.
THE LEAPS AND BOUNDS
MANKIND MADE IN THE
ARENA OF DEATH.



HANDS!
SHOW ME YOUR
HANDS! DON'T
MOVE ONE
INCH!!

ALL
RIGHT, PEOPLE,
I NEED YOU
TO STEP BACK
AND CLEAR THE
AREA. THIS
IS AN ACTIVE
CRIME
SCENE!

SO MANY EVOLUTIONARY
ADVANCES THAT WE HAD
NEVER PLANNED
UNFOLDED THROUGHOUT
THE COURSE OF HUMAN
HISTORY. YOU WERE
ALWAYS MARCHING TO
THE DARKEST DRUMBEATS
OF THE SOUL.

FROM THE BEGINNING, YOUR
KIND HAS RULED THROUGH
VIOLENCE AND FEAR.



CENTURIES OF BRUTALITY HAVE
LEFT A PRECIOUS GENETIC MARK-
ONE WE DESPERATELY NEED.

YOU'VE
GOT THE RIGHT
TO REMAIN
SILENT; ANYTHING
YOU SAY...



THIS HAS BEEN ONE HELL OF A DAY. I MEAN, IT STARTED OFF F'D UP, BUT NOW...

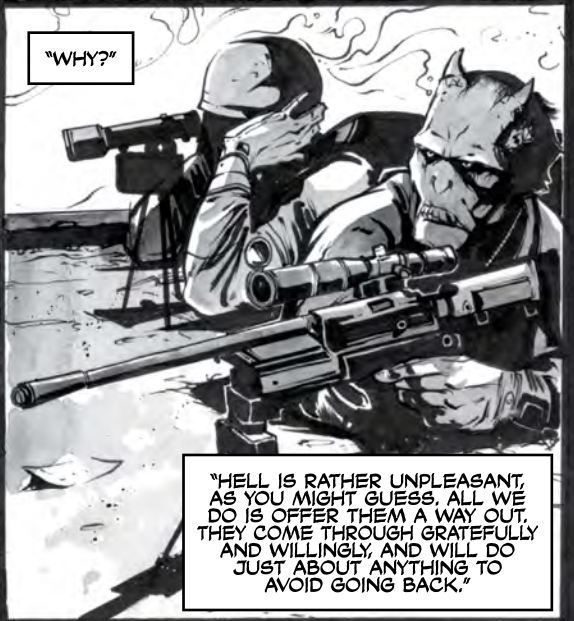
I'M NOT SURE HOW TO EVEN PROCESS THIS. DEMONS, HEAVEN AND HELL...

MUCH MORE HELL THAN HEAVEN, I'M AFRAID.



"WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"

"WE SPREAD INFLUENCE. IT HAS TURNED OUT TO BE QUITE EASY TO INFLUENCE ENTITIES FROM YOUR HELL."



"WHY?"

"HELL IS RATHER UNPLEASANT, AS YOU MIGHT GUESS. ALL WE DO IS OFFER THEM A WAY OUT. THEY COME THROUGH GRATEFULLY AND WILLINGLY, AND WILL DO JUST ABOUT ANYTHING TO AVOID GOING BACK."



BEINGS FROM HEAVEN, THEY DON'T INTERVENE?

SOMETIMES THEY DO, BUT NOT NEARLY AS OFTEN. THEY ARE ALL QUITE CONTENT TO STAY AWAY. THERE IS DIRECT INTERVENTION EVERY SO OFTEN...

BUT YOU SAID OUR WORLD IS NOT THE CREATION OF GOD.

IT IS AND IT ISN'T. GOD CREATED MY UNIVERSE, AND THROUGH OUR TECHNOLOGY, YOU WERE CREATED. GOD HAS MADE HIMSELF KNOWN TO YOU.

DOES THE BACTERIA IN A PETRI DISH THINK OF GOD? NO. NO IT DOES NOT. BUT YOU DO.

ANY CREATURE THAT GOD MAKES HIMSELF KNOWN TO SHOULD BE TREATED AS IMPORTANT. NOT AS MEAT, NOT AS GENETIC HARVEST.

HARVEST? MEAT?

WE'RE BEING RAISED AS A FOOD SOURCE?

NOT FOOD...

OUR GENETICS? SOMETHING IN OUR DNA?

YES, SOMETHING IN YOUR DNA.

WHAT!?

VIOLENCE.

"YOU'VE DRAWN OUR ATTENTION BECAUSE YOU'VE GOTTEN CRITICALLY CLOSE TO THE PINNACLE OF THIS VIOLENT EVOLUTION. YOUR GENES ARE ALMOST THERE, YOU TWO AND THE GIRL, YOU HAVE THAT VIOLENCE, BUT DON'T PARTICULARLY USE IT."

"YOU REALIZE THAT WE'RE SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF A KILLING GAME, RIGHT?"

"OF THAT WE ARE COMPLETELY AWARE, BUT IT'S HOW YOU'VE ENDED UP HERE THAT CAUGHT OUR INTEREST. YOU SEE, THE 'VIOLENCE GENE', IF YOU WILL, HAS CERTAIN PRECURSORS-- SYMPTOMS."

"WHAT? BEING BROKE? NEEDING MONEY?"

"NO. IT IS A MISDIAGNOSED DISEASE."



"WHAT DISEASE?
WHAT ARE YOU
TALKING ABOUT?"

"I THINK YOU
KNOW... I THINK
BOTH OF YOU
KNOW."



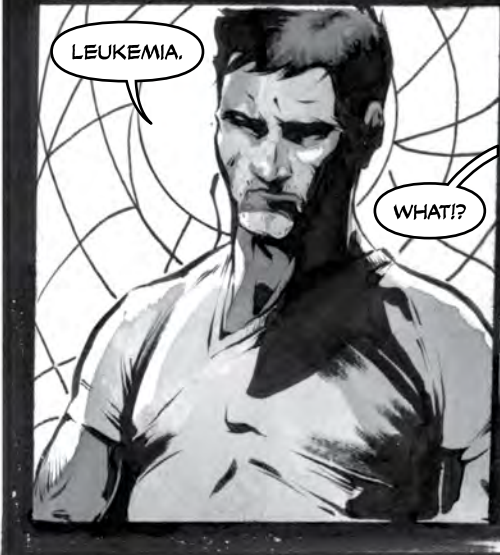
"SONOFA-
BITCH!"



IT IS LEUKEMIA, BUT
A VERY RARE STRAIN—SO
RARE THAT YOUR CURRENT
MEDICAL TECHNOLOGY
CANNOT PROPERLY IDENTIFY
IT. YOUR SON SUFFERS
FROM IT, AS DID IRWIN
NEWSTEAD'S YOUNGER
BROTHER.

IT TOOK MY
HUSBAND.

YES.



LEUKEMIA.

WHAT!?



JUST TELL ME ONE THING. IS THERE A CURE?

NOT WITH YOUR SCIENCE, NO.

WITH YOUR SCIENCE! YOUR MEDICINE! IS THERE A CURE?



I'M SORRY, BUT THAT'S SIMPLY NOT POSSIBLE--

I'M NOT PLAYING GAMES WITH YOU, PADRE! IS THERE A CURE OR NOT!? YES OR NO!?



TELL ME, OR THIS WILL BE YOUR LAST DAY ON THIS OR ANY OTHER EARTH.

EASY, TIM. TAKE IT EASY.

YES, THERE IS A CURE, BUT--



I'VE GOTTA GET MY SON AND BRING HIM HERE. I NEED YOU TO GET... WHATEVER IT IS. MEDICINE, INJECTIONS, PILLS, WHATEVER.

I CAN'T. YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND THAT THE PROGRESSION OF THIS "VIOLENT EVOLUTION" IS **ENCOURAGED**. THOSE IN THE GOVERNMENT AND MEDICAL ESTABLISHMENT WOULD NEVER HINDER ITS PROGRESS.

NEITHER COULD I.



YOU COULDN'T, HUH?! YOU'D LET MY SON DIE!!

CALM DOWN, TIM! THIS GETS US NOWHERE!