

SUPPER GEAR



3

INKOLLO

SUPER GEAR

VOLUME THREE

A Collection Of Act 21-30



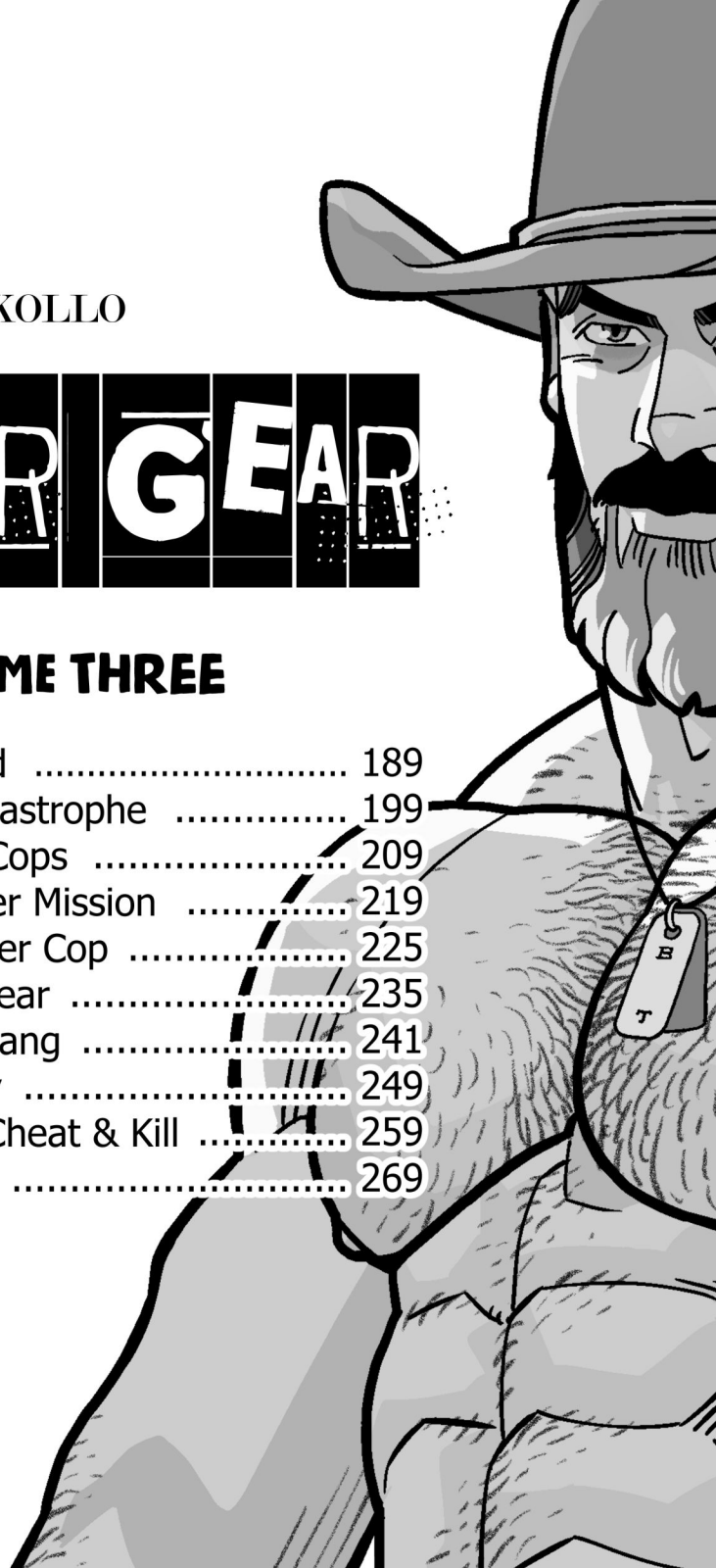
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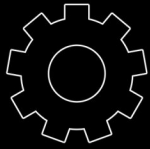
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SUPER GEAR

VOLUME THREE

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Act 21. Crazy Roid





FLASH BACK: EARLIER TODAY,
AT **ANOTHER** GYM IN TOWN.



Tom: Mr. Ahmed [REDACTED], you're the employee who first discovered the dead body. Am I correct?

Ahmed: Yes. Ahmed, good, work nine here... man go in, wosh wosh pow... crash all machin. Ahmed come, man stop, après call both. Big both dit Ahmed...



Tom: Okay, slow down. Do you speak English, sir?



Ahmed: Ahmed non speak English. English no good.



Ahmed: هل تتحدث العربية؟





Tom: Oh sweet Jesus... I'm gonna ask you simple questions and you only answer yes or no, Okay?

Ahmed: I talk hqyq. Ahmed non cache stuff, inch'Allah.



Tom: Did you see anyone suspicious leaving the gym after you found the body?

Ahmed: Body? No no. You not see nobody. Tooth not good man die because no gun no nine, you know? No Life. Big both, not good key...



Ahmed: Ahmed speak...eye, I... good... say tooth. Maybe Ahmed no job, no broblem. No money, no broblem. Eye travaille... a lot a lot... Ahmed see big bots... no travail... not good. Bad. You know? Big bo's feet... dead man avec...



Tom: Okay okay, stop stop. Let's take a break. Pause.



Ahmed: Yes! Pause both, not good bull Luck. so not good. Bullets van gith. Ahmed, no gith, you know? Is good no job no money. You know?





MEAHWHILE, SCOTT WAS INSPECTING THE CRIME SCENE.



Tom: Scott! Could you come here for a second?

Scott: Did you find anything?



Tom: Yeah. The greedy bastard who owns the gym hires this poor immigrant who can't speak proper English to work for him and pay him pennies.



Scott: How do you know he's underpaid?





Tom: Then why does he keep saying "no money" ?

Ahmed: Not no money, yes money. Big both lot money.



Tom: Yeah... I am lost again. Can you take over, Scott? I'd rather go talking to the corpse.

Scott: Sure thing.



Ahmed: Eye. Speed. Tooth.





40 MINUTES LATER...



Tom: How did it go with Ahmed?

Scott: Great. Turns out he knows a lot and he's not afraid to tell me.



Scott: And the man whom Ahmed calls "big boss" is someone we met once. Remember Blake Wagner?



Tom: The sneaky cowboy?! How many gyms does this rich SOB own?

Scott: I start to think there's more than just roid money involved in this.



Tom: What else did Ahmed tell you?



Scott: Wagner has sexually abused him by secretly feeding him a weird drug...



Tom: Like what? Roofies?



Scott: Wait, listen to this... you're not gonna believe it.



Scott: Ahmed told me the weird drug made him go quote unquote "crazy". And from the way he was describing it to me...



Ahmed: Eye... Ahmed not liking man. After drink glu glu glu... think only man... is crazy! Crazy Ahmed. No bed. No food. Six 'iilaa 'abead hadun only man. yastamiru li'asabiea. la tadhab bieidana. 'ana la 'afahim.



Scott: ... It seems the drug gave him an uncontrollable urge to have sex with men, and only men. Effect of this drug can last for weeks.

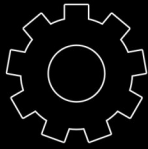




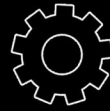
Tom: Holy Santa Maria!
That's some Arabian Nights
level of magical bullshit!
I thought we were dealing
with normal roids here...
This freaking super gear!!
If it were all true....

Scott: Yep, it still needs to
be proven by the medicals,
but we might just find... the
ultimate gay drug.





Act 22. Gayist Catastrophe





FLASH BACK: AT ANOTHER GYM IN TOWN.



Tom: You don't seem so "gay" about the discovery.

Scott: This is a complete and utter catastrophe.



Scott: The gay community has built up for decades the narrative that homosexuality is perfectly natural and we were born that way. And now the mere existence of this drug can shake fundamentally that belief.





Tom: Are you Okay, partner?

Scott: I'm trying to picture the worst case scenario.



Tom: Hey, let's not jump into conclusion. For as far as I know, this could be another form of Viagra.

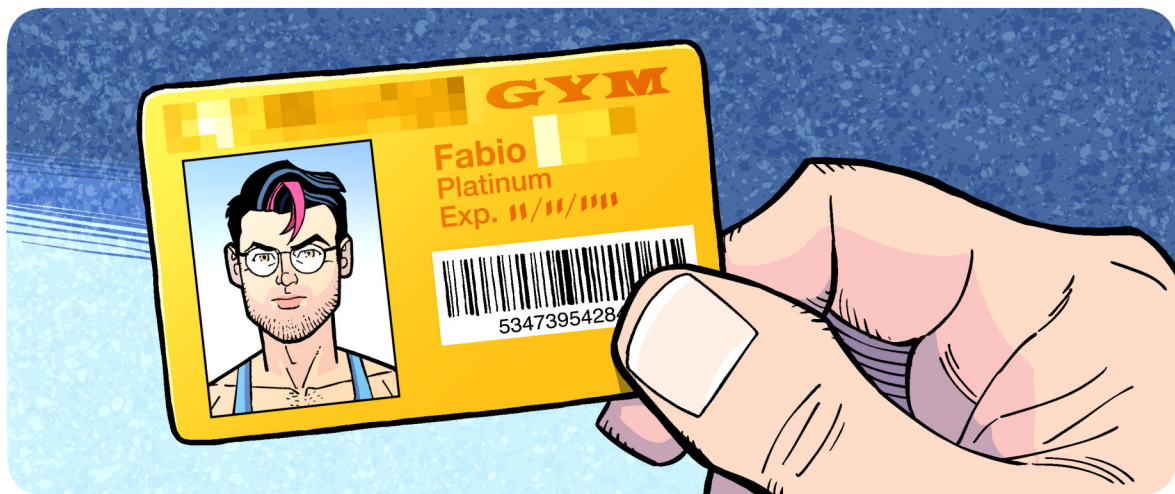


Scott: Hope you're right, Tom. Did you successfully identify the victime?





Tom: Found his ID in a locker. His name is Fabio [REDACTED]. Dude joined the gym about six weeks ago. And look at the photo on his gym card...



Scott: He looks like a completely different person. Are you sure it was taken six weeks ago?





Tom: Why don't you ask your friend Prince Ali over there? He must've seen this guy before.



SCOTT WALKED TO AHMED AND SHOWED HIM THE DEAD MAN'S GYM MEMBERSHIP CARD.

Scott: Hey brother. That dead man... and this man, the same?



Ahmed: Yes. Same. Fabio, Eye know. Ya haram. First little, then big. Quiet man, no talk too much. Big boss like. Ahmed talk too much. Big boss no like. Bull lake sleep avec Fabio. They sont two...



Scott: Two... together? Blake and Fabio are a couple? Like... husband... wife?



Ahmed: No, no husband wive. Sleep only yes.



Scott: Thank you very much, Ahmed. You've been a great help. But I'd love you... to keep this a secret, OK?



Ahmed: Hala wallah. You love Ahmed? A secret?



Scott: No. I want you... not to talk about Fabio and Blake to anyone else. No talk Fabio and Blake. No talk. Zip, Ok?



Ahmed: Yes. No talk. I know now. Ahmed love police Scott, too! The other police chauve, no so much.



SCOTT WALKS BACK AND TOLD TOM WHAT HE HEARD.



Tom: A dead lover and 3 dead bodies inside his gym sauna? Now we really need to talk to the cow boy again.

Scott: Speaking of dead bodies, do we have the result of the toxicology tests from the last time?



Tom: I talked to the medic yesterday, he found traces of that "Super Gear" inside the cadavers, but...



Tom: ... the problem is, as he told me, this substance only remains in human body for a very short period of time, so there's a limit of what he can do. In order to get more information on this drug, he needs to do more tests and...



Scott: ... more super gear.



Tom: Any idea where we can find more?



Scott: Probably. But first I need to take off this uniform and dress casual for some workout with a big papi...



**SCOTT AND TOM WALKED OUT OF THE GYM.
SCOTT SUDDENLY STOPPED AND TURNED AROUND.**

Tom: Forget anything?



Scott: Yeah... why don't you wait for me in the car. I'll be back in a minute.



SCOTT CAME BACK A FEW MINUTES LATER, AND HE SEEMED TO BE IN A GOOD MOOD.



Tom: Got his number?
For a one on one interview
maybe?

Scott: Excuse me?



Tom: Come on! You two were eye fucking each other the whole time when we were in there...

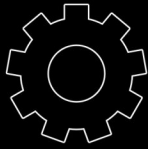


Tom: ... near a dead corpse, very very very inappropriate and unprofessional...

Scott: Jesus, Tom! Get your head out of my ass, please!



Tom: Save that sexy talk for your Habibi, lover boy. We got work to do.



Act 23. Trust No Cops





ANTHONY WAS DRIVING TO HIS CONDO, AND JASON WAS SITTING RIGHT NEXT TO HIM.



Jason:

Anthony: You've been awfully quiet. Aren't you excited to spend the night with me?



Jason: Guess I'm just... overwhelmed by everything happened at the gym today.

Anthony: I know, right? That fucking cop!



Anthony: Why would he join the gym? That pissed me off.



Jason: Uh... yeah, the cop is a buzzkill.

Anthony: You're right, little dude. Let's not kill our boners talking about those motha-fuckers. We'll have fun.



Jason: You can still change, you know?

Anthony: What?!!





Jason: I know you're a drug dealer, Anthony.

Anthony: So...? You ain't gonna fuck with me anymore?



Jason: Well... I mean, you can still get a regular job and the police won't bother you again.

Anthony: That's not how this society works, little dude.





Jason: Don't you want a stable and peaceful life without worrying about being caught?

Anthony: You think there're many gigs out there for an ex-con like me? I have no college degree or work experience, the only job I can get is the fucking janitor, do you want me to spend my life mopping the floor and cleaning shit?



Jason: I don't mind having a hot janitor boyfriend.

Anthony: Ha ha, that's cute.





Jason: I just think, if you open your heart and look for other opportunities, there'll be a way out.

Anthony: Open my heart? Whom the fuck do you think I am? A Disney princess?

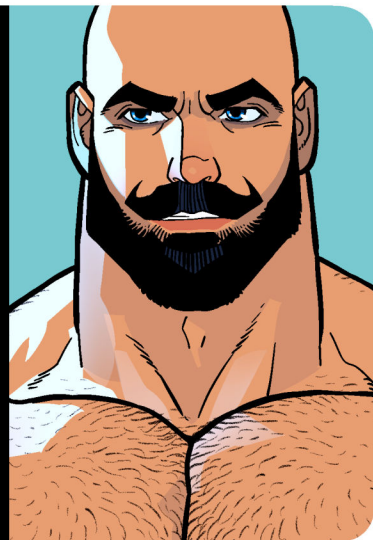


Anthony: You do what you gotta do to survive. That's what the street taught me.



Jason: But selling drugs is bad.

Anthony: We all know a bar of chocolate is bad for us, innit? And a lot of chocolate bars in consumption might give us diabetes, for example. Sugar is no good but do they stop selling it in the super-markets? Hell no.



Anthony: I'm just providing the service.



Jason: But people died from that Super Gear you're selling.

Anthony: Who told you that?





Jason: Uh... I heard rumors...

Anthony: At the end of the day, if I'm not selling it, somebody else is.



Jason: Can't you just trust the police to do their job?

Anthony: You're a good boy, little dude. But you have to understand, people like me can't exist without corrupt people.



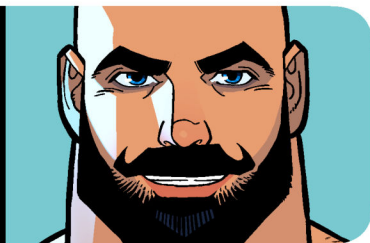
Anthony: If I were you,
I trust no cops.



AT ANTHONY'S CONDO



Anthony: Welcome to my
fortress of solitude.





Jason: Wow! You have a beautiful view at home!

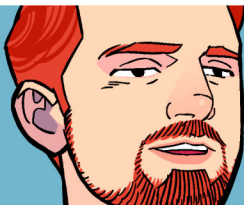
Anthony: Worth the hustle, isn't it?



Jason: Can I make a phone call in your bathroom? I need to call my friend Teddy, it's... uh... our daily ritual.

Anthony: If you need an excuse to douche in the bathroom, it's fine. I have a small shower shot in there. Take all the time you need. I love a clean booty.





Jason: You're a hopeless romantic at heart, aren't you?

Anthony: Not my first date, sweetheart.



IN THE BATHROOM

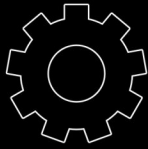


Jason: Hey, I'm in.

Man on the phone:

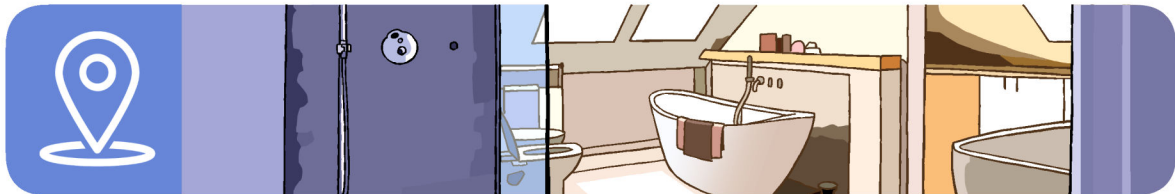


Jason: I did what you told me to do, what's next?



Act 24. Undercover Mission





Jason: Um... How is John doing?

Scott: He's a little bit down but he'll be fine. You made the right decision not to get him involved.



Jason: What should I do now?

Scott: Try getting as much information as you can.



Scott: Where does he get his supply? Is he the source? Who's managing the drops?



Jason: But how can I do that? I'm not good at conversations... I... I don't even like watching Bond movies.



Scott: Listen. I want you to start a monologue by telling him some wildly ridiculous rumors you heard about the super gear.



Scott: Make things up. The weirder the better.



Scott: Let him correct you and give you more authentic first hand information about the gear.



Scott: Remember, the trick is: Don't ask questions. Let him do the talking for you.



Jason: Okay. Talk about rumors... make things up... and no questions.



Jason: I'm getting really nervous, and I feel Anthony has already started to get suspicious...



Scott: Stay calm, kid. If you feel like the panic is suddenly getting hold of you, I want you to forget about the mission and only focus on one thing.



Jason: Focus on one thing. Got it.



Jason: What... what thing?



Scott: Any random thing around you would do. A painting on the wall, for example. Just don't panic.





Jason: Okay...

Scott: I have your back
and you can do this, Okay?
Do you trust me?



Jason: I trust you.



Scott: Good. Now go ride
that muscle bull and have
fun.





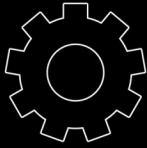
IN THE LIVING ROOM

Anthony: Hold it right there!



Jason:**!!!**





Act 25. Bad Leather Cop





Jason: Why are you dress... I mean, that's hot! I love a sexy policeman.



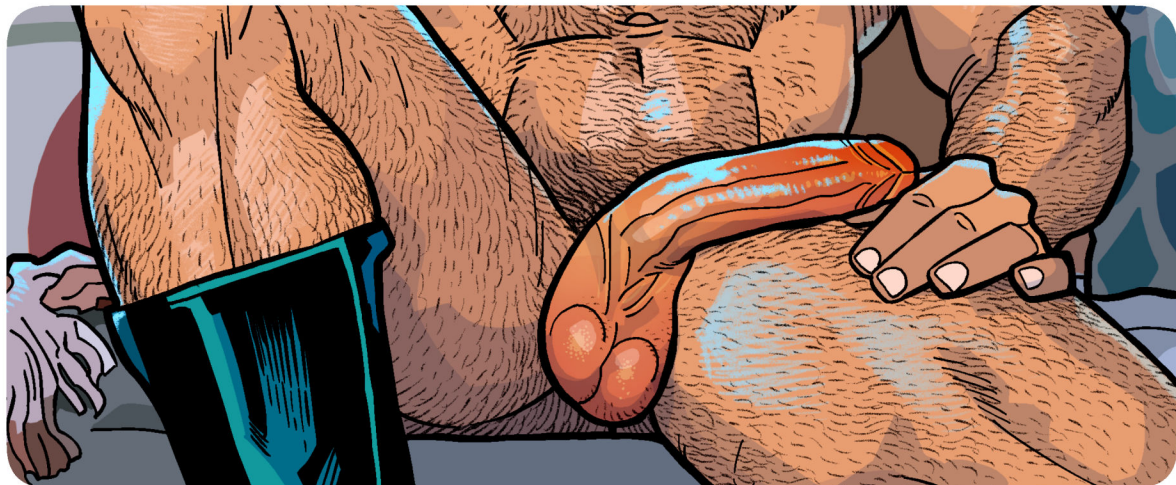
HUH?

**YOU
LOOK
NERVOUS.**

**WHAT'S
THE
MATTER?**



Jason: Nothing. I'm just... um... surprised that you have a huge penis.... I mean... enormous...



Anthony: You like this monster cock, little dude?



Jason: I don't like it, duh? I absolutely LOVE it! And I must admit, when you first told me that the gear made your penis bigger, I thought you were ly... full of shit.

Anthony: You haven't seen the least of what this gear can do to a man. I know a stupid motherfucker who injected it directly into his balls. And they grew to the size of small coconuts. Now he can barely walk.



Jason: I guess you can say he's a little bit Cuckoo for his nuts, ha ha...

Anthony: ?



Jason: Yeah... anyway...



Jason: What else could this gear... I mean, some guys are just size junkies...

Anthony: Do you wanna ask me anything about the gear?



Jason: Nope. I'm not curious at all. But I did hear someone said the super gear was from ... um... Mexico.

Anthony: Well, you can tell that someone "Estas equivocado" then.





Jason: There have been "whispers" at the gym...

Anthony: Why are you wasting time telling me rumors?

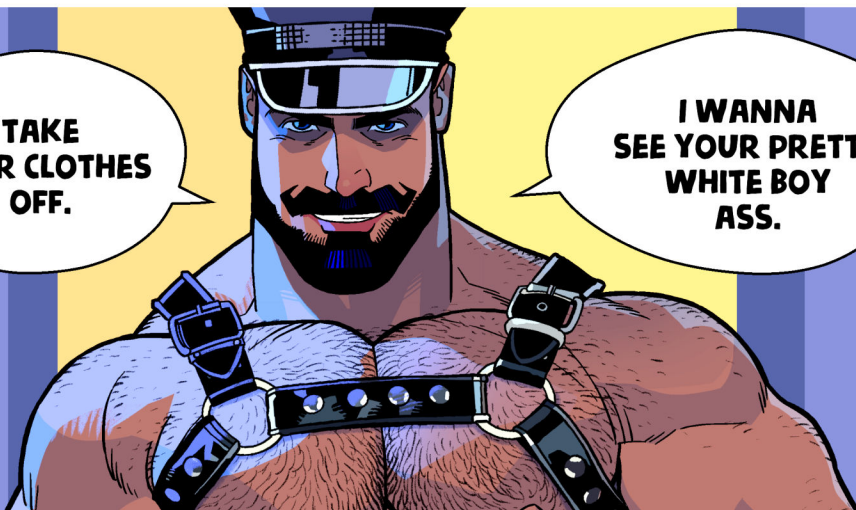


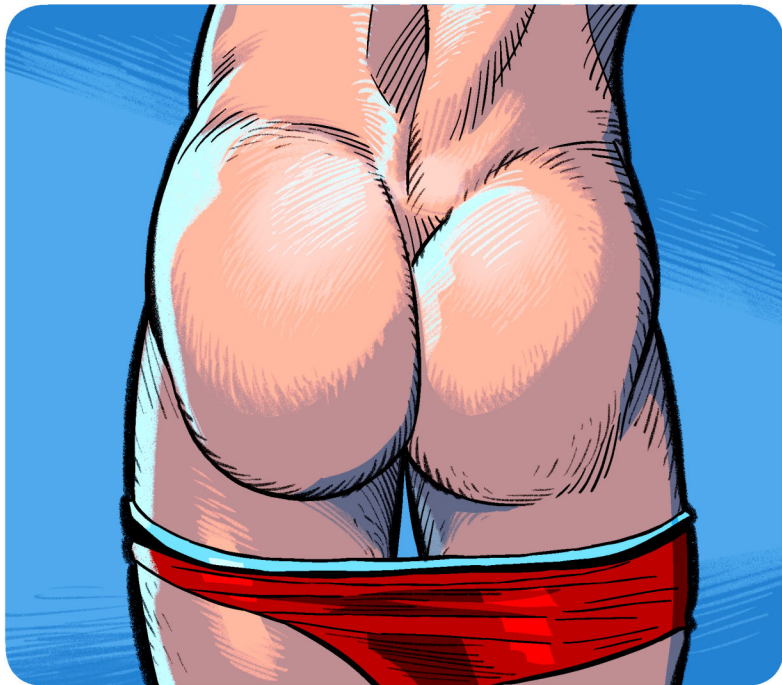
Jason:!!!



**TAKE
YOUR CLOTHES
OFF.**

**I WANNA
SEE YOUR PRETTY
WHITE BOY
ASS.**





Anthony: Good boy. Now bend over, and spread your ass cheeks for me.



Anthony: I wanna take a look at that beautiful pink hole!



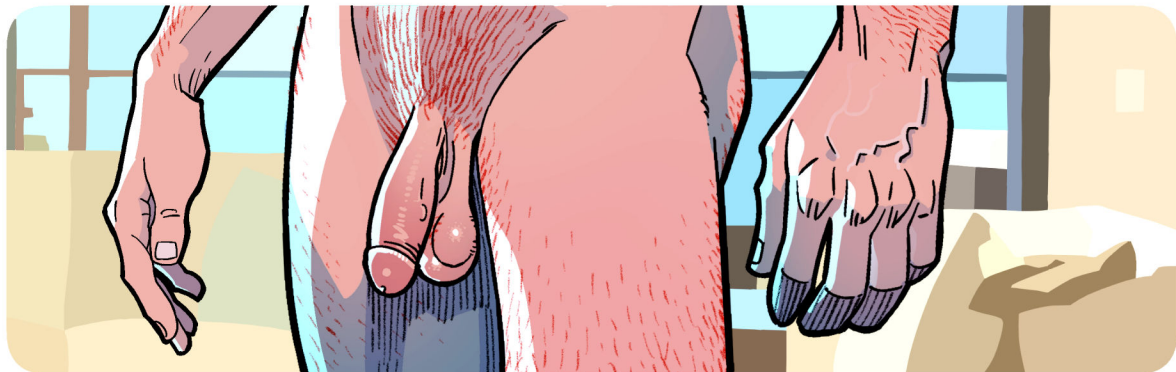


Anthony: You see, it's more fun when your inhibitions are gone.



Anthony: Now turn around!





Anthony: You have a small dick, little dude.



Jason:



Jason: I know... that's why I always feel nervous showing my penis to other men. I guess I'm just... insecure about its average size.

Anthony: It's a little bit small for my taste, but I appreciate you opened up to me.



Jason: Well, I've accepted it for a long time that having a big manhood is not mother nature's plan for me...

Anthony: Fuck mother nature! The super gear can give you those extra inches.



Anthony: And a few more pounds of muscle will look good on you, too.



Anthony: Also, we need to work on that beautiful red beard.



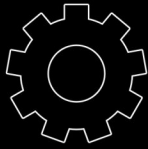
Jason: Um... what are you saying, Anthony?

Anthony: Tomorrow will be your first training day, boy.

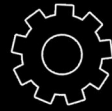


Anthony: And you're gonna get super geared up.



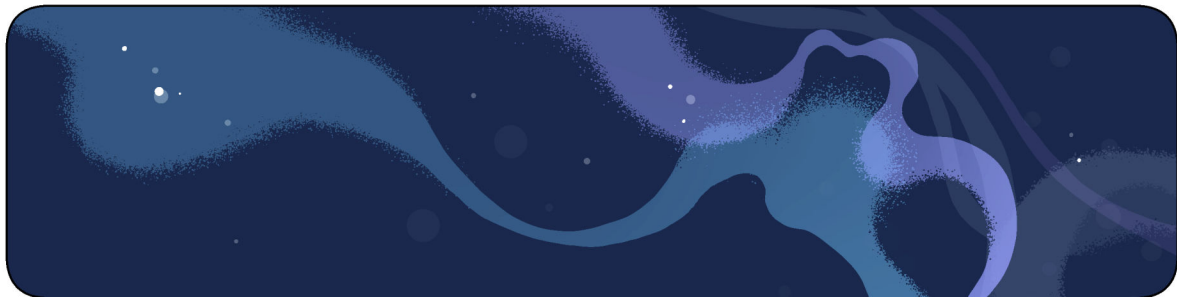


Act 26. Burning Gear





IN THE LIVING ROOM OF ANTHONY'S CONDO

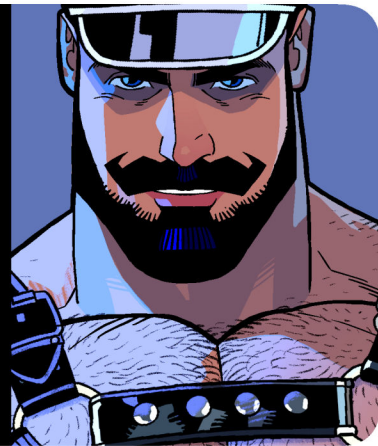


Anthony: The super gear will be the perfect roid to start your first cycle.



Jason: Thanks for the offer, Anthony. It's tempting but... I have... uh... a phobia of... needles... like sharp objects ... um... I'm sorry.

Anthony: Who's talking about injection? This gear is not the ordinary shit you bought from your trapper on the street. You can drink it with coke as far as I care...



Jason: But using steroids is still illegal, right? I don't like doing anything illegal, I mean... not that I never had, but I can't even speed without getting caught...

Anthony: You're afraid of getting caught by the cops?





Jason: Just my luck, you know?



Jason: Anyway, I've made up my mind, Anthony. I'm sorry, but I'll never take steroids. I mean it.

Anthony: You think?





Jason:!!!

John: ... with this so called "super gear"



Jason: Uh... Anthony, how long has that incense been burning there?

Anthony: Since you were in the bathroom talking to your... friend...



Anthony: It smells good... isn't it?

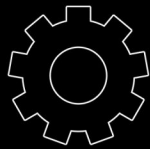


Jason: Yeah, it smells like... orange flowers and carnation.

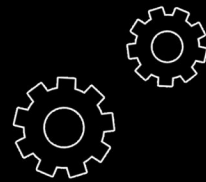
Anthony: The old tribes of Arabia believed the use of perfume excites men to the act of copulation. Do you agree?







Act 27. Cowboy Gang





30 MINUTES LATER. AT ANTHONY'S CONDO.



Blake: I'm surprised that you called me, dickhead. I thought you didn't wanna talk today.





Anthony: You know how things can change with time, right? Now we have a tiny little problem in our hands.

Blake: My bulls Zack and Russel here can help you get rid of the body.



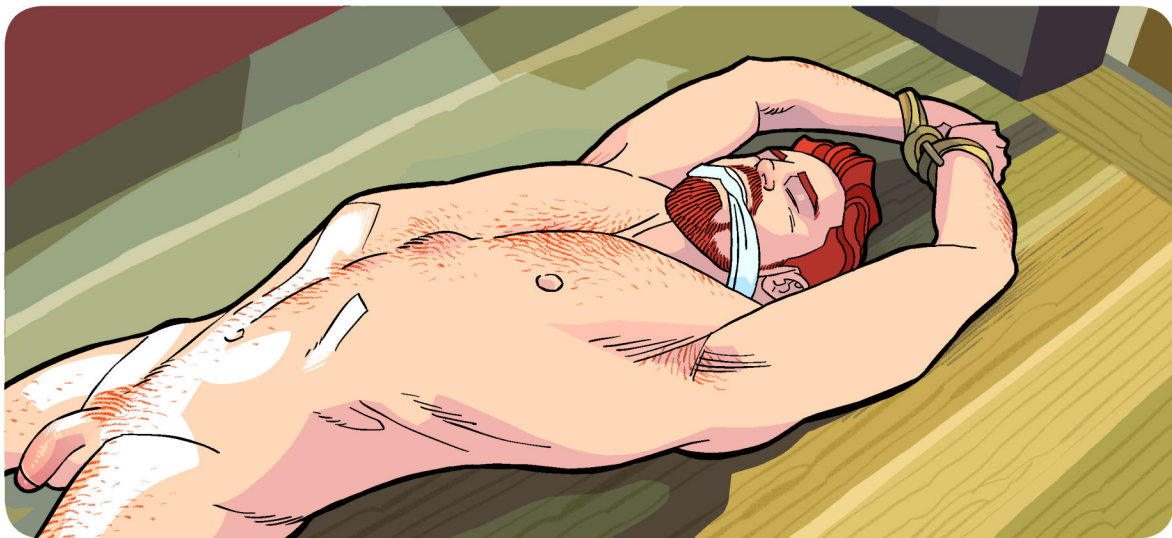
Zack: Whatever you need, big boss.



Anthony: Father of Jesus, God NO. You're a fucking savage, man. There ain't no murder or dead body at my place.



Anthony: The cop has sent this little birdy to spy on me. I think we should return the favor.



Blake: Isn't he the guy you were flirting with in the locker room? I thought he cracked your stone heart open.





Anthony: That was before I knew this little piece of shit was working with the cops.

Blake: I wonder what else you didn't know. Your miracle gear killed one of my favorite muscle bulls this morning. And I'm not exactly happy. The cops are probably gonna shut two of my gyms down.



Anthony: We're in the same boat now, my man. They are tracking me for the supply and they're gonna close your big distribution chain.

Blake: You should've thought about that earlier when you were yelling at me and called me stupid.



Anthony: Still mad at my sailor's mouth, sweetheart?



Russel: What happened to the guy on the floor?



Anthony: Remember the first time when you smell the super gear and it knocks you out, and an hour later, you wake up horny as fuck?



Russel: Yeah, totally. That's how master converted me into his bull.



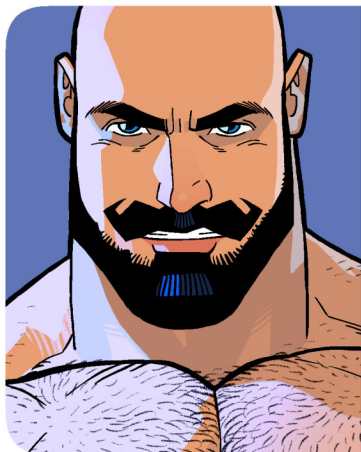
Blake: Shut it, Russel. I told you to always refer me as your boss when we're outside.



Russel: Yes, big boss.



Anthony: Admit it, Blake. You need my gears to keep your muscle cows... or bulls... or whatever the fuck you call your slaves... happy. There's no gear out there that can do what the super gear can.





Anthony: We need each other, Blake.

Blake: What do you need me for? Chop someone's fingers off? Drown your little drugged slut in the ocean? Send a nice warning to the dogs?



Anthony: No no no! None of those redneck gangsta stuff! Think with your... Just think for a second, Blake.



Anthony: We've already drawn too much attention to ourselves.

Blake: You don't want me to confront the dogs?



Anthony: I like the way you're thinking, Blake. Now, what will Joker do if he wants Batman off his back?

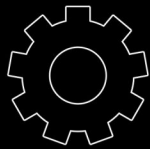


Blake: Oh, I'm more of a Marvel guy.



Anthony:





Act 28. Poison Ivy



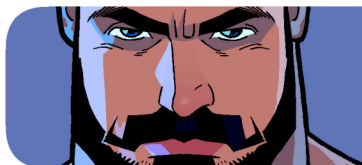


AT ANTHONY'S CONDO



Anthony: Joker will send his accomplice Harley Quinn to distract Batman, or in our case... Poison Ivy.

Blake: Poison whom?



Anthony:



Anthony: Just... get in your car. You guys are gonna deliver a gift for me... to a new friend.



Zack: Can we play with the redhead before the delivery, big boss? I mean, that guy is pretty cute.

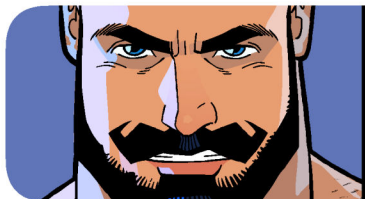
Russel: Yes please, boss! I wanna have a piece of that ass too. We're not in a hurry, right?



Blake: I do enjoy watching my bulls having fun. What do you say, Tony? Consider it the little price paid for your delivery.



Anthony: Fuck NO!!





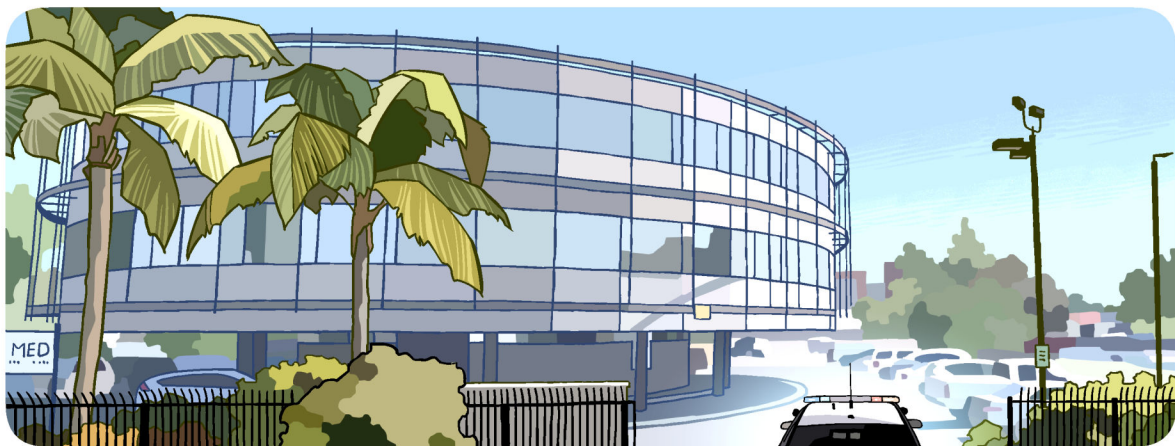
Anthony: The cop knew the redhead was with me. The last thing I need is having your fuckers' DNAs leaking out of his ass.



Anthony: Nobody touches this boy. Am I clear?



MEANWHILE, AT A MEDICAL RESEARCH CENTER





Dr. Raoul: Hello, gentlemen. Welcome to my office at the reseach center. And you must be wondering why you are here with me.

Scott: Nice to meet you, doc. We got an urgent call from our medic Samuel saying that you wanted to meet us and talk about the super gear?



Dr. Raoul: Super Gear? Is that how they call it on the streets? Interesting! Quite frankly, I've been studying anabolic steroids for years and I've never seen anything like it.



Dr. Raoul: I asked Dr. Samuel Lagoski to contact you, because I heard you two work on the front line and you discovered this new performance enhancing drug.



Dr. Raoul: We ran some tests with the samples Dr. Lagoski sent me, and the early results are simply unusual. I might go further and say... astonishing.



Tom: Excuse-me for interrupting you, doctor. Could I ask you a question first?



Dr. Raoul: Yes, please. You can call me Rick, officer.



Tom: How did you get the samples of the super gear? 'cause I talked to Samuel yesterday morning, and he told me that he found no trace inside the victims' bodies.

Scott: ?



Rick: Yes, that might be true initially. The substance remained in human body was untraceable after a few minutes. But when he checked the victime's belongings, he found some of this drug mixed with the fry sauce inside a lunch sandwich, which is enough for our tests. Didn't he tell you that?



Tom: ... No, he didn't. What crazy SOB would put steroid in a sandwich?!

Scott: Thanks to that crazy SOB, we finally got to test this new drug. Don't we all agree, Tom?



Tom: Yeah... That's... great. Sorry for cutting you off, Rick.



Rick: Like I said, we did a few tests with the samples in the short amount of time given, and it is confirmed this "super gear" is super dangerous.



Rick: The liquid form of this drug can cause symptoms like dizziness and memory loss. A larger dose can even cause unconsciousness and blackouts.



Rick: We're shocked of how quickly this steroid can attack our neural systems and it can selectively affect different parts of our brains and alter our normal behaviour.

Scott: One of the witnesses we talked to did say taking this drug made him crave "gay sex". Is there any correlation between the drug and one's sexual behaviour?





Dr. Raoul: Personally, I don't think a person's sexual orientation could be altered by artificial substances. However, I can't exclude that possibility. This "super gear" is a brand new territory for my research.



Rick: Who knows? This steroid might function like a highly efficient aphrodisiac. But we need more tests to rule out all the possibilities.



Tom: Damn. This super gear sounds like a rapist's wet dream came true!



Rick: But that's not the reason why I want you officers here, nor the reason why I consider it a massive danger to the public.



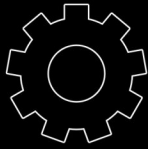
Tom: Can it be worse than what we've already been told?



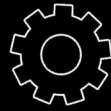
Rick: We tested this drug in four mouse models of the same health condition: two males, two females.



Rick: At the end of this short trial, both females... died.



Act 29. Lie Steal Cheat & Kill





AT DR. RICK RAOUL'S OFFICE



Rick: And the scary part is, when we increased the dose for the male mice who survived the first trial, they both died an hour later, which leads me to believe that...



TOM'S PHONE RANG IN HIS POCKET. HE TOOK THE PHONE AND LOOKED AT THE SCREEN FOR A SECOND.



Tom: Damn it. I have to take this. Excuse me...



Tom: Yeah?... yes I'm at work... what...



TOM TOOK THE CALL AND WALKED OUT.

Scott: Sorry about that, doctor. You were saying?



Rick: This "Super Gear" is not the normal steroid you've dealt with before, officer. I want to sum up my speech by giving you three important notes.



Rick: One, this steroid doesn't require a needle for the injection. Any person can drink it and get addicted to it, so it's very easy for even the most fearsome human being to get on board with this drug.



Rick: Two, this drug is five times more addictive than heroine, so one person can easily abuse it and get overdosed.



Rick: Three, this drug is lethal, even more so to women than to man.

Scott: The ironic part of our current investigation is that, so far, we've only identified male victims. Do you have any advice for us, doctor?





Rick: I'm not a police officer, I can't give you advice on your job, young man.

Scott: There's just a lot to take in... I'm kind of afraid of what's ahead of me...



Rick: What can I say? You have a much tougher job than mine, officer. Men will lie, steal, cheat and kill. And this drug, as lethal as it is, can only do one of those things.



TOM WALKED BACK IN THE OFFICE



Tom: Sorry about the call, guys.

Scott: Who called you?



Tom: Um... just susie and her complaints of household nonesenses. What did I miss, Rick?



Rick: I'm sure your colleague will fill you in with my rambling at the end. Anyway, we'll keep on testing. Stay in touch.



TOM AND SCOTT LEFT THE MEDICAL CENTER AND WENT BACK TO THEIR CAR.



Tom: The shit is gonna hit the fan if more people get their hands on this gear...

Scott: Who called you on the phone?



Tom: I told you it was Susan.

Scott: Don't lie to me, Tom. For how many years we've been working together, huh? Never once she called you to complain about her daily chores.





Tom: Damn it, Scott. You just have to be a pain in my ass, don't you?!

Scott: Whatever you do, I won't judge. And I'll always have your back. But you have to open up to me if you're in trouble.



Tom: No... it's... it's about the divorce, all right? Susan and I are getting a divorce.

Scott: Fuck... Tom...





Tom: It's... it's not so bad, all right? I manage.

Scott: What about your two kids? They are still so young. Why would Susan want to divorce you?



Tom: The hell I know! She said I didn't communicate with her anymore. She said I wasn't really listening to her when she talked, like I didn't care about her daily problems, and she felt alone... and trapped at home with the kids. She said I worked too much...

Scott: Why didn't you tell me about this earlier? I could've at least talked to Susan and help you explain the "work too much" part.



Tom: I guess I'm just... um... embarrassed. For years I've been giving you shit for being a homo who can't satisfy women. And here I'm, can't even make my own wife happy.



Tom: Now she wants the full custody of the kids, and I have to fight her in court. It's gonna get ugly. I... I can't lose my kids. They are everything to me.

Scott: Oh man, why did you let me drag you around town on this crazy investigation? You should take a break... a week free or something.



Tom: I'm fine. I like to work. This job keeps my mind busy, you know?

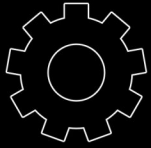


Scott: Do you wanna grab a beer and talk about this? I'm all ears.



Tom: Thanks, partner. But I'd rather go home and be alone for a while, if that's OK with you.





Act 30. Do Better



Scott: No problem. I understand. If you need to talk, just give me a call, I can always come with a six pack...



Tom: ... of beer or abs? I don't want you to show up at my door steps in some weird leather costume, you know?



Scott: Making inappropriate gay jokes already? You must start to feel better now.

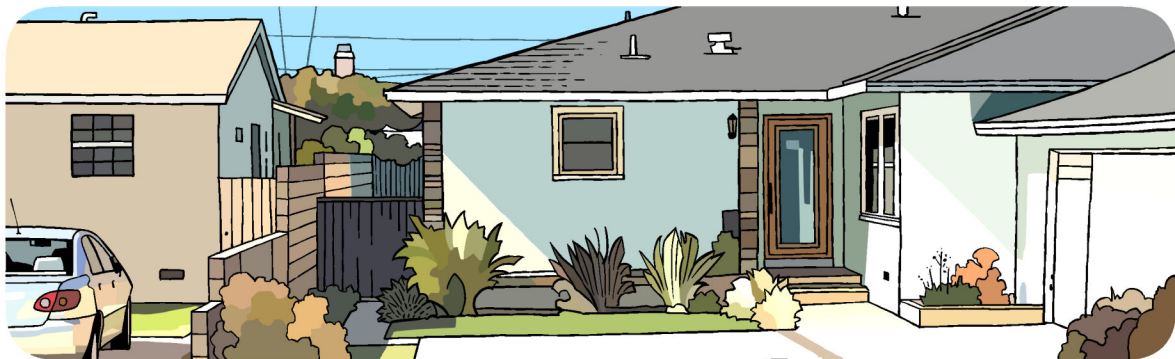


Tom: Yeah... talking to you makes me feel better.



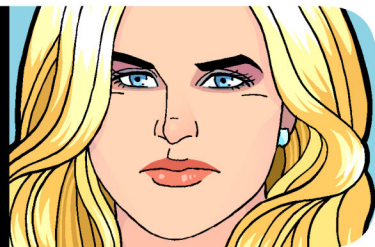


20 MINUTES LATER, SCOTT DROPPED TOM IN FRONT OF HIS HOUSE AND LEFT.



TOM STEPPED INSIDE THE HOUSE HESITANTLY. AS SOON AS HE CLOSED THE DOOR, HE HEARD A WOMAN'S VOICE BEHIND HIM...

Susan: What the hell are you doing here?



Tom: I'm home, sweetie.

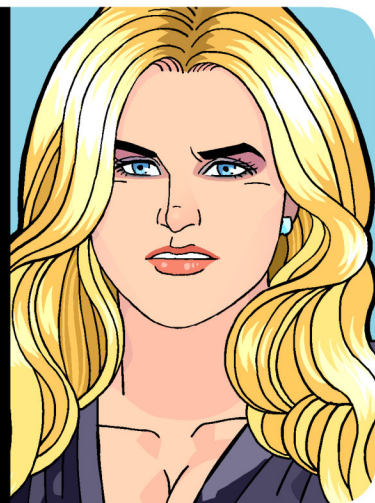
Susan: I thought we both agreed that you stayed at the motel before the divorce was done.



Tom: This is still my goddam house! I can come back to check my mails and see my kids. Where are the kids?



Susan: I put them at somewhere safe. And no, it's not at my parents' house. You're not gonna see them before you sign the papers.





Tom: I'm not signing those damn divorce papers unless I have shared custody of my kids.

Susan: You are an incompetent husband and a lousy father to the kids. You are not gonna get anything until I say so.



Tom: Careful, Susan. You don't want me to be angry!

Susan: Oh look at you! Abuse your police power again! What are you gonna do?



Susan: Hit me in the face? You know what? Do it, hit me , give me some bruises on this pretty face. Break one of my legs, I dare you! Let's see what the judge and the jury will think of a crazy cop with domestic violence record.



Tom: You ain't exactly mother of the year, Susan. Why are you dressing like that? Are you going out for a hookup?



Susan: None of your fucking business.





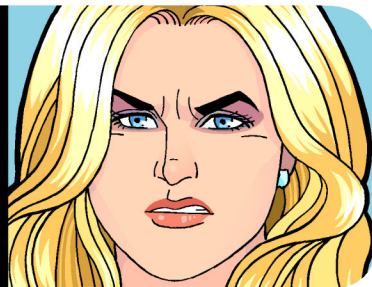
Tom: I warn you, Susan. We are not divorced yet and you're already getting ride of the kids and dressing up for parties? Who's gonna believe a party animal like you to be the perfect parent for our kids?

Susan: If you think I can't play the repressed housewife in court and cry on cue in front of a bunch of stupid strangers, you're dead wrong!

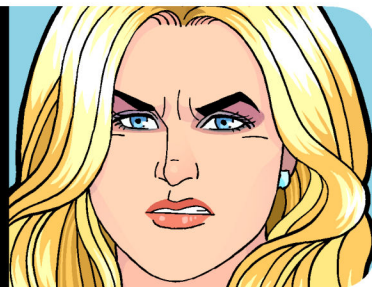


Tom: Please, susie... you can have the house, the car, everything... just let me have the rights to see my kids...

Susan: Over my dead body!
Now take your stupid mails
and package and go!



Susan: Or I'll call all your
colleagues and tell them
what a monster you are.



Tom: What package are
you talking about?

Susan: Some redneck
gorillas dropped a card-
board box at the door for
you a few minutes ago.



Susan: I don't know what kind of junk is inside but I don't want you or any of your stuff in my house. Now get out!



Tom:



TOM PICKED UP THE MAILS AND THE BOX. THERE WAS A NOTE ON THE BOX SAYING...



You can do better.



THE NEXT DAY...



**JOHN IS WORKING AT THE FRONT
DESK WHEN THE PHONE RINGS...**



John: Hello, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] gym. How can I help
you?

Ted: Hi, I'm calling to get
some information about
Jason [REDACTED].



Ted: He's a member of your gym, I believe. 26 years old, about 5 feet 8, slender built, red hair with a moustache and a goatee...

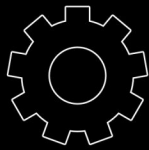


John: Yeah, I know Jason. Saw him yesterday. Haven't seen him today.

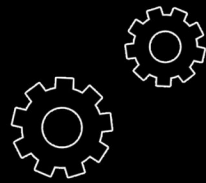


Ted: OK. This might sound kinda out there, but I believe he's missing... and probably has something to do with a certain Anthony...





To be continued...



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