

A close-up shot of a man with dark hair and a green sweater, looking extremely shocked and worried. He is standing in front of a brick wall. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the scene, indicating a conversation about a missing phone. The background is dark, suggesting an outdoor or nighttime setting.

YOU DON'T  
KNOW WHERE  
YOUR PHONE  
IS!?

IT... IT'S  
GONE.

IT WAS  
ON THE  
COUNTER,  
THEN IT  
JUST...



...DISAPPEARED  
AFTER YOU DID.

AFTER I  
WHAT?

AFTER YOU  
DISAPPEARED.



I DID  
NO SUCH  
THING!

I'M  
RIGHT  
HERE!

YOU  
ARE NOW,  
BUT...



THAT'S...  
THAT'S **NOT**  
POSSIBLE.

...THIS IS  
THE **THIRD**  
TIME I'VE LET  
YOU IN.

I KNOW  
THAT, BUT IT'S  
WHAT'S  
HAPPENED.





I... DID I  
DISAPPEAR?

LIKE...  
SHE DID?

IT'S  
CRAZY BUT  
TRUE.



WHAT THE  
FUCK!?

WHY AM I...  
WHY AM I A  
WOMAN!?

WHAT THE  
FUCK IS  
GOING ON  
HERE!?




YOU  
RECOGNIZE THE  
CHANGES?

THAT  
YOU'RE A  
WOMAN  
NOW?

OF  
COURSE  
I DO!

HOW  
THE FLICK  
DID-



I WANT TO  
HELP YOU, BUT  
YOU HAVE TO TELL  
ME WHAT  
HAPPENED!

ALL  
OF IT!

BUT...  
I DON'T  
KNOW  
WHO-



I'M... I'M  
WAGNER.  
WHAT'S YOUR  
NAME?

IT'S,  
UM... IT'S  
JOHN.

WHAT  
HAPPENED  
TO YOU,  
JOHN?



I WAS ON  
MY WAY TO MY  
FRIEND'S  
CABIN...

...AND  
THERE WAS  
THIS GUY ON  
THE SIDE OF  
THE ROAD  
HITCHIN'.

I NEVER  
PICK UP  
HITCHHIKERS,  
BUT THIS  
GUY...

...HE  
WAS IN A  
BAD WAY,  
YOU  
KNOW?

WAS IT A  
MAN OR A  
WOMAN YOU  
PICKED  
UP?



HAVEN'T  
YOU BEEN  
PAYING  
ATTENTION,  
MAN!?

**HE CHANGED!**

HE CHANGED  
RIGHT IN THE SEAT  
NEXT TO ME BEFORE  
DISAPPEARING!

THEN  
YOU  
PICKED  
HIM... OR  
HER UP  
AGAIN?

YES! I  
COULDN'T  
HELP  
MYSELF!

HOW  
MANY  
TIMES DID  
YOU STOP  
FOR  
HER?

FOUR.






GOD  
HELP ME...  
I STOPPED  
FOUR  
TIMES.

WEREN'T  
YOU FREAKED  
OUT BY THE  
FOURTH  
TIME?

WHY  
STOP IF  
SHE KEPT  
TALKING  
CRAZY  
AND-



IF YOU'D  
HAVE SEEN  
HER, YOU  
WOULD HAVE  
STOPPED  
TOO.

I KNEW  
IT WAS A  
MISTAKE,  
BUT HER  
BODY...

I'VE NEVER  
SEEN A WOMAN  
THAT SEXY  
BEFORE.

PLEASE  
DON'T  
JUDGE ME  
FOR BEING  
WEAK.



THERE'S NO  
JUDGMENT HERE,  
JOHN...

...BUT I  
NEED TO KNOW  
WHAT HAPPENED  
NEXT.


HOW  
DID SHE  
CAUSE THE  
CRASH?



DID SHE  
GRAB THE  
WHEEL?

DID SHE  
HAVE A  
WEAPON OR  
DISTRACT  
YOU WITH-

SHE  
HAD **SEX**  
WITH  
ME.



SEX?  
YOU MEAN  
SHE WENT  
DOWN ON  
YOU?

NO. SHE  
CLIMBED ON TOP  
OF ME... LIKE A  
*COWGIRL.*

WHILE  
YOU WERE  
DRIVING?



I KNEW IT WAS  
A MISTAKE...

...BUT  
YOU DIDN'T  
SEE HER,  
MAN.

I COULDN'T  
RESIST HER.

IT WAS  
LIKE... I WAS  
UNDER A  
SPELL.



AND  
HERE'S THE  
CRAZY  
PART...

...I DROVE  
LONG ENOUGH  
WITH HER RIDING  
ME THAT I  
*CAME.*

I CAME  
INSIDE THAT  
CHICK AFTER  
WHAT FELT  
LIKE AN  
*HOUR.*

BUT AS  
SOON AS I  
DID, SHE  
LOOKED ME  
DEAD IN THE  
EYES...



WHAT  
HAPPENED?

WHAT'D  
SHE DO?



SHE  
KISSED  
ME.

SHE  
KISSED ME  
WHILE GOING  
AROUND  
BAKER'S  
RIDGE...

...AND WE  
WENT OFF  
THE ROAD AND  
INTO THE  
VALLEY  
BELOW.



BAKER'S  
RIDGE?

THAT'S A  
THREE-  
HUNDRED-  
FOOT  
DROP.

THERE'S  
NO WAY  
ANYONE  
COULD-

**NO!**

**NO,  
NO,  
NO!**





**NOT  
AGAIN!!!**