



BUS  
STOP

KaraComet presents...

# Using Black Magic for Revenge (And other common fun ideas)

**PART 6**

BUS  
STOP

screeeeech



A person wearing blue denim jeans and black sneakers is running past the front of a rusty, vintage car. The car has four round headlights and a prominent chrome bumper. A speech bubble is positioned near the car's grille. The ground is wet and reflective, suggesting it has recently rained. The scene is set outdoors on a paved surface.

NO... IT  
CAN'T BE. IS  
THAT...?




DAISY? ARE YOU HURT? WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE?

\*SIGH\* GO AWAY ARTIE.


Litter





I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT WENT  
ON BETWEEN YOU  
AND YOUR MOM A FEW  
WEEKS AGO, BUT SHE'S  
BEEN WORRIED SICK  
ABOUT YOU.

\*HEH\*  
SHE DOESN'T  
ACTUALLY CARE  
ABOUT ME. IT'S  
JUST AN ACT.



WELL SHE WAS  
PUTTING ON A GOOD  
SHOW THEN. SHE WAS  
THE LAST PERSON I  
EXPECTED TO  
CALL ME.

SHE...  
CALLED  
YOU?

YEAH, SHE  
WAS HYSTERICAL.  
CONFESSED THAT SHE  
SAID SOME HORRIBLE  
THINGS TO YOU AND  
WAS WORRIED THAT  
YOU HURT YOURSELF  
OR WORSE.

SHE  
REALLY SAID  
ALL THAT?

IT DOESN'T  
MATTER. I'M  
A BIG FUCK-UP,  
EVERYTHING THAT  
HAPPENED IS MY  
FAULT.

I DON'T  
WANT TO RUIN  
ANYONE ELSE'S LIFE.  
PLEASE, JUST STAY  
AWAY FROM ME,  
ARTIE.

I'M NOT  
LEAVING YOU  
HERE ALONE, DAISY.  
THIS IS HOW LAW AND  
ORDER EPISODES  
START.

IT'S A  
MIRACLE THAT  
I EVEN FOUND  
YOU.





HOW DID  
YOU EVEN FIND  
ME?

I DON'T KNOW.  
WHEN I'M AROUND YOU  
I GET, LIKE, THIS FEELING  
IN THE PIT OF MY STOMACH,  
LIKE BUTTERFLIES, YOU  
KNOW? I GOT THAT WHEN  
I DROVE PAST HERE  
THE FIRST TIME.



YEAH,  
JUST A LITTLE,  
DUDE.

WELL, SUPER  
STALKER, I'M  
NOT GOING BACK  
HOME.

MAYBE  
IT'S MY SUPER  
POWER. LIKE THAT  
SPIDER SENSE OR  
SOMETHING.

I'M SORRY,  
THAT PROBABLY CAME  
OFF AS REALLY  
CREEPY...



THAT'S FINE,  
THIS PLACE LOOKS  
REALLY COZY.

WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING? GO  
HOME, ARTIE.

WELL, MY  
LITTLE HOBO FRIEND.  
IF YOU'RE NOT COMING  
WITH ME, THEN I HAVE  
NO CHOICE BUT TO RUN  
AWAY WITH YOU.

I HOPE YOU  
DON'T MIND A  
ROOMMATE.

\*DEEP  
SIGH\*



WHATEVER.

♪ I'M GONNA  
TAKE MY HORSE  
TO THE OLD TOWN  
ROAD ♪

♪ I'M GONNA  
RIDE 'TIL I CAN'T  
NO MORE ♪





OKAY,  
STOP! CUT  
IT OUT!

NOT FEELING  
THAT ONE, HUH?  
OKAY. LET'S TRY  
THIS ONE.

\*GIGGLE\*  
NO! JUST  
STOP!

♪ I WANT  
TO FEEL THE  
SUNSHINE SHINING  
DOWN ON ME  
AND YOU ♪



YOU CAN  
STOP ANY TIME  
NOW...

ARTIE!

♪ WHEN YOU  
PUT YOUR ARMS  
AROUND ME YOU LET  
ME KNOW THERE'S  
NOTHING IN THIS  
WORLD I CAN'T  
DO ♪



\*GIGGLE\*  
OKAY! YOU WIN! I'LL  
GO HOME. JUST FOR THE  
LOVE OF GOD, STOP  
SINGING COUNTRY  
MUSIC!

♪ I'D TAKE  
ONE STEP FORWARD  
AND TOOK TWO  
STEPS BACK ♪

♪ I USED TO  
RUN IN CIRCLES GOING  
NOWHERE FAST ♪



LISTEN TO  
THE GIRL AND  
SHUT THE  
FUCK UP!



OKAY...  
UH, LET'S  
GET OUT OF  
HERE?

YEAH...



BUS STOP

MY PURSE...

I GOT IT, COME ON.





POOR GUY...



YEAH... I  
GUESS THINGS  
COULD BE  
WORSE.

CALM  
AND  
BE A  
GIRLY GIRL

THANKS  
FOR NOT GIVING  
UP ON ME...

CALM  
AND  
BE A  
GIRLY GIRL

Keep Calm and Be a Girly Girl





creeeak

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair and green eyes is shown from the waist up. She is wearing a bright green, low-cut, ribbed dress with a white trim around the neckline. She is holding a lit cigarette in her right hand, which has green-painted fingernails. She is standing in a kitchen with a white stove and wooden cabinets. The background wall is a light purple color. There are two speech bubbles floating above her.

OH MY  
GOD! DAISY?  
YOU'RE \*SOB\*  
OKAY!?

I WAS  
WORRIED SICK!  
I THOUGHT SOME-  
THING HAPPENED TO  
YOU AND THE THINGS  
I SAID TO YOU...




I'M REALLY SORRY I GOT HIM INVOLVED AFTER... I... UH... I DIDN'T KNOW ANYONE ELSE WITH A CAR AND...

IT'S OKAY MOM.

I... I DIDN'T THINK ANYONE WOULD COME LOOKING FOR ME.

I DIDN'T MEAN WHAT I SAID, THINGS ARE JUST... SO HARD RIGHT NOW.



\*SOB\* I  
KNOW, AND I'M  
SO SORRY FOR  
EVERYTHING. I DIDN'T  
KNOW WHAT ELSE TO  
DO, SO I RAN.

WHERE  
DID YOU STAY?  
HOW DID YOU  
EAT?

I, UH...  
GUESS WHEN  
YOU'RE A CUTE  
GIRL, PEOPLE  
TEND TO HELP  
YOU OUT.



\*CHUCKLE\*  
ALL RIGHT MISS  
HUMBLE, I'M GLAD I  
GOT YOU HOME SAFE, BUT  
IT SEEMS LIKE YOU AND  
YOUR MOM HAVE SOME  
ONE ON ONE TO-

DO-MMM!









UH, I'M SORRY. I DON'T KNOW WHAT CAME OVER ME.

IT'S UH... FINE. THAT WAS... WOW! LET'S JUST TAKE IT SLOW FOR NOW, OKAY?

YEAH...

WELL, I'M  
GLAD YOU'RE SAFE.  
LATER, DAISY.  
MS. BELLE.

BYE...

PLEASE, CALL  
ME MAUREEN. AND  
THANK YOU FOR  
BRINGING MY  
DAUGHTER HOME,  
ARTHUR.



DAISY,  
HONEY? I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT TO...  
I HATE WHEN THE  
OTHER SIDE TAKES  
OVER LIKE THAT.  
IT'S...

THAT FUCKING  
HOWARD KID AND  
HIS WITCHCRAFT  
OR WHATEVER  
THIS IS...





\*SIGH\*

I DON'T, UM...  
I DON'T THINK THAT  
HAPPENED JUST NOW.  
IT'S HARD TO TELL THESE  
DAYS, COACH. I'M SO  
CONFUSED...

I... PLEASE  
DON'T HATE ME,  
SIR. BUT I THINK  
I ACTUALLY LIKE  
THAT GUY.



HAVE  
A SEAT,  
KID.

O...  
OKAY?



YOU KNOW, I  
GREW UP WITH YOUR  
DAD. DALE WAS A DICK IN  
HIGH SCHOOL TOO. I CAN  
ONLY IMAGINE THAT IT  
DIDN'T GET ANY BETTER  
WHEN YOUR MOM PASSED.  
YOUR REAL ONE.


I'VE BEEN  
THINKING A LOT  
ABOUT HIM AND YOU  
THESE LAST FEW DAYS,  
AND HOW I TREATED  
YOU...



\*clink\*  
\*clink\*

I WASN'T IN THE RIGHT STATE OF MIND. I WAS TURNED INTO THIS WOMAN, I DID... THINGS...

UGH! THESE STUPID TITS ARE ALWAYS GETTING IN THE WAY!



MY POINT  
IS, I'M NOT  
HIM.

I KNOW,  
SIR. BUT IT'S FINE.  
I DESERVED IT FOR  
WHAT HAPPENED  
TO YOU.



NO YOU DIDN'T.  
YOU DIDN'T DO THIS  
TO US, THAT LITTLE  
CREEP DID. YOU'RE  
AS MUCH A VICTIM  
AS I AM.

*\*SIGH\**  
HOW ARE YOU  
HOLDING UP,  
COACH?

I HATE EVERY  
MINUTE OF THIS. THE  
BODY, THE LIFE-  
STYLE, IT FEELS  
SO... WRONG.

BUT YOU  
KNOW WHAT? IN A  
SICK WAY, I'M GLAD  
I'M NOT GOING  
THROUGH THIS  
ALONE.

AND I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S THESE HORMONES OR THAT WOMAN INSIDE MY HEAD THAT RANDOMLY COMES OUT...

BUT I'M FEELING SO... "MATERNAL" THESE DAYS. IT'S REALLY FUCKED UP.

HERE.

THANKS, MOM. I MEAN SIR.

SORRY...



\*SIGH\*  
IT'S KINDA  
GROWING  
ON ME.

YOU KNOW  
WHAT'S FUNNY? I  
ALWAYS WANTED  
SOME KIDS, IT'S  
WHY I GOT INTO  
TEACHING,  
BUT...

YEAH,  
SOMETHING  
LIKE THAT.

NEVER FOUND  
THE RIGHT CHICK  
TO SETTLE DOWN  
WITH?

I'M SORRY  
THAT THIS ALL  
HAPPENED...

WELL, IT'S  
NOT LIKE YOU  
GOT IT MUCH  
BETTER...

ALSO, UM,  
I DON'T KNOW  
IF I SHOULD BE  
DRINKING...

OH, STOP. I  
KNOW ALL ABOUT  
THOSE PARTIES DALE  
HAD YOU THROW.  
DON'T ACT LIKE  
THIS IS YOUR  
FIRST BEER.





IT'S NOT LIKE THAT. I MEAN, LAST TIME I HAD A BEER, I COMPLETELY LOST CONTROL AND SHE TOOK OVER.



I HAD ONE  
BEER WITH ARTIE  
AND THEN THE NEXT  
THING I KNEW, YOU  
WERE WAKING ME UP  
AFTER WE HAD...  
\*SIGH\*

AND  
WHAT ABOUT  
YOUR... UM...

YOU  
KNOW WHAT?  
SCREW IT.



BEING  
KNOCKED UP?  
\*BURP\*




I TRY NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT EITHER, BUT I CAN FEEL HER IN THERE, WIGGLING AROUND. IT'S...

I DIDN'T WANT TO SAY IT...

GOTTA BE PRETTY WEIRD.

YEAH... I HATE TALKING ABOUT IT. LET'S CHANGE THE SUBJECT.

OKAY... SO WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?



OH, LET'S HAVE  
A GIRLS NIGHT! MOM  
AND DAUGHTER STUFF!  
WE CAN MAKE SOME  
SNACKS AND WATCH OUR  
FAVORITE SHOWS!


AND YOU CAN  
TELL ME ALL ABOUT  
ARTHUR AND HOW  
YOU'RE INTO...

LIM, MOM?  
\*GIGGLE\*



YOU KNOW  
WHAT? I REALLY  
LIKE THAT. YEAH,  
LET'S HAVE THAT  
"GIRLS NIGHT."

I'M NOT  
READY TO TALK  
ABOUT SOME  
THINGS EITHER,  
BUT WE CAN STILL  
HANG OUT.



IT'S SUNDAY,  
RIGHT? MAYBE WE CAN  
THROW SOME FOOTBALL ON  
AND TALK ABOUT THAT  
TIME WE CRUSHED MIDLAND  
IN THE FINALS.

UNLESS YOU  
HAD SOMETHING ELSE  
IN MIND, LIKE A MUSICAL  
AND SOME ICE CREAM...  
\*GIGGLE\*



REAL FUNNY, KID.

OH COME ON, I WAS ONLY JOKING... WELL, KINDA. I COULD REALLY GO FOR SOME ICE CREAM.

YEAH, NOT BEFORE YOU EAT DINNER FIRST.

WHAT?



I'M YOUR  
MOM NOW, SO  
YOU GOTTA DO  
EVERYTHING  
I SAY.

WE'LL EAT  
AND WATCH SOME  
FOOTBALL, BUT  
NOT UNTIL YOU  
GO SHOWER OR  
SOMETHING.

YOU  
SMELL LIKE  
GARBAGE.



THANKS,  
COACH...






WHAT  
ARE YOU DOING  
IN STAR'S  
HALLOW?



I'M JUST VISITING MY PARENTS FOR THE WEEKEND.



JENNY TOLD  
ME TO GET OUT AND  
SAVE MYSELF WHILE  
I COULD.

\*SIGH\*

I ALWAYS  
THOUGHT  
THEY'D END UP  
TOGETHER.



WAIT... WEREN'T WE SUPPOSED TO BE WATCHING THE GAME?

YEAH, I DON'T KNOW HOW WE GOT INTO GILMORE GIRLS, OR HOW I EVEN KNOW WHAT THAT IS.



YOU MUST'VE  
PUT IT ON, BECAUSE  
I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS  
SHOW BEFORE IN  
MY LIFE.

UH,  
YEAH... ME  
EITHER. I  
DON'T...



I THINK DEAN'S GONNA KISS RORY! LOOK!

HE'S NOT GONNA KISS HER, MOM. HE HAS, LIKE, THREE KIDS AND THEY ALREADY DID THE AFFAIR THING. THIS IS, LIKE, CLOSURE.



OKAY, WHAT THE HELL? I GOT WAY TOO EXCITED OVER THOSE TWO CHARACTERS.

WELL, IT'S NOT LIKE IT'S A BAD SHOW, REALLY.

BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW I, LIKE, SUDDENLY BECAME AN EXPERT ON IT...

YOU KNOW,  
THE KID THAT  
PLAYS DEAN  
LOOKS A LITTLE  
LIKE ART...

YEAH,  
HE KINDA  
DOES A LITTLE,  
DOESN'T HE?

SO WHAT'S  
THE DEAL WITH YOU  
TWO? EARLIER YOU  
SAID...

BANG  
BANG  
BANG

AAAH!

OOH MY  
GOSH!






THAT HOWIE  
JERK? I DON'T  
THINK SO. WHAT ELSE  
COULD HE EVEN  
DO TO US?

YOU  
DON'T THINK  
IT'S...?



I'LL  
GO CHECK  
IT OUT.

OKAY, BE  
CAREFUL, IT  
MIGHT BE ONE  
OF THE SCUM  
BAGS FROM  
THE BAR.



OH BOY... THAT  
WOULD BE THE LAST  
THING WE NEEDED. I  
WAS HAVING A GOOD  
TIME TONIGHT.

ME TOO,  
HONEY.



ARTIE?

HEY  
DAISY...

WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING HERE  
THIS LATE? DID  
YOU FORGET  
SOMETHING?

YEAH, KINDA...  
IT'S BEEN ON MY  
MIND SINCE  
I LEFT.

WELL WHAT  
IS IT? I CAN HELP  
YOU FIND IT.



CAN I COME  
IN FOR A SEC?  
IT'LL BE QUICK,  
I PROMISE.

FLORIDA  
GEORGIA  
LINE



COME ON IN,  
ARTHUR. DO YOU  
WANT ME TO LEAVE  
THE ROOM?

UH, YEAH,  
COME IN...

IT'S NOT  
NECESSARY,  
MS. BELLE. I WANT  
YOU TO HEAR  
THIS TOO.



YOU  
REALLY  
DON'T HAVE  
TO...

THERE'S JUST  
SOMETHING THAT  
I HAVE TO SAY, AND I  
WANTED TO DO IT IN  
PERSON.

FLORIDA  
GEORGIA  
LINE  
HERE'S TO THE GOOD TIMES  
This Is How We Roll



WHAT  
HAPPENED  
TO TAKING IT  
SLOW?

I'M IN  
LOVE WITH YOU,  
DAISY MARIE BELLE, AND  
I THINK, DEEP DOWN  
YOU FEEL THE SAME  
WAY TOO.

WE CAN TAKE  
IT AS SLOW AS YOU  
WANT. I CAN JUST BE  
YOUR FRIEND, IF THAT'S  
WHAT YOU NEED.

BUT I HAD TO  
MAKE MY INTENTIONS  
CLEAR. I LOVE YOU AND  
OUR KISS EARLIER IS ALL  
I'VE BEEN ABLE TO  
THINK ABOUT.

ARTIE... I'M  
NOT WHO YOU  
THINK I AM.



HELLO KITTY



KEEP CALM AND BE A GIRLY GIRL

♡SMOOCH♡



OH...

NO, DAISY.  
YOU'RE NOT WHO  
YOU THINK YOU ARE.  
YOU'RE AMAZING AND  
PERFECT, AND I WILL  
WAIT FOR YOU.

BUT I WANTED  
YOU TO KNOW HOW  
I REALLY FEEL. DO  
WHAT YOU WILL  
WITH IT.

S TO THE GOOD TIMES  
This Is How We Roll

I'M SORRY FOR  
DISTURBING YOU TWO  
SO LATE. THANK YOU FOR  
LETTING ME IN MS-  
MAUREEN. GOODNIGHT.

NIGHT...





OH MY  
GOSH, THAT WAS,  
LIKE, SUCH A DEAN  
MOVE...




WEEKS LATER...





THERE'S  
ABSOLUTELY  
NO WAY THAT'S  
TRUE.

I SWEAR,  
I KNOW FOR A  
FACT IT IS.



YOU'RE TELLING ME  
THAT ROBERT DOWNEY  
JUNIOR, THE GUY WHO  
PLAYED IRON MAN, DATED  
SARA JESSICA PARKER  
OF ALL PEOPLE?

YEAH, BACK IN  
THE EIGHTIES. MY MOM  
WAS ALL UP IN THOSE  
GOSSIP MAGS.

AND YOU  
REMEMBER THAT  
CHICK FROM THIRD  
ROCK FROM  
THE SUN?

THE ONE THAT  
KINDA LOOKED LIKE  
MS. PIGGY FROM THE  
MUPPETS?



DEADPOOL?  
NO WAY. NOW I  
KNOW YOU'RE  
MAKING THIS  
STUFF UP.

YEP.  
USED TO  
DATE RYAN  
REYNOLDS.



OKAY \*CHUCKLE\*  
I BELIEVE YOU. IT'S  
JUST WILD. HOW DO  
WOMEN KNOW SO  
MUCH ABOUT THIS  
STUFF?

GOOGLE IT  
THEN. I'M TELLING  
YOU, I KNOW  
MY SHIT.



YEAH  
YOU ARE.  
DAMN...

JUST  
AWESOME I  
GUESS.  
\*GRUNT\*



\*GIGGLE\*  
SOMETHING  
ON YOUR  
MIND?

YEAH. I'M  
THINKING ABOUT  
HOW MUCH I'D LIKE  
TO GOOGLE YOU  
RIGHT NOW.



YEP.

YOU THINK THAT'S GONNA GET YOU SOME OF THIS?

REALLY, MAN? THAT'S YOUR MOVE?

I MEAN, IF YOU WANT, I COULD ALWAYS SERENADE YOU INSTEAD.

HOW ABOUT SOME ZAC BROWN?


YOU MEAN LIKE-

♪ A COLD BEER ON A FRIDAY NIGHT ♪

♪ A PAIR OF JEANS THAT FIT JUST RIGHT ♪

♪ AND THE RADIO OOOON ♪






WHOA...  
WHAT! HA HA!  
I DIDN'T KNOW  
YOU COULD  
SING.

ME  
EITHER. YOU  
LIKE IT?

I FIGURED  
YOU'D GET A  
KICK OUT OF  
THAT.



GOD, DAISY.  
YOU'RE PERFECT.  
WHAT DID I EVER  
DO TO DESERVE  
YOU?



WHAT THE  
SERIOUS FUCK  
IS GOING ON  
RIGHT NOW?

WELL, I DO  
LIKE THAT THING  
YOU DO WITH  
YOUR TONGUE.  
\*GIGGLE\*

NJOY TV

A man with short brown hair and black-rimmed glasses is sitting at a desk, looking intently at a large computer monitor. He has his hands clasped under his chin. The room is dimly lit, with a desk and chair visible in the background. A speech bubble is positioned to the left of the man's head.

\*DEEP  
ANGRY  
BREATHS\*

YOU STUPID BITCH! YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE ENJOYING THIS! THIS SHOULD BE HELL FOR YOU!

SO WHY...



AREN'T YOU  
LOSING YOUR  
FUCKING MIND  
RIGHT NOW!?

HOWIE!?  
WHAT ARE YA'  
YELLIN' AT DOWN  
THERE!?

CLINK






GOD DAMN IT, CATRAYA! YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO DEAL...

CALM DOWN. I WAS JUST FUCKING WITH YOU. SHE'S BEEN DEALT WITH.

WELL IT'S ABOUT TIME. NOW EXPLAIN TO ME WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON WITH DIRK THE JERK.

WHO?

YOU KNOW WHO. THE ASSHOLE ON MY SCREEN HAPPILY FUCKING HIS BOYFRIEND.

A man with short brown hair, wearing a yellow and black athletic jersey with the number 45, is looking down in a hallway. The scene is dimly lit, with a light switch visible on the wall to the left. Five speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing text in red and black.

YOU REALLY  
DON'T GET HUMOR  
DO YOU?

I DON'T HAVE  
THE TIME FOR IT  
RIGHT NOW, CATRAYA.  
WHY ISN'T HE  
MISERABLE?

WELL, BOTH  
HIM AND THE OTHER  
ONE CERTAINLY  
DON'T ENJOY BEING  
WOMEN.

BUT AT  
THIS POINT, IT'S  
ONLY REALLY AN  
INCONVENIENCE  
TO THEM.

MORE THE  
MOTHER THAN  
THE ONE YOU'RE  
SO OBSESSED  
WITH.


AN  
INCONVENIENCE...  
\*GRUNT\*

THIS BOY THAT  
I'M WEARING, YOUR  
DIRK. HAVE YOU EVER  
QUESTIONED WHY  
HE WAS THE WAY  
THAT HE WAS?

AT HOME, HIS  
FATHER NEVER LOVED  
HIM. HE ONLY CARED  
ABOUT THE TROPHIES  
HE BROUGHT HOME.

NOW HE HAS A  
PARENT FIGURE WHO  
ACTUALLY CARES IF HE  
COMES HOME AT  
NIGHT.





AND I KNOW YOU  
DON'T CARE, BUT YOU  
NEED TO KNOW WHY  
YOU'RE FAILING AT  
YOUR TASK.

HUMANS ADAPT,  
IT'S WHAT YOU DO.  
AND THEY'VE BEEN  
LIKE THIS ALL  
SUMMER.

IT SEEMS LIKE  
YOU WERE EXPECTING  
THE INITIAL SHOCK OF  
EVERYTHING TO LAST  
THEIR ENTIRE LIVES.  
IT WON'T.



YOU'D KNOW THIS  
IF YOU POSSESSED ANY  
SORT OF EMPATHY. BUT IF YOU  
DID, MY FATHER WOULDN'T  
HAVE MADE A PACT WITH YOU,  
NOW WOULD HE?

ARE YOU  
DONE?

NOT QUITE. I  
WANT TO EMPHASIZE  
HOW BAD YOU ARE AT  
WHAT YOU'RE DOING  
RIGHT NOW.

YOU TOOK THE  
MAN YOU HATED THE  
MOST, A KID WHO WAS  
DOWN ON HIS LUCK, AND  
GAVE HIM EVERYTHING  
HIS HEART DESIRED,  
WRAPPED IN A PRETTY  
LITTLE PACKAGE.

MAYBE  
YOU HURT HIS  
MALE PRIDE A  
LITTLE BIT.

HURT HIS PRIDE!?! HE'S FLUCKING ANOTHER MAN! HE SHOULD BE DISGUSTED WITH HIMSELF!

BUT NO! NOW HE'S INITIATING IT!

AND I TURNED OFF DAISY ABOUT A MONTH AGO, SO I KNOW IT'S ALL HIM!

MAYBE IT WOULD BE APPALLING TO A STRAIGHT MAN. BUT YOUR FRIEND HERE HAS ALWAYS BEEN A LITTLE... CURIOUS.

DIRK... THE GUY WHO WAS BANGING JANET ROSSI... YOU'RE TELLING ME THAT HE WAS GAY?

NOT GAY, BUT CERTAINLY BISEXUAL.

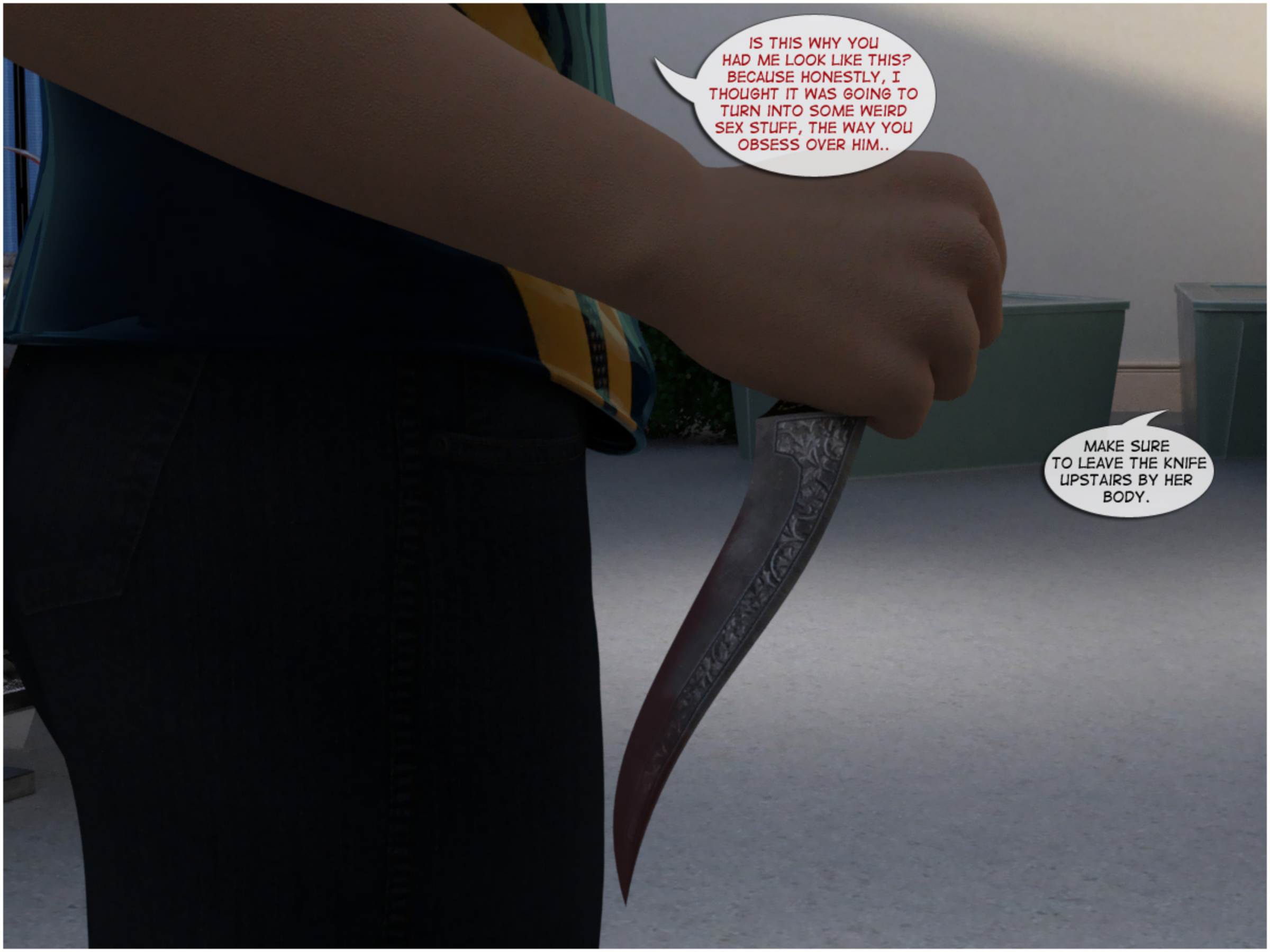
MOST AGGRESSIVELY MASCULINE MEN ARE.

AND HE'D NEVER HAVE HAD THE NERVE TO EXPLORE THOSE FEELINGS WITH HIS ABUSIVE FATHER ALIVE.

AGAIN, YOU SUCK AT THIS.



SHUT UP. THIS WAS ONLY ONE PART OF MY PLAN WITH HIM. IF THIS ALONE ISN'T ENOUGH TO TORTURE HIM, THEN WE'LL SIMPLY MOVE ALONG TO PHASE TWO.

A close-up shot of a person's hand and forearm holding a large, ornate knife. The person is wearing a blue uniform with yellow accents. The background shows a plain wall and two green trash bins. The lighting is somewhat dim, suggesting an indoor setting.

IS THIS WHY YOU  
HAD ME LOOK LIKE THIS?  
BECAUSE HONESTLY, I  
THOUGHT IT WAS GOING TO  
TURN INTO SOME WEIRD  
SEX STUFF, THE WAY YOU  
OBSESS OVER HIM..


MAKE SURE  
TO LEAVE THE KNIFE  
UPSTAIRS BY HER  
BODY.



MY POOR, DEAR MOTHER. HAD TO GO STICKING HER NOSE IN WHERE IT DIDN'T BELONG.


NEED A MOMENT?

NO.



HAVE YOU  
THOUGHT ABOUT THIS?  
IT'S GOING TO GET YOU  
A LOT OF UNWANTED  
ATTENTION. I COULD  
SIMPLY POSE AS  
HER, HOWIE.

LISTEN TO YOUR  
DEAR MOTHER AND LET  
THIS DIRK KID LIVE HIS  
LIFE. PURSUE BIGGER  
INTERESTS. EARN THE  
NOTORIETY YOU  
DESERVE.



PATIENCE MY  
LITTLE SLAVE. WE'LL  
GET THERE EVENTUALLY.  
BUT RIGHT NOW, YOU  
KNOW WHAT TO DO.


**\*SIGH\***  
YEAH... THE SAME  
THING WE DO EVERY  
NIGHT, PINKY.  
SQUANDER OUR  
POTENTIAL.





\*HUMMING\*





♪ YOU MAKE  
ME WANNA ROLL  
MY WINDOWS DOWN  
AND CRUISE ♪

♪ IN THIS  
BRAND NEW  
CHEVY WITH A  
LIFT KIT ♪





\*GASP!\*

SUCH A BEAUTIFUL SINGING VOICE. KNOW ANY WILLIE NELSON?

JESUS, ARTIE!  
YOU SCARED THE CRAP OUT OF ME.  
\*GIGGLE\*

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?  
THE MOVIE ISN'T FOR ANOTHER HOUR.

WAS I BEING  
TOO DISCREET, MY  
LOVE? I WAS HOPING  
TO GET SOME OF THAT  
SWEET GEORGIA PEACH  
BEFORE WE GO.






\*GIGGLE\*  
YOU'RE SUCH A  
DORK. BUT SINCE  
WHEN ARE YOU SO  
POETIC?

TRYING  
SOMETHING  
NEW.



WELL DON'T  
STOP. IT'S  
KINDA SEXY.  
I LIKE IT.



YOU KNOW. I'VE  
BEEN THINKING A LOT A  
BOUT IT AND I REALIZED I  
NEVER SAID IT OUT LOUD.  
BUT YOU'VE BEEN SUCH  
AN IMPORTANT PART OF  
MY LIFE THESE LAST  
COUPLE MONTHS.

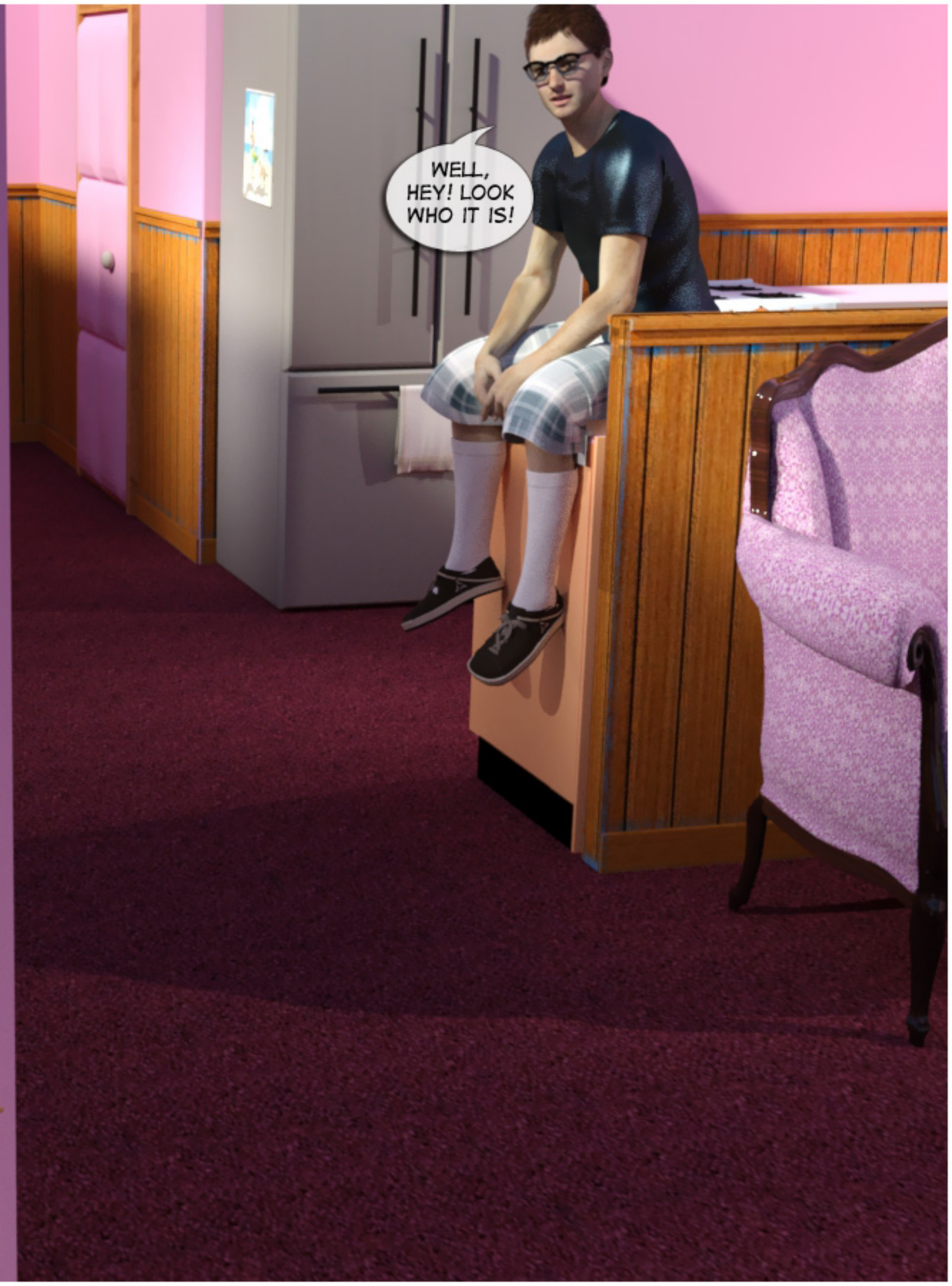
I DON'T  
KNOW WHERE I'D  
BE WITHOUT YOU,  
AND I... I'M  
FINALLY READY  
TO ADMIT IT.

I LOVE  
YOU TOO.

BE A GIRLY GIRL

www.dollhouse.com







THIS IS, LIKE, THE SECOND TIME I FOUND YOU HERE. WHAT ARE YOU, LIKE, HER COUSIN OR SOMETHIN'?

WE HAVE HISTORY.

KEEP CALM  
BE A GIRLY GIRL



YEAH,  
I'M SURE YOU  
DO. WHERE'S  
DAISY?

SHE'S IN HER  
ROOM, BUT I DON'T  
THINK YOU WANT TO  
GO IN THERE...



WHY? SHE HAVING A BAD DAY OR SOMETHING?

\*SNICKER\* NOT YET.

GIRL GIRL

♥ OH ♥  
THIS IS JUST  
WHAT I NEEDED  
TODAY.



DAISY!  
WHY!?

WHO...?  
ARTIE!?! BUT...  
WHAT!?!



A man with shoulder-length brown hair and a light beard is standing in a doorway. He is wearing a red and black plaid zip-up jacket over a white t-shirt. He has a confused or questioning expression on his face. The background is a bright, overexposed doorway with a wooden frame. The walls on either side are a light pink color. A speech bubble is positioned above his head, containing the text "HOW COULD YOU?".

HOW  
COULD  
YOU?



I DON'T...  
ARTIE...!  
I...

DAISY,  
BABY...



WHAT THE  
FUCK!?

YOU  
KNOW THIS  
HILLBILLY?

HIM  
OF ALL  
PEOPLE!

W-WHAT'S  
HAPPENING!?  
I DIDN'T...  
YOU...!



HOW  
ARE YOU ME!?  
WHO ARE  
YOU!?

WHY ARE  
YOU DOING  
THIS TO  
ME!?

HE WANTED  
ME TO REMIND  
YOU OF WHO  
YOU ARE NOW.  
A SLUT.

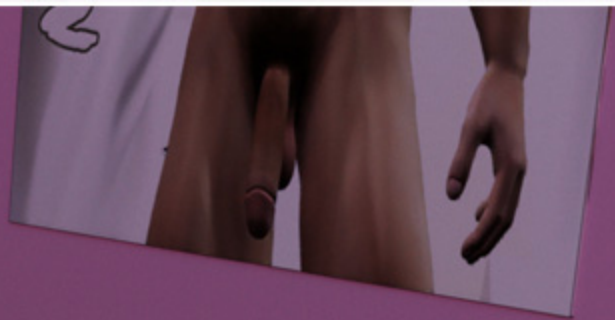
YOU'VE  
MADE A VERY  
DERANGED  
ENEMY.

HE WILL BLEED  
YOU OF EVERY LAST  
OUNCE OF HOPE  
AND SANITY.

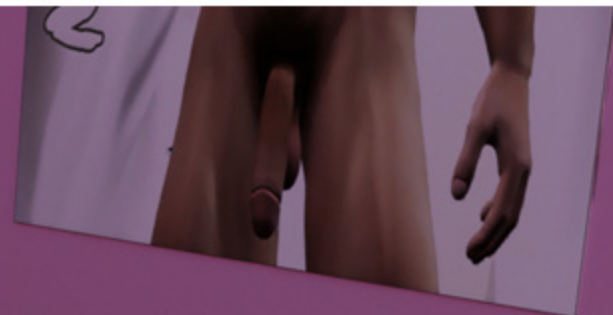
BUT PERHAPS...  
YES, THAT MIGHT  
JUST WORK.

THAT DOESN'T  
ANSWER MY  
QUESTIONS! WHO  
ARE YOU!?

WE'LL BE  
IN TOUCH.



NO! \*SOB\*  
ANSWER ME,  
DAMN IT!




WHAT  
THE FUCK IS  
HAPPENING?  
WHY ME!?





\*GASP\*  
ARTIE!

A man with shoulder-length brown hair, wearing a red and black plaid jacket over a white t-shirt and blue jeans, stands in a hallway. He has a somber expression and is looking down. The hallway has pink walls, a wooden handrail, and a red carpet. A speech bubble is positioned above his head.

I CAN'T  
BELIEVE HER.  
AFTER EVERY-  
THING...

HEY,  
BIG GUY.  
I WARNED  
YA.

SHUT  
UP...





I'M SORRY,  
MAN. DAISY,  
WHAT A SLUT,  
RIGHT?

\*SOB\*



YOU  
DESERVE  
BETTER.



I SAID  
SHUT YOUR  
FUCKING  
MOUTH!

BAP

OOF!



ARTIE,  
WAIT! I...  
I CAN  
EXPLAIN!

HE \*SOB\*  
HIT ME IN THE  
\*SOB\* FACE!  
CATRAYA!





PLEASE! IT  
WASN'T WHAT IT  
LOOKED LIKE!  
I... I...



I LOVED YOU,  
DAISY. I GAVE YOU  
MY HEART AND YOU  
TORE IT INTO  
PIECES.

THERE'S  
NOTHING THAT  
YOU COULD SAY  
THAT CAN FIX  
THIS.

ARTIE,  
PLEASE!

GOODBYE.



\*SOB\*  
ARTIE!!

\*CHUCKLE\*

SLAM!!



\*SOB\*

THAT  
HILLBILLY WILL  
GET HIS SOON  
ENOUGH...

PLEASE...  
JUST LEAVE  
HIM ALONE. YOU'VE  
ALREADY DONE  
ENOUGH.

\*CHUCKLE\*  
YOU MEAN YOU'VE  
ALREADY DONE  
ENOUGH, YOU  
LITTLE WHORE.



LOOK AT YOU. DIRK THE JERK, THE HEAD QUARTERBACK AND WORLD FAMOUS DICKBAG, GETTING UPSET BECAUSE HE BROKE HIS HILLBILLY BOYFRIEND'S HEART.

PATHETIC.

PLEASE... YOU WON. JUST STOP THIS, HOWARD.

\*SOB\*  
PLEASE...

IT'LL BE OVER  
WHEN I SAY IT'S  
OVER, DIRK.

I'LL SEE  
YOU TOMORROW.  
FIRST DAY  
OF SCHOOL  
\*CHUCKLE\*

I HAVE A  
BIG SURPRISE  
FOR YOU.  
\*SNORT\*





\*SOB\*

IT'S  
GOING TO  
CHANGE YOUR  
LIFE.



To Be continued...