



MOONLIT

TGTRINITY

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YOU
CAME.

I DID.

MOST OF THE
GUYS IN MY CABIN
SAID YOU
WOULDN'T.

THEN
THEY'RE
WRONG...



....JUST
LIKE MY CABIN
MATES.

DID
THEY TRY
TO TALK YOU
OUT OF
MEETING
ME?

THE
OPPOSITE,
ACTUALLY.

OH?



THEY EGGED
ME ON, SAYING I
WOULDN'T COME
BECAUSE I WAS
TOO SHY.

AND
MAYBE I
AM TOO
SHY...

...BUT I
CAME ALL THE
SAME.

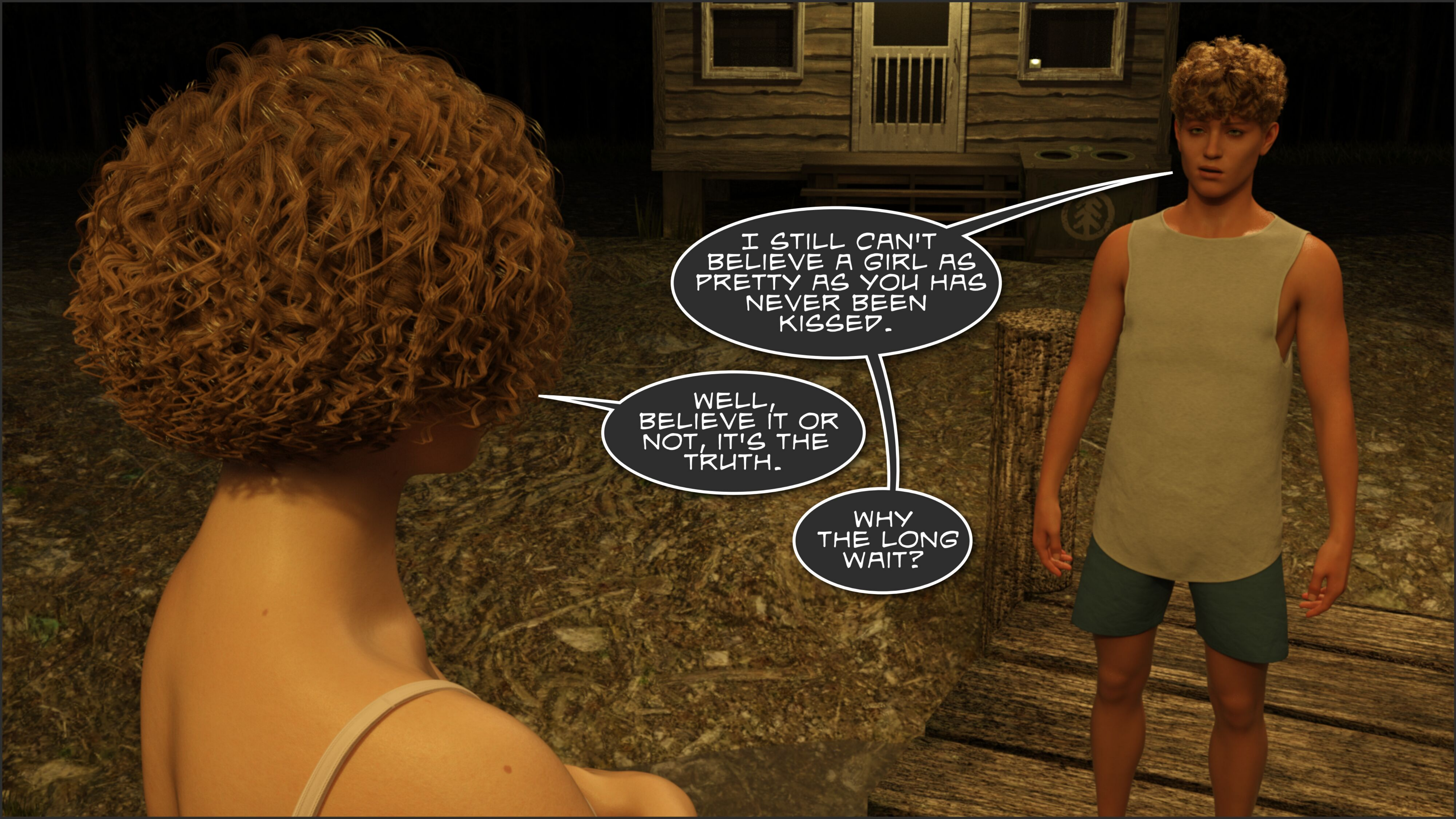
ARE
YOU
NERVOUS,
AMY?



OF
COURSE I'M
NERVOUS,
SCOTT...

...BUT I
THINK I'VE
WAITED LONG
ENOUGH.

I DON'T
WANT TO BE THE
EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD
GIRL WHO'S NEVER
BEEN KISSED
ANYMORE.



I STILL CAN'T
BELIEVE A GIRL AS
PRETTY AS YOU HAS
NEVER BEEN
KISSED.

WELL,
BELIEVE IT OR
NOT, IT'S THE
TRUTH.

WHY
THE LONG
WAIT?



YOUR
MOTHER TOLD
YOU NOT TO
KISS ANY
BOYS?

SHE DIDN'T
TELL ME AS
MUCH AS SHE
DEMANDED IT
OF ME.

WHOA. IS SHE,
LIKE, SUPER
RELIGIOUS?

I GUESS IT'S
MY MOTHER,
MOSTLY.

//FILL IN
SOME OLD
TRAUMA
HERE//

//MAYBE A
FATHER LEAVING
OR DYING?//

EVER
SINCE I
WAS
YOUNG

THAT'S
PUTTING IT
MILDLY.



//SHOULD BE
CONCERNED AND
SUPPORTIVE//

//MAKE
HER FEEL
SAFE//

//OBVIOUSLY
STILL SUPER HORNY
FOR HER//



//MAYBE
SHE REVEALS
TOO MUCH
HERE?//

//STOPS
SHORT OF
MENTIONING
THE TERM
"CURSE"//

IT SOUNDS LIKE
YOUR MOTHER'S JUST
BEING A LITTLE
OVERPROTECTIVE.



THEN IT'S A
GOOD THING MY
MOM'S NOT
HERE.

A VERY
GOOD THING.
CHUCKLE



//MORE TEASING HERE?//

//OR BUILD UP TENSION?//

//EACH TAKES
STEPS TO BE
CLOSER?//

//BETTER IF SHE
ADVANCES?//



//GREG BUILDS
TENSION. BETTER.//

//MAKE AMY CLOSE
THE DISTANCE.//

//REMINDER: NEED TO GET A
NEW WEEZER SHIRT FOR THE
CONCERT FRIDAY.//



//SIMPLE KISS.//



//OR USE A LOT
OF TONGUE?//



//NO. KEEP IT
SIMPLE.//

A close-up, cinematic shot of a young man and woman with curly hair. The man is on the right, leaning in to kiss the woman on the cheek. The woman is on the left, looking towards the camera with a soft expression. They are both wearing light-colored tank tops. The background is dark and out of focus, suggesting an outdoor setting at night.

WOW.
THAT WAS
AMAZING.

WORTH
THE WAIT, I
HOPE.



I CAN
TASTE YOU
ON MY
LIPS.



I HOPE I
TASTE GOOD.
CHUCKLE

A close-up shot of a woman with voluminous, curly brown hair and light green eyes. She is looking slightly to the right with a subtle, enigmatic smile. The scene is set at night, with a dark, out-of-focus background showing some foliage and a wooden structure. Two comic-style speech bubbles are positioned to her right, and a rectangular text box is at the bottom right. The lighting is soft, highlighting her facial features.

GOOD?
YOU TASTE
AMAZING!

I JUST
WANNA...
DEVOUR
YOU!

//TOO MUCH? GIVING
AWAY THE PLOT OR
FORESHADOWING?//

YADA
YADA
YADA.

WELL, I
HAVE BLAH
BLAH BLAH.

HEHEHE.

BLAH BLAH
BOOBIES.

LOOK AT
MY BOOBS.



YAY
BOOBIES!



A close-up of a woman with curly brown hair and green eyes, looking slightly to the side with a faint smile. She is in a dark, outdoor setting at night. In the background, a wooden cabin is visible, illuminated from within. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the image. The first bubble, on the left, contains the text "I BET THEY GET BIGGER." The second bubble, on the right, contains the text "GUESS WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN NOW?".

GUESS
WHAT'S
GOING TO
HAPPEN
NOW?

I BET
THEY GET
BIGGER.



BECAUSE
DRAKE
DARRINGTON'S A
HACK.

WHAT
MAKES YOU
SAY THAT?



HE'S NEVER
CREATED A PAIR
OF BREASTS THAT
COULDN'T BE
BIGGER.

HE
CERTAINLY
LOVES TO
MAKE TITS
BIGGER,
DOESN'T
HE?



WHO NEEDS
CHARACTER
DEVELOPMENT WHEN
BOOBS CAN BE
BIGGER?

DOES MY
BACKSTORY EVEN
MATTER?

HA HA HA

BACKSTORY!?

CHARACTER
DEVELOPMENT!?

THIS IS
DRAKE
DARRINGTON
WE'RE TALKING
ABOUT!



A woman with curly hair, wearing a pink bikini bottom, stands in front of a wooden cabin at night. She has her arms outstretched. A speech bubble is positioned above her head. The cabin has a lit door and windows, and a small pond is visible in the foreground.

WHO GIVES A
FUCK ABOUT ANY OF
THAT WHEN THERE ARE
BOOBIES TO MAKE
BIGGER!

A woman with curly brown hair, wearing a pink bikini, stands in a swampy area at night. She has her arms outstretched. In the background, there is a wooden cabin with a porch and a small fire pit. The scene is dimly lit, with the cabin's porch light and a small fire providing the main illumination. A speech bubble is positioned to the left of the woman.

AND
THEN
LOTS OF
SEX!



FOLLOWED BY AN
INCREDIBLY OBVIOUS
REVEAL.

A woman with curly brown hair, wearing a pink bikini, stands in a swampy area at night. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. In the background, there is a wooden cabin and a body of water reflecting the ambient light. A speech bubble is positioned to her left, containing text.

LIKE, AFTER
THE KISS YOU
GROW INTO A
VOLUPTUOUS SEX
GODDESS...

A woman with curly brown hair, wearing a pink one-piece swimsuit, stands in a swampy area at night. She has her arms outstretched and is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. In the background, there is a wooden cabin and a dense forest of tall trees. A speech bubble is positioned to her left, containing text. The scene is dimly lit, with some light reflecting off the water in the foreground.

...WHO
FLICKS ME
ALMOST
IMMEDIATELY
AFTER THE
CHANGE?



WHOA, THAT'S
EXACTLY WHAT'S
GOING TO
HAPPEN!

A woman with curly brown hair, wearing a pink one-piece swimsuit, stands in a swampy area at night. She is smiling and has her arms outstretched. In the background, there is a wooden cabin and a line of trees under a dark, starry sky. A speech bubble is positioned to her left.

BUT
AFTER THE
SEX, YOUR
EYES GO
RED...

A woman with large breasts and curly hair stands in a dark, wooded area at night. She is wearing pink and grey underwear. A speech bubble points to her from the left. In the background, there is a wooden cabin and a body of water reflecting light.

...REVEALING
YOU'RE ACTUALLY
SOME KIND OF **SEX**
VAMPIRE?



**YES!
THAT'S THE
EXACT
PLOT!**



HOW DO
YOU KNOW
EXACTLY WHAT'S
GOING TO
HAPPEN?

A woman with large, exaggerated breasts and curly hair stands in a dark, wooded area at night. She is wearing pink and white swim trunks and has her arms outstretched. In the background, there is a small wooden cabin and a body of water reflecting light. A speech bubble is positioned to her left.

BECAUSE
DRAKE'S WRITING
BLOCK IS SO BAD
HE FORGOT HE
ALREADY USED
THIS IDEA!

Fuck.



WHY'D
YOU TAKE
YOUR TOP
OFF!

WHAT
THE HELL
ARE YOU
DOING,
AMY!?

CAN
YOU SEE
THE *BITE*
MARK!?

CAN
YOU SEE
IT!?

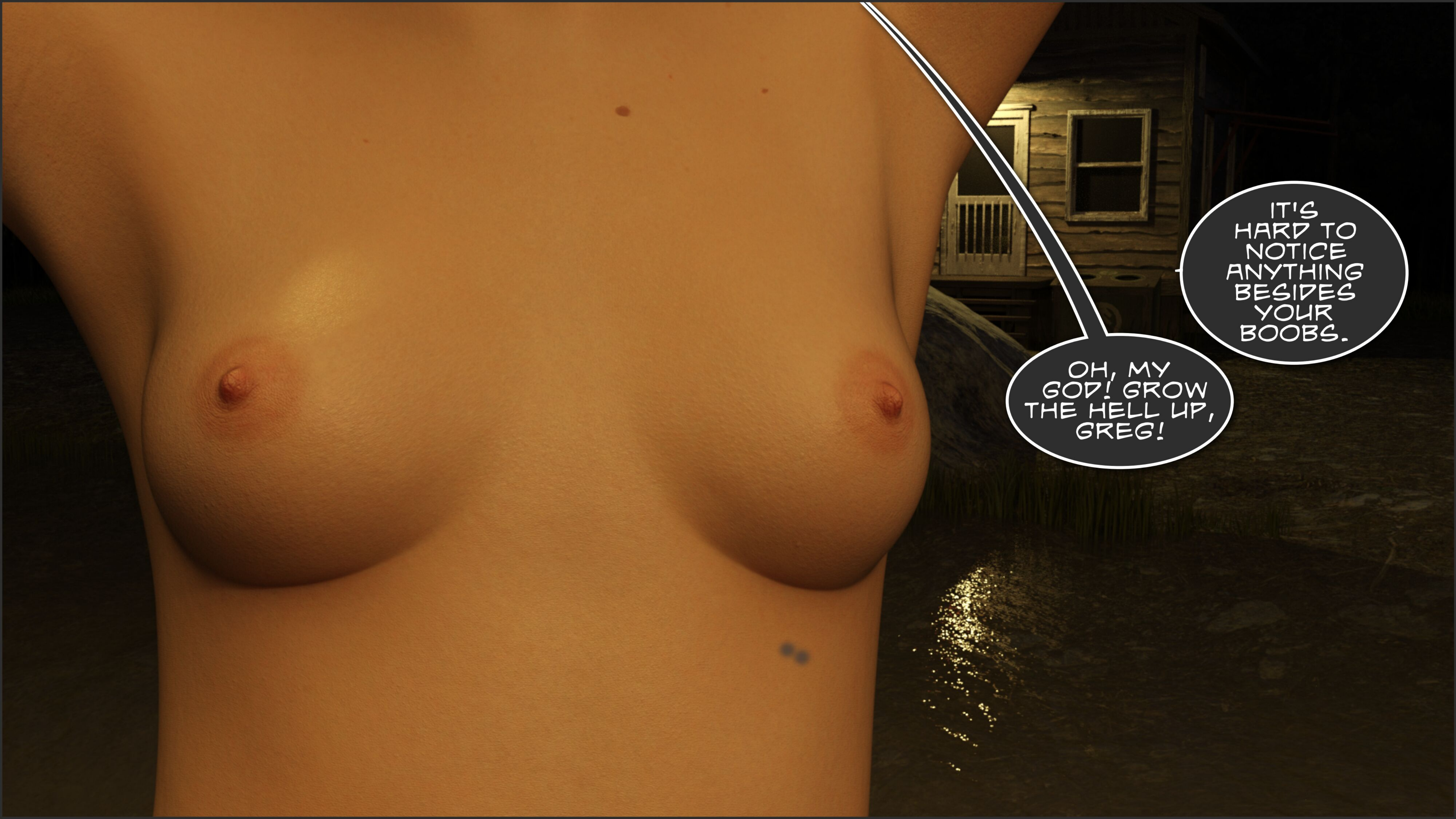


YOU
SAW THE
SPIDER
CRAWL
UNDER MY
TOP!

BUT
THAT
DOESN'T
MEAN-

DO YOU
SEE IT OR NOT,
GREG!?

LM,
IT'S...



OH, MY
GOD! GROW
THE HELL UP,
GREG!

IT'S
HARD TO
NOTICE
ANYTHING
BESIDES
YOUR
BOOBS.

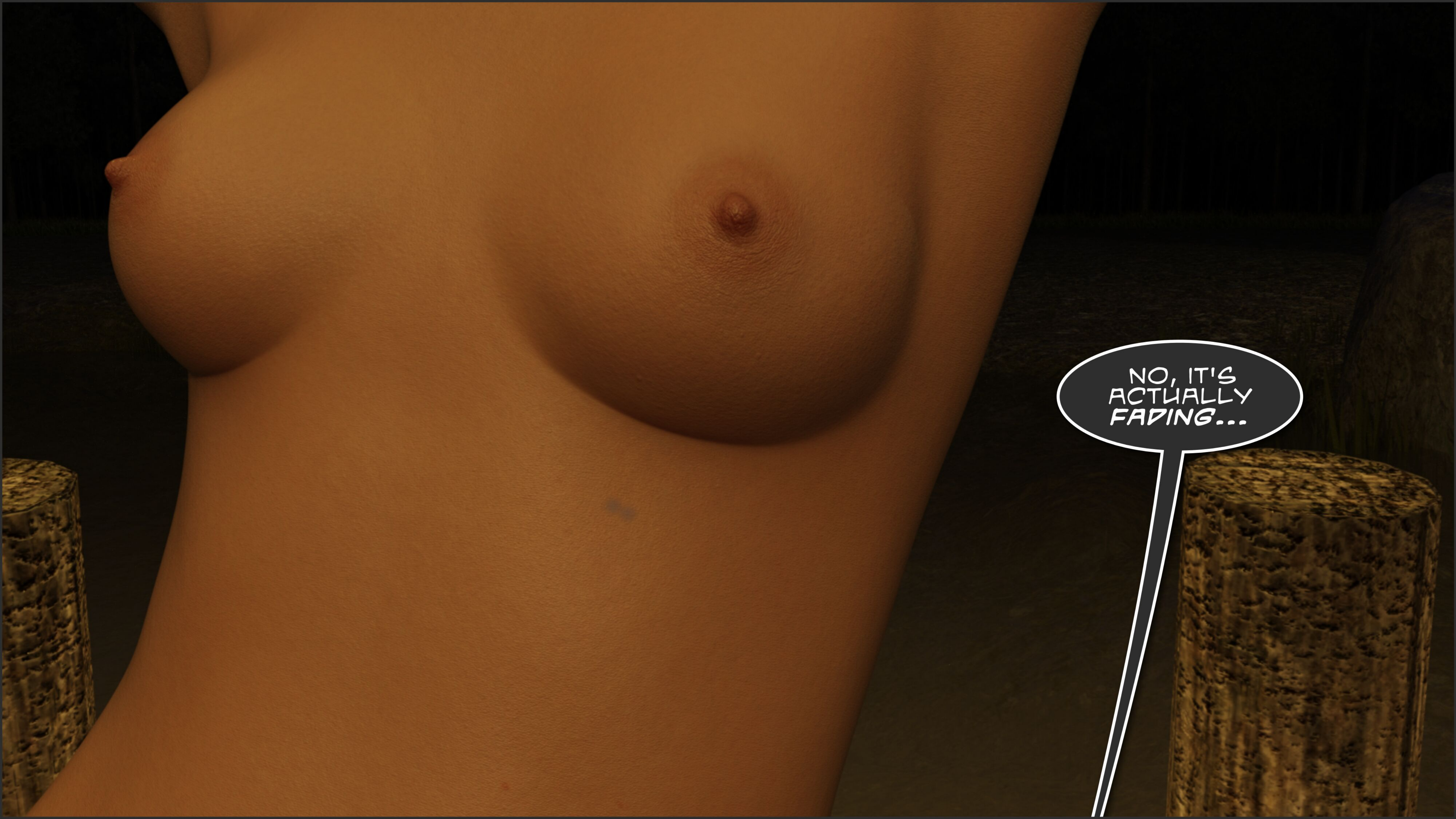


STOP
LOOKING AT
MY **NIPPLES**
AND LOOK FOR
THAT **BITE**
MARK!

GASP
I SEE IT!



DOES
IT LOOK
BAD!?



NO, IT'S
ACTUALLY
FADING...

A close-up, low-angle shot of a person's bare chest and upper abdomen. The skin is a warm, medium-brown tone. The person's arms are visible on either side of the torso. In the background, there are dark, textured vertical elements that look like tree trunks or logs. A speech bubble with a white outline and a dark grey fill is positioned on the right side of the frame, pointing towards the person's chest.

OR YOUR
SKIN'S GETTING
DARKER?

YEAH...

DEFINITELY
DARKER.

ALMOST LIKE
YOU'RE-





OH,
FOR
FUCK'S
SAKE.



A RACIAL
CHANGE?
REALLY?



DON'T
FORGET THE
OBVIOUS
MUSCLE
GAIN.



BECAUSE
THAT'S AN
ORIGINAL IDEA
FOR SURE.



TINY WHITE
GIRL BECOMES
STRONG BLACK
WOMAN.



RIGHT? IT'S
NEVER BEEN
DONE... FUCKING
HACK.



NOT AN
ORIGINAL THOUGHT
RATTLING AROUND
THAT POT-ADDLED
HEAD OF HIS.



LIKE,
HELLO? YOU
DID THIS IN
GEORGIAN
PEACH.



AND SO
MANY OTHER
STORIES!



PEOPLE
WILL SEE
THIS COMING
A MILE
AWAY.



HOW
MANY SUBS
WILL LEAVE
BECAUSE

Fuuuuuuuck.



WOW,
THAT KISS
WAS
MAGICAL,
GREG.

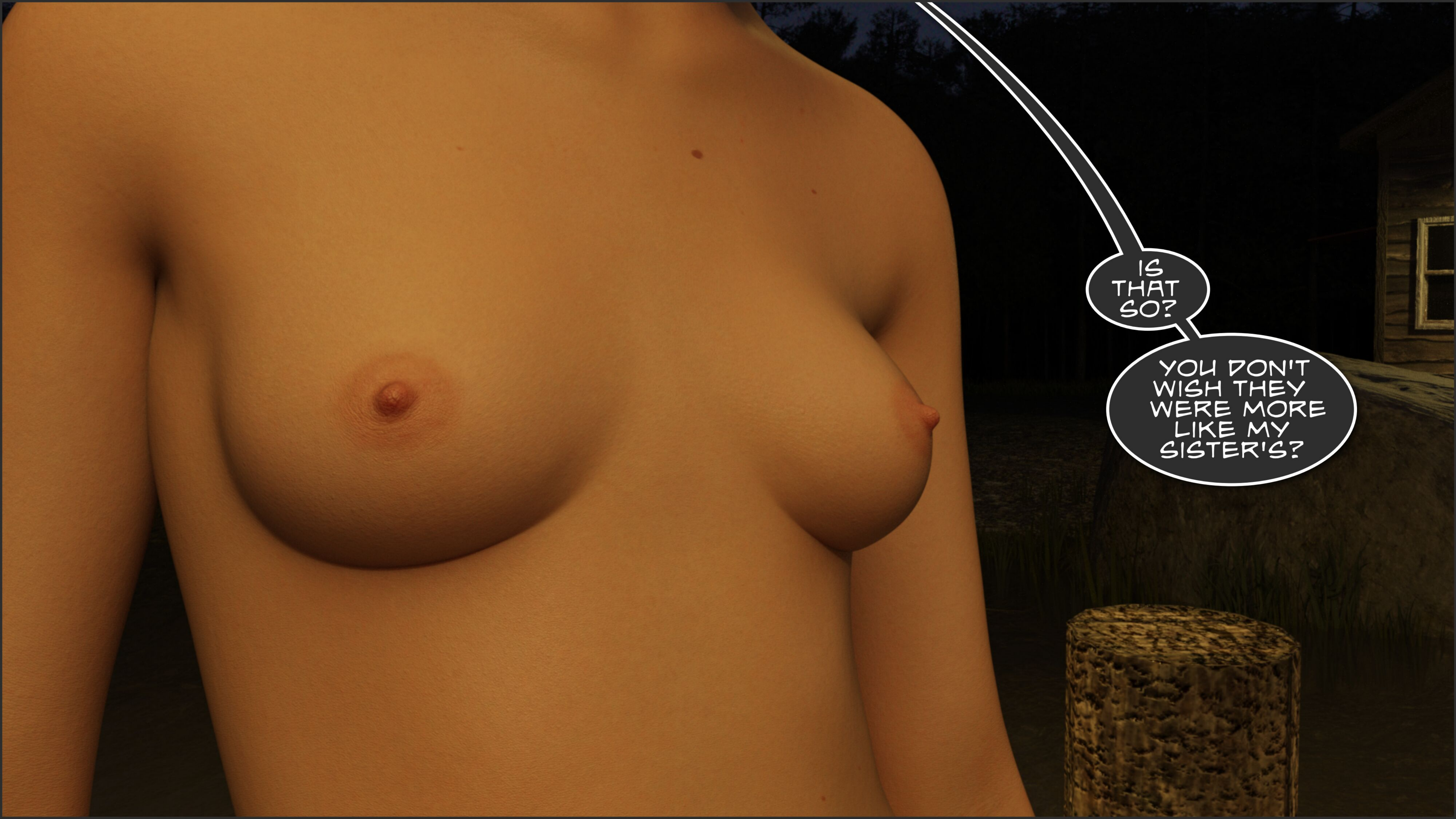
YOU'RE
TELLING ME,
AMY.



AND YOUR
BREASTS ARE
PERFECT.

NO WAY.
THEY'RE SO
SMALL.

I DON'T
CARE.



IS
THAT
SO?

YOU DON'T
WISH THEY
WERE MORE
LIKE MY
SISTER'S?

A young man with curly hair, wearing a green tank top, is looking at the back of a person whose back is to the camera. The scene is set at night outdoors, with trees and a building visible in the background. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing text.

SOME GUYS
MAY LIKE TALL
BLONDES WITH
HUGE TITS...

...BUT
THAT'S NOT
ME.



I'VE ALWAYS BEEN HAPPY WEARING AN A-CLIP...

...BUT SOMETIMES I WISH I WAS MORE LIKE CANDICE.

REALLY? YOU ALWAYS SAY HER BREASTS ARE OBNOXIOUSLY BIG.

I DO SAY THAT...

...BUT
WOULD YOU
HATE IT IF I
LOOKED LIKE
HER?



GASP
AMY? WHAT DID
YOU DO?



DID YOU
TAKE SOME
**PERKY, PINK &
PERFECT!?**

YOU
KNOW I
DID!



A 3D-rendered nude woman with long blonde hair stands in the center of the frame. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. Behind her is a small, two-story wooden cabin with a porch, illuminated by a warm light. The cabin is situated on a grassy area next to a body of water, which reflects the light from the cabin. The background is a dark forest of tall trees under a night sky. A speech bubble is positioned to the right of the woman, containing text.

BECAUSE IF
DRAKE CAN'T
COME UP WITH A
NEW IDEA...



...WHY NOT
STEAL ONE
FROM ANOTHER
CREATOR?

YEAH,
WHY NOT?



I MEAN,
LET'S FACE
IT.





THERE ARE
NO NEW IDEAS
TO BE HAD
ANYMORE.



AND IT'S NOT
AS IF *TGTRINITY*
CAME UP WITH THAT
IDEA WHOLE
CLOTH.



EVERY EROTIC
TRANSFORMATION
CREATOR HAS THEIR
OWN *SEXY-TIME*
DRUG.

SO IT'S NOT
WRONG TO JUST
RIP IT OFF AND
RENAME IT.





MAYBE NAME
THE PILLS "I'M A
DUMB HACK WHO
CAN'T WRITE
ANYMORE?"

THAT'S
GOOD, BUT
WHAT ABOUT
"STUPID WRITER
MCHACKY
FACE?"





NO, IT'S GOTTA
BE "WHAT THE FLICK
AM I EVEN DOING
ANYMORE!?"

FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!



FLUCK!



FLICK!

FUCK!



FUCK!





FLICK!



FUCK!







FLICK!

A close-up shot of a man with dark hair and a light beard, sitting in the driver's seat of a car at night. He has a questioning expression on his face. The background shows a dark forest with tall trees. The car's interior, including the dashboard and steering wheel, is partially visible. A speech bubble is positioned to the left of the man's face.

НЧН?





NO,
NO,
NO!

COME
ON...



FUCK...





WHY
NOW?

I'M IN
THE MIDDLE
OF-



HCH?





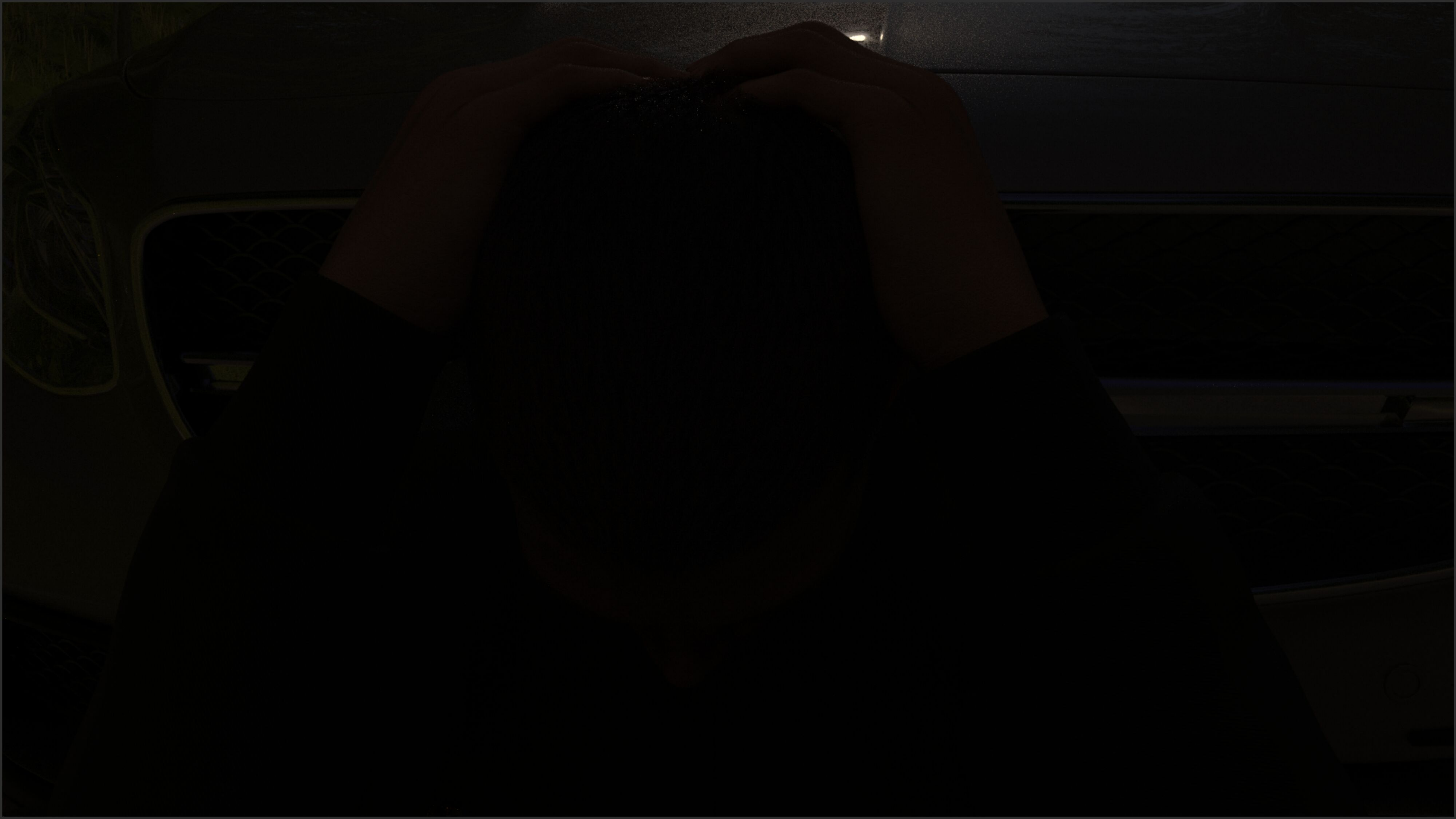
WHAT THE
FLICK!?

WHERE'S MY
PHONE!?



A dark, low-angle photograph of a forest at night. The sky is a deep, dark blue, and the silhouettes of trees and their leaves are visible against it. A bright, circular light source, possibly the moon or a distant star, is visible through the branches on the left side of the frame. A large, white, stylized speech bubble is positioned on the right side of the image, containing the text "FLLLLLLLLLCK!!!".

FLLLLLLLLLCK!!!



A man in a dark suit is shown from the chest up, with his head buried in his hands. He is standing in front of a dark car with a prominent grille. The scene is dimly lit, creating a somber and distressed atmosphere. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, one on the left and one on the right.

CAR
TROUBLES?

HEH, JUST
ONE OF MANY
TROUBLES.



I DON'T
SUPPOSE YOU
KNOW ANYTHING
ABOUT FIXING CARS,
STRANGER?

SORRY,
BUT THAT'S A
NO FOR ME,
DOG.



BUT IF YOU
NEED HELP
FINDING A GREAT
MOVIE TO
WATCH...

...THEN
I'M YOUR
MAN.

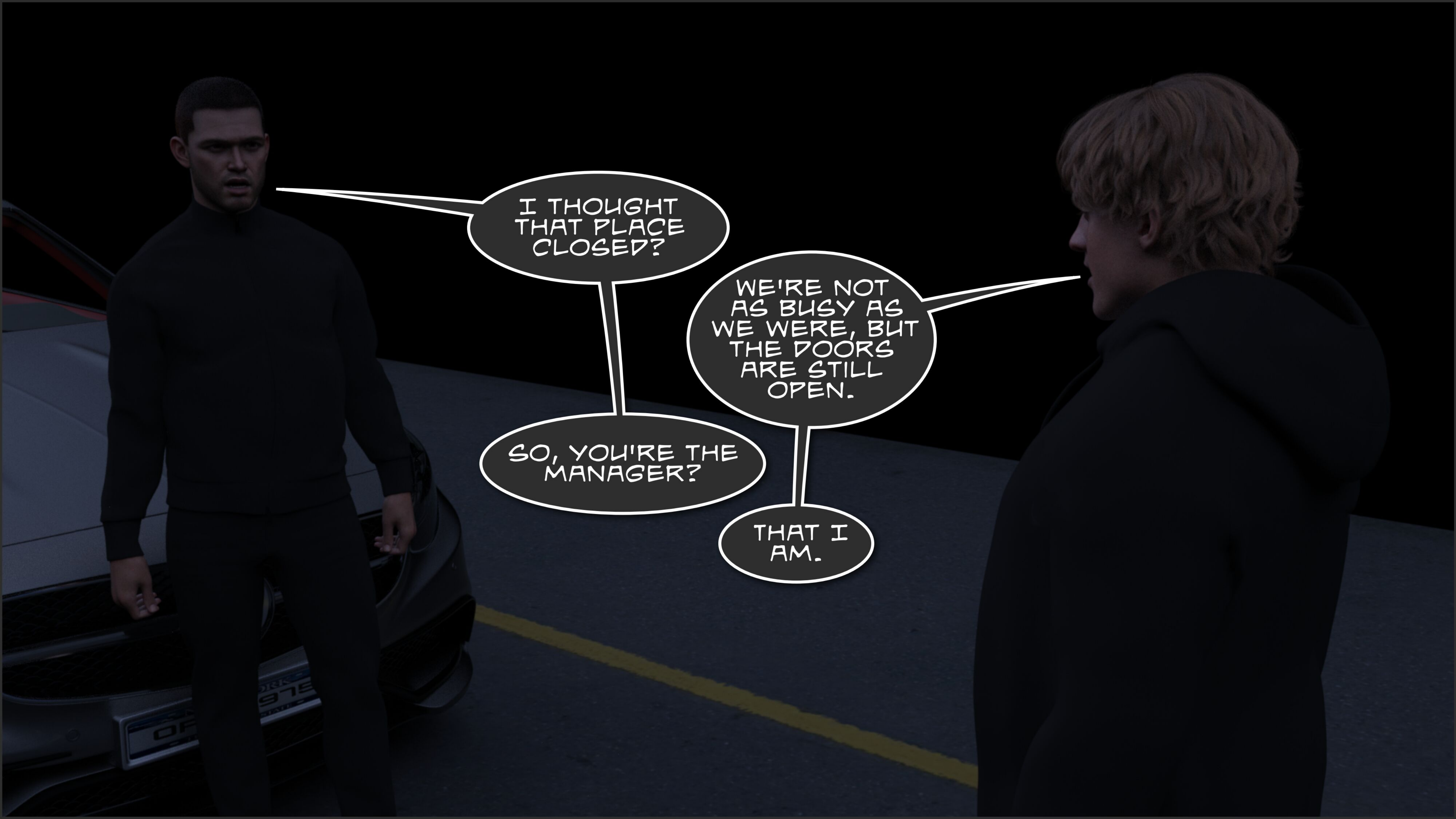
OH? ARE YOU A
DIRECTOR?



I RUN
THE **BIG**
REEL VIDEO
IN TOWN.

BIG REEL
VIDEO?

NO, NO,
NOTHING AS
GLAMOROUS
AS THAT.



I THOUGHT
THAT PLACE
CLOSED?

WE'RE NOT
AS BUSY AS
WE WERE, BUT
THE DOORS
ARE STILL
OPEN.

SO, YOU'RE THE
MANAGER?

THAT I
AM.



THE
NAME'S
JIM.

JIM
SAMBERG,
MANAGER OF
BIG REEL
VIDEO.

WELL,
IT'S NICE
TO MEET
YOU, JIM.

I'M DRAKE
DARRINGTON...

A close-up, low-key shot of a man's face, looking slightly to the right. He has a light beard and is wearing a dark, textured jacket. The background is dark, with a hint of a red interior on the left. A speech bubble originates from the left side of the frame.

...AND I'D
SAY I'M A
WRITER...

...BUT
THAT'D IMPLY
I'M ACTUALLY
WRITING.



THAT'S
PUTTING IT
MILDLY.

WHAT'S YOUR
POISON WHEN
WRITING?

SOUNDS
LIKE YOU'RE
HAVING A
BATTLE WITH
SOME MIGHTY
WRITER'S
BLOCK.

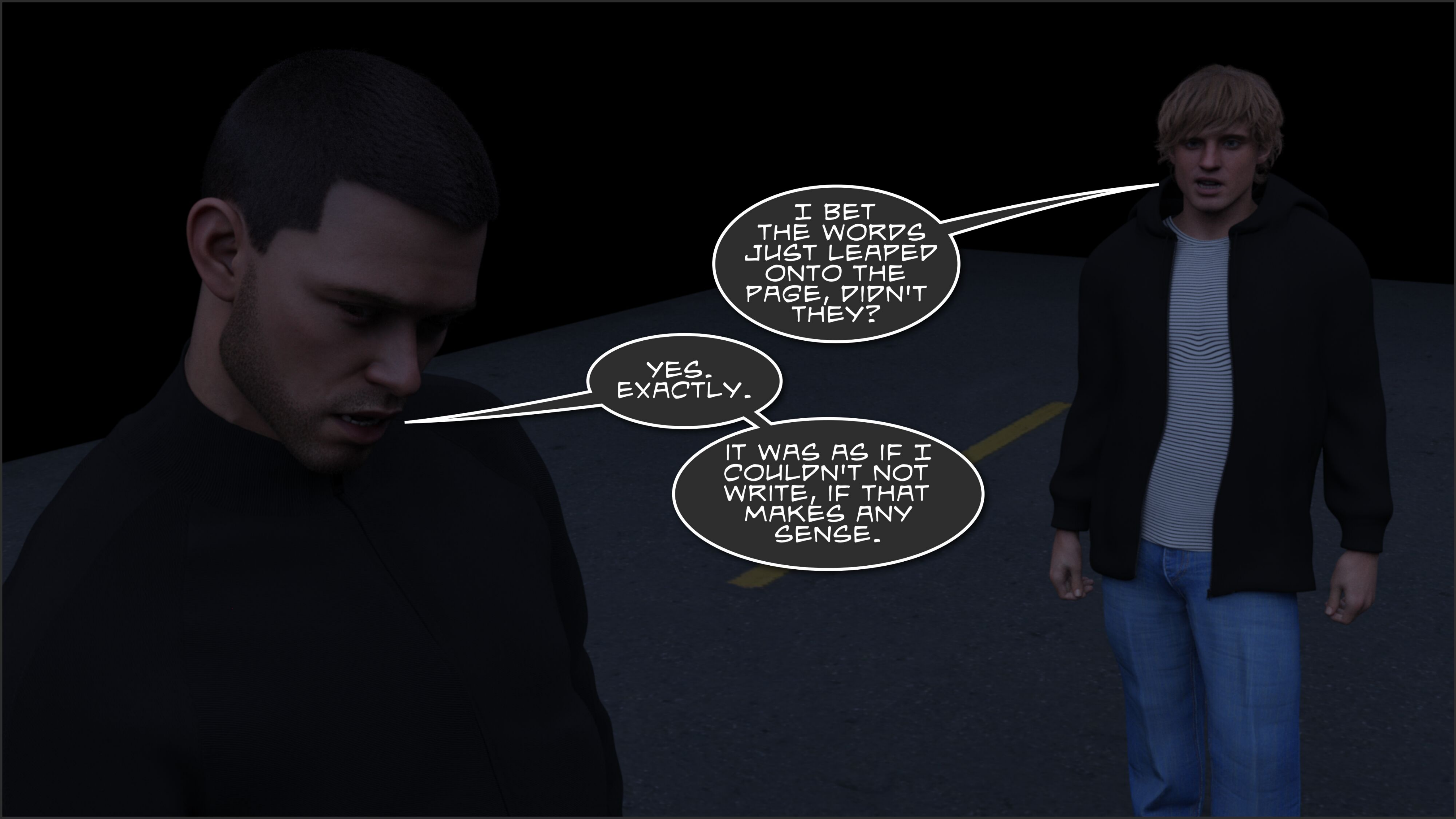


EROTIC
HORROR.

OOF,
HORROR IS
ALWAYS A
ROUGH
GENRE.

IT
WASN'T
ALWAYS
ROUGH.

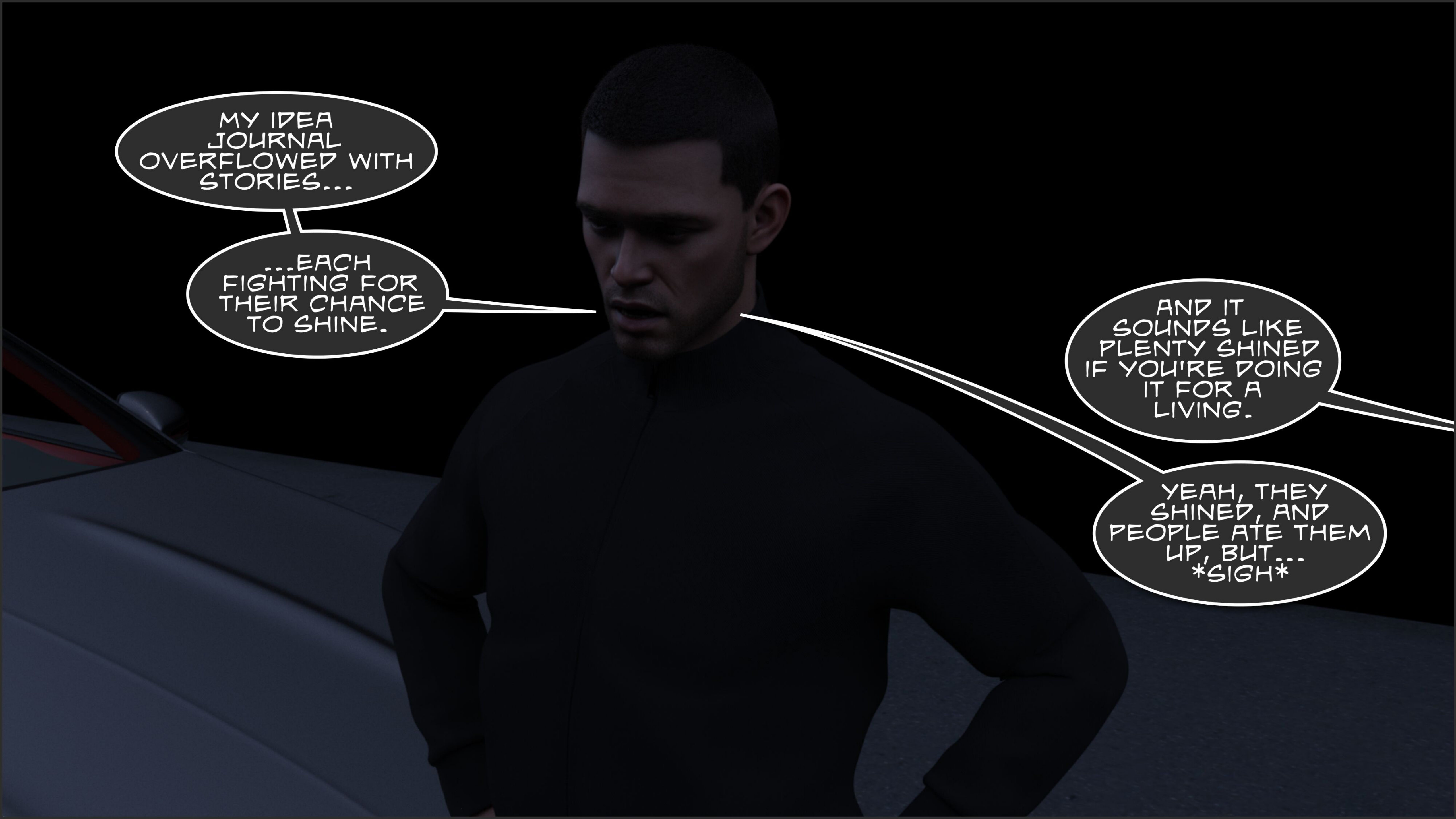
WHEN I
STARTED...
SIGH



I BET
THE WORDS
JUST LEAPED
ONTO THE
PAGE, DIDN'T
THEY?

YES.
EXACTLY.

IT WAS AS IF I
COULDN'T NOT
WRITE, IF THAT
MAKES ANY
SENSE.



MY IDEA
JOURNAL
OVERFLOWED WITH
STORIES...

...EACH
FIGHTING FOR
THEIR CHANCE
TO SHINE.

AND IT
SOUNDS LIKE
PLENTY SHINED
IF YOU'RE DOING
IT FOR A
LIVING.

YEAH, THEY
SHINED, AND
PEOPLE ATE THEM
UP, BUT...
SIGH



TEN YEARS
LATER, I QUESTION
MYSELF AT EVERY
TURN.

IT'S HARD
TO SAY
EXACTLY
WHY-

LET ME
GUESS.



YOU'RE
WORRIED YOU'RE
WRITING "DRAKE
DARRINGTON"
STORIES...

...AND NOT
"ERÖTIC HORROR"
STORIES
ANYMORE.

YES! THAT'S
EXACTLY IT!



WELL,
YOU'RE NOT
ALONE.

I LOVE MOVIES,
AND I KNOW SO MANY
WRITERS AND DIRECTORS
WHO STRUGGLE WITH
THAT FEELING.

YOU START
MAKING WHAT YOU
THINK YOUR FANS
WANT, AND NOT WHAT
YOU WANT TO
CREATE.

THAT'S IT.



THE
REASON I'M
STUCK IN THE
MIDDLE OF THIS
FOREST...

...IS BECAUSE I
DROVE OUT TO A
NOTORIOUSLY HAUNTED
CAMPGROUND TO GET
INSPIRATION.

A man is shown in silhouette, looking towards a bright white circle in the upper left. A series of five thought bubbles are connected by lines, starting from the man's head and moving towards the circle. The bubbles contain text about wanting to change things, get away from his desk, write under a full moon, find a spark, and break free of writing Drake Darrington stories.

I THOUGHT
THAT MAYBE IF I
CHANGED THINGS
UP...

IF I GOT
AWAY FROM
MY DESK...

IF I WROTE
UNDER THE
FULL MOON IN A
PLACE LIKE
THAT...

MAYBE
I'D FIND
THAT SPARK
AGAIN.

MAYBE I'D
BREAK FREE OF
WRITING DRAKE
DARRINGTON
STORIES.



WELL,
MAYBE THE
MOON'S NOT
DONE WITH
YOU YET.

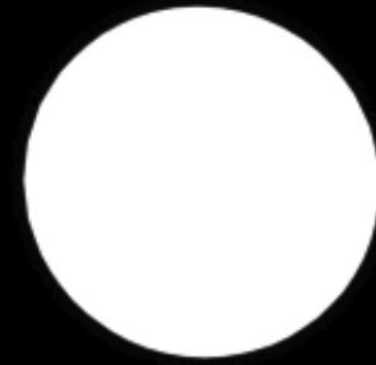
BUT ALL I
FOUND WAS
MOCKERY LIT BY
THAT MOON.



MAYBE
THERE'S SOME
INSPIRATION TO BE
FOUND IN ITS
GLOW?

INSPIRATION?

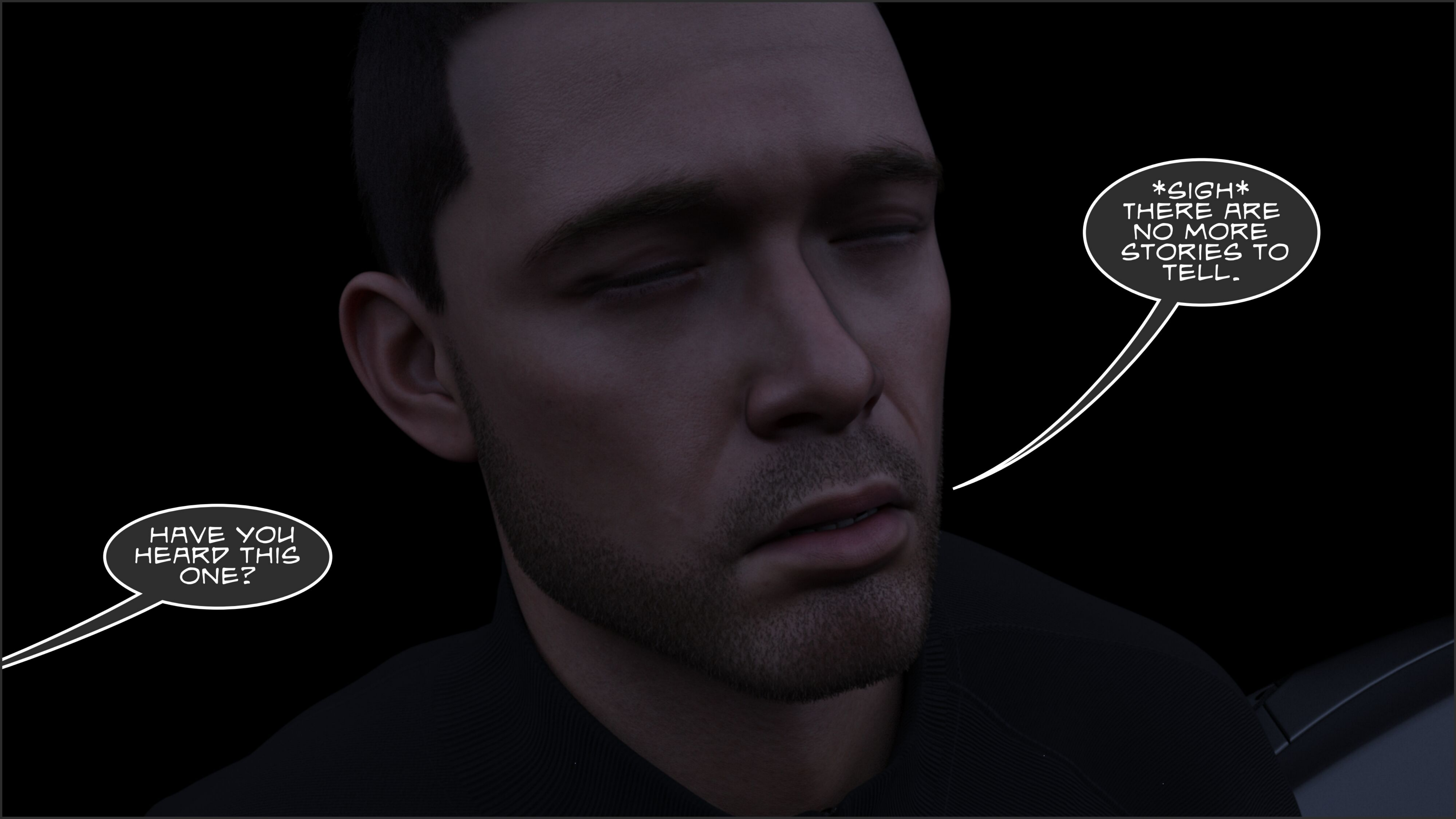
HOW CAN I
BE INSPIRED
WHEN EVERY
STORY HAS
ALREADY BEEN
TOLD?



FROM
SHAKESPEARE
TO TANG
XIANZU...

HOMER
TO STEPHEN
KING...

THE MOON
HAS WITNESSED
EVERY STORY THE
HUMAN MIND CAN
CREATE.



HAVE YOU
HEARD THIS
ONE?

SIGH
THERE ARE
NO MORE
STORIES TO
TELL.



A GUY DRIVING
DOWN A LONELY
ROAD LIT ONLY BY
MOONLIGHT...

...COMES
ACROSS A
BEAUTIFUL YOUNG
WOMAN WANDERING
ALL ALONE?



HAHAHA!

YOU'RE
KIDDING
ME!

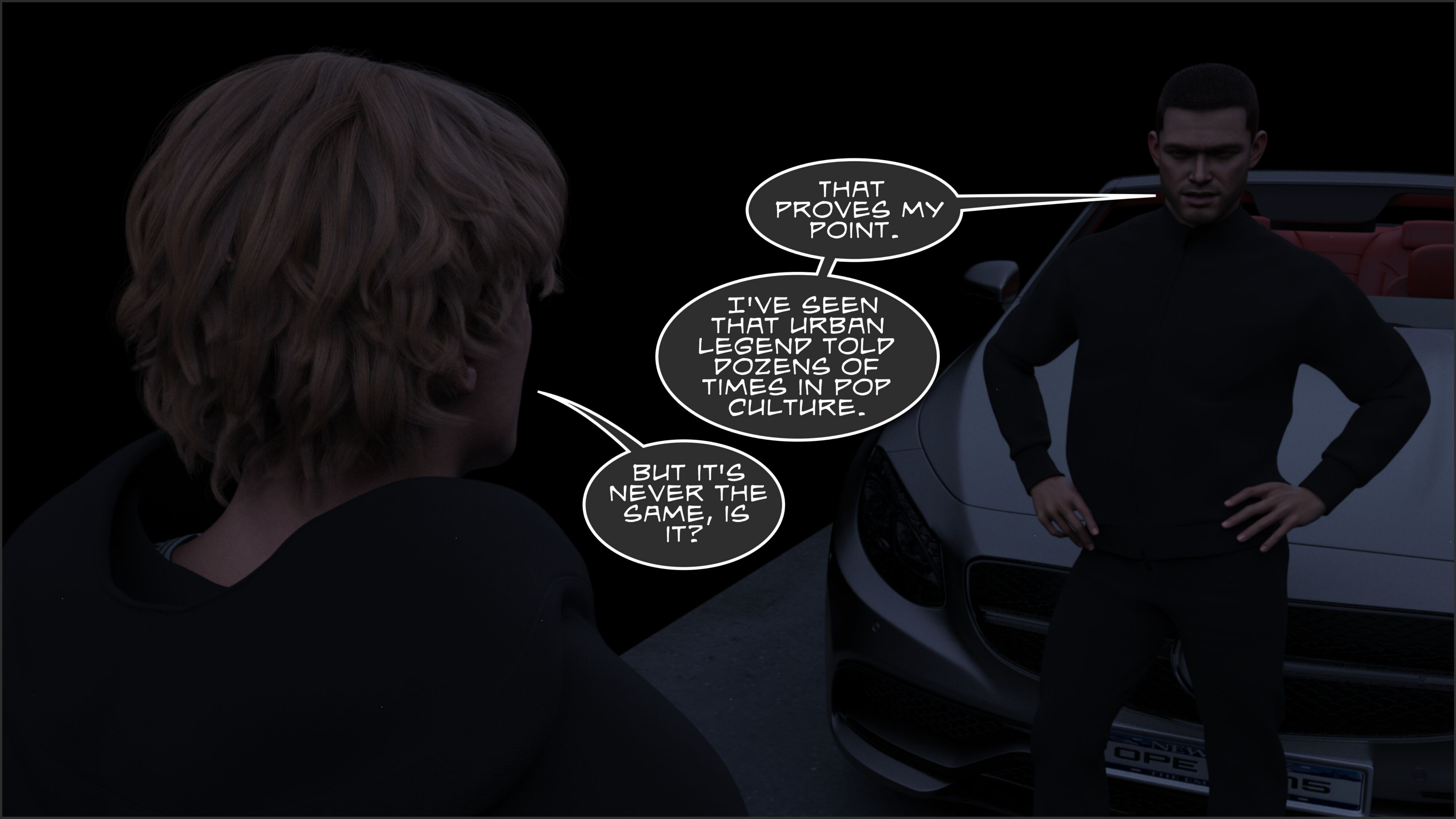


AND LET ME
GUESS?

HE LISTENS TO
HER SOB STORY
BEFORE GIVING HER
HIS LETTERMAN
JACKET TO STAY
WARM?

ONLY FOR
HER TO VANISH IN
FRONT OF A
GRAVEYARD WHERE
THE MAN FINDS HIS
JACKET ON HER
TOMBSTONE?

THAT
STORY?



THAT
PROVES MY
POINT.

I'VE SEEN
THAT URBAN
LEGEND TOLD
DOZENS OF
TIMES IN POP
CULTURE.

BUT IT'S
NEVER THE
SAME, IS
IT?



JUST
BECAUSE SOME
DETAILS CHANGE
DOESN'T MEAN IT'S
WORTHY OF
BEING TOLD.

AT THE END OF
THE DAY, IT'S STILL
THE OVERPLAYED MYTH
EVERYONE'S HEARD
BEFORE.



BY THAT
LOGIC, LUCAS
SHOULD HAVE
NEVER SENT LUKE
ON HIS HERO'S
JOURNEY...

...SINCE
TOLKIEN ALREADY
SENT BILBO OUT ON
HIS OWN DECADES
EARLIER.

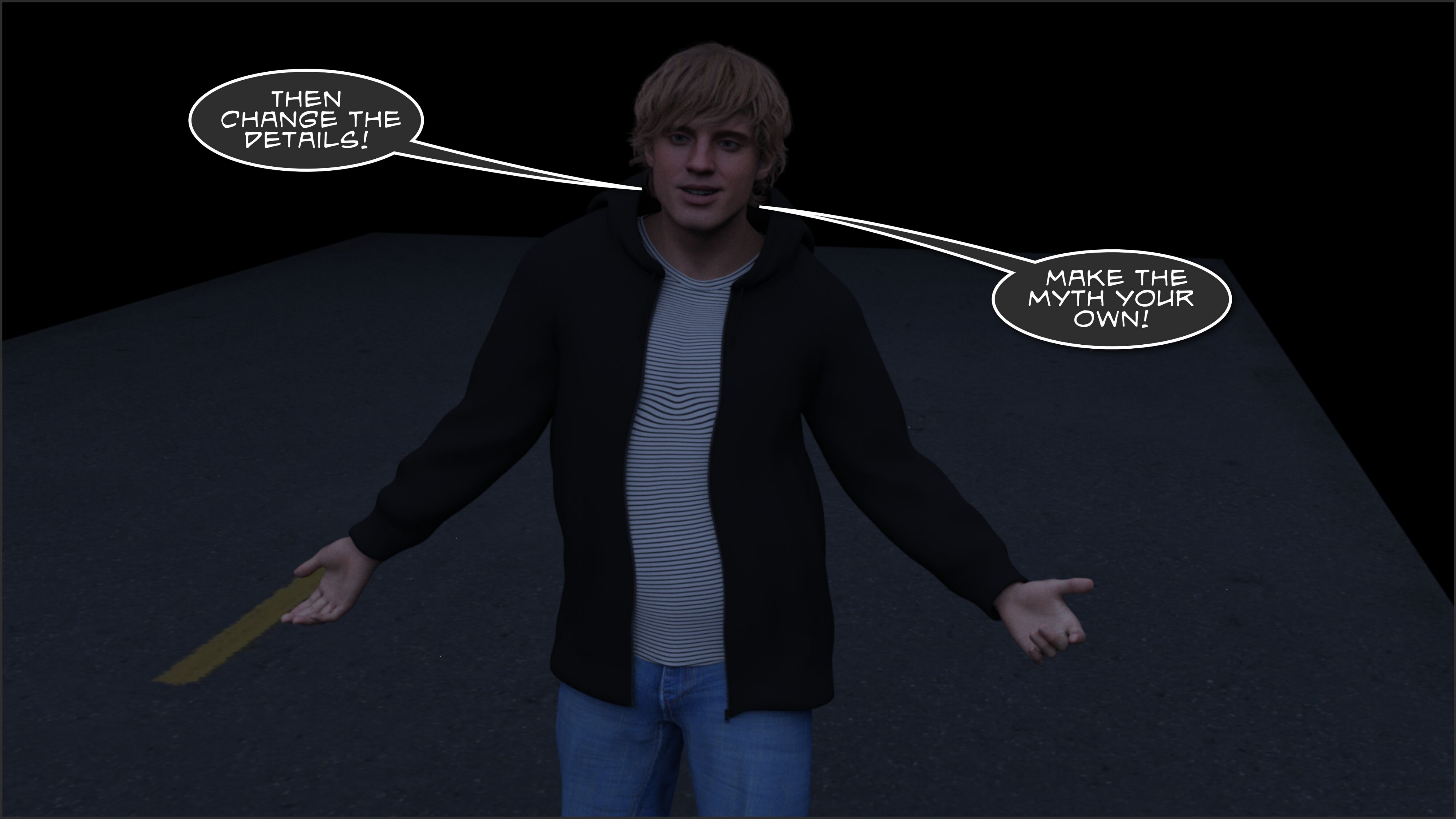


LUKE?
BILBO?

NO,
THAT'S...

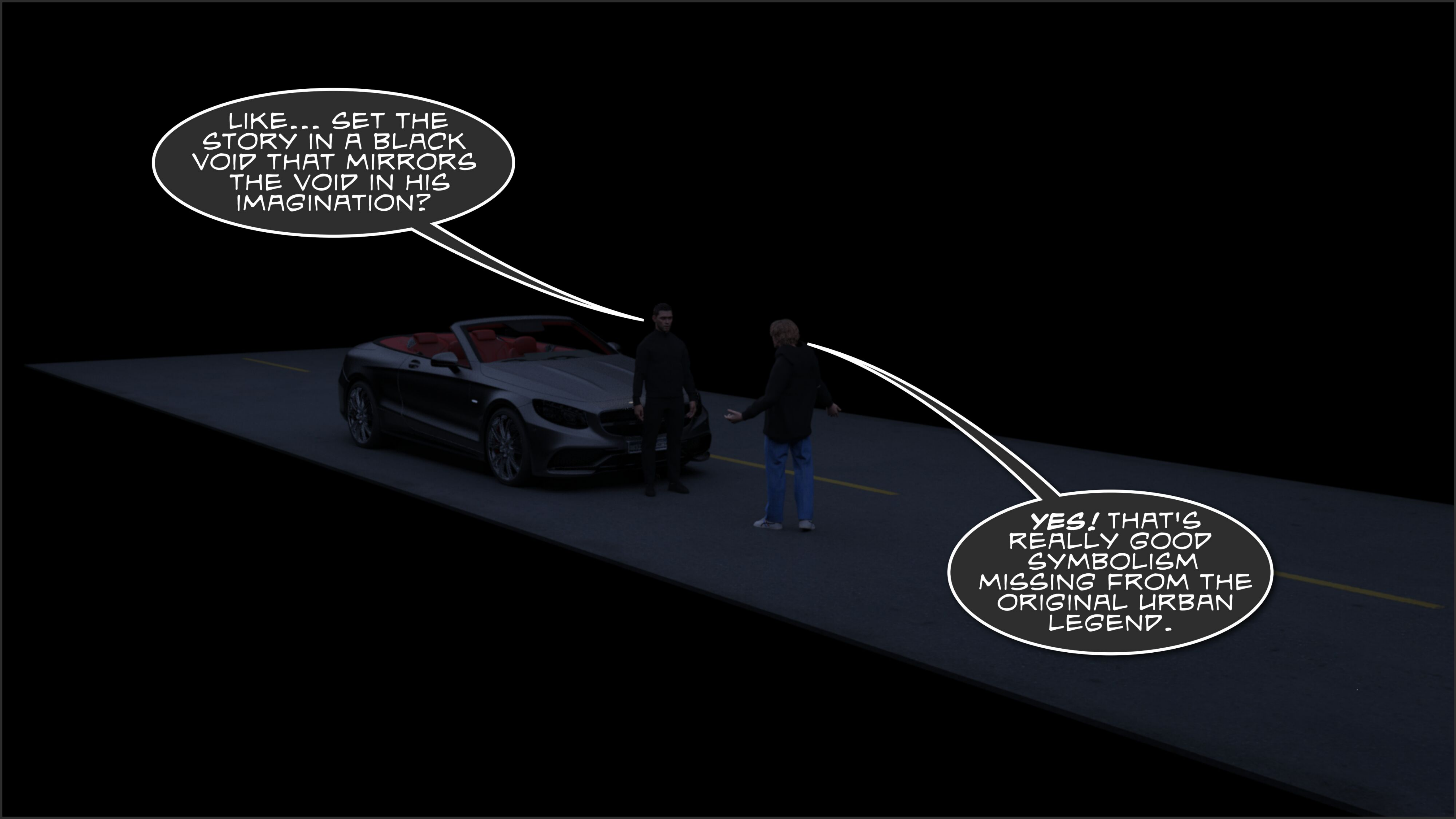
YOU'RE
OVERSIMPLIFYING
THINGS.

THE
DIVERGING
DETAILS OF EACH
NARRATIVE
MATTER.



THEN
CHANGE THE
DETAILS!

MAKE THE
MYTH YOUR
OWN!



LIKE... SET THE
STORY IN A BLACK
VOID THAT MIRRORS
THE VOID IN HIS
IMAGINATION?

YES! THAT'S
REALLY GOOD
SYMBOLISM
MISSING FROM THE
ORIGINAL URBAN
LEGEND.



AND
INSTEAD OF
MEETING A
WOMAN ON THE
ROAD...

COME
ON. KEEP
GOING.

THERE
ARE NO
WRONG
IDEAS.



HE
MEETS A
MUSE
POSING AS
A MAN.

A *MUSE*?

NOW THAT'S
DIFFERENT.





AND SINCE
YOU WORK IN
EROTICA...

...I ASSUME
THIS MUSE
POSING AS A
MAN...



...REVEALS
HIMSELF TO BE A
WOMAN?

EXACTLY.



AND SHE
TRANSFORMS
RIGHT IN FRONT
OF HIM?

YEAH...
NICE AND
SLOW.

























OH, MY
GOD.

FEELING
INSPIRED,
DRAKE?

DEFINITELY.



I MEAN...
THERE'S LITTLE
I'D CHANGE.

OH?



I TAKE IT YOU'RE
A CREATOR WHO
NEEDS A LITTLE MORE
INSPIRATION?

MAYBE A LOT MORE
THAN A LITTLE, DRAKE
DARRINGTON?























