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"I CAN SELL YOU A BODY"

*A criminal haunt in four parts, by
Ryan Ferrier & George Kambadais*



"I CAN SELL YOU A BODY"

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CLICHE
RIGHT? LIKE, A
MOBSTER...USING A
WAREHOUSE. IT'S EMPTY
TOO. HE DOESN'T EVEN
STORE ANYTHING
IN THERE. JUST
A CHAIR. *ONE
CHAIR!*

HE
JUST BEATS
PEOPLE IN IT.
TOTAL WASTE
OF SQUARE
FOOTAGE.

AREN'T
YOU...AREN'T YOU
NERVOUS?

OH
FUCK YUH-
HUH. I'M SHITTING.
LITERALLY SHITTING
NOW, A CONSTANT
STREAM--



SO WHY ARE
WE *HERE?* WHY
AM I HERE? I
COULD GET
KILLED.

I'D RATHER FLEE TO
MEXICO, DRINK AND FUCK
AND EAT ALL DAY, AND GET
KILLED THERE IF IT'S
SO INEVITABLE.



BUT
THE *PLAN...*
I HAVE
IT?

YOU
ROBBED A BANK
FOR ME. "CRAZZZY
LOVE," REMEMBER?
YOU TRUST ME.
RIGHT?



I WASN'T SCARED
BEFORE! AND I
DON'T KNOW
WHY!

I HAVE *IMPULSE* PROBLEMS.
FELL EXTREMELY IN LOVE
WITH A *STRANGER*.
COMMITTED A HUGE
FELONY.



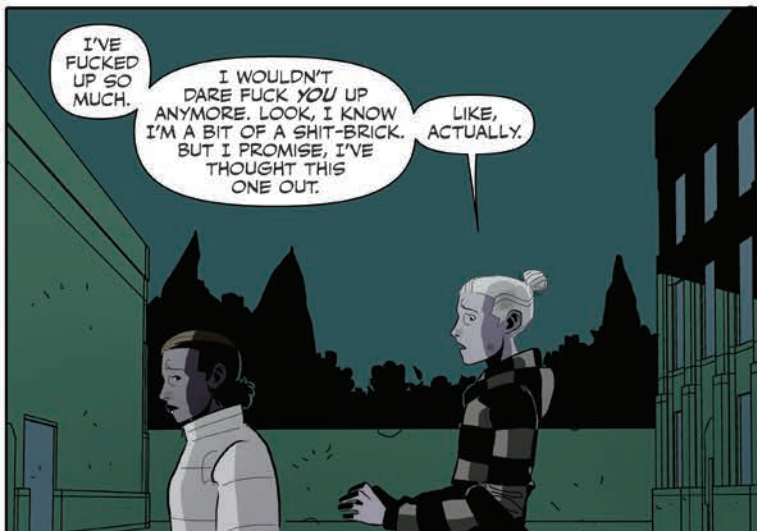
BUT
THIS.

ALLLLLL
THISSSS.

THIS
IS A THING,
DENNY.



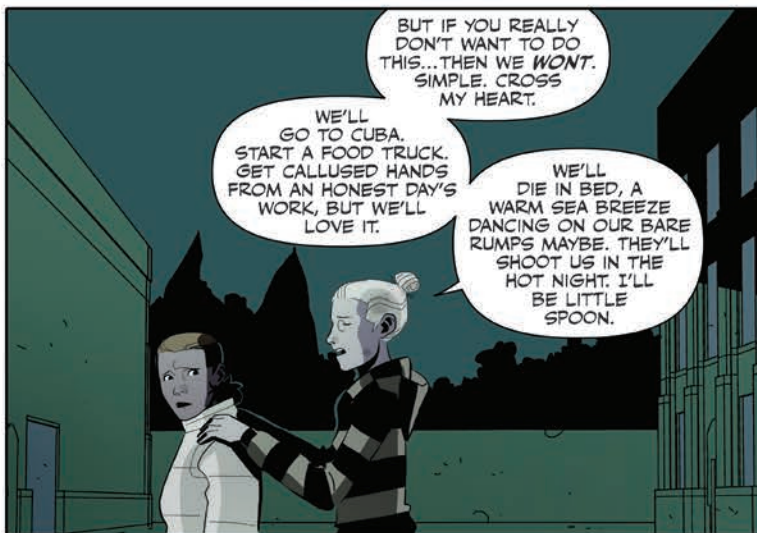
HENRIETTA.
BABE. BAE.



I'VE
FUCKED
UP SO
MUCH.

I WOULDN'T
DARE FUCK *YOU* UP
ANYMORE. LOOK, I KNOW
I'M A BIT OF A SHIT-BRICK.
BUT I PROMISE, I'VE
THOUGHT THIS
ONE OUT.

LIKE,
ACTUALLY.



BUT IF YOU REALLY
DON'T WANT TO DO
THIS...THEN WE *WONT*.
SIMPLE. CROSS
MY HEART.

WE'LL
GO TO CUBA.
START A FOOD TRUCK.
GET CALLUSED HANDS
FROM AN HONEST DAY'S
WORK, BUT WE'LL
LOVE IT.

WE'LL
DIE IN BED, A
WARM SEA BREEZE
DANCING ON OUR BARE
RUMPS MAYBE. THEY'LL
SHOOT US IN THE
HOT NIGHT. I'LL
BE LITTLE
SPOON.



SHIT. THAT SOUNDS WAY
BETTER THAN DYING IN A
ONE CHAIR WAREHOUSE--
A *CHAIRHOUSE*.
HAH!

I
CHANGED
MY MIND,
LET'S BOUNCE
THE FUCK
OUT.



I WANT YOU TO GET YOUR
OWN VICTORY. I DON'T WANT
THIS TO BE ANOTHER IMPULSE.
I WANT THIS TO BE REAL.
AND WORTH IT.

I'LL TRUST
YOU, IF YOU
TAKE CARE
OF ME.



WHEN
YOU KISS
ME, IT TAKES
AWAY ALL MY
PROBLEMS.

I WON'T
LET ANYTHING
HAPPEN TO YOU.
ANYTHING AT ALL.

