To anyone, anywhere, at literally any time in human history who ever rubbed one out: you are the real heroes.

MATT

To my darling Jessica, wherever you may b—ah! You were behind me! What the fuck?

CHIP
SUZIE DOWN IN THE QUIET
Um.

HELLO? WE – ARE YOU IN THERE?

WERE PRETTY SURE YOU'RE STILL IN THERE.

WE—

—hey give me that back—

YOU TWO.

HELLO?

WE—

WE—

—hey—

YOU TWO.

HELLO?

WE—

WE—

—hey—

YOU TWO.

HELLO?

WE—

WE—

—hey—

YOU TWO.

HELLO?

WE—

WE—

—hey—

YOU TWO.

HELLO?

WE—

WE—

—hey—

YOU TWO.

HELLO?

WE—

WE—

—hey—

YOU TWO.

HELLO?

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WE—

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HELLO?

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WE—

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WE—

—hey—

YOU TWO.

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WE—

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HELLO?

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—hey—

YOU TWO.

HELLO?

WE—

WE—

—hey—

YOU TWO.

HELLO?

WE—

WE—

—hey—

YOU TWO.

HELLO?

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WE—

—hey—

YOU TWO.

HELLO?

WE—

WE—

—hey—

YOU TWO.

HELLO?

WE—

WE—

—hey—

YOU TWO.

HELLO?

WE—

WE—

—hey—

YOU TWO.

HELLO?

WE—

WE—

—hey—

YOU TWO.
I know how this looks.

Don’t judge us.
Let me start at the start:

This guy killed my dad.

The jokes are coming, I promise.

It's Tuesday, October 26th, 1997, and just a second ago, this guy killed my father and shot two other people.

The stock market crashed yesterday, apparently, and he lost everything.

Except for a gun and his cocaine psychosis.

He showed up here, at the world headquarters of BankCorp, looking to settle some scores.

My dad was an accountant. Didn't even know the guy.

I'd like to think Dad died heroically. Maybe saving somebody. Maybe he jumped between the guy and a pregnant lady or something.

Anything to keep it from being so random.

I swear the sex and the jokes are coming. Hang on.

There. That's me. With the hair.

My whole world's about to end.
Not the specifics, I mean, but I knew whatever was wrong was about me.

Just one of those things.

I knew.

It was a whole thing. Taken out of school, hospital, my mom, a funeral, kept out for two weeks.

I was the first kid in my school to join the Dead Dad Club.

Halloween rocked that year, though.
I'm the little girl whose dad just died.

I practically made myself diabetic.

Did you have a nice time?

Yeah. I guess.

I almost made it all the way to my room before she started crying again.

Almost.
If it was a nice old house. Not a right angle anywhere in it. Decades of history, of other families, other lives. Sound carried everywhere.

And then the next thing you knew space was all we had.

Even though she tried to hide it from me I could always hear it when mom cried.

I had to hide underwater with the tub running to get away.

I swear this all gets funny in a second.

Well, funner.

Maybe I should tell jokes.

Thomas Pynchon walks into a bar.

Bartender says, hey, why the long face?

Pynchon joke. Jon told me that one.
I wasn't the first girl in my class and I wasn't the last, but I suppose, until then, I thought it was something that only the Dirty Girls did. Of course, what was happening when it started to happen. Even though I didn't really know.

You know?

I wasn't the first girl in my class and I wasn't the last, but I suppose, until then, I thought it was something that only the Dirty Girls did.

Time stopped.

Literally.

You know what, scratch that.

I had no idea what was happening to me.

And I knew —
On so many levels.

I even left the water on.

It wasn’t going anywhere.

That’s how weird it all was.

I was enveloped in silence and color.

An ocean of warm silence and color that I could, apparently, make explode out from inside me.

It felt so amazing that...

...that I was terrified.

I was confused and terrified.

How could anything feel so good?

How could anything make everything get so quiet?
Mom woke me at 2AM, screaming that I’d left the tub running all night and flooded the bathroom. I blamed an intruder.

I suppose I knew what had happened. But I still didn’t know. I didn’t know-know anyway.

I was afraid to find out, but.

But.

But.

I had questions. And, ahh — and exploding things inside me. So I did what any other otherwise good, emotionally frozen, role model-less girl would do the day after rubbing one out the first time.

I went to ask the Dirty Girls. Hey, slut.

What do you want?

I thought Rachelle could tell what I’d done. Thought she could tell just by looking at me.

She couldn’t, of course. But what did I know?
I knew how to get away from everything.

Finally, finally.

Whew!

That's better.

Hi.

Nothing like a little me-time to help one focus, eh?

So this is our place.
Anyway, so look about the books. We’re not slobs or hoarders. I promise.

Hang on.
It’s going away in a sec --

Oh, hey. Didn’t see you there.

Hey Rach.

Anyway, so look: about the books.

Single? Looking for love?

You know, everyone?

We come to our awesome PARTY where for $5 BUCKS you can DRINK while SAVING BOOKS from destruction at the hands of the SHITHEAD BANK that foreclosed the library cops sorry I didn’t mean to write the word SHITHEAD on a PUBLIC POSTER.

239 brunswick ave. apt. #2
august 26

— and so here we are; tonight already, pow! just like that, through the magic of editing.

A book-saving party.

Rach thought he was interested in her first.

She usually thinks that about everybody, though.

You remember her, right?

Hey, uh.
Then came the day I didn’t need answers anymore. Answers, I had. I wanted context. I wanted experience. So now then.

Craig is my high school boyfriend.

I decided on the drive over.

We’re going to sleep together tonight!

Well.

“Sleep.”
He played Sarah McLachlan.

For the rest of my life, whenever I'd get a latte or see a sick dog, I'd think about my hymen.

Are you okay?

Aah.

I was.

It hurt. Then it didn't hurt.

All of it was weird.

And it wasn't quite working.

Are you okay?

Did it fall out or -

-Using my hand.

Don't stop.

OH.

!
I suppose we always have these grand notions about what having sex will finally mean. Grand, romantic, weird –

It comes with expectations. I’d hoped there was something special about it that would...

...that I wouldn’t be left so goddamn alone.
Eventually if just wears off.
I learned that pretty quickly.

There’s a low rumble that turns into slow sound, and then —

Then everything’s normal and shitty again.

We were both looking for our way out.

They were the same thing in those days.

But I made up my mind I would learn. And the only way to learn is by asking questions.

I have questions.

And I wouldn’t do “it” again until I had my answers.

No matter how much I wanted to — which was a lot.

We were both looking for our way out.

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Ever try to utilize the resources of the public school system to learn about sex?

No wonder so many dumb kids get knocked up. Nobody knows anything, and if they do, they’re legally bound from telling you.

Easier to just avoid temptation.
That thing that happens after you touch yourself, where everything bleeds colors and all you can hear is that low rumbling sound and everybody’s frozen?

Like — what’s up with that?

Skanks.

— excuse me?

I got something I want to ask you, you you you you sluts.

Oh god.

Strike one.
I've decided I'm going to teach you everything I know about sex.

If you think you can handle it.

**Jackpot.**

The motherlode. Finally, the biggest ho-bag in Eastview Middle School history was going to open up her personal kama sutra to me, Suzie Dickson, and in one fell swoop explain each and every single mystery of sex.

So what did I say?

Uh, Okay.

...why?

**PPPppppppppppp**

Because... maybe if somebody did this for ME, I wouldn't have HPV and a dad that can't look me in the eye anymore.

So here's the real raw sex shit you need to know -- If you think you're ready...

I was ready.
Bloobing.

Swaffling.

Reverse-reverse Cowgirl.

Shrimping.

The Dutch Microwave.

Three-Second Rule Tico.

Oh my god.

Quisping.

E.T. The Sex Move.
The Fleshy Lightswitch.

The Chocolate McKitten.

Okay, either all the buff-stuff or this cigarette is making me feel super shitty —

Queeps.

Twerging.

Auto-erotic Twerging.

Brimping.

Actually, that one could be kind of awesome.

The User Agreement.

I wanna go home —

I thought you were ready?

The Candle In The Wind.

Yknow — for Lady Di.

Hey!

No.

I was not ready.
So, having been failed by the education system, I turned to medicine.

This might feel a bit cold.

Then, having been failed by the education system, I turned to medicine.

I remember suddenly being worried.

What if I was a freak? What if I was going to get in trouble?

I. Um.

Uhh.

I. Um.

Uhh.

Doctor, what happens after you have an orgasm I'm asking for a friend.

Usually fall asleep. Suzanne.

With your husband.

Strike two.
Only one place left to turn.

What, Suzie?

I had a few questions?

You know.

Sex questions.

About what, Suzie?

Great. Now I’m raising a whore.

Strike three.
Oh boy.

Here it comes.

As it were.
About her drinking. About dad. The Quiet was the only place I could talk to her. For a couple years after this, even.

I just started screaming. About... about everything. About her, about me. About her drinking, about dad.

In The Quiet was the only place I could talk to her. For a couple years after this, even.

I'd just scream until everything stopped hurting.

You know how they tell you on planes to put your own oxygen mask on first, even before you help your kids?

She was trying so hard back then.
I started to record every bit of information I could. How it happened. Where. How long I spent in The Quiet. I recorded everything as I learned the rules of what things were like inside The Quiet. How I got in, how I got out. How long I was there — hard to tell time when time doesn’t move, y’know?

I need help. Um. I have a lot of information, but no good way of sorting it all and searching through it and stuff.
“Taxonomy.” You need a taxonomy.

Like the Dewey Decimal System.

I loved books.

But that was the day I fell in love with libraries.

Mine’s not doing so well these days.

I’m doing what I can, but...

Well, that’s not so much, you know?

We’re losing, but I’m buying every book I can save. Don’t know what I’m going to do with them yet.

Rach has been cool enough to let me keep them in our apartment for now.

The bank will take the library, but they won’t get the books if I can help it.

The bank? I take everything you love sooner or later.
Truth be told, I'm not much for parties.

They're okay, but I'm not really a drinker, and I can never hear anything anybody's saying.

Still, it'll be good for the library, right?

It'll be good for my books.

It's what I keep telling myself, anyway.

I don't want to get drunk. I don't want to get laid.

I just want to save my books and not have a lot of puke to clean up tomorrow...

So then, what's your favorite book?

There's lots, but...

-Lolita, probably.

Ha! Right on. Isn't that that dirty sex book?

No it's—it's not really about sex it—

-Lolita.

"My sin, my soul, lo-lee-ta:"

"Light of my life, fire of my loins:"

"The tip of the tongue taking a trip of three steps down the palate to tap at three on the teeth."

"Hey, hold this..."
SHE WAS LO, PLAIN LO, IN THE MORNING, STANDING FOUR FEET TEN IN ONE SOCK.

SHE WAS LOLA IN SLACKS.

SHE WAS DOLLY AT SCHOOL.

SHE WAS DELORES ON THE DOTTED LINE.

BUT IN MY ARMS SHE WAS ALWAYS...

...LOLITA.

HI, I'M SUZIE.

JON, HEY.
DON'T KNOW WHAT WAS BETTER, YOUR NABOKOV OR YOUR JAMES MASON.

THANKS. I'M AN ACTOR, I'VE HAD — Y'KNOW, TRAINING STUFF.

YOU'RE AN ACTOR?

WELL, NO, I WANTED TO BE AN ACTOR.

BUT REALLY YOU'RE A WAITRESS?

SECRETARY. ACTUALLY, KIND OF A SECRETARY.

YOU SOUND VERY SECURE IN YOUR MASCULINITY. MOST GUYS WOULD SAY — WOULD SAY —

‘PERSONAL ASSISTANT.’

RIGHT! RIGHT.

Yeah, I'm a secretary.

WHAT ABOUT YOU?

I THROW PARTIES TO SAVE LIBRARIES.

PRETTY SURE IT'S PRONOUNCED LIBRARIES.

THEY TEACH YOU THAT AT ACTING SCHOOL?

AT THE ROYAL INTERNATIONAL ACADEMY OF ACTING, YES.

OHH, A COLLEGE BOY.

A COLLEGE MAN, A COLLEGE MAN-SECRETARY, EVEN.

CAN YOU DO DAVID NIVEN?

WELL, HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR THIRTY YEARS. IT'D BE PRETTY GROSS. HE WOULDN'T SAY NO, THOUGH, I GUESS.

Because of this.

Because you're funny.

Because you know Lolita.

And Nabokov and James Mason too.

Because you're cute and funny and I'm kind of sad and you haven't tried hitting on me once.

Because you weren't even trying...
There were others, after Craig. I'm not a NUN.

Sometimes it felt very real.

Sometimes it felt very silly. Like a mistake.

Sometimes it felt important and adult.

Some of it exploratory.

Sometimes it just felt like something to do instead of fall asleep alone.

And sometimes it was entirely forgettable.

You sure this is cool?
Yes.

Yes, this is totally cool.

Oh right on—

Ta-da.

Whew! Wow!

Boy, that felt nice.

Mmm.
How are you here?

—I’m not—what?

You’re here with me. You—I—!

—no no no. That’s not how it works.

I brought you with me, somehow, I—

Holy shit.

Holy shit, you can do it too.

Jon... is your dick glowing?
Hey.
Hi.
We're here. You okay?
Yeah.
It's okay, baby.
Don't freak out. It'll all be okay.
We just stick to the plan and it'll all be okay.
Oh, Jon.
What about this looks okay to you?
2

COME, WORLD
VERY WELL THEN, HERE WE COME.

JUST REMEMBER: YOU DID THIS TO YOURSELVES.

SUZIE.
 Tick tock, baby.

Look at him.

This guy. This fucking guy.

Jon.

Suzie.

Jon.

Fucking this guy.

Can they kill us?

I don't want to get killed.

What have we done wrong?
Things got out of control. Out of hand.

Look, anyone can see things have gone too –

Hup.

Shit!

Jon!

‘okay.

I’m okay.

No, Jon, we’re—

—We are NOT OKAY—

Let’s run. Forget the money, the bank, your job, my dad—

OKAY, CHILDREN.

We’re coming.

“How did I learn I could do this?”
‘Well…

“I was young, Ish.

“And, uh…”

Well, y’know.

First time I.

Y’know.

“Back then sex was everywhere…

…but, like, nowhere at the same time. Right?”

RUBBED ONE OUT JEEZ! I know we just slept together, but allow me a shred of modesty…

self-abused

excuse me?

rubbed off

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‘I was young, Ish.

“And, uh…”

Well, y’know.

First time I.

Y’know.

“Back then sex was everywhere…

…but, like, nowhere at the same time. Right?”
"The Internet was the worst for that then."

"Old enough to know the Internet could pipetrothy white hot pornography at blistering 14.4 K speed—"

"—young enough to not actually own the computers we searched on."

"So, anyway, one night me and some friends are out dicking around."

"—without our fucking Catman, I'd like to add."

"What?"

"Doesn't matter."

"Anyway."

"We were just being kids, basically. Aimless. Shiftless."

"It was Halloween, right?"

"Hey!"
“So we get a little jumped.

“Which used to be a thing. You’d find porn left to rot out there.

“So the woods was, like, really slow internet basically.

“See, I didn’t—my dad—

“—I had no porn. I had no stash. But this...

“And while I’m there on the ground...

“...I see something. Right?

“Porn in the woods.

“Porn.

“EGGS IS MY PROBLEM.

“Ahh! What the hell’s your problem, man??

“EGGS IS MY PROBLEM.

“All I had to do was not get my ass beat.

“This was mine.”
I was late, compared to my pals. I was in my own little bubble. I felt like I was on fire all the time.

I knew what sex was.

I knew what masturbation and orgasms were and that sex or masturbation made orgasms.

But I'd somehow missed that it was the orgasm part that felt good.

I think I thought sex was something like taxes: a thing grownups did.

I just hadn't figured out why I wanted to do my taxes so goddamn bad.

Maybe because we called guys we didn't like 'jerk-offs.' I didn't do it. I didn't realize...

It was like I had eggs, milk, sugar, butter, flour—

—and had no idea how to turn it all into a cake.

And holy shit did you want cake. All over my fucking face did I want that cake.

So what happened?

So... I beat off. Finally. For whatever reason—

—the picture, the fight, that night—

—I decided to do it but I told myself I'd only do it for ten seconds.

Only needed eight.
"Not because it felt good, somehow. I thought maybe it was the having had sex that people liked.

"Most of all I didn’t know people wanted to have sex because it meant you got to stop thinking about having sex for a few minutes.

"And that time would stop.

"Holy shit.

"And my dick would start glowing."
Does it... feel... like anything?

Feels like... y’know. Like a dick.

'It's kind of like a timer for how long I get to spend in—'

"The Quiet!"

I call it "The Quiet." What do you call it?

Uh.

Not that.

Wait, I want to see if it feels any different—

—No, Suzie, I didn’t—
This time and I thought it was just me. But now there’s him.

Now there’s “us.”

Oh, shit, is there going to be an “us?”

All this time and I thought it was just me. But now there’s him.

This is such bullshit!

Stopped glowing, hm.

Hold on.

I’m coming.
whoop

Shit!

Sorry!

You - you startled me.

—whoop—

Finish FUCK!

It's okay.

I was trying to startle you.

I looked it up. It's called the "refractory period." I can stay in it until... y'know.

The second I start to feel ready— bang, out.

So, you're ready again then, eh? Because I—

—wait, how'd you figure that out?
“And I knew it was a dirty store. I mean, my whole life, this place just sat there.

“Filled with all its dirty secrets.

‘Daring me.’

“I wasn’t old enough anyway, but lots of my friends had gone in.

“I never had the guts.

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“MOONSHINE

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“We are who needed guts, right?”

“Or using their public restroom.”

“There was a little bank branch right across the street.

“Nothing weird about a young man running into a bank, right?”

“There was this store, see?”
“Anyway, so that’s how I became the king of Cumworld.

“And gained access to all of its fabulous treasure.

“Anything I was curious about, there was a movie and 17 sequels.

“Anything I was curious about, there was a movie and 17 sequels.

“Well, I say ‘sequel,’ but really these were loosely connected episodes joined by a motif or—"

“Yeah, I get it.”

“It was like having all the porn in the world, just for me.

“The point is: I had my very own porno lending library.”
"Ironically, VCRs, DVD players, they didn’t work there.

"Thankfully.

"I mean, otherwise, I’d have jerked it until I died I think.

"I’d be fifty years old, completely dehydrated, and covered in frozen cum.

"Dead as fuck.

"If all the semen in my brains had allowed me to think about literally anything other than sex, I’d have worried I was addicted to porn or something.

"But the porn wasn’t really the thing.

"The porn very quickly wasn’t enough.

"It was getting away with shit.

"Of course I didn’t realize that until later."
It’s weird, right? The secret.
You’re at that age and you’ve got a secret inside a secret.
And guilt and shame and curiosity and, like... like it’s already hard enough to figure out what’s happening to you.

I checked, there was no mention of time in our health book.
—oh, hey, Rach.

Heyyyy.
Hey.

I’m Jon.
Great party last night.

I’ll say.

Shell call me a slut later and make fun of me but really she’s jealous.

Anyway, so there’s this guy.
And then there was breakfast.

Basically, there’s no one left in our circle or our circle’s circle that hasn’t at least fingerblasted her, so.
And he was telling this story...

"...and I was switching all the videos around. Why shouldn't the discerning viewer of *Un Chien Andalou* experience the no-holes-barred sexual depravity of *Tootin' My Own Horn* just once?

"Ms. Jazmine St. Cocaine.

"Fire of my life, light of my loins. President of my own personal Spank Bank.

"Jazmine.

"Saint.

"Cocaine.

"Can you guess what happened next?

"Yeah.

"I was ready to go.

"And then I saw her.

"The girl from my woods-porn.

"And I was telling this story...
“So, to anyone there, it looked like an underage kid in his boxers with a hard-on just magically appeared in the porno store:

‘Cue the Benny Hill music.

Anyway, that’s how I learned that as long as I wasn’t ready to have sex again I could stay in Cunworld as long as I wanted.”
Ugh. ‘Cumworld.’ Bilarrgh.

Oh, come on, I was fifteen!

This guy.

This fucking guy.

Well, we can’t all be fucking poets now, can we…?

What was she like?

She—who?

Your porno girlfriend!

‘Jazmine St. Cocaine.’ Of the Westport St. Cocaines, I believe. Daddy used to yacht with her Uncle Phineas, I’m sure.

Jazmine St. Cocaine.

Hah—oh. Oh, God, what was she like.

She was…

Like you, but ruineDOWW!

Ass!

This guy.

This guy.

This fucking guy.
I swear if I ever saw that photograph of her again I'd come so hard my heart would collapse in on itself.

Real name, real name. AHH! Here. Rae Anne Toots. Jesus.

It doesn't say which of her uncles touched her, but it's Wikipedia. They have pretty high verification standards...

And, just like that, a night became a day and that day turned into another night.

It was like we were afraid to stop talking, so we didn't.

Hey! I'm a real person, y'know.

And even if I did—

Jesus, god, you called yourself ‘Jazmine St. Cocaine.’ Taking a little shit was inevitable—

Hi! Jonny. It's ya girl, Suzanne DeQuaalude-Handjob.

And I want you to ruin me.
So, what happened the first time you had sex?

What happened when you were in The Quiet?

Ugh, fine. "Cumworld." When "Cumworld" happened around other people?

Yeah? So what are you prepared to do about it?

I am going to fuck the shit out of you. Right here in the DeQuaalude-Handjob Royal Breakfast Nook.

The next generation of sausage and muffins will grow up knowing only that this is a place of depravity.

This’ll be your "Fucked the shit out of me nook" and no one will want to eat here.

Promise?

Well...
...other people just ruin everything, don’t they?

—come on come on come on—

Jonny. Think about it.
Well slip out back. We can beat her. We can get away.

Children.

Too late.
3
MY SEXUAL ERRORS & MISFORTUNES
(2001-PRESENT)
Ohhhhh man.

Think we really fucked up here, Suze.

Y' think?
So the girl who punched Jon’s V-Card was a stage combat major named Cara, with a C, rhyming with air and not are.

It was his second week at college and –

– y’know what, he should tell it.

She smelled like cocoa butter!

It wasn’t Cara’s room.

Cara had a roommate who was having a hard time being 45 minutes away from home for the first time.

So Heather, a friend of Cara’s, let us use her room instead.

Just a little music for you guys.

So the girl who punched Jon’s V-Card was a stage combat major named Cara, with a C, rhyming with air and not are.

It wasn’t Cara’s room.

Cara had a roommate who was having a hard time being 45 minutes away from home for the first time.

So Heather, a friend of Cara’s, let us use her room instead.

Just a little music for you guys.

Slogging up a sad wet beach
Looking for the towel
Where I think I left my keys

This is the little lakeside town
Where dreams get sunburn and drown

It wasn’t our room, right? We couldn’t tell where the music was coming from.

Oh, fuck, is that Esteban?

Everything is awful!

And if we got out of bed we might never come back.

So we just kept going.
It's like England everywhere. It's like England everywhere.

Awful—just awful. Everything just completely awful.

And that's how I lost my virginity to the shimmering, dulcet tones of England's own Esteban.

Oh god—

I know. Right? So bad. So bad.

So—so, okay. Esteban cooing away like a dying offer.

I manage to get her bra off, to undo the—yknow—

— which was about the extent of foreplay.

I love you.

So it's go time.

So she, yknow. She grabs me and pulls me forward.

And you're here all by yourself.

This is just the worst place in the world. And you're here all by yourself.

Except for me. I'm here. And it's awful.

So that was that. We were fuckin'.
Esteban stopped, so I figured that was punishment enough for everyone.


How did you know when to stop?

But the second time you —

Nope. Aw, baby.

Yeah. The second time was just as... ...anticlimactic.

So the... the third time, then?

Oh, shit, yeah. That third time. Forget about it.

The third time I shot so hard I blacked out for a second.
All it meant was something was wrong with me.

It was always wrong with me, and never Cara-with-a-C, or...

And, god, did that suck even more.

Kara-with-a-K.

Jen.

Brenda.

Amanda, with the weird periods, who had to change her name.

Betty-never-Beth.

Jiya, who almost killed me.

George —

— WHOA —

Amanda, with the weird periods, who had to change her name.
Guy named George?

Uh — you know any girls named —

— yeah, once, in fact, I did —

— well, no, this wasn’t her, this was a guy named George.

Wow. Wow. You slept with a guy.

— you just fuck dudes?

Well, dude.

And ... and what? I was looking.

For people like me. Like us.

I got so bad there for a while I’d have tried anything. He was in my movement class and...

What was it like? Who, ahh — how did — which of you —

It was like a wild rumpus that got, way, way out of hand.

It’s alllllll my fault! oh-oh-ohhh-oh

It didn’t matter. When I was done... I was still alone...

We hooked up Friday night — Saturday morning and then it was Sunday night — Monday morning and...

...we didn’t know how to stop.

Hey, so... I gotta go to work in a few hours.
I've looked for you every day of my life. Or, since I was, what, thirteen, fuck, whatever it was and...

Suzie, I'm worried that if I don't go home tonight I am never, ever, going to go home again.
It had been 55 hours. It was —
— it was a hell of a first date.

Yeah, no, sure, okay.
Can I — do you — do you text? Do you have a phone?

—

Ugh.

Oy.

Ahh, fuck.

zzrb

All right, fuck this.
'Scuse me boss...

Fuck you and fuck this bank, sir.

Okay.
This is the worst. Right?

Just the worst. The waiting.

I don't even know why I --

-- I mean so what, right? He calls, he doesn't call, who cares if --

-- wait, that's bullshit. He can get to the Quiet. He has to --

zrzr

-- Aaah! --

Mr. Cumworld (ugh)

hey
Mr. Cumworld (ugh)

Hey

ME

HEY
I was worried you were never calling back or texting

Mr. Cumworld (ugh)

hah, no, sorry. work stuff. you're kind of all I've been thinking about.

ME

hah, no, sorry. work stuff. you're kind of all I've been thinking about.

Mr. Cumworld (ugh)

That's about right. I pack five whole equal signs.

ME

god I hate my job.

Mr. Cumworld (ugh)

I love my job. just nobody else does.

ME

Hey we've just texted all day. I think you like me. take me out tonight.

Mr. Cumworld (ugh)

Aww, gentle_jezus. not again.

ME

I love my job. just nobody else does.

Mr. Cumworld (ugh)

Hey we've just texted all day. I think you like me. take me out tonight.

ME

Ok, think. I want to take you to cumworld.

Hey we've just texted all day. I think you like me. take me out tonight.

ME

I love my job. just nobody else does.
You thought — oh, right.

Well, y’know. Later, if this keeps going well, and you can close the deal.

This isn’t what I thought you meant.

I suppose I just feel like, y’know — this place, it’s a part of all that stuff and...

...I told you a lot of stuff over the weekend and, I don’t know, I told you almost everything, y’know? And you didn’t make me feel dirty or weird or wrong...

My, what a gentleman.

I brought it all back. The stuff I didn’t bury in the woods, I mean.

I literally must have stolen hundreds of thousands of dollars of porn from this place over the years.

Boy. That’s gotta be like... seventeen pornos at these prices.

First name basis? Really?

I was a valued customer for many years.

Shit, I must have stolen...

Jesus, why didn’t I ever steal anything good...?

Video booths? We can watch pornos here?

Aren’t you a librarian or something...?
Yes, I never really got the point of these. Like — just take it home.

Y'know?

Oh... Joooooddddoooooonn... It's got your boner queen in it and it won at the Cans Film Festival in 1991.

C'mon, c'mon. Jesus this thing is expensive —

Whoa. Undo your belt. I want to "close" your "deal."

 Shoot upon me! Show me the life of the miiiii

HARD-ON FINK
STARRING
JOHNNY SPUNITURRO
DIRECTED BY
JOEL AND ETHAN BOEN

We all love a Hard-On Fink fucking but since you’re Hard-on Fink I assume you’ll fuck me in spades.

And the ass.

Yes.
What do you mean?

Like butt stuff?

Please don’t run away screaming but—

—think about it. We’re not alone anymore. Right?

We found each other. We can do anything—

—We, I mean.

This is great. It’s like cutting out the middleman.

I feel like I can do anything.

What do you mean?

Like butt stuff?

Please don’t run away screaming but—

—think about it. We’re not alone anymore. Right?

We found each other. We can do anything—

—We, I mean.

He was right, y’know.

The two of us.

Alone together.

Two lives full of sex and sadness and weird shit and distance, and then suddenly—

— Suddenly, there he was. There we were. Me and this guy.

This fucking guy.
It's the bank, basically.

I mean, it's a library. They're foreclosing on a library.

And, like, maybe I'd at least understand if there was a tenant waiting to go into the space, but they're just gonna knock it down and try to sell it as a lot.

Yeah, that place fucking sucks...

So we gonna do this, or are you gonna stare at balls all night?

All right, all right...

OH SHIT!

IT'S MY JAM!

So here Suzie starts singing "Fat Bottomed Girls" by Queen.

Legally, though, that was an issue.

We tried to get the rights to use the lyrics for the original comic but just couldn't get it worked out in time.

It was okay, though: we did this gag with the little post-it notes and the scene still played okay.

But for the collection we wanted to try again to get the lyrics because, hey, "Fat Bottomed Girls" is kind of the greatest song of all time, right?
That was rhetorical. You don’t need to answer. We couldn’t hear you anyway, this is a book and you are a person and that’s not how it works.

Anyway, the day we uploaded the book we heard, again, there might be a chance.

In case you were wondering, babe —

But if you’re reading this, we clearly either couldn’t afford the lyric usage, or they weren’t made available to us, or their lawyers just couldn’t move fast enough.

So we tried. ♥

We’ve almost harassed poor Brian May at this point.

— “Fat Bottomed Girls” was when I knew I loved you.
Anyway, so...

Freddie Mercury, huh?

Best pipes ever.

I always wanted to shoot a real musical number back when I made videos and stuff.

I told you.

Those captions were the same in the comic.

They're still true, but, y'know.

Ohhhhhhh

I know!

I feel bad for recycling them.
Why don’t they make musicals anymore?

I just don’t want you to feel ripped off.

FAT
Why don’t they make musicals anymore?

I bet the answer is “Lawyers.”

So, here’s a weird idea...
Is it butt stuff?
What? No.
Why, are you into --
No, it's not butt stuff. I --

I'm thinking about your library, and your books and stuff, right?
And I'm thinking about you and me and Cumworld.
The store or --
-- no, no, the... the thing we do. "The Quiet."

What if we just...
...took...
...the money you need?

"Took?"
Where would we --

But we just take what you need. From the bank and then your library --
You just give it right back. You guys are paid off and we...
...we just pretty much committed a victimless crime.

Fuck the bank. This isn't even a drop in their bucket. They spend the library's mortgage every month on cookies in the lobby people don't eat.

How the hell do you rob a bank?
Cum --

We do it in the Quiet, Suzie.
What's the worst that can happen?
Don’t shoot? We surrender?

Don’t worry — it’s not a real gun.

Here. Take it. See? It’s a —

Hit him. Wait, what?

Don’t ‘hit him,’ I —

You two are in my world now.

And my world HURTS.
4

SEX
POLICE
But seriously, don't hit me again.

No, man, just fucking with you.

But seriously, don't hit me again.

You hit me again, man...

And I will break your fucking jaw.

Um...

Many people like us have of course chosen to break the law, but you...

...you're the first two who have ever worked together.

...is in order for you both.

"Kudo..."

I suppose some sort of...

Many people

I suppose you think you're very clever.
Um. I have a question.

Ahh... I don’t—

What kind of police get to carry...

...that.

What am I doing?

Shut up.

Don’t speak to them.

What am I doing?

It’s a hunch.

A suspicion. But I think I—

Holy shit, this guy’s a bus driver!

these guys aren’t real cops!
Hey, check it out.

**GGwwwweAAAHHHH**

Oh come on, it looks like a dick, sort of.

And wrong.

Most of all it's, you know. Wrong.

You look like a dick, sort of.

I was listening.

And yes, it's wrong. But the right-wrong.

The bank manages to not lose money in recessions. The bank stays open by making everybody else close.

And yes, the law is the law. Yes, we are choosing to break it.

To what end, though?

To keep a library open? That they are choosing to foreclose on? Suzanne, fuck that place.

We could keep the library open.

We could do something.

So yes, I say let's break the law to absolve the library's debt. The bank writes it off, the library stays open, and we do something good with this...thing of ours.

We steal from the bank and give it right back to them.

It's less than one thousandth of a percent of their annual budget on fucking lobby pens, Suze.

It sounds dumb.

It sounds dangerous and it sounds dumb.
We started simple.

Well, well well. We meet again.

Y’know, I’ve never had sex outside.

I have. It’s nice. On a nice day?

Except for, like, peeing in the woods when I was a kid. I don’t know if the sun’s ever even hit my junk.

It’s nice.

When it’s not nice there can be bugs.

Ew.

... Yeah.

I don’t even know how we get started. Do we just get started?

Whoa HEY—
Ugh, God, it even smells like lube in here.

Actually, have you ever thought about that? How does smell work when time is stuck? Like, it’s particulates, right?

What do we do? How do we get started?

—you just... say ‘shove’ as you shoved that shelf?

Well, yeah, you know, I guess I was feeling...

We can’t just mess the place up and run around. That’s just vandalism.

Okay, I got it. Help me pick up that shelf.
We go to work. Stuff in a porn store smells weird and is heavy. Surprisingly so.

We're not gonna do this at the bank, right?

What, your bank has boxes and boxes of fake dongs dropping the dongs DROPING THE—

Clocks don't work in The Quiet but it felt like it took hours.

Fuck this was a stupid idea.

So stupid.

When I want to have sex again—or really just want to orgasm again—time slides back into place.

Jon says it's called the 'refractory period.'

I wonder if it's something different for girls.

Man, I hope this wears off soon, but...

...I'm so tired after all of that the last thing I want to do is have sex. I want a shower and a nap.

So you wanna try some butt stuff?
Cumworld went insane.

The outside world took no notice that we could find. And for a week, we looked.

And watched. Then we planned.

Holy...

...fuck.

Yeah, Susan Stamberg has the sexier voice, though.

But she has a name like an accountant.

But how do we get out in case something goes wrong?

But she has a name like an accountant.

And listened.

Then we planned.

Yeah, Susan Stamberg has the sexier voice, though.

But she has a name like an accountant.

And listened.

And listened.

Thelll!

I'm gettin' tired, I should head out.

Then we planned.

But how do we get out in case something goes wrong?

But how do we get out in case something goes wrong?

Yeah.

Susan Stamberg has the sexier voice, though. But she has a name like an accountant. And listened.

The outside world took no notice that we could find. And for a week, we looked.

Susan Stamberg has the sexier voice, though.

But she has a name like an accountant. And listened.
I just lied to her. Just like that I lied to my best friend. You're cool? You two, I mean. You're cool? Oh, it's one of Jon's uh-nerd things. Dungeons and Dragons, I don't know. I just lied to her. Whaaaaat wolf you are crazy... Later Rach. Mm... Look, it's an orc. Aaieeee. And you're cool? We are super cool. No we aren't. We weren't. We thought we were but we were wrong.
I imagine she has a family life. A real life.

She probably has mom shit to do.

But then—

—suddenly!

Or you could get into that whole Superman thing with her—is she Kegelface pretending to be Mom, or Mom pretending to be Kegelface? But when the shit comes down...

KIDS!

—She comes right down with it like a hammer.
They have to have a headquarters somewhere, right?

Like they’re a secret paramilitary sex army keeping the world safe from deviants like us.

A massive, interconnected network of time-freezing sex police out to destroy people like us.

With uniforms and codenames and stuff.

And she’s like, their Bruce Willis.
Hey don’t drop that big bucket of—

—aww, Steve, you fucking dildo.

Excuse me.

Has anything...odd...transpired here lately by any chance? Or more odd than usual.

No, lady, we always have our Nipple Pumps in the She-Plug aisle, and our Tall Gaysian Amateurs videos totally belong in the Chaps section.

No, moron. 9:30. My kids won’t be asleep until then and it’s Taco Night.

There’s two of them. Meet me tonight at the Denny’s.
I don't know you seem super into this, like you want to punish them.

Mr. Cumworld [laughs]

is it wrong to use... this thing of ours... for something like that? is it abuse?

look not for anything but it's not the craziest thing in the world to think you might want to abuse THEM a little.

and fuck yes i want to punish them! this place sucks!

have you never used it for anything other than being quiet? haven't you ever DONE anything with this thing of ours?

Well...
So, in college, there was this boy.

Geoff.

Geoff was some kind of high school somebody that got in on an athletic scholarship.

He smelled like a men’s magazine and looked tan all year round.

So of course Rach hooked up with him.

I had no idea what boys liked or wanted. I didn’t know what I liked or wanted. But Rach knew. And we all knew Rach knew.

So Rach and Geoff had a very magical three weeks.

And then—

Whoa, Rach, what’s—

—are you crying?

...and getting stoned?

Honey, are you okay?
She said no.

Geoff said, “Shut up, slut,” and did it anyway.

He was a star athlete riding free through school and life.

Nobody ever said no to him.

She said no.

Geoff said, “Shut up, slut,” and did it anyway.

He was a star athlete riding free through school and life.

Nobody ever said no to him.

Rach dropped out. The drugs became a bit of a thing, we had to call her mom and stuff...

She got better eventually, but Geoff... he didn’t miss a beat.

I called the cops, but without Rach they wouldn’t do anything.

‘Sounds like somebody’s girlfriend doesn’t like being dumped; the son of a bitch on the phone said to me.

And one day...

...one day I just kinda lost it.

I availed myself of Rach’s stash.

She was so wrecked by then she didn’t notice.

Hey, pointer for all you kids out there.

If rubbing one out puts you into a state of frozen time, maybe don’t get high down in it.
Weed shouldn't even work like that, I don't know.

All that was left was to get back to my seat without falling on my ass...

By my estimate this took a half-hour.

Then all I had to do was sit ba

zzz.

They took the scholarship back and kicked him out.

His folks got him out of the possession bust.

I googled him last year. He's got a boat and does some sort of competitive fishing bullshit.
We found out the hard way we sort of had to be close to the place we were going to...crime.

cars don't work in the quiet.

so we just got to it.

we never took that much. we always took a little from a lot of different places.

god, i hope we didn't get anybody fired.

every few days we'd go to another branch.

do our thing.

and save the library a little bit more.

but mostly have lots of sex, which, you know, is pretty great.

all of it was leading towards the big branch.

the place where jon worked.

the place my dad died.
—then they go home or whatever, I guess.

So then—

—but I need the description of the shit the man took on your chest, just the man—

—so, get this he won’t accept “fraud” as his charge because it sounds “too French.” Can you—

—can’t shoot unarmed man, than three—

Hi there, uh...

Uh, I don’t know who I need to talk to, but...

But I think... I think my roommate’s new boyfriend has gotten her into having sex in public and now they’re planning to rob a bank?

You don’t... say.

One moment please.
What charges? On whose authority?
Show us a badge or we run.

It's not a gun.
Suzie, what? It's not...

Trespassing at the very minimum.
Public Indecency. You have a license for that gun?

I warned you.

Boys.
Turns out some people really like being electrocuted during sex.

Turns out other people are just assholes that embed taser in fleshlights.

Either way, the end result is the same.

You get your shit rocked pretty goddamn hard.

Wrap 'em up, boys.

And let's get them out of here.
5
GOING DOWN
I'm not sure where I am right now.

And I'm not sure what's happening.

And I think I just peed myself.

Jon...

Wuh happpned...Jon...?

Isn't it obvious?

You're a prisoner of the Sex Police.
You were intercepted by us in the act of committing numerous crimes. Beyond laws. And you two...

...fucking morons...

There are rules people like us have to follow, children.

Suhh... Suzie...

...were screaming to get us all caught. You get caught and it's bad for everyone.

But what are we gonna do with 'em?

Leave everything to me.

I know these cuffs.

Come on— Suzie, I— You were right.

Here’s how I learned how to get out of sex handcuffs:
Your new Bondage James Bondage Bondage Cuffs are guaranteed to be inescapable by even the greasiest of fuck-pigs...

FUCK YOU--

"These police-grade bondage cuffs made from the most insatiable cows and coldest of metals were first unleashed on the hippies and queers--"

--Jesus--

I know, right?

It was all in the name of prep.

We were acting. So we needed to rehearse.

Bzzt. You lose.

Time for another visit from Mister Colt .45--

It's weird, the things that work in The Quiet while others don't.

Vibrators.
Touch-screen cell phones. Fire is still hot, but it's much cooler. You can touch it...

Double-jointed fingers and thumbs.

Now who's the greasy fuck-pig?

It looked enough like the real thing.

Jon was an actor. I guess we thought if we were going to play bank robbers, we should have the right props.
To save time we should maybe do it inside on the actual day, y'know...? There's a big restroom, lots of stalls...

A dry run. No, wait, that sounds like I'm making a pun.


...and out the front door.

We just fill one, like, gym-bag worth and wham-bam-thank-you-bank.

It wasn't just that it was wrong. That part I was pretty much over.

It was that the whole thing was starting to feel haunted.

Like we were being watched.

Cool. Hey, I'm gonna go check on one thing.

Back in a sec.

Because, of course, we were.

Jon worked there; he already knew his way around. This was for my benefit. I'd never set foot inside the place.

The drill was: we enter The Quiet, run in, head to the main tellers, hop the counter, into the safe, back out of the safe, and out the front door.
I'm starting to get creeped out...

Jon are you--

--don't come in DON'T COME IN--

Shit.

I--

What the fuck.

Oh hey.

WHAT THE FUCK?
“When I was a kid I was diagnosed as ADHD.”

“Oppositional Defiant Disorder.”

“Oppositional Defiant Disorder.”

Bing it. It’s a thing. It’s a bingeable thing. Ask Jeeves to bing you up what—

“Comorbidity.”

They medicated me. And I—I have therapy and social skills training and, and—

Are you—“medicated,” that’s past tense—

“I mean, like, now, are you—

Let me tell you about this asshole I work for.

Okay? If I tell you about him you’ll totally understand everything.

But, y’know. They nailed it. Nailed it.

But with it can come a few other disorders.

But, look, don’t worry, okay?

I’m fine. I’m cool. It’s cool. I just—

Well, so—so that’s me. I have ADHD and with that, this other thing—

—know what, fuck it, you’re a smart girl, you know what those words mean.

It’s called “comorbidity.”
Hey, boss, I'm gonna take five, grab a cup of coffee.

Want anything?

The fuck's the matter with you, taking a break.

Sit down at your fucking desk. We have money to make.

Ladies?

I don't care what the prog

no

Boss.
You fucking prick.

Hm.

He hasn't gotten rid of the plant. Which is, like, the easy solve, right? Not for him. In fact—

So instead of, like, smashing up the guy's office and losing another job and all that—

I started to quietly and consistently drop my daily deuce in his potted plant. Now, the amazing thing is this:

He hasn't gotten rid of the plant. Which is, like, the easy solve, right? Not for him. In fact—

—my boss uses the "Phantom Pooper" to crack down even more on his subordinates.

He even offered a reward. People have narked one another out, even trying to get folks they don't like fired...

Jon.

Are you... on your meds still? Right now?

This guy.

This fucking guy.
I had a girl and a job and everything was right on track.

She was my last serious girlfriend.

The meds kept everything on an even keel.

Never mad. Never sad. Never really happy. Never...

...well, never squirrely.

Oh shit—

mm

Janet...

It was kind of a problem.

But, look—I went off my meds. It was that or no... there was no joy in life. There was no anger and I could focus on anything like a laser, but—

I didn't feel anything. So I went off with a plan. A strategy.

Little ways to vent pressure before I get into the red. Like—like a healthy sex life.

I work out and meditate.

And I find crapping in my boss's plant keeps me from screaming at—

Children.

We know.
We have reason to believe the two of you have been having sex...

...freezing time, and pulling off a variety of petty crimes.

And you were in the main branch of Bankcorp not an hour ago rehearsing what appeared to be a robbery.

You didn’t think you were the only ones, did you?

We’re watching you.

Behave.

You, uh. You don’t know that.

Wait how could you know that—
What if she has some kind of crazy, like, super-muscular time-stopping vadge, and—

Jesus, I think she was in the bank with us, Jon. I think—

She’s— She’s got kegelface!

I think she’s doing kegels! Like, right now! As we speak!

What if she has some kind of crazy, like, super-muscular time-stopping vadge, and—

Wait, where—

Jon, I’m serious, she’s just gone and—

Uh, Suzie—

WHERE'D SHE GO?

YES THEY WERE: KEGELS
You sound so sure, I just—

— I am. It's cool. It's nothing.

It's hardly "nothing," and I'm concerned about it. I'm concerned about you and I'm concerned about us. There's a reason—

—if she was a cop, we'd be arrested. Maybe she's like us, maybe not, either way—how can they catch us?

She was just some freak and we're already tweaked out, is all.

What? — Honey, no. I— It's—

...I was talking about your medication.

I'm fine. I am. Okay, granted, yes, I have a few weird outlets, but—

But it's that or—like... my food all tastes the same and I don't ever want to have sex.

It might have made me "normal," but Suzie, those pills made me dead inside.

It wasn't a problem before today.

I'm sorry you had to see it, is all.

Jon...

Suzie...

I worry.

Don't.

About me, about ol' Keferface, about anything.
Are you and this fucking guy of yours planning to, like, rob a liquor store or a bank or something?

Suzie, as your friend and someone who loves you very much, I would like to ask you to reassure me you know what the fuck you’re doing.

Um, I do?

Um... hello, I'm trying to speak to Mrs.—

Fucking this.

Are you?

Shit. Shit shit shit shit what am I doing?

Yeah, what am I doing?

Seriously. What am I doing?
I see. That’s unfortunate.

My research into your friend suggests your hunch is correct and she’s intending to break the law.

I wanted to make sure you could reach me whenever you needed.

Well, no, not per se. But as this isn’t a criminal matter yet, quote-unquote “actual detectives” aren’t necessary.

Because at this point they’ve broken no laws --

Jerry, goddammit, I’m on the phone—

Who’s Jerry?

My associate. It’s unimportant.

Thank you for your efforts, Ms. Jackson. We’ll be in touch.

Okay, kiddos.

Din-din.
Four refinements have been made to the criteria for oppositional defiant disorder.

“First, symptoms are now grouped into three types:

angry/irritable mood,
argumentative/defiant behavior,
and vindictiveness.”

I went home and I got to work.

“I’m sorry. I was... Sorry. Can I help you?”

“I’m working on a project and...”

Excuse me?

Ma’am?

Hm...?”

And I looked up from my book and there I was.

“Four refinements have been made to the criteria for oppositional defiant disorder.”

There a little version of me was, looking for information in a world that seemed like it was designed to keep everything secret.

She had the biggest thing to do yet, and if it went well she might meet the president.

You should have heard the way she said “president.” She almost sang it.

It was a school project that became a bigger thing and then a bigger thing still.

So I did what I do.
...certain batteries made with limited purpose utilize lithium-metal electrodes to prevent...
Yes, I'd like to report a bank robbery.

This is just a concerned cit—

Yeah, Bobby, it's me.
So now then.

Where were we?

Oh right.

We're being kidnapped by the Ku Fucks Klan.

What I don't understand is, what are two nice kids like you doing with a gun—

I'm gonna do it.

Wait—

What am I doing WHAT AM I DOING

It's not even a real gun...
And just like that, they were out of The Quiet.

The gun-shaped sex toy saves the day. Apparently if you're a kidnapping sex fascist, that's your dildo-jam.

—did that just happen—

—I know—

—Careful careful—

This fucking guy.

This fucking guy and I... took off.
Whoa, whoa, wait—

Suze, c’mon, we should be—

No. No.

How did they know what we were doing? How did they know where to find us?

We went from thinking we were alone with this thing of ours and now there’s us, and there’s them?

I want to learn more about these assholes.

They clearly know more about The Quiet than we do.

And so we ran.

We ran as far and as fast as we could.

Our worlds had just gotten bigger and smaller at the same time.

So we ran.

Like a couple of goddamn criminals.
MATT & CHIP’S ULTIMATE
SEX MOVES
OUR MASTER LIST OF WHAT DID (AND DIDN’T)
MAKE THE CUT IN THE WASHROOM STALL
In issue three, Suzie & Jon partake in the viewing of an erotic film entitled HARD-ON FINK. Matt, being a fan of its non-erotic spoof, Barton Fink*, had a few more dialogue options to use for the scene. Here is what did not make the cut.

*Chip still has yet to see it. Shame him.
STEAMING RADIO

While promoting the first issue of SEX CRIMINALS, Matt & Chip created an original radio erotic drama for the literary website, Hazlitt. This is it, I guess.

CHIP: (Dialing number (multiple beeps) while softly singing “Tears in Heaven” to self)

AUTOMATED LADY VOICE: Welcome to Night Moves, where sssexy ladies grab you with their sssexy voices and make you dump your stuff all over the darn place. Press 1 for sssexy Linda, an exotic, dark-skinned beauty up all night with a tummy full of gas station dendrobium, locked inside of a Nursing School in Winni—(Beep from a button pressed)

(MATT clears throat)

CHIP: H-hello?...

MATT: What's your name?

CHIP: Hello?

MATT: What's your NAME.

CHIP: ...Steve?

MATT: (On script) Hihi Steve. Welcome to Night Moves, my name is Linda. I'm pretty horny let me tell you, but my dorm room key won't fit in any of these slippery locks. My ulnar collateral ligament, in relation with my tri --

CHIP: Um, excuse me?

MATT: Yeah?

CHIP: Are you L-Linda?

MATT: Sure.

CHIP: I'm ... pretty sure you're a man.

MATT: Ok, first off, that's just straight-up misandry. Second, gender is a societal construct defined by each of us in our own minds and not by society's precepts, and lastly, yes, I'm a man. And now thanks to Affirmative Action, straight white men like me have just as many opportunities in the workplace as lady-women like the "old" Linda. So: Is your Dutch Baby buttered and out of the oven?

CHIP: I don't...I don't want this.

MATT: Look, your credit card's already been charged for, like, five minutes. You really want to fight with your bank about it?

CHIP: ...No, I guess not. It just—all right. Okay. Go ahead.

MATT: Okay. Good. ... Here goes ... are you ready? (Clears throat) Hey there. My name's Linda. I've been incredibly naughty. I misplaced all those shiny new highlighters from the office supply store and now Mr. McKelvie wants to "dock" my "pay." Do YOU want to "dock" my wet little "pay?"

CHIP: ...Oooh, yeah. I'd love to just grab your beautiful, shiny lady hairs and toss you onto the bed. Then I'd tear open that sensible Nursing School blouse of yours.

MATT: Oh no! It took soo long to button!

CHIP: --And under it I see your huge nipples ready to just BURST out of your custom leather bra, you—

MATT: Wait, is that a thing? Leather bras?

CHIP: I...yeah. Yeah.

MATT: That sounds like it would be incredibly sweaty and, I don't know, a little "uptown" for a Winnipegian at Nursing School.

CHIP: A girl I used to date wore them. Not ALL the time, but yeah, they exist.

(long pause)

MATT: (Back on script) Oooh, baby, my basement is tepid and soggy like a terrarium abandoned in the event of nuclear holocaust. Stand over me and demand to inspect my lady-curtains.

CHIP: Shuh ... show me your lady curtains?

MATT: MMM, honey, not only do these curtains not match the carpet, but there aren't even any windows. So I hike up my skirt and I'm just oozing with seriochemicals that drive your inner Asian elephant CRAY-CRAY.

CHIP: Your...your lady curtains are soaking through your...
underparts, which are like...like paper towels after you spill your beer, just...just falling apart. Low quality. Discount underpants.

MATT: My student loans are fucking brutal! So I buy them in bulk, but now they're dissolving in my hands, hands which are now free to go inside my eager body and spelunk for feminine doubloons of ecstasy.

CHIP (Into it): Yeah, that's...that's pretty good, Linda.

MATT: Mouth-whoopee or hand-gladdening?

CHIP: I — what?

MATT: Mouth-whoopee or hand-gladdening?

CHIP: I don't know what you're...

MATT: Your man-danglings—would you like me to mouth-whoopee on them or to share with you a festive hand-gladdening?

(Long pause)

MATT: What are you going to do with your dick?

CHIP: I'm, uh, going to pull it out of my pants and...and maybe let you suck it with your...mouth...for a bit?

MATT: (Chewing food) Mmm, yummy yummy in my tummy. Like a $10 fat ballgame sausage. Man, it's even bigger than mine.

CHIP: I...can't! Your voice! It's just...just ruining the illusion. I'm sorry.

MATT: Because you know I'm a man.

CHIP: Yes!

MATT: A man...with a white-hot t-shirt cannon arming my lower ramparts.

CHIP: ...Yes, sure, that.

MATT: Well, Chip, I'm going to ask you something.

CHIP: I didn't tell you my real na—

MATT: Chip, have you ever...enthusiastically greeted the bishop after Sunday services?*

CHIP: Do you mean...have I ever manipulated the stock market?

MATT: Yes. Are you a "digital downloader".

CHIP: A "Fan of Tango and Cash".*

MATT: Have you ever "stabbed Cthulhu with a dirk fashioned from the blackened tears of the ancient elders."

CHIP: Oh, sure. I beat off like an angry chimp at the porno zoo. It's...kind of why I'm calling you.

MATT: Okay cool, so—so do you define your gender as "male"?

CHIP: Yes?

MATT: And you're a man with your very own "turgid podcast"?

CHIP: Yes.

MATT: And have you ever tickled your little Elia Kazan until he testifies before the HUAC in parabolic arcs of informative white gravy?

CHIP: Well, if you must be VULGAR, yes.

MATT: So you knowingly let a man's hand come in contact with your Yellow Submarine.

CHIP: What?

MATT: You—a man—frequently masturbate men.

CHIP: I don't know if seven or eight times a day qualifies as "frequent" but--

MATT: Don't deny it! Do you, a male man—

CHIP: How did you know I was a mailman?

MATT: —take a penis in your hand and manually manipulate it to the point of orgasm?

(Long pause)

CHIP: Oh my god.

MATT: Yep.

CHIP: I'm GAY.

MATT: We're all gay, Chip. Even me. Even if it's only for seven or eight times a day.

CHIP: I feel so free.

MATT: That's great.

CHIP: So liberated.

MATT: Sure.

CHIP: Maybe I should just get off the phone and go experience some real, genuine man touch—

AUTOMATED LADY VOICE: Your first five minutes are up. If you wish to continue at $3.99 a minute, please press 1, or hang up.

(Pause)

Your first five minutes are—

(BEEP)
How do comics get made? Where do babies come from? Surprisingly, both answers are the same: lots of fucking work! Here, Chip breaks down the process for creating a magical panel!

1: SCRIPT
Matt sends me the script and I read it and I laugh and I cry and it becomes a part of me. And then I realize he’s set half the story in a cluttered porn shop and I hate him so much but he’s so pretty how can I hate him for long?

2: LAYOUTS
I go through the script and make layouts for it in Photoshop. It’s relatively easy, because Matt’s written the script with a specific eight-panel grid in mind, because he likes to make my job easier except for setting things in that fucking porn shop oh he’s so pretty.

3: PENCILS
I have an evening where I shoot as much reference as possible with my two main models, Tiffy and Alex. We drink and eat and laugh and simulate lovemaking. Sometimes I just rely on my own stunning body, as evidenced below for this panel.

For reference I use Google Maps to find buildings and Sketchup to find and arrange cars, then I start pencilling in Manga Studio.
I bought a Cintiq pen display and Manga Studio when I realized I’d be doing a full comic project, and they’ve been craaaaazy invaluable.

#promotedparagraph

4: INKS
It’s so funny to call these “pencils” and “inks,” but what else am I going to do? I’m an old man trapped in your fancy compooper age. So, yeah, I ink it in Manga Studio.

5: COLOURS
Yeah, that’s right. I just spelt it with a “u.” This is my fucking section and I’m a Canadian.

So, I send the inks to a colour flatter, and they assist me by filling in distinct shapes with flat blocks of colour. It makes it a lot faster to colour when you can just select shapes and start colouring instead of trying to draw within the lines. If ever I have a kid I will teach them to hire someone to colour within the lines. Kindergarten Kapitalism.

6: THE QUIET
Once I’ve coloured it, I then render the effects for The Quiet. It’s a ludicrous number of layers, but it’s worth it, I guess. I don’t know. Maybe it’s not. Maybe I’m wasting my life.

7: LETTERING & EDITS
When we started the comic I spent a couple of days turning my handwriting into a font. I call it “Comic Avec.” So, yeah, I then letter and send the page to Matt and our editor, Tommy K, with my dumb notes, like, “can we change ‘coming’ to ‘cumming’?” and they just fucking ignore me.
PHOTO SWAP

For the fourth printing of issue one, Matt and Chip decided to try something different: a photo cover of them as proud parents to the first printing. But they live in different cities! How did they do it? Magic? Photoshop? I guess we’ll never know unless we read below.

1. Yes, it was Photoshop. Before bed one night, Chip did a rough sketch for Matt, showing him how to pose for the cover, with very helpful labeling.

2. While Chip slept like a bearded Canadian baby on the East Coast, Matt posed with a “friend” he found and sent images to Chip from the West Coast, showing that the great East-West divide could be conquered.

3. Chip woke up to emails from his mommy, a penis pill company partially owned by his mommy, and Matt. After reviewing the photo, Chip got his long-suffering girlfriend to take photos to match Matt’s, only the fifth-strangest photo request she’s ever had from Chip.

4. A couple of hours later and, voila! Done! Chip is especially speedy at photo manipulation from his years of photoshopping his penis to look “more cool” in online dating profiles (simplyredfan69).

COVER GALLERY!

Starting on the opposing page, we’re proud to present some of our favourite covers from the various reprints and variants we’ve done on our issues to date! In order, they’re:

#1 fourth printing (photo cover), #1 Forbidden Planet variant, #1 Ghost variant (Yuko Shimizu), #1 EH! variant, #1 Image Expo variant, #2 fourth printing, #3 second printing (TIME), #3 third printing (Queen tribute), #4 second printing
FROM THE WRITER OF “HAWKEYE” AND “INHUMAN”
AND THE GUY WHO TALKS TO APPLEBEE’S ON FACEBOOK

SEX CRIMINALS
FRACTION + ZDARSKY

1
FOURTH PRINTING
COME, WORLD
JON & SUZIE:
Will they or won’t they?
(Again.)
(They will.)
(They ARE.)

BY MATT FRACTION & CHIP ZDARSKY
(WILL THEY OR WON’T THEY?)
**Matt Fraction** writes comic books out in the woods. He won the first-ever PEN USA Literary Award for Graphic Novels; he or comics he’s a part of have won Eisners, Harveys, and Eagles, which are like the Oscars, Emmys and Golden Globes of comic books and all seem about as likely. He’s a New York Times-best-selling donkus of things like *Hawkeye, Casanova, and Satellite Sam*. He has Prince’s cell phone number.

**Chip Zdarsky** is the creator of the popular character “Stan Lee” and inventor of the unpopular sex move “The Crying Zdarsky.” For the last ten years he’s been a staff writer and illustrator for the *National Post* newspaper in Canada, under the clearly made-up name Steve Murray, where he is known for his dumb stunts and weekly column, *Extremely Bad Advice*. His comic work includes *Prison Funnies, Monster Cops* and an awkward issue of *Vampirella*. He lives in Toronto.
SUZIE HAS A SECRET
For her, sex literally makes the world come to a standstill.

JON HAS A PROBLEM
He hates his life, his job, and the special curse that makes him just like Suzie.

“BEST NEW SERIES”
USA TODAY
“COMIC OF THE YEAR”
TIME MAGAZINE

GIRL MEETS BOY
GIRL HOOKS UP WITH BOY
And for the first time in their lives they find themselves alone, together.

So they do what any new young couple having sex and freezing time might do:

THEY ROB BANKS

Sex Criminals: One Weird Trick collects issues #1-5 of the award-winning series by Matt Fraction (Satellite Sam, Hawkeye) and Chip Zdarsky (Prison Funnies, Monster Cops) along with exclusive bonus content produced only for this volume.