

KARACOMET PRESENTS

TALES FROM THE BOTTLE



EPISODE FOUR
-OPEN FOR BUSINESS-

DONNA...

WAIT!

TAP





YOU'RE
NOT TALKING ME
OUT OF THIS,
SAMMY.

COME
ON... AT
LEAST LET
ME TRY.



YOU
KNOW...

I REALLY
EXPECTED
BETTER FROM
YOU...

BUT
YOU'RE JUST
AS BAD AS
TIM...

AND
WHAT'S *THAT*
SUPPOSED TO
MEAN?

I JUST
DON'T WANT
MY SISTER TO
GET HURT...



YEAH?
WELL I'M NOT
AS DELICATE AS
YOU SEEM TO
THINK!

AND I'M
NOT OKAY WITH
JUST IGNORING
SOMEONE WHO'S
SHOUTING FOR
HELP.

I'M ***SO***
DISAPPOINTED
THAT YOU SEEM
TO BE.

YOU KNOW
IT'S NOT LIKE
THAT...

YOU'VE
ALWAYS BEEN
A FIGHTER, BUT
I'M NOT...

AND I
DON'T KNOW IF
I ***COULD*** HELP,
EVEN IF IT WAS
YOU...



THEN
WHY ARE YOU
FOLLOWING
ME...?

BECAUSE
IT SOUNDS LIKE
YOU THINK YOU
KNOW BETTER THAN
ME, JUST BECAUSE
I'M A *GIRL*...

NO,
IT'S BECAUSE
I WOULDN'T BE
ABLE TO LIVE WITH
MYSELF IF ANYTHING
HAPPENED TO
YOU...

ARE
YOU REALLY
TRYING TO SAY
THAT I'M BEING
SEXIST...?

ME...?

YOU
KNOW I'M...
WAIT. **WHAT'S
THAT!?**

HEY!

WHAT
THE *HELL*,
SAM?

SHHH!
SOMEONE'S
COMING THIS
WAY...

CLOCK
CLOCK





LET'S
SEE WHO IT
IS FIRST.

MAKE
OURSELVES
KNOWN...?

SHOULD
WE, UH...

A cinematic scene set in a dark, rainy street at night. In the foreground, a young man with short brown hair and a light beard, wearing a dark green polo shirt, looks off to the side with a serious expression. Behind him, a young woman with long dark hair is partially visible, looking towards him. The background shows a brick wall and a multi-story building with lit windows and balconies. The overall mood is somber and intimate.

THAT'S
A GOOD
IDEA...

AND, FOR
THE RECORD,
IT'S PERFECTLY
OKAY TO BE
SCARED...

I'M
NOT...

I KNOW...

I WAS
TALKING TO
MYSELF.

gasp!

YOU BIG
BABY...

LOOK!

IT'S
JUST SOME
WOMAN.





JUST
LOOK AT THE
SIZE OF HER
RACK...

MAN...



NO
WAY THOSE
THINGS ARE
REAL...

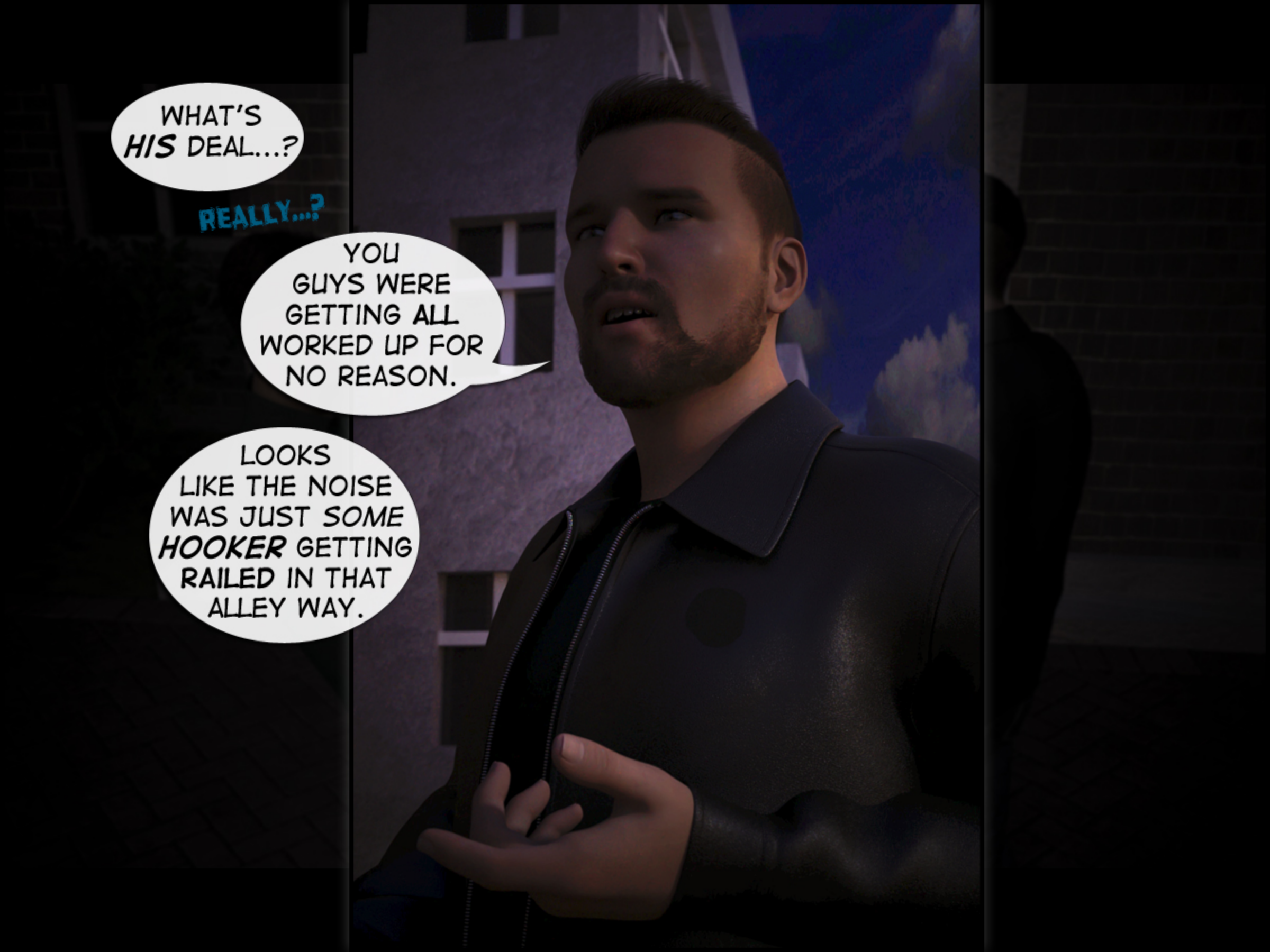
JESUS,
DUDE!

YOU CAN'T
JUST SNEAK
UP ON PEOPLE
LIKE THAT!

HMPH!

HUH...?



A man with short brown hair and a beard, wearing a black leather jacket, is shown from the chest up. He is looking upwards and to the left with a concerned or questioning expression. His right hand is partially visible, gesturing as if in conversation. The background is a dark, out-of-focus urban setting with a brick wall and a building with windows.

WHAT'S
HIS DEAL...?

REALLY...?

YOU
GUYS WERE
GETTING ALL
WORKED UP FOR
NO REASON.

LOOKS
LIKE THE NOISE
WAS JUST SOME
HOOGER GETTING
RAILED IN THAT
ALLEY WAY.

A woman with brown hair and bangs, wearing a blue hoodie with a white paisley pattern and a light blue waistband, stands in a doorway. She has a questioning expression on her face. The background is a brick wall.

AND
WHY THE
HELL WOULD
YOU THINK
THAT...?

NO, I
MEAN...

BECAUSE
JUST LOOK HOW
CASUALLY SHE'S
WALKING OUT OF
THERE...

WHAT
MAKES YOU
ASSUME SHE'S
SOME SORT OF
PROSTITUTE,
HUH...?



UH... LIKE,
WHAT DO YOU
MEAN...?

EXACTLY
WHAT I JUST
SAID...

WHY DO
YOU ASSUME
SHE'S SOME
HOOKER.

WHEW...

I MEAN...
IT'S PRETTY
OBVIOUS...

LOOK
AT HOW SHE'S
DRESSED OUT
HERE...!



WHAT IS
MY BODY
DOING...?

MAYBE
SHE JUST
LIKES HOW SHE
LOOKS...

YOU
EVER THINK
OF THAT? **NO**,
BECAUSE YOU
OBJECTIFY
WOMEN.

**WHAT
EVER**

FINE...

LET'S
MAKE A DEAL.
IF I CAN PROVE
THAT I'M RIGHT,
YOU OWE ME A
SMOOCH.

AND HOW
EXACTLY DO
YOU PLAN ON
EVEN PROVING
THAT?

HEY
LADY!

TIM, WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING...?

WHOOOO

HMM...?





YOU'RE UN-
BELIEVABLE...

OVER
HERE...!

TIM...
STOP...

A man with a beard and short hair, wearing a black leather jacket, is looking upwards with an open mouth. He is standing in front of a multi-story building at night. The building has balconies with railings and some windows are lit up. Two speech bubbles are present: one above his head and one to his right. The background is dark, with the building's lights providing the main illumination.

HEY, MY
FRIEND *DONNA*
WANTED TO KNOW
WHAT YOU DID
FOR WORK!

ARE
YOU ON THE
CLOCK RIGHT
NOW?

A woman with long, dark, curly hair and large hoop earrings stands in the foreground. She is wearing a red, low-cut top with heart-shaped cutouts. She holds a lit cigarette in her right hand. In the background, a man is visible, looking towards her. The scene is set at night in an urban environment with buildings and streetlights.

THE
FLUCK DID HE
JUST SAY TO
ME....?

HOME-
BOY'S ABOUT
TO BE IN FOR
A WORLD OF
HURT.



WHAT
THE FUCK'S
THAT GUY EVEN
LOOKING
AT...?

OH...
RIGHT, THE
GENIE...

FUCK!

HOW
DID I...?



YOU
JERK-FACED
MORON!

HEY!



DON'T
THROW *ME*
UNDER THE
BUS....!

YOU'RE
THE ONE WHO
MADE THE *BASE-*
LESS CLAIM!

WELL...

AT LEAST
THIS BIRTHDAY
IS MEMORABLE,
I GUESS...

IT'S
NOT BASE-
LESS...

AS
YOU'LL
SEE...



YOU
WATCH *WAY*
TOO MUCH
PORN!

YOU
OBVIOUSLY
DON'T WATCH
ENOUGH!

GUYS...?

CAN
WE JUST CALL
IT A WASH, AND
GO SOMEWHERE
WITH A PLACE TO
SIT...?



AH -
HEM

clock

clock

INCEL!

FEMCEL!

**I...
WHAT...?**

**YEAH,
YOU HEARD
ME...!**

**FEMCEL
DOESN'T EVEN
MAKE SENSE AS
A WORD...**

**NEITHER
DOES YOUR
MADE UP
WORD...**

HUH...?





IT'S
NOT...

HEY,
JACKET...

WHAT
DID YOU
JUST SAY TO
ME...?



'CAUSE
IF YOU'RE
LOOKIN' FOR A
REALLY GOOD
TIME...

I'LL DO
ANYTHING YOU
WANT IF YOU GOT
THE MONEY,
HONEY...



SEE,
I TOLD
YOU...!

AWW,
GEE...

UM...

YOU'RE
CUTE...

GIGGLE





WHY THE
HELL DID I
JUST SAY
THAT!?

THAT
WASN'T ME...!
IT JUST CAME
OUT...!

Whooooo



HEY,
UH...

LISTEN,
I'M SORRY
ABOUT MY
FRIEND.

HE'S
REALLY NOT
A *BAD* GUY, BUT
HIS SENSE OF
HUMOR IS A
LITTLE...

WELL...

WHAT MY
BROTHER IS
TRYING TO SAY IS
THAT HIS FRIEND,
TIM, IS BOTH AN
ASSHOLE AND
AN IDIOT...

WE'RE
SORRY FOR
BOTHERING
YOU.

PEFA





AND,
THOUGH *I* DO
BELIEVE THAT SEX
WORK *IS* REAL
WORK...

ISN'T IT,
LIKE, *SUPER*
DEMEANING
TO UH...?

YOU
KNOW...

DRESS
LIKE, UH...
THAT...

NOT
TO MENTION
THE RISK OF
S.T.D.S...

OKAY...

MAYBE
WE SHOULD
LET THE NICE
LADY GET BACK
TO WORK...

MM
HMM!





**YEAH
DONNY!**

DON'T
BE SUCH A
BIGOT...

LIKE
YOU SAID, SEX
WORK IS *REAL*
WORK.

?

THAT'S
NOT...!

AND, JUST
SO YOU KNOW,
JEALOUSY ISN'T
A VERY GOOD
LOOK...





I HAVE TO
MAKE AN EXAMPLE
OF THESE *CHUMPS*
OR THEY'RE GOING
TO THINK I'M
WEAK....!

BUT MY BODY
WON'T MOVE
RIGHT BECAUSE
OF THAT FUCKING
GENIE *BITCH!*

JEALOUSI?!
OF
WHAT!?

OH, YOU
KNOW...



SO, HOW
MUCH...?

I'M GONNA
KILL THEM AND
THEN I'LL TORTURE
HER UNTIL SHE...?
CLIENT!

HMM...?



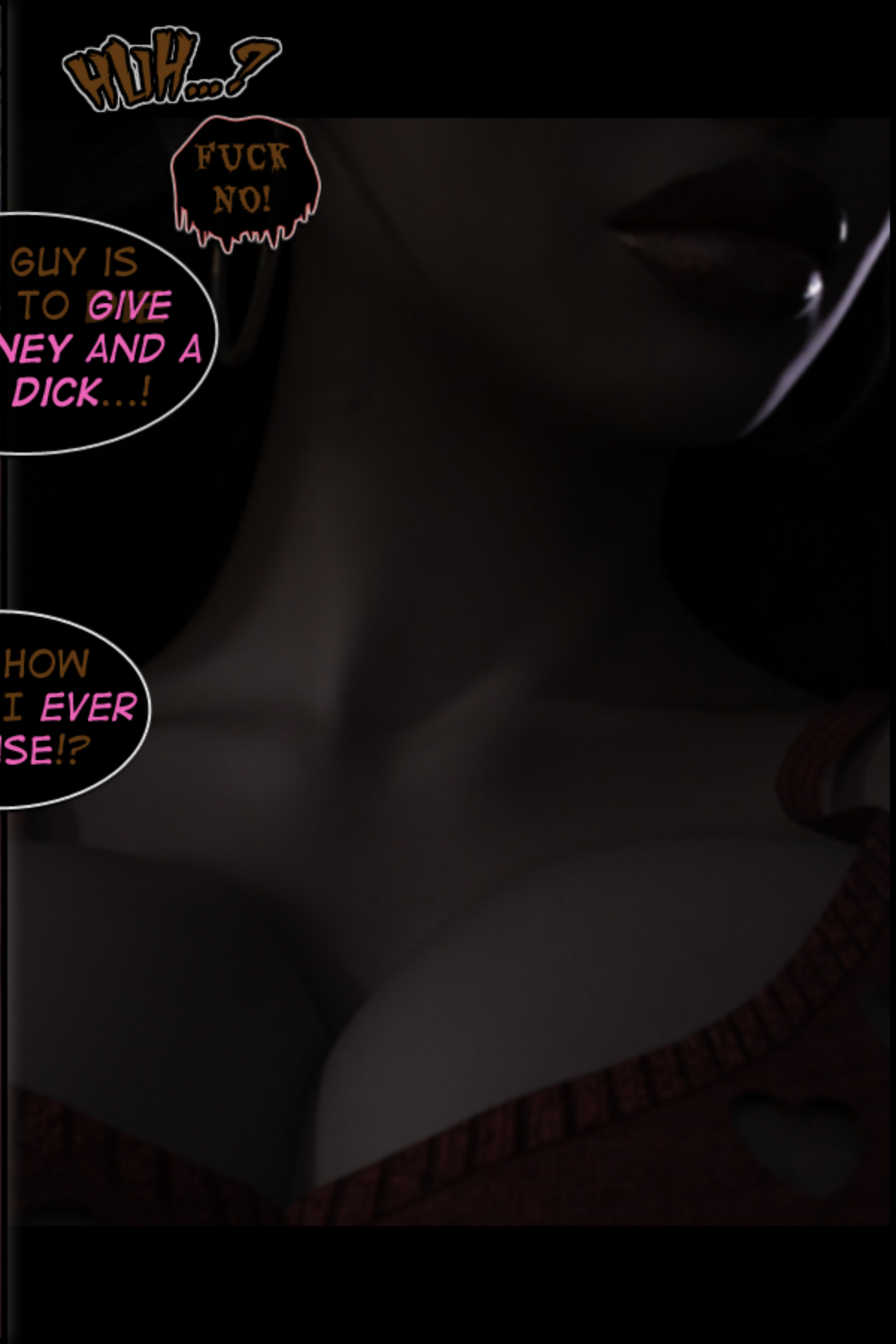
HO-LY
SHIT...!

THIS GUY IS
GOING TO **GIVE**
ME MONEY AND A
HARD DICK....!

AAH! HOW
COULD I **EVER**
REFUSE!?

HUH...?

**FUCK
NO!**





FIRST SHE
FUCKS WITH ME
BY STICKING ME IN
SOME WHORE'S
BODY...

YOU
KNOW...

AND NOW
SHE'S MESSING
WITH MY HEAD! I
SWEAR, I...!

I DIDN'T
THINK THE REAL
THING LOOKED
THIS HOT...

HOLD ON...
WHAT'S THAT IN
MY CUSTOMER'S
HAND...?

THIS
LOSER HAS
THAT BITCH'S
BOTTLE!

BLAH...

BLAH...

BLAH...

SHE
GOT UPSET
WHEN I THREW
IT, SO IT *MUST*
BE IMPORTANT
TO HER...

I CAN USE
IT AGAINST HER
IF SHE WON'T
CHANGE ME
BACK....!

MOVIE
HOT...

I JUST
HAVE TO TAKE
IT FROM THIS
YUMMY PIECE
OF *ASS*...





I JUST
NEED TO GET
HIM ALONE, SO I
DON'T HAVE ANY
WITNESSES.



LIKE
WHAT YOU
SEE, *BIG*
BOY...?

EEW!

UH...
YES. YES
I DO.

I SAW
YOU STARING
AT THESE BIG
SEXY TITS...





DO YOU
LIKE BIG
TITS...?

FEELS
SO GOOD
WHEN THEY'RE
TOUCHING A
CLIENT...

BUT I'M
JUST DOING
THIS TO GET
THAT DAMN
BOTTLE!

Y-YEAH
I DO...



FIFTY
BUCKS AND
YOU CAN DO
WHATEVER YOU
WANT TO THEM
FOR HALF AN
HOUR...

I ~~WENT~~
LET HIM GET
THAT FAR.

AND
ANYTHING
YOU WANT TO
THE REST OF
ME...

I'M GOING
TO FUCKING
~~KISS~~ HIM!

OH, HELL
YEAH...!

AAAHH! SHUT UP!
SHUT UP! SHUT UP!



I NEED
TO GET OUT
OF HERE!

I KNOW
A PLACE WE
CAN GO...



OH!

BEFORE I
FORGET, THIS
IS MY FRIEND,
SAM.

UH,
HI...

TODAY'S
HIS BIRTH-
DAY.

THE
BIG TWENTY
ONE.

UGH!



WHAT'S
THIS LOSER
DOING...?

DO YOU,
UH... THINK
YOU'D BE OPEN
FOR BOTH OF
US...?

NOT AT THE
SAME TIME, OF
COURSE...

AND I
HAVE THE
CASH...

YES!
MONEY...
CASH...!



IF NOT,
THEN I'LL
JUST PAY FOR
WHATEVER *HE*
WANTS...

I'LL DO
WHATEVER YOU
WANT FOR FIFTY
BUCKS...

UH... I
APPRECIATE
THE OFFER, I
GUESS...

BUT...



GREAT!
SOUNDS LIKE
WE HAVE A
DEAL...

BUT, I...
NO! I'LL DO
ANYTHING FOR
MONEY... **NO**
MATTER WHAT
IT IS.

TIM, UH...
BEFORE YOU GET
TOO CARRIED
AWAY...



WHAT'S
UP...?

HEY,
CAN I,
UH...

CAN WE
TALK REAL
QUICK...?



YEAH,
SURE...

PLEASE
EXCUSE
US...

WE JUST
NEED TO GO
OVER HERE FOR
A MINUTE...



BRO,
WE HIT
THE JACK-
POT...!

MM
HMM...

MORON...

A man with short brown hair, wearing a green polo shirt, is shown from the chest up. He has a nervous expression, with his mouth slightly open and his hands held out in front of him. The background is a dark, nighttime street scene with a building featuring balconies and warm streetlights. To the left, there are dark, out-of-focus shapes of trees or bushes. Three speech bubbles are positioned to the left of the man, containing his dialogue.

HEY,
UH... LISTEN,
TIM...

I'M
NOT, *UH*... I
DON'T REALLY
KNOW *HOW* TO
TELL YOU THIS,
BUT...

I'M NOT
UH...



DON'T
WORRY
ABOUT IT,
MAN...

I TOLD
YOU I WAS
GOING TO GET
YOU LAID...

NO.
THAT'S
NOT...

I'M
JUST NOT
ACTUALLY
INTO...

AND
EVEN IF I
WERE...

WITH A
PROSTITUTE?
REALLY...?

DON'T
LET WHAT YOUR
SISTER SAID GET
TO YOU...

THIS IS
YOUR BIRTHDAY,
AND YOU NEED TO
CELEBRATE IT
PROPERLY!

AND IF
YOU'RE WORRIED
ABOUT CATCHING
ANYTHING...

DON'T
BE...

WELL, IT'S
NOT *JUST*
THAT...

I MADE
SURE TO PACK
IVERMECTIN. MY
GRANDAD *SWEARS*
THAT SHIT CURES
EVERYTHING.

WHAT...?

TIM,
THAT'S JUST
WORM...



YEAH-
YEAH...

I KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
GOING TO SAY.
BUT I'LL TAKE
THE RISK...

LOOK
HOW FREAKIN'
HOT SHE IS,
MAN!

TREAT-
MENT...





FORGET
HER, MAN. I
THINK I FOUND
SOMETHING
BETTER!

I HAD
NO IDEA
CHICKS LIKE
THAT WERE
REAL...

A cinematic scene featuring two men in a European-style street at night. The man on the left, with a beard and short hair, wears a dark leather jacket and looks towards the right. The man on the right, with wavy brown hair, wears a dark green polo shirt and points his right index finger towards the right side of the frame. The background shows a brick building with a balcony, street lamps, and a dark sky with clouds. Three speech bubbles are present: one from the bearded man, one from the man pointing, and a stylized one above the pointing man's head.

YEAH,
I ***DOUBT***
THAT...

SERIOUSLY!

CHECK
IT OUT.



FUCK!

NO
SHIT...

LOOKS
LIKE TONIGHT
IS GOING TO BE
PERFECT AFTER
ALL...

MEANWHILE...



'SUP,
GIRL...?

HEY...

DAMN!
YA' KNOW...
YOUR BODY'S
FINE!

UH...
THANKS...?



HOW
ABOUT YOU
DITCH THESE
CLOWNS...

AND
COME BACK
TO MY PLACE
WITH ME?

I'LL
SHOW YOU
WHAT IT'S LIKE
TO BE WITH A
REAL MAN.

uh
huh

RIGHT...

AND
WHO'S THAT,
YOUR *PIMP*
OR SOME-
THING...?

YOU CAN
LIVE HOWEVER
YOU WANT, BUT I
THINK I'LL PASS,
JUGS...





I *MAY*
BE LOOKING
FOR A FRESH
START...

BUT,
NO OFFENSE,
IF I EVER FIND
MYSELF OUT HERE
ADVERTISING
MY TITS...

JUST
SHOOT
ME...

**HEY,
SIS!**



COME
CHECK IT
OUT!

GUESS
WHAT WE
FOUND...

YOUR
MISSING
BRAIN...?

OH,
YOU'RE SO
FUNNY...

*SORRY,
I GOTTA
GO...*

*THESE
PRETEND
MEN NEED
ME...*

*GOOD
LUCK WITH
RECRUITING,
OR WHATEVER
THAT WAS.*





HUH...?

THE
FUCK JUST
HAPPEN...?







THIS
IS A WEIRD
PLACE FOR A
BAR...

THAT
WASN'T...

RIGHT...?

BUT IS
IT EVEN
OPEN?



A woman with long, dark, wavy hair and large gold hoop earrings is looking upwards and to the left. She is wearing a red, off-the-shoulder top with heart-shaped cutouts. The background is a brick building at night with several windows and balconies. The windows have green shutters and are lit from within. The balconies have black metal railings. There are small lights hanging from the balconies. A speech bubble is coming from the woman's mouth.

WHAT
THE *HELL* IS
THAT BITCH UP
TO NOW...?

TO BE CONTINUED...

Thanks for reading!



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