

**SEX  
CRIMINALS™**  
VOLUME FIVE  
FIVE-FINGERED  
DISCOUNT



MATT FRACTION  
CHIP ZDARSKY





# SEX CRIMINALS

## FIVE-FINGERED DISCOUNT

MATT FRACTION  
CHIP ZDARSKY

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*For Chip,  
But not Chip Zdarsky  
Another Chip  
You wouldn't know him  
He lives in Canada  
Another Canada, I mean  
A different one  
Anyway it's not Chip Zdarsky, it's someone else  
Siri stop dictation  
Yes I'd like seven double monster cheesebusters  
Okay sir anything else  
And one diet coke please, light ice  
Okay will that be all  
Yes  
That will be thirty-eight fifty, sir  
Do you take ApplePay  
Yes sir, just tap the phone  
Just okay okay one oh wait I think it's still shit shit wait Siri no Siri stop*

**MATT**

*For Marvel Comics,  
Thank you for the decades of  
high-quality entertainment.  
You showed me that the  
real hero was inside me  
all along (The Hulk).*

**CHIP**

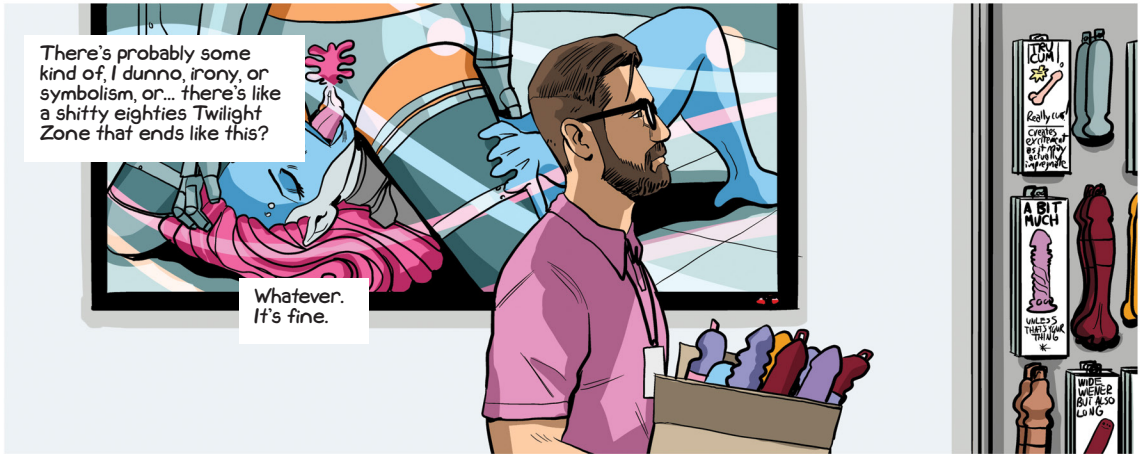
21  
SPACES





I'm in Cumworld all the time now.

**JON:**



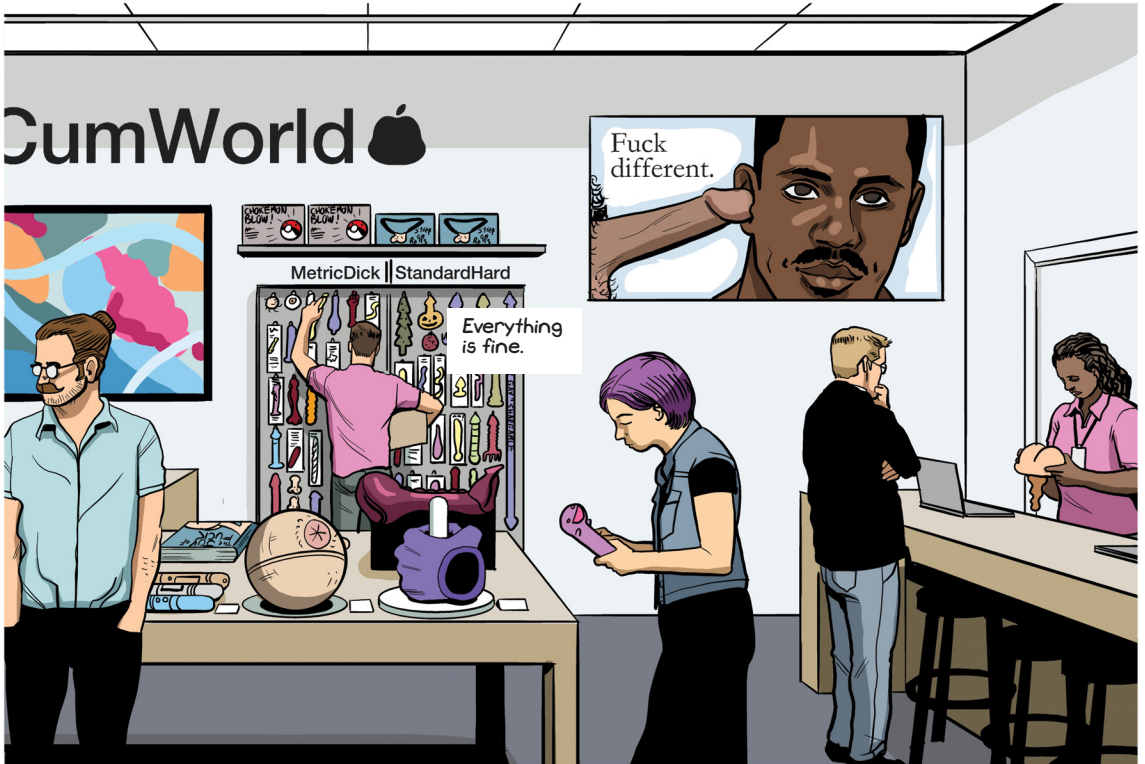
There's probably some kind of, I dunno, irony, or symbolism, or... there's like a shitty eighties Twilight Zone that ends like this?

Whatever. It's fine.

IT'S CUM!  
Really Cum  
Creates excitement as it moves through your body

A BIT MUCH  
WALEY'S TITLES SHIT THEMSELVES

WIDER WIEGER BUT ALSO LONG



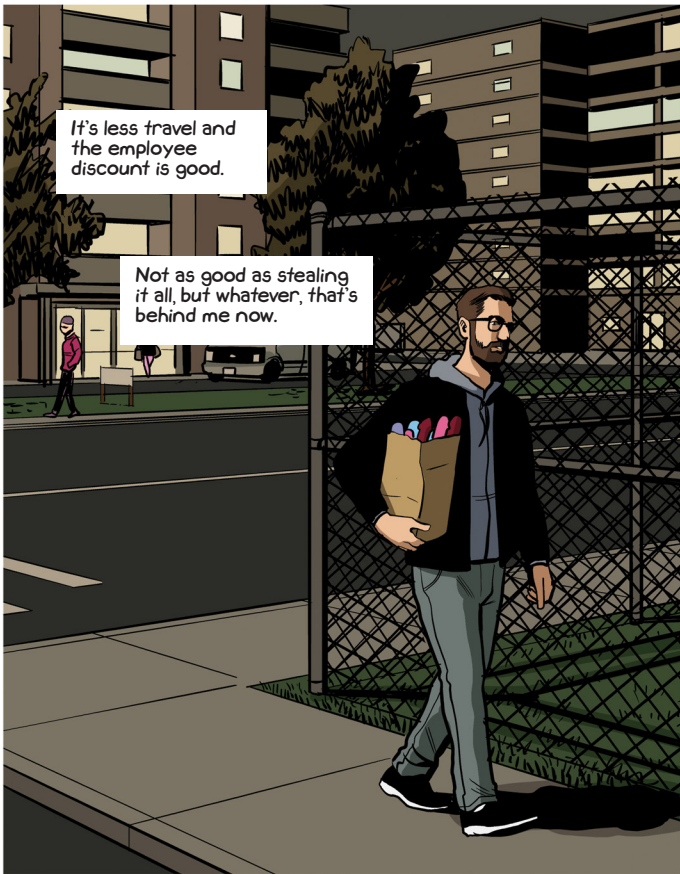
CumWorld 

Fuck different.

CHUCKLE-FUN BLOW! CHUCKLE-FUN BLOW!

MetricDick | StandardHard

Everything is fine.



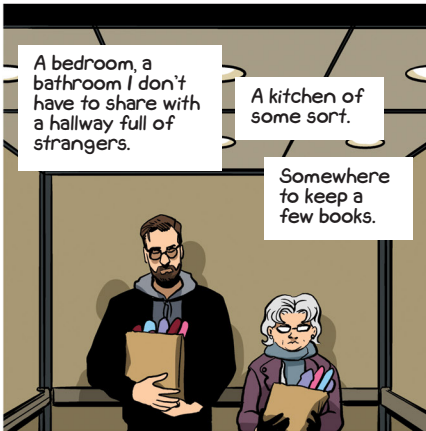
It's less travel and the employee discount is good.

Not as good as stealing it all, but whatever, that's behind me now.



Got a new place, walking distance.

Split two ways the rent's not bad, and really, what the fuck do I need in an apartment?



A bedroom, a bathroom I don't have to share with a hallway full of strangers.

A kitchen of some sort.

Somewhere to keep a few books.



It's cheap.

It's fine.



Everything is fine.





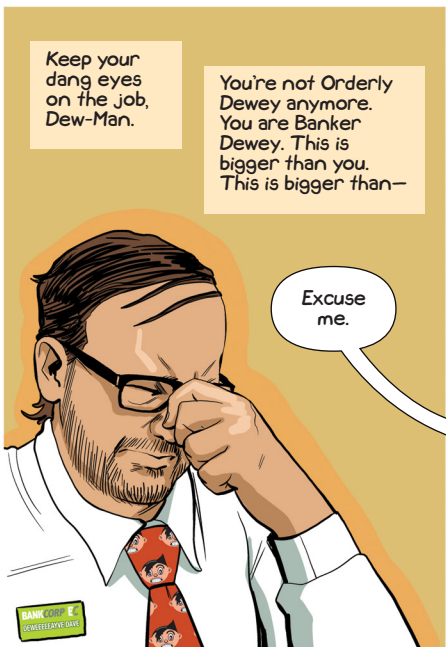
How am I?

**DEWEY:**



I am so dang deep undercover, sometimes I can't tell where I stop and the job begins.

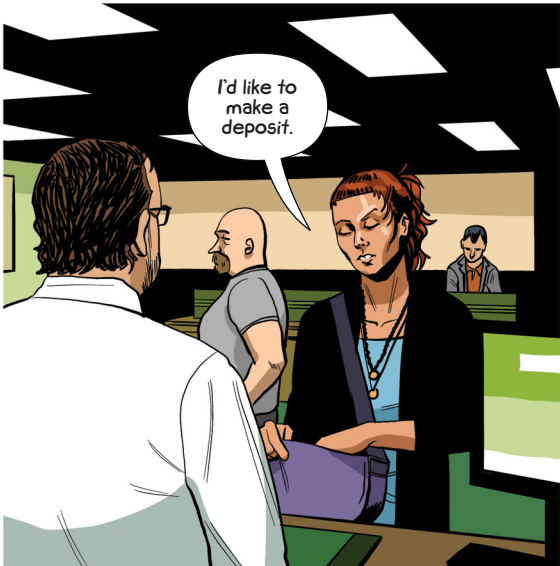
There you go, ma'am. Have a great day.



Keep your dang eyes on the job, Dew-Man.

You're not Orderly Dewey anymore. You are Banker Dewey. This is bigger than you. This is bigger than—

Excuse me.



I'd like to make a deposit.

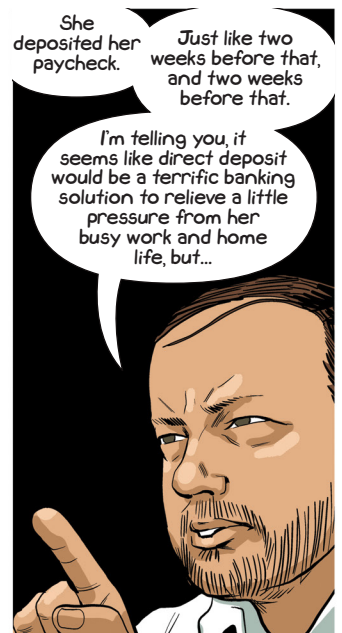
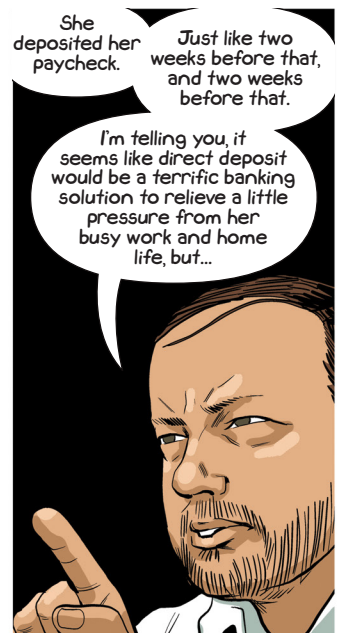


Yes, ma'am.

Of course. Welcome to BankCorp I'll be happy to assist you.

This is big, and you're in too deep to get out now.

You're grumped if you do and grumped if you don't.

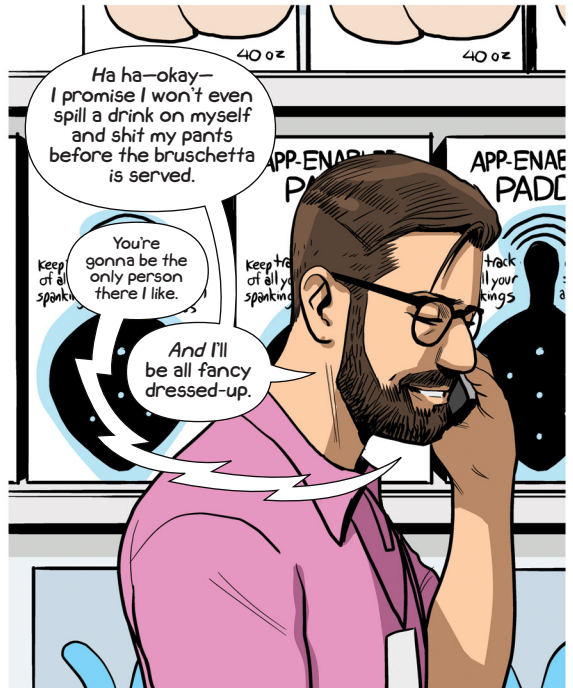
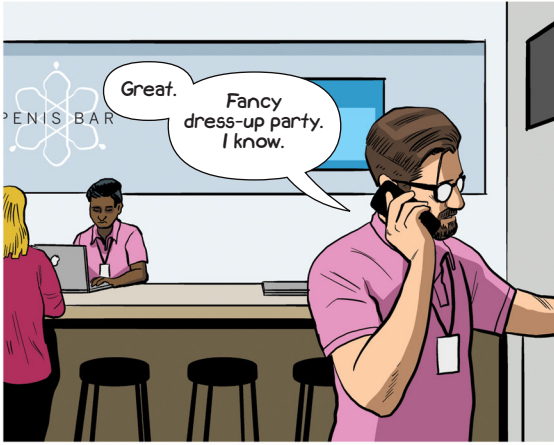




## KEGELFACE MYRTLE SPURGE:











Everything is fine.

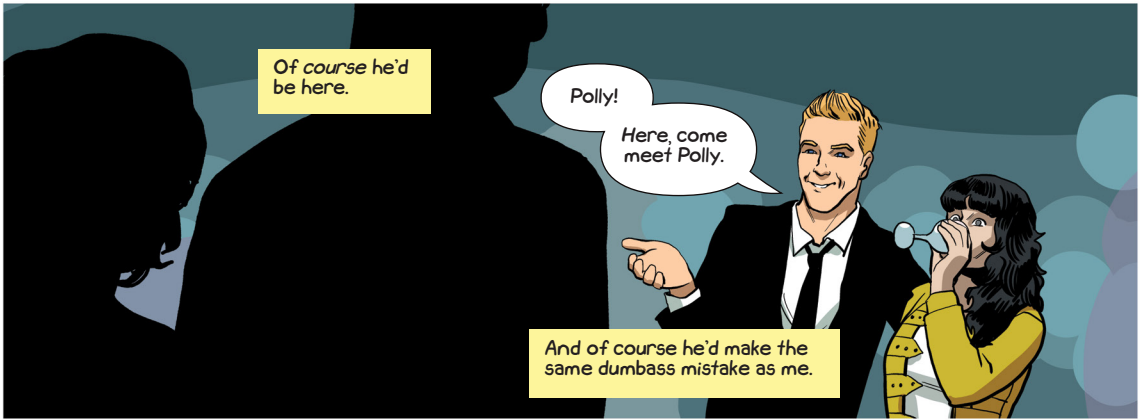
Really.

Fuck.



It's funny: it can always get worse.

**SUZANNE:**



Of course he'd be here.

Polly!  
Here, come meet Polly.

And of course he'd make the same dumbass mistake as me.



Oh that's funny, you two did the same thing but, like, same-same. I love "Sgt. Popper's Bonely Hearts Chub Band."

Freddie Mercury.  
Who?

Queen.

Ha! Just "Geoff." Mr. Queen was my father.

wow, really?

Polly is my assistant at the museum.





The wine helps, but really, come on, like, what's gonna happen?

We were a thing once, now we're not, whatever.



It's fine.

The thing no one gets about art is—

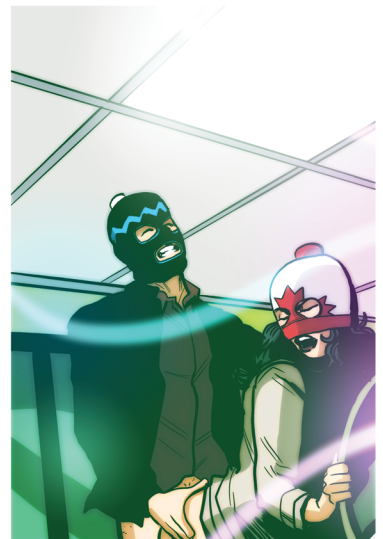


Wait wait wait wait not yet YET WAIT—

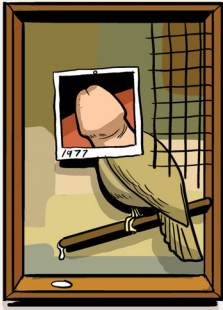
nnNGNGGGGGG OOOOOOOOOO OOOOOO



And look, maybe Geoff's not Mister Excitement or Mister...



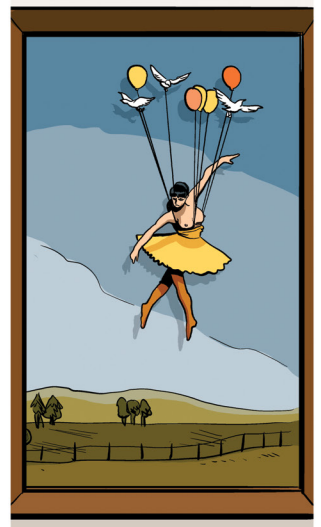
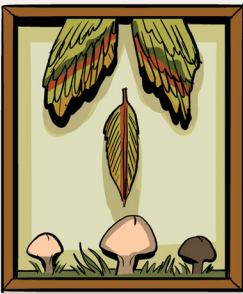
—well he's not Mister Let's-Rob-A-Goddamn-Bank, either.



Of course the real issue is, what is art, and who makes it, and who decides that art is acceptable? Pornell had no formal training and led his entire life in the home he and his brother were born in, taking care of them both the majority of that time, and became self-taught while working menial night jobs.

Even the boxes – it took a neighbor with a woodshop to teach Pornell the basics of construction and the like. Even then the wood he used was inexpensive, the techniques adequate but never terribly concerned with craft. For him the boxes merely acted as vessels, as forms for the treasures within.

Why NOT me, Pornell asked. Why NOT these trinkets from the drug store, the toy store, why not this refuse from middle class America? In fact it was this sensibility that brought him into the orbit of Doucheamp, and the two had a friendship that spanned decades, the older Doucheamp acting as a kind of MENTOR figure to Pornell





But what if he was just another asshole that liked putting pretty things in boxes?

Hmm?

Joseph Pornell  
A Bird In The Handjob



He isn't Mister Anything, I suppose.

And that's fine.



He's not, like, *the one*. Fine, okay.

But he's older. Mature. More responsible.



He's got a job. He's got a house.

And sure, the sex is meh. But the truth is...



Well.

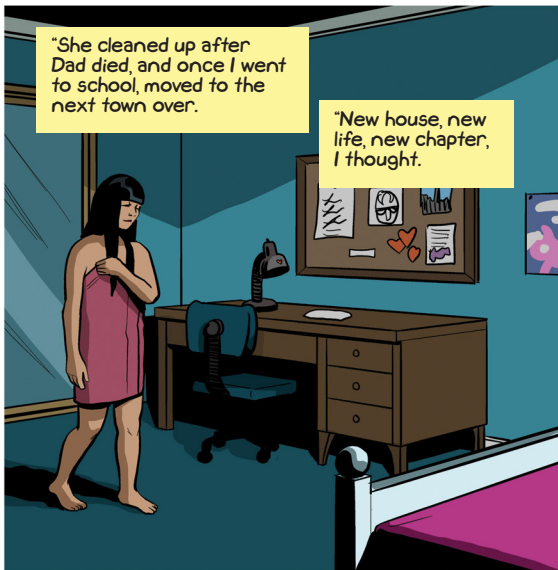
I guess I'm not really feeling like myself these days.



To be honest, it's everything I can do to get away from sex.

Hey, mom, I don't—





"She cleaned up after Dad died, and once I went to school, moved to the next town over.

"New house, new life, new chapter, I thought.



"She bought a house so much like the old one it's weird.

"And then she recreated my old room, her old room. Same stuff in a new place.



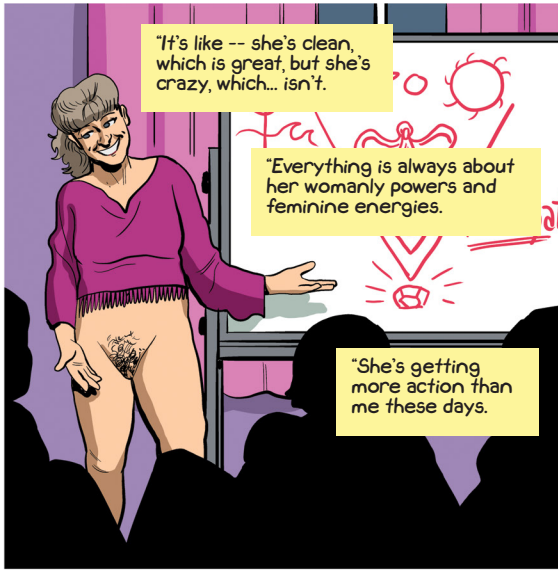
"Even Dad's 'study,' as we used to call it.

"Same books, same furniture, same shitty old computer.



"She built a museum of the way our lives used to be.

"And now I moved into it with her.



"It's like -- she's clean, which is great, but she's crazy, which... isn't.

"Everything is always about her womanly powers and feminine energies.

"She's getting more action than me these days.



"It's like living with a big sister that can't wait to teach me about being a woman instead of living with a mom.

"Seriously. She sucks more dick than the pre-All-Star-break 2017 Chicago Cubs."



I don't know. Y'know how Erica Jong wrote about wanting a "zipless fuck"?

It's like I've gone from a zipless fuck to a fuckless zip, and I moved in with a horny teenager with a credit card.



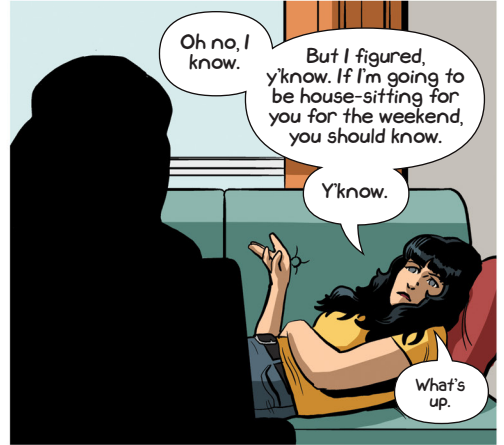
I don't know. It's—

It's fine. I'm fine.

Suzanne, you know that...



You know I'm not this kind of doctor, right?

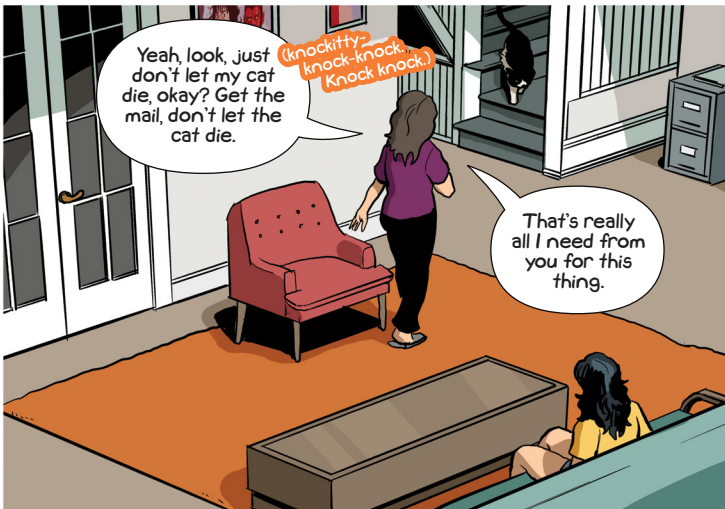


Oh no, I know.

But I figured, y'know. If I'm going to be house-sitting for you for the weekend, you should know.

Y'know.

What's up.



Yeah, look, just don't let my cat die, okay? Get the mail, don't let the cat die.

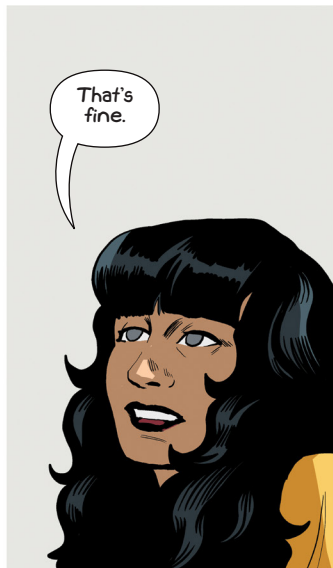
(knockitty-knock-knock. Knock knock.)

That's really all I need from you for this thing.



Abnormal is 34 years old and doesn't get around all that well anymore.

blaiirrrb







22

**FOLLOW  
THE  
HONEY**



Okay Momma,  
I should be back,  
I don't know,  
10, 11.

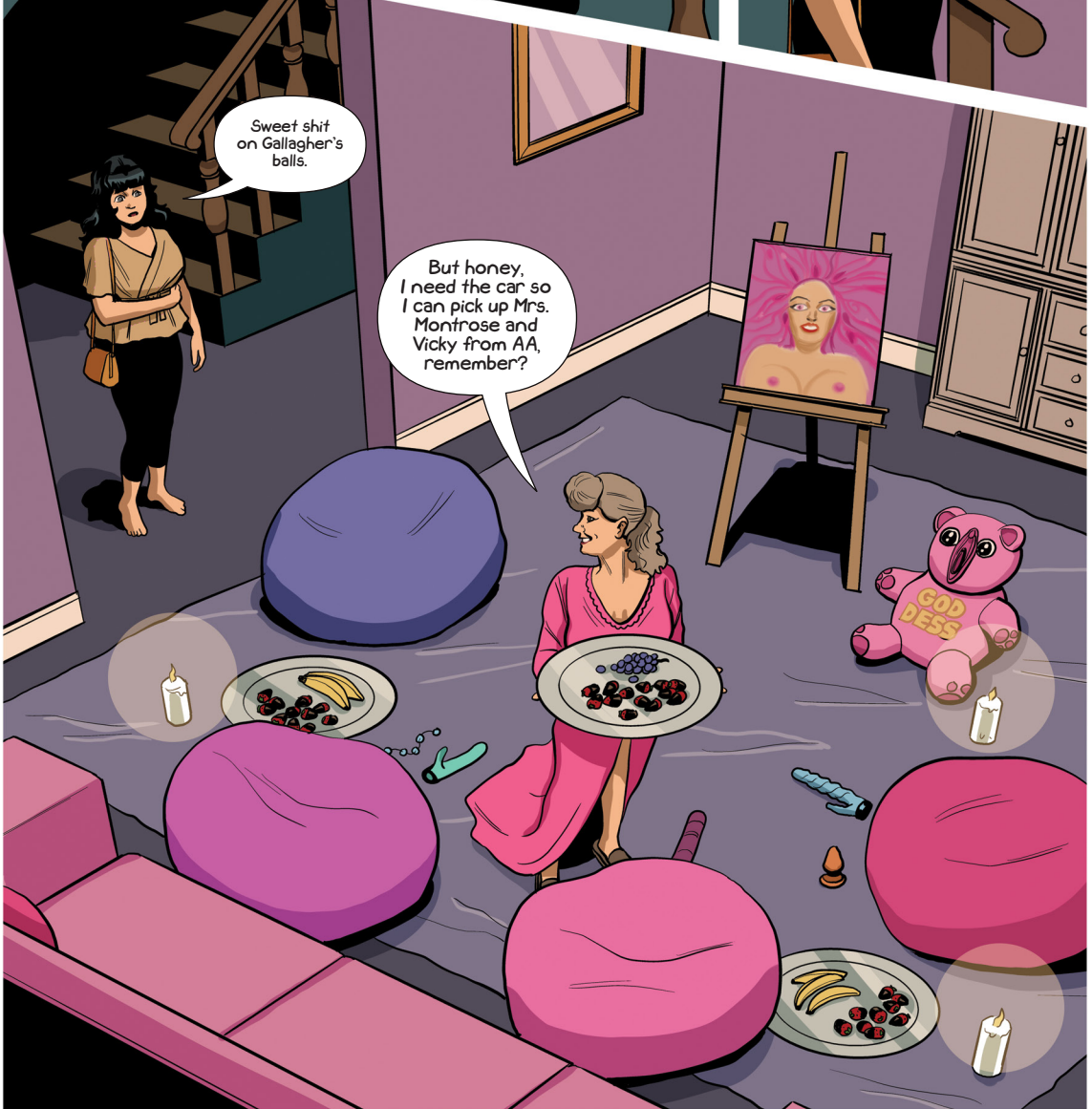


It's not  
really that kind  
of a show, so it  
shouldn't be  
too late—

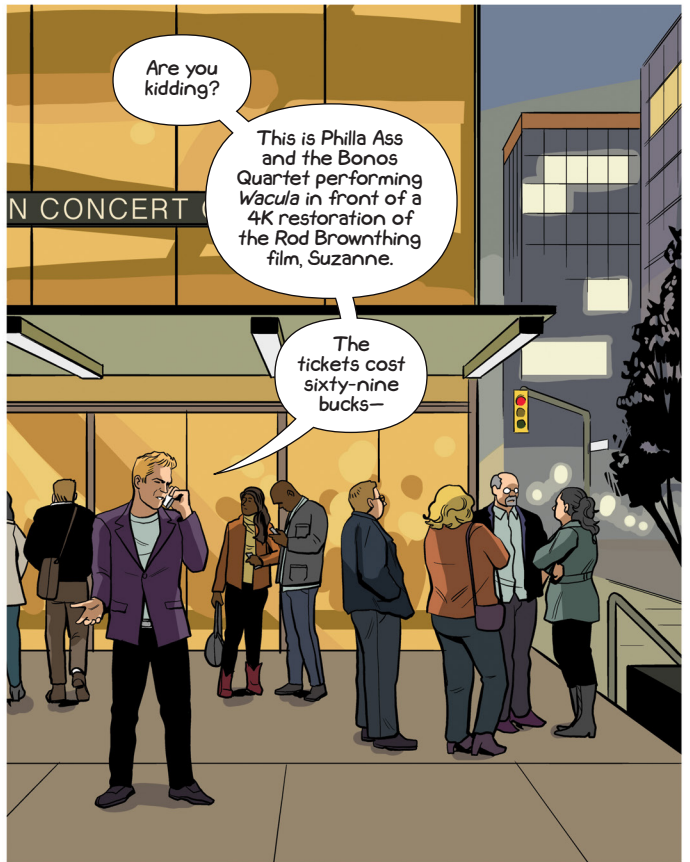


Sweet shit  
on Gallagher's  
balls.

But honey,  
I need the car so  
I can pick up Mrs.  
Montrose and  
Vicky from AA,  
remember?





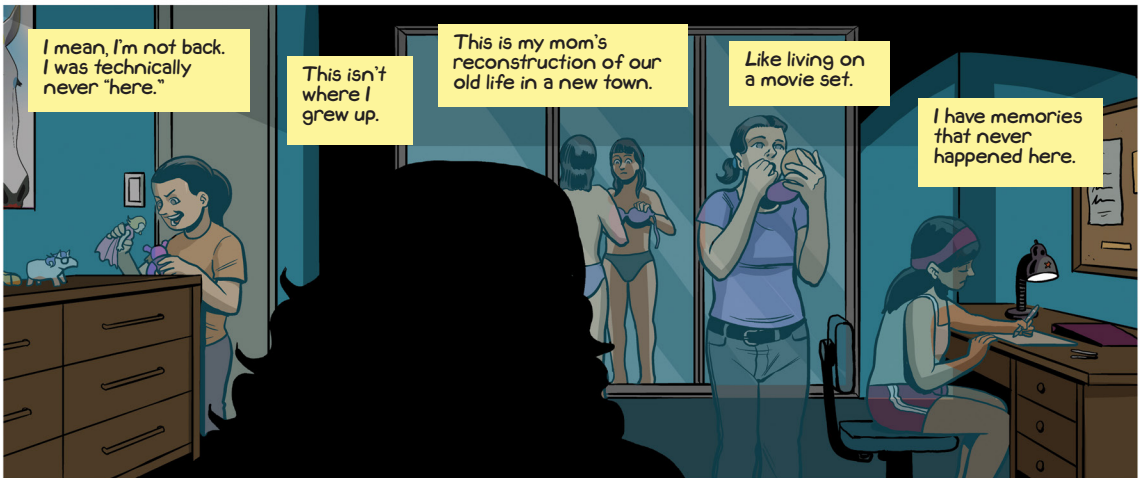




Okay. I know.  
I'm sorry. I—  
Hello?



I can't believe  
I'm back here.



I mean, I'm not back.  
I was technically  
never "here."

This isn't  
where I  
grew up.

This is my mom's  
reconstruction of our  
old life in a new town.

Like living on  
a movie set.

I have memories  
that never  
happened here.



What's it called  
when you have  
déjà vu for a  
place you've  
never been?

I...bet...that's  
actually what  
déjà vu is?



What's it called  
when your mom  
expresses grief  
through alcohol  
abuse, sobriety,  
multiple 12-step  
programs...

...New Age nonsense,  
infomercial con men,  
and hypersexualization  
in the face of  
menopause...

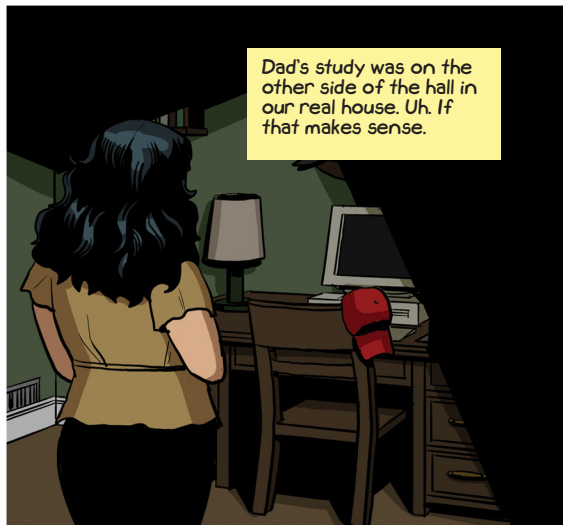


...while painstakingly  
curating and recreating  
her life before the  
tragedy, but in a new  
place, in a new town?

Because my  
mom calls it  
"home."



Painstakingly rendered.



Dad's study was on the other side of the hall in our real house. Uh. If that makes sense.



Otherwise, it's like she transplanted the whole room from there to here.

He'd bring work home with him. He'd need quiet. He'd—

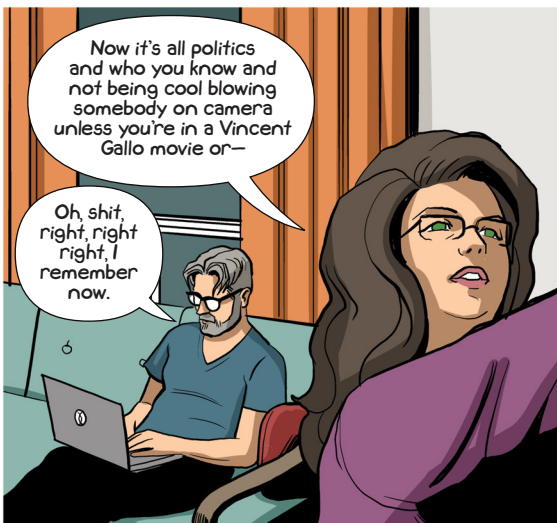
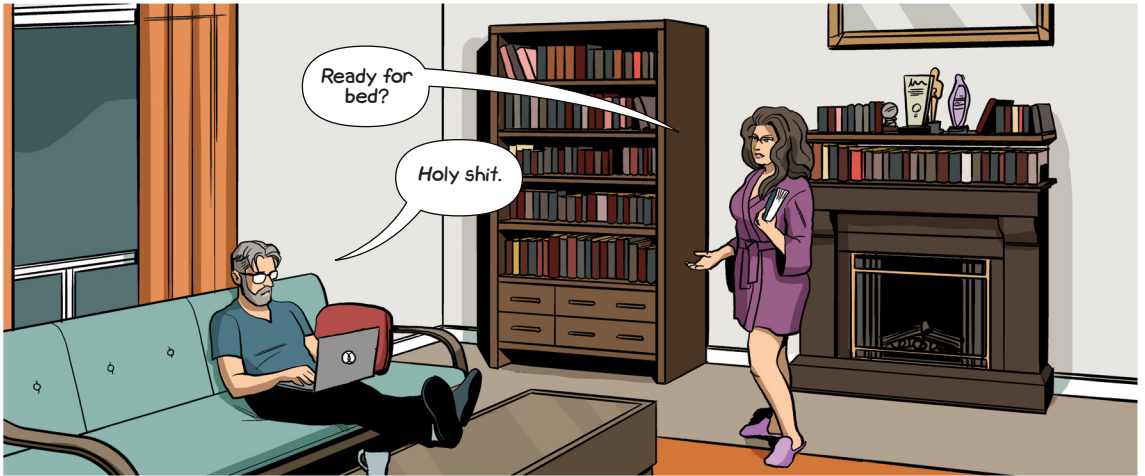


He'd need to work.

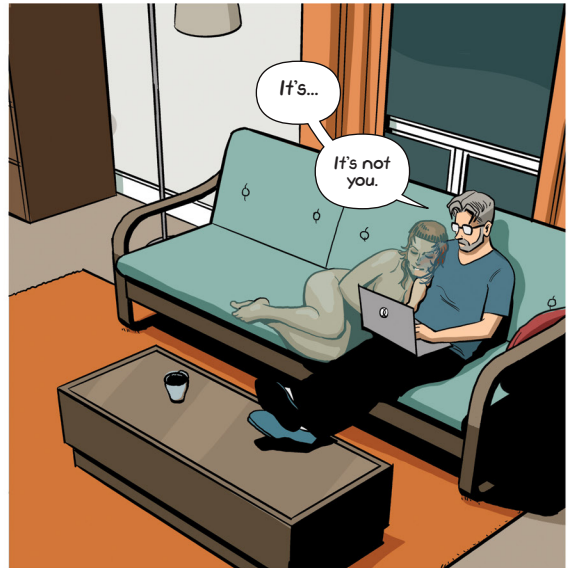
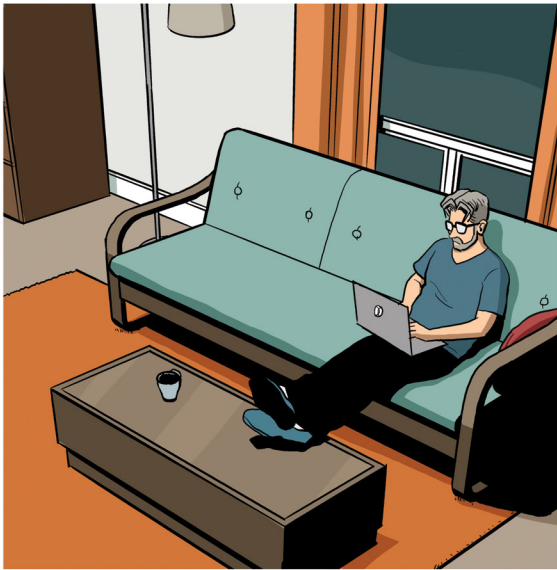
I lose his face, the further away from him I get. It's just contours now. Ridges and shapes.



Here's where I remember him most.















"I was there. I was in it."

"Eyes peeled like a dang wolverhawk."

"Wait, a—"

"—His books, he reads these fucking books. Go on, Dewey."

<Great to  
come every day>  
<Fixing all the  
problems>  
<Everyone loves him>  
<The D-Man>



"My pal, the guy who comes by and lays pipe when we need it, he told me about some stuff."

"Some secret stuff."



"I've been asking around about stuff, right? Like I'm supposed to, trying to learn the layout of the place."

"Well, it turns out Mr. Badal, he has a whole secret setup that only the pipelayer guy and him know about."

"Lots of electricity running to it. A secret door."



"I got into Mr. Badal's office okay, but couldn't find any secret door."

"So I started deep-diggin', D-Man style".

"Is that you? Are you talking about yourself in the third person, in a nickname?"

"Hey."



I said I was in too deep, man. If you can't handle that heat—

—Get out of the goddang bakery.

Okay, okay, jeez—



"Anyway. That's it."

"I got pinched looking for a way into Badal's secret room."

"Sorry, guys."

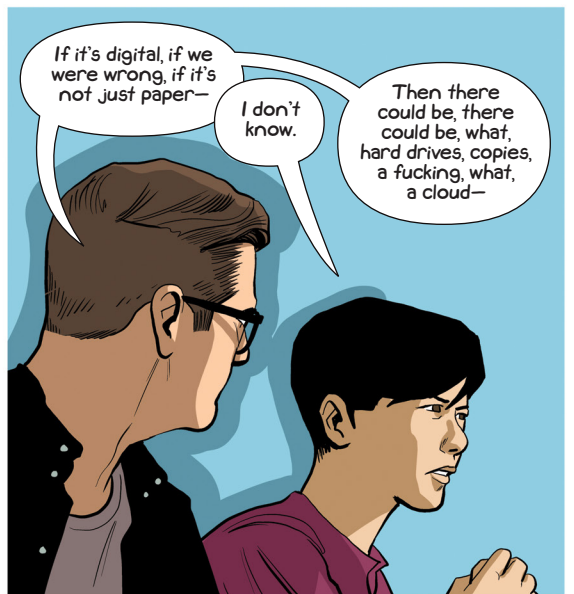


Sorry.  
Sorry.

Shit.  
Shit.



So...  
Yeah.  
So...  
It's digital then. Right? The files and shit.  
We don't know that. Maybe.



If it's digital, if we were wrong, if it's not just paper—  
I don't know.  
Then there could be, what, hard drives, copies, a fucking, what, a cloud—



I DONT KNOW!  
Goddammit.  
Goddammit I don't know.

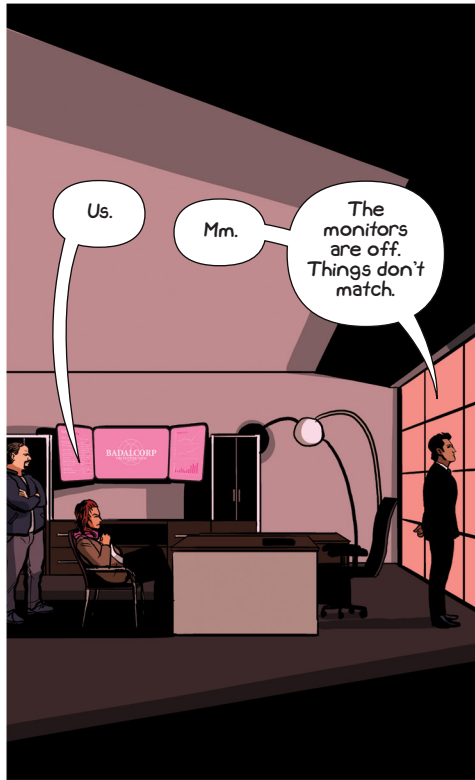


I never broke into a skyscraper before.  
Now we gotta figure out how to burn down a fucking cloud.



I don't like it.

They conspire against me.



Us.

Mm.

The monitors are off. Things don't match.



What things don't match?

Don't worry about it. I'm saying, things are wrong. They're up to something, and we need to find out what.



Of course by "we," I mean "you."



Well, you're the one with all the answers. You tell us where to go, we go.

Tell us who to tag, we'll tag.

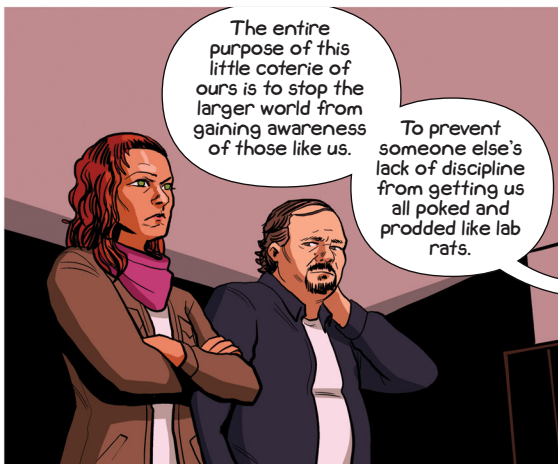


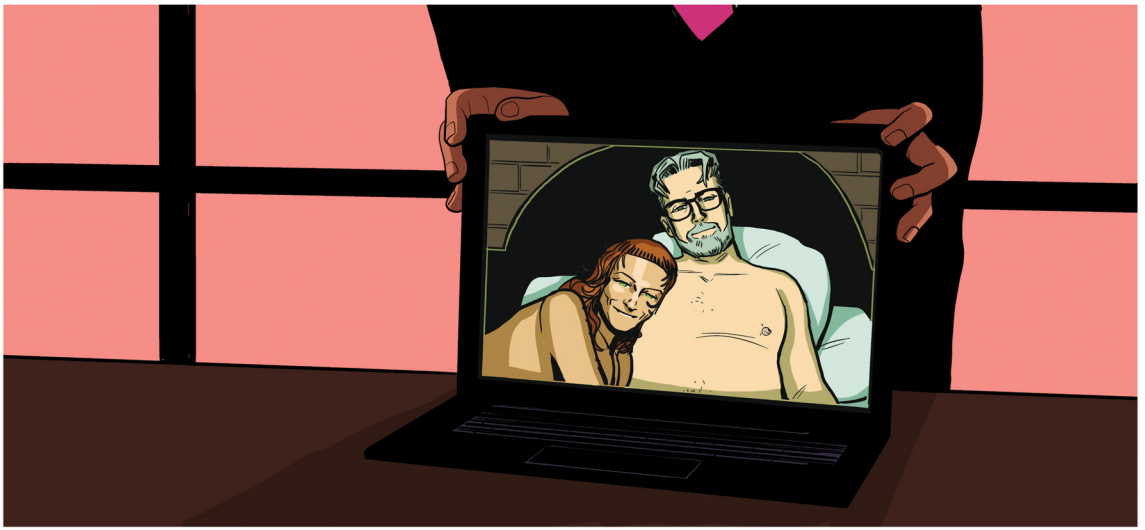
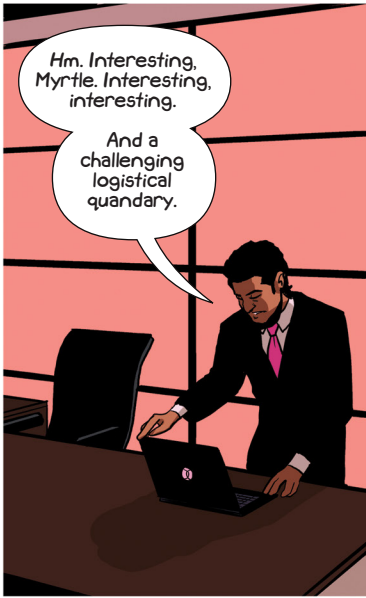
You squeezed the hot dog freak too hard and he fled.

The money one from out of town hasn't left, but I can't ascertain what they're playing.

The numbers don't match. Something's going on.

The boy is the key. The beau.







You with me, Jon?



You're with me, you're still with me, you still want to go here, still want to do this?

I mean, foolin' around with people is one thing, but this is a big step, believe me.

And you wouldn't rather, like, talk about your shitty job or whatever.

We don't need to talk about feelings or anything.



Yeah, no, this is great. I've been here before.

Fuck feelings.



Did I know that?  
When were you  
here? I think we  
talked about that,  
right?

I dunno,  
maybe. It was, uh.  
I was just starting  
to figure stuff  
out, I guess.



And did  
you?



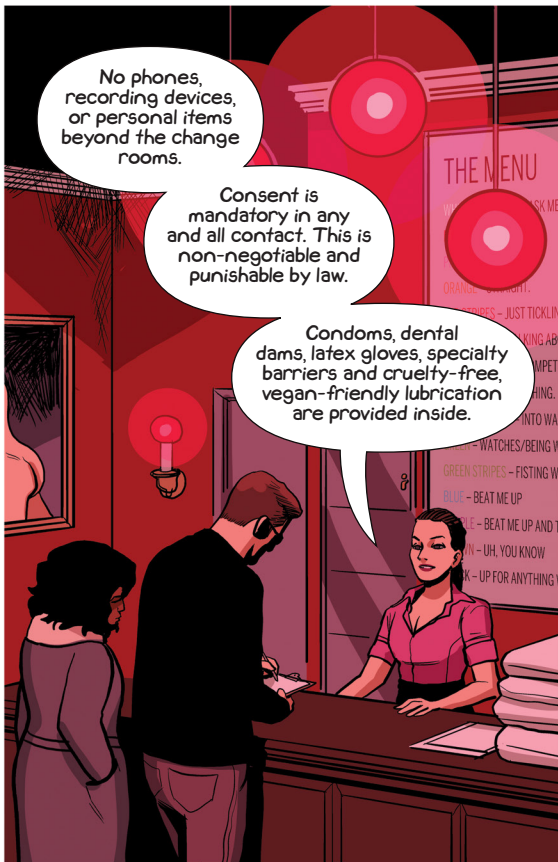
I guess.

I mean,  
I'm back,  
aren't I?



Hey,  
Polly.

Rudy. We're  
just gonna head  
up, okay?





Is this okay?

Am I still into this?



I want this.

Right?

This is what I'm into?



Yeah. Totally.

Okay.

Before was different. I was in a bad place before.



I didn't know what I wanted last time.

I thought you could erase heartbreak with sex.



I'm different now. More mature.

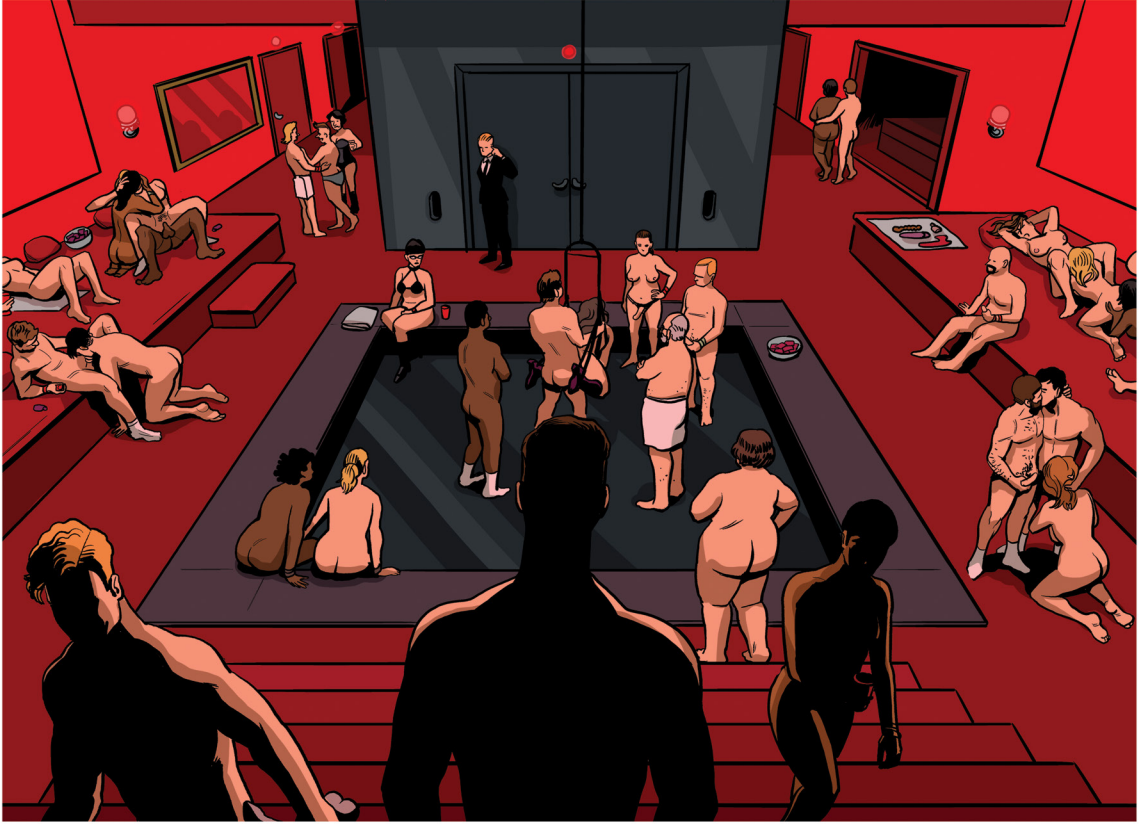
I know what I want.

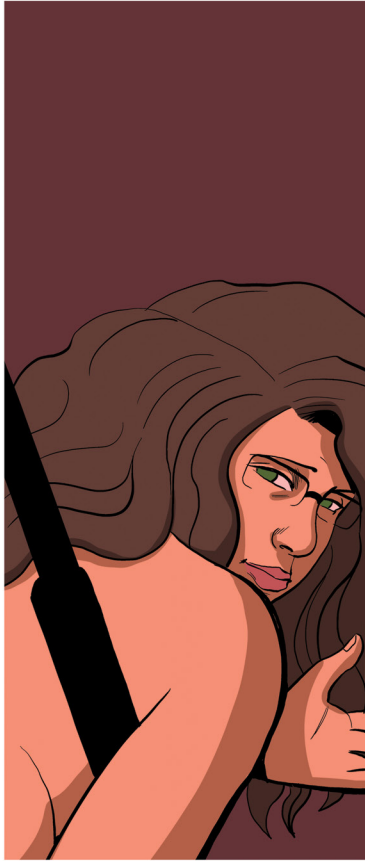


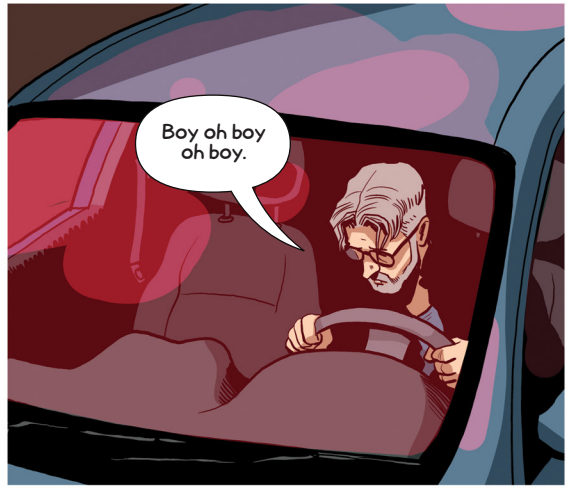
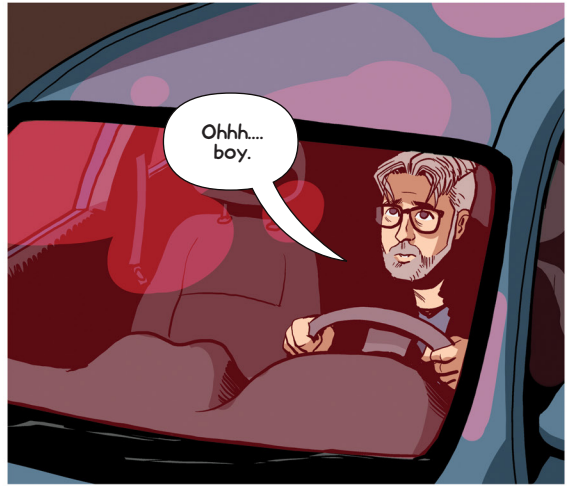
11:20  
Friday, November 12  
MESSAGES  
That Fucking Girl  
hey you  
Slide for more  
now

23  
MY  
EPIPHANY

















No, no, 's okay.

Didn't realize you got back.



I haven't yet. I just am.

Why are you whispering?

I don't know. It's more exciting this way.



Good night?

Eh, all right. Kind of a sausage party up in there and I was in the mood for muffins.



Get it?

Like lady muffins.

Vaginas.

I wanted to fuck girls.

...uh-huh.

Like mouth-fuck 'em. With my face.



Okay well, you wake up, have some coffee, have a good day.

I'll see you tonight.

...mm.



Yeah, okay.

Hey, I got that thing tonight I gotta do so...

So uh...





Fuck fuck  
I'm sorry I'm  
sorry—

No, no, it's cool,  
I have literally nothing  
better to do than  
freeze my ladynuts  
off on Muffler Row  
waiting around for  
your ass.



The fuck  
you want  
from me,  
Alix? I said  
sorry, I'm  
here, I—

— I know,  
I know,  
you're  
doing the  
best you  
can.



I'm a little  
torqued up,  
is all.

Not every  
night I get hit by a  
goddamn bus.



Look, Alix, I  
know I'm king of  
the fucked-up  
plan-having, but  
this is even fucked  
up for me.

You don't  
have to do this.  
We can figure  
out another  
way.



No, no,  
it's okay. It's  
gonna be  
fine. I know  
it is.

I know how this  
works. You have to  
get off and I have  
to have a, like—

—like a crazy  
adrenaline surge  
that *doesn't*  
require jumping  
off a building.



Sure, okay.  
But—

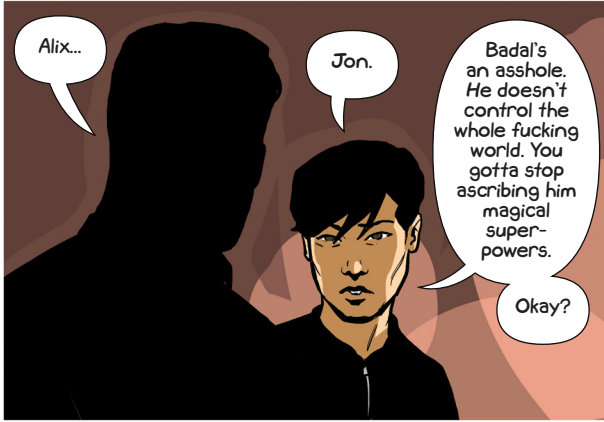
Maybe  
there's a  
way that's not  
jumping in front  
of a bus?



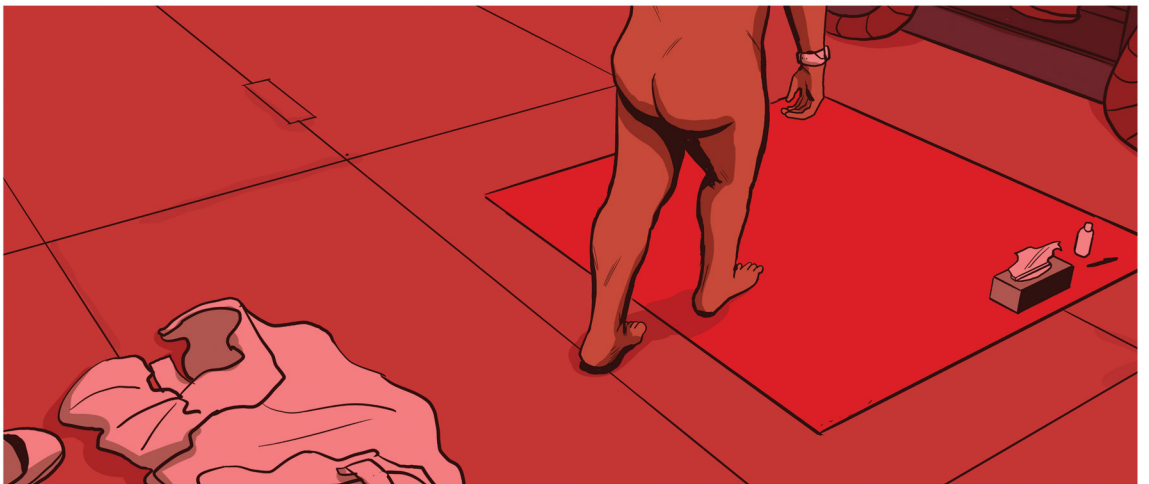
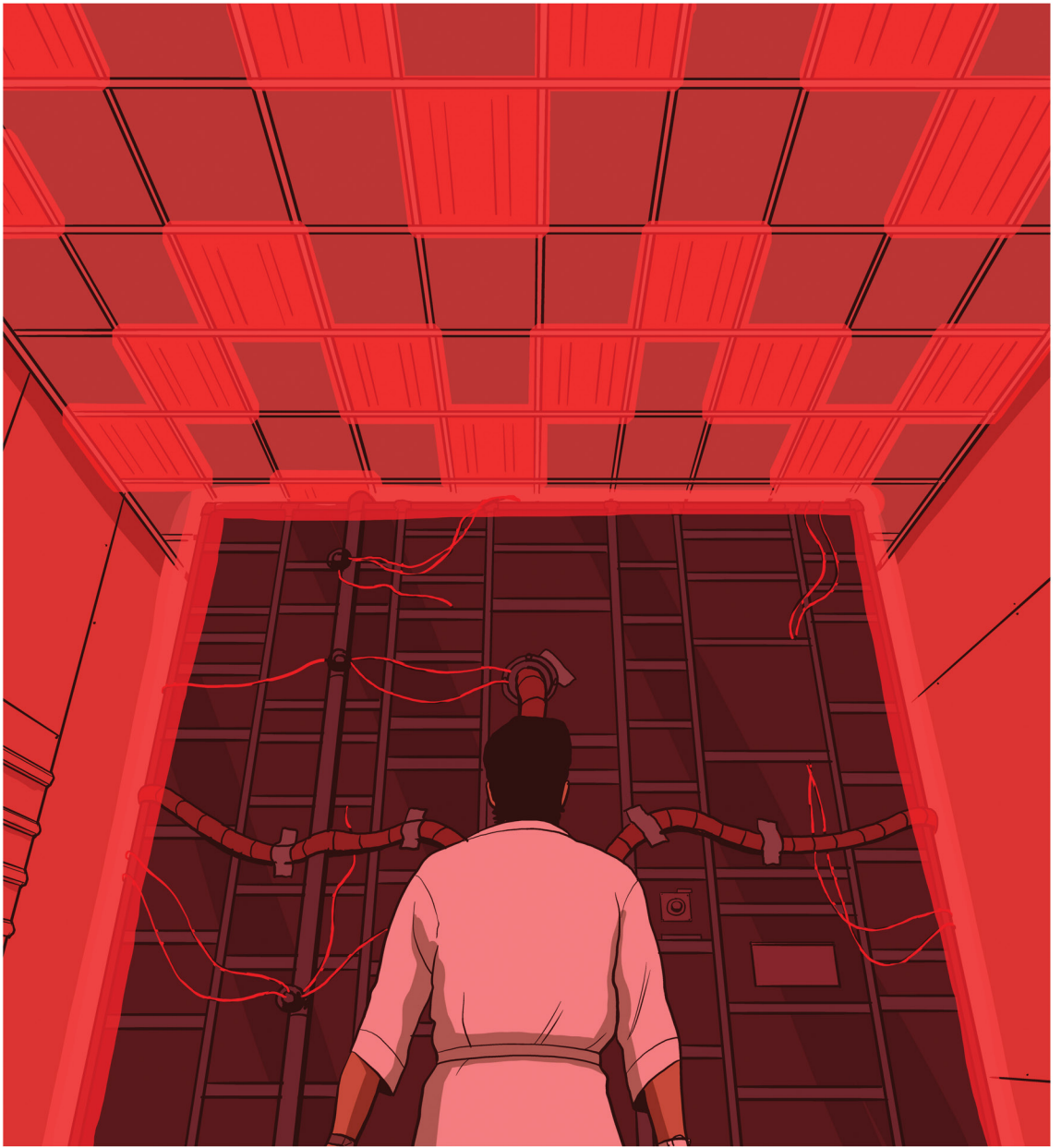
Besides,  
what if it's  
*his* bus?

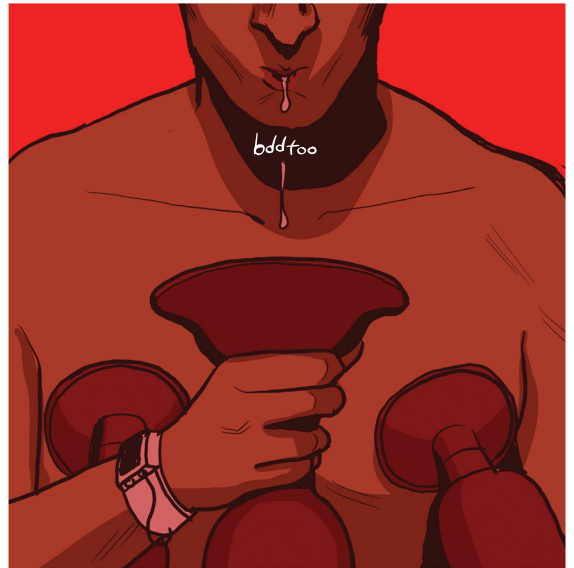
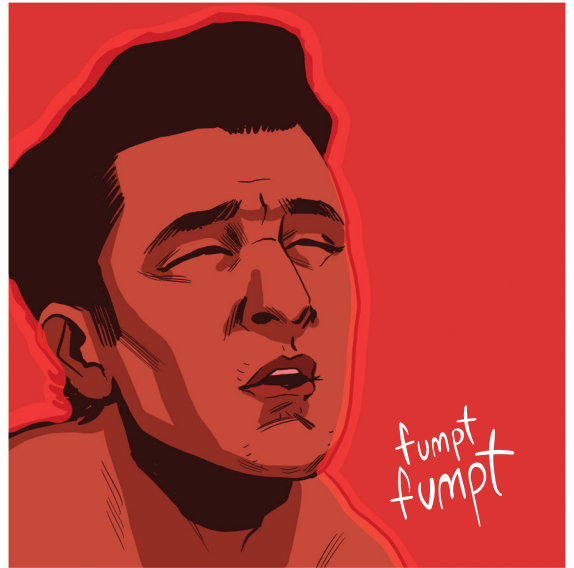
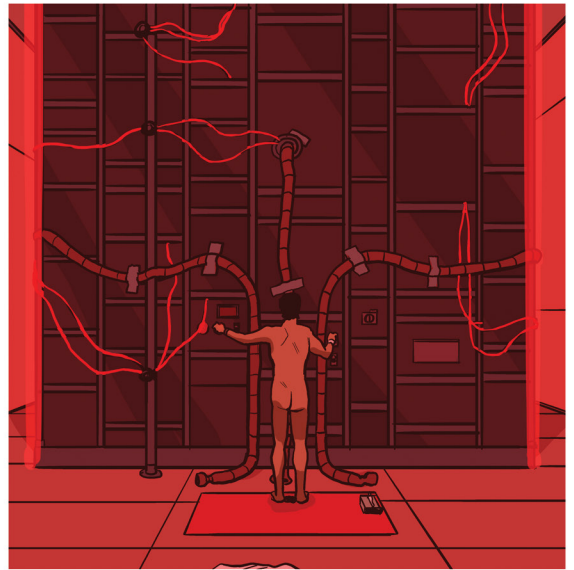
With all our  
fuckin' luck? It  
would be.

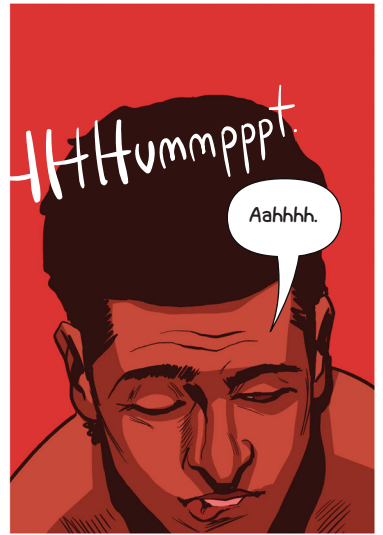
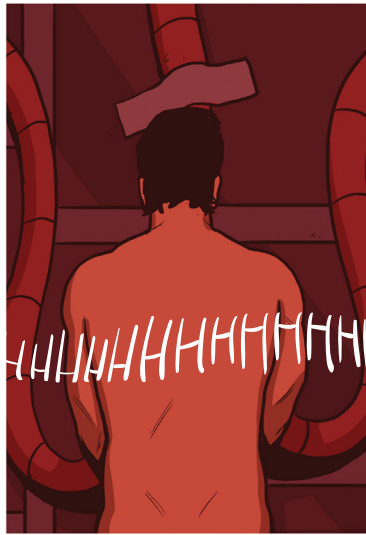
Jesus,  
Jon, do the  
goddamn  
math for a  
second.

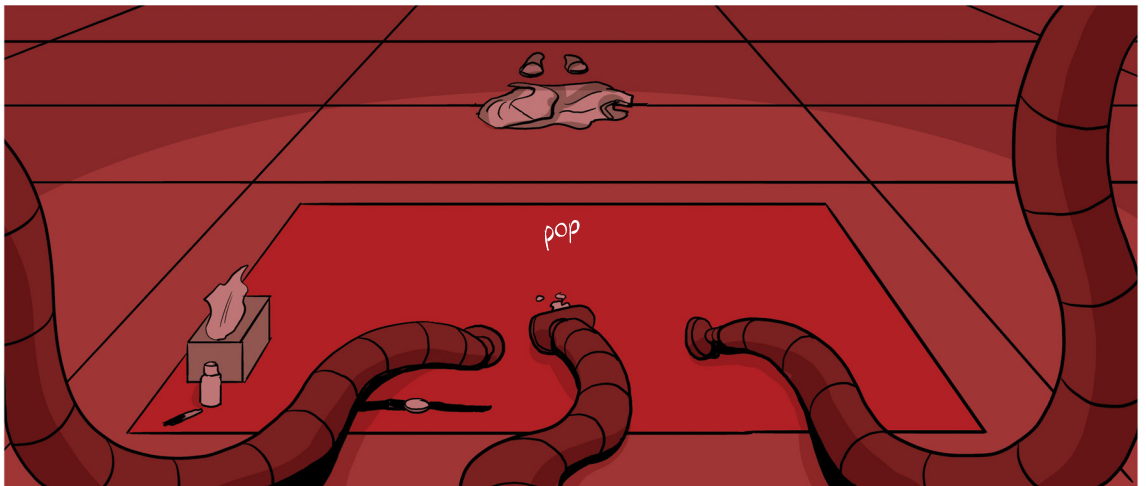
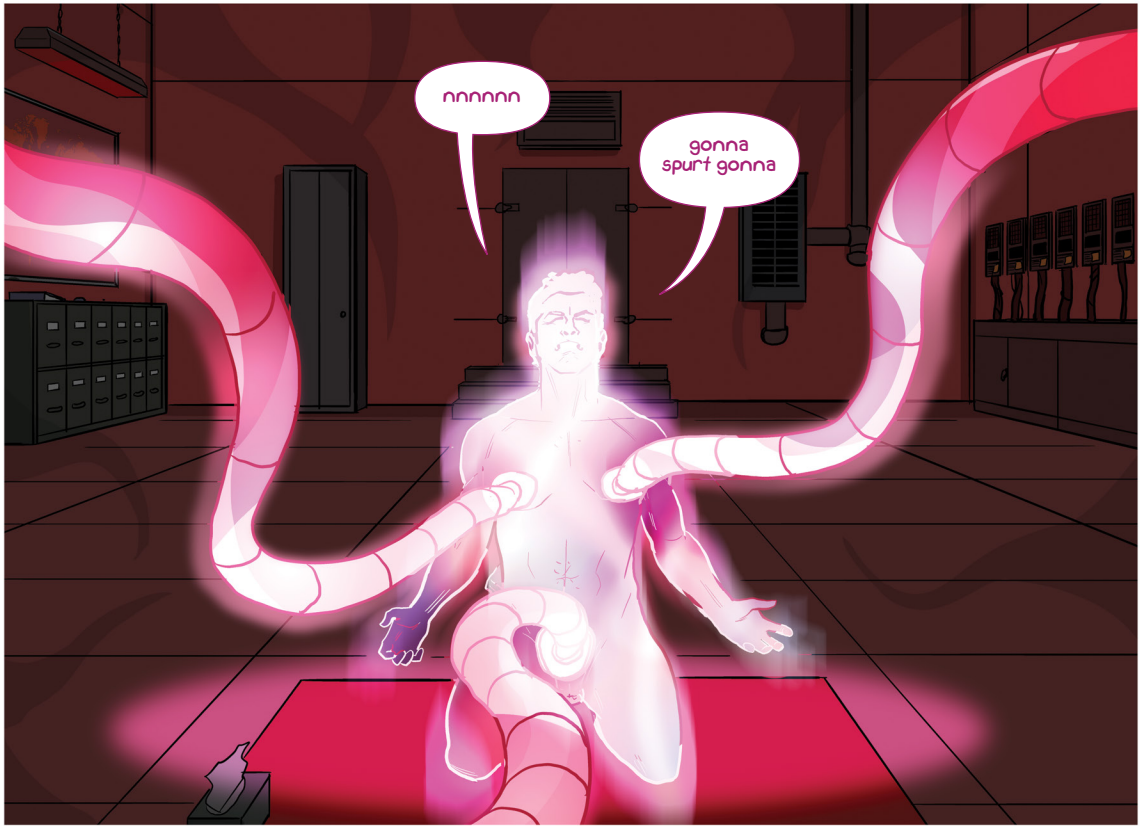
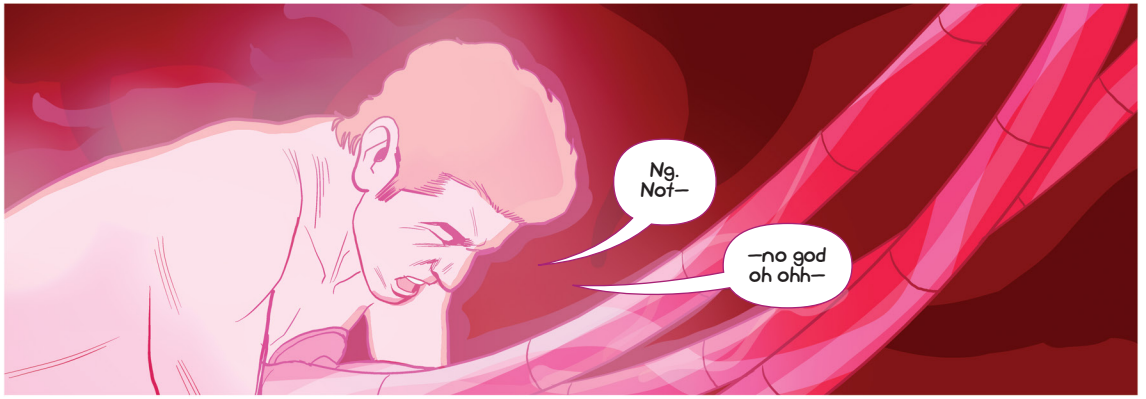


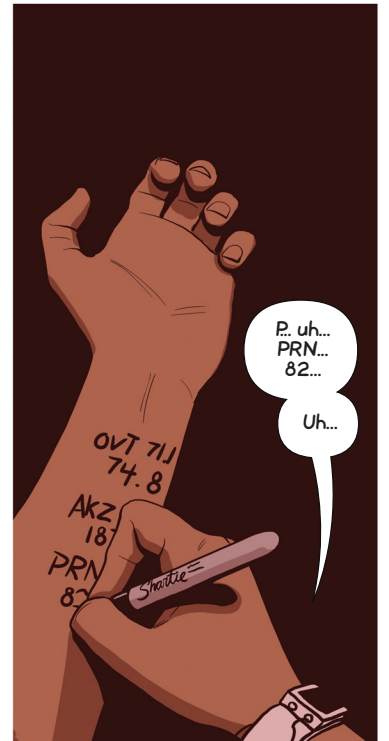






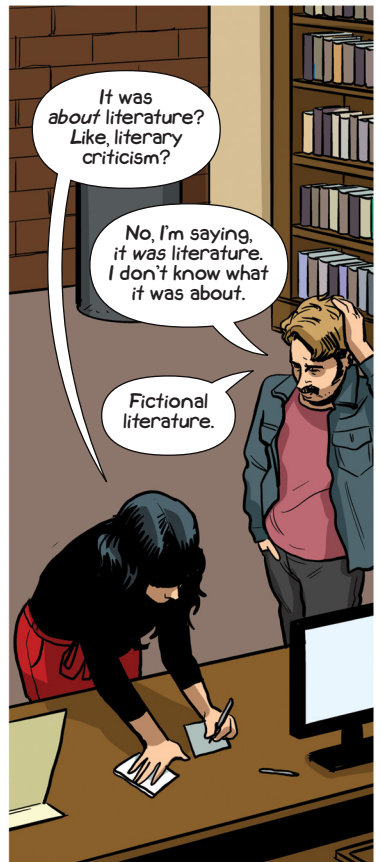














The car situation gets sticky every now and again, but in another few months of building my savings back up I should be able to at least buy a beater to get around.

What's a beater?

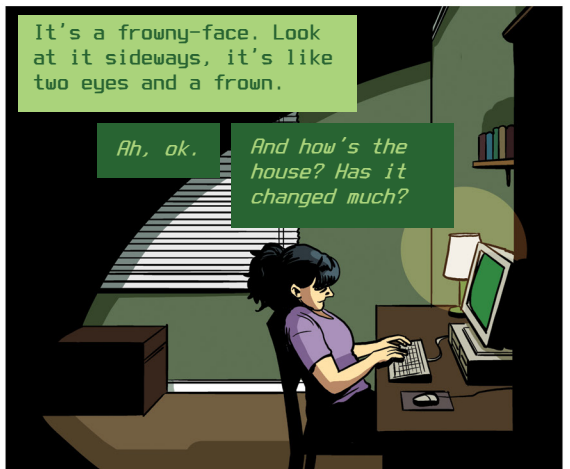


Like a shitty car.

LANGUAGE.

:C

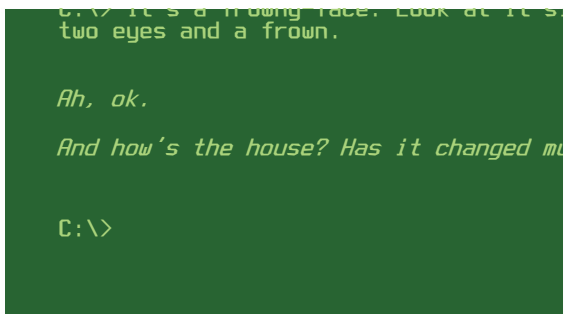
I don't know what that means.



It's a frowny-face. Look at it sideways, it's like two eyes and a frown.

Ah, ok.

And how's the house? Has it changed much?



C:\> It's a frowny face. Look at it sideways, it's like two eyes and a frown.

Ah, ok.

And how's the house? Has it changed much?

C:\>



Yes and no you'd be surprised.



And mom is happy?

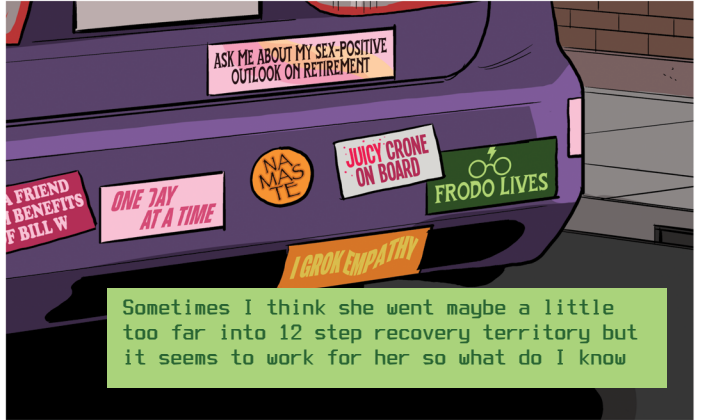
I think so.



She likes what she does.



She doesn't drink anymore.



Sometimes I think she went maybe a little too far into 12 step recovery territory but it seems to work for her so what do I know

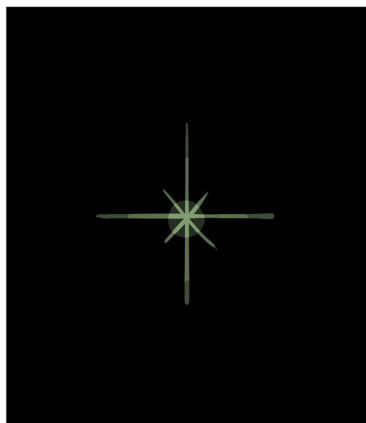


And I love what I do, too, so really things are all pretty good.

Suzanne, about that

When things weren't working with your mom and me what I did was throw myself into work

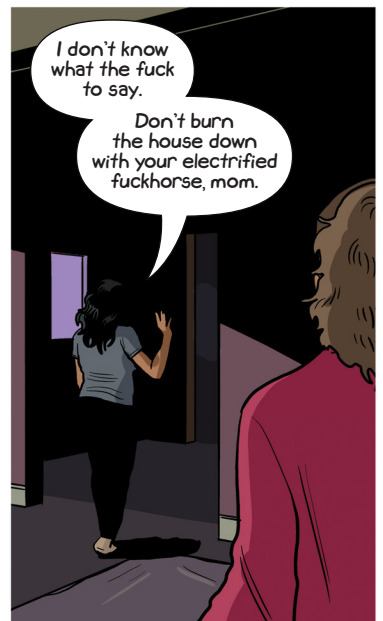
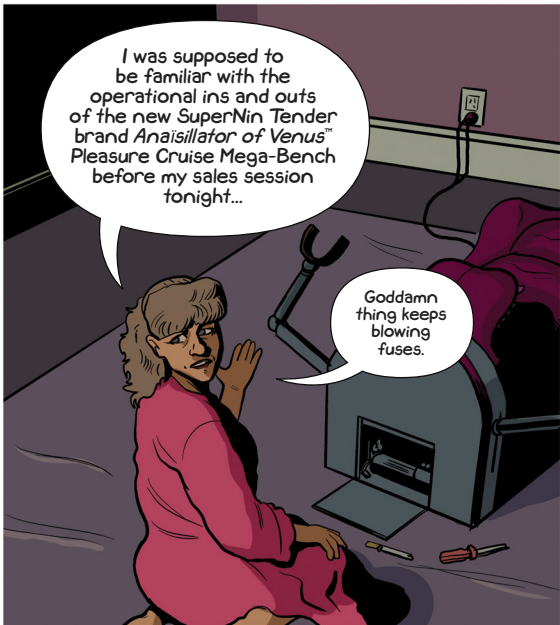
mom and me what I did was throw myself into work  
Stuff that wasn't even my job to do, I started doing to stay out of the house  
I'm not proud of it and of course I'd do it differently if I could knowing what I know now, but that's not my point  
What I sh



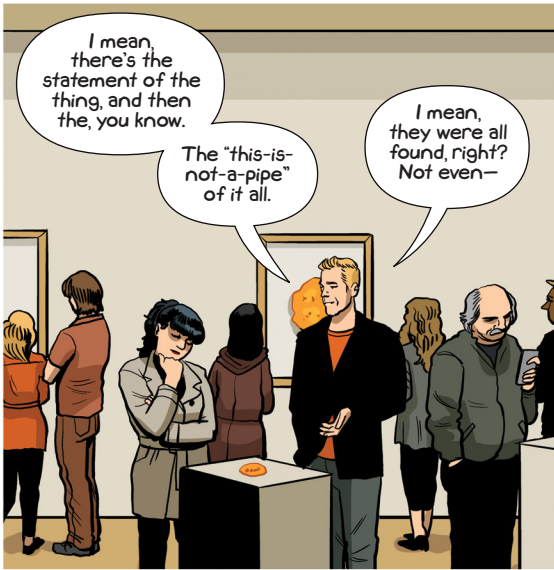
GODDAMN IT MOM, THE FUSE BLEW!

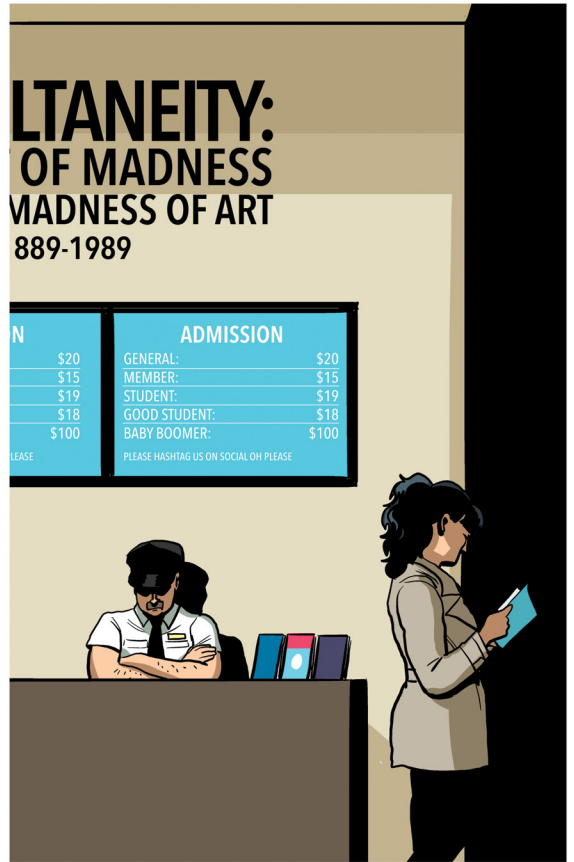












one cannot be removed from the other and we must accept, then, that the simultaneity of both agony and ecstasy go hand in hand, be it through the life and mind of Van Gogh, Munch, O'Keefe, Blake or Bosch.

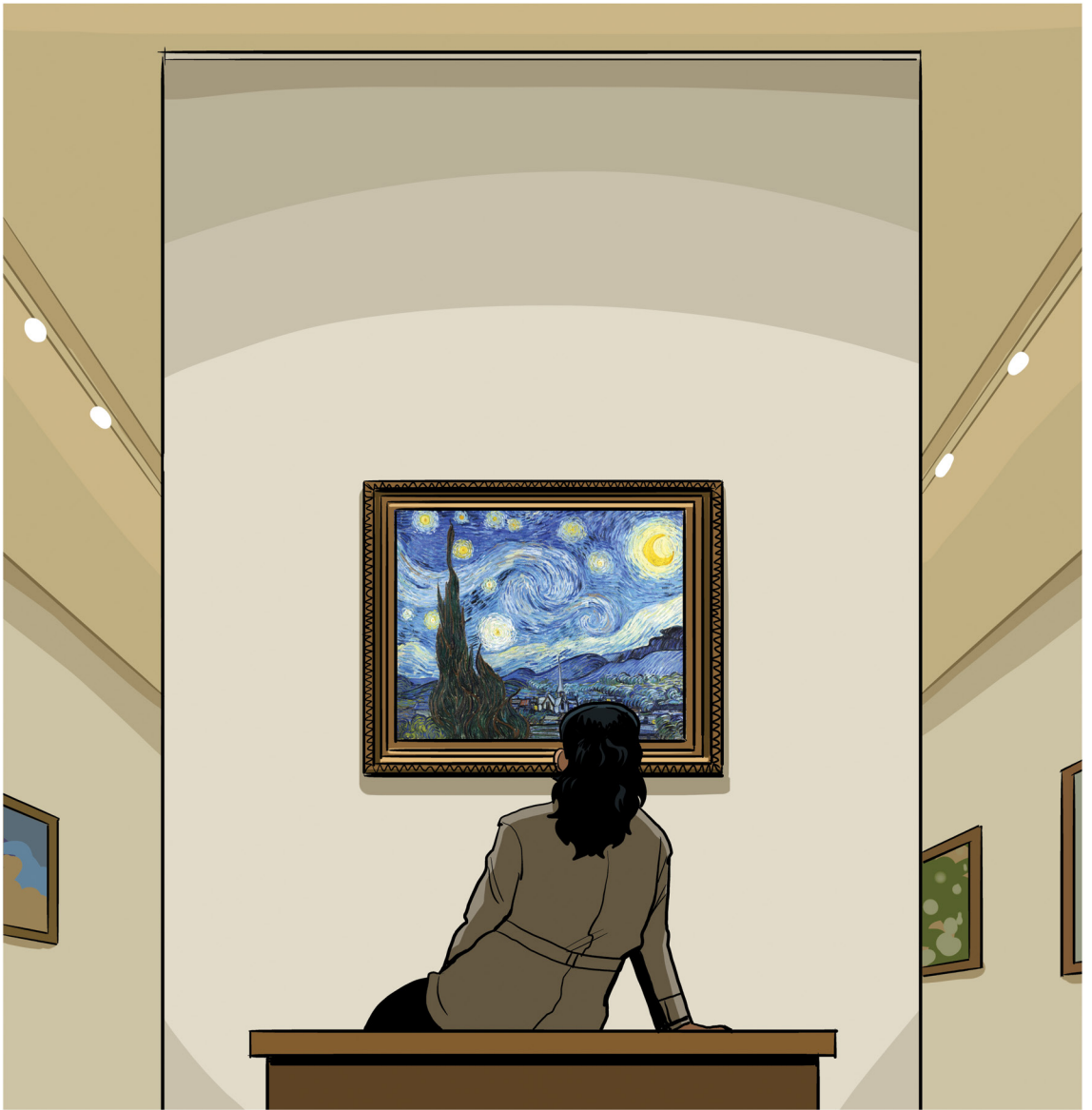
And these works only hint at what kind of life awaited a more patient, understanding, compassionate world.

Let us close with the words of poet Robert Penn Warren, who addressed his own struggle to reconcile the sufferings of his youth with the traumatic ramifications of his adult life by creating some of the most beautiful poetry on the subject one may ever encounter, "as beautiful as a law of chemistry":



This  
 Is the process whereby  
 the pain of the past in  
 its pastness  
 May be converted into  
 the future tense  
 Of joy.



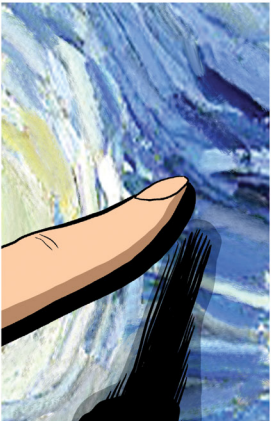


And just like that.

Just like that, I knew what I had to do.

**24** WOULD YOU  
LIKE SOME HELP  
WITH THAT





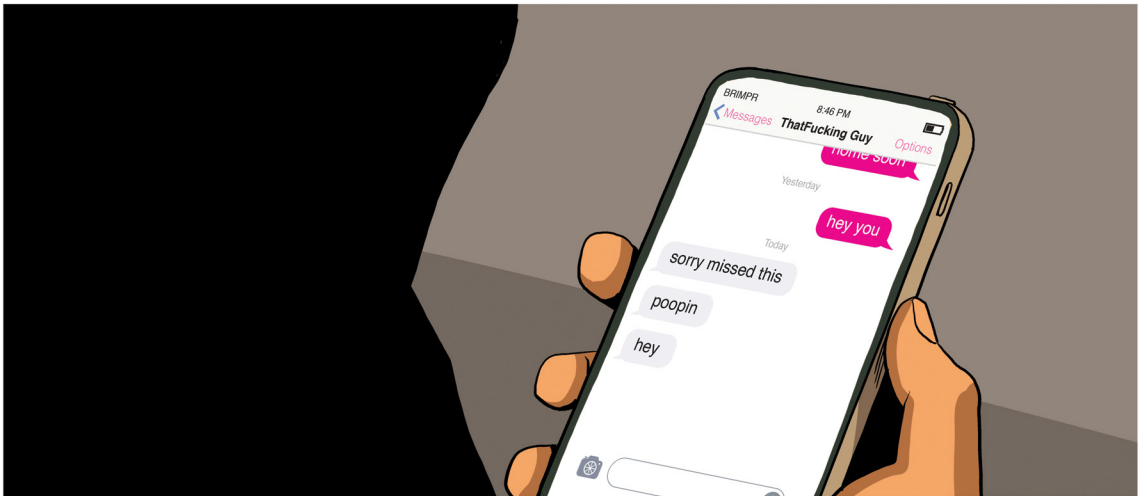






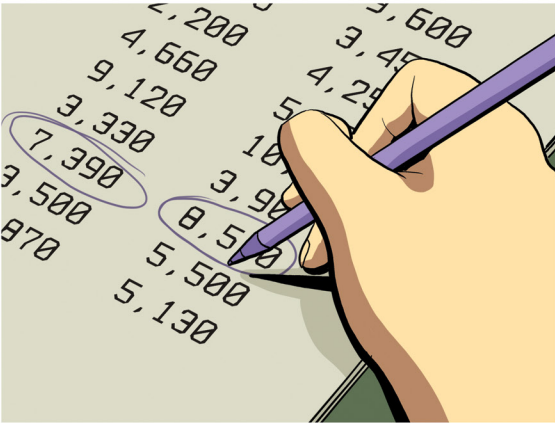
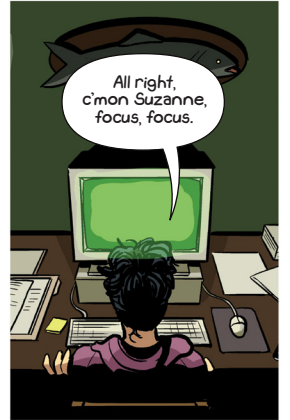
Oh my god.

Oh my god.







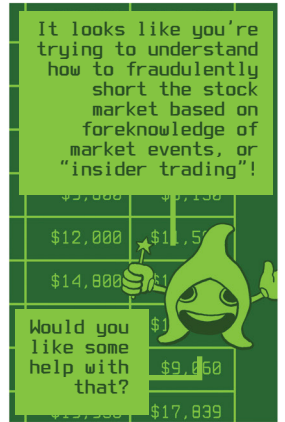
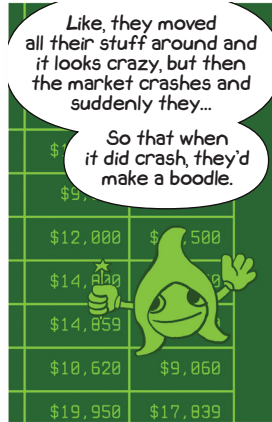
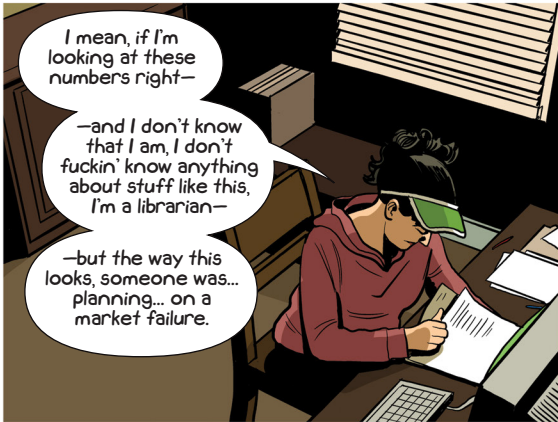


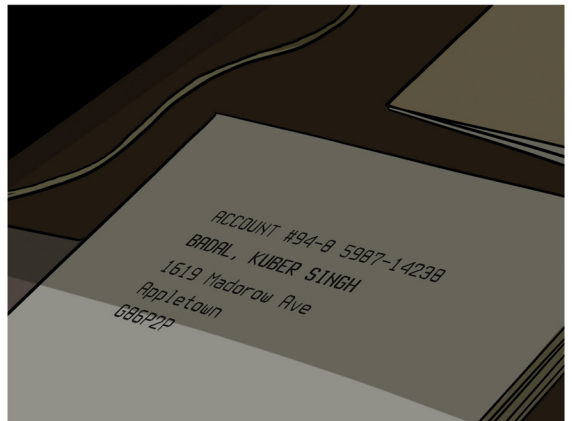
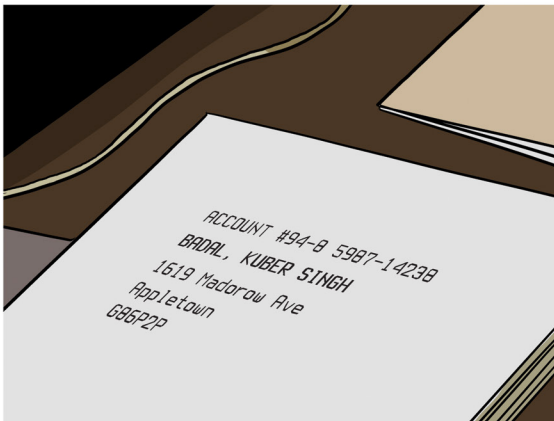
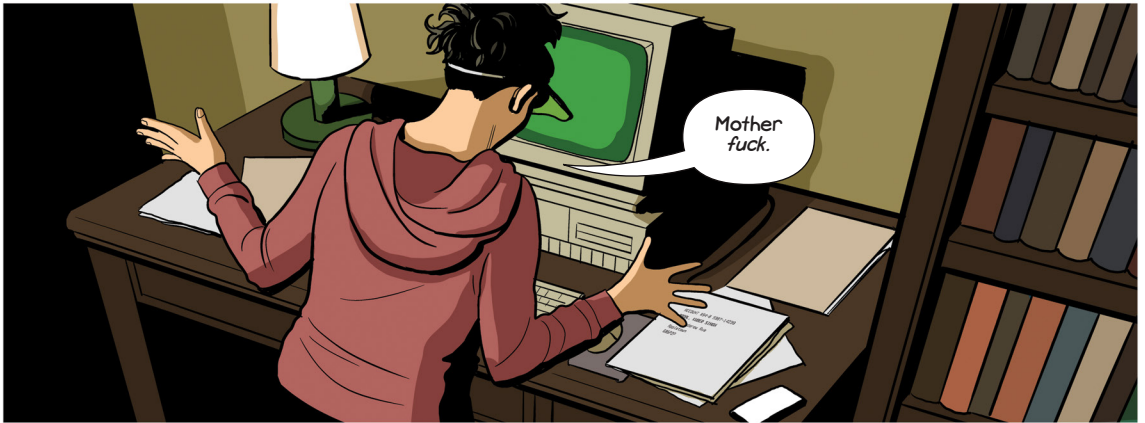
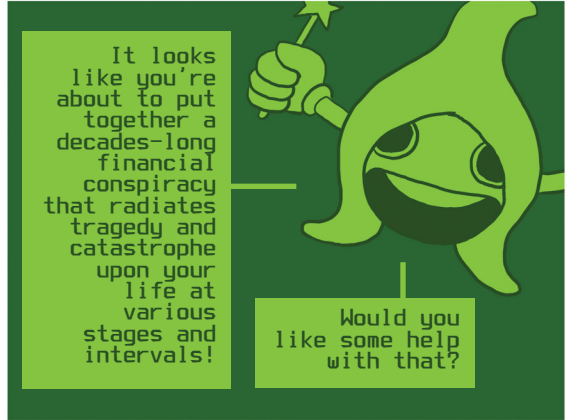
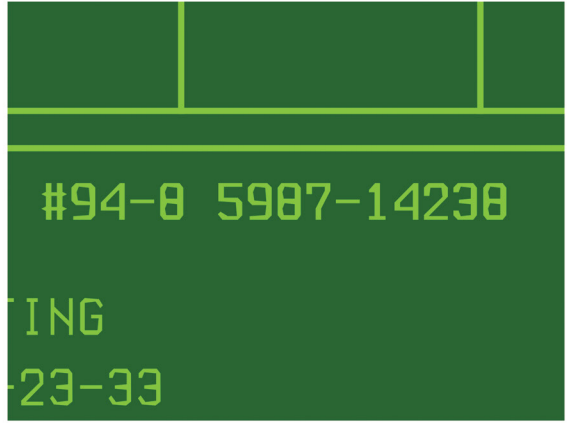
\$20,200	\$18,600
\$1	
\$1	
\$1	
\$9,800	\$9,150
\$12,000	\$11,500
\$14,800	\$13,260
\$14,859	\$14,000
\$10,620	\$9,060
\$19,950	\$17,830

It looks like you're trying to reconcile your dead father's work accounts!

Would you like some help with that?









GODDAMMIT, MOM!



God dammit god dammit.



I miss you. Want to grab lunch sometime?  
sending sound



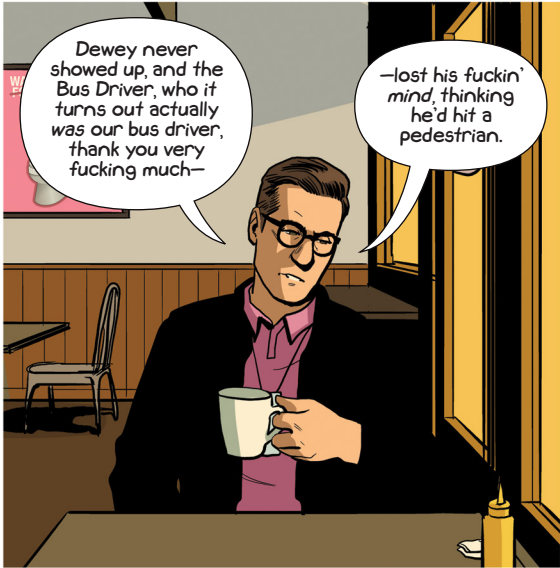
Goddamn monster vibrator fucking fuse box piece of shit-



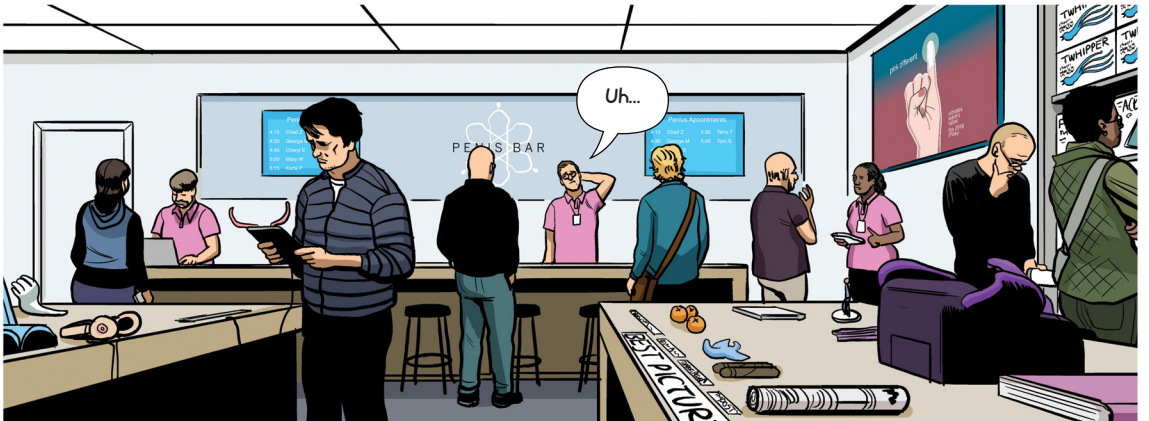
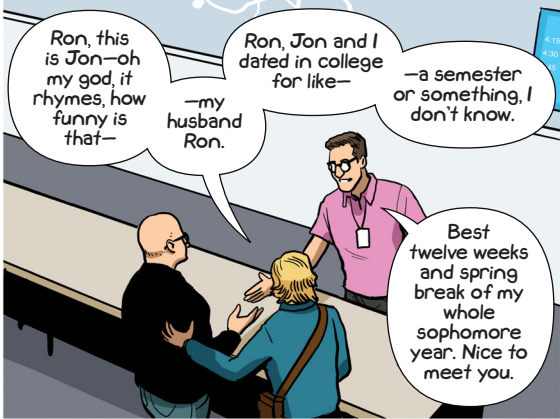
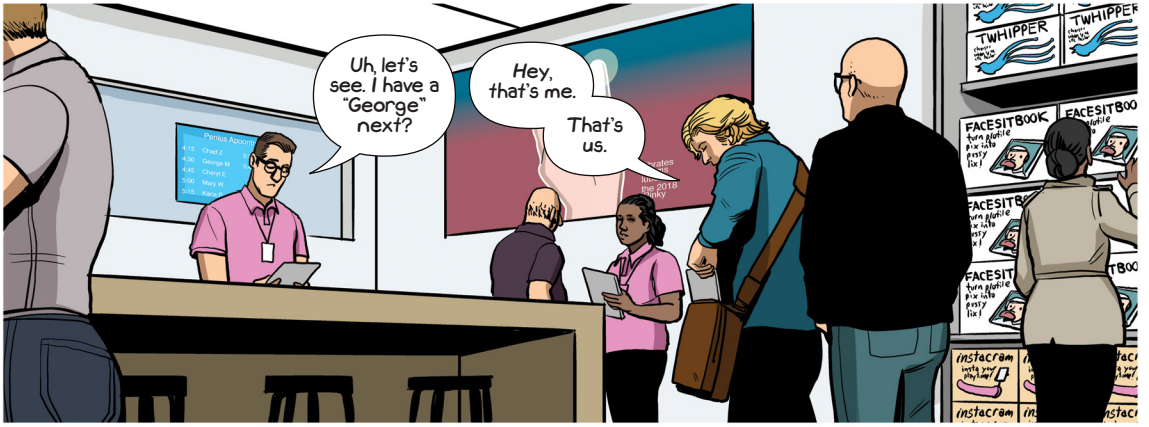
SUZANNNNNE!

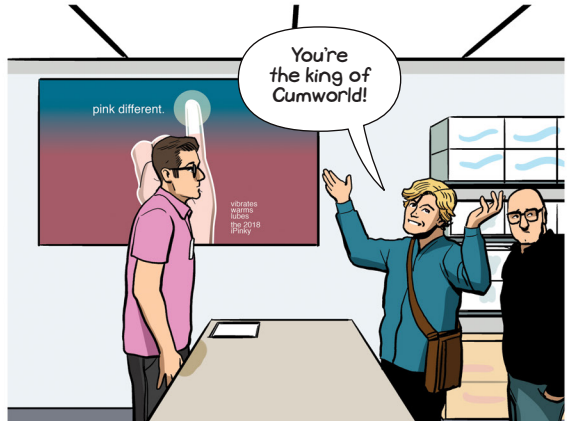
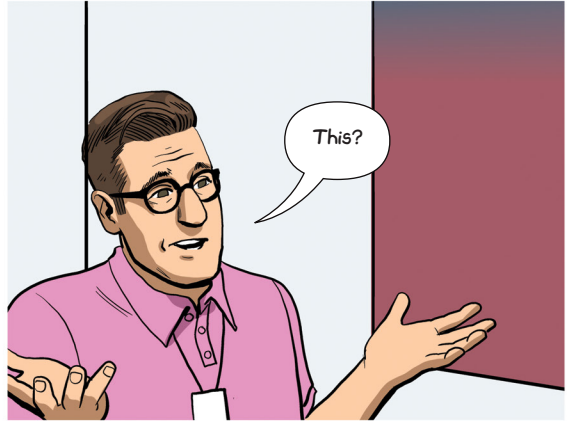
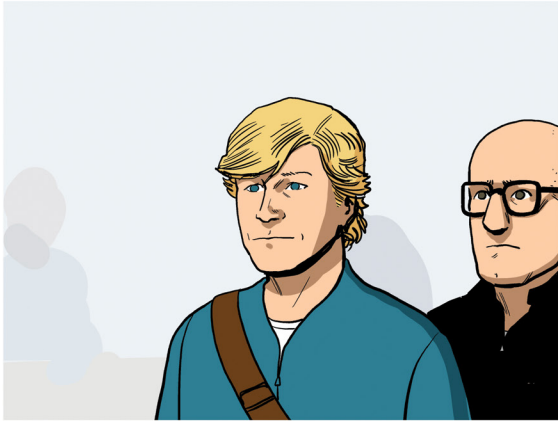
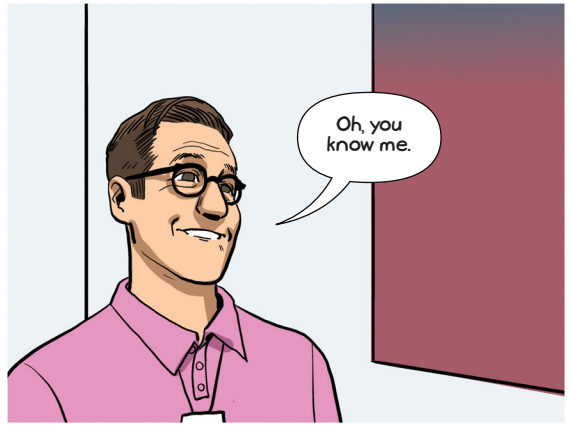
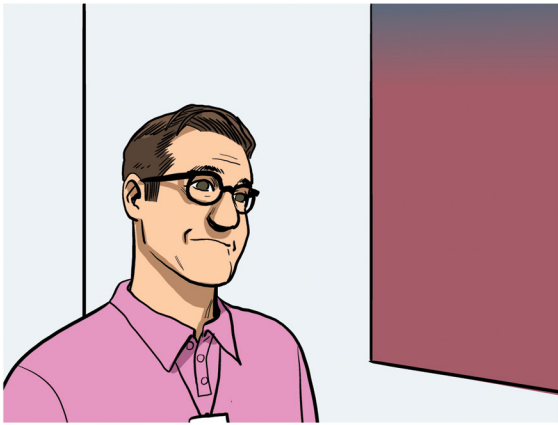
Holy SHIT-

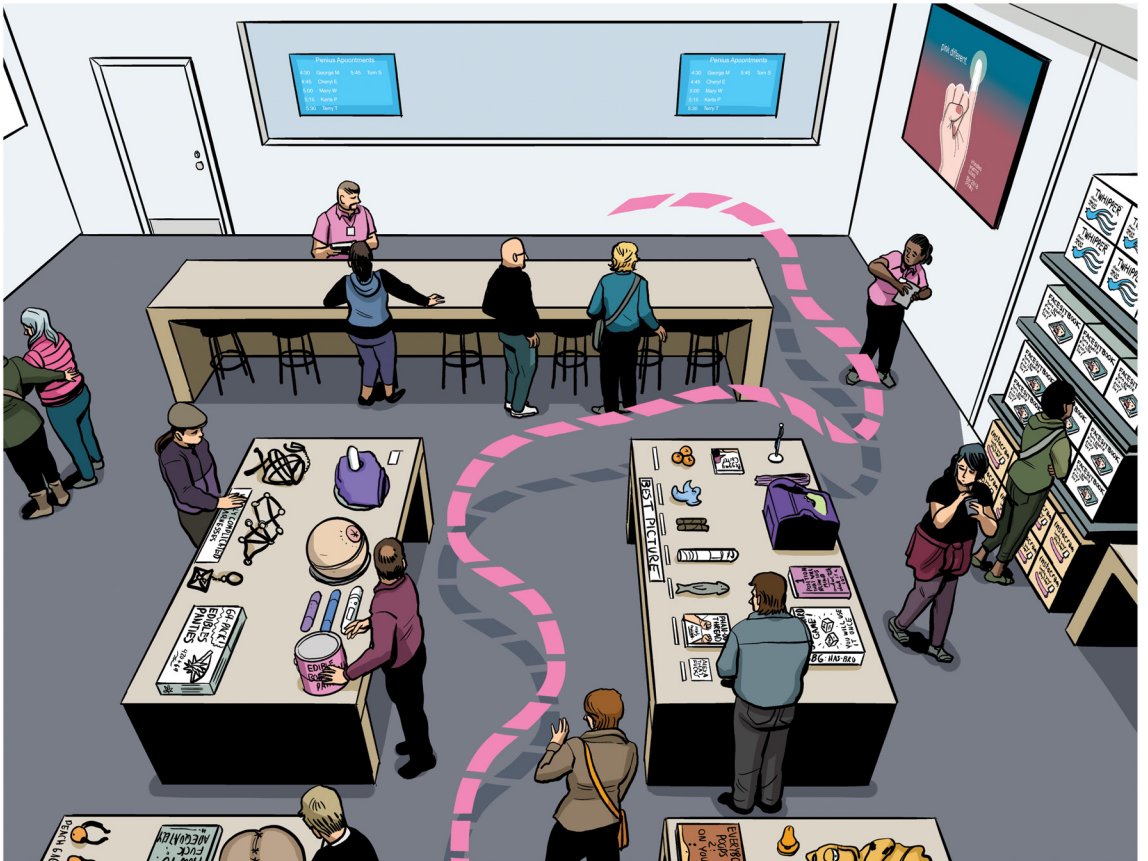
-Baby, get out of the house now now GO-

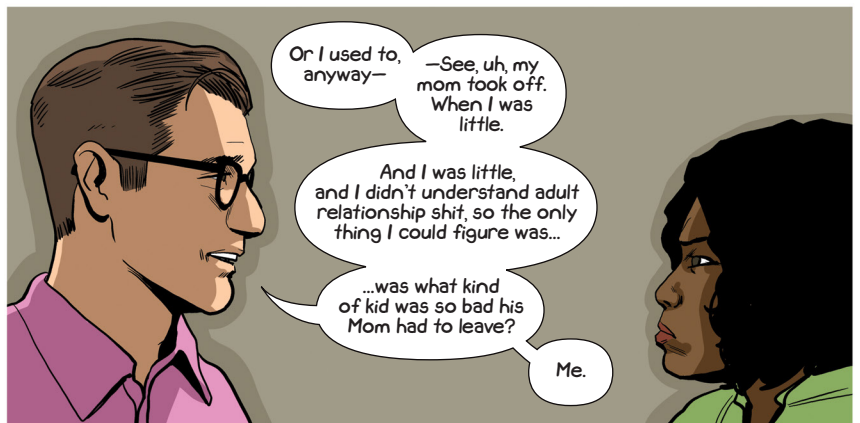
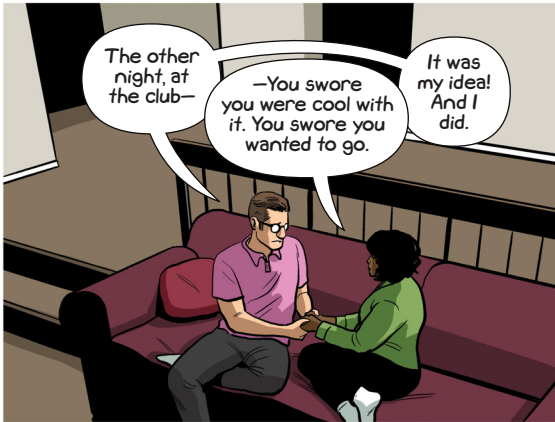
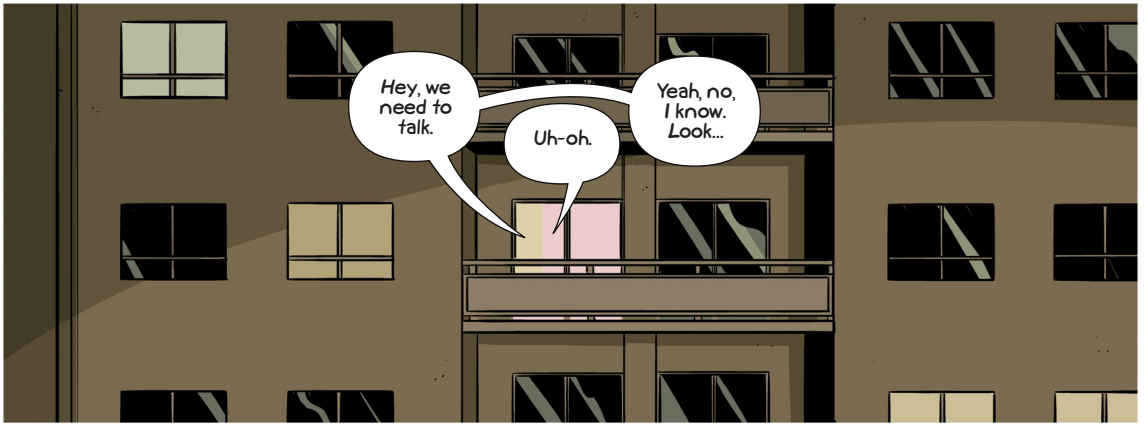


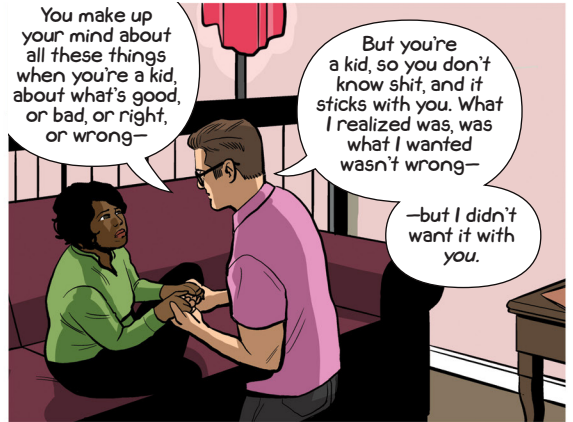
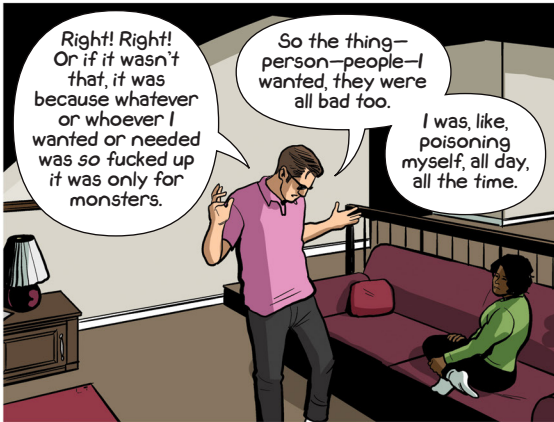
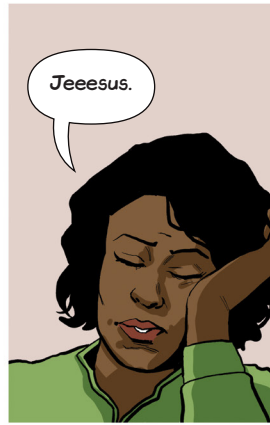
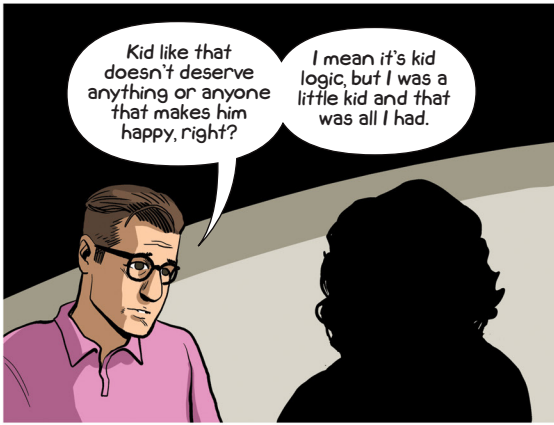














Are you fucking kidding me?



I haven't done this since I was a kid, and I'm not exactly in a place where health insurance is going to cover a broken ankle.



I mean, I'm all for the convivial break-up and post-relationship social interaction, but this seems fucking absurd.

I don't kid about the Quad.



Ever.



The ring is real, girl. Be good to her, and she'll be good to you.

Be good to her, she'll be good to you.



There you go. Easy.

And I appreciate keeping our relationship, post-"our relationship", convivial.

I honestly and earnestly have nothing but the utmost respect for your professional work.

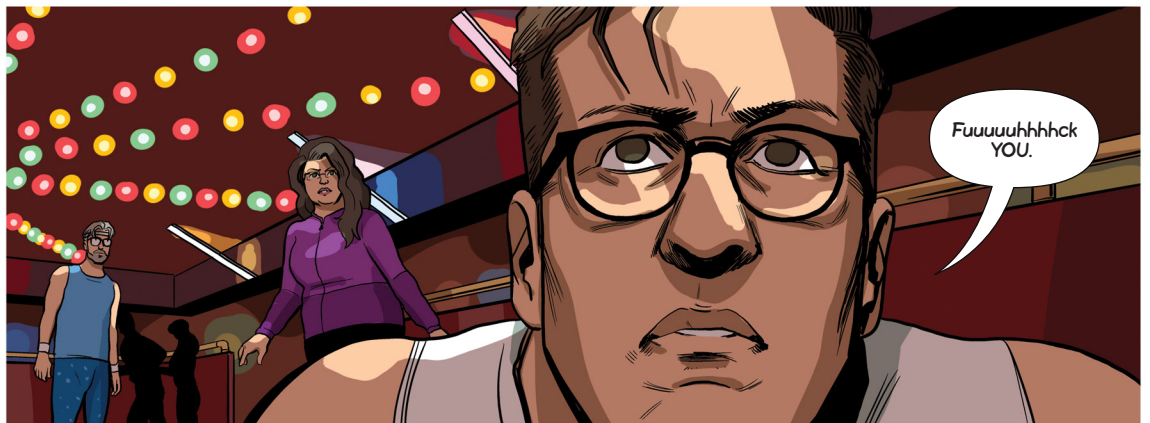
In either of your fields.



Great. Now if only I could find a 22,000-RPM vibrator that wanted to fuck Jazmine for her mind and Ana for her body, I could die a happy woman.

That's the thing, though. It's not your past I can't get over—





# 25 NO TELL





The smell of it gets me.  
The smell and the sound.

It's not a whiff of  
campfire or a  
chestnut-roasting-  
fireplace sort of fire.

This is fire where it  
shouldn't be.

It lets you know.



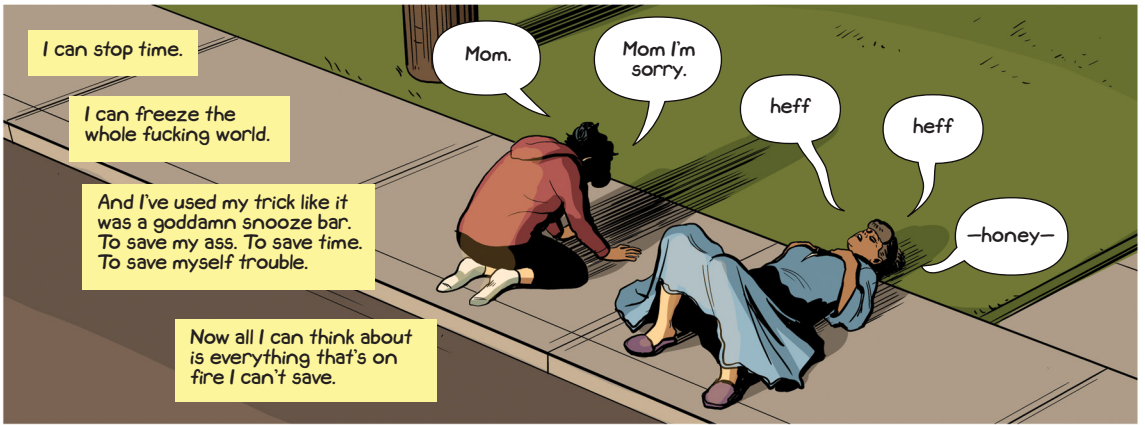
It's cotton and plastic,  
wiring and metal.

It's the scent of a life  
going up in ash.

And it sounds like  
the rumble of an  
oncoming train...

cough cough  
cough

cough  
ghaaak—



I can stop time.

I can freeze the whole fucking world.

And I've used my trick like it was a goddamn snooze bar. To save my ass. To save time. To save myself trouble.

Now all I can think about is everything that's on fire I can't save.

Mom.

Mom I'm sorry.

heff

heff

-honey-



-honey are you okay-



Oh god, Mom-

It's okay.

I'm okay.



Her life.

My life.

Our entire-

-holy shit everything is-

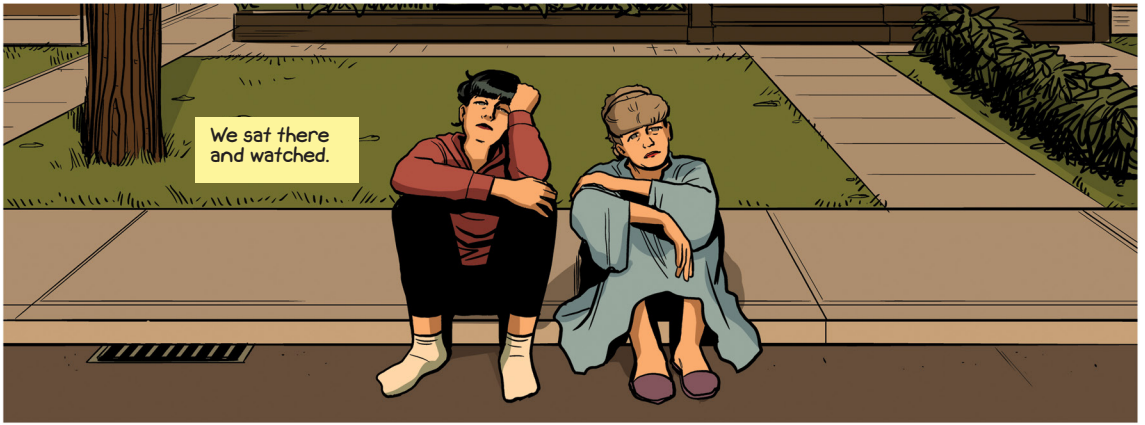
-the papers-

-Badal-

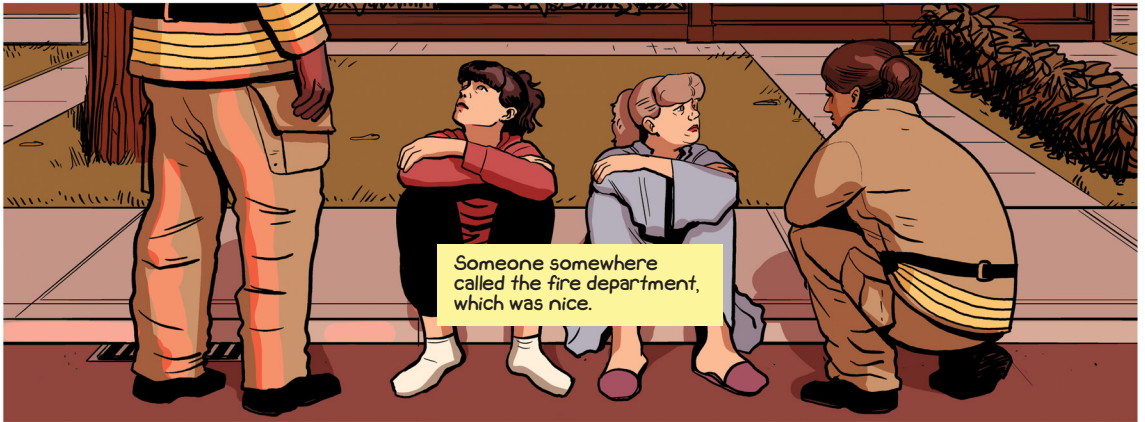
- shit shit fuck-

46





We sat there and watched.



Someone somewhere called the fire department, which was nice.



It seems like it took no time at all.

For the fire to eat everything.

For the firefighters to put it out.

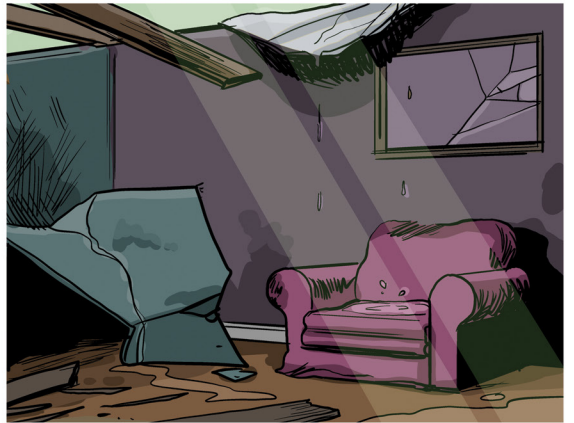
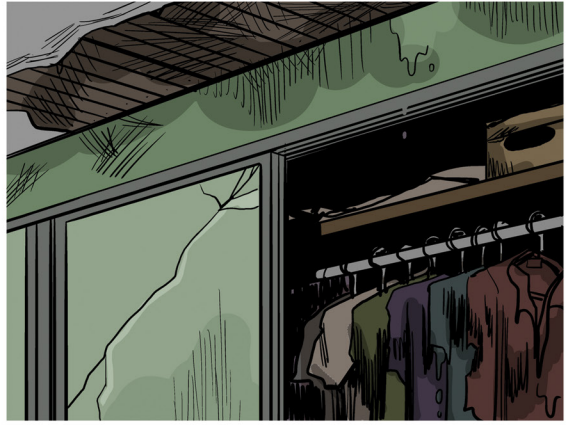
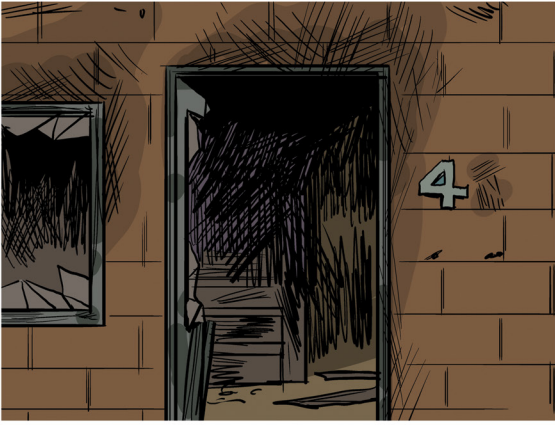
But when they were gone...



...so was Mom's painstakingly reproduced museum that kept her life—

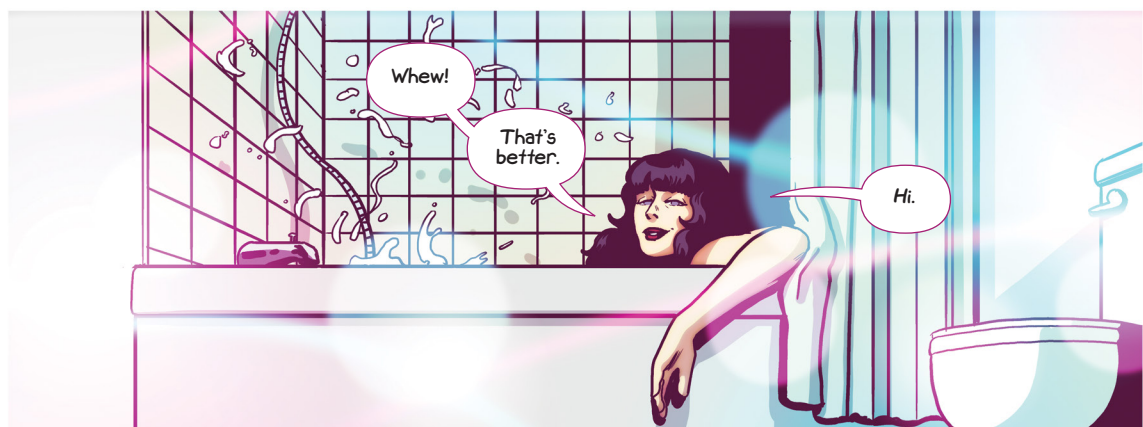
—our lives—

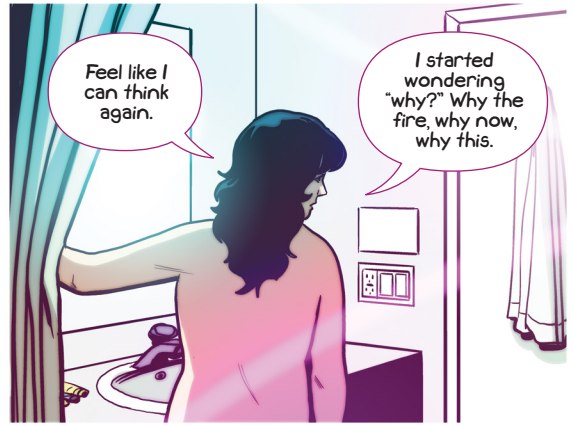
—frozen in amber.

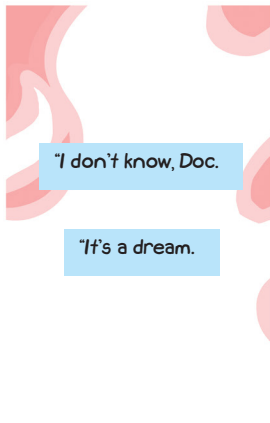




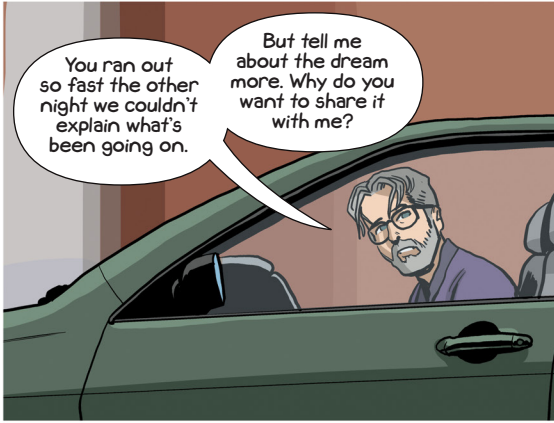






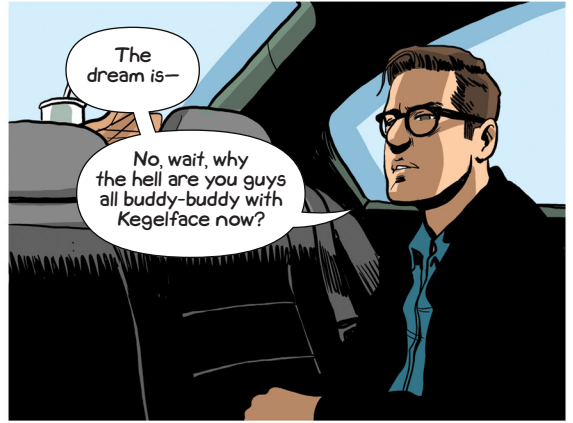






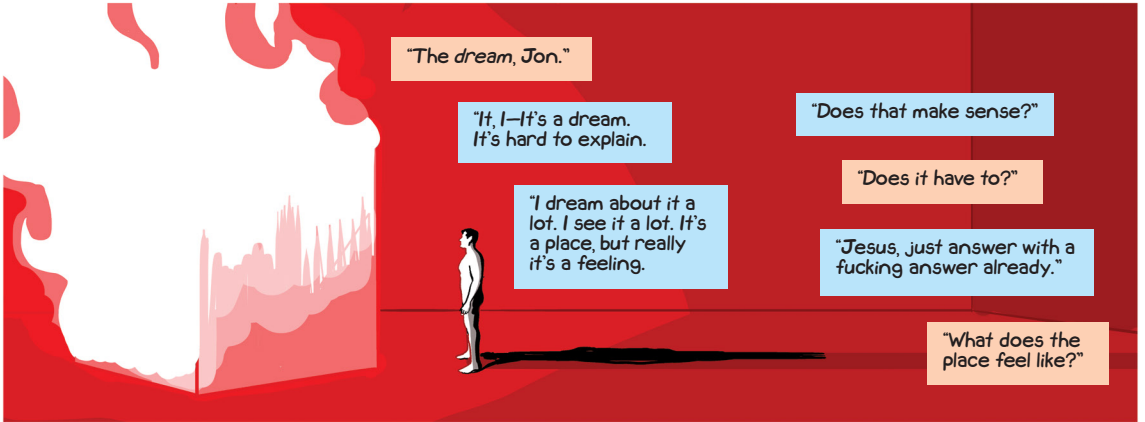
You ran out so fast the other night we couldn't explain what's been going on.

But tell me about the dream more. Why do you want to share it with me?



The dream is—

No, wait, why the hell are you guys all buddy-buddy with Kegelface now?



"The dream, Jon."

"It, I—it's a dream. It's hard to explain."

"Does that make sense?"

"I dream about it a lot. I see it a lot. It's a place, but really it's a feeling."

"Does it have to?"

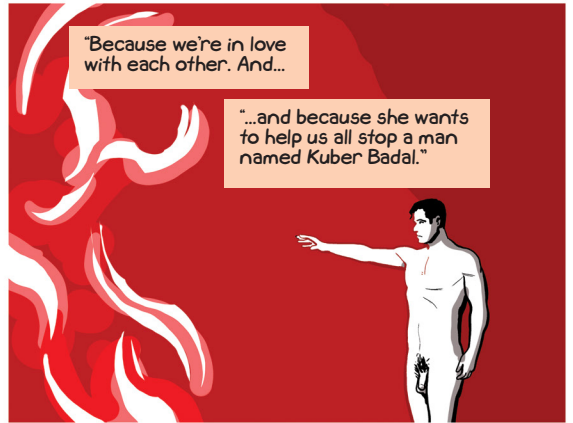
"Jesus, just answer with a fucking answer already."

"What does the place feel like?"



"It..."

"Why is Kegelface here?"



"Because we're in love with each other. And..."

"...and because she wants to help us all stop a man named Kuber Badal."



"Do you know who he is? Did they tell you?"

"They told me... some? Enough?"

"Why now? Why her sudden change of fucking heart? After everything she's done, everything they've done—"

"—we're just, okay, well, now we're cool?"

"I don't want to speak for her, or to any of that, Jon."

"She doesn't expect to be forgiven."

"She explained why she chose to do what she did, and how she came to realize she was wrong."

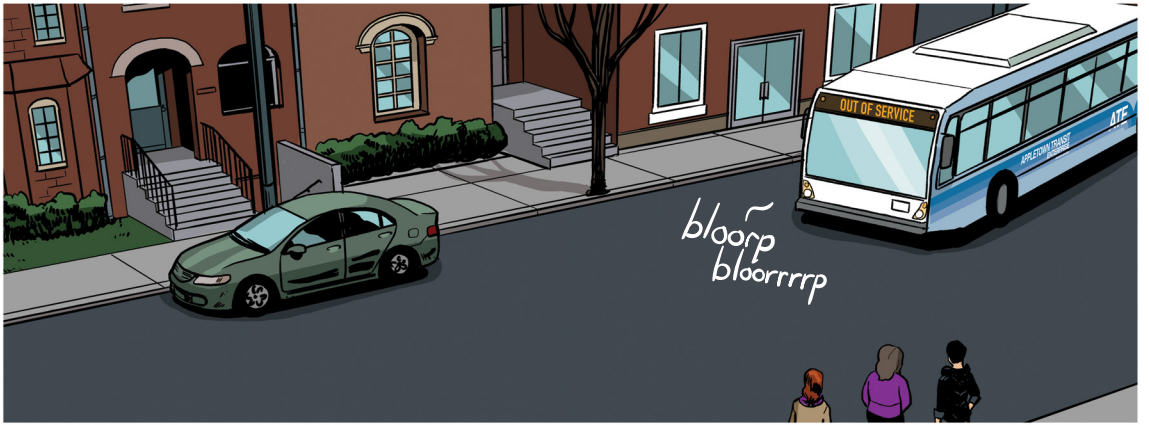
"And now she wants to make amends by doing the right thing."

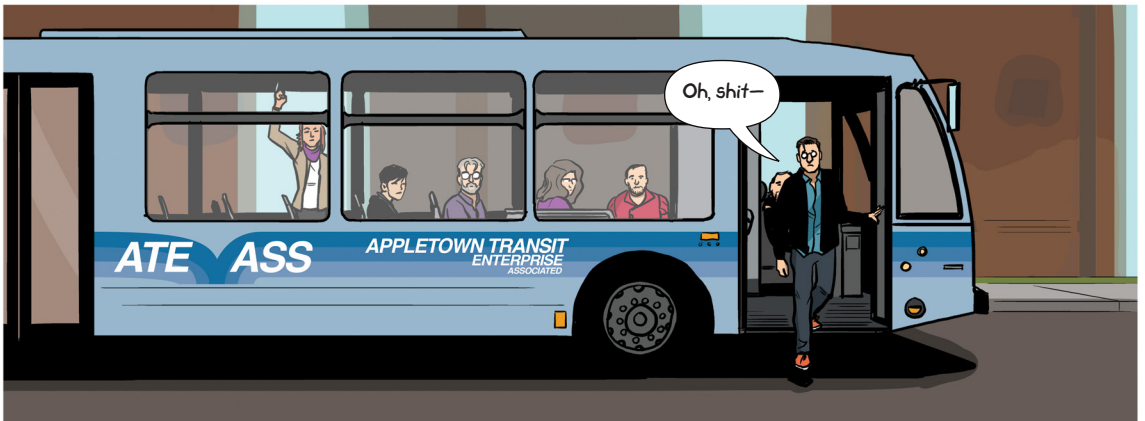
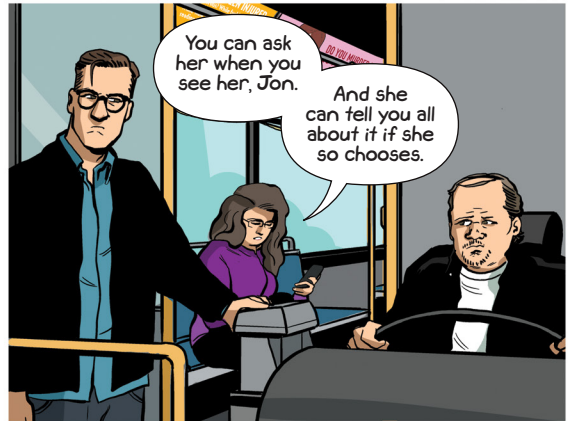
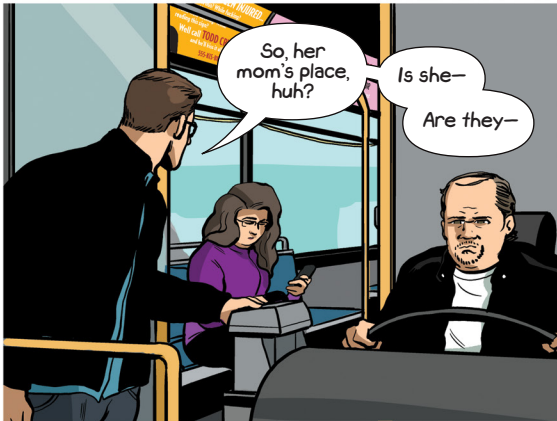
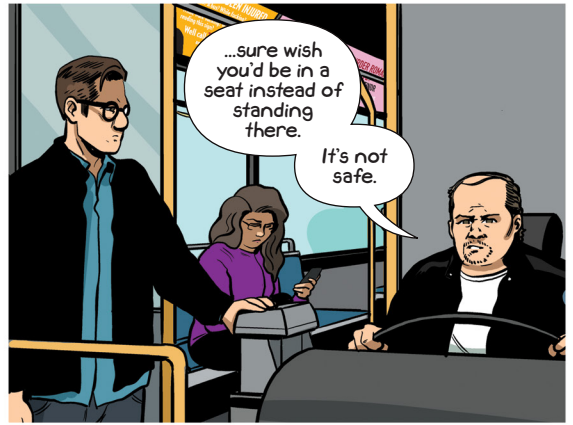
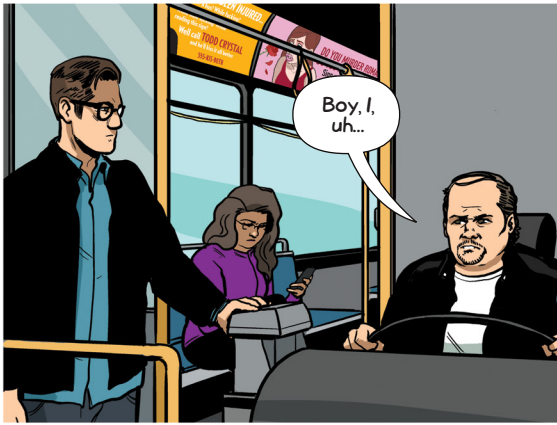
"And she hopes that, over time, if she keeps doing the right thing..."

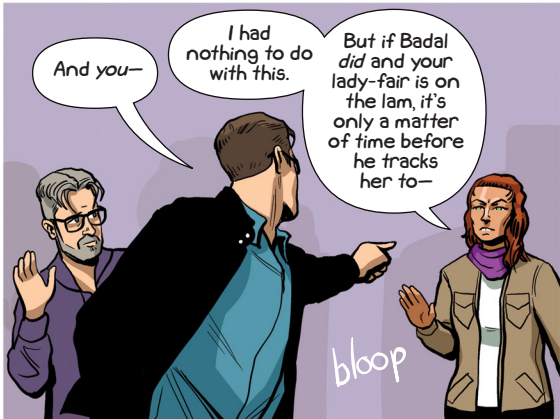
"...Jon, I think you're right."

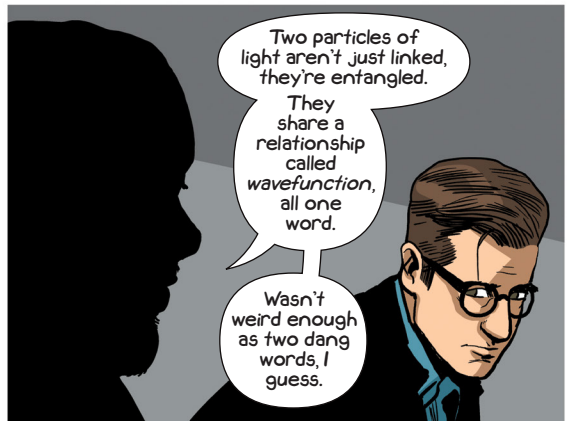
"'The place wasn't the problem.' You know what I mean?"

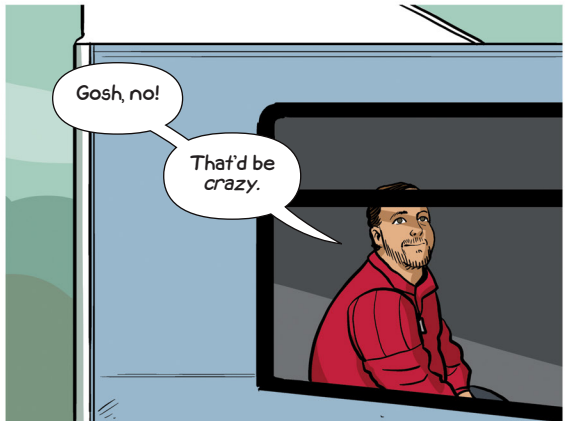
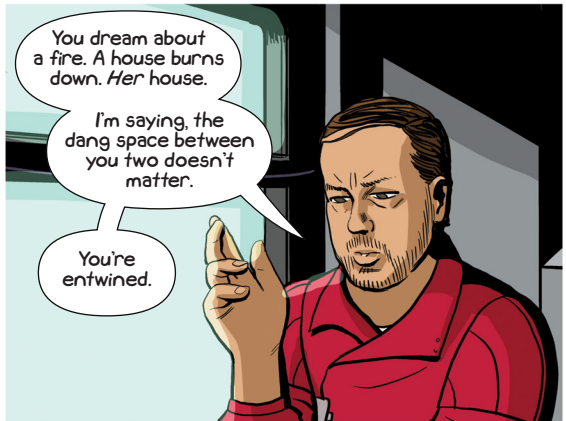
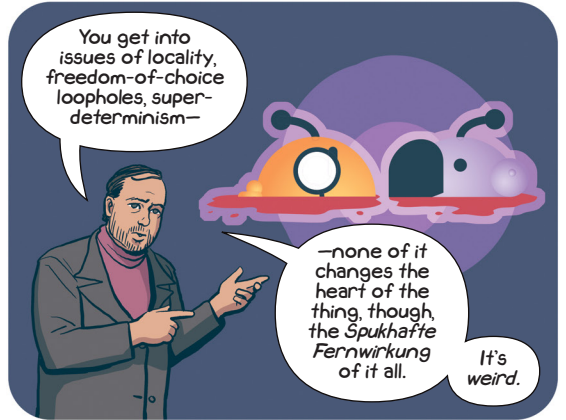
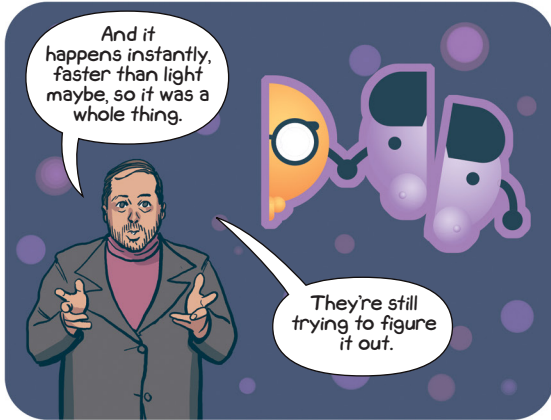
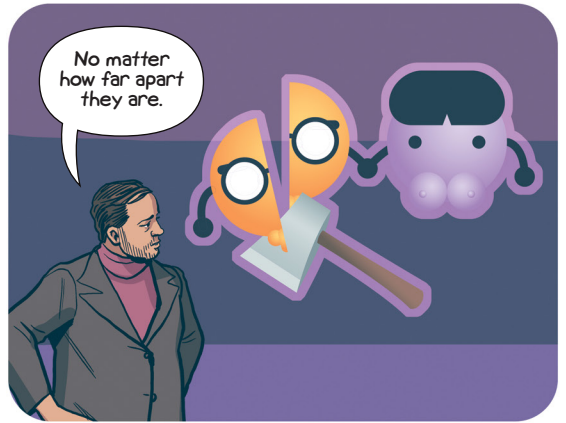
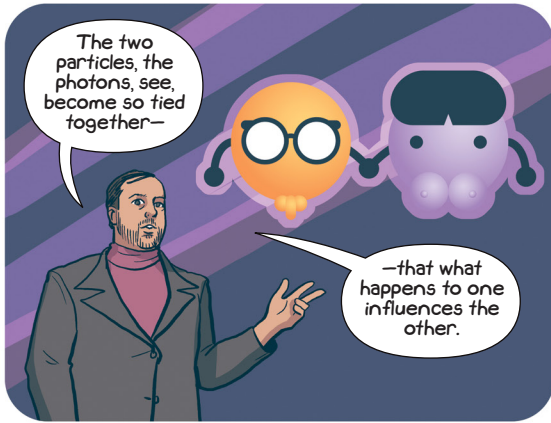




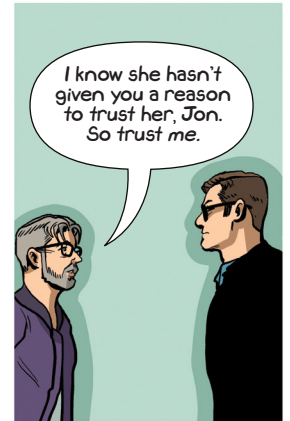
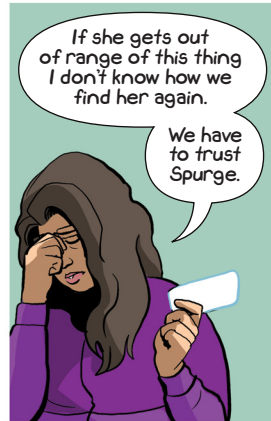














There, there, five doors down—

—Got it—



I don't have to pull your hair or anything to get you ready?



Gonna let you in on a little secret, professor—



—Yeah, yeah, "I'm always ready."



I was going to say that contrary to what's currently à la mode avec porn, I don't respond erotically to having my hair pulled.

Or being spat on or spanked, if you really must know.



I really must not.

Why the fuck did you think I would care about—



—thhhhhhhhhh  
hhaaaaaaaaaa  
aaaaaaaaaa  
aaaaaaaaaa

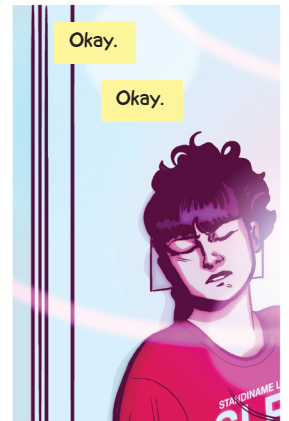
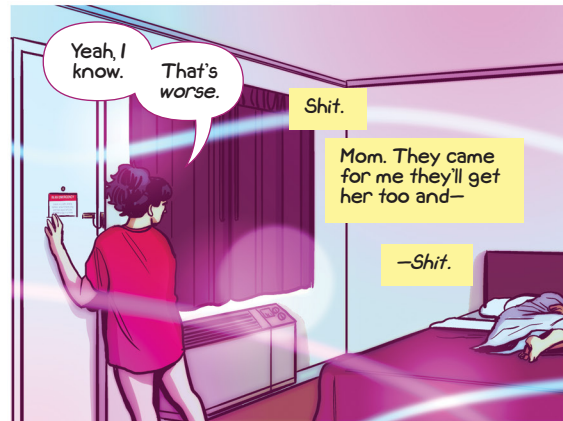


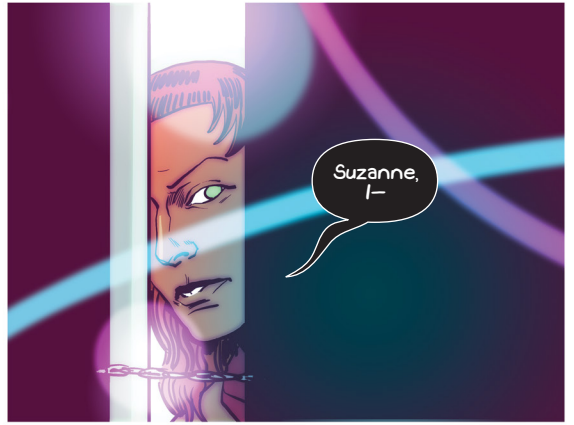
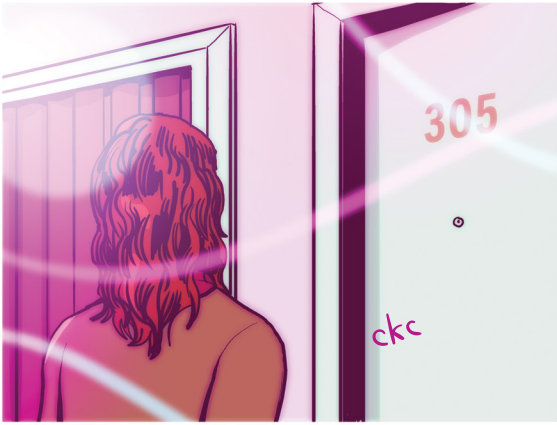
ooph!

Shut up already.

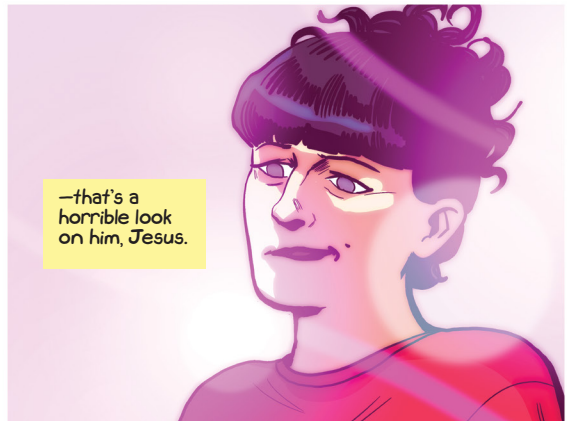
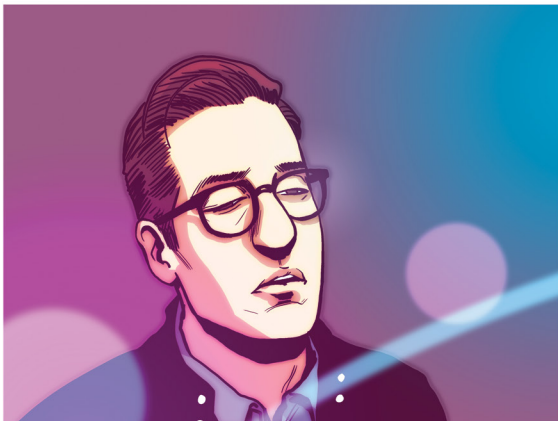
Damn.

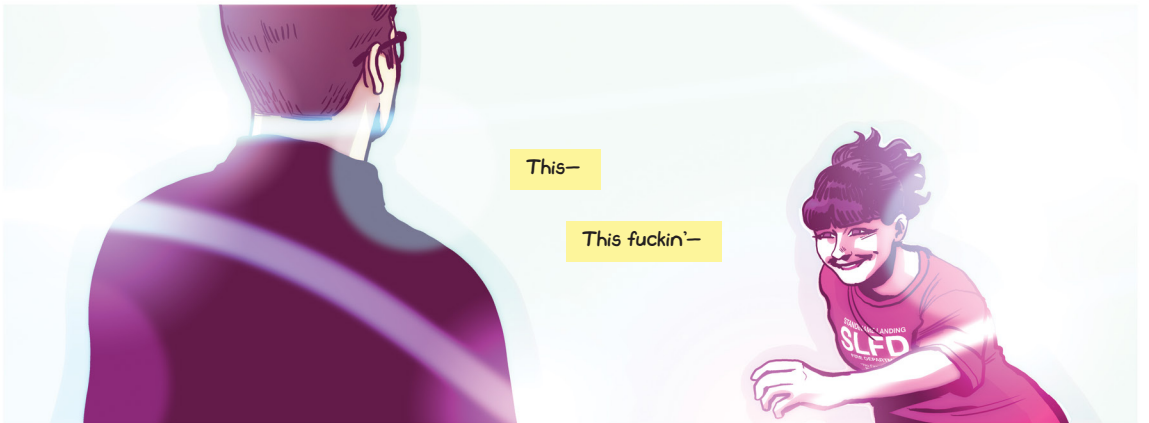
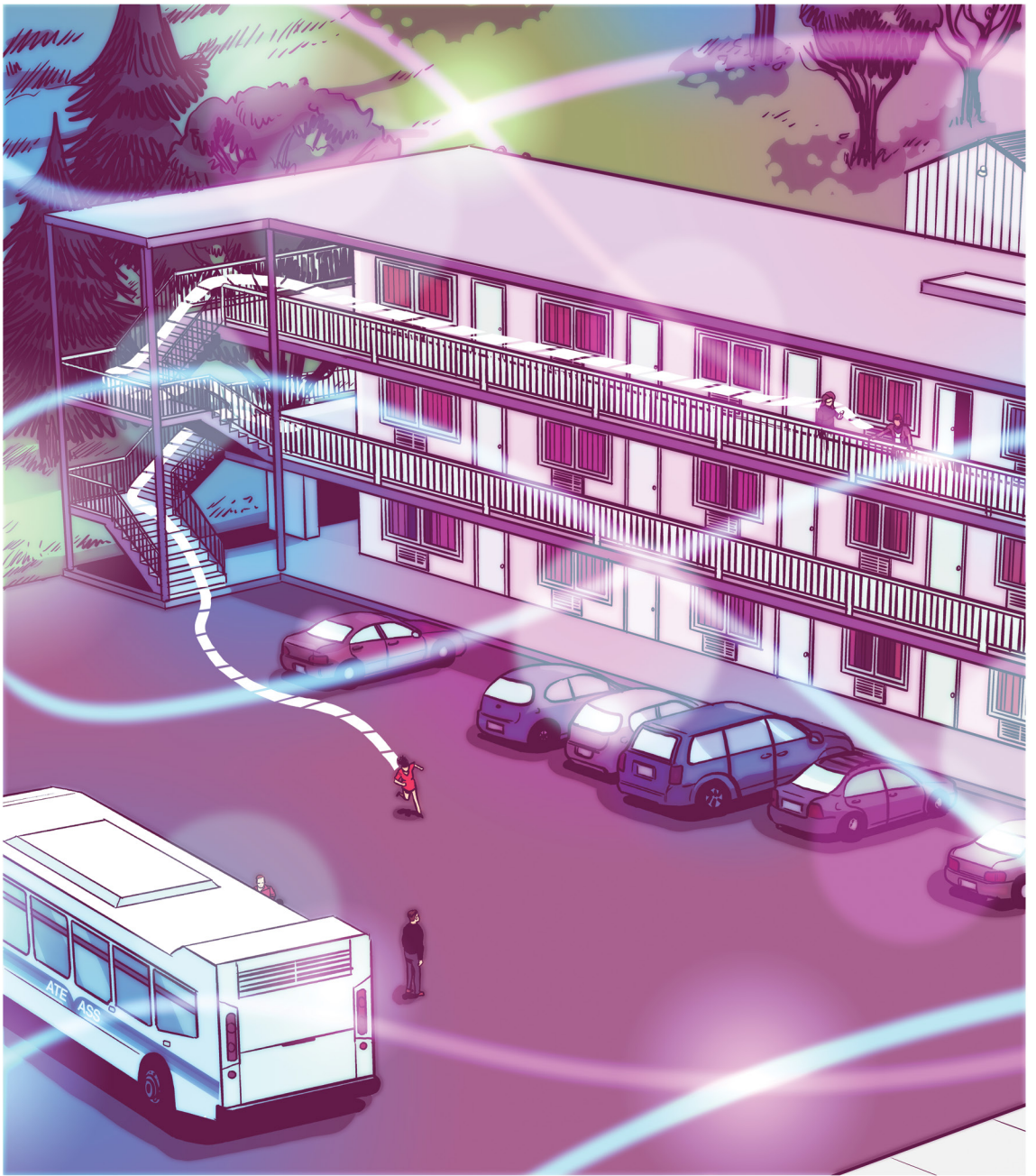


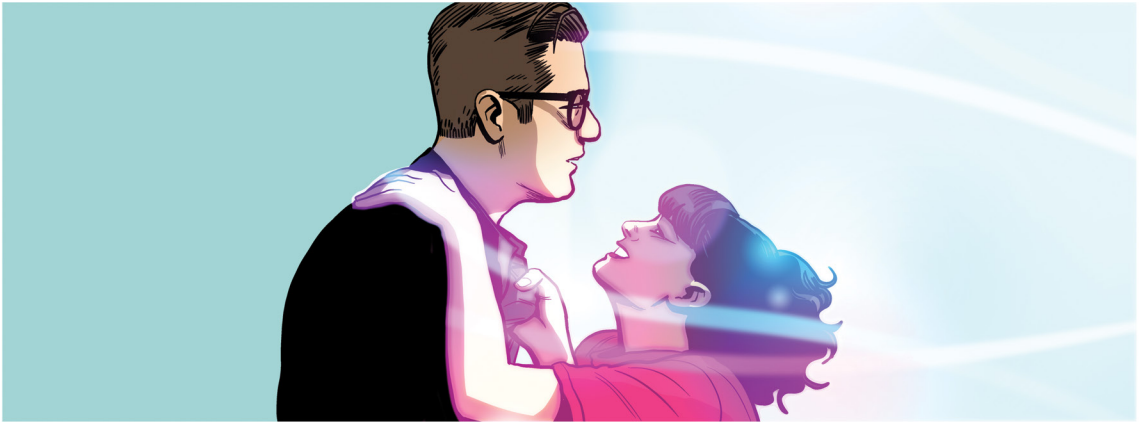
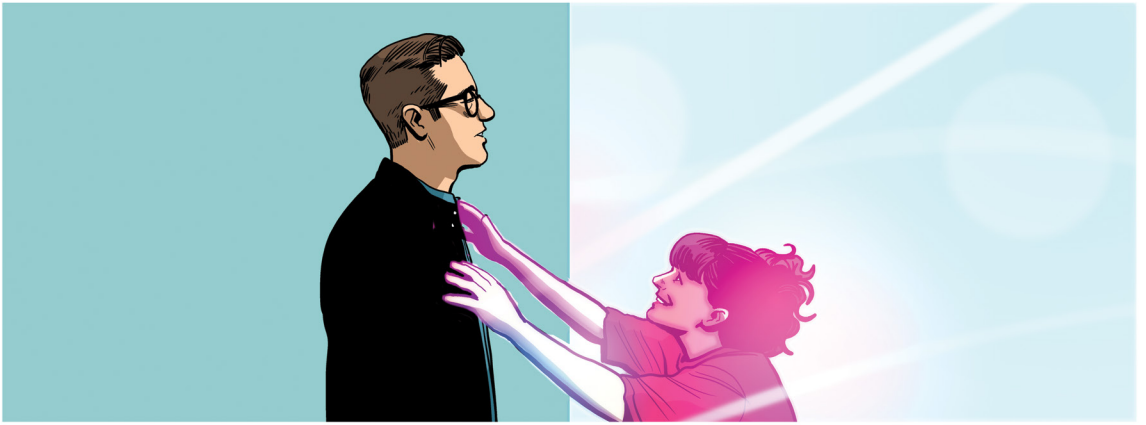








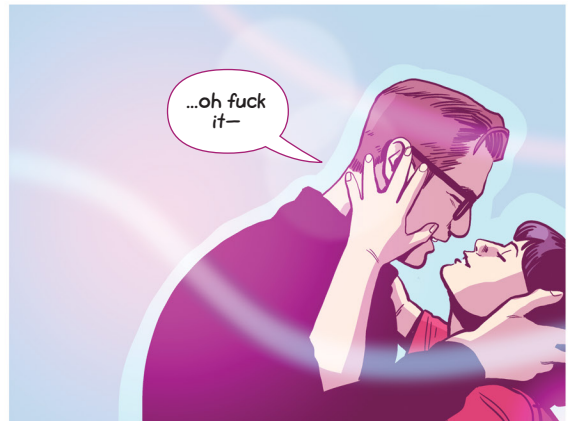
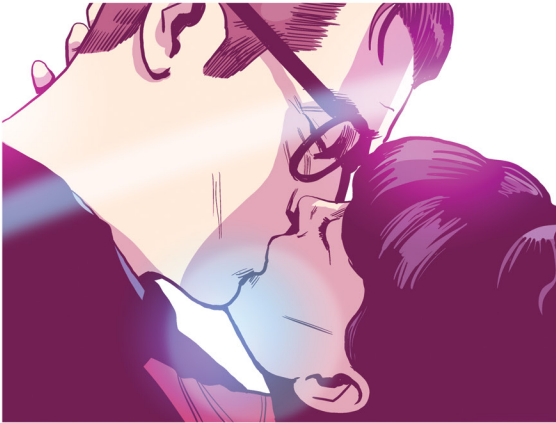






This fuckin' guy.









Sleep Orfuck<sup>★</sup> motel

FRE3 CABLE  
CHEEP INTERNET  
ASK ABOUT OUR "HOU5E  
BURNED DOWN" DISCOUNT

Only sleeping  
no funny business

Fuck you.



**Matt Fraction** is the author of many bios for Matt Fraction appearing in books such as *ODY-C*, *Satellite Sam*, *Casanova*, and very soon *Adventureman!* and *November*.

**Chip Zdarsky** can't escape the feeling that bio pages are future obituaries so let's just say he did a lot of charity work and fucked like a champ.





## SUZE HAS A SECRET

she's with a guy so bland  
I can't even remember his name right now  
she probably couldn't either

## JON HAS A PROBLEM

and it's not his new ladyfriend  
who's into a lot of the stuff Jon's into  
but if he's not into her could maybe the problem be him?

## AWARD-WINNING ACCLAIM-GETTING EXPLANATION-INSPIRING

our parents won't read it but they pretend to so now you get to  
**FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF**  
if you're better than them

## GIRL MET BOY

then girl and boy made some sex and discovered that when they do

## GIRL AND BOY MAKE TIME STOP

literally  
our metaphors are not that deep folks

## ONCE UPON A TIME THEY ROBBED BANKS BUT THEN THEY BROKE UP

because reasons



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(*Casanova*, *Adventureman!*, *November*) and  
Chip Zdarsky (*Peter Parker: The Spectacular  
Spider-Man*, *Kaptara*).