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PANEL 1

Big/tall panel. Exterior, city sidewalk, at night. Frank is wearing a very outfit: his D-cup boobs are barely contained in a tank top that reveals a bit of underboob. He is also wearing a short skirt that's little more than two rectangles of black fabric held on the sides by criss-crossing laces. He's also wearing some high heels that complete his slutty look. There's a LOT more skin than fabric. He's also got a choker around the neck, and he's being pulled by a translucent leash held by Grief, who's floating ahead of him. Frank is glancing around, concerned. Grief is looking straight ahead, smiling wickedly.

CAPTION

(top left)

Let me introduce you to Frank Fokman.

FRANK

Seriously?

(cont'd)

A LEASH?

CAPTION

Used to be a man until I swapped his body into a chick he was harassing.

GRIEF

Don't worry. I'm invisible. So is the leash.

PANEL 2

Close-up on Frank's chest. There's a hint of erect nipples beneath the tight (and overflowing) fabric.

GRIEF

(cont'd)

Besides, no one would be paying attention to it.

CAPTION

(bottom right)

He's about to learn how the other half lives.

PANEL 3

Full view of Grief, who's hovering and casually holding Frank's leash. She's looking STRAIGHT AT US like she can see the readers, smiling knowingly.

CAPTION

My name's GRIEF, in case you're interested.

CAPTION

You're probably not. You want to see Frank get fucked.

CAPTION

So let's get to that.

PANEL 4

Wide panel. View from above. Two suspicious guys in trenchcoats are warming their hands over a trashcan fire while watching Frank (or Frank's ASS) as he's led forward by Grief.

FRANK

Fuck, girl, this is a BAD PART OF TOWN.
(cont'd)
We shouldn't be here at night.

GRIEF

Relax, Frank. Nothing's going to happen to you that I don't WANT to happen.

PANEL 5

The pair walks in front of the entrance to a seedy-looking basement pub. A neon sign reads BEERTOPIA, with some letters no longer lighting up. Grief leads Frank down the stairs.

GRIEF

Besides, we're here.

GRIEF

You must be thirsty. Let's go in.

PANEL 6

Wide panel. From far inside the pub, we're looking at the door through which Frank is entering. He stands in front of it,

obviously shocked at being the center of attention. The crowd (foreground) is all male; everyone's staring at the hot chick (that's Frank) who just walked in. Grief isn't present in the shot.

FRANK
Oh, GOOD GRIEF.

CAPTION
Yes. I get that a lot.

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PANEL 1

Big panel. Frank is headed toward the bar, Grief hovering close behind him (the leash is gone). We see plenty of Frank's hot body in the frame, reminding us how sexy he's become. He talks to Grief over his shoulder. The faerie is grinning wickedly.

GRIEF
Now go sit at the bar and order something to drink.

FRANK
(whispering to Grief)
You're REALLY gonna make me do this?

GRIEF
It's either that or you give every guy here a BLOWJOB.

FRANK
A beer it is, then.

PANEL 2

Big panel. Frank clumsily sits on a stool at the bar, tugging at his skirt in a failed attempt at modesty. That thing is SHORT and it won't get any longer. A bartender named TOM nods at Frank as he sits, openly ogling at his oversized (and underdressed) breasts. A BURLY CUSTOMER (named NORM) is already sitting on the stool to his left and nearly spits out his beer as he sees the babe sitting next to him. Grief is not in the picture.

FRANK

Hey.

TOM

Dolores? Is that you? Been a while.
(cont'd)
That's a DIFFERENT LOOK.

FRANK

Yeah... I was going for...different.
(cont'd)
Beer, please. Anything you got on tap.

CAPTION

Good. The stage is set. Now the play
can begin.

PANEL 3

Norm is extending his right hand in a friendly gesture, leaning in and speaking directly to Frank's boobs. Frank looks at him in disgust, cringing at the thought of getting hit on by another man. He ain't gay and he don't like dicks. Except his own. Back when he had one.

CAPTION

Open curtains.

NORM

Hey.
(cont'd)
Come here much?

FRANK

Oh, GOD!
(cont'd)
Let's not do this, okay?

CAPTION

Come on, Frank. Let's.

PANEL 4

Grief flies under the counter where Frank sits on his stool. We see both his legs pressed together. Grief is casting magical sparkles at Frank's crotch.

CAPTION

I can see my boy here is going to need
a little help.

CAPTION

And I LOVE helping. It's in my nature.

PANEL 5

Zoom in on Frank's beautiful face. Eyes wide with surprise,
eyebrows arched, cheeks flushed, we can see something's arousing
him.

CAPTION

One juicy pussy, coming right up.

FRANK

Fuuuuck!

PANEL 6

We're back under the counter, where Grief is mockingly watching
Frank part his legs. His skirt rides up. We see a tiny thong
covering what is a VERY WET PUSSY. The insides of his thighs are
coated with juices.

CAPTION

Come on everyone, this round's on me.

PANEL 7

Back to Frank and Norm "above" the counter. Frank is gasping for
air, looking around in panic. Norm has one hand on Frank's
nearest thigh, leaning in seductively (as much as he can with
his ugly mug).

NORM

I'm Norm. Let's get to know each other,
'kay?

FRANK

(thinking)

Oh, GOD!

(cont'd)

I'm in TROUBLE!