

BRIAN K. VAUGHAN  
NIKO HENRICHON

# Spectators™

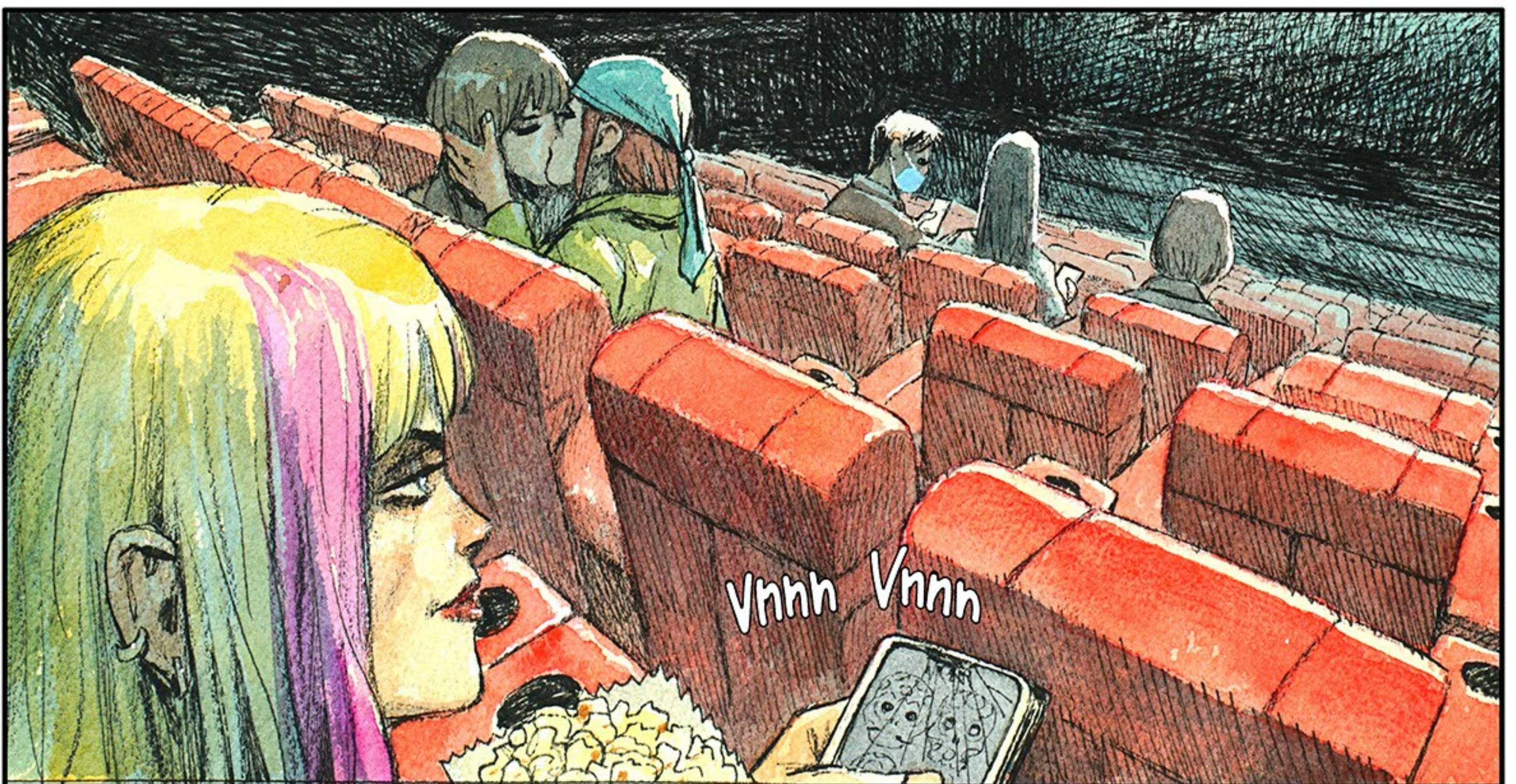
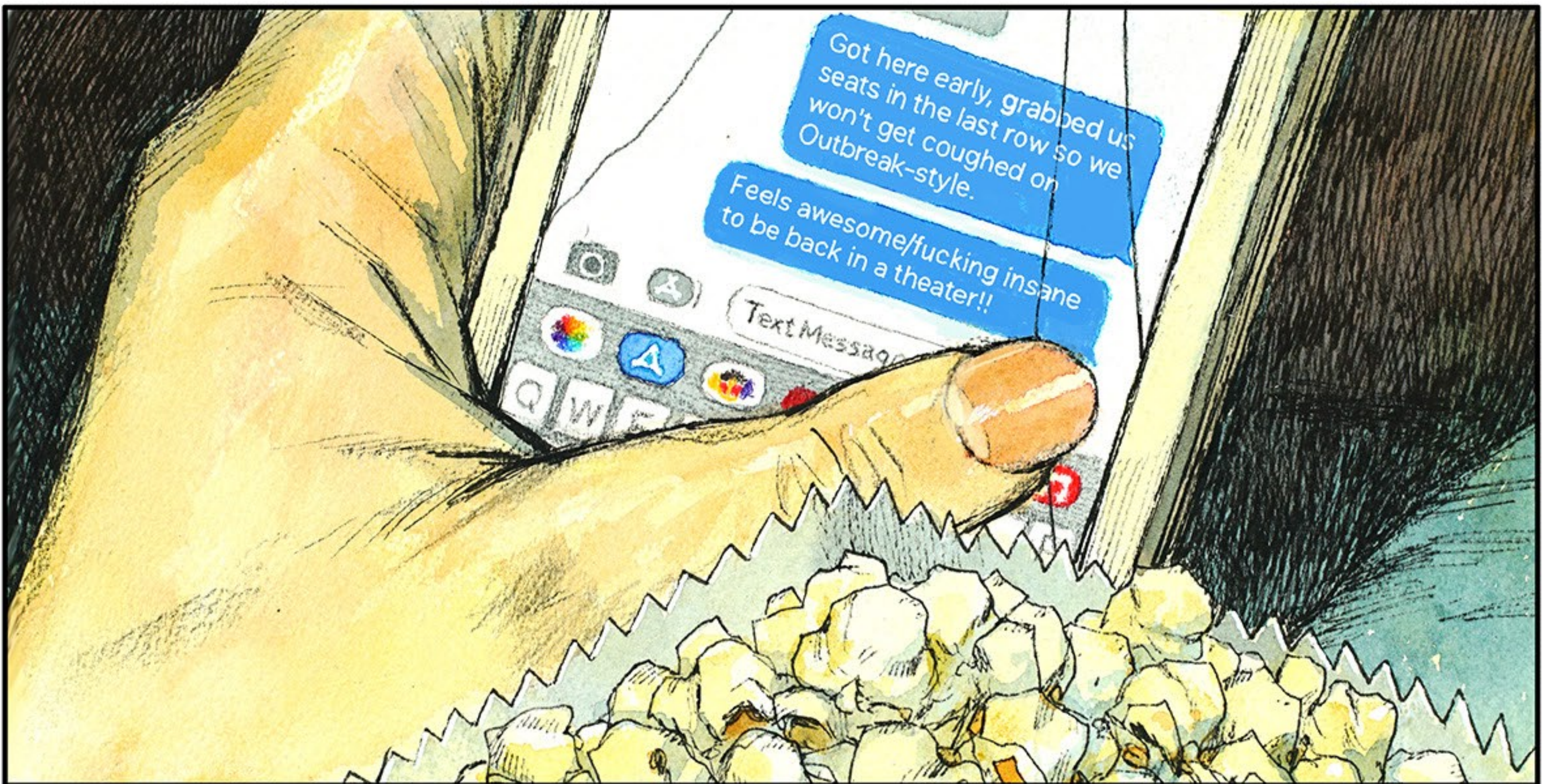
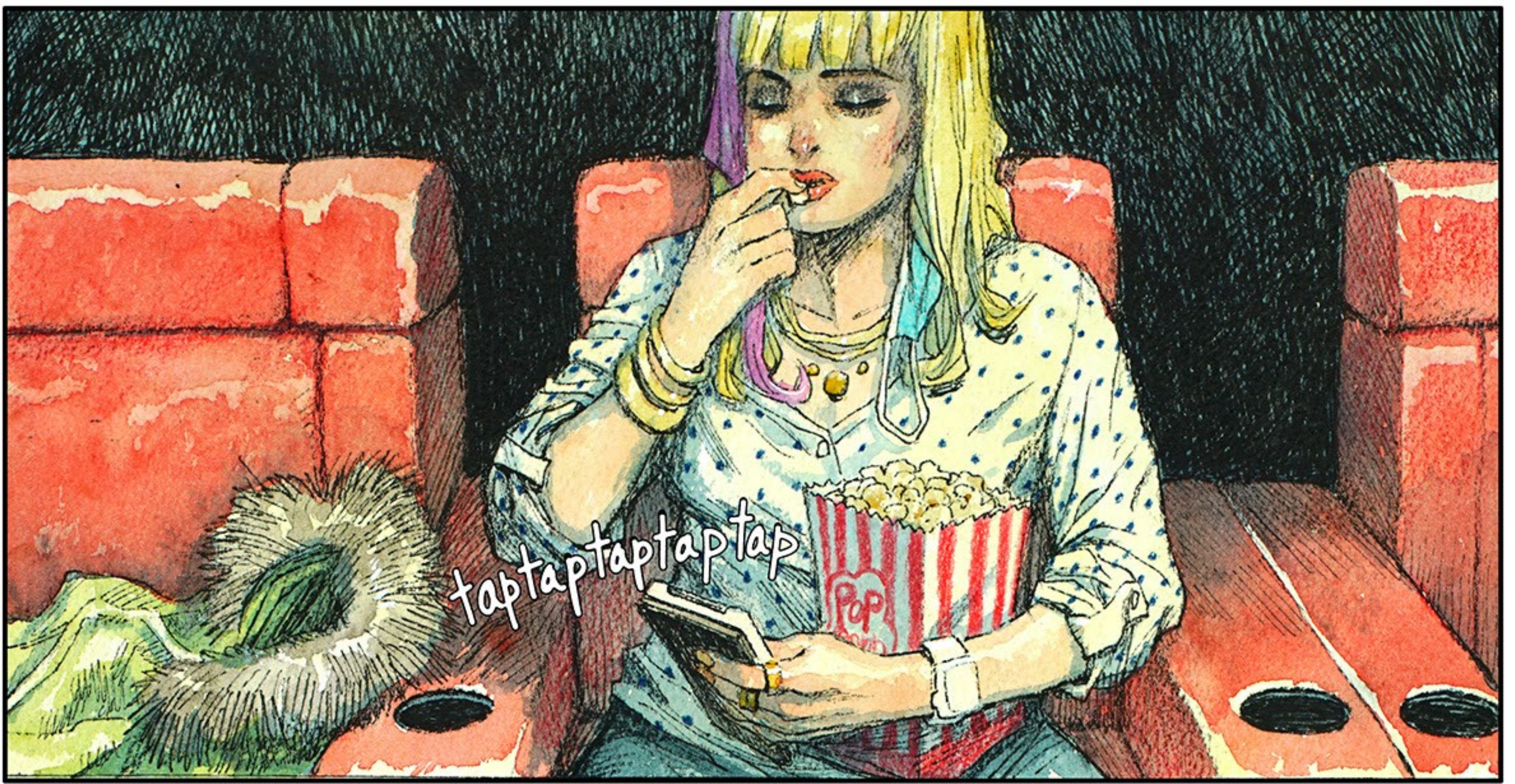




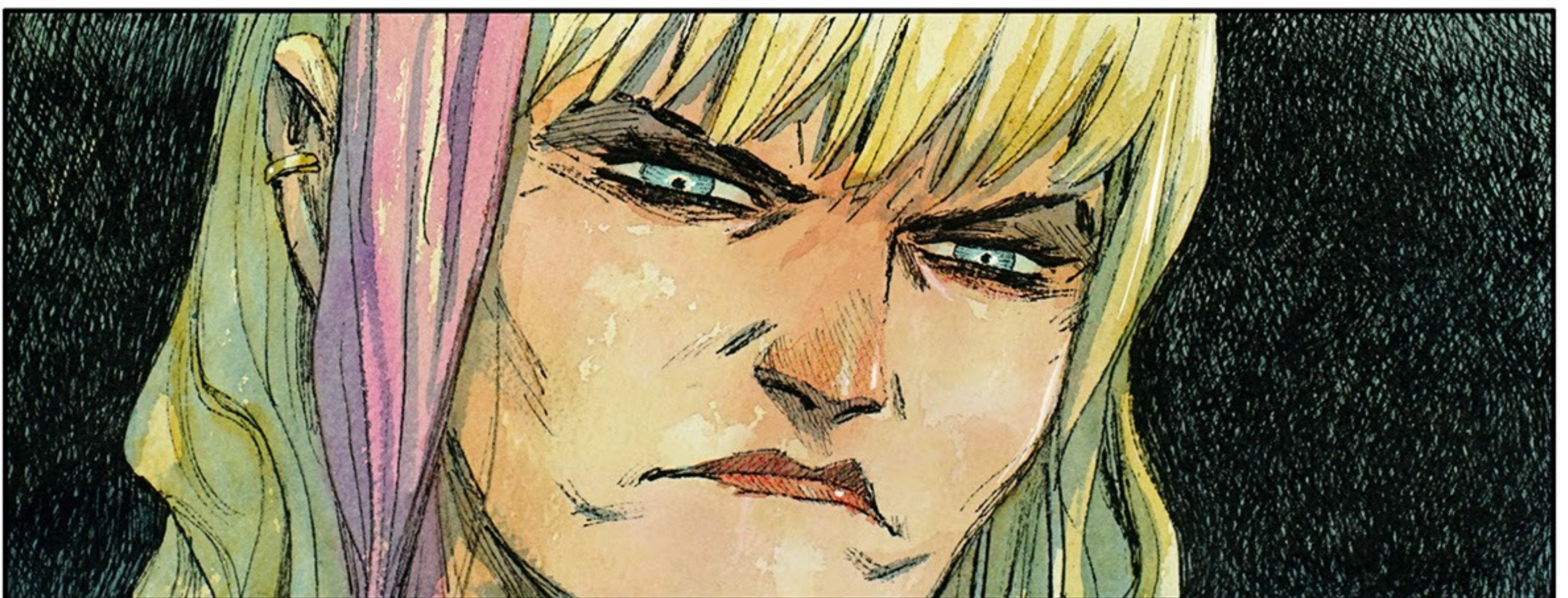
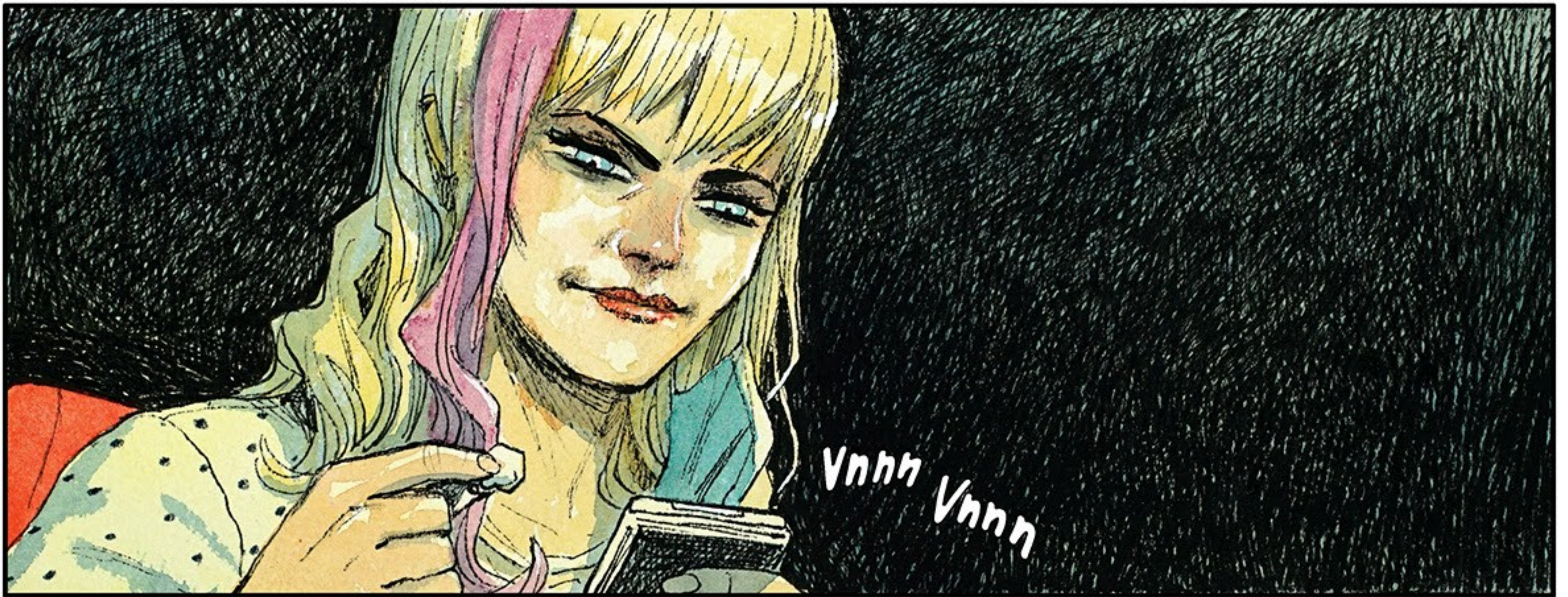
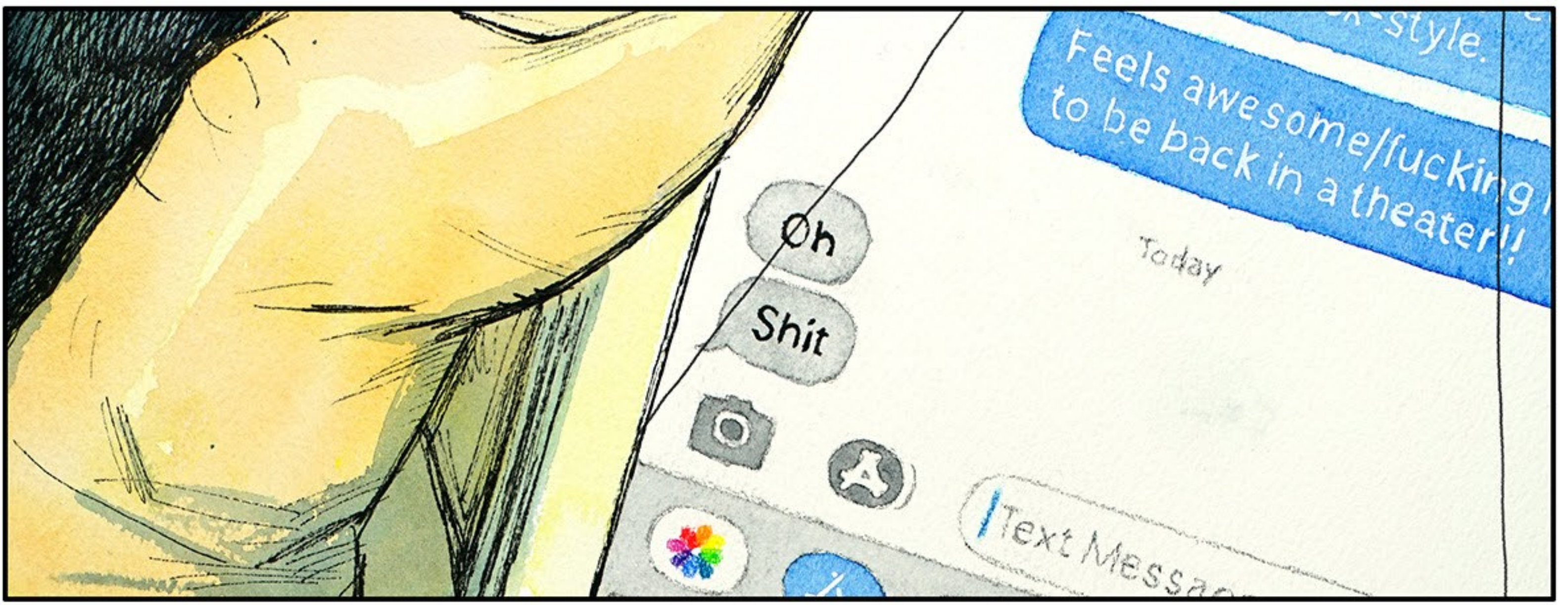


**NYC'S VILLAGE VIII  
WELCOMES YOU BACK  
TO THE MOVIES!**

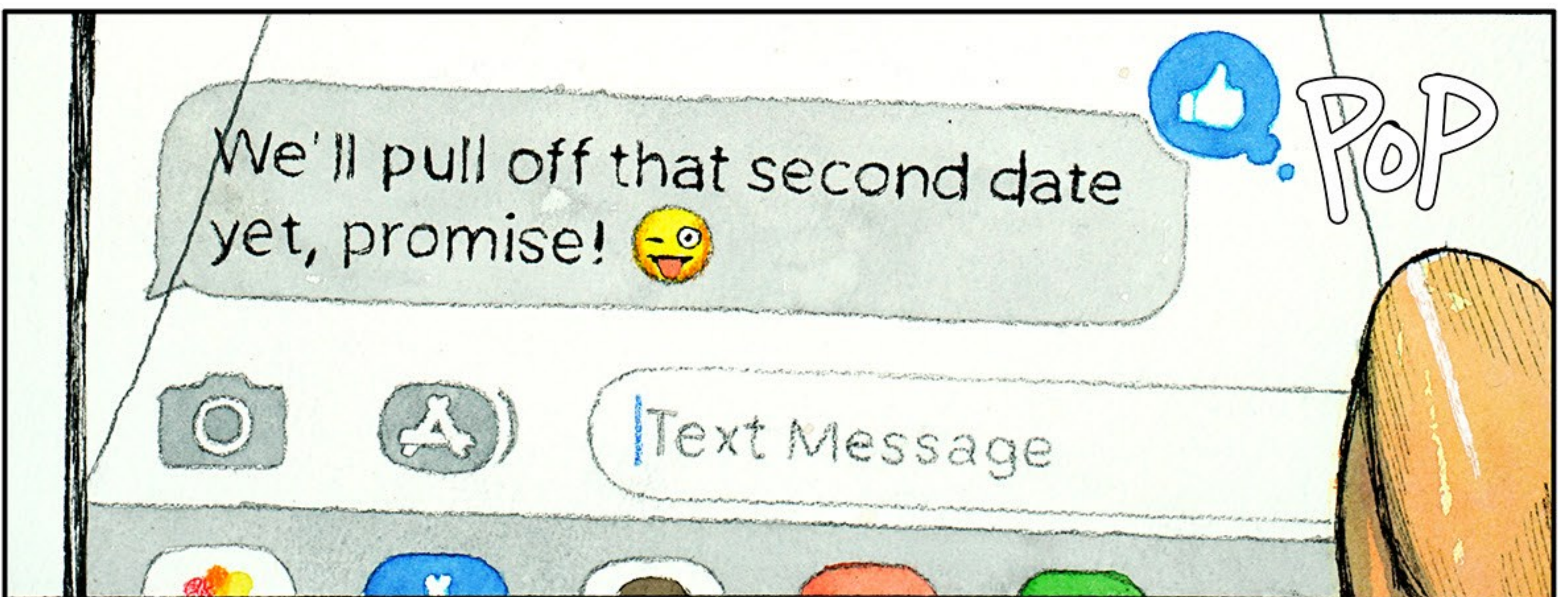
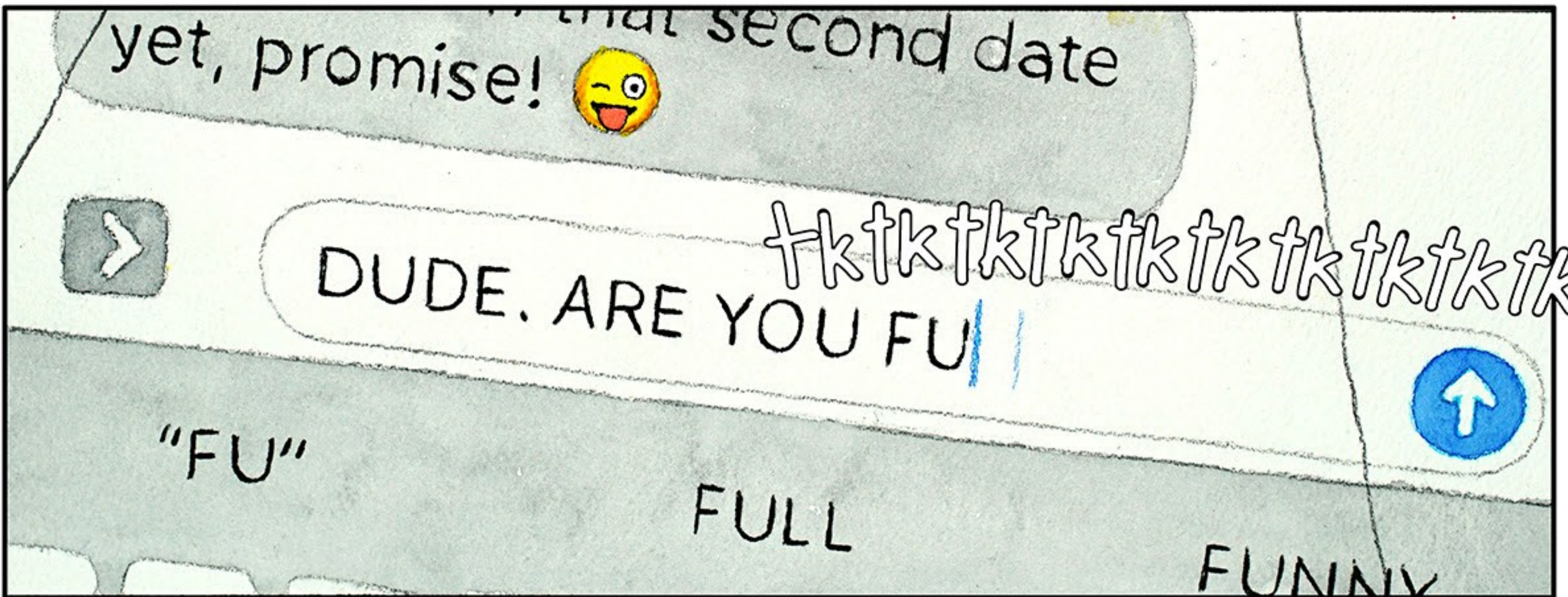




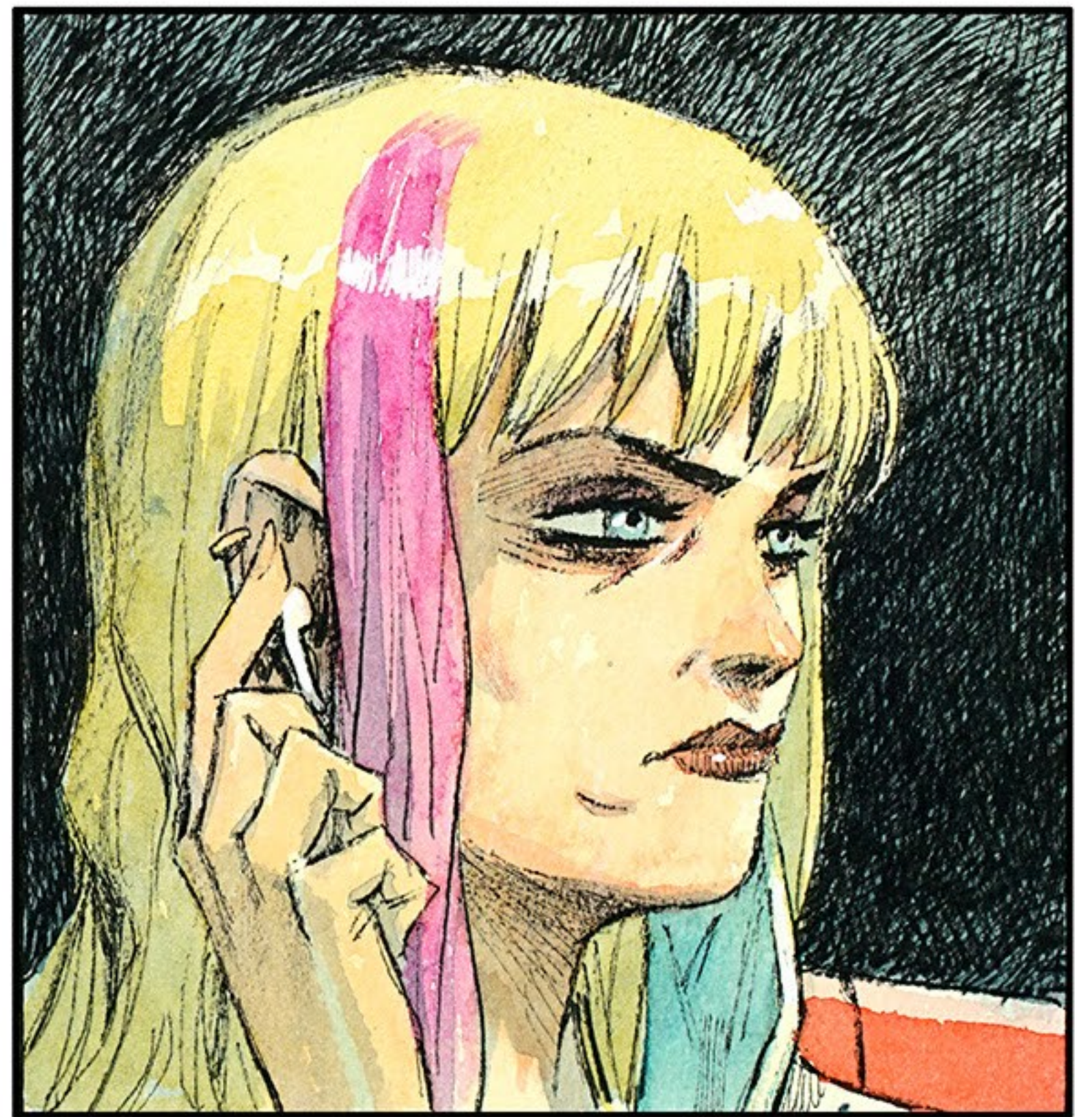
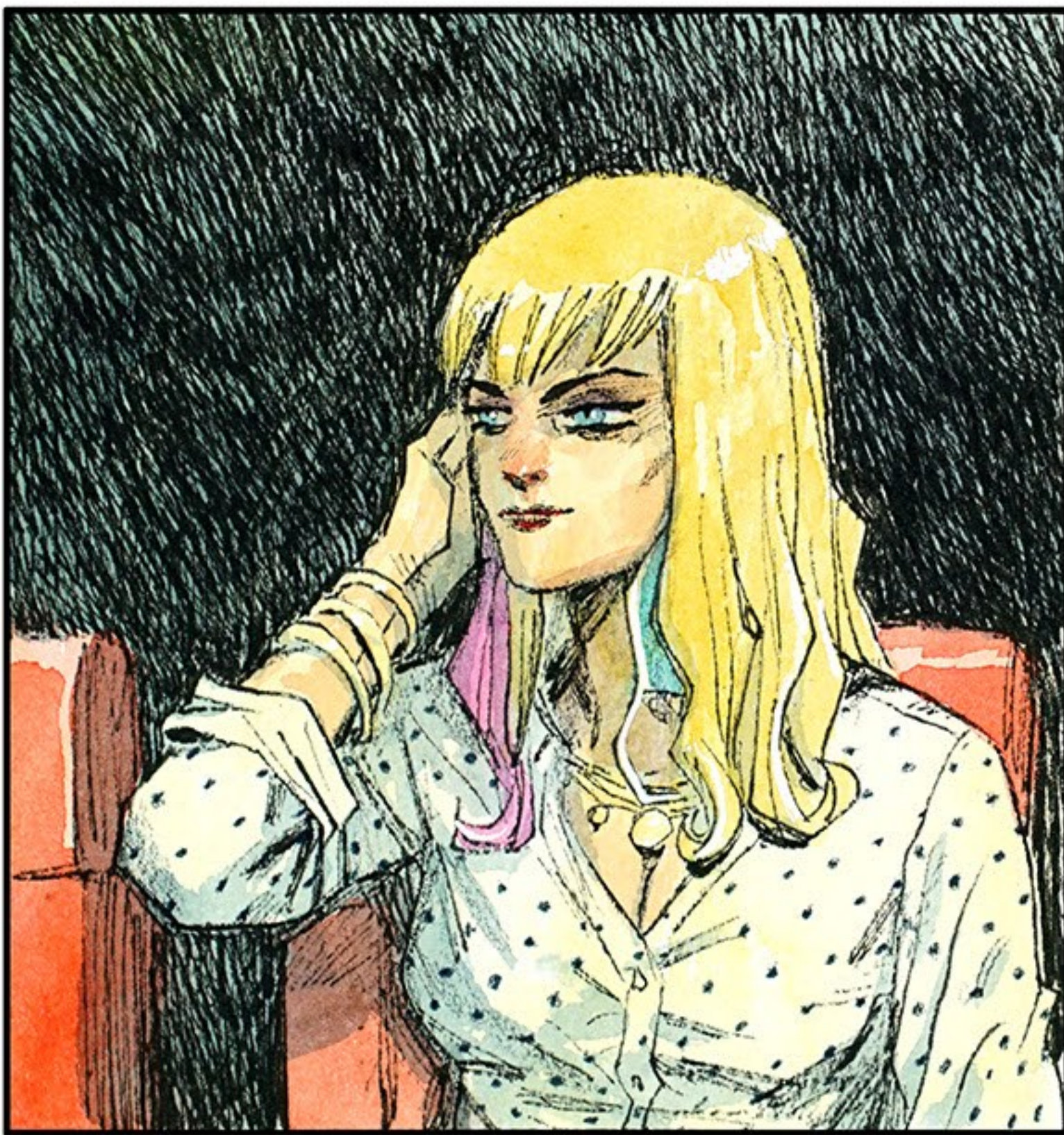
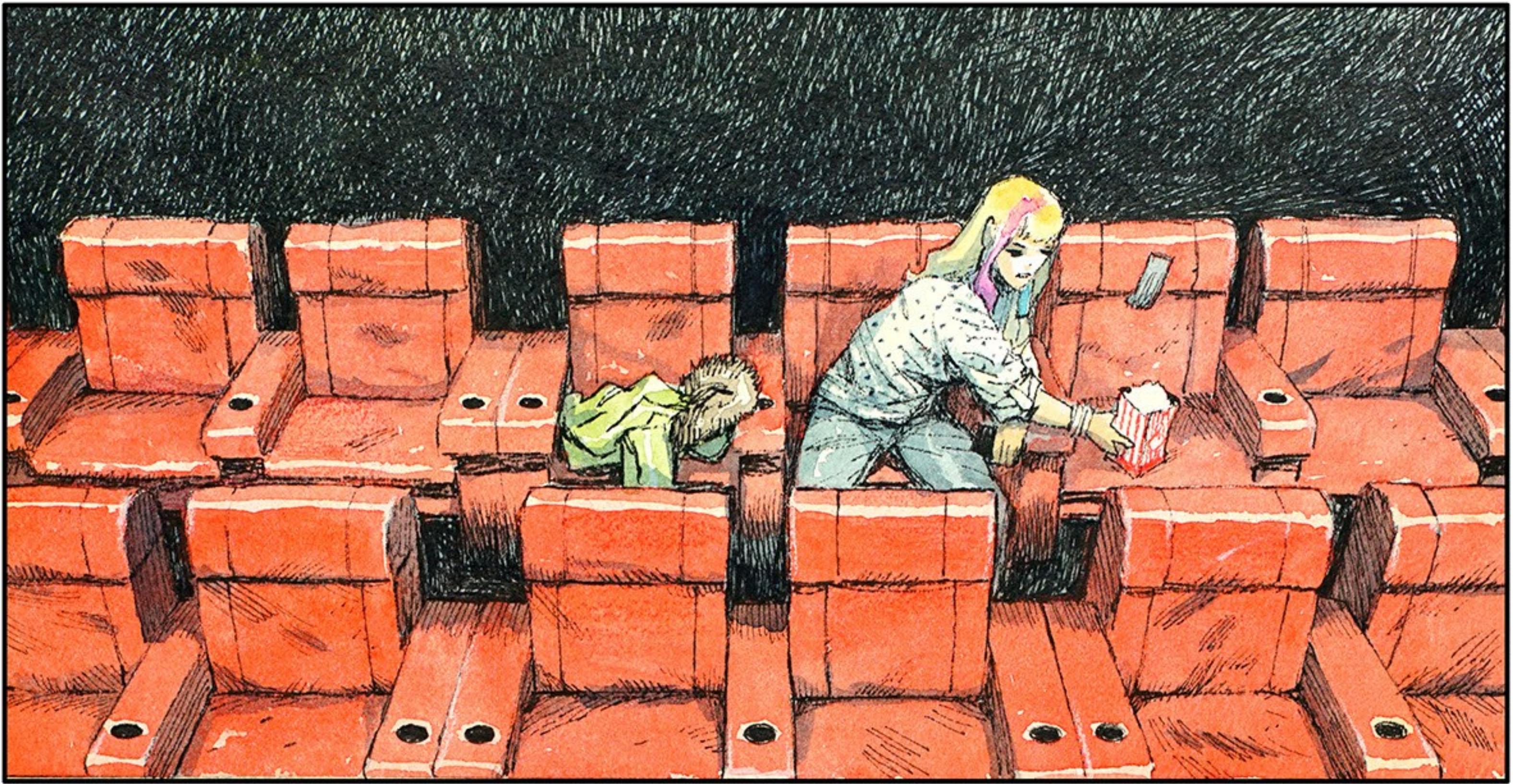














AA

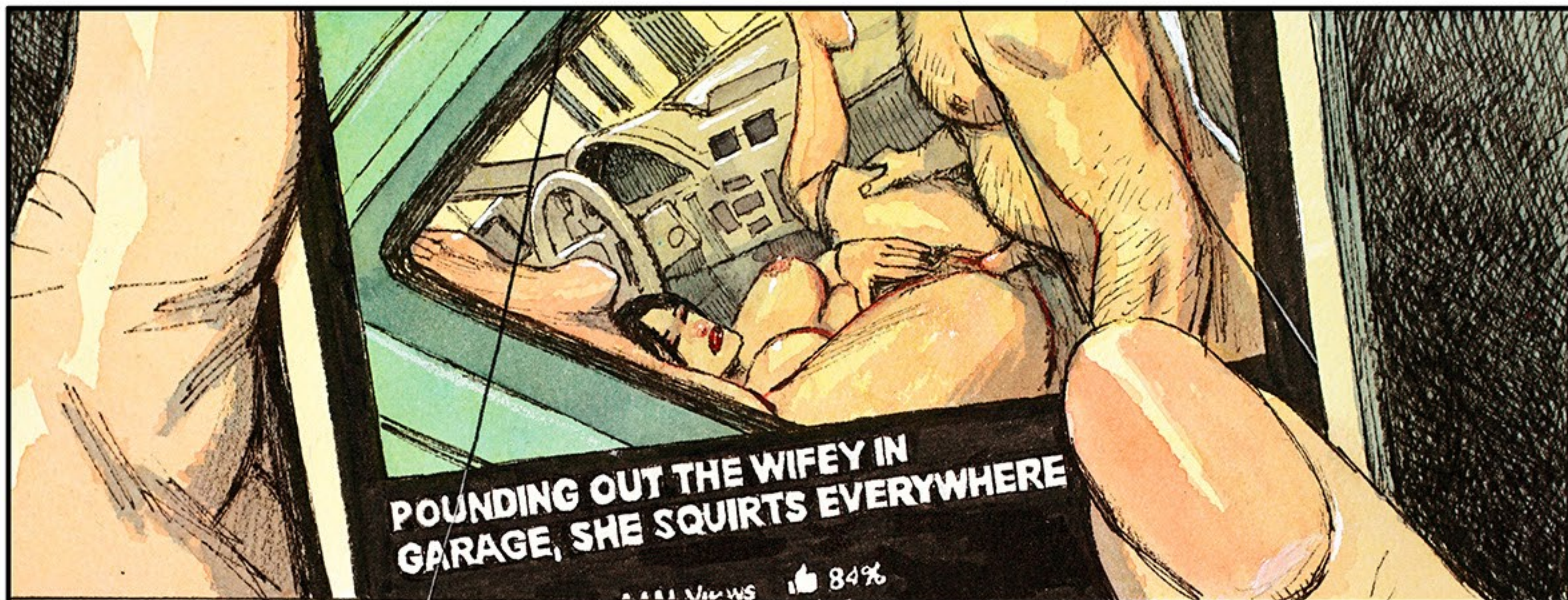
pornhub.com

tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap tap

amateur couples real



Video results



**POUNING OUT THE WIFEY IN GARAGE, SHE SQUIRTS EVERYWHERE**

1,111 Views 84%

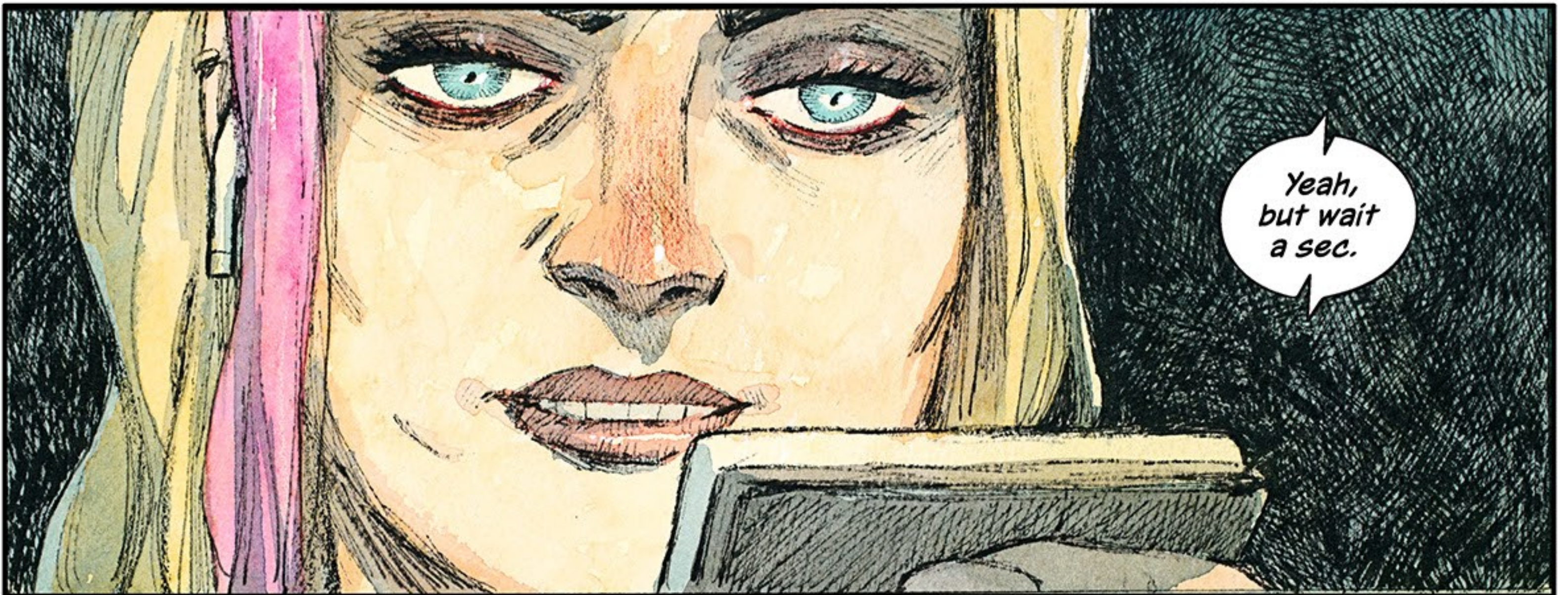


**REAL employe sucks off boss and gets creampie!!**



**My dumb boyfriend gives himself a charley horse during sex**









Come on, show me your pretty smile, cumslave.

My dumb boyfriend gives himself a charley horse during sex



Jesus Christ...



...you are so fuckin' weird.

My dumb boyfriend gives himself a charley horse during sex

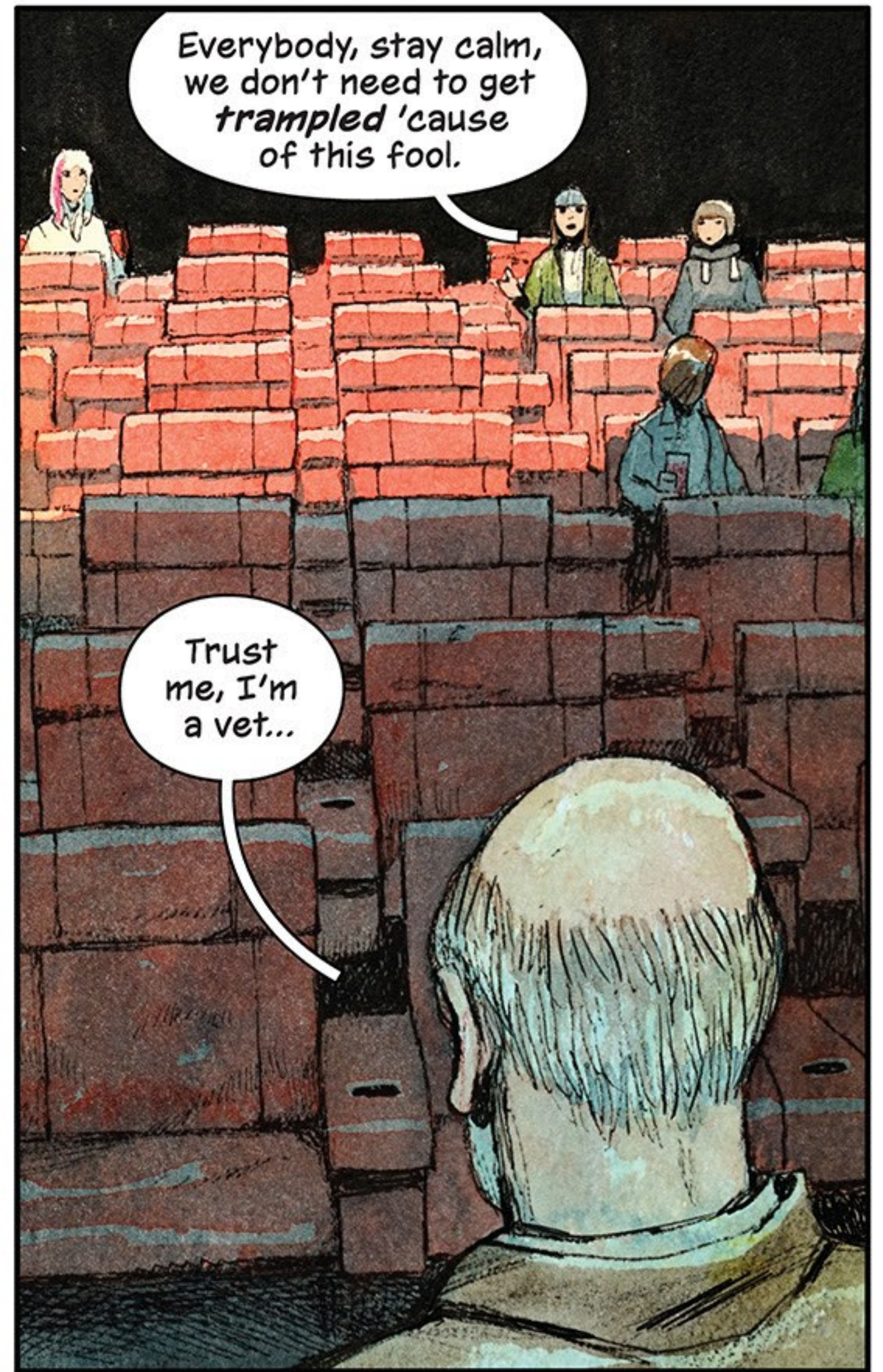


**BOOM**













So this might be, like, gang activity?!

We gotta call--

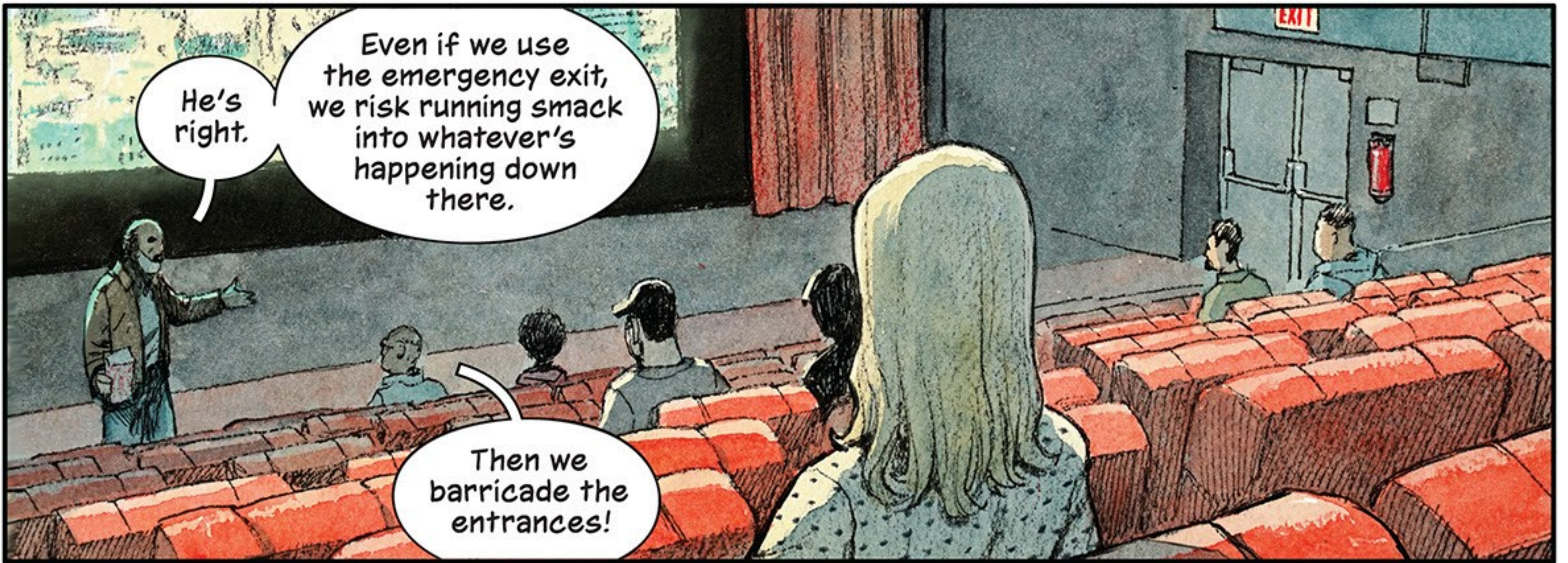
Yeah, 911 has me on hold.



Screw that, let's get out of here!

And go where?

We're on the top floor!



He's right.

Even if we use the emergency exit, we risk running smack into whatever's happening down there.

Then we barricade the entrances!



How? All theater doors open *outward*. It's a law.

What are you, the goddamn fire marshal all of a sudden?

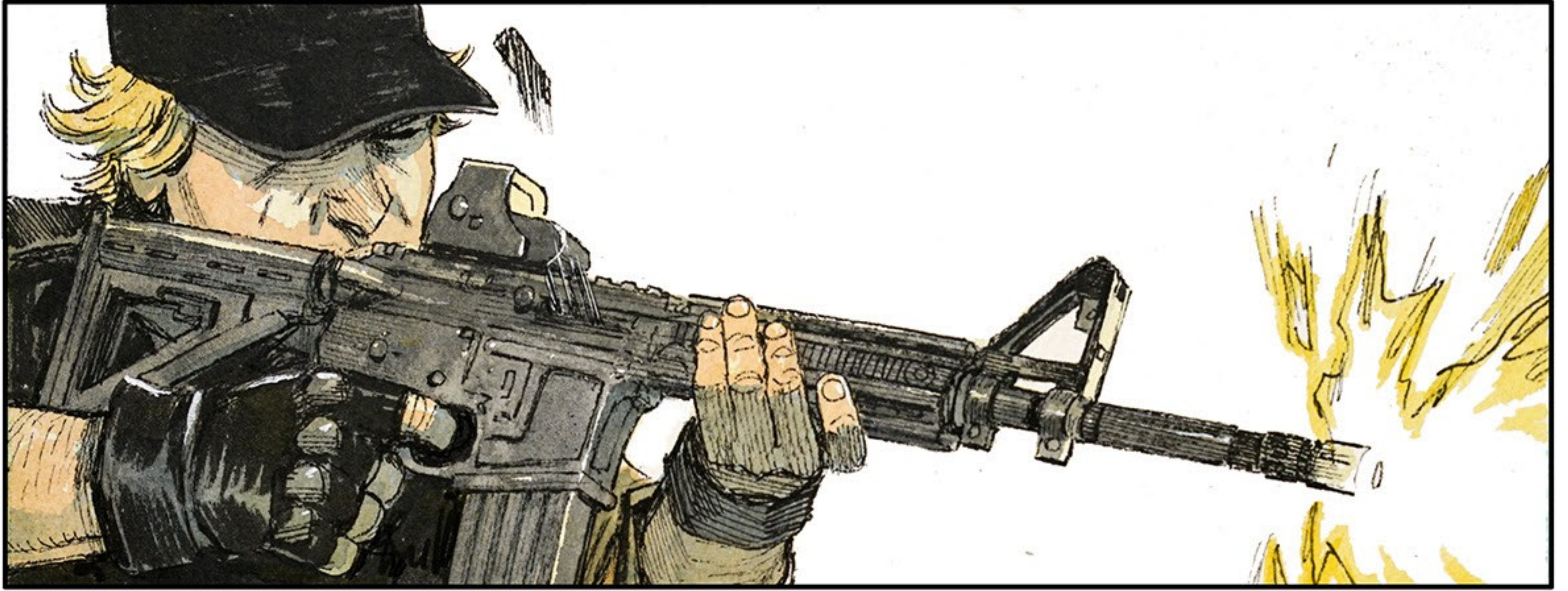
Hey.



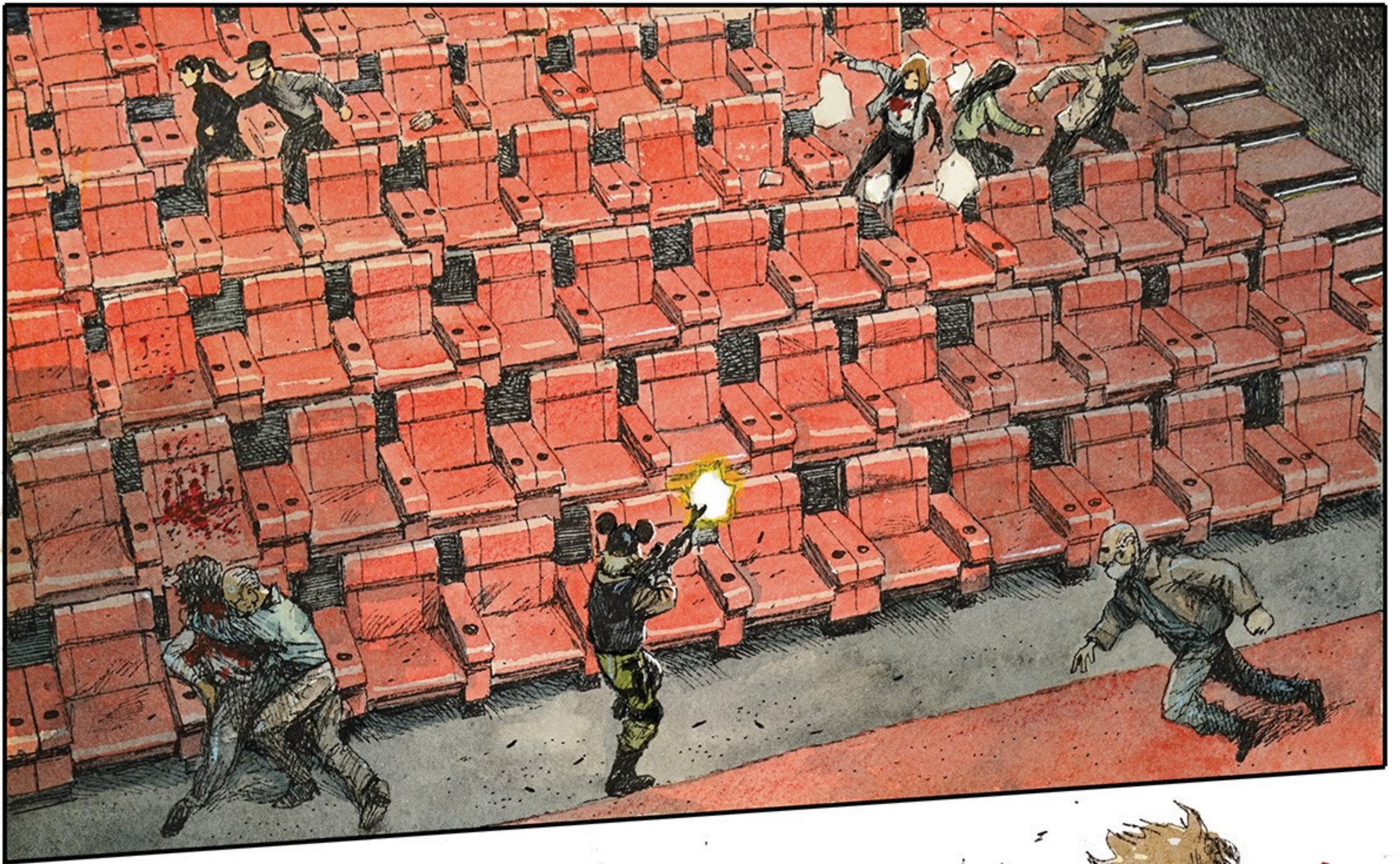
Don't talk to her like that.



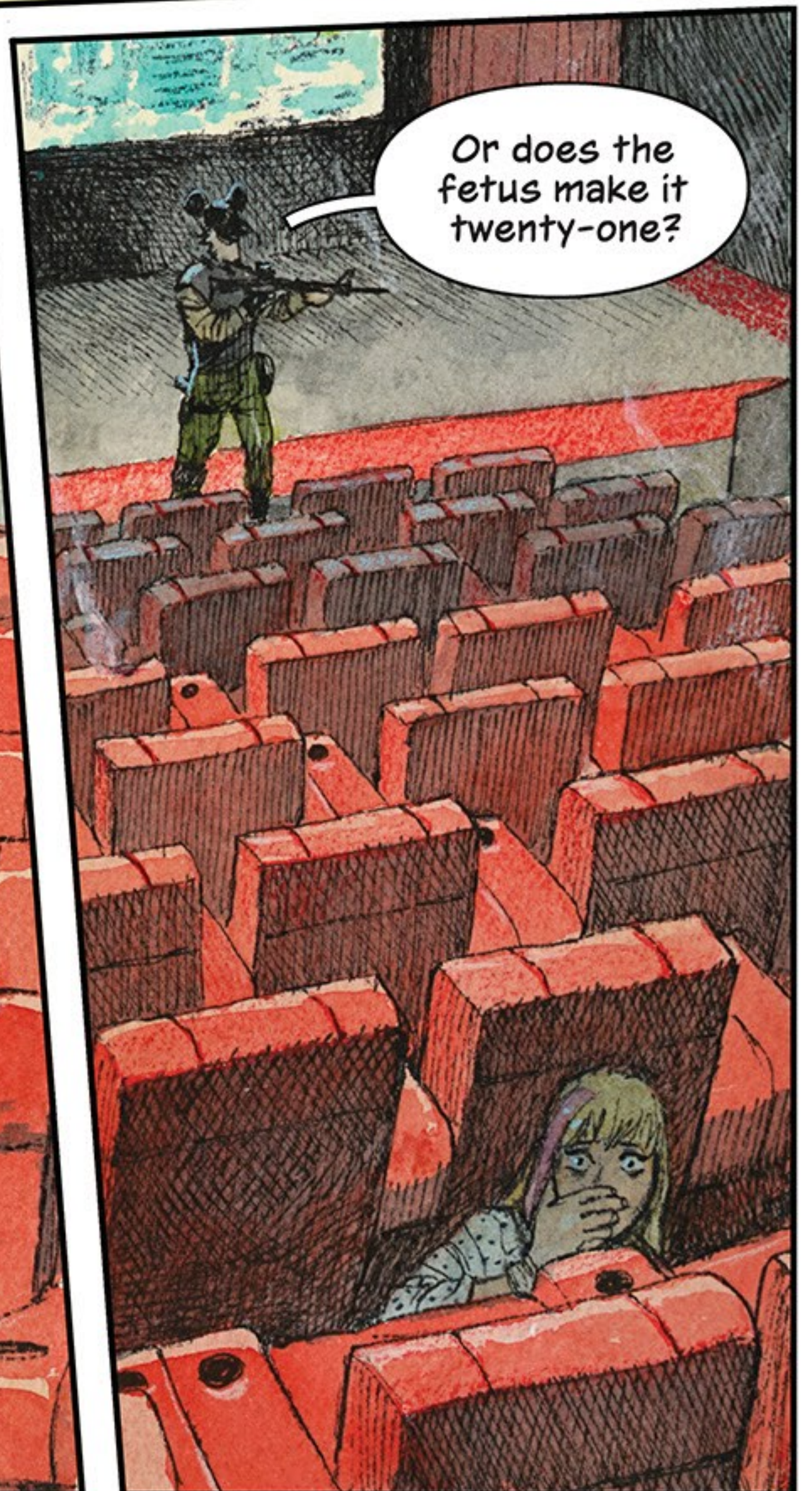
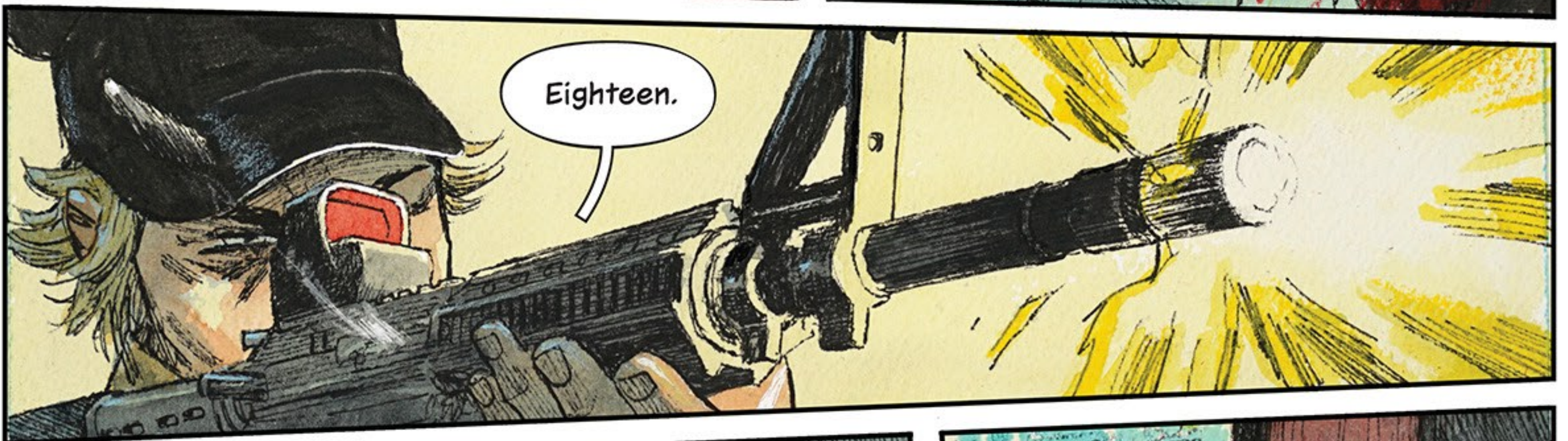




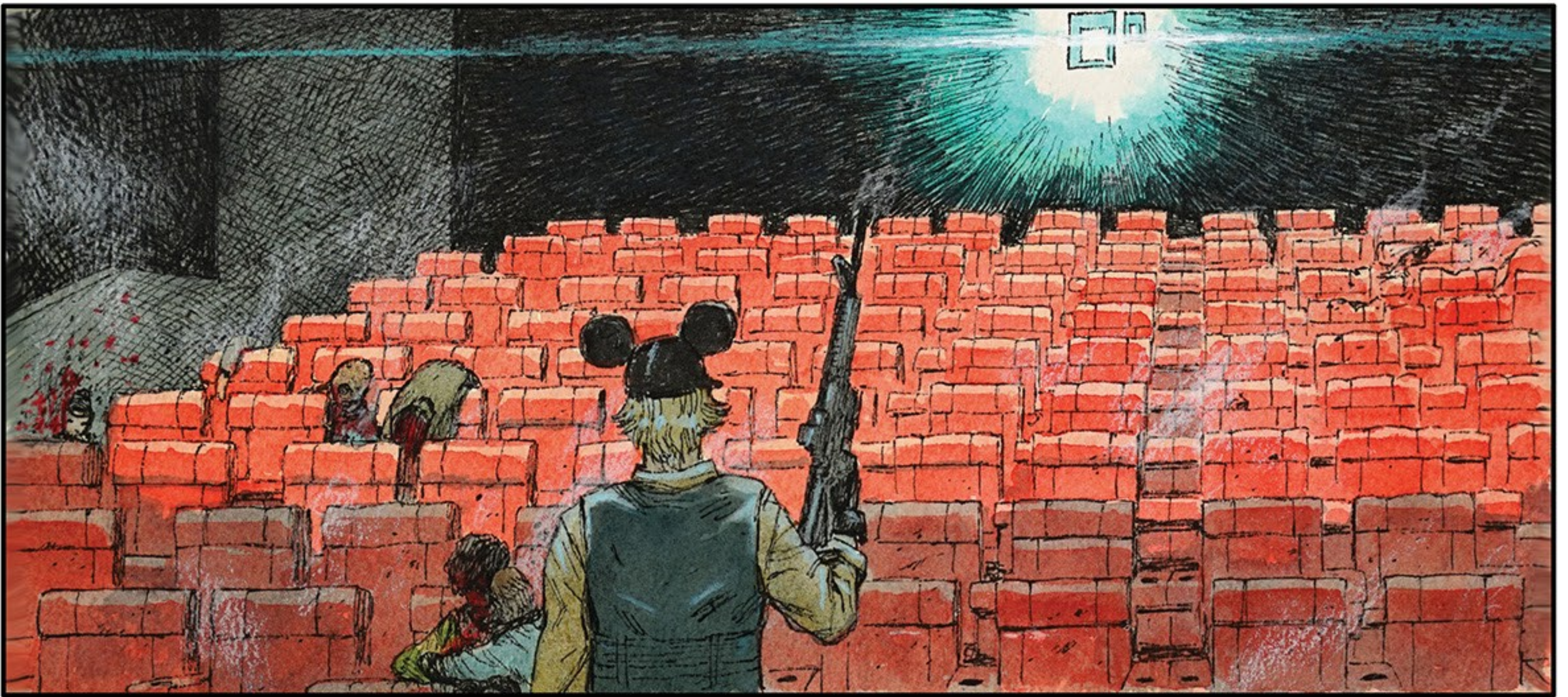
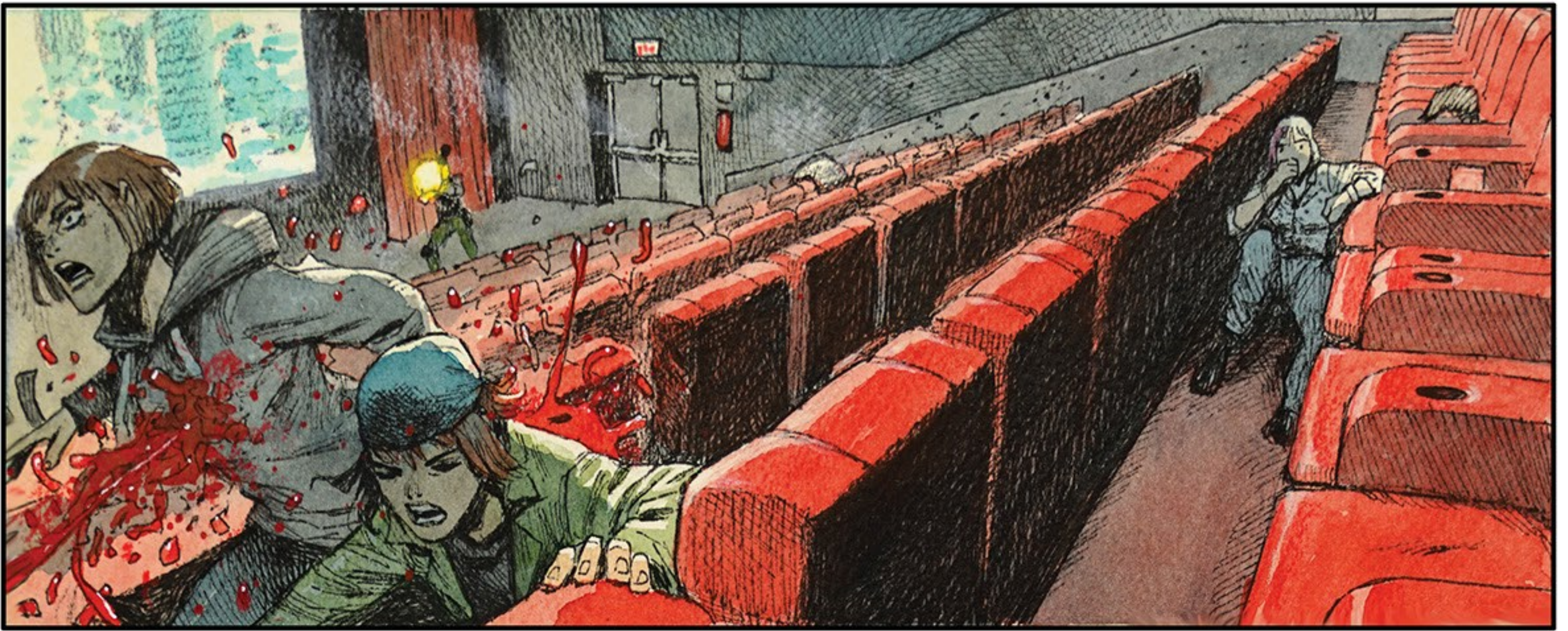




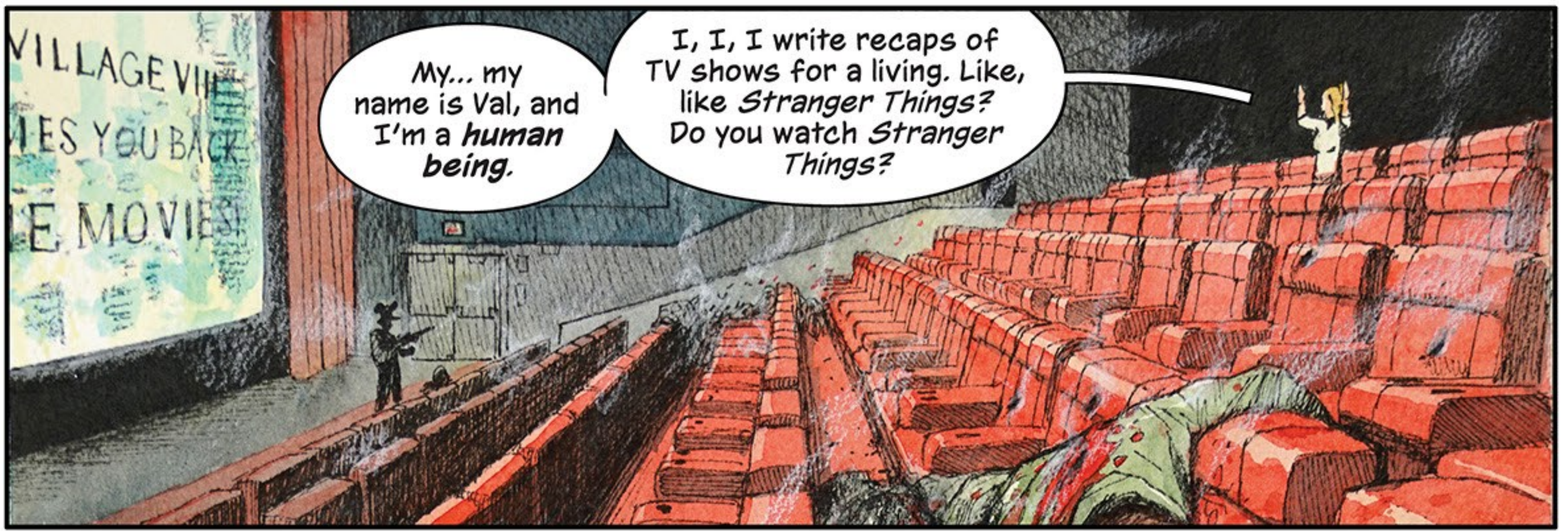






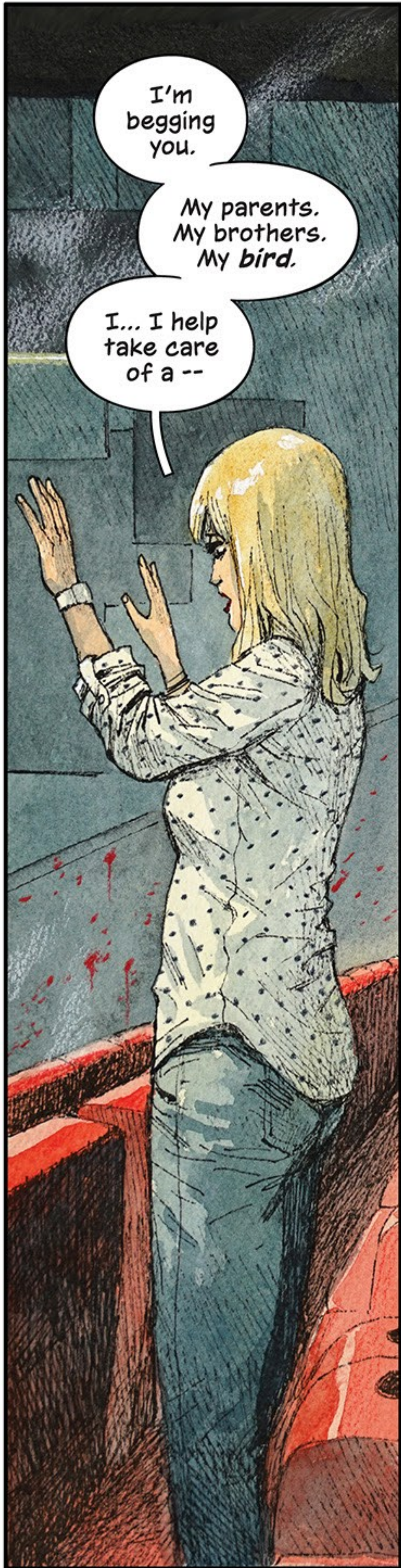






My... my name is Val, and I'm a *human being*.

I, I, I write recaps of TV shows for a living. Like, like *Stranger Things*? Do you watch *Stranger Things*?



I'm begging you.

My parents. My brothers. My *bird*.

I... I help take care of a --



How the hell did Paddock rack up sixty-one?

Pimp's high score is crazy.

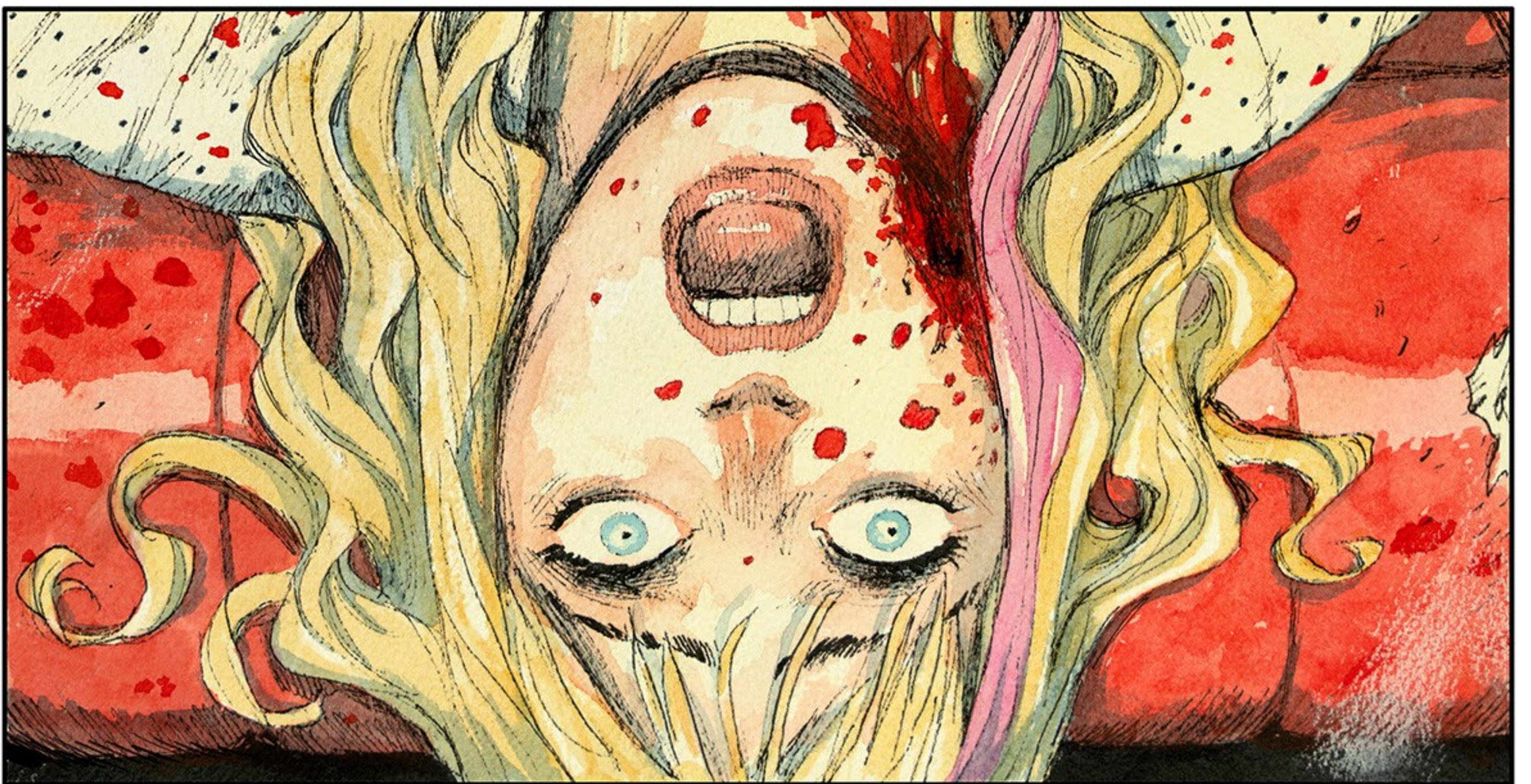
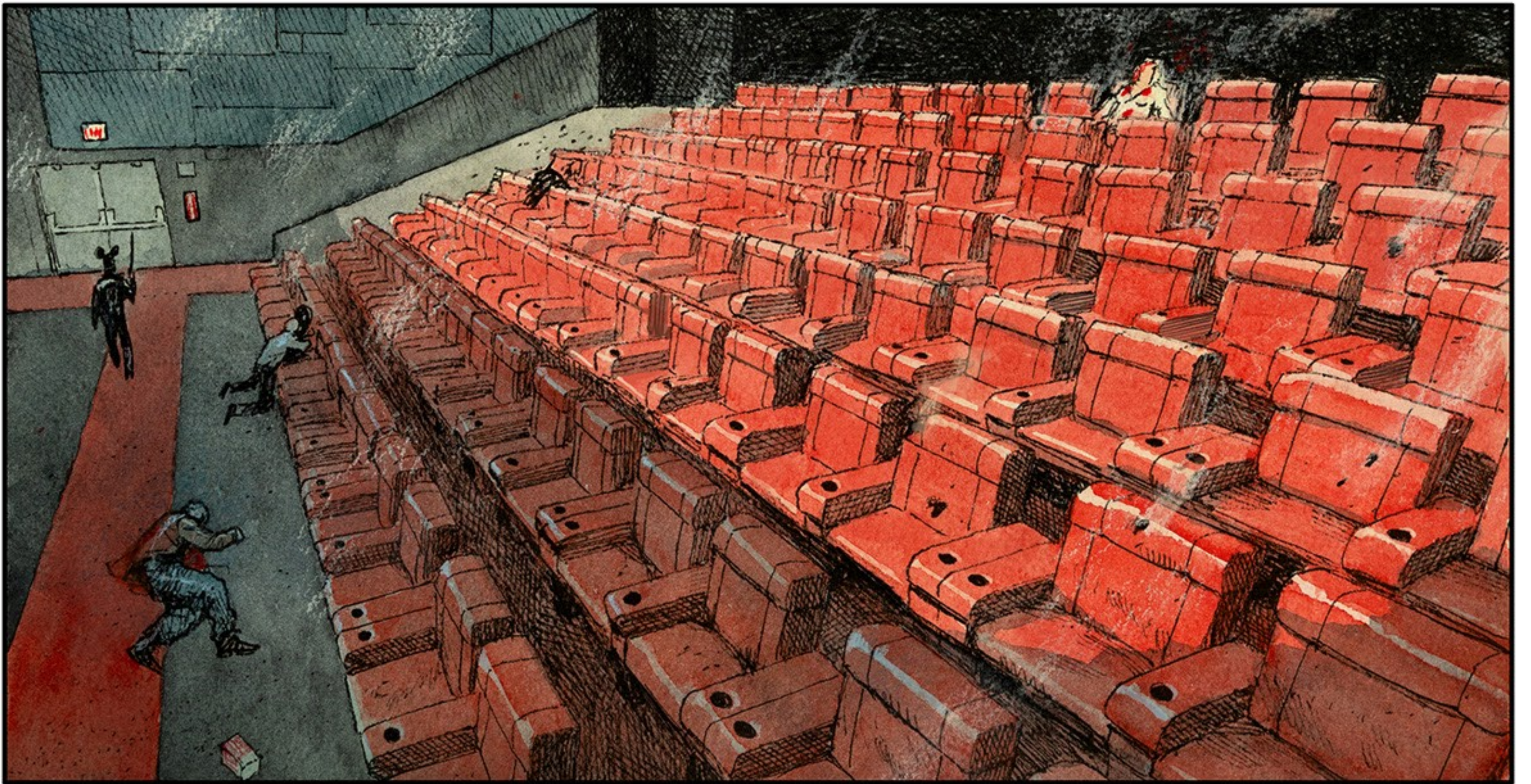


Sorry?

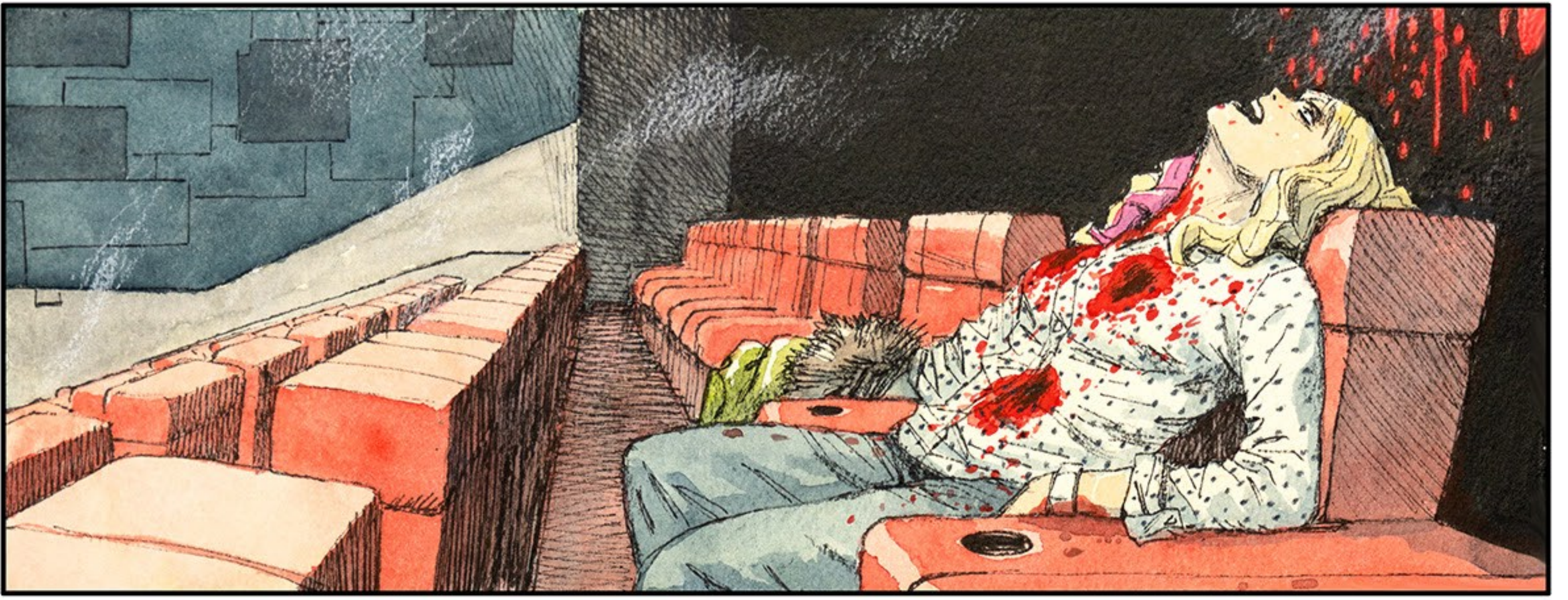




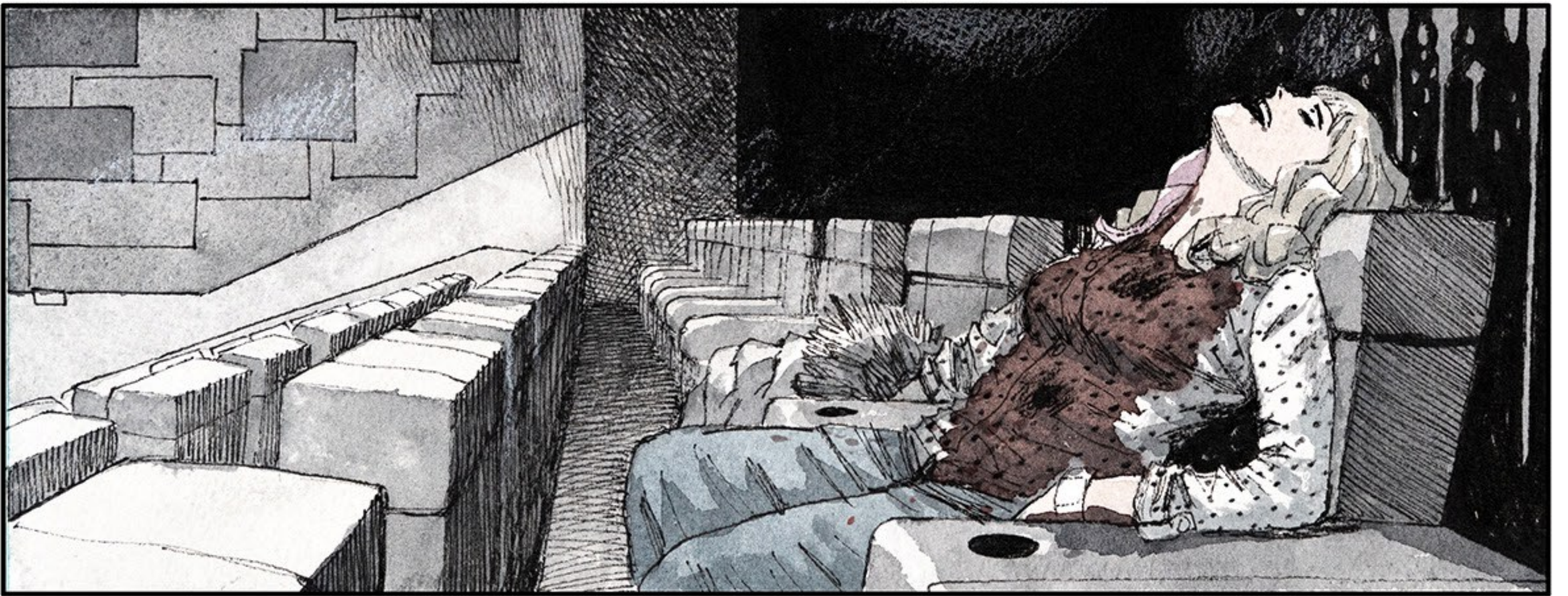








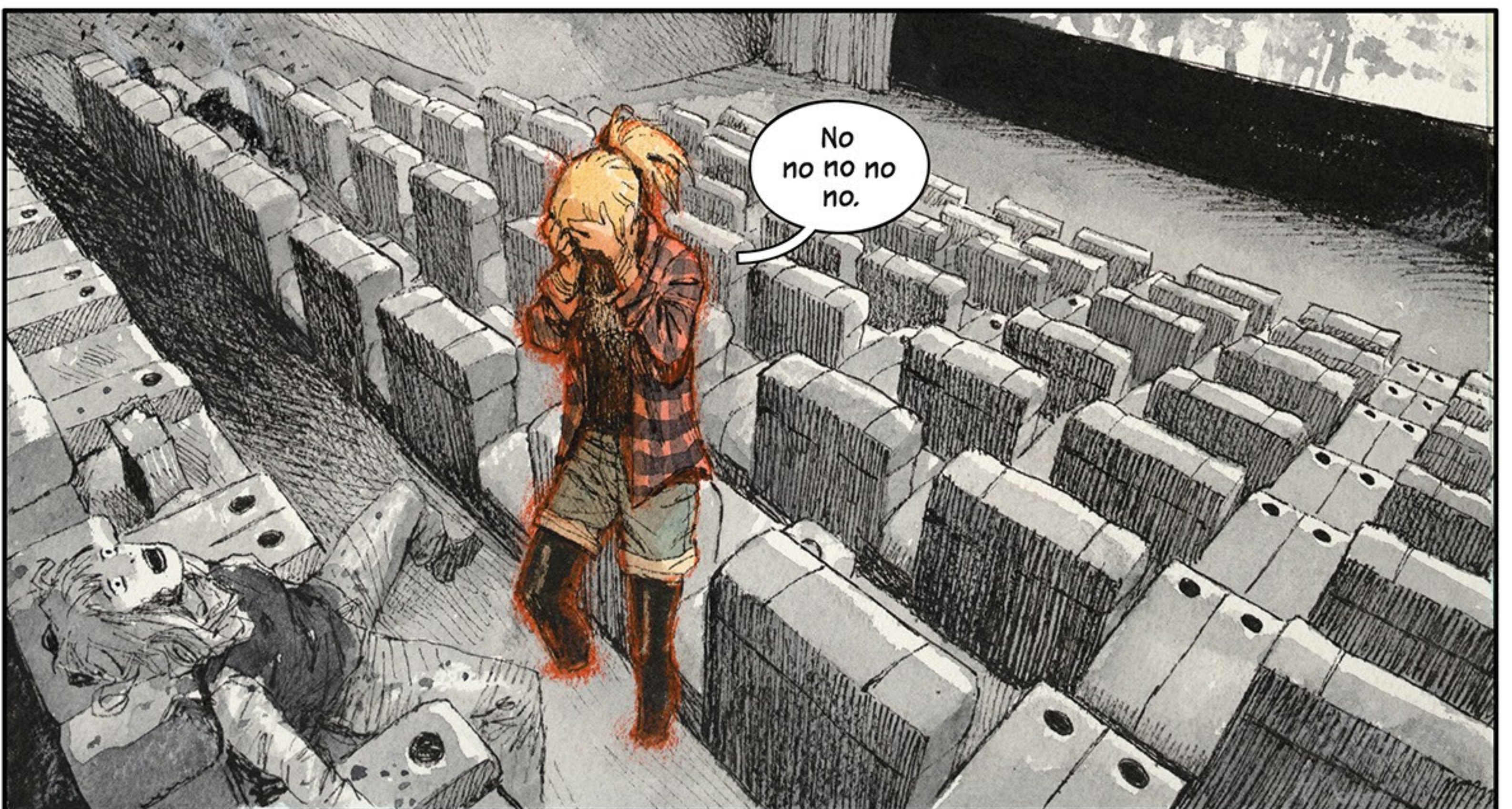
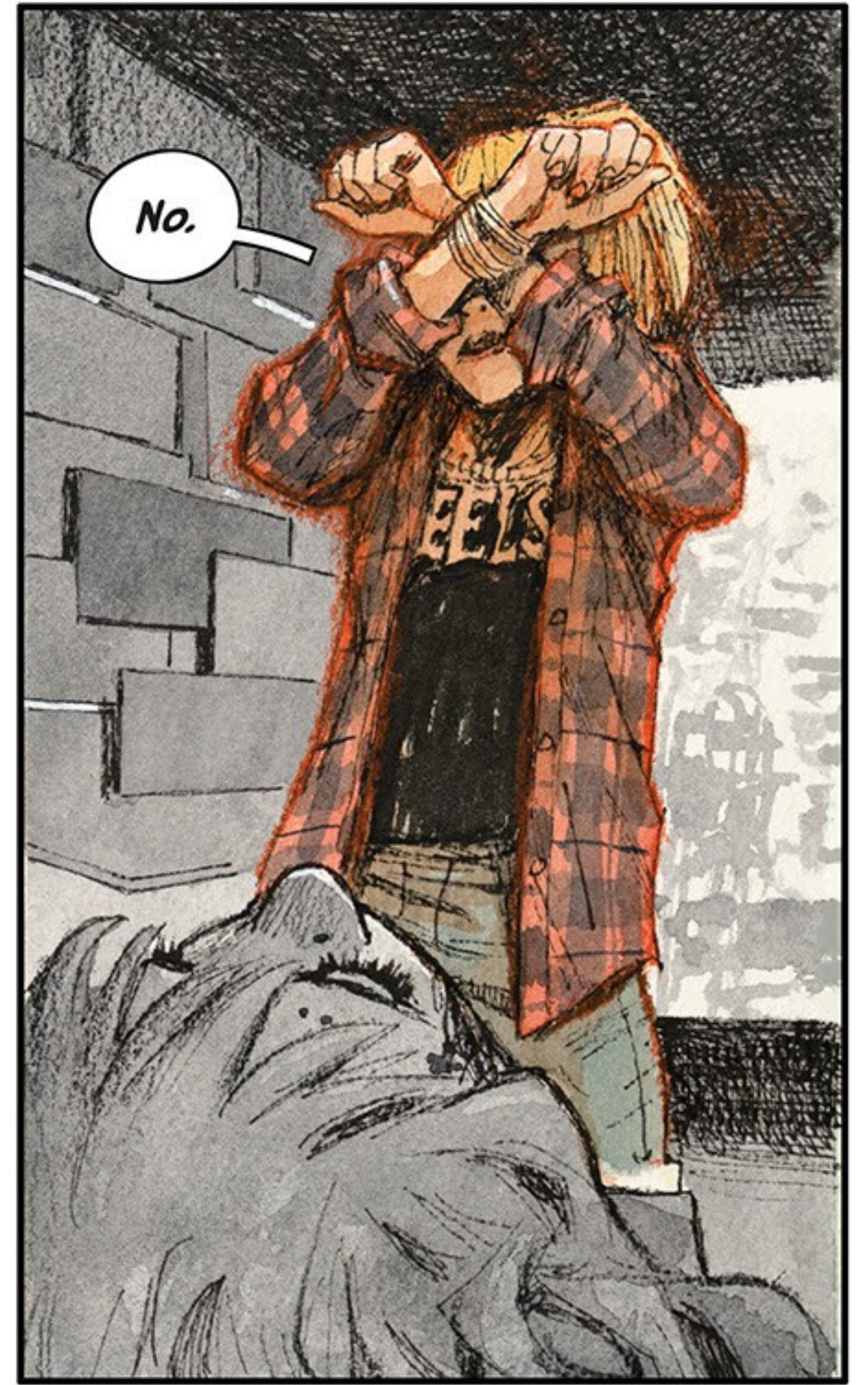
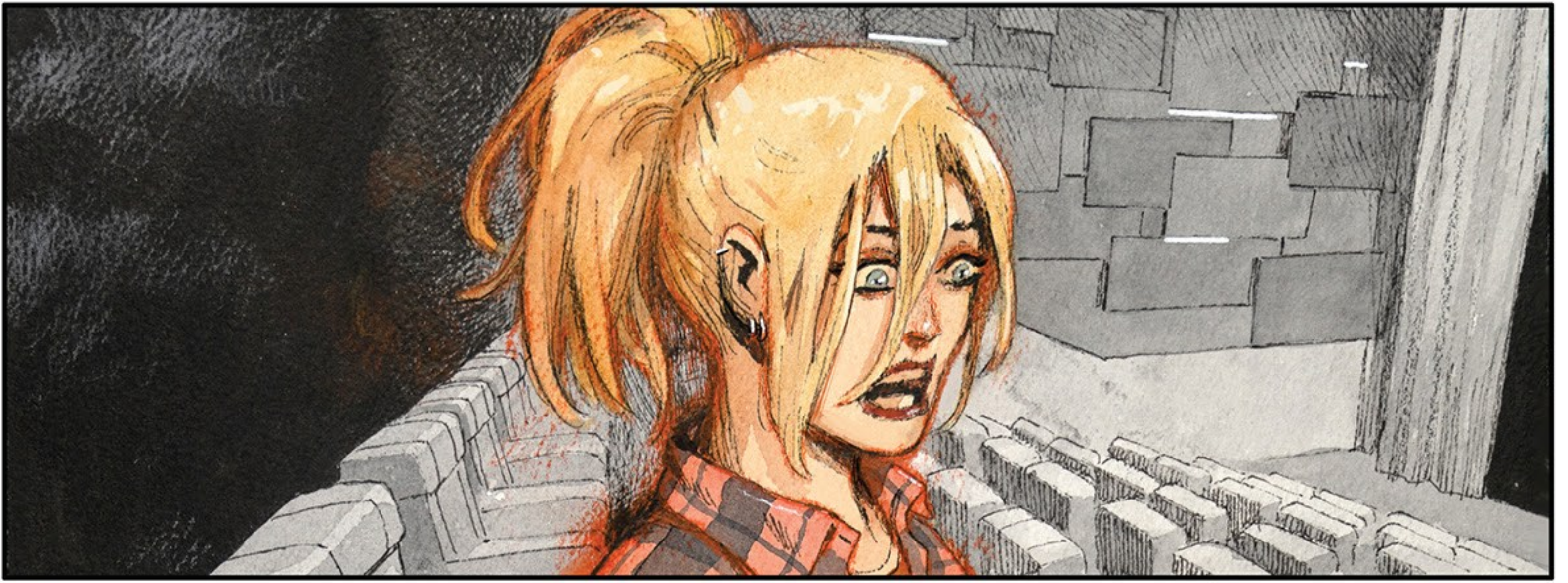




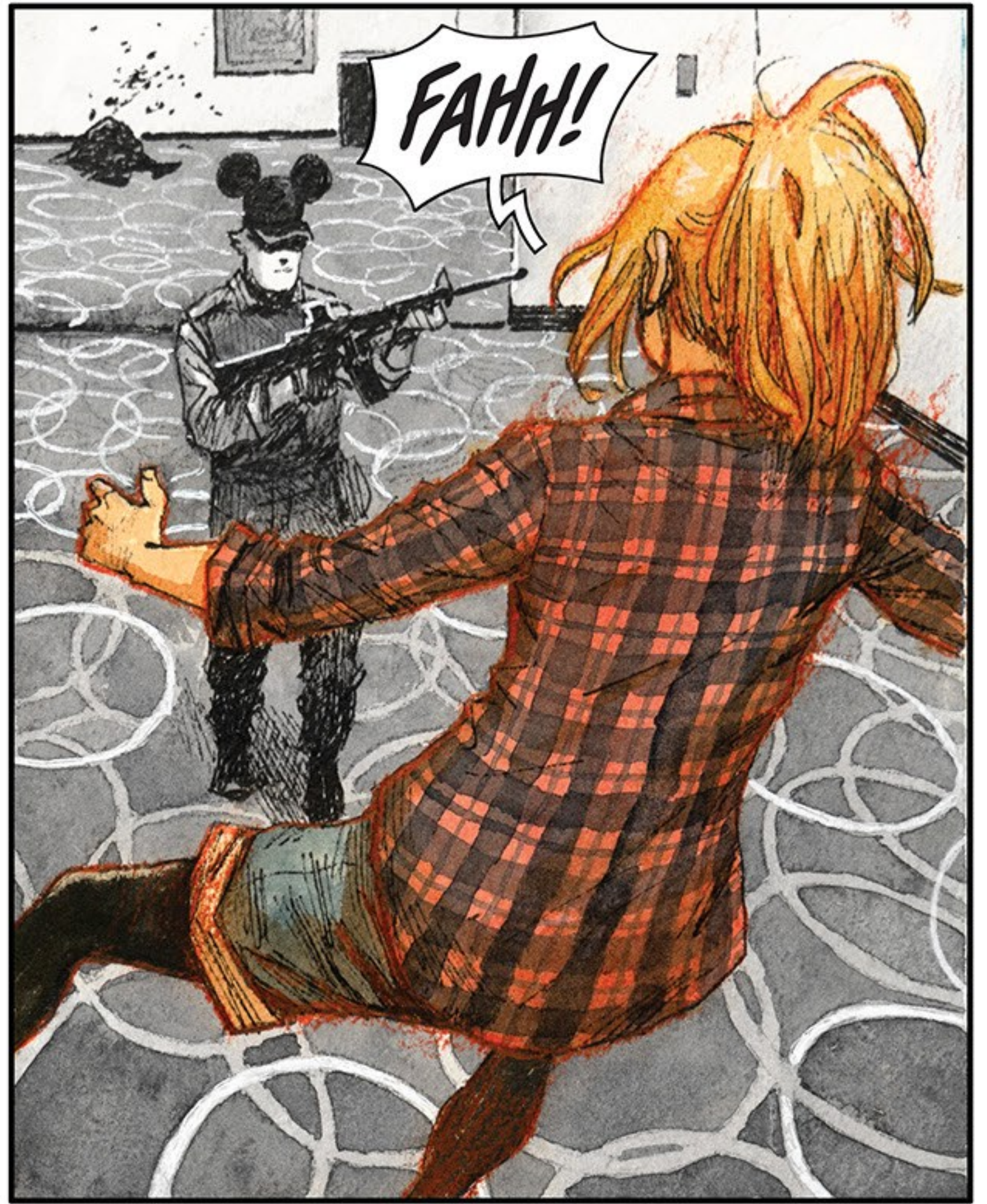
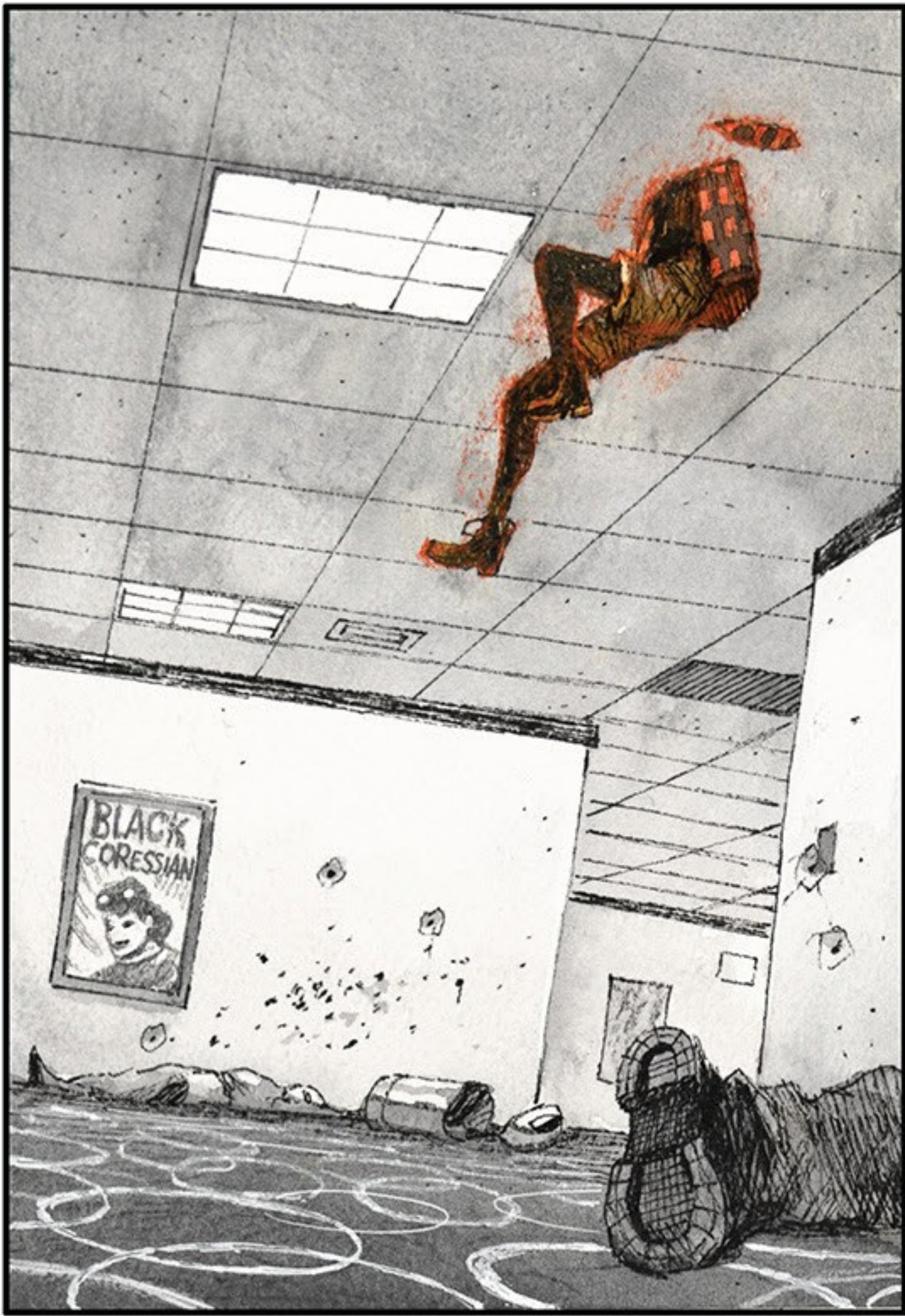








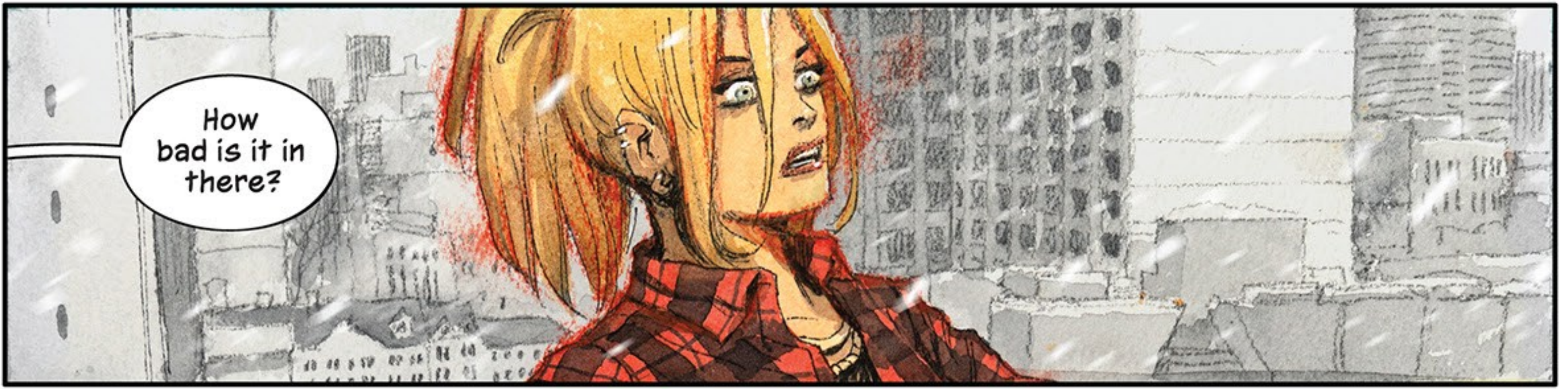












How bad is it in there?



I don't have the stomach to watch.

Not when it involves kids, you know?





Who...?

Cody Cooper  
Hentwood.

Evil *pedazo*  
de mierda,  
pardon my  
language.



Knew he was  
trouble the first  
time I laid eyes on  
him. At a gun show  
over in Jersey?

My true-crime gal pals  
and I have been following  
him ever since, waiting  
for something just  
like this.



He wrote some  
cockamamie excuse  
for a manifesto  
this morning.

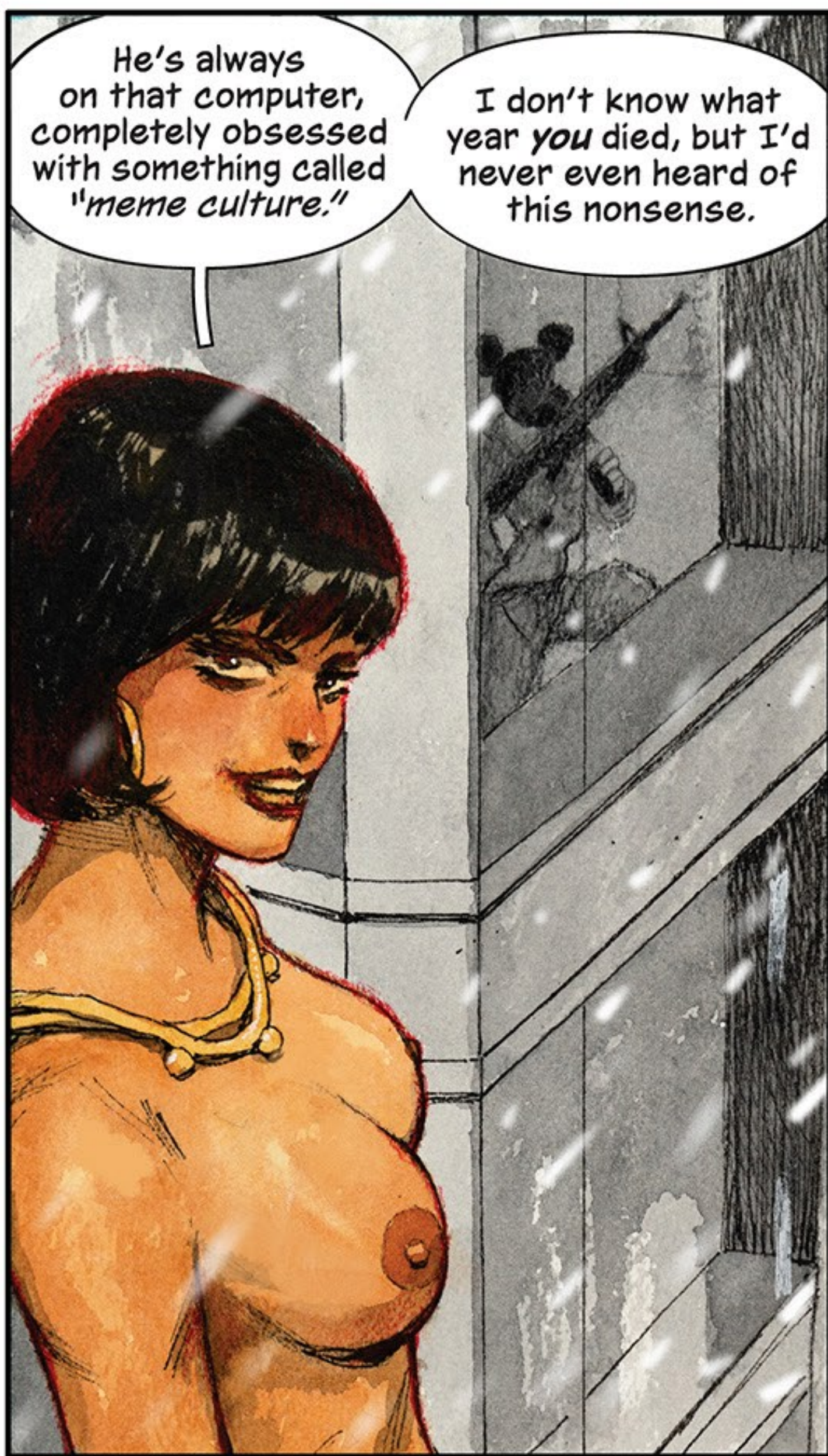
Wants all the other virgin  
broken toys out there to  
follow his lead, try to beat  
his "high score."



Psycho's  
obsessed with  
that guy who shot  
up Vegas a couple  
years back.

No political agenda  
or anything, just zero  
regard for human life,  
you know?













Move on...?

To paradise, perdition, maybe something else entirely? All we know is nobody comes back once they exit the show.

The more things change, huh?



Christ, will you listen to yourself, Lita?

Rambling like a crazy woman, when I should be giving the old *welcome speech* that got passed along to me.



Please.

Been a while, but let's see how much I've held onto.

"Good tidings, fellow traveler, and cast aside your fears, for --"



Can you please tell me why I'm wearing this *shirt*?







But, how are we supposed to help?

What do you mean?

There must be some *reason* we're still here. Like, what are the *rules*?

Oh, the rules. Well, you know that Demi Moore movie?

*Indecent Proposal*?

What? No, the one with the ghosts.

*Ghost*?

That's the one.

Okay, I've seen *Ghost*.

Terrific.

Because this is pretty much the opposite.







You and I, we're not restless souls with some final romantic mission to complete.

None of our kind has ever haunted, possessed, or in any other manner interacted with anyone from the living world, their pets, their appliances, etcetera.

But what if--



Billions of spirits have tried, and all have shit the bed. The living can't see us, can't hear us, can't *nothing* us.

It takes some getting used to, but you and I will never be anything more than sweet nothings, passive observers of those we left behind.



Then... why?

What's the goddamn point?

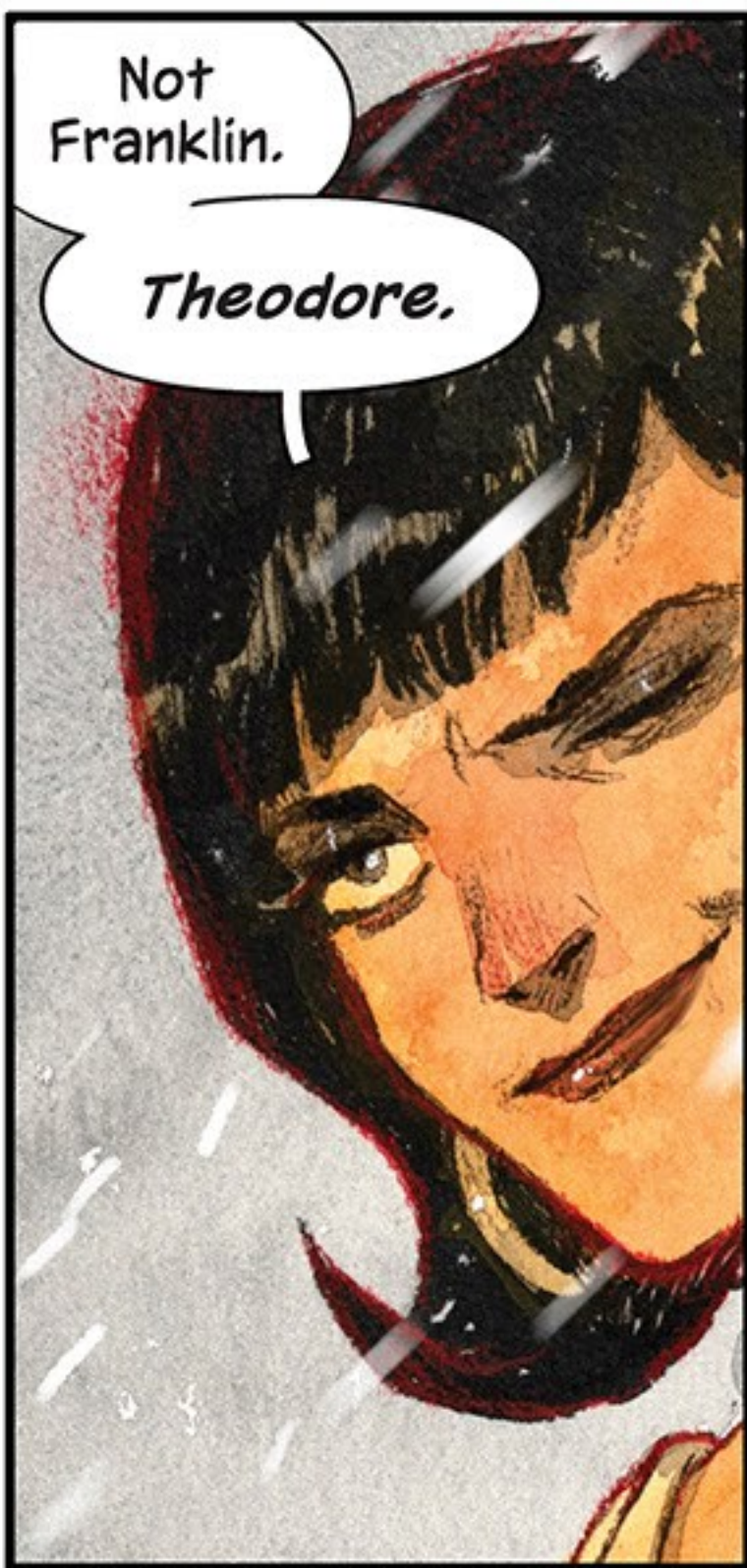


Beats me.

But my dear friend President Roosevelt has a theory. He thinks we might have an obligation to --

Hang on, F.D.R. is still around?





Not Franklin.

Theodore.



He used to be our Police Commissioner, you know. Still kind of is.

We met right after 9/11, and Teddy said I was the most natural investigator he had ever --

Lita, how long?



Sorry?

Let's say someone's not ready to "move on."

How long could they...?



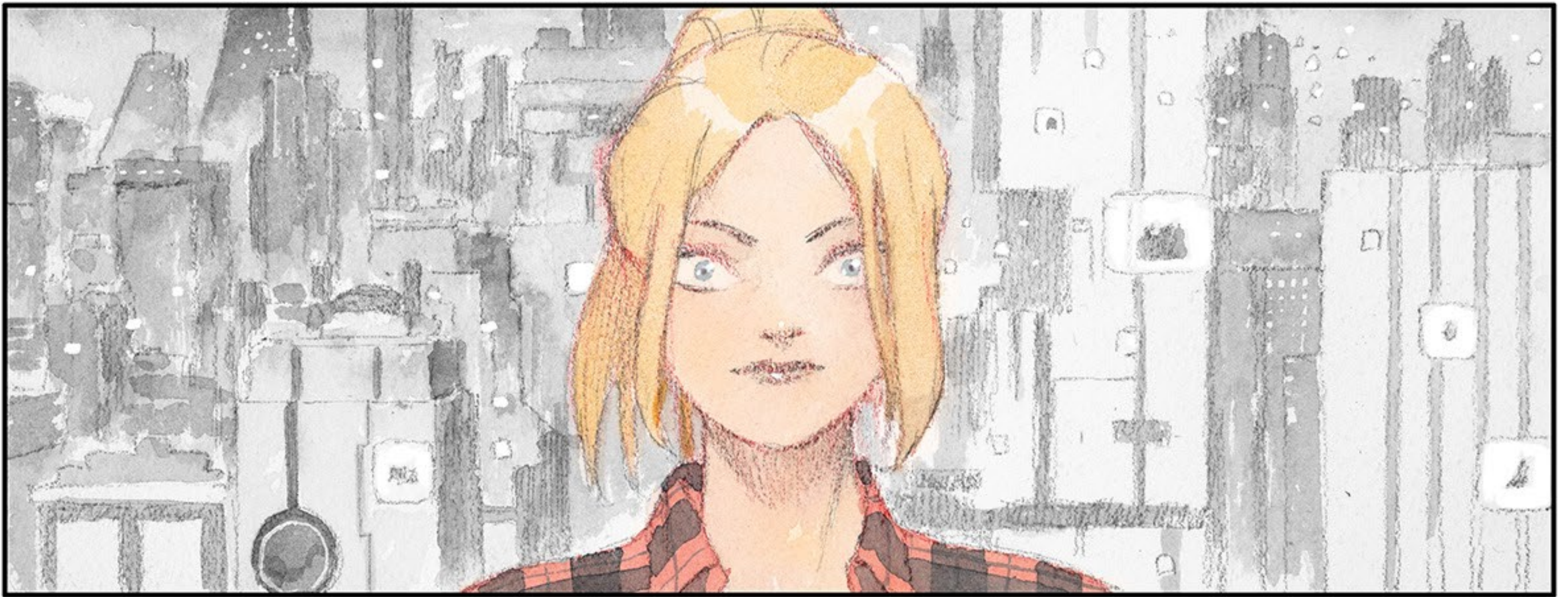
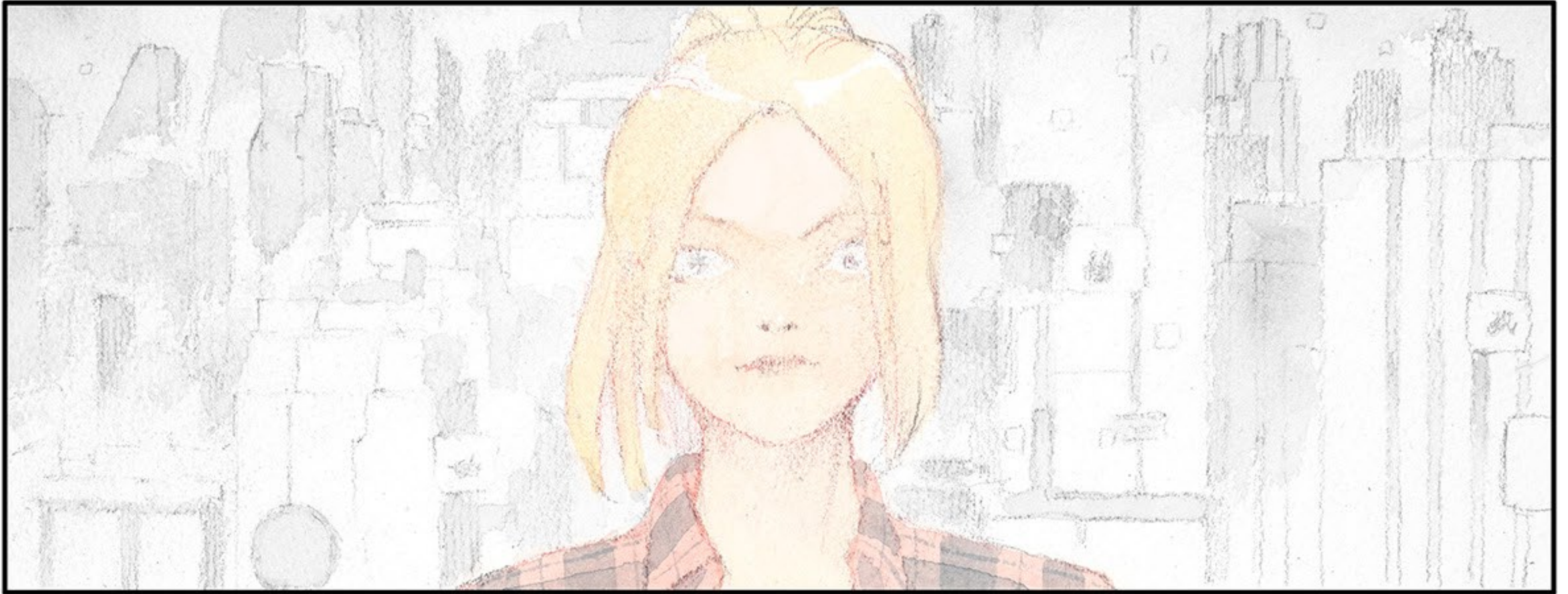
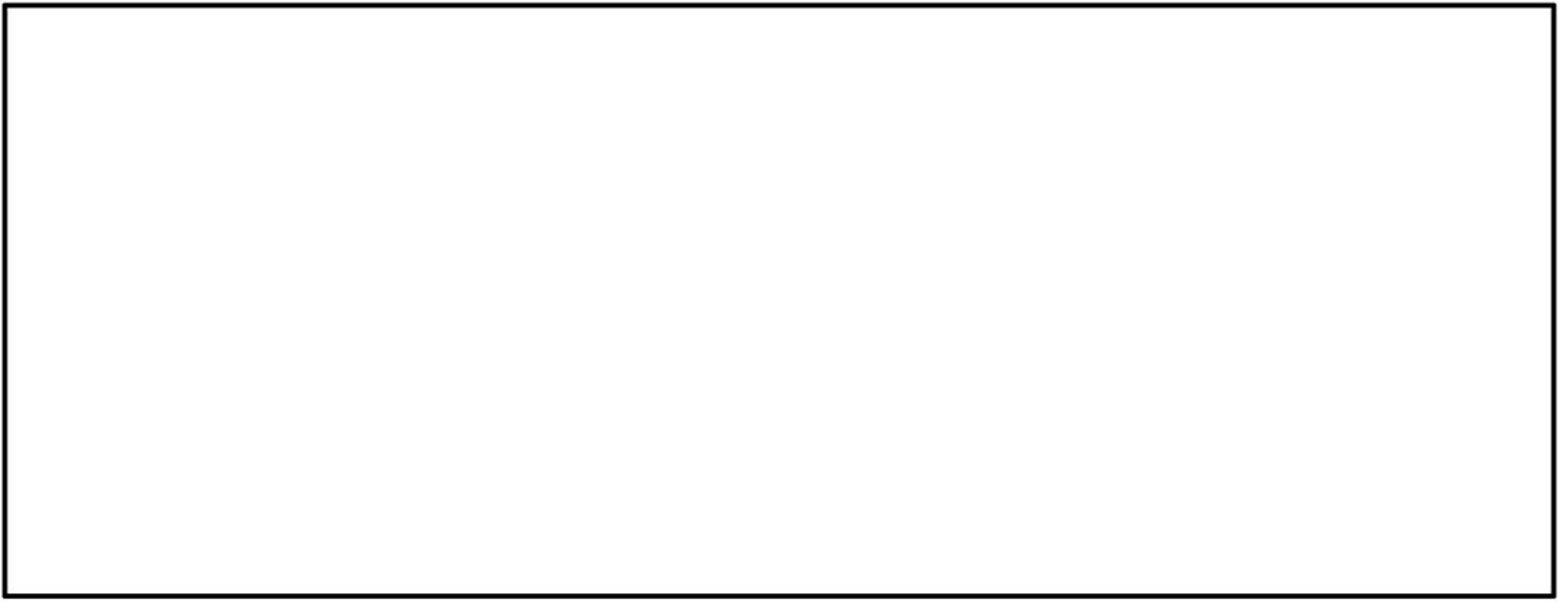
...keep watching?

Why don't you hang around a while and see?















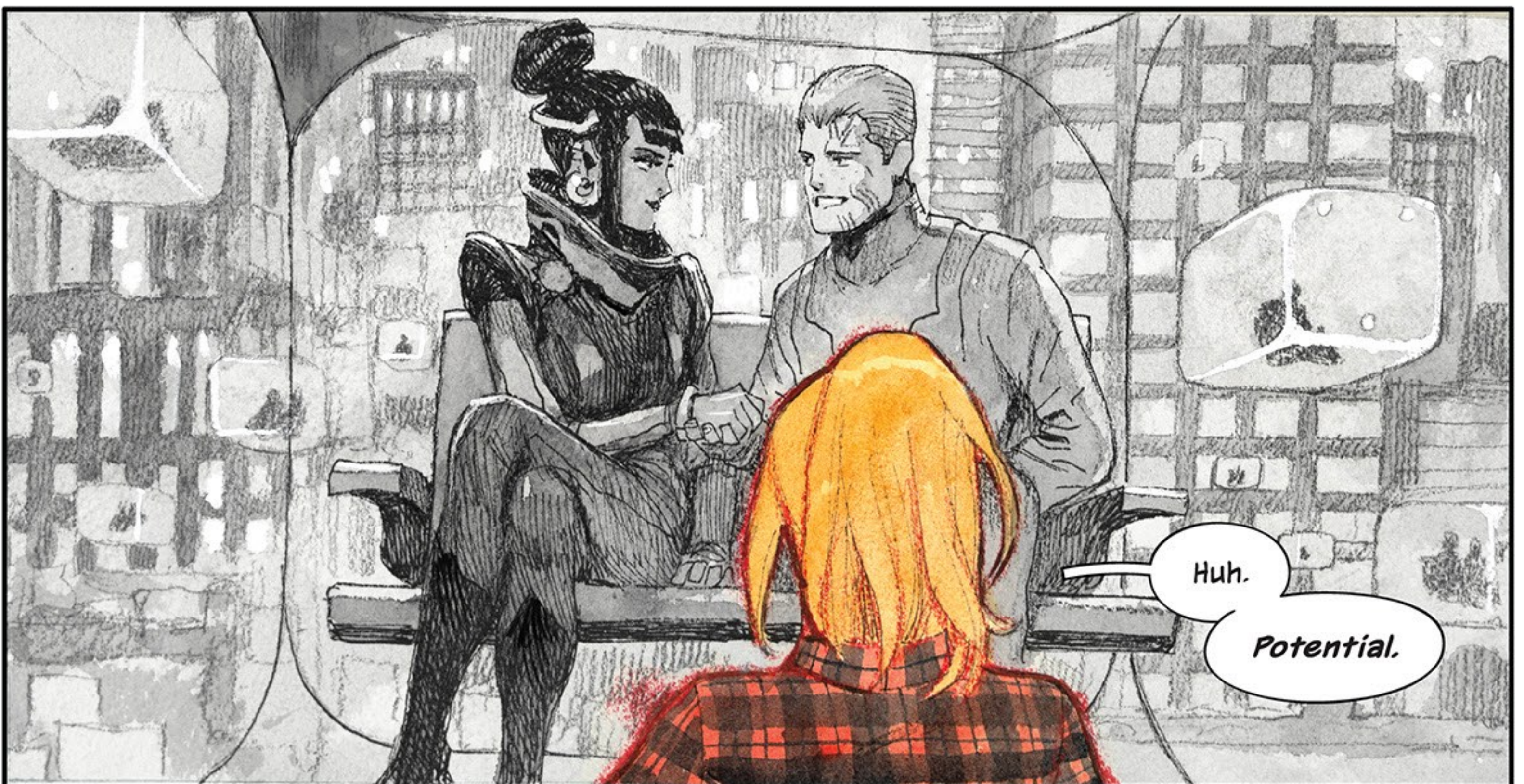


Another evening, another ten million new episodes.

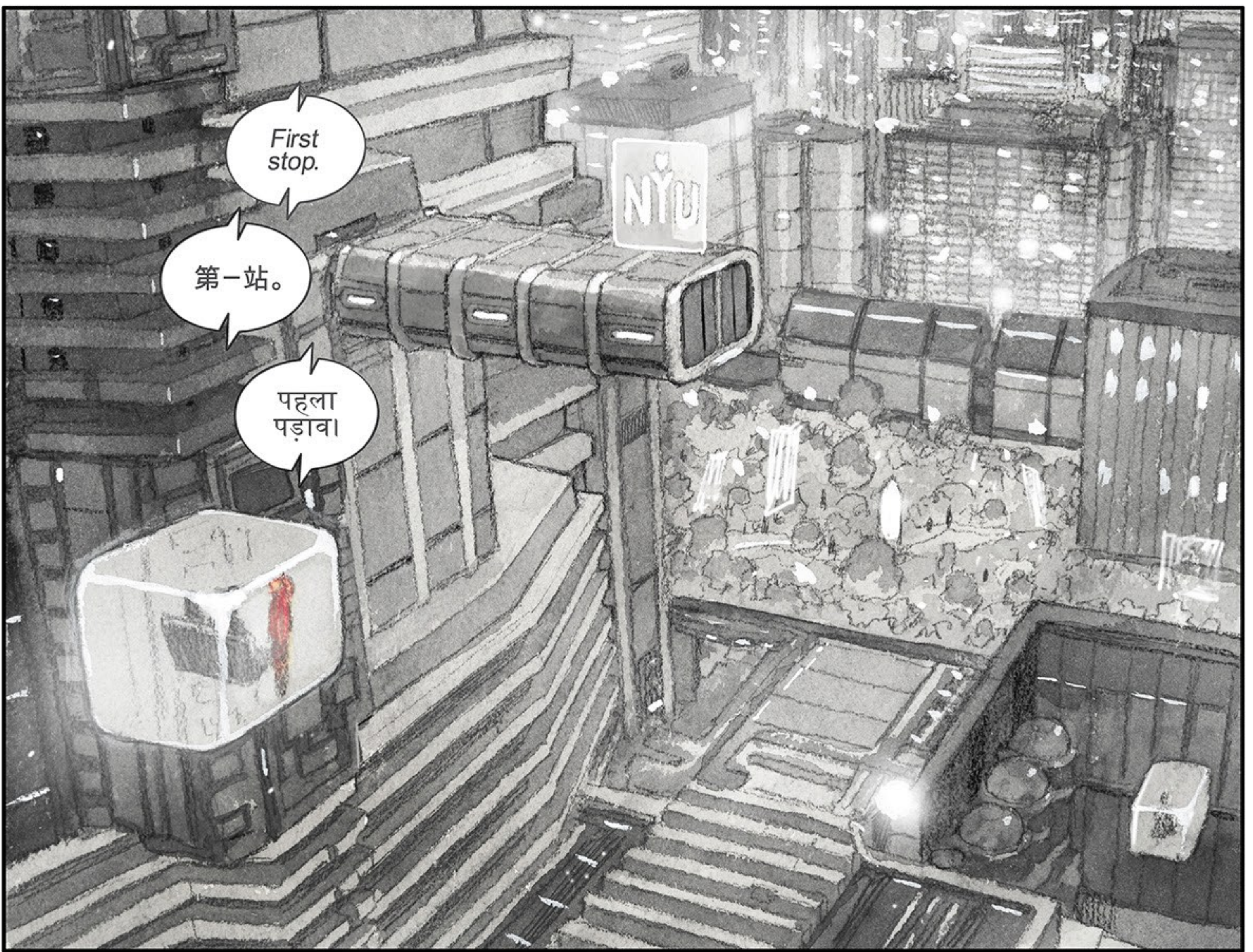


How's a girl to choose...?

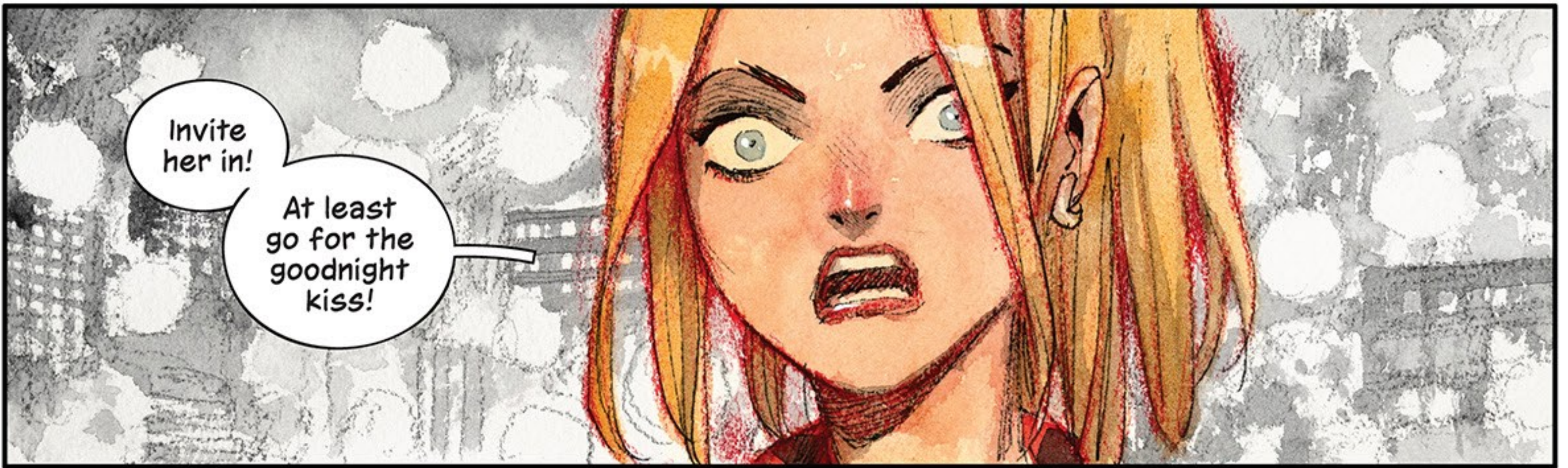
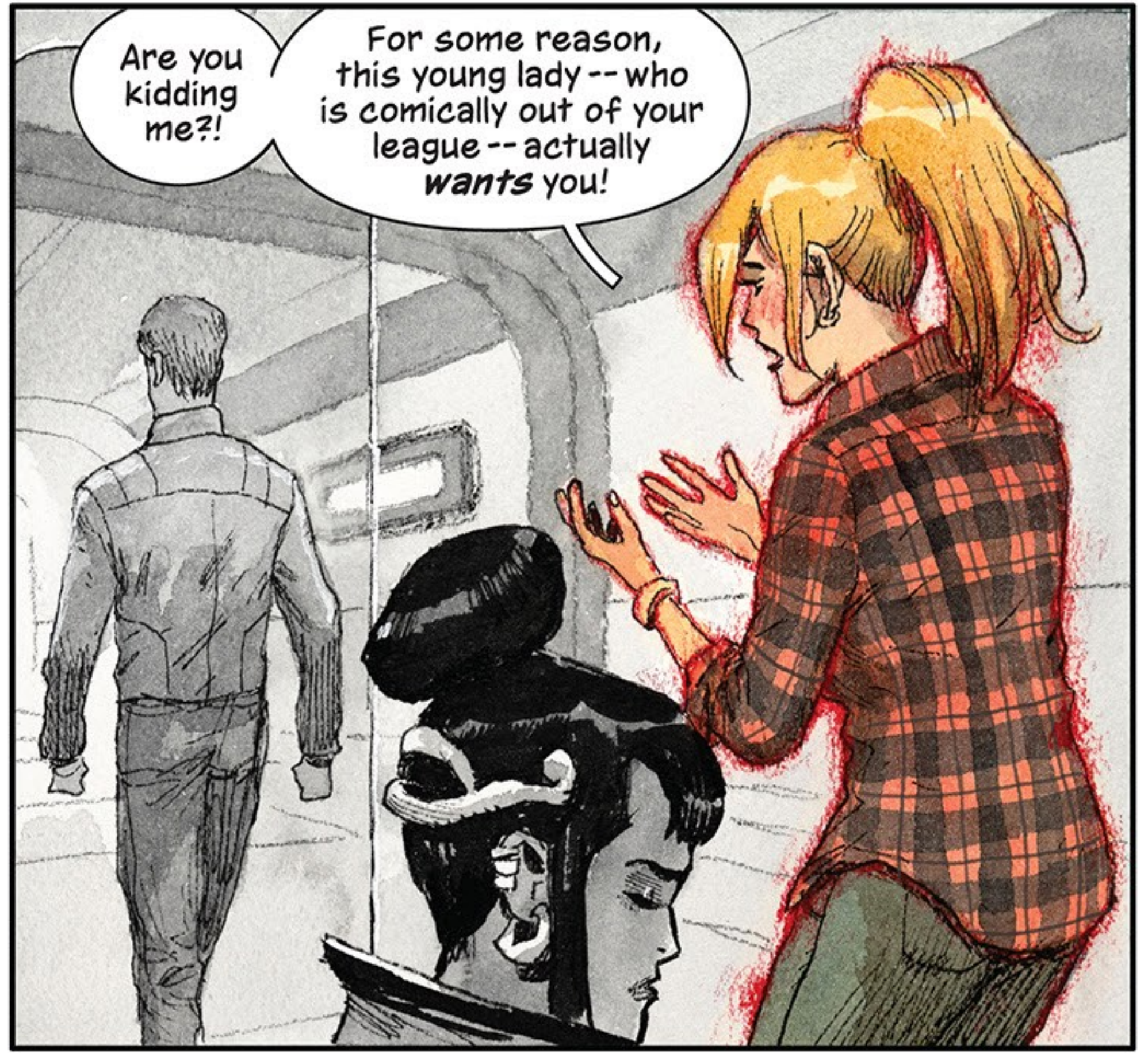














BA-BING-DING

WELCOME  
BACK!



Sorry,  
but I'm going  
to need some  
closure with  
this one.

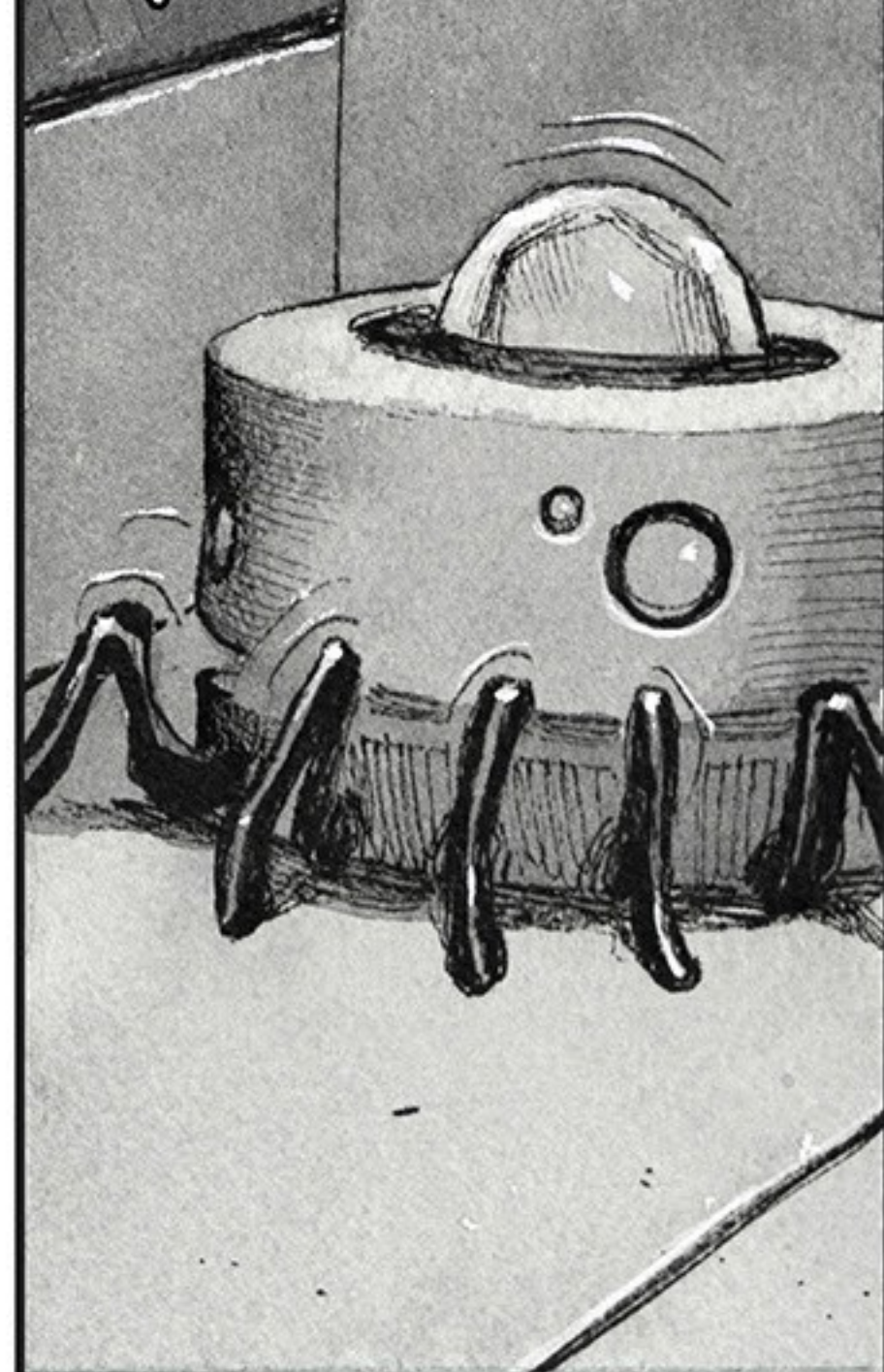


I fully support my  
friends in the asexual  
community, but I'm  
not getting that vibe  
from you *at all*, so  
what's really --

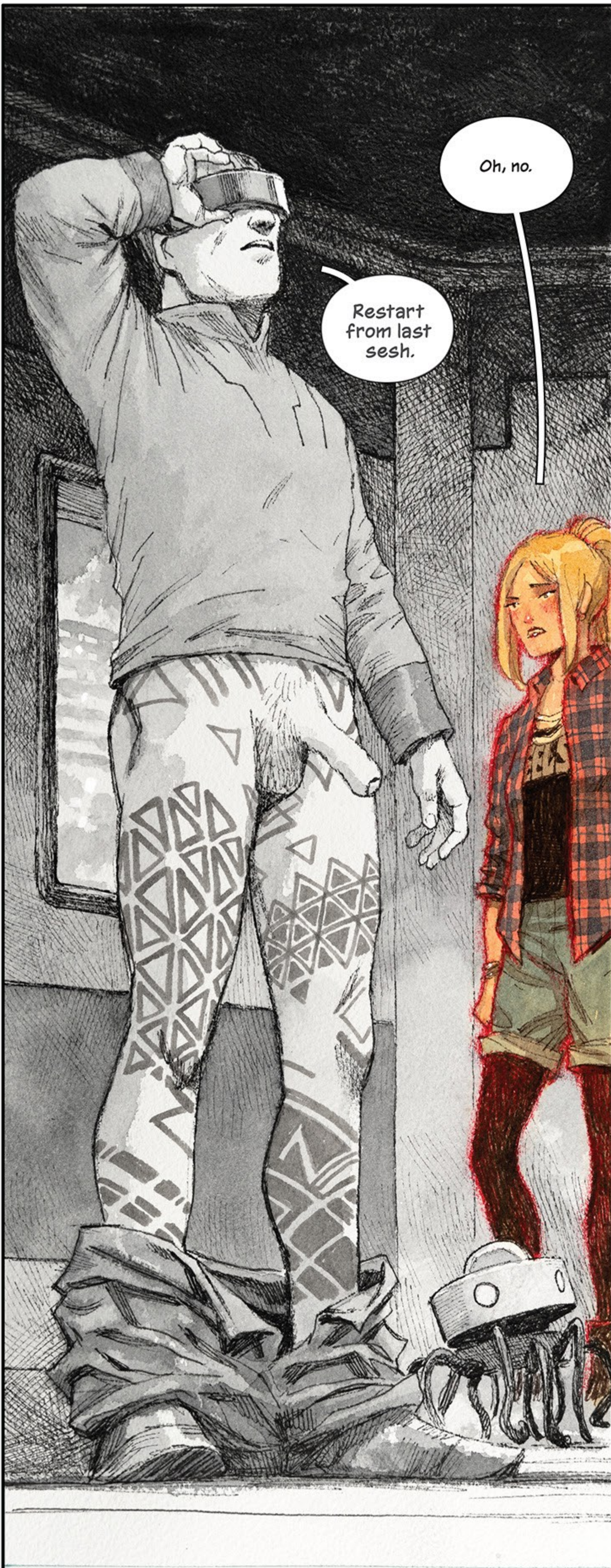
Come,  
Herky.



VRMMMMM??

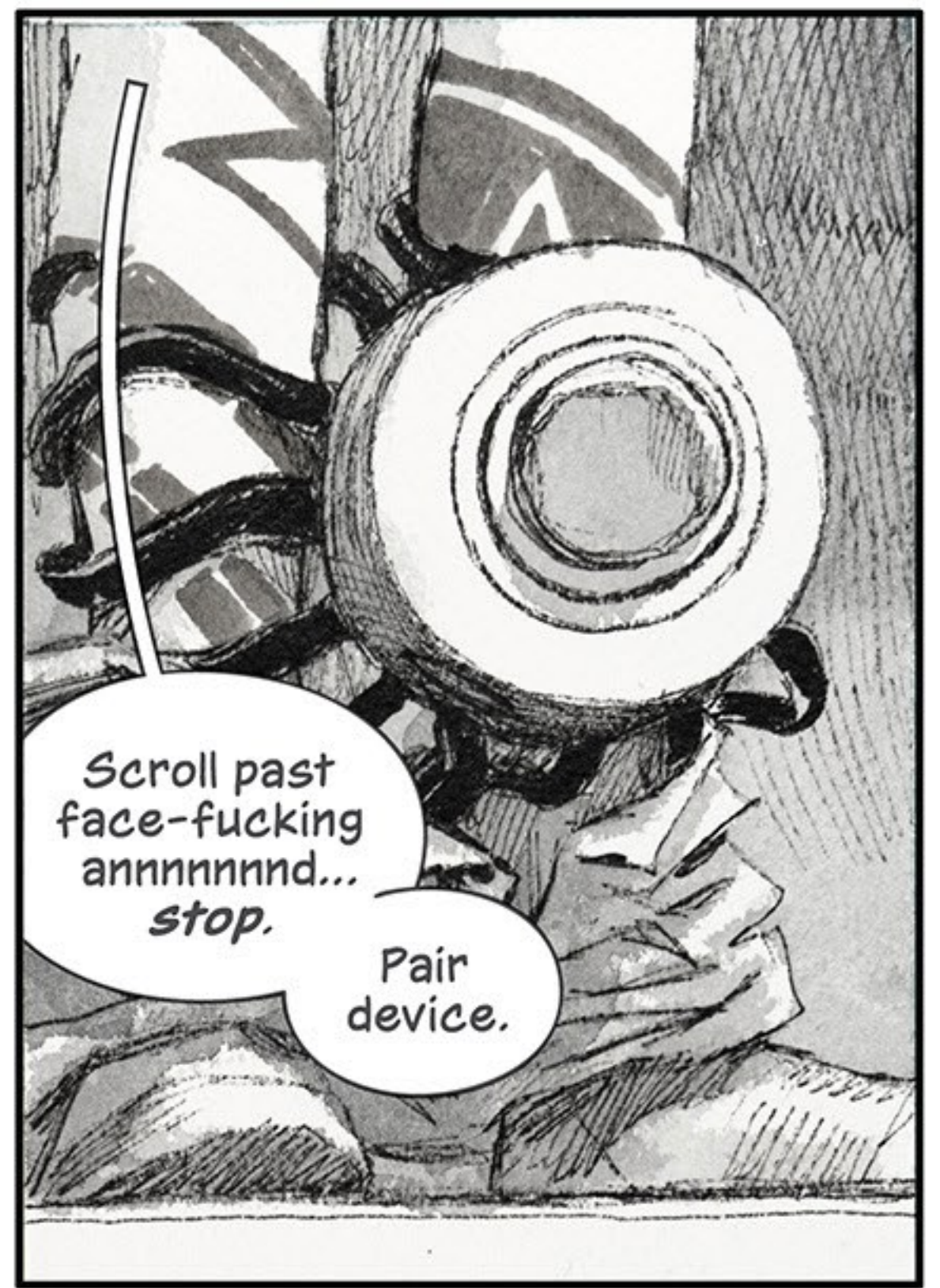






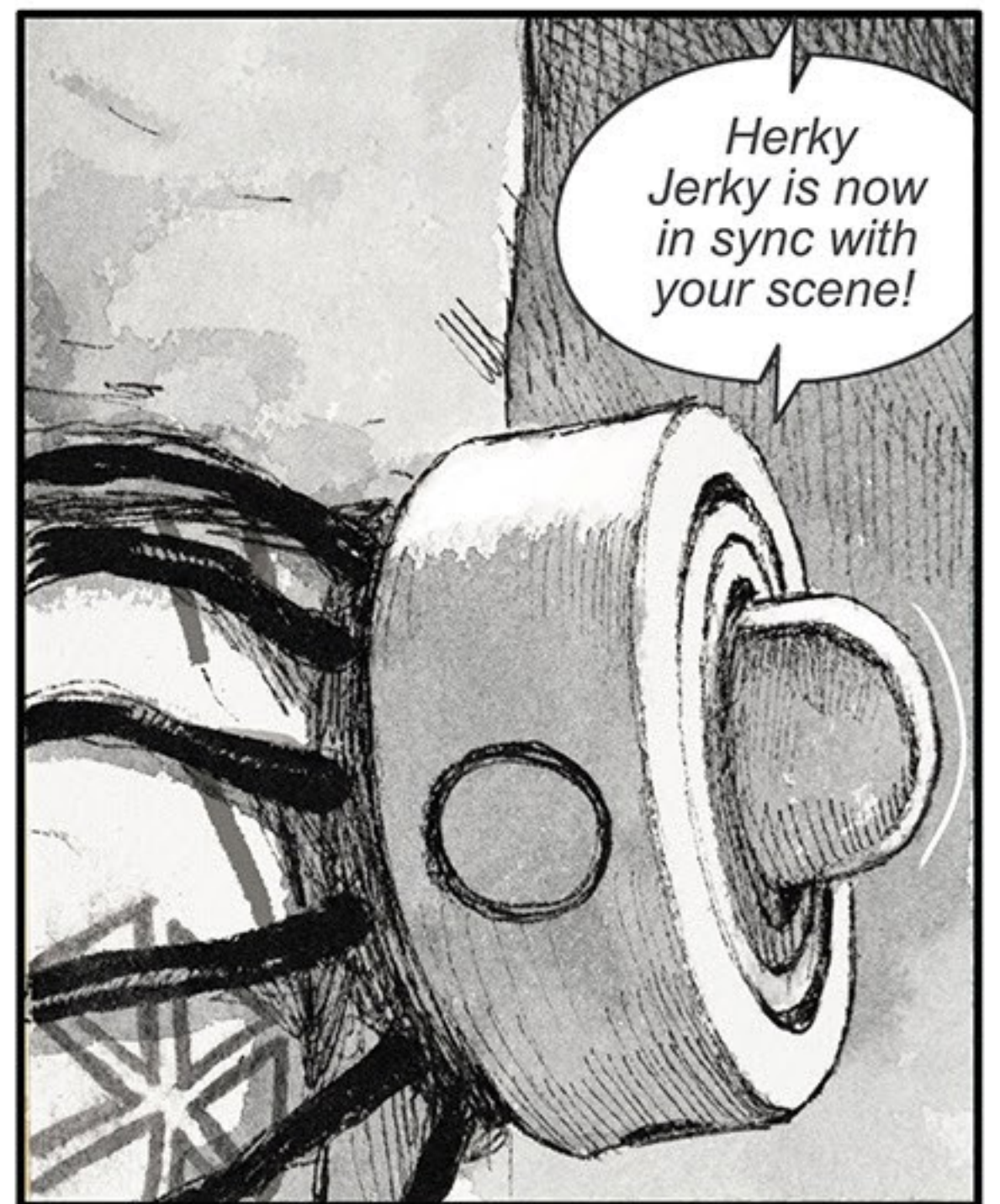
Oh, no.

Restart from last sesh.



Scroll past face-fucking annnnnnd... stop.

Pair device.



Herky Jerky is now in sync with your scene!

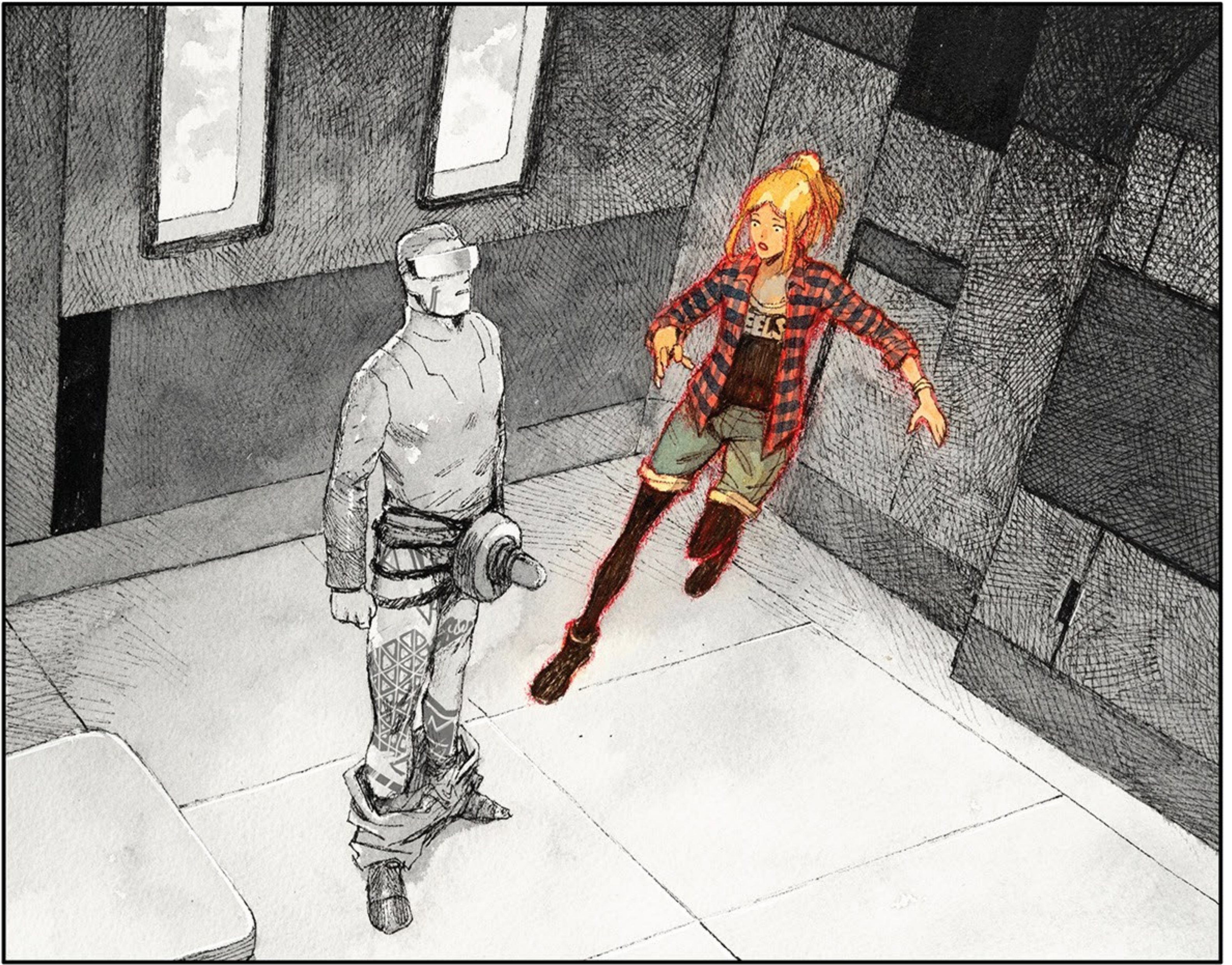
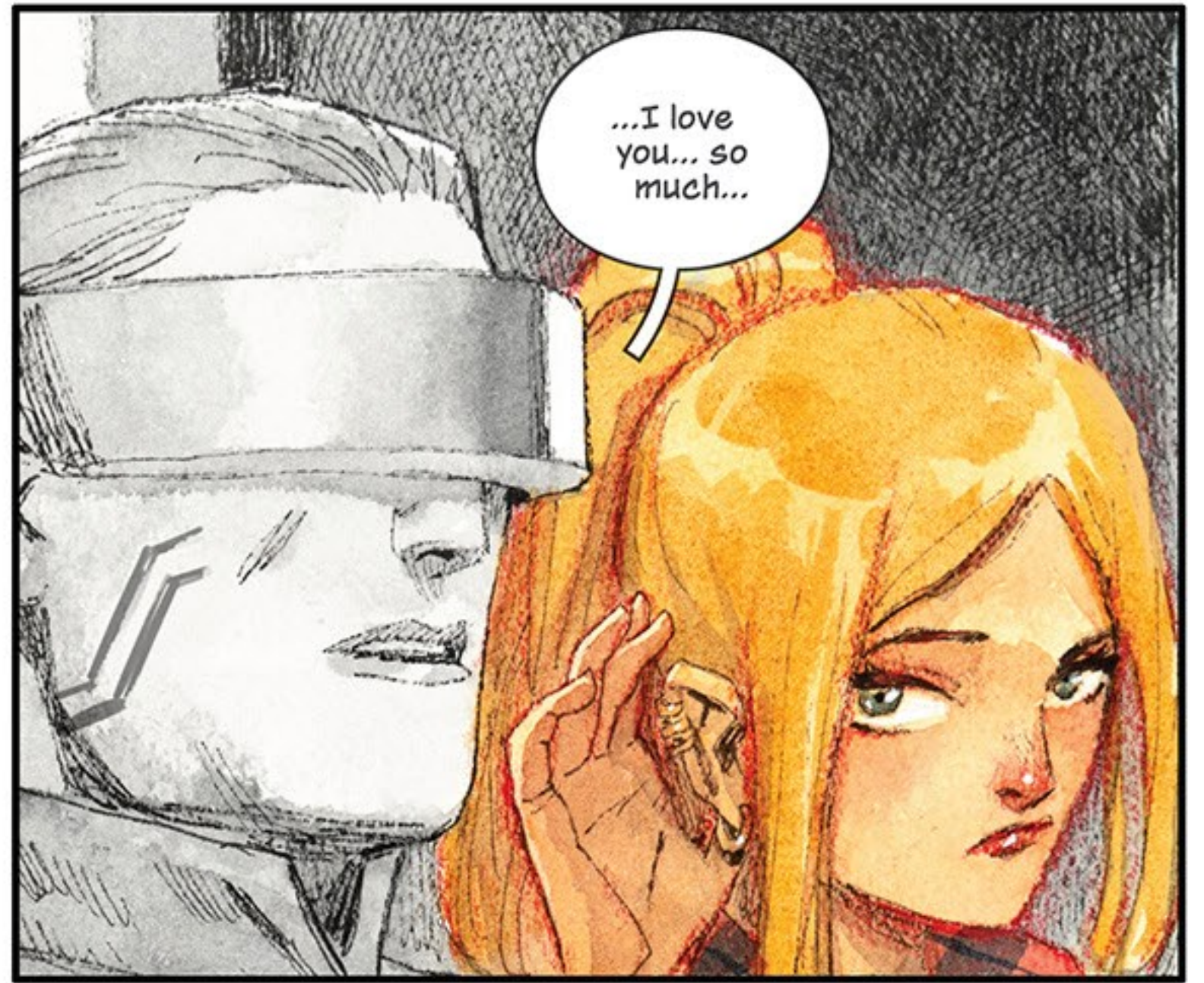
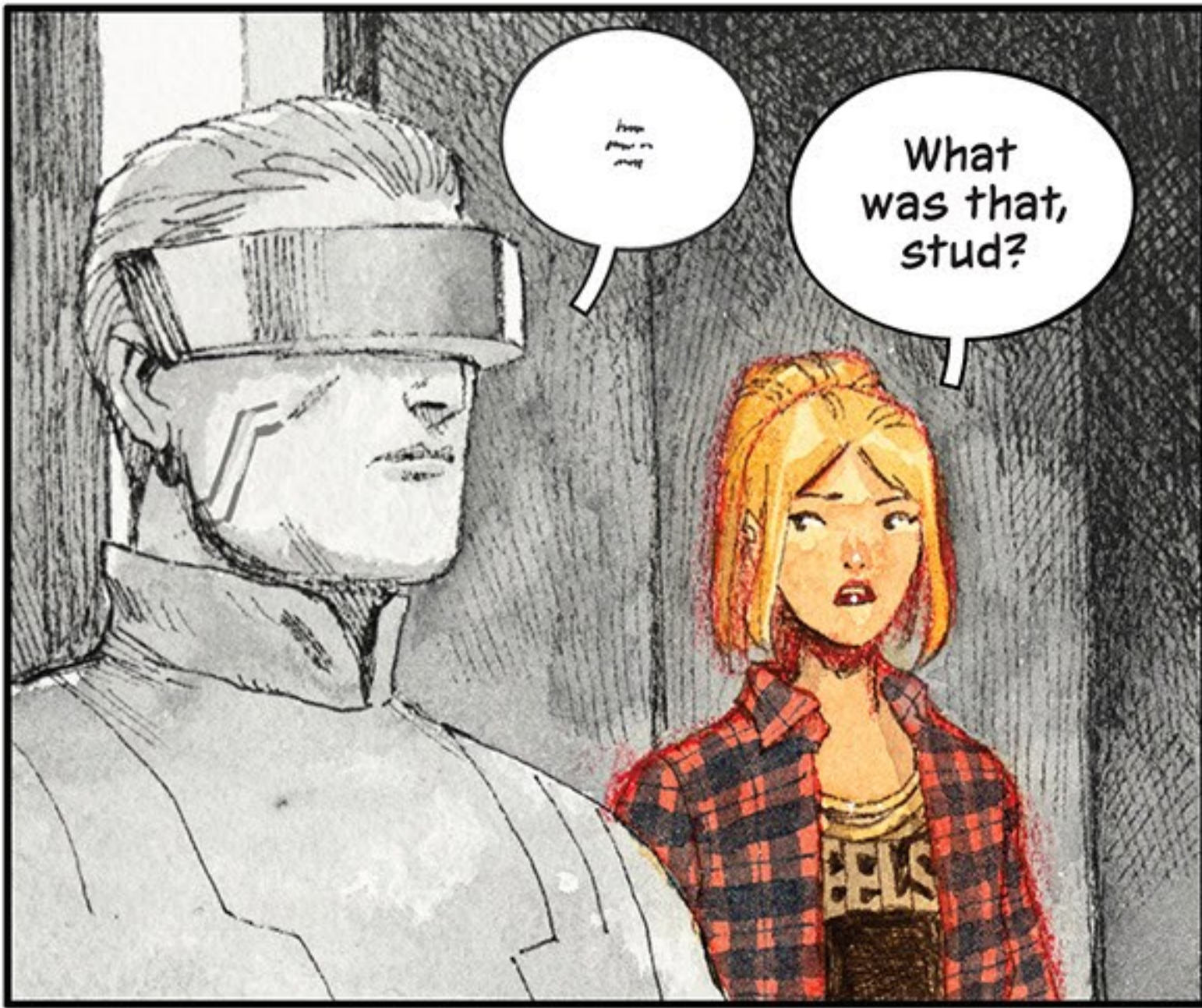


Nggh

God, I miss Tinder.

VSSK  
VSSK  
VSSK













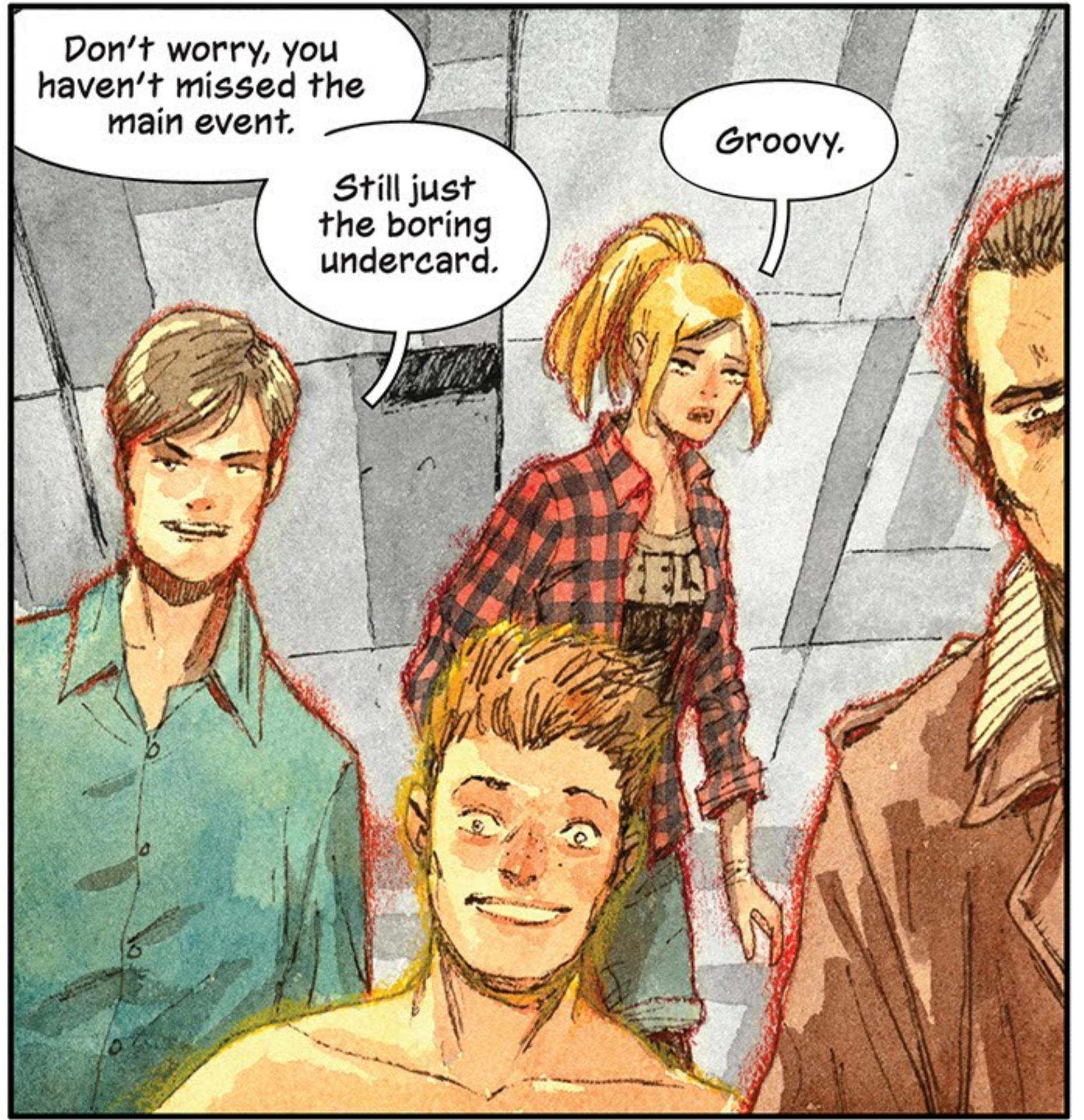




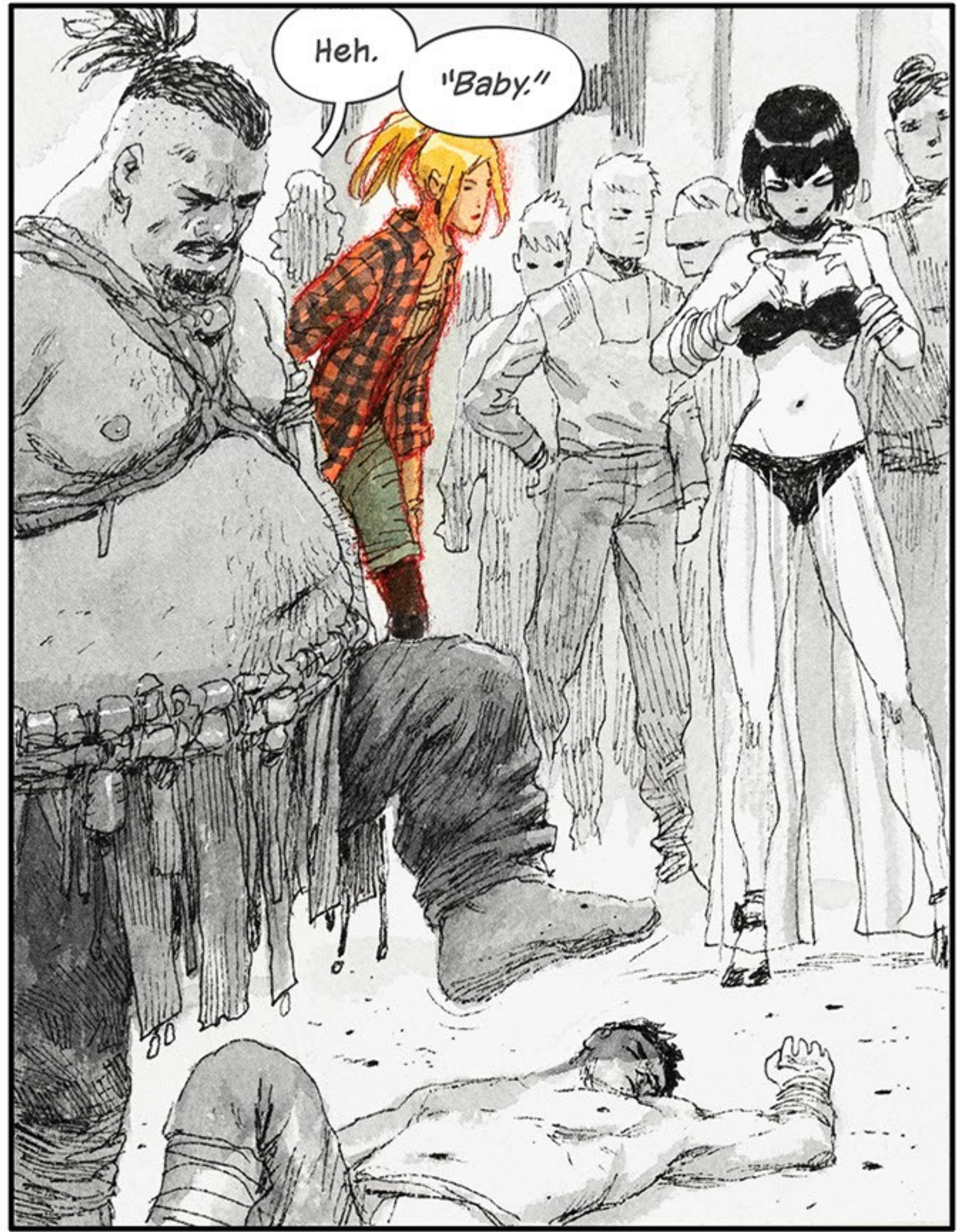
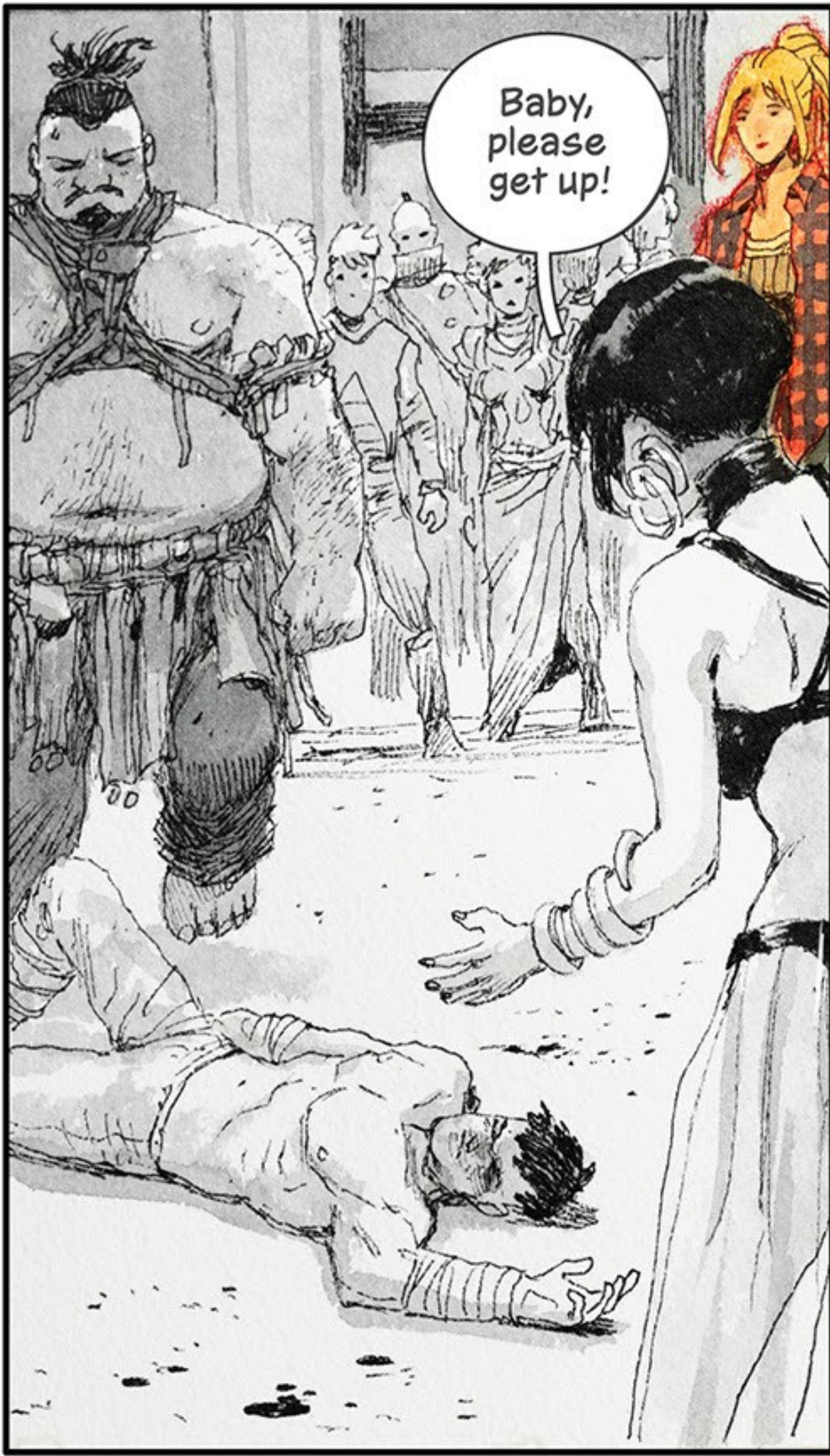




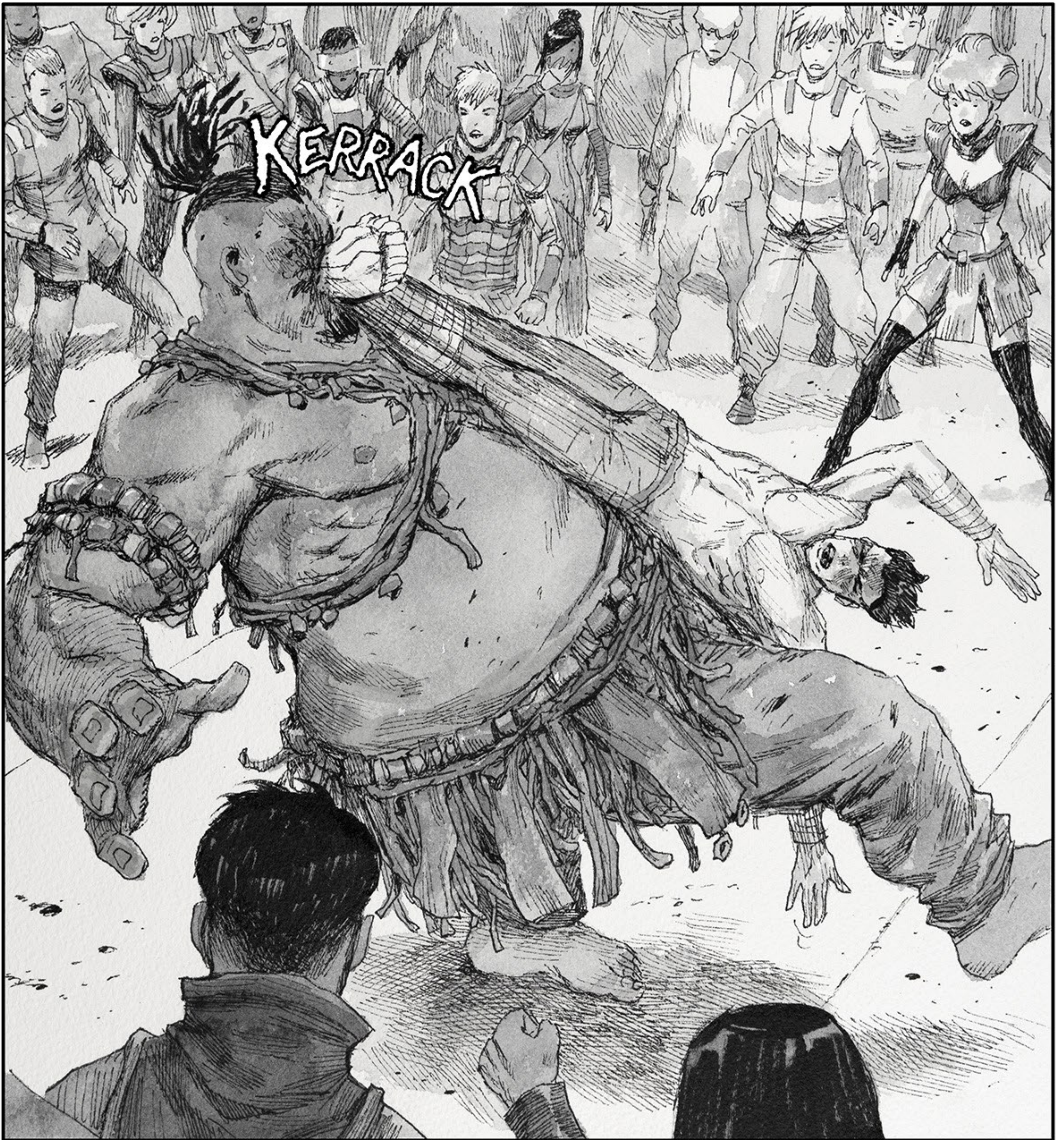




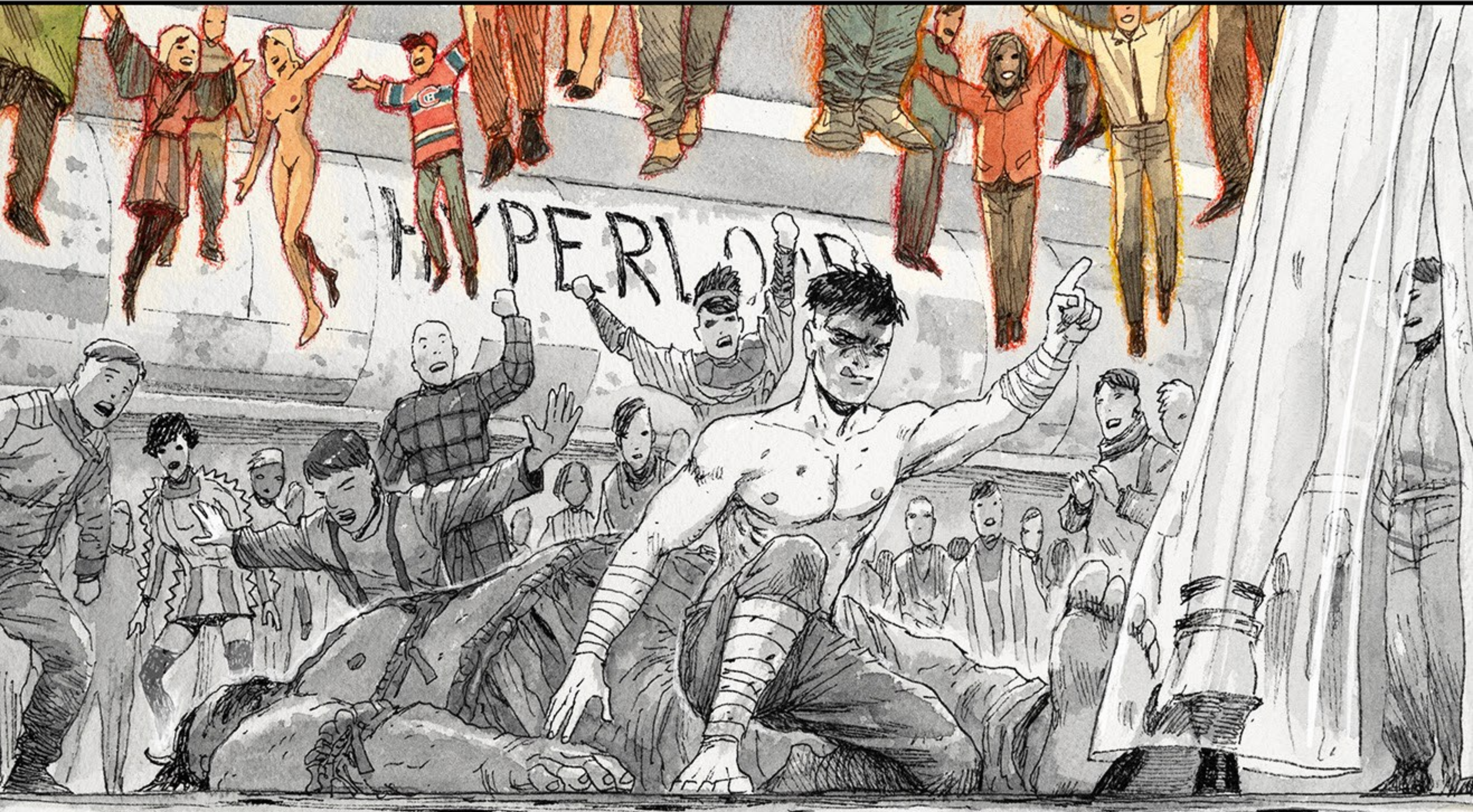
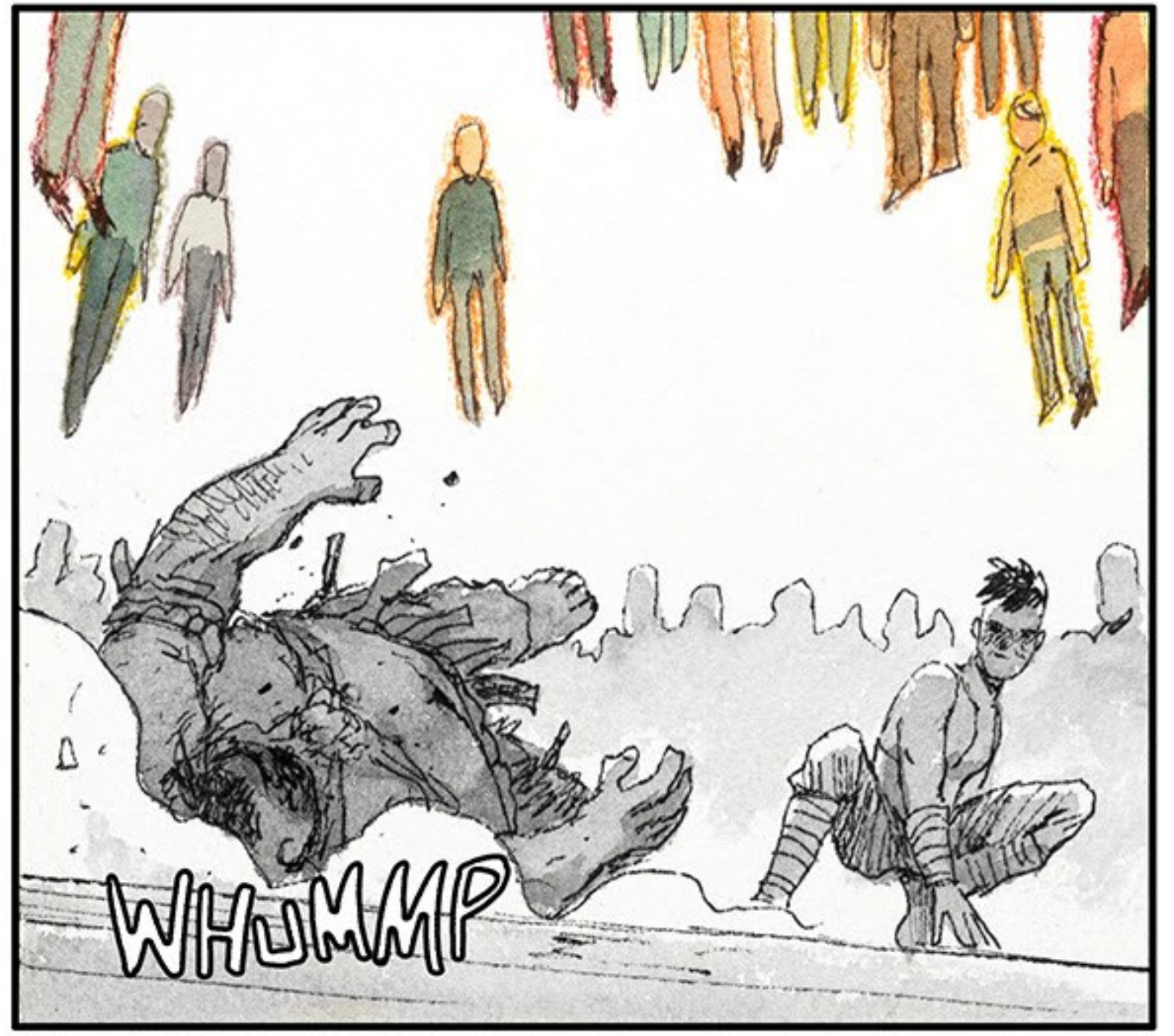
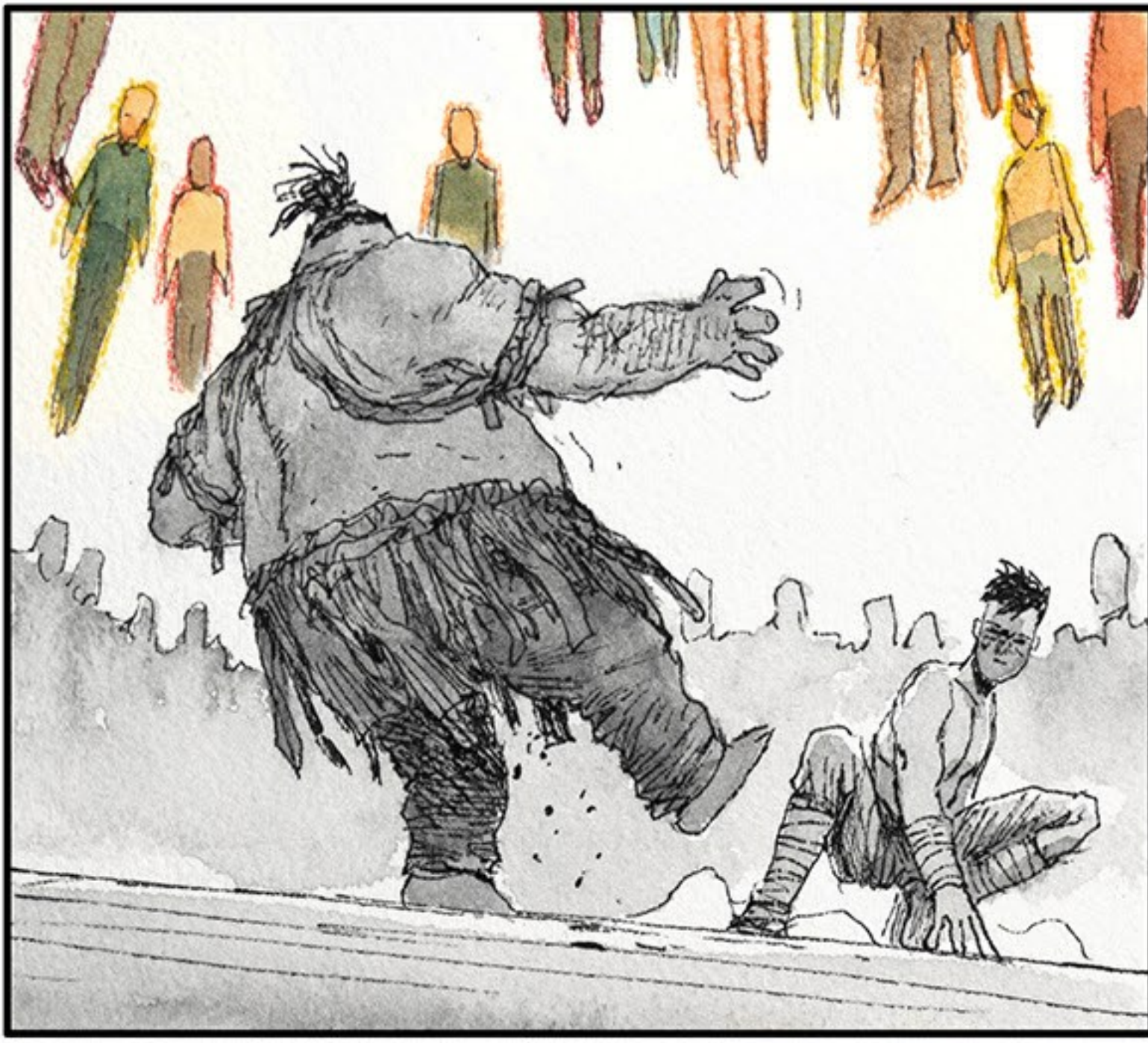








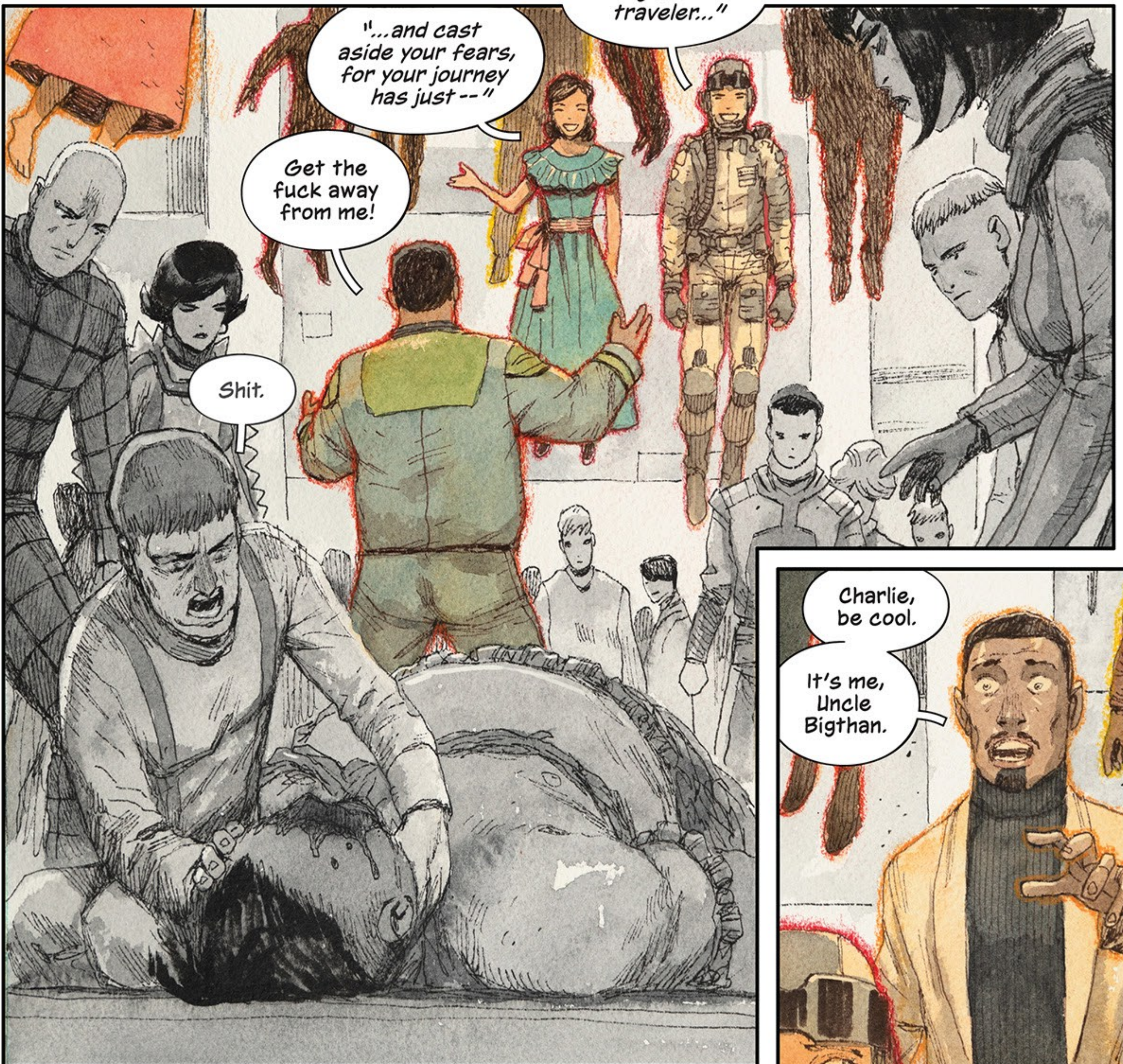
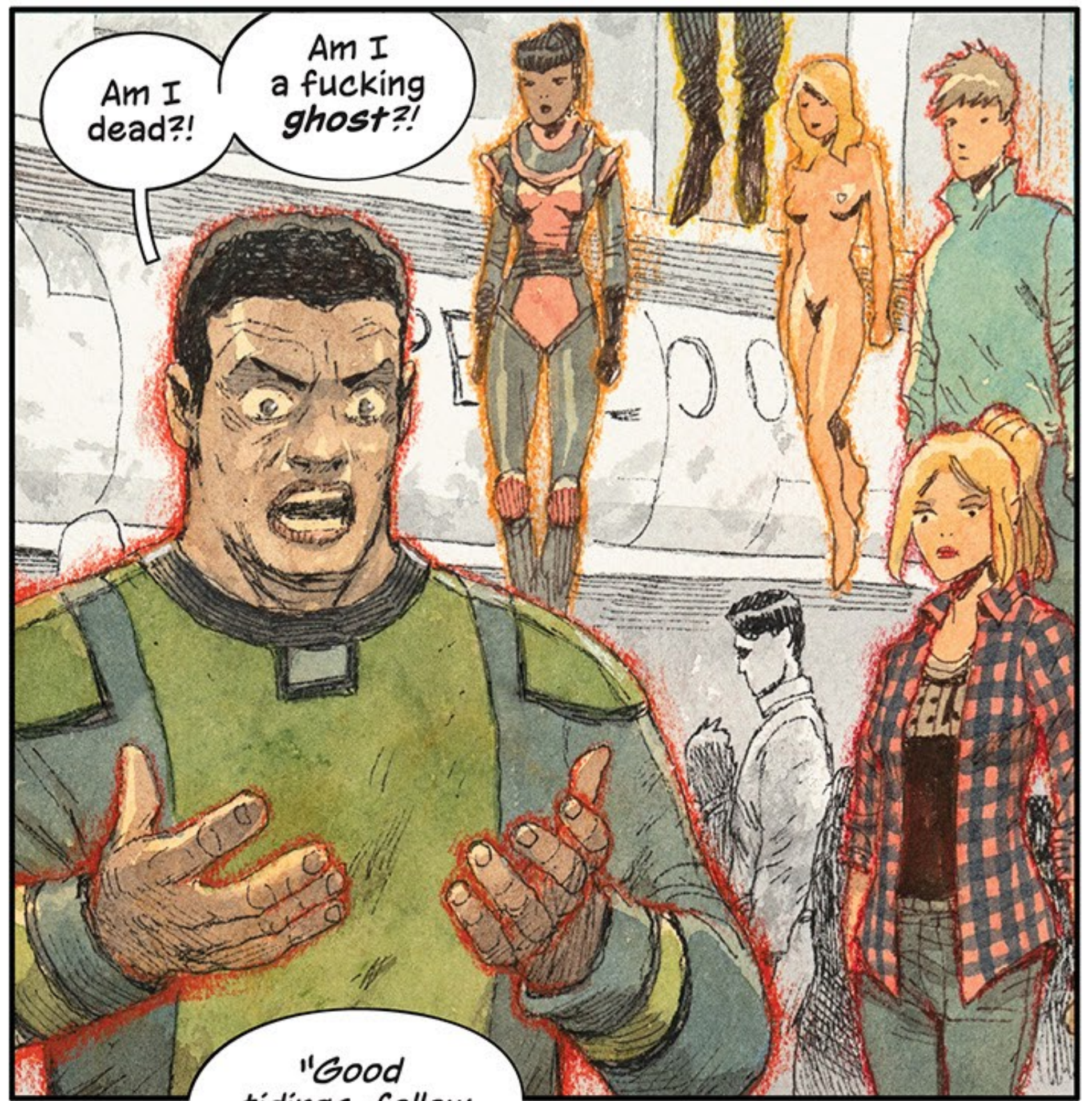




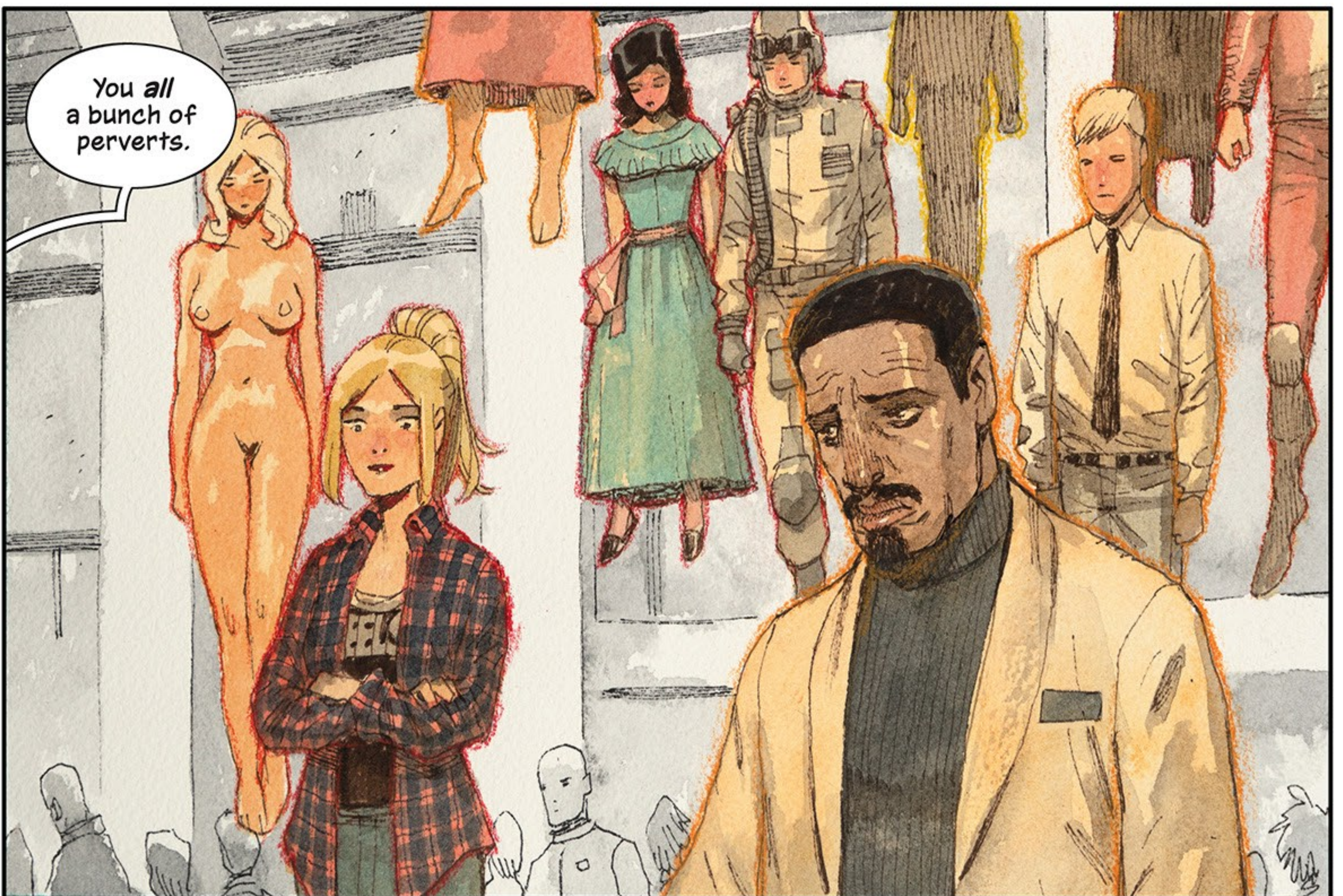












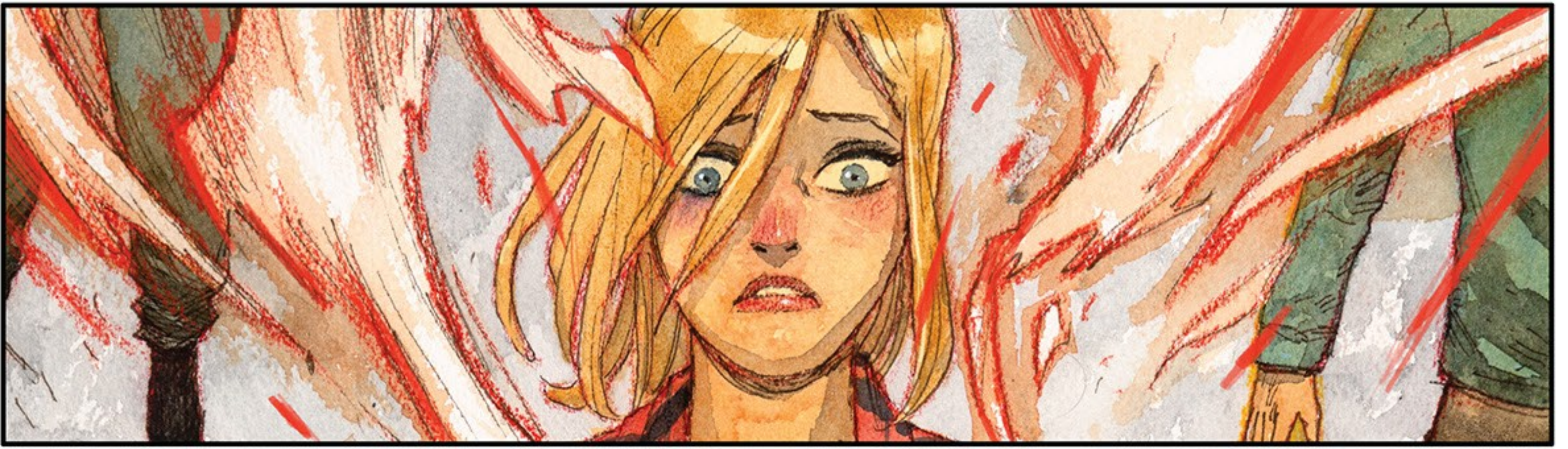




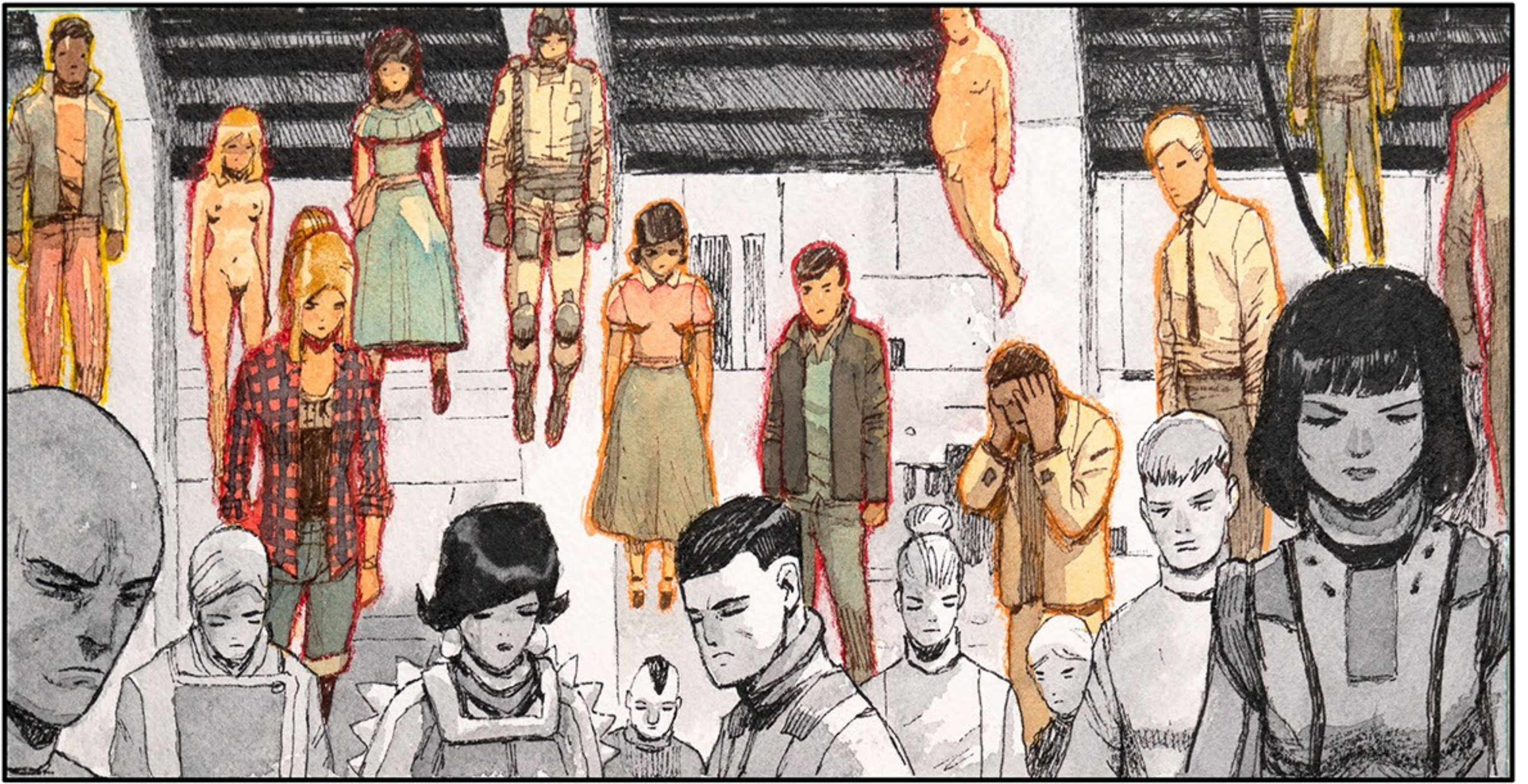




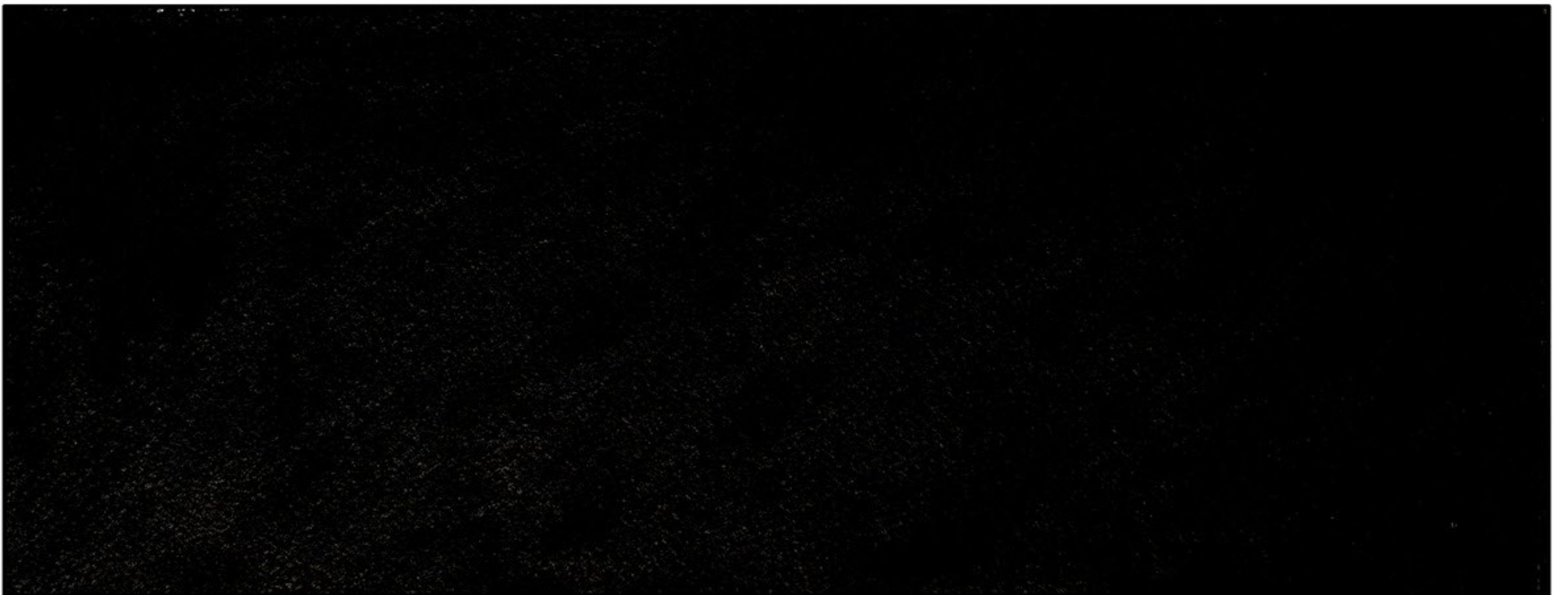
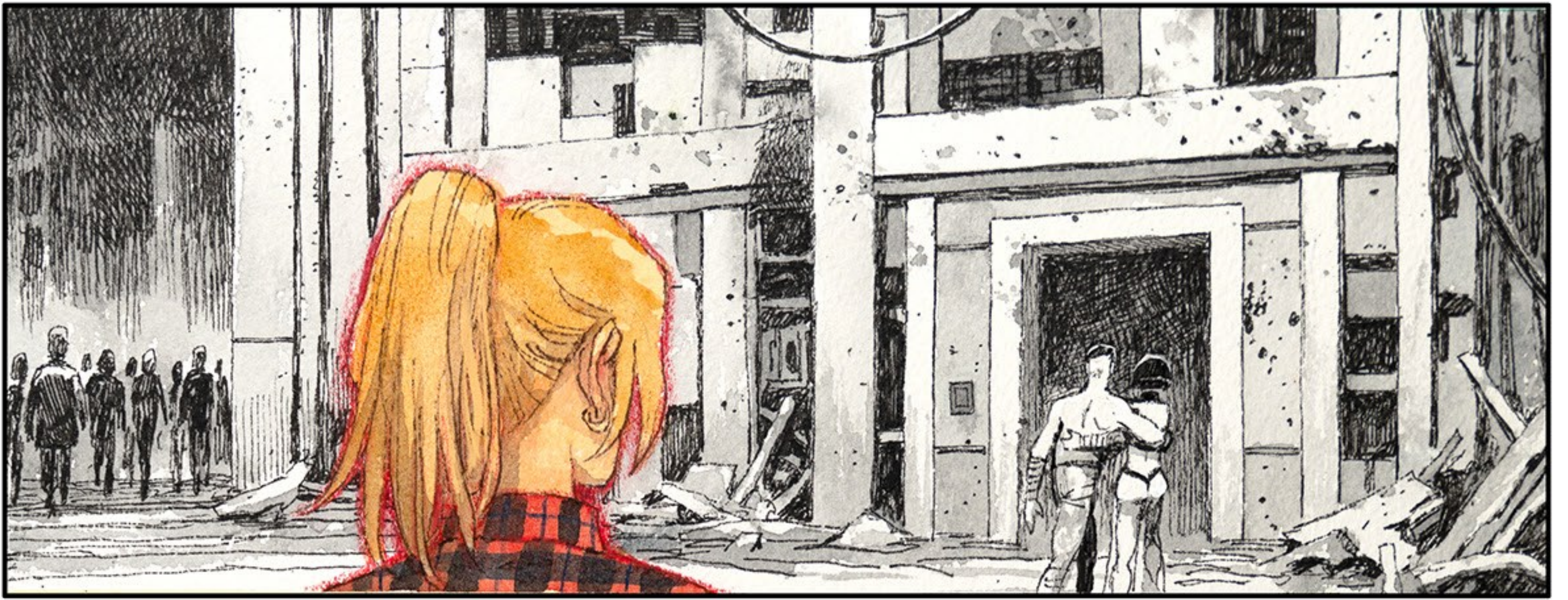




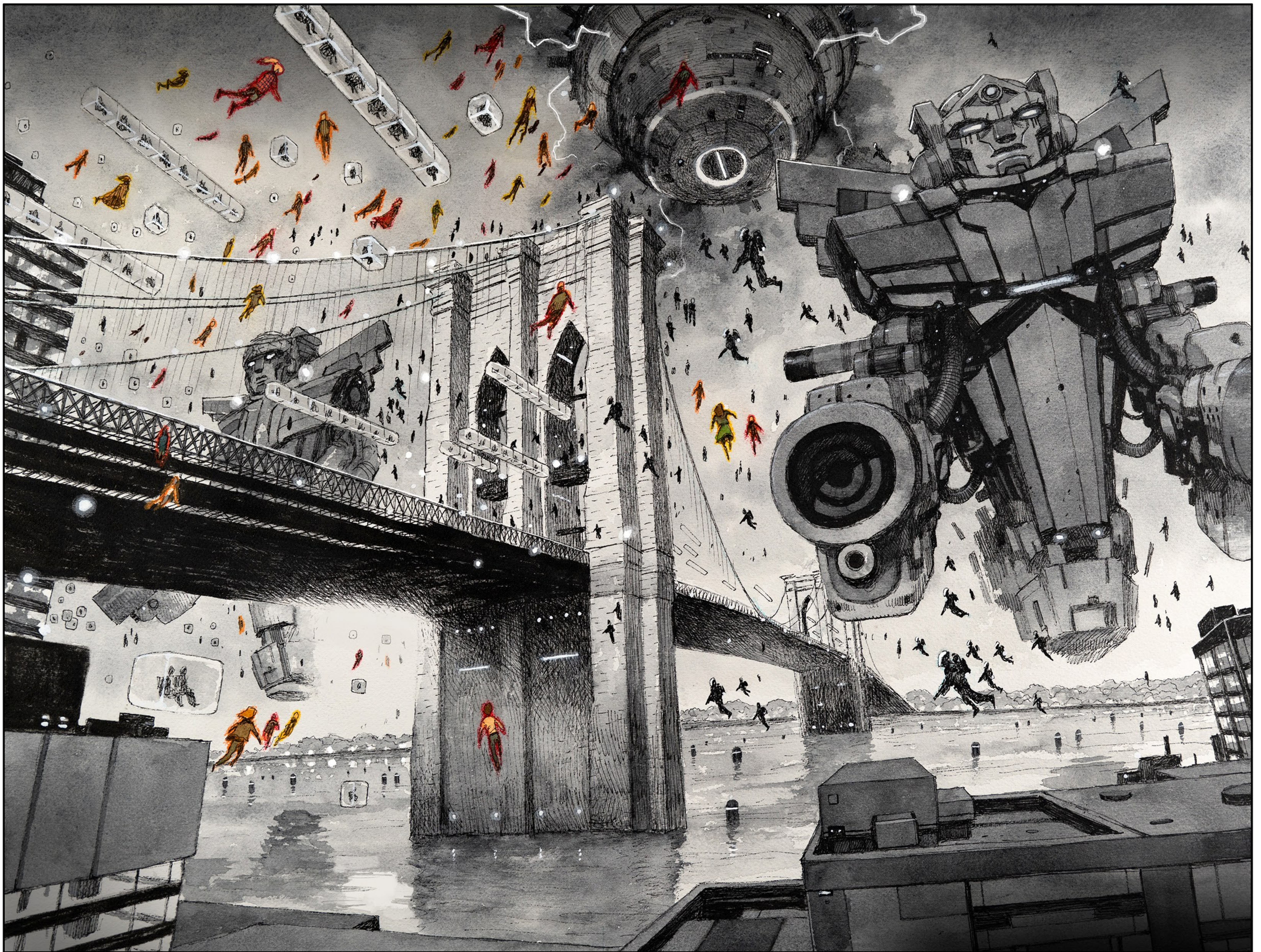




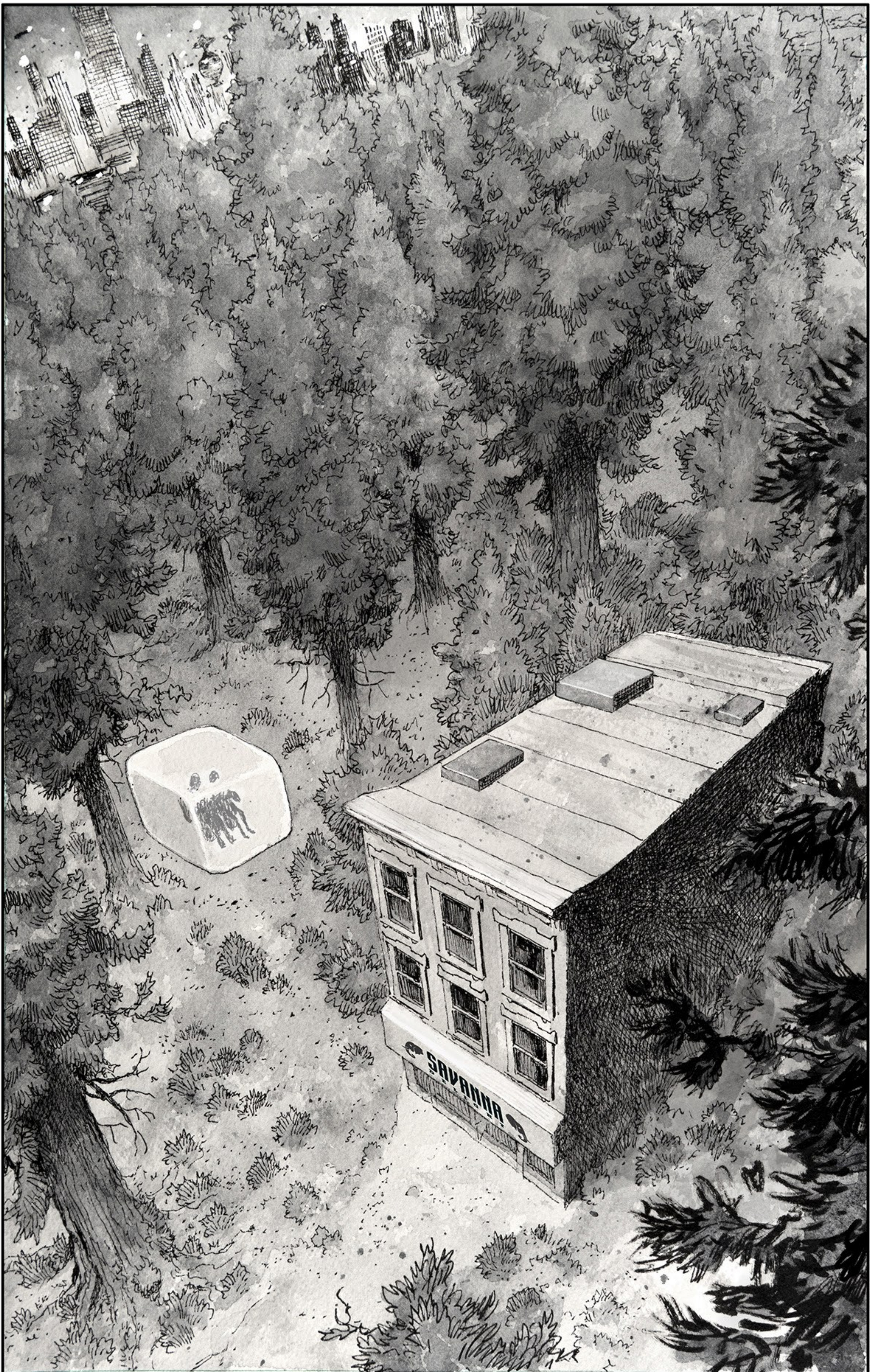




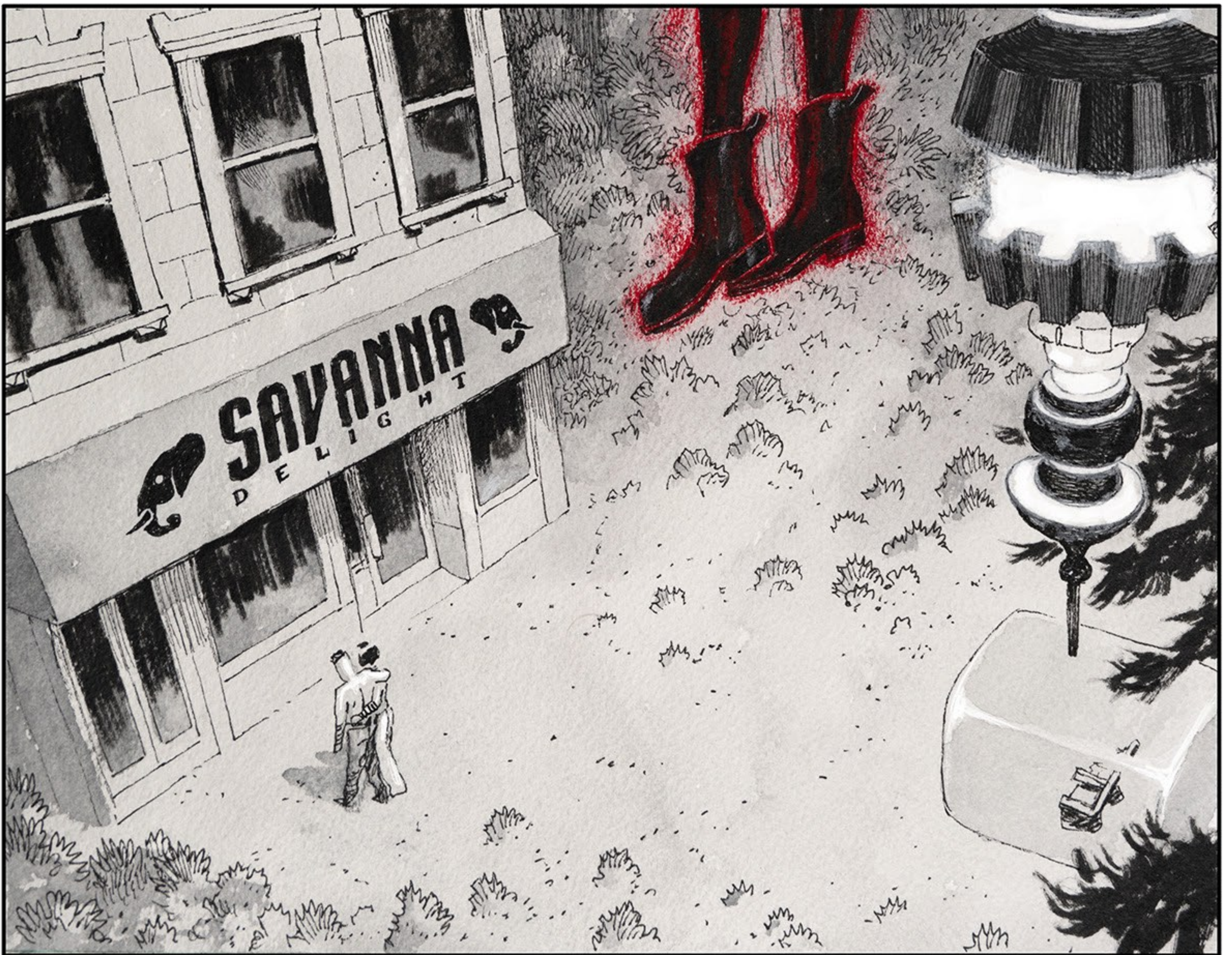
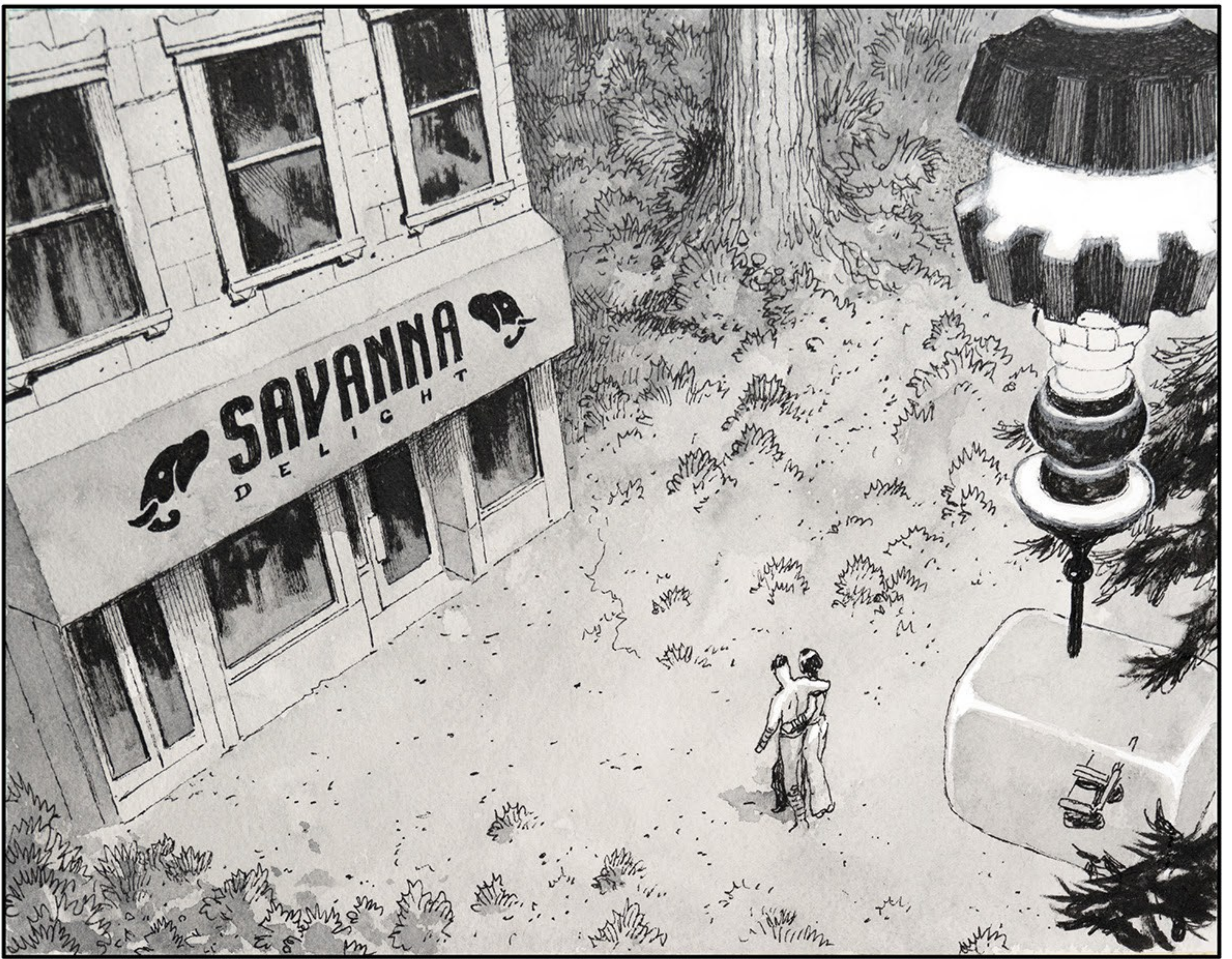




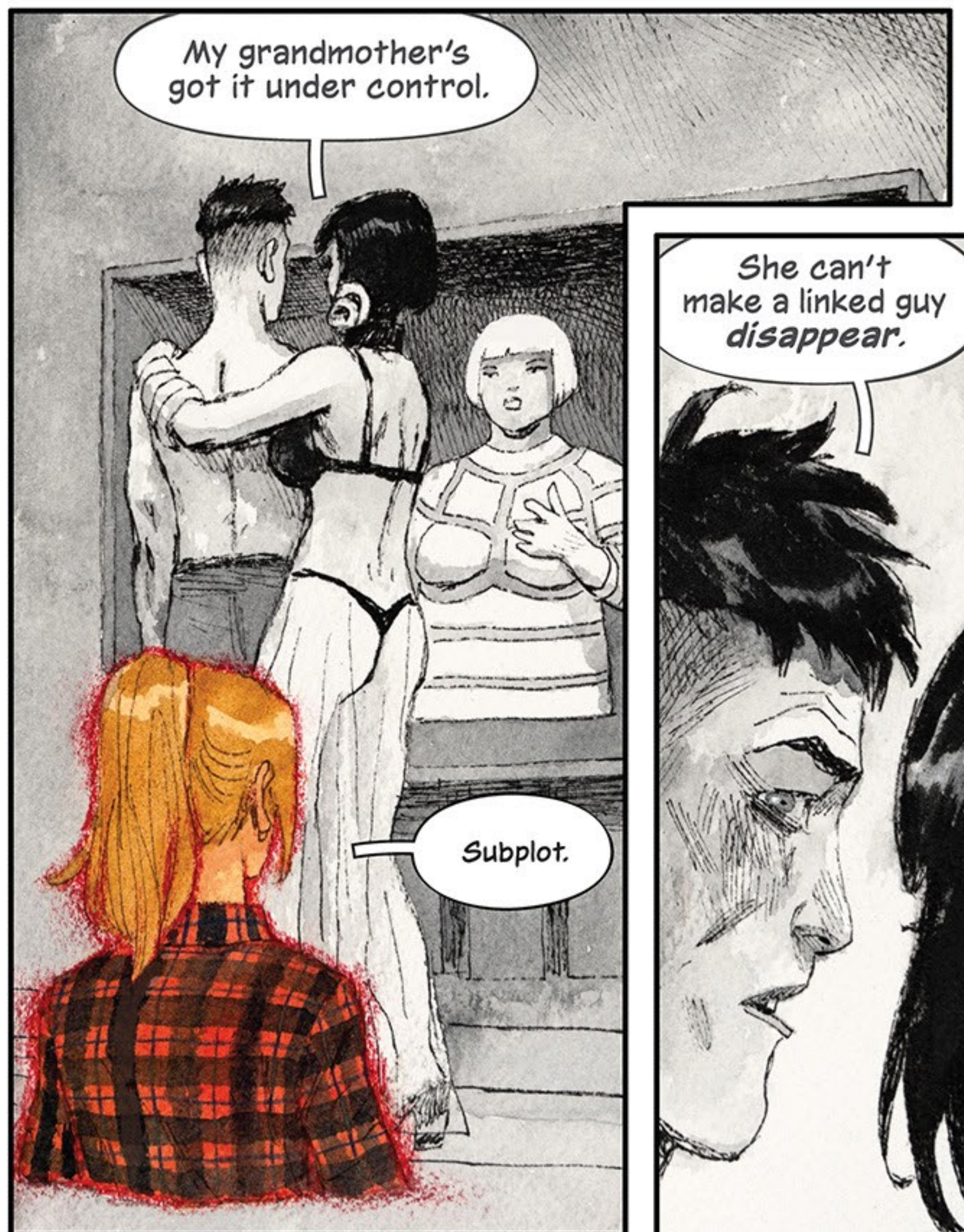
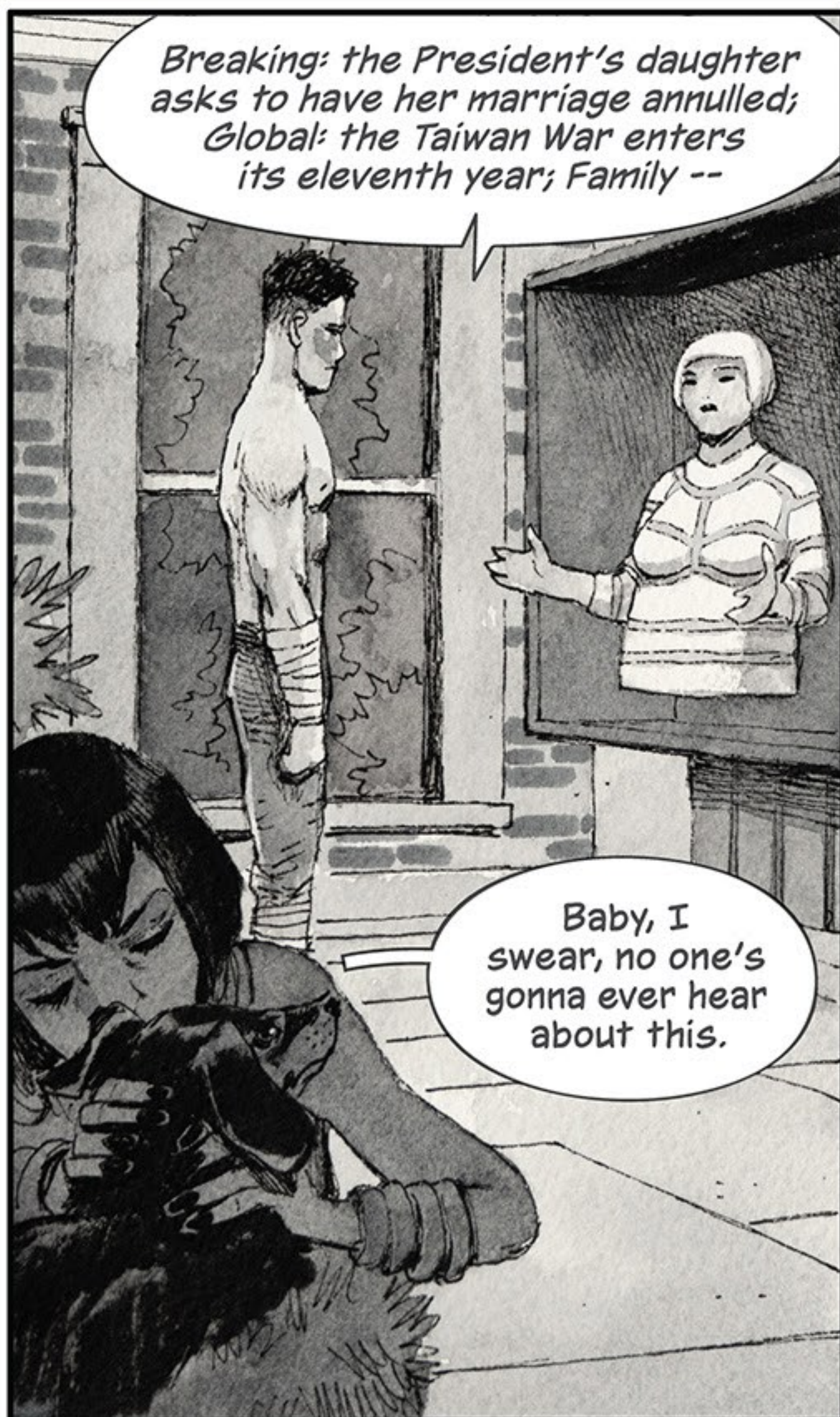
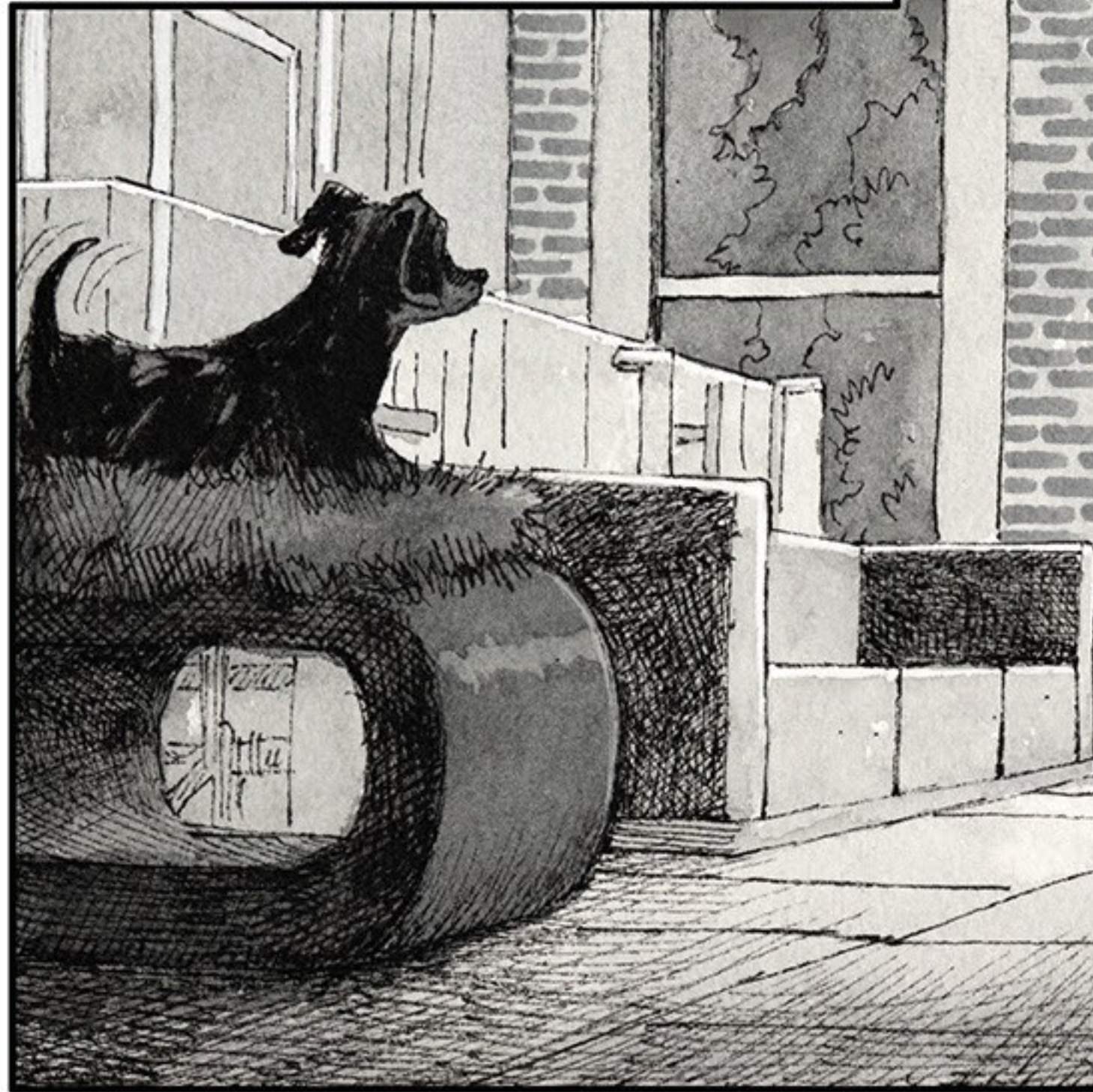




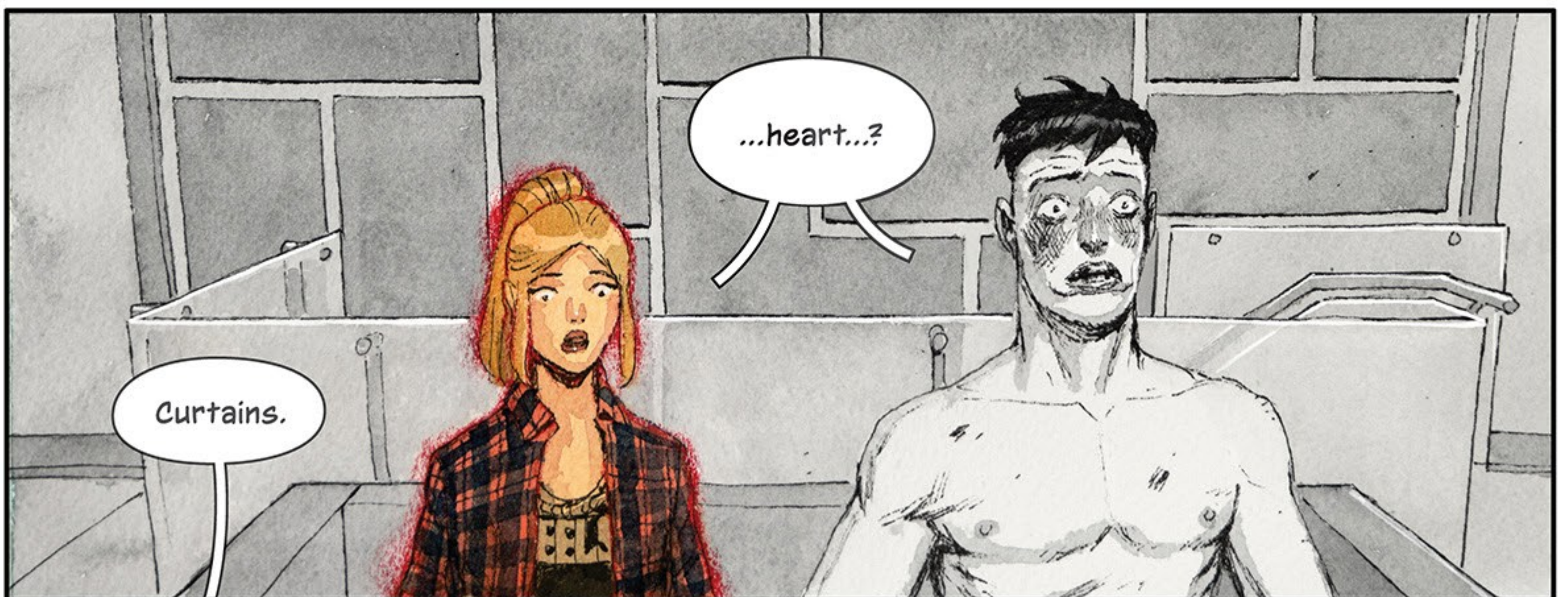
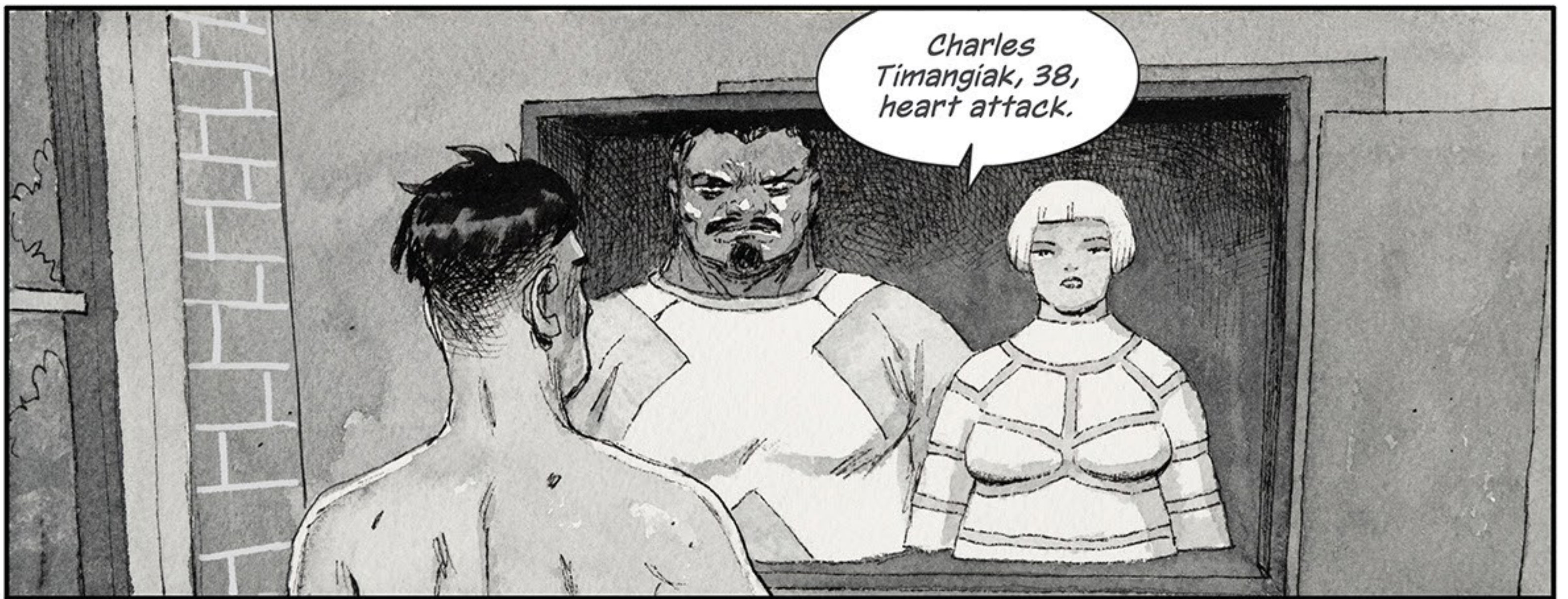
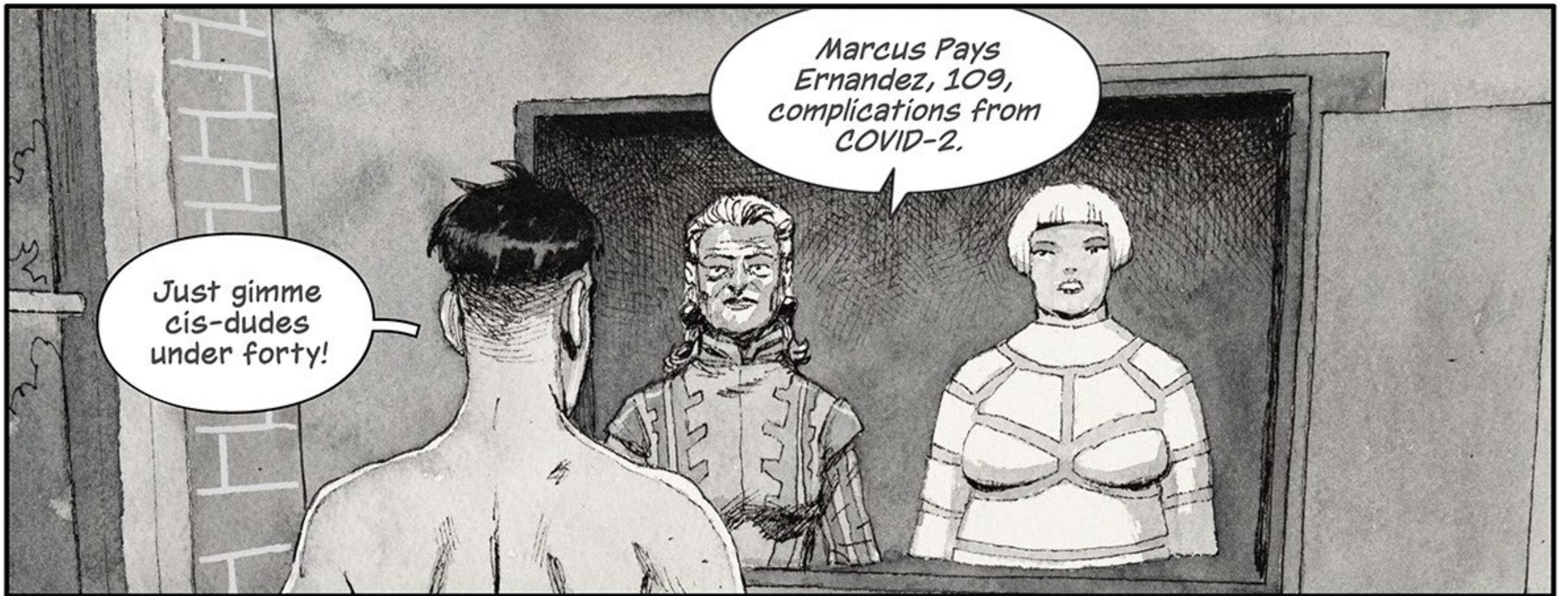
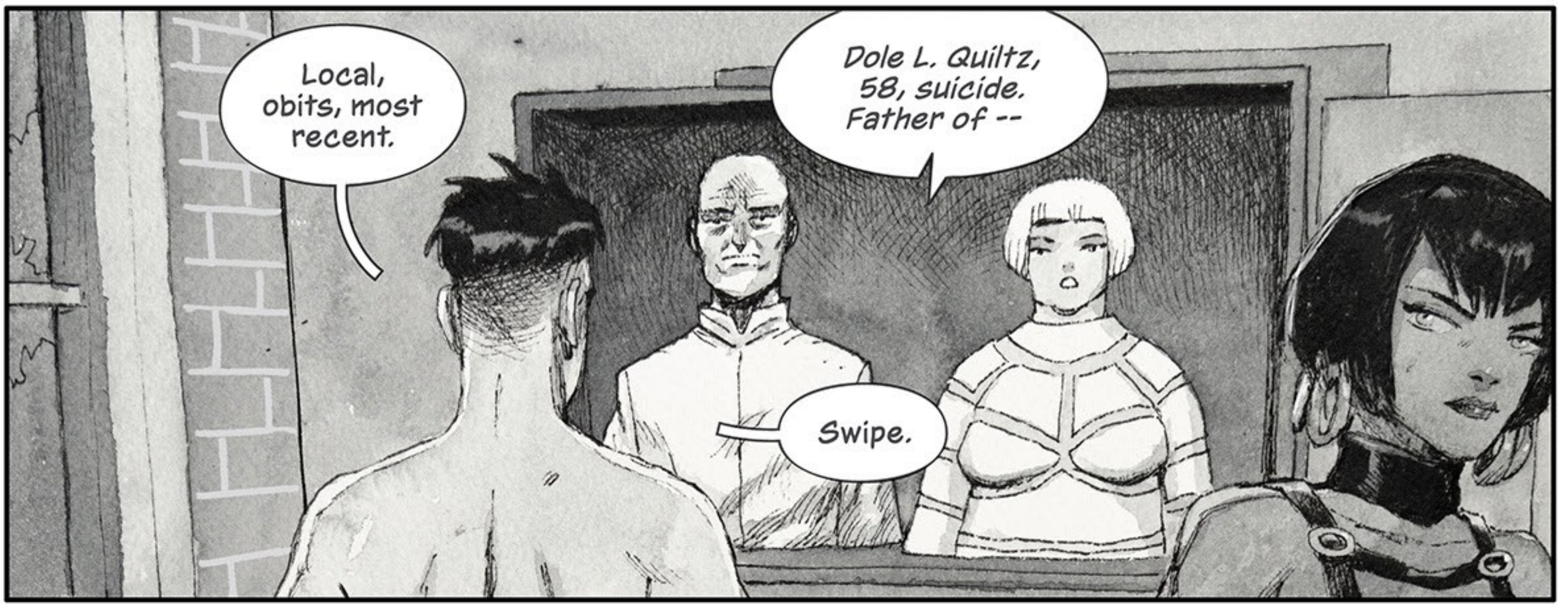




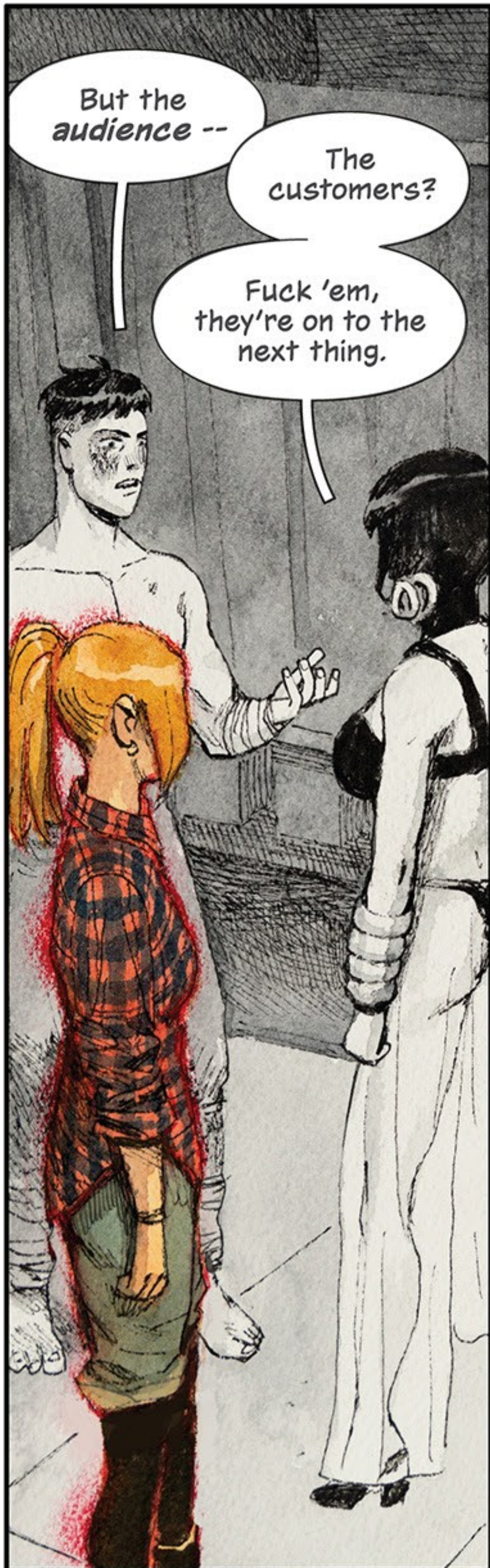












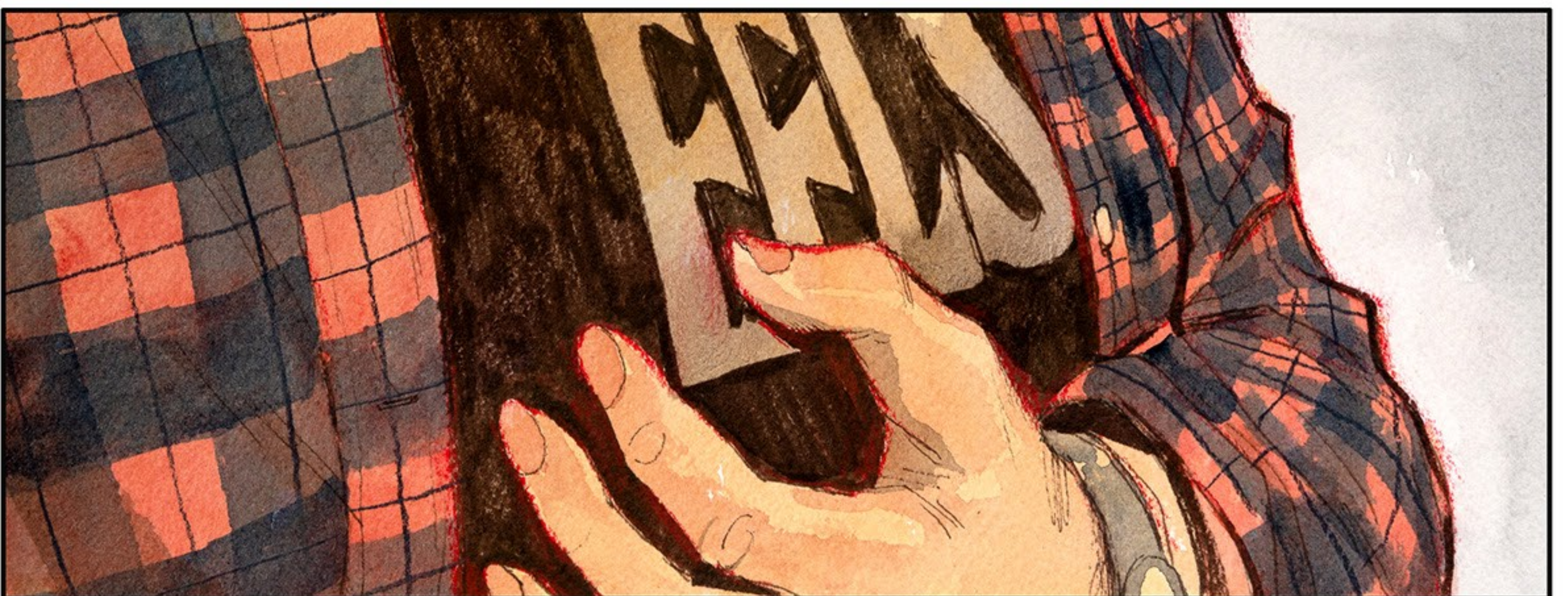
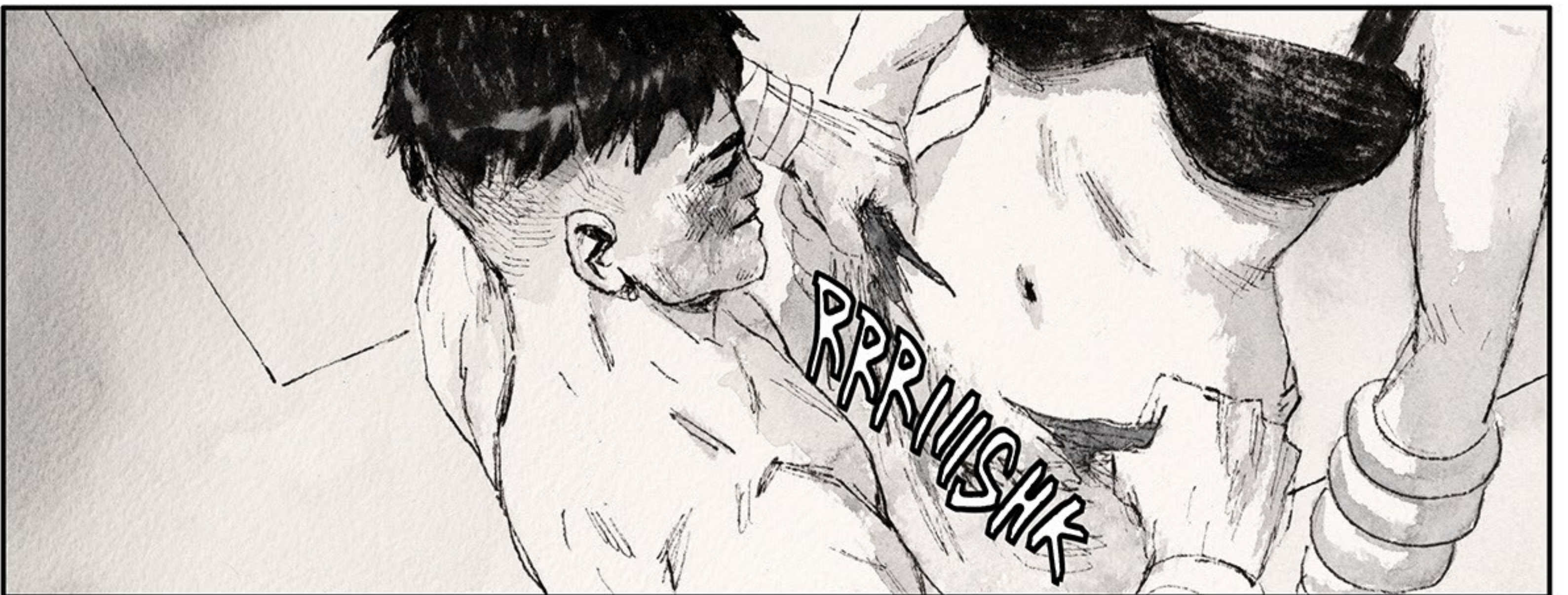
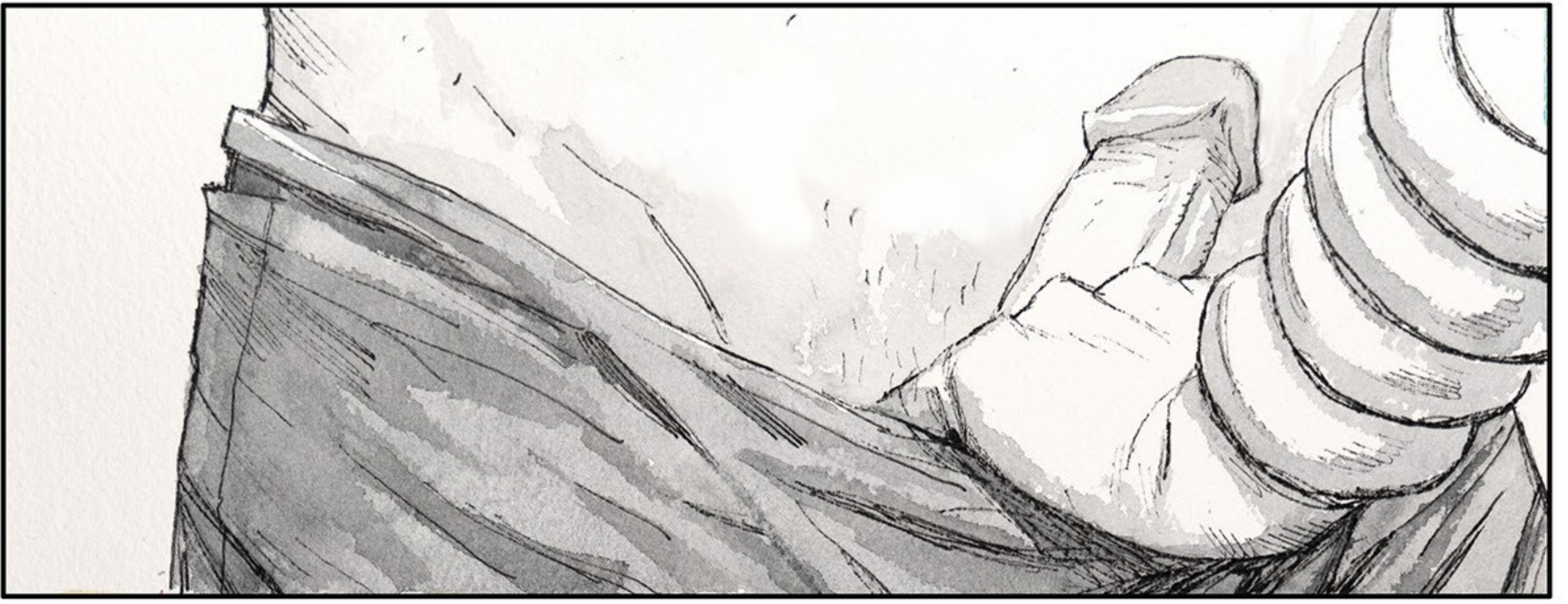




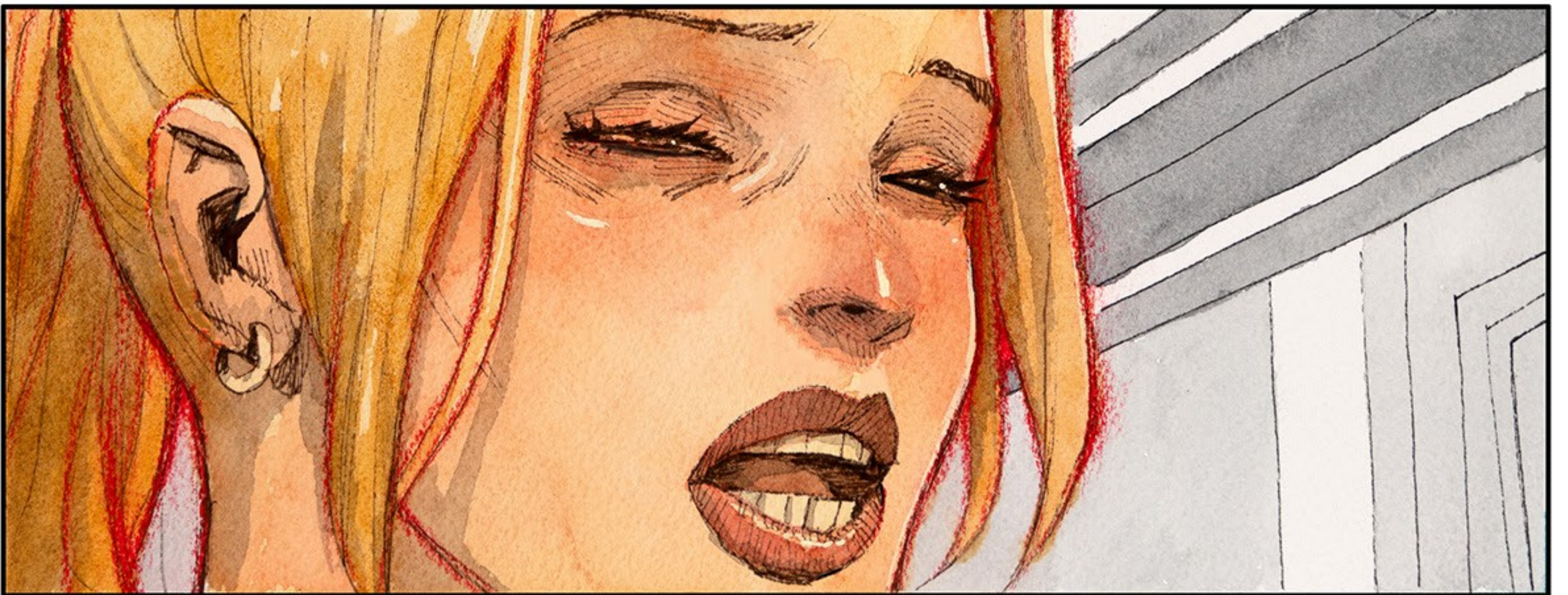
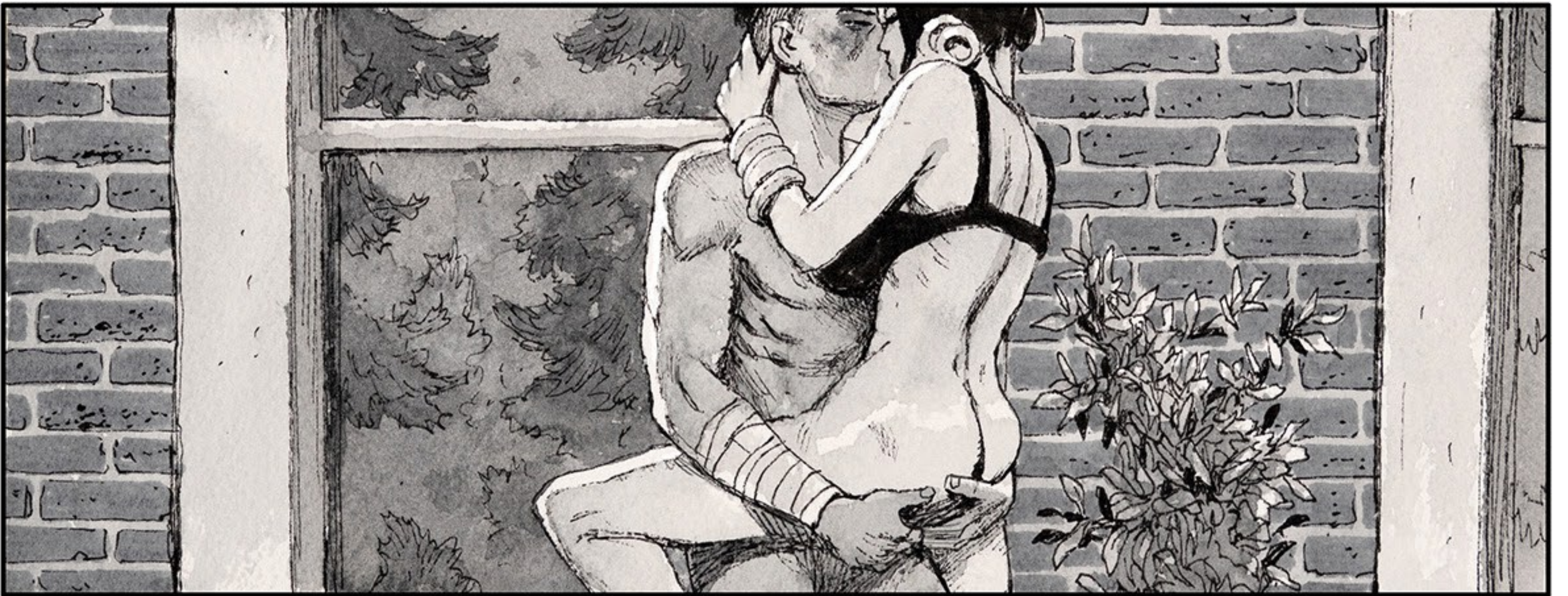
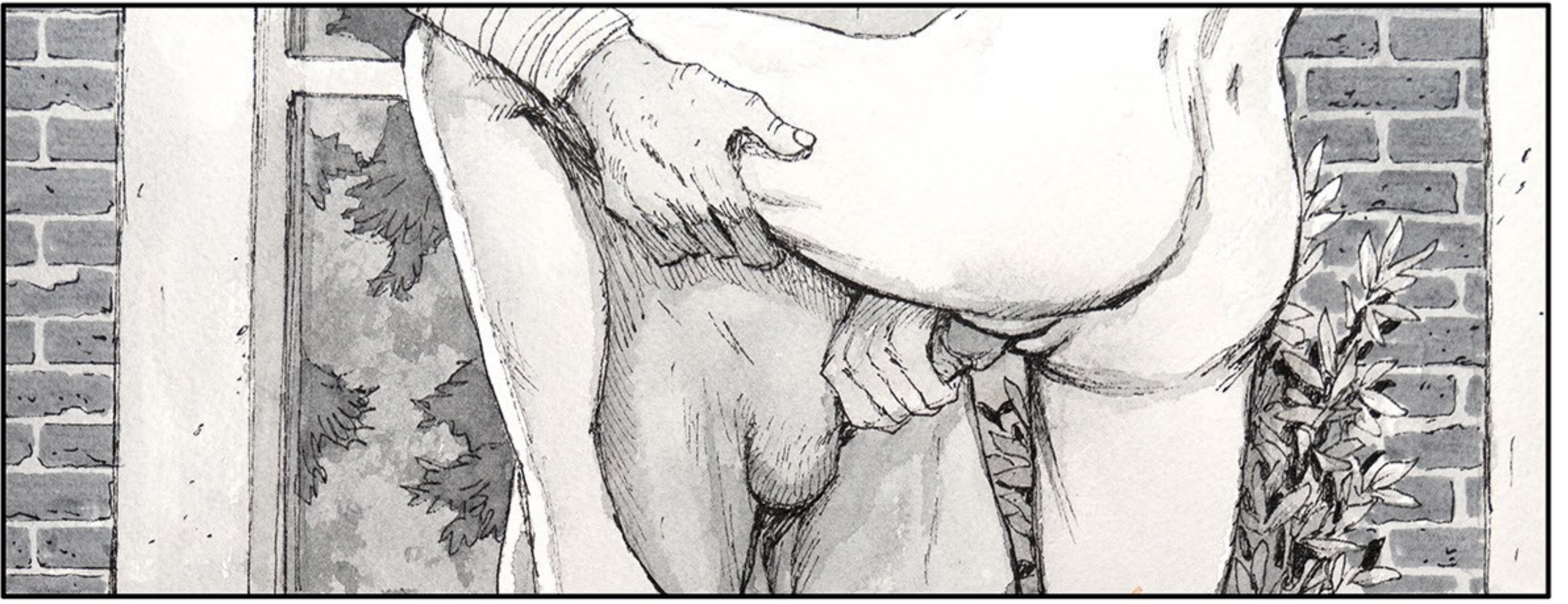
Yes,  
ma'am.

Then shut  
your mouth and  
make me cum  
already.

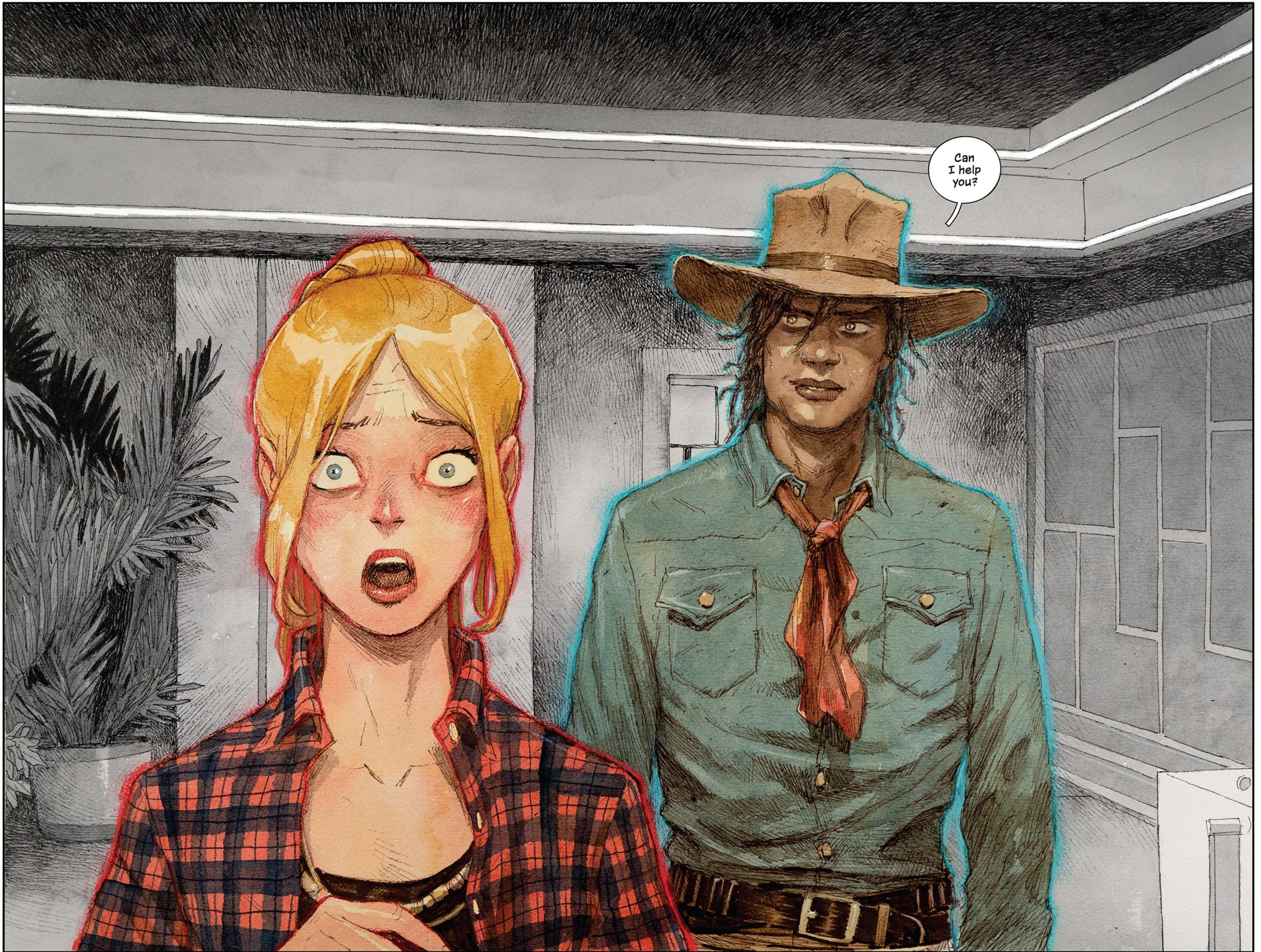










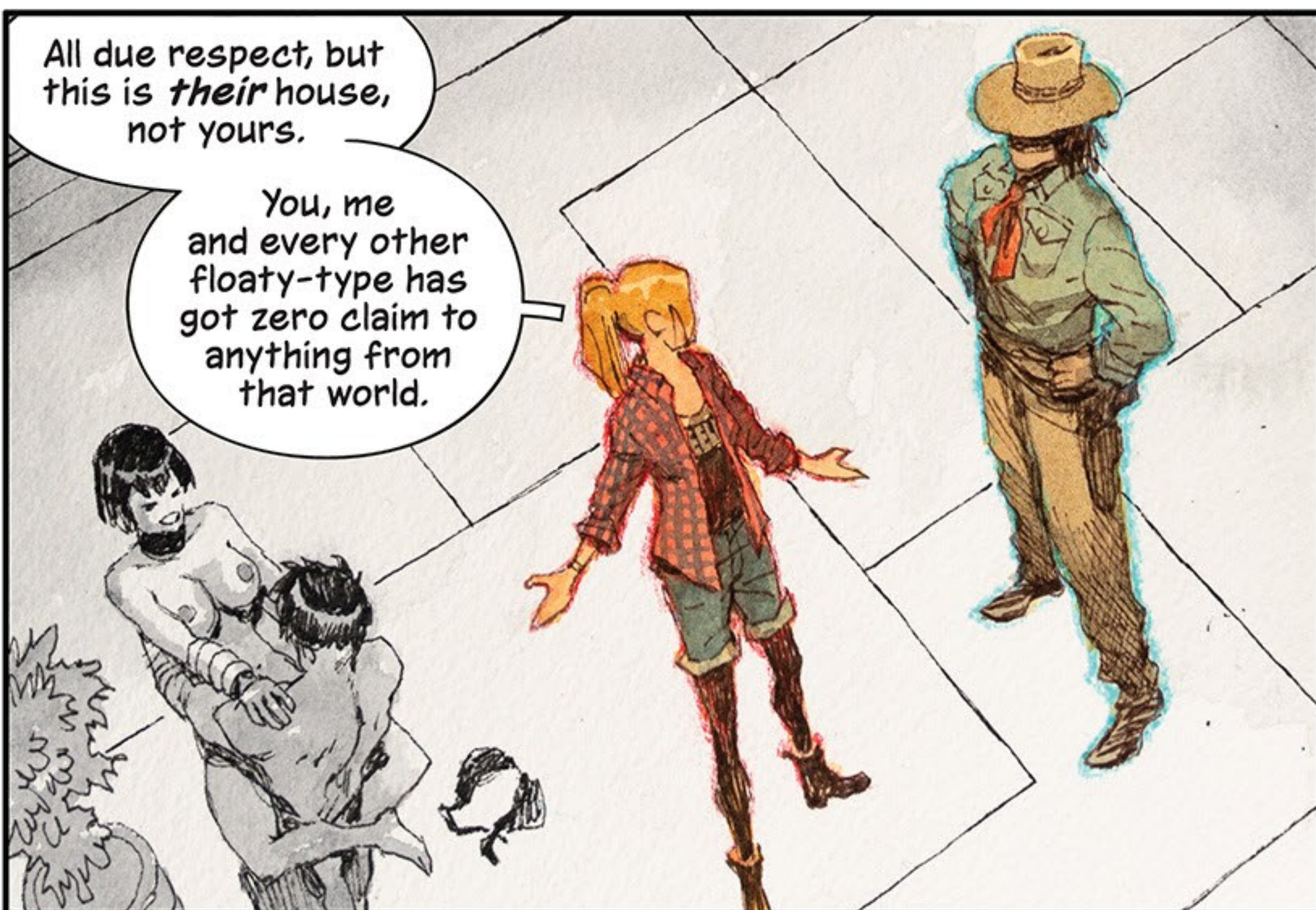
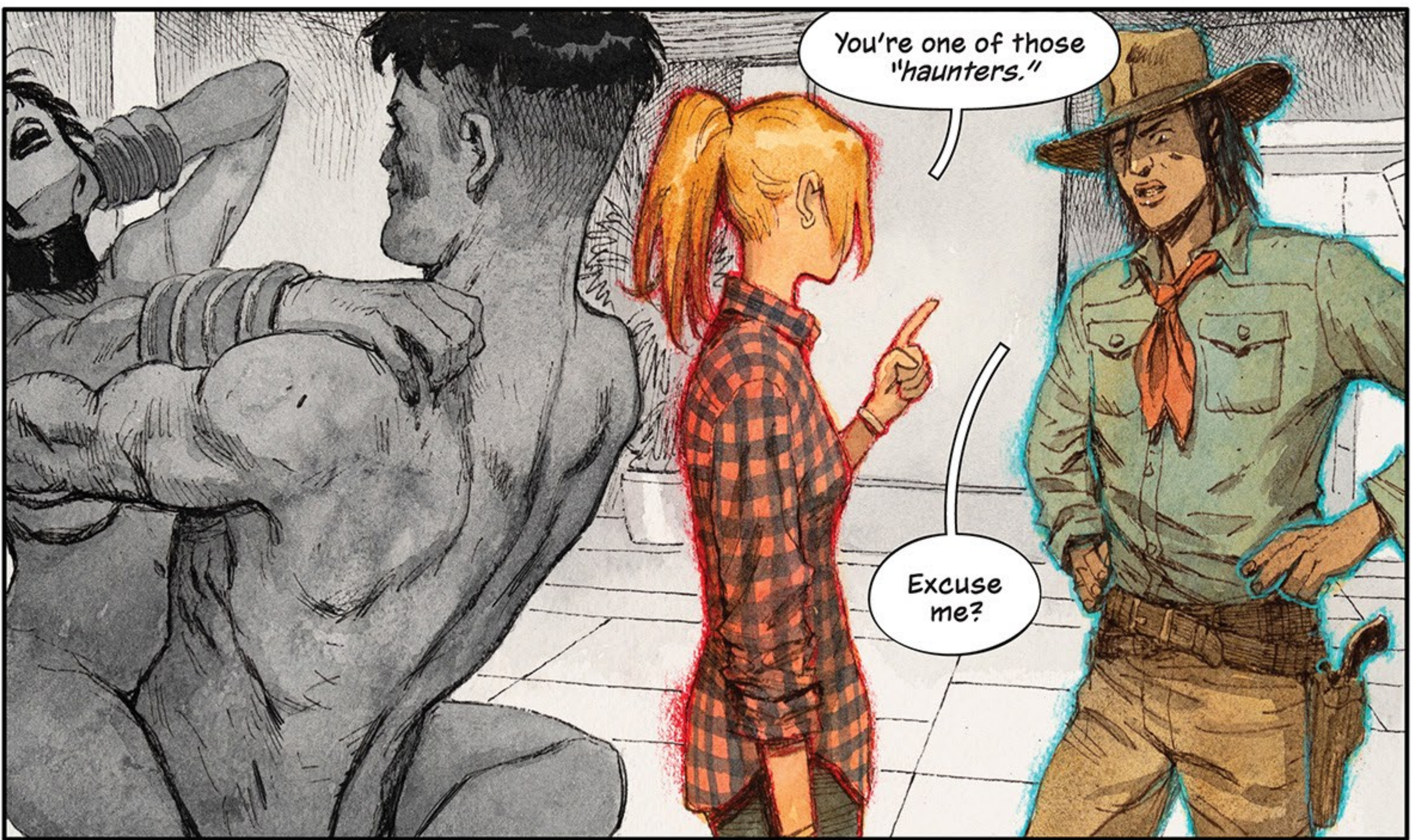


Can I help you?

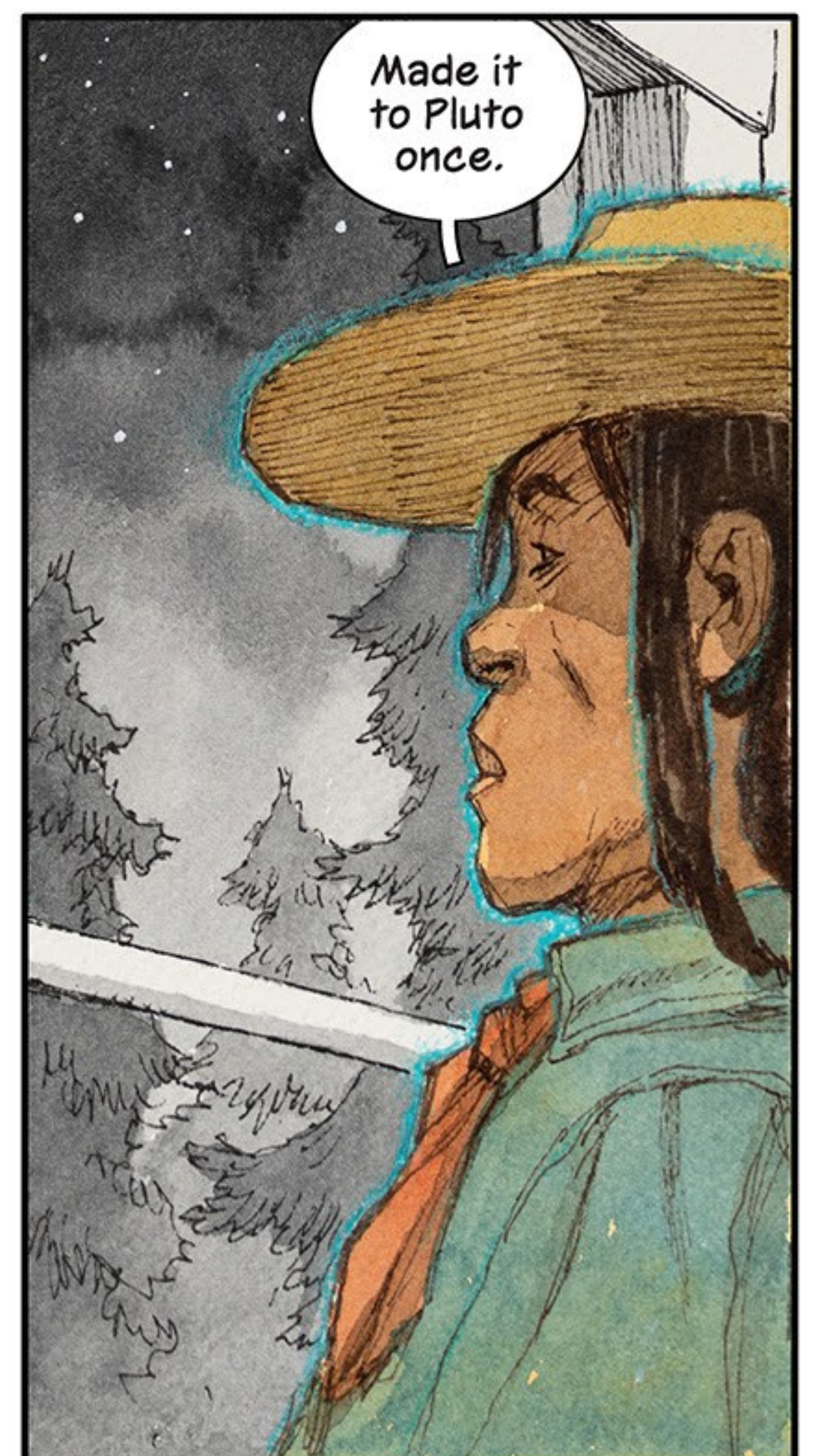
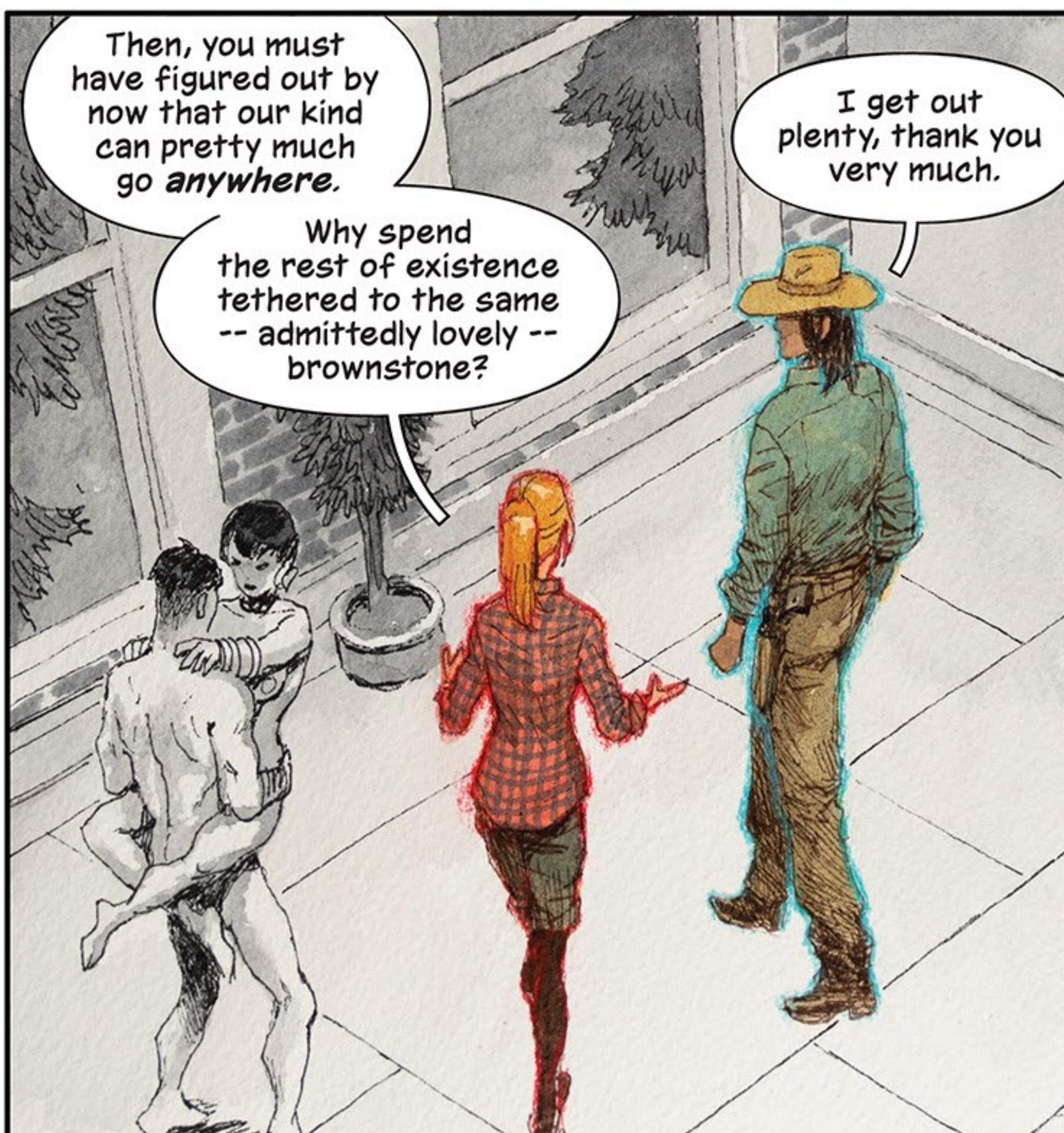
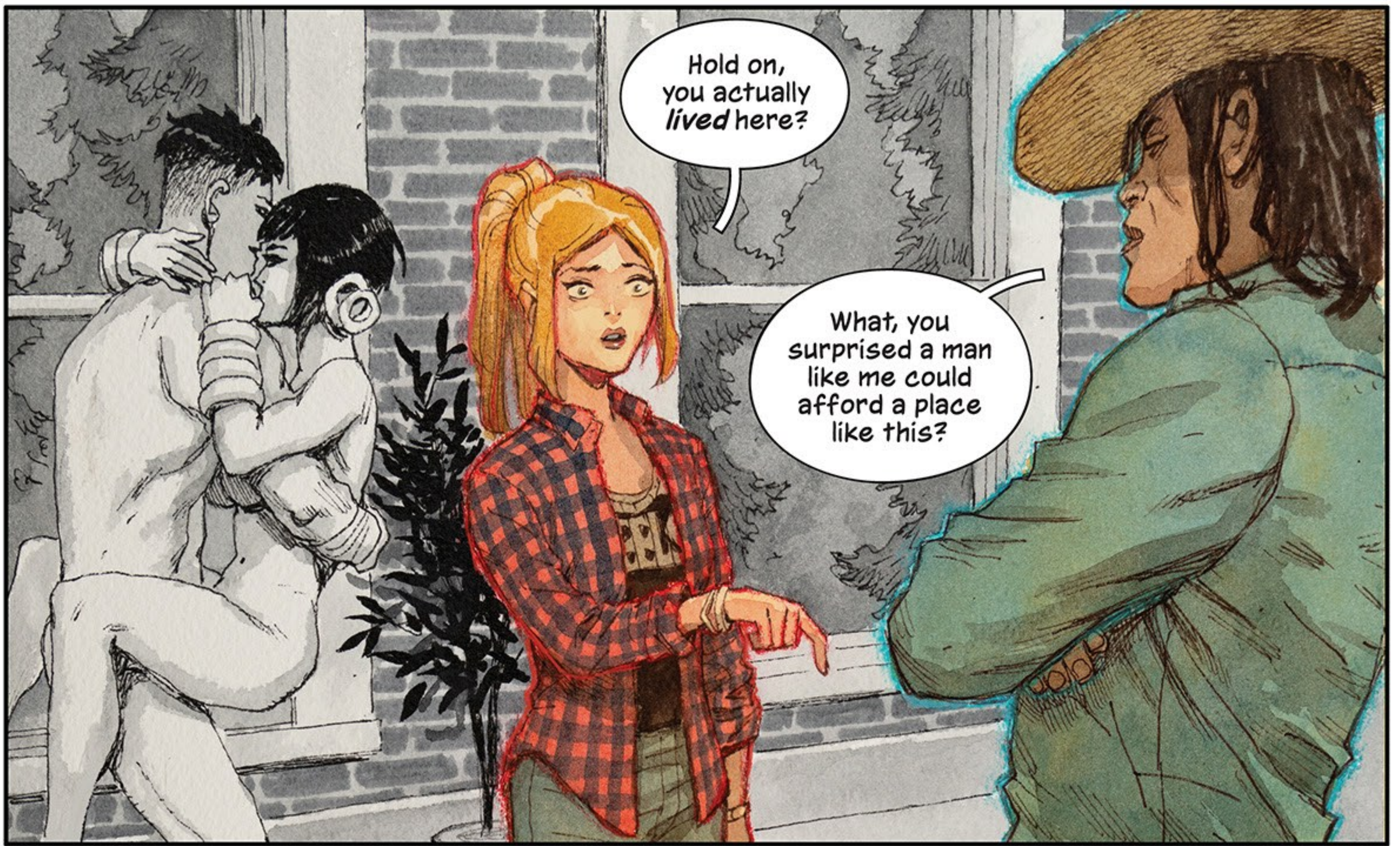




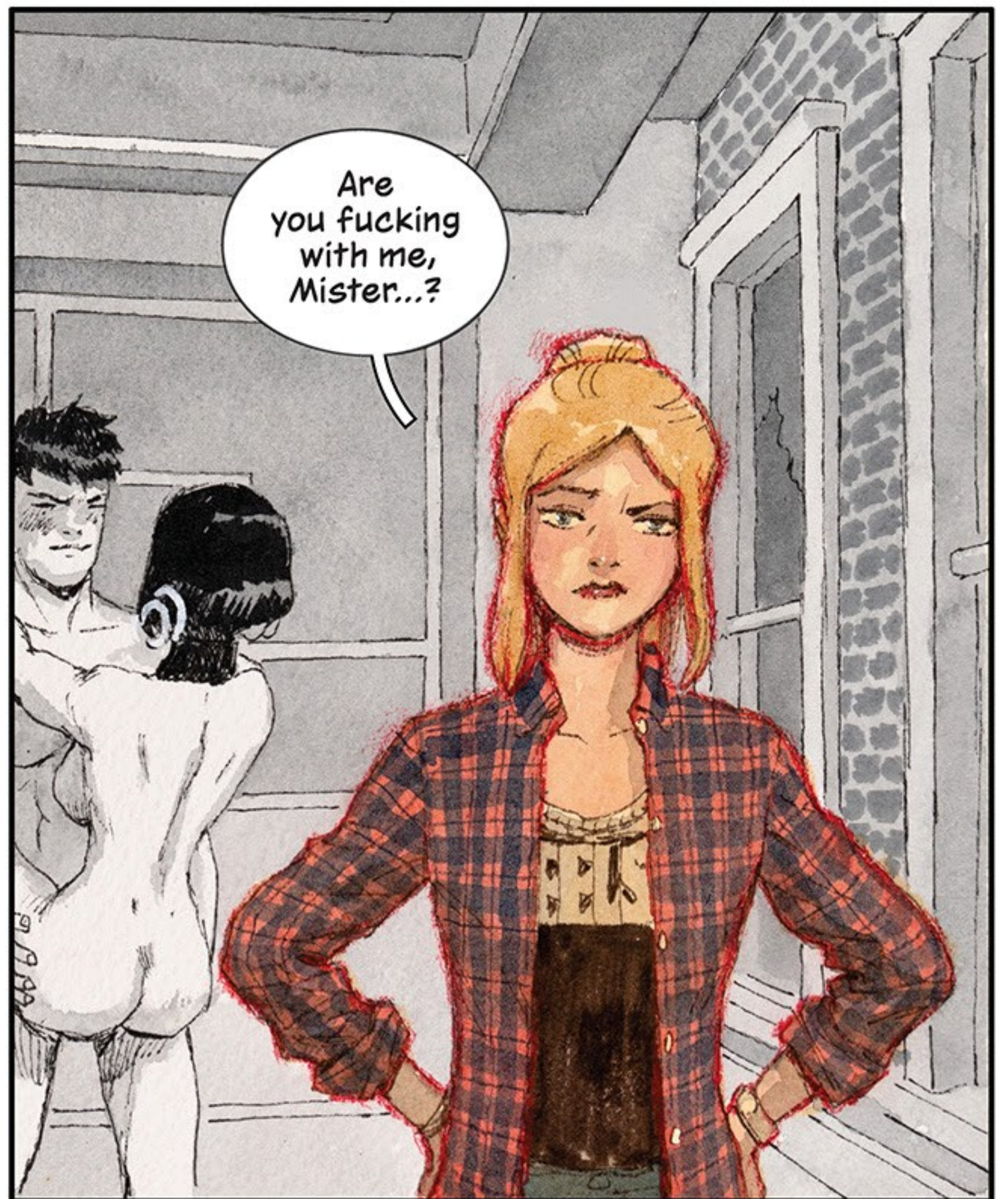
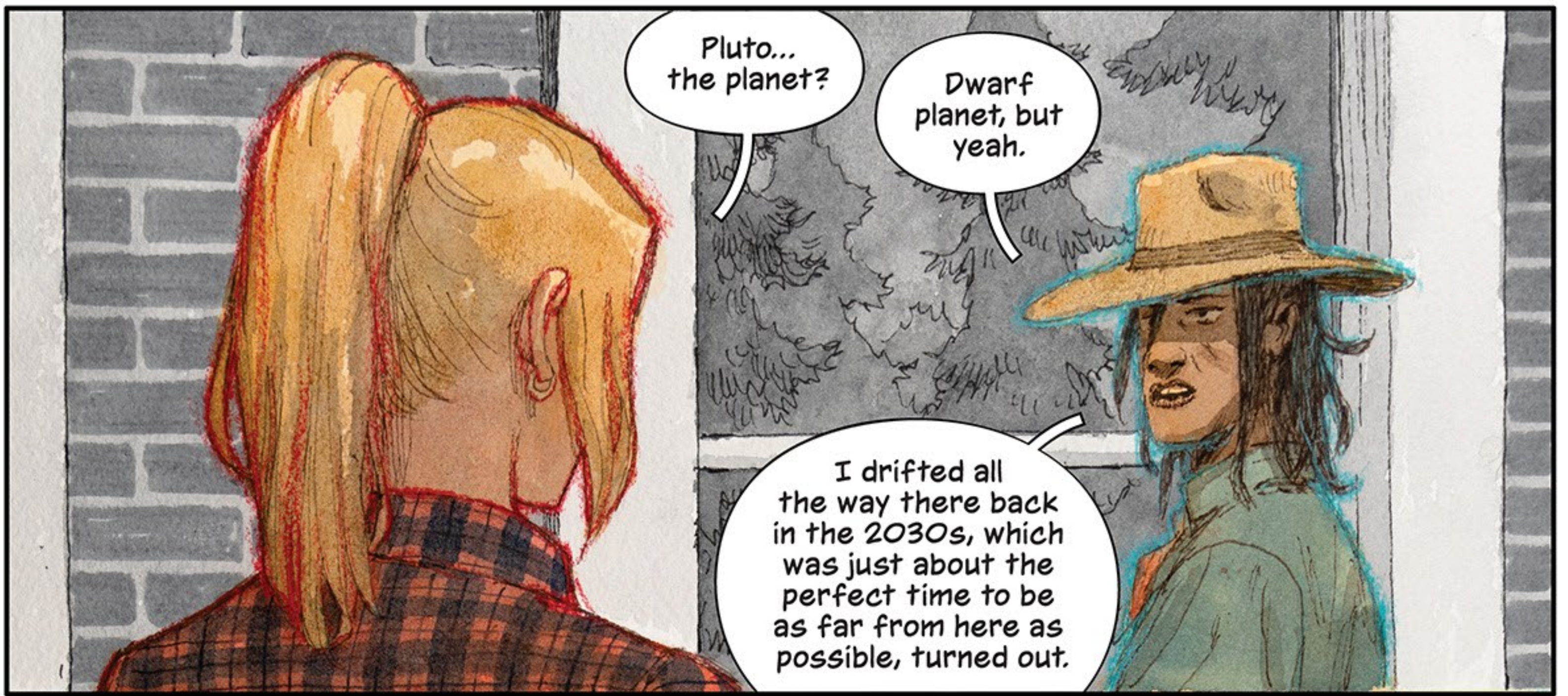




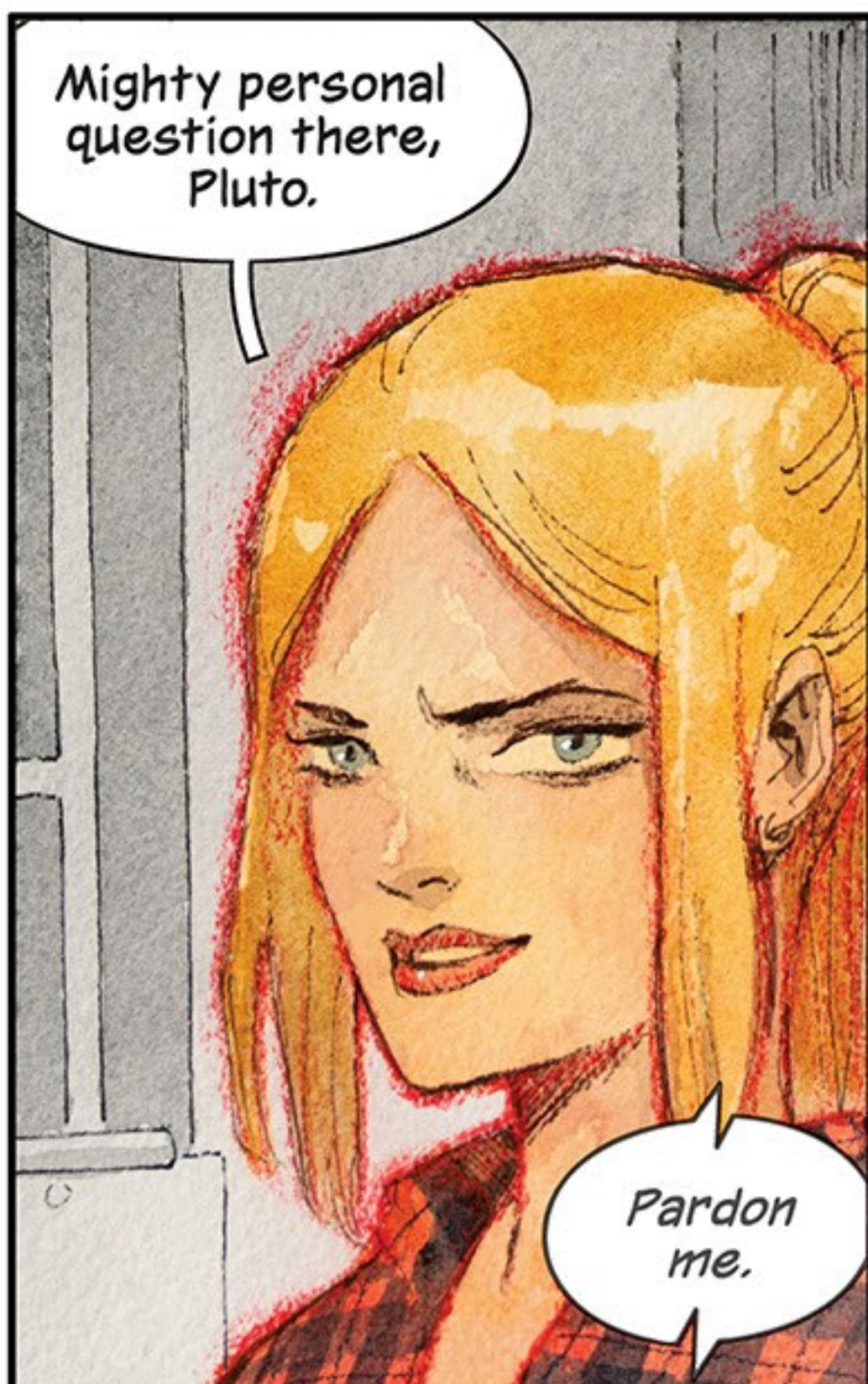








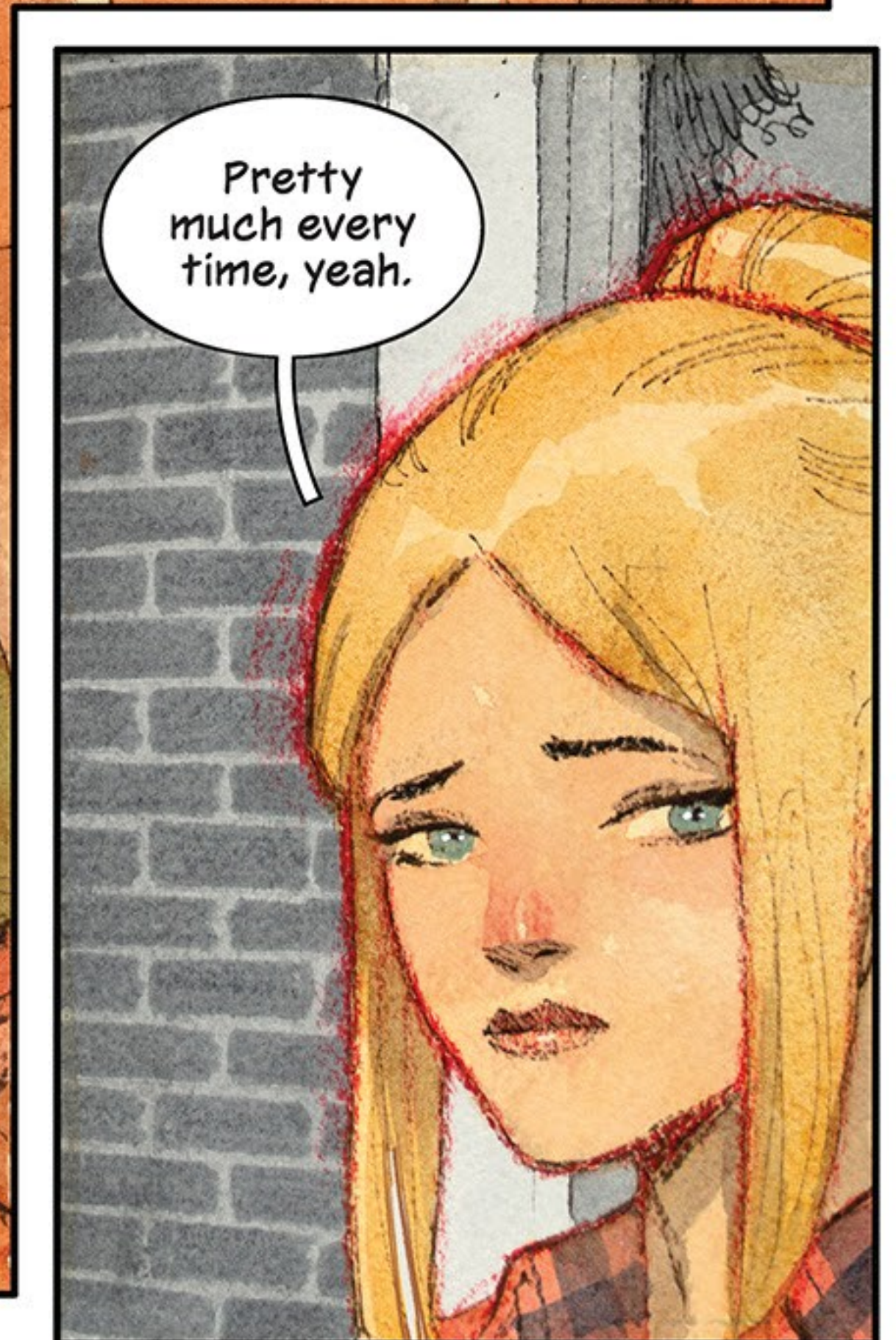








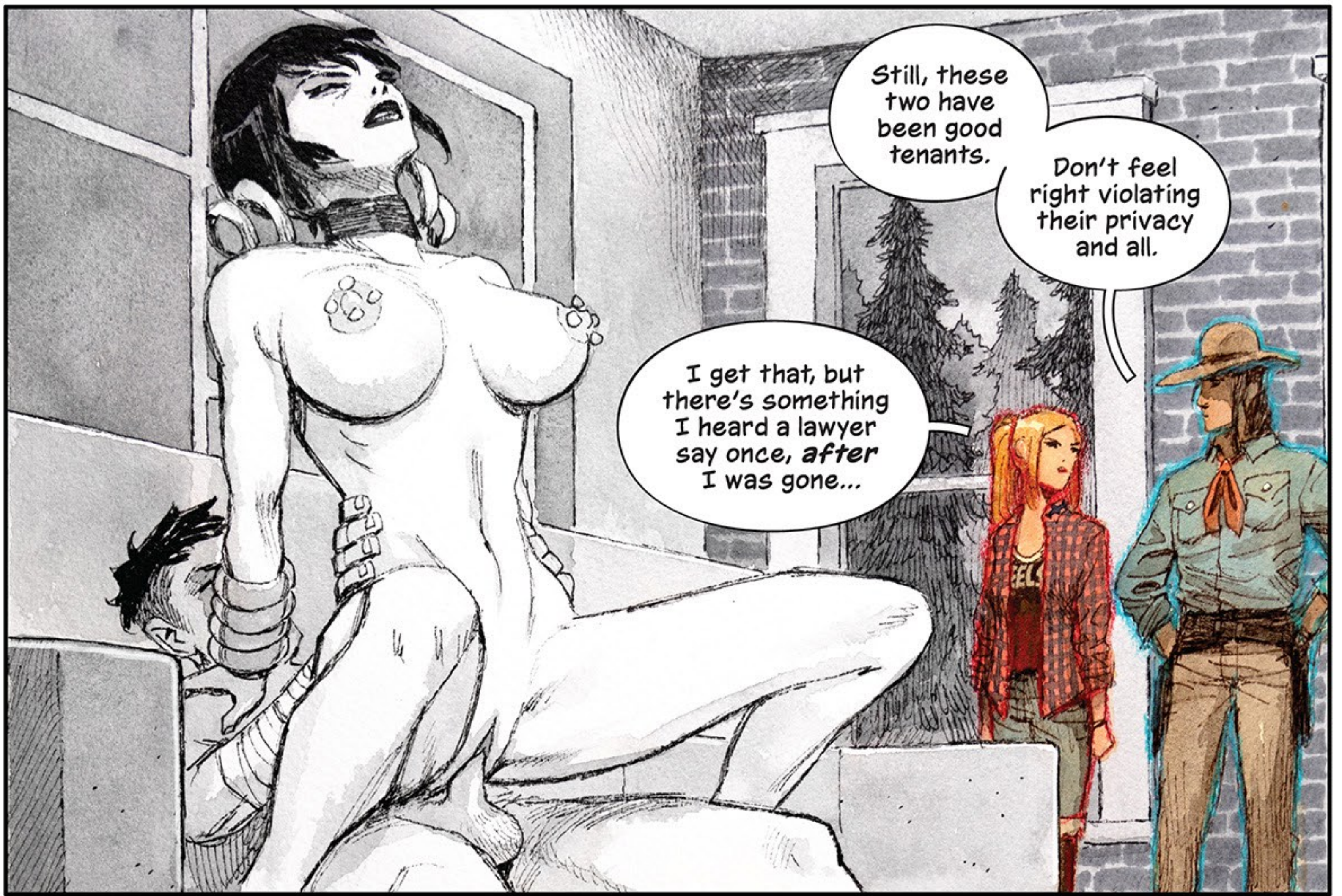












Still, these two have been good tenants.

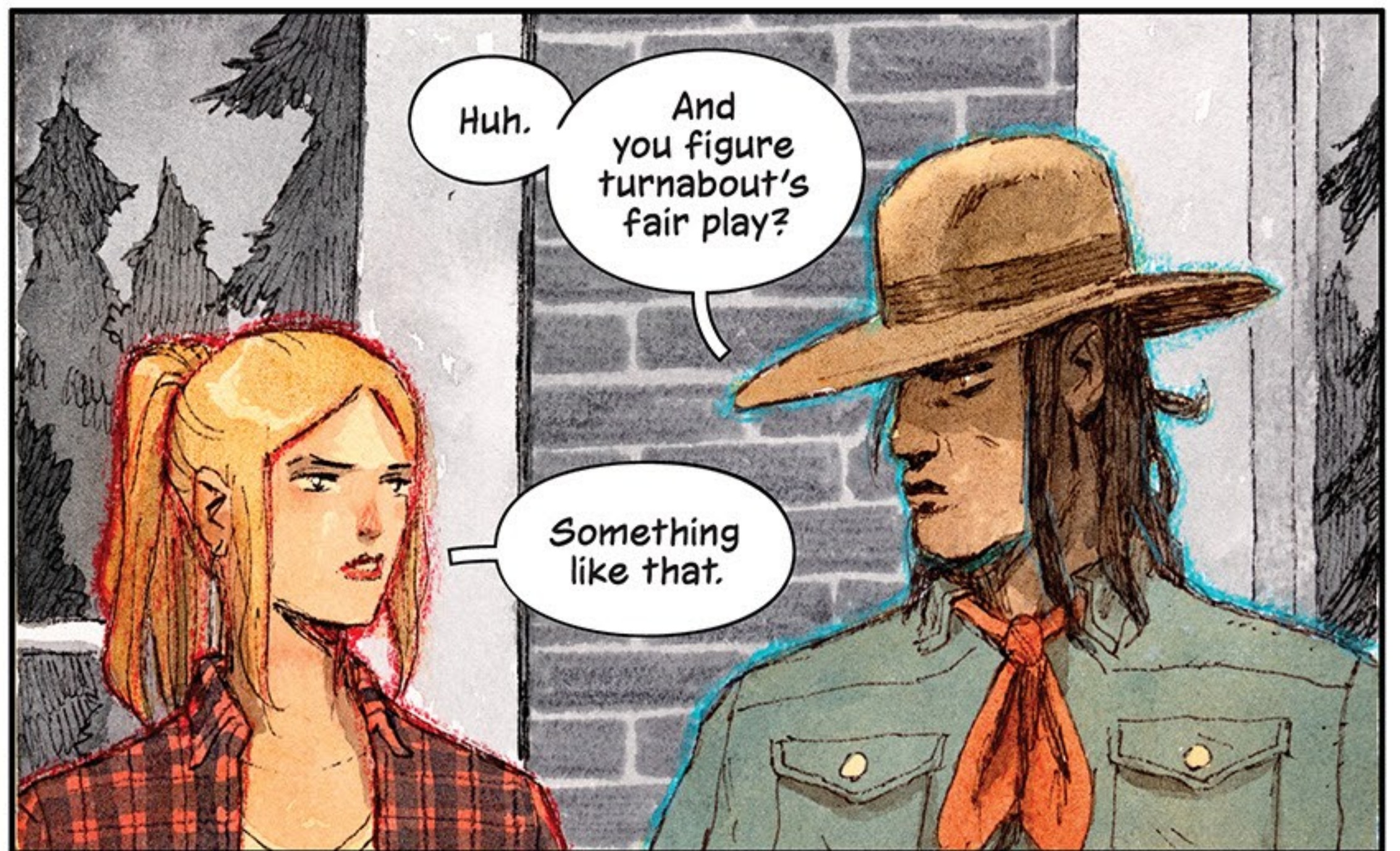
Don't feel right violating their privacy and all.

I get that, but there's something I heard a lawyer say once, *after* I was gone...



The FBI wanted to go through my embarrassing online dating history, just in case I'd ever maybe rejected the deranged loser who ended up... you know.

Anyway, my parents hired an attorney, and she told them something I never forgot: *"At the end of the day, the dead have no right to privacy."*



Huh.

And you figure turnabout's fair play?

Something like that.



For what it's worth, I never drew down on nobody.

Ooooookay.

Sorry, is that cowboy-slang for jerking off?





These old things.

I fired them more than once in my younger days, but never at another living soul, not one I hit, anyway.



Taking a guess at how you may have met your demise, I just... wanted you to know.

Oh.

Well, thank you, Sam.



Obviously, our kind doesn't get to pick which accessories we're saddled with.

Don't have to remind you.

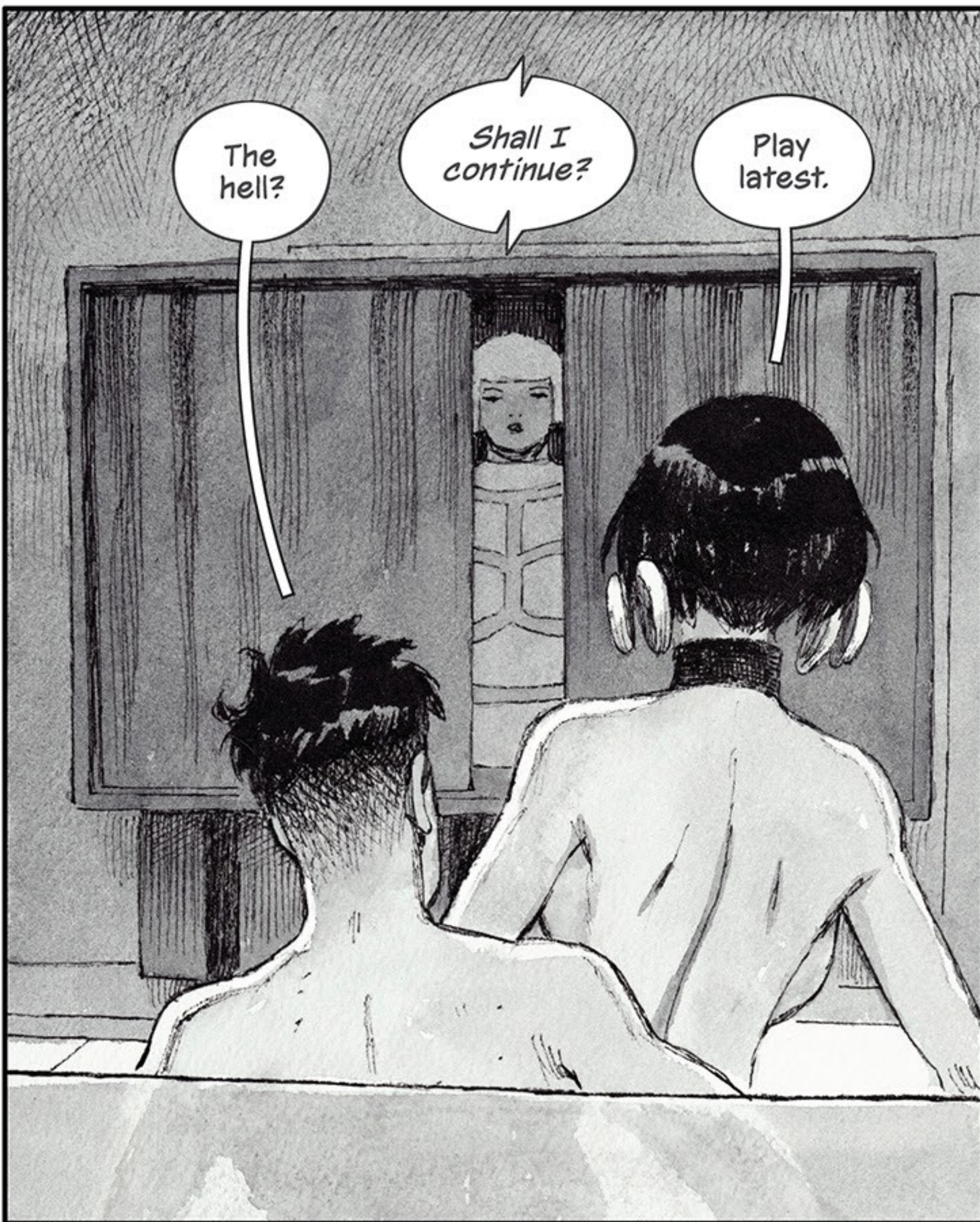


Wait, are you making fun of my outfit?

Pardon me.

You have *eighty-nine* breaking news alerts.

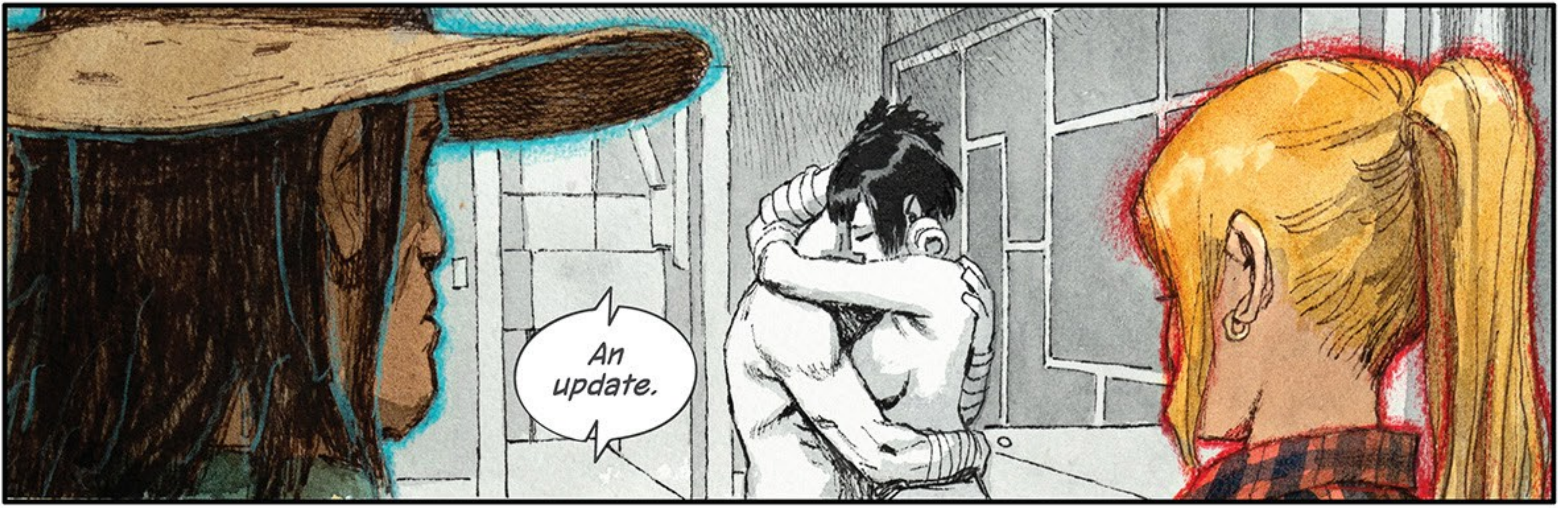
















We don't know the status of the individual who sent us this, but the moment they shared begins with a blinding flash.



It lasts just over eight seconds.



Gradually, the whiteness resolves, and the feed cuts to blackness... but not before an image briefly becomes visible.

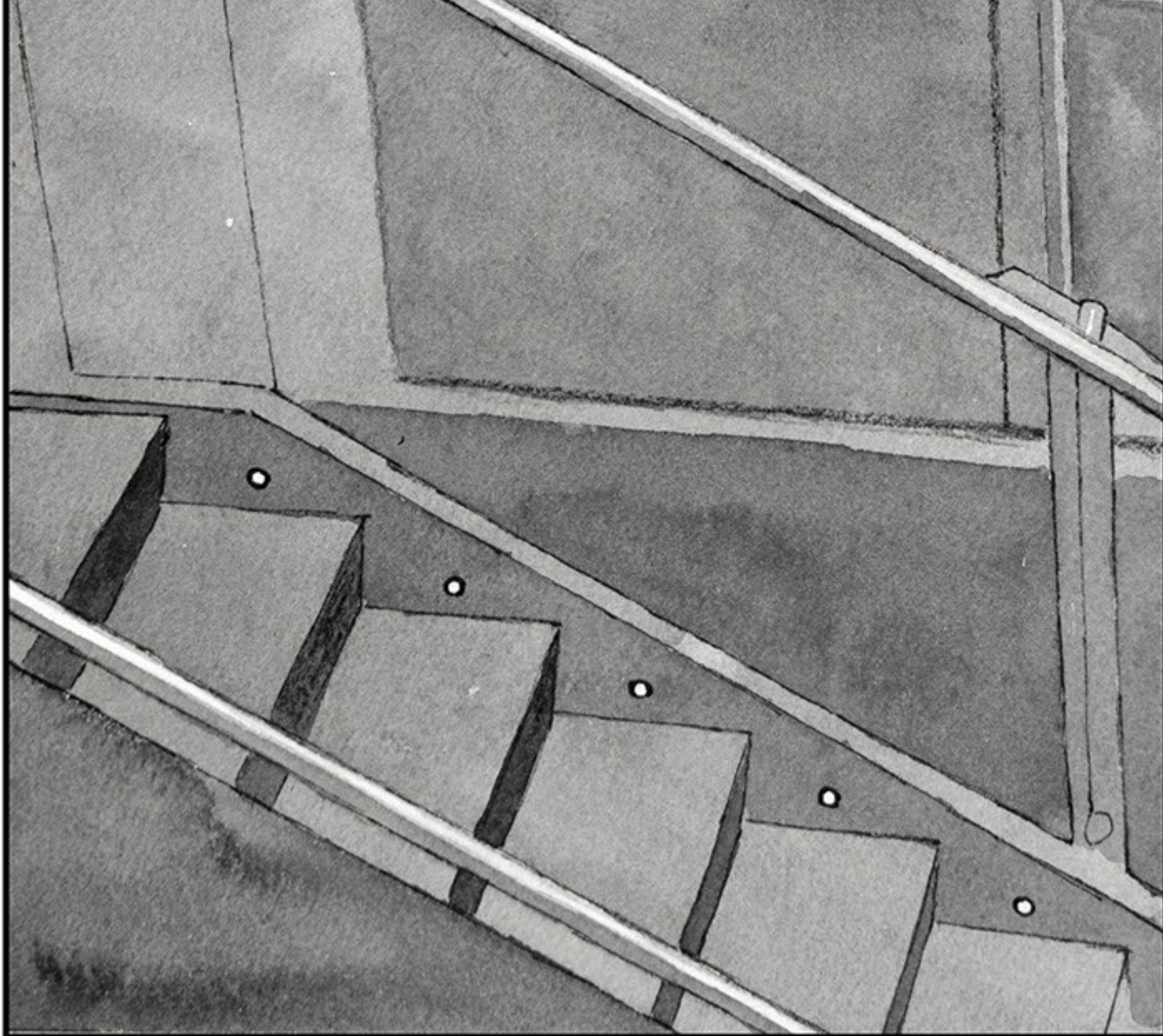
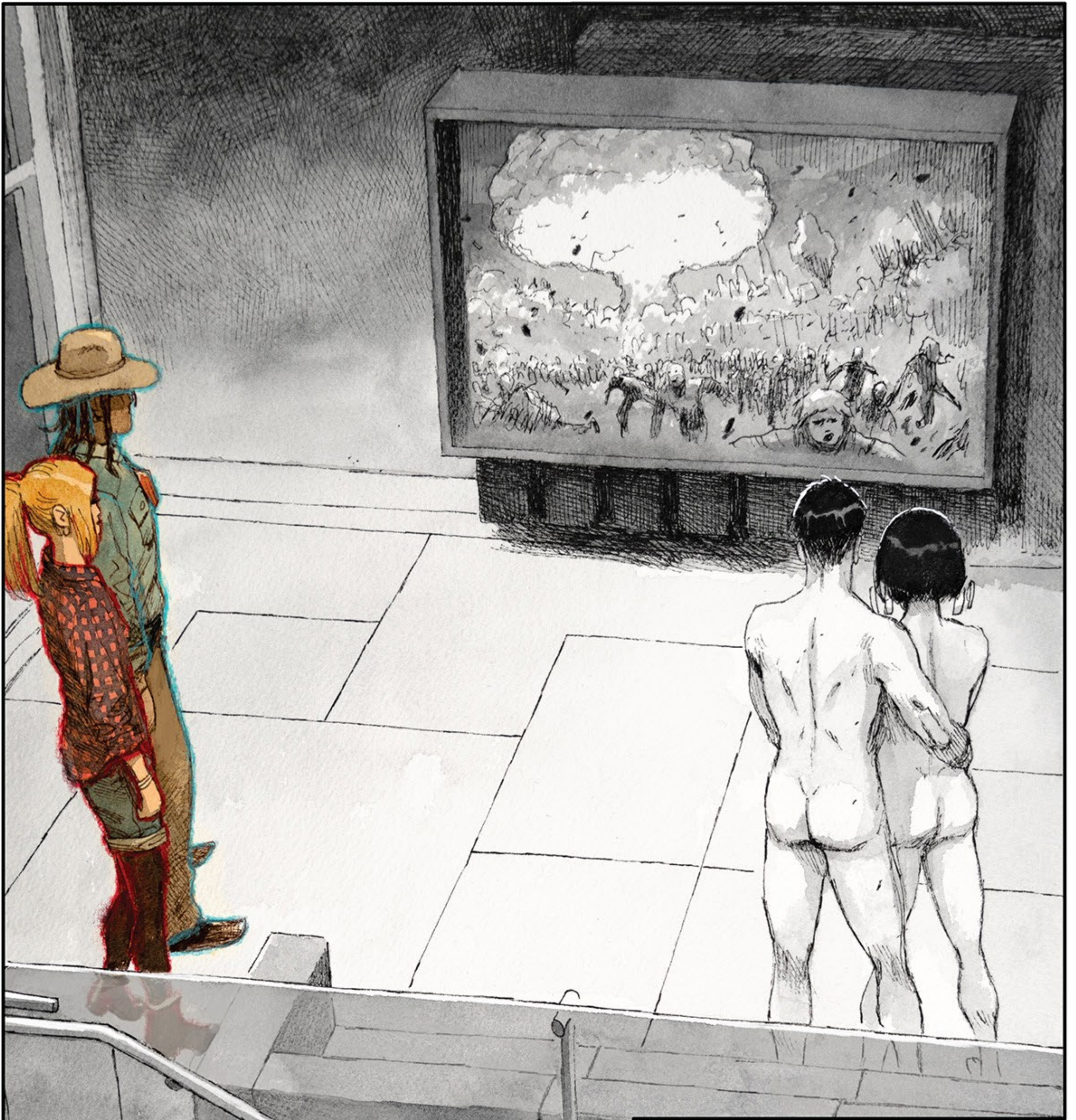


We'll hold on it here.

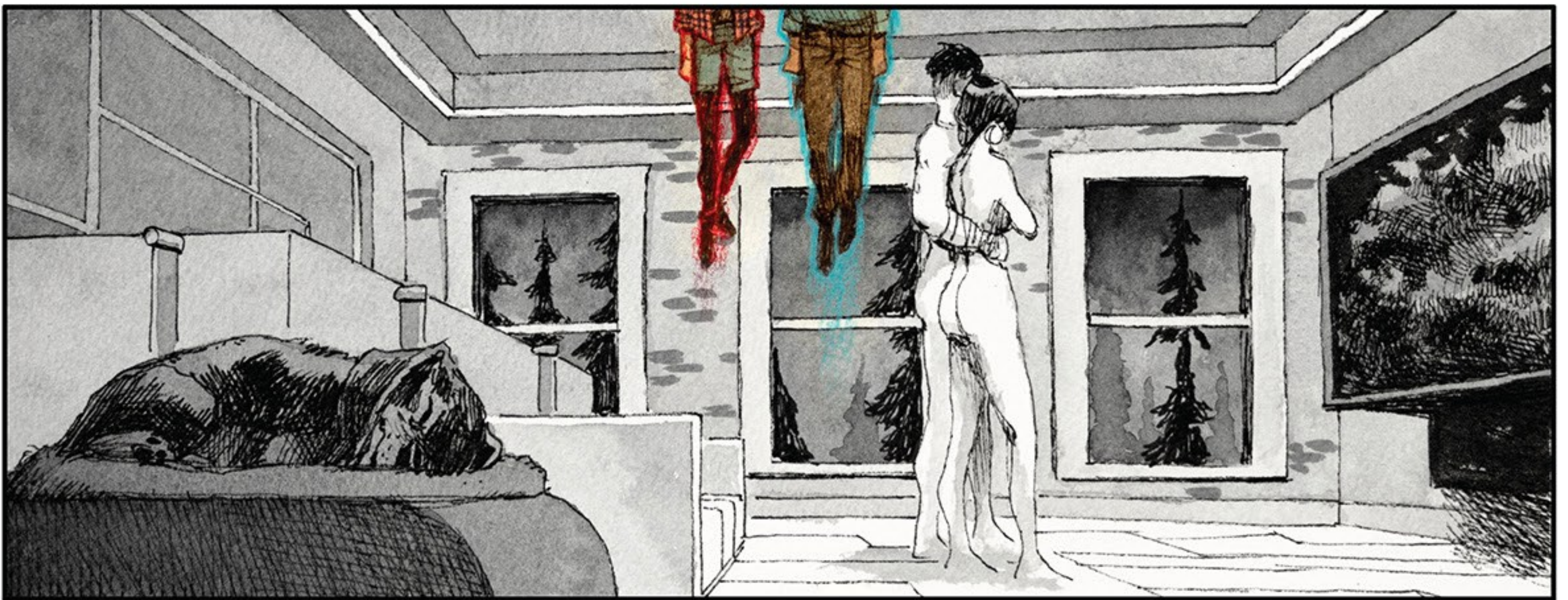
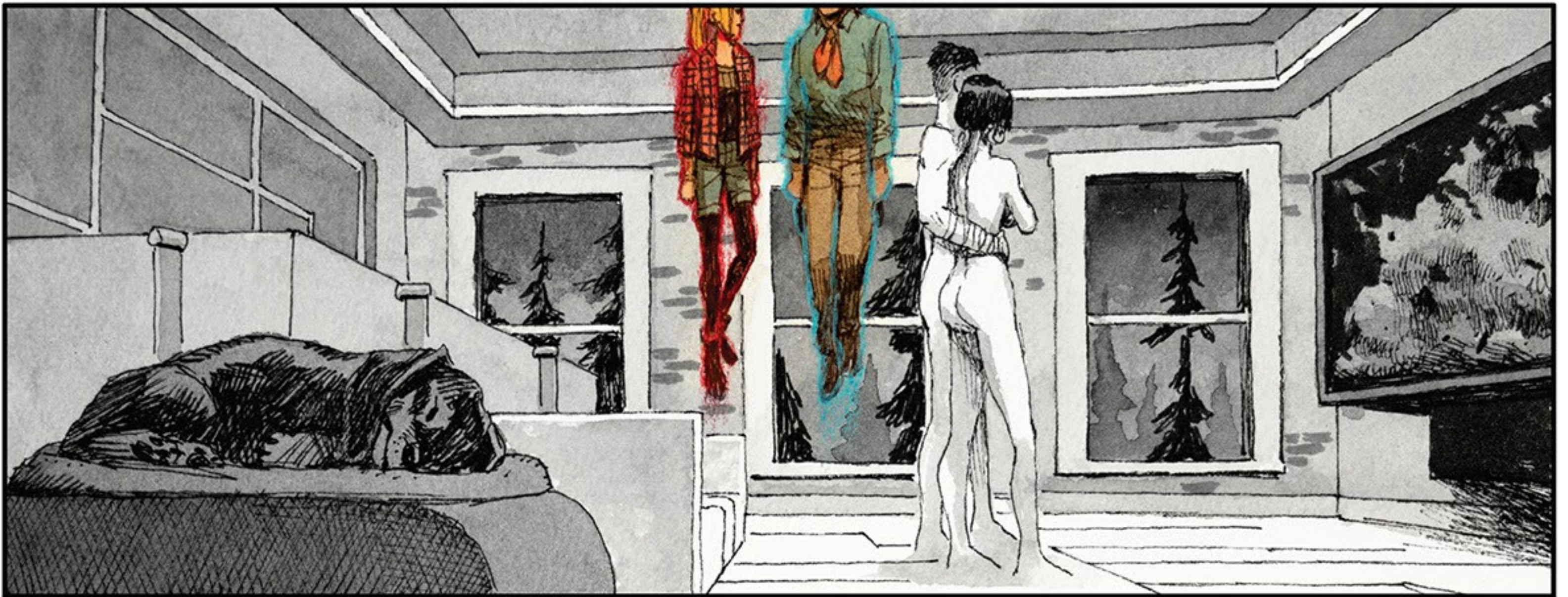
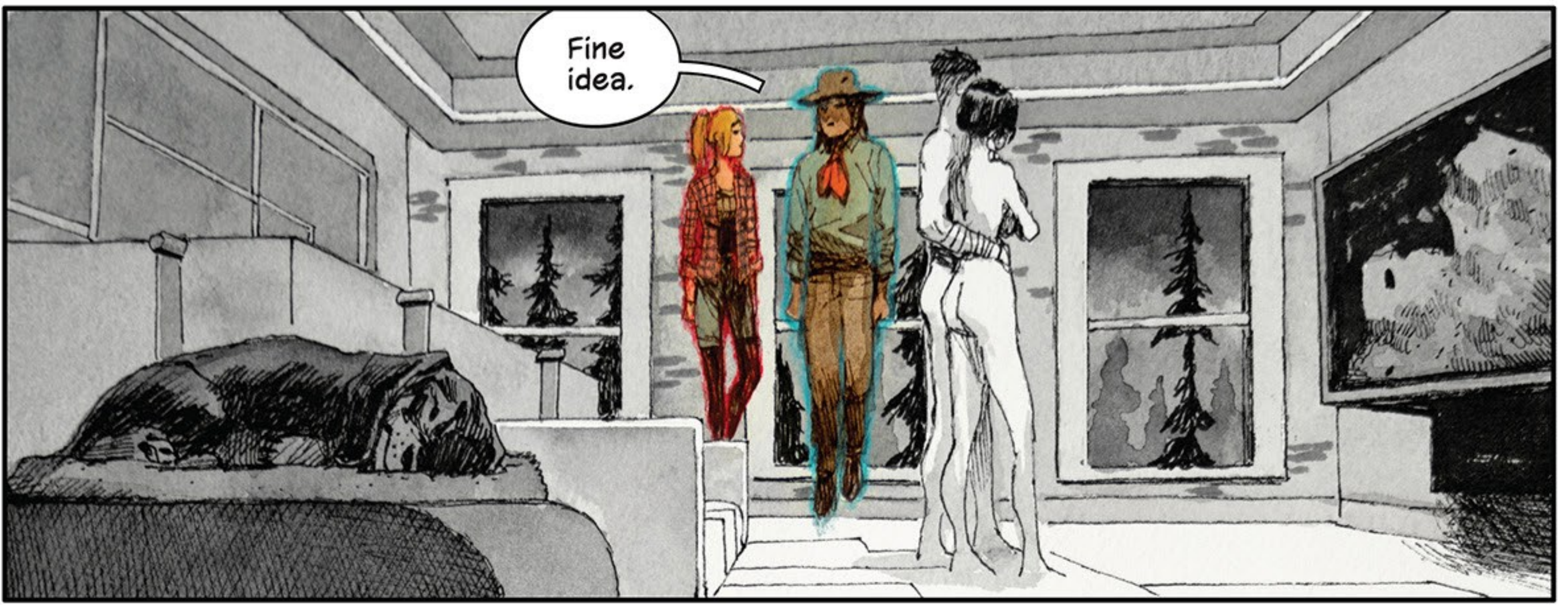
















So.



So?

So,  
what do you  
think?

Is it  
curtains  
for our  
heroes?







The human race?

On one hand, not the first time I thought they'd maybe cooked their own goose.

On the other, something about this feels especially... doomsday-esque.



Well, if more blasts are coming, they'll be coming quick.

We should keep moving just in case.

Umm, actually, I get a little nauseous whenever I go higher than the scrubbers.



Trust me, if the sky starts falling, you don't want to be down there.

Spoken like a guy who's seen some armageddon?

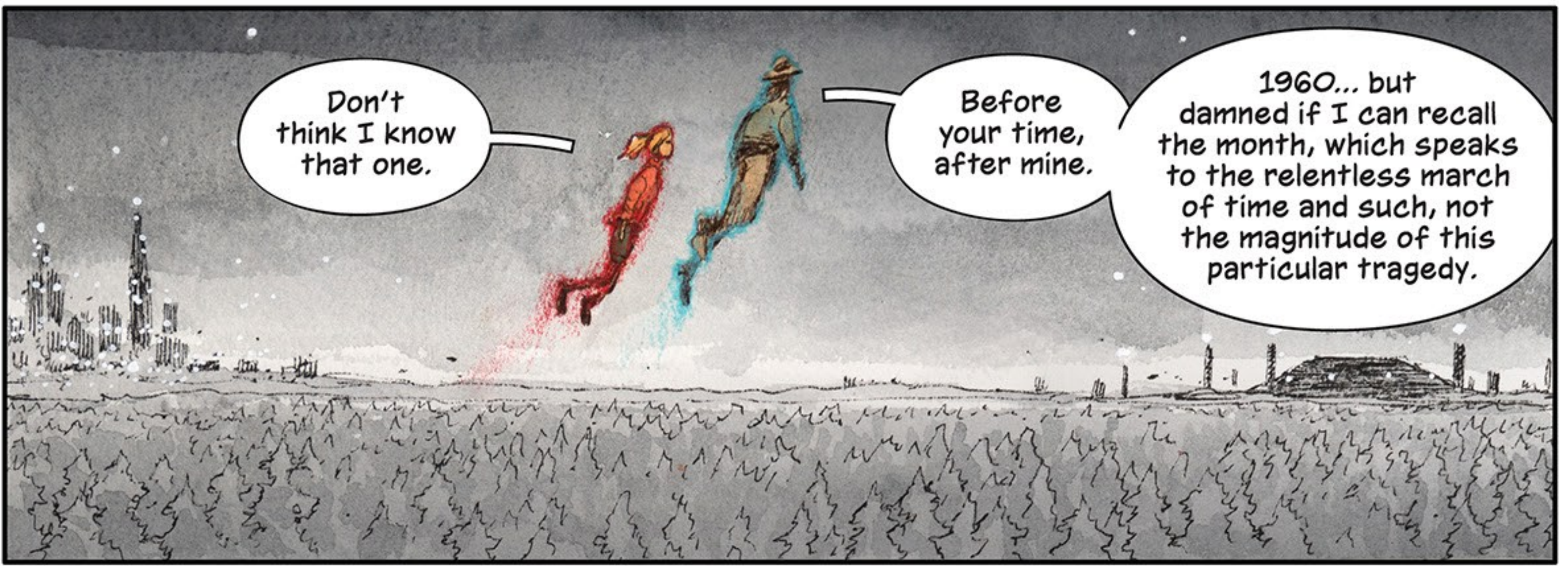
Don't tell me you're one of those war junkies who followed the Enola Gay over to Hiroshima or whatever.



Nah, this was much closer to home.

United 826.





Don't think I know that one.

Before your time, after mine.

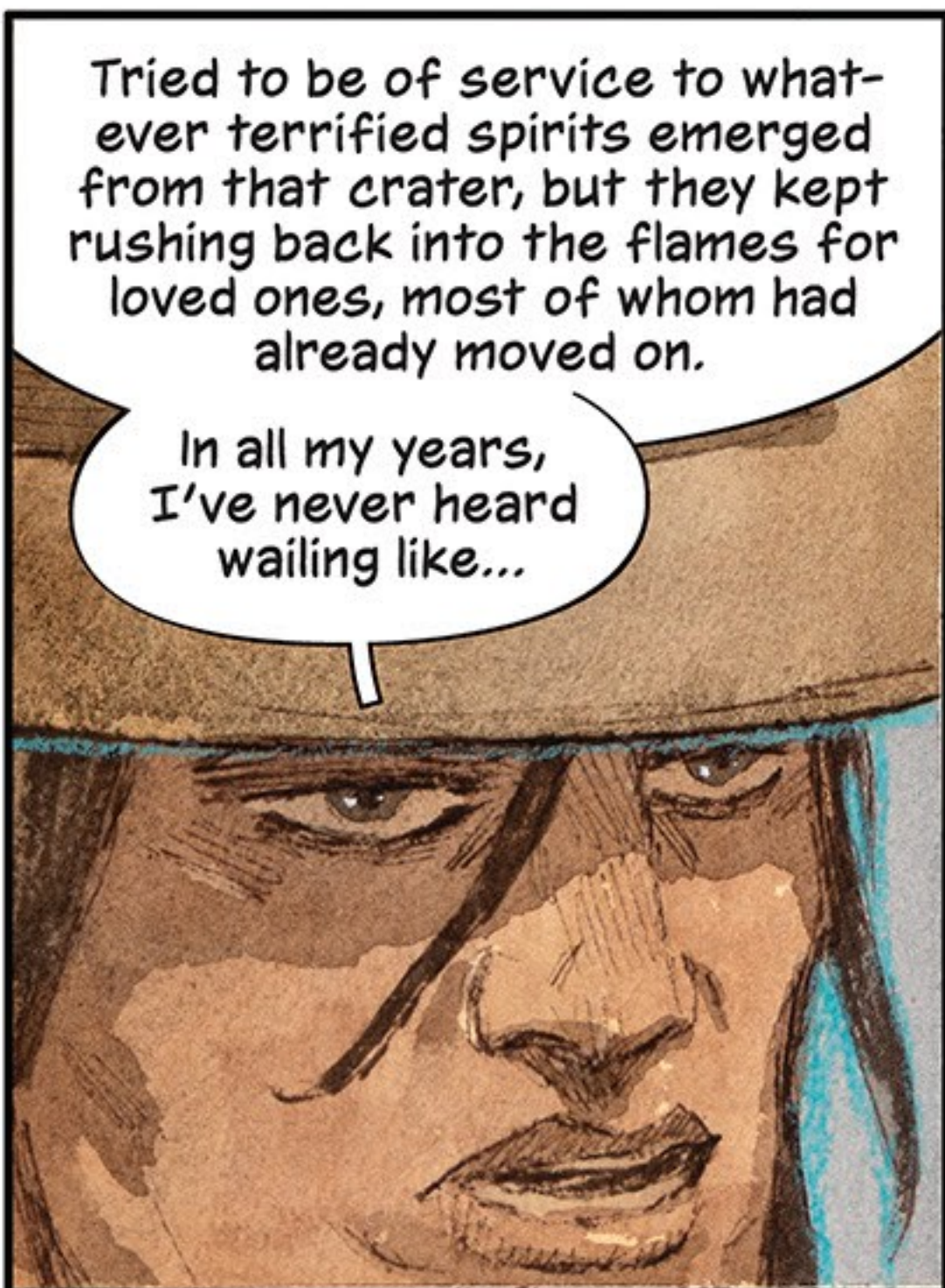
1960... but damned if I can recall the month, which speaks to the relentless march of time and such, not the magnitude of this particular tragedy.



Terrorism?

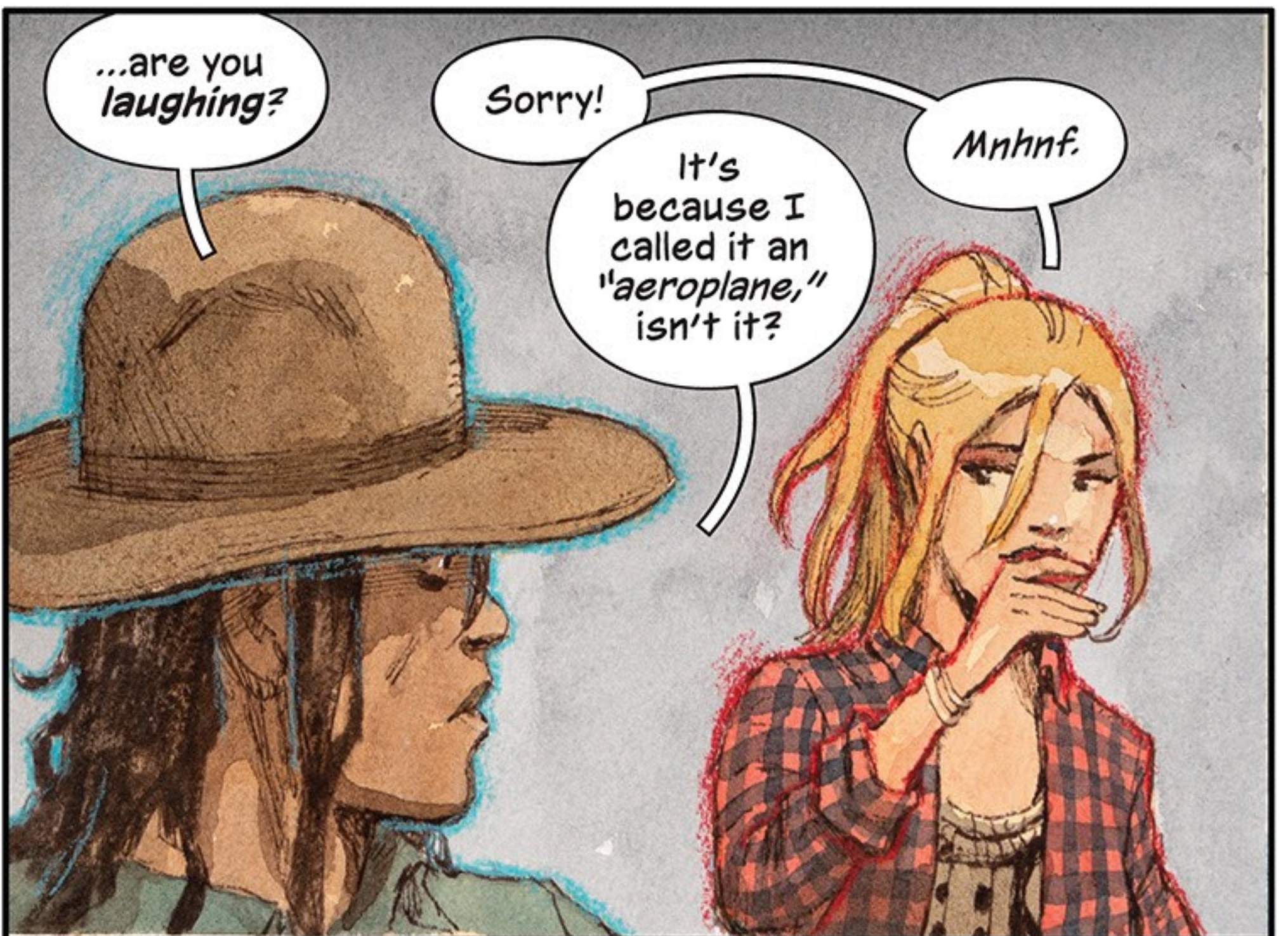
Accident, midair collision with *another* aeroplane.

Most of the first one landed right here in Park Slope, killed every soul on board and a mess of folks just going about their lives below.



Tried to be of service to whatever terrified spirits emerged from that crater, but they kept rushing back into the flames for loved ones, most of whom had already moved on.

In all my years, I've never heard wailing like...



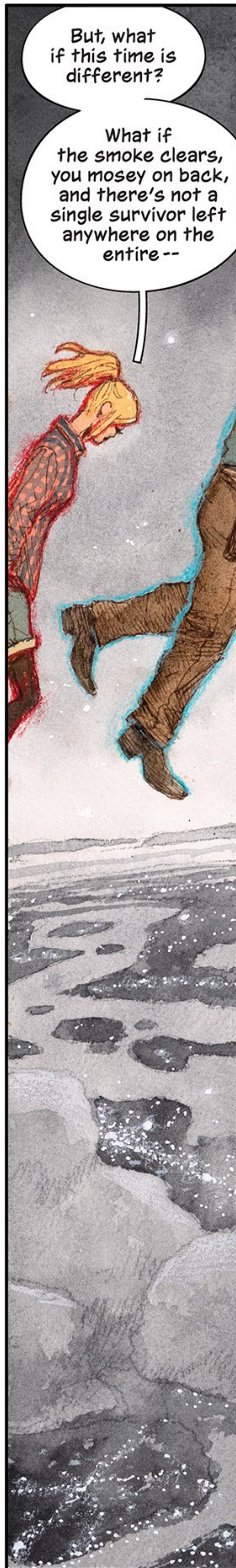
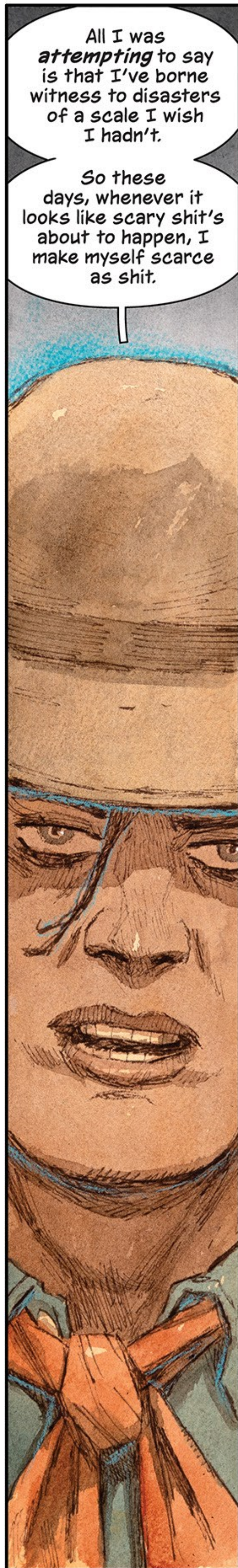
...are you laughing?

Sorry!

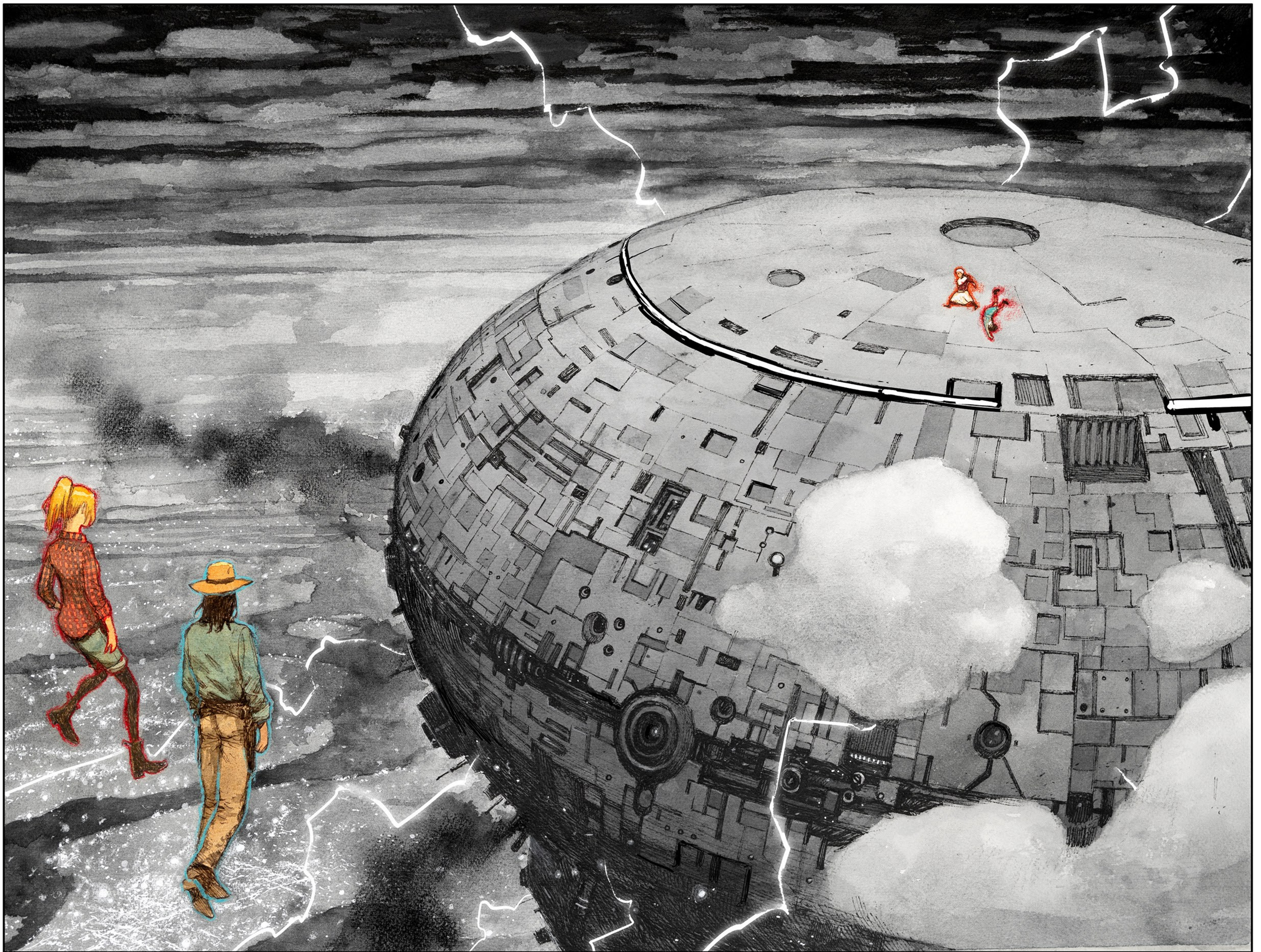
It's because I called it an "aeroplane," isn't it?

Mnhnf.











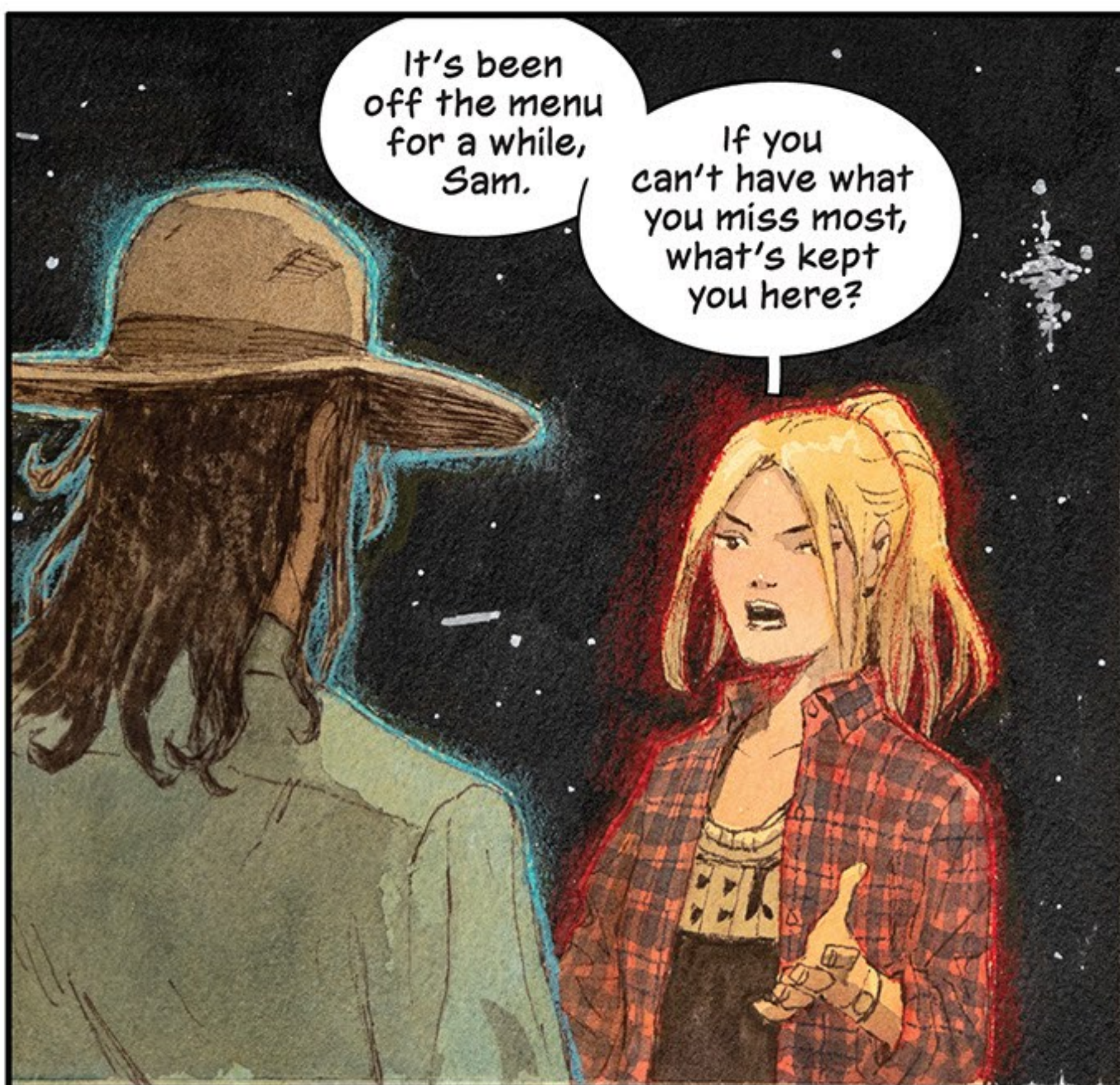


You were saying?

Nothing.

Just, if the dummies down there have gone and gotten themselves cancelled, I'm gonna be pissed.

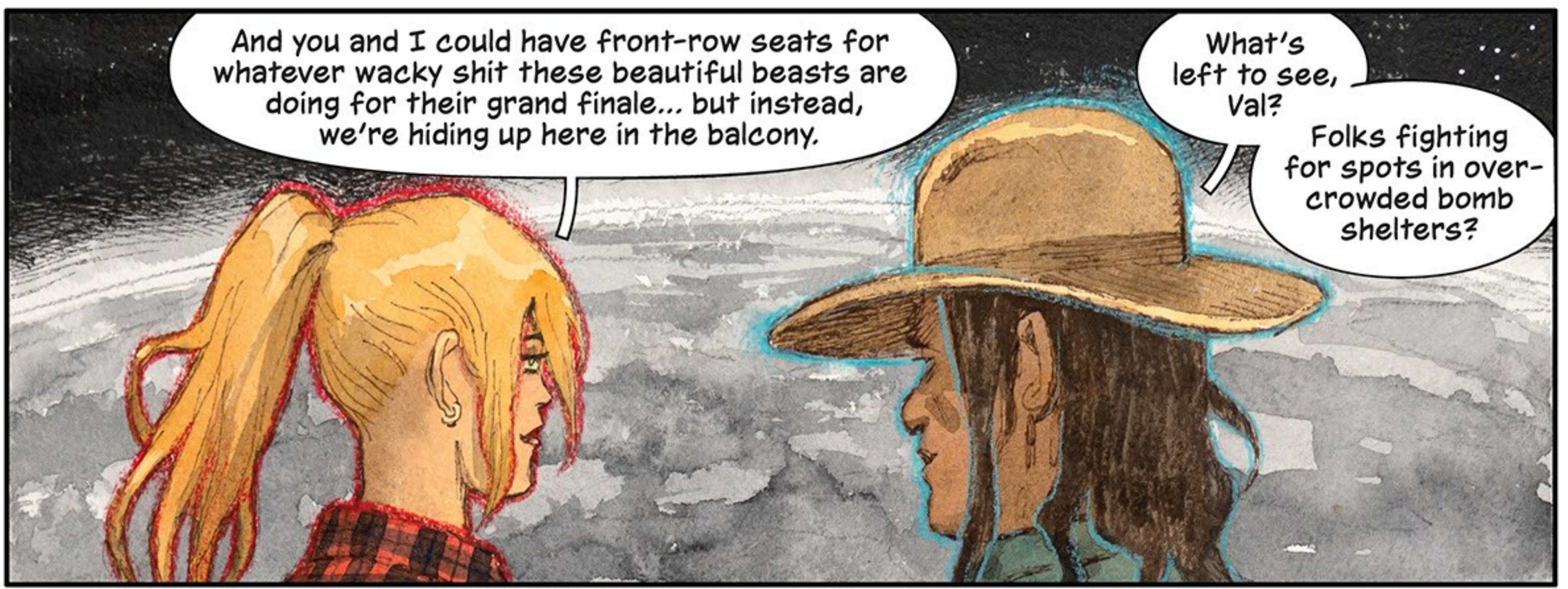












And you and I could have front-row seats for whatever wacky shit these beautiful beasts are doing for their grand finale... but instead, we're hiding up here in the balcony.

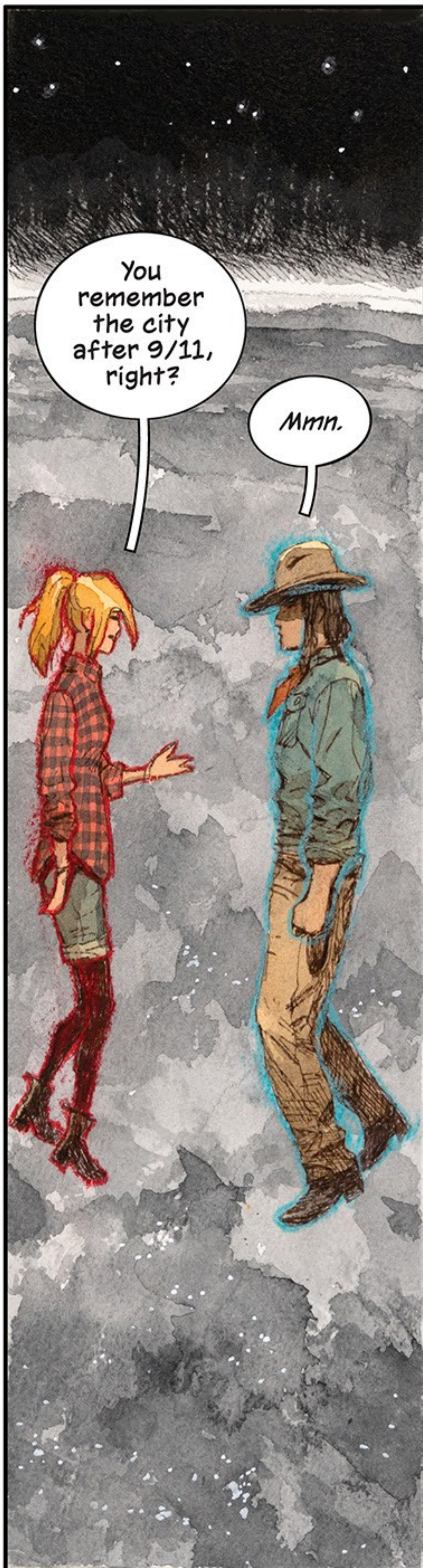
What's left to see, Val?

Folks fighting for spots in overcrowded bomb shelters?



Maybe a few, but civilization is on the brink of extinction!

Most of the sane people down there are probably busy fucking each other's brains out!



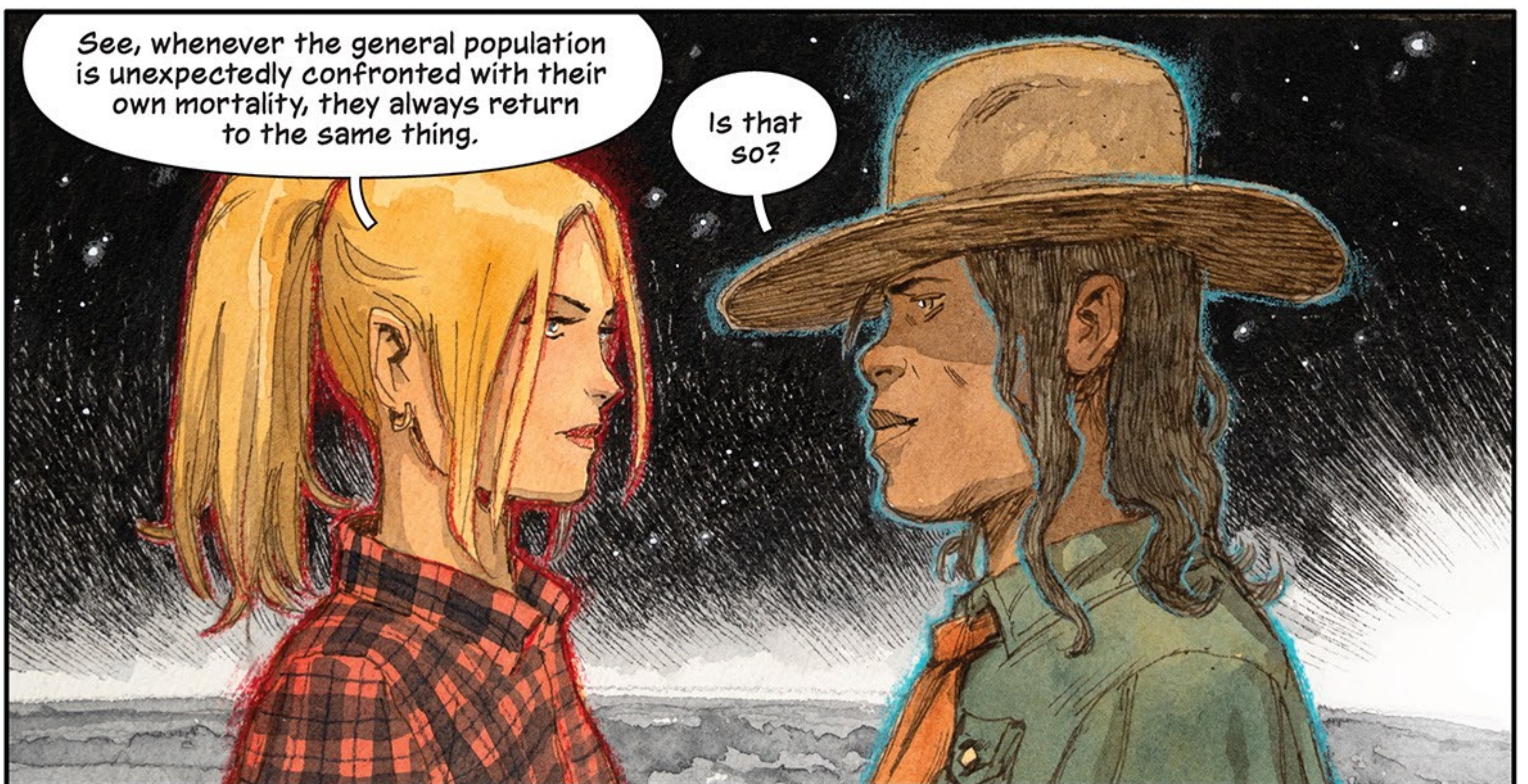
You remember the city after 9/11, right?

Mmm.

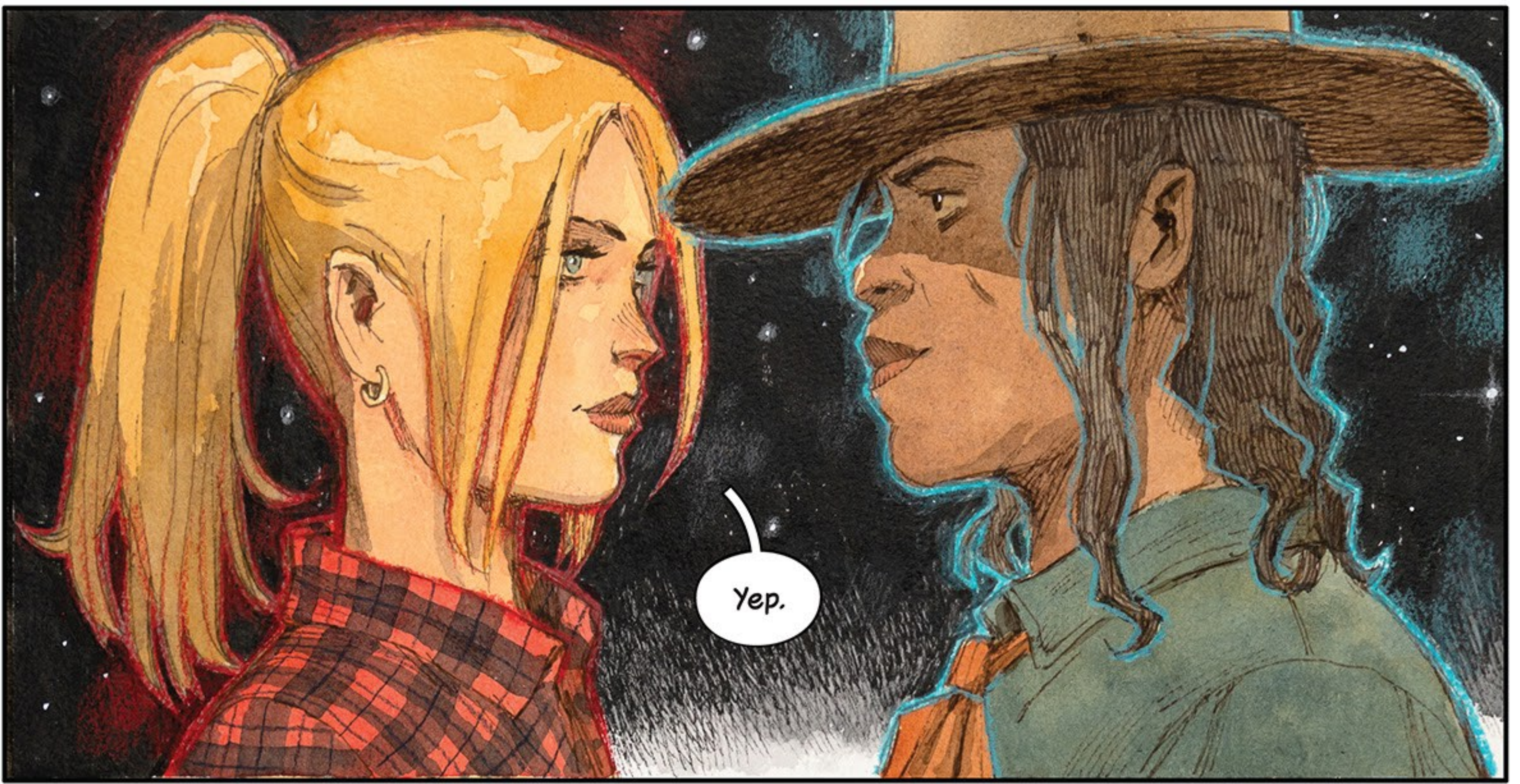


I mean, I wasn't getting laid that year, but my roommate had aggressively loud sex with every man, woman and nonbinary teacher's assistant in the West Village.

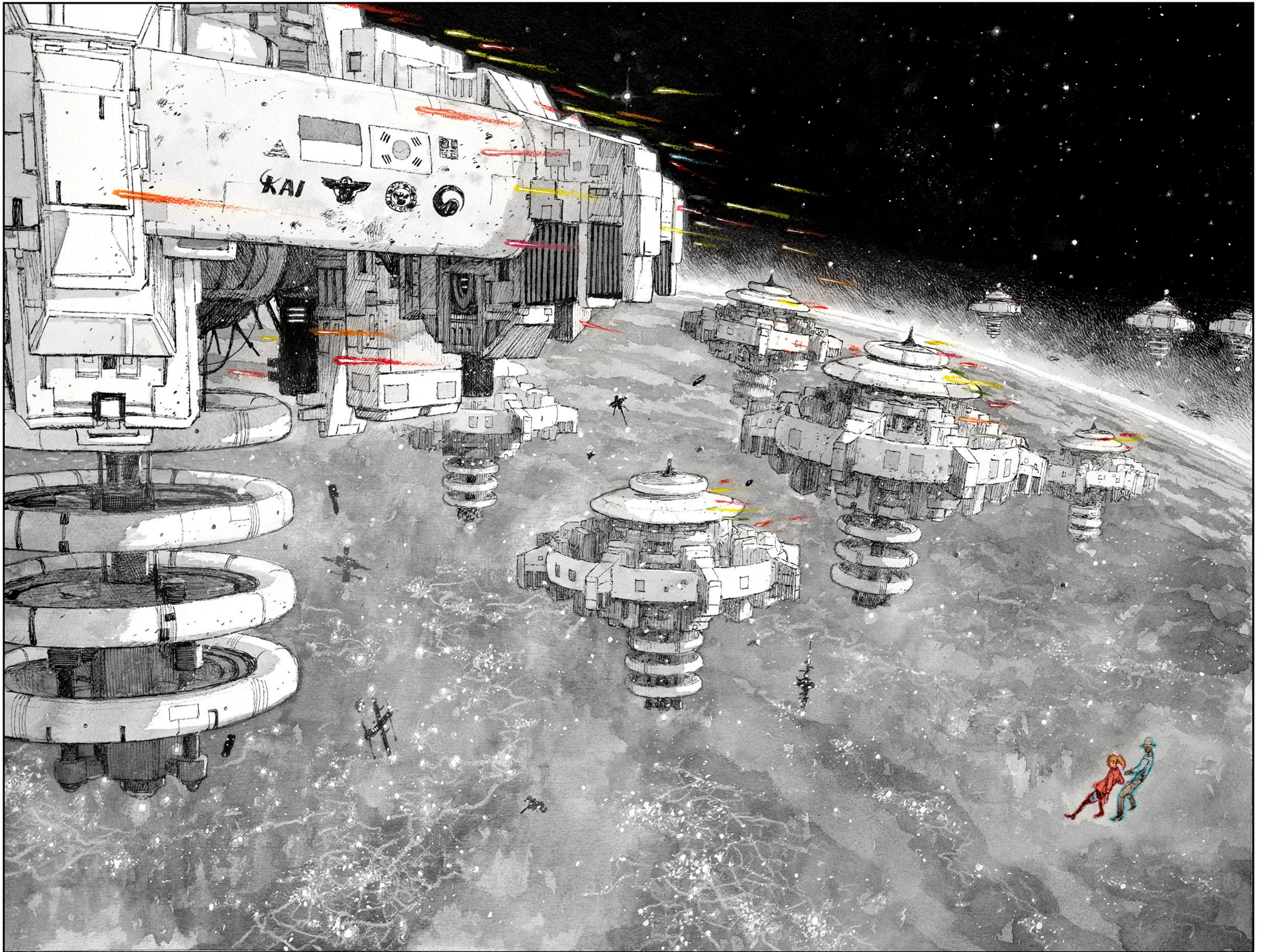




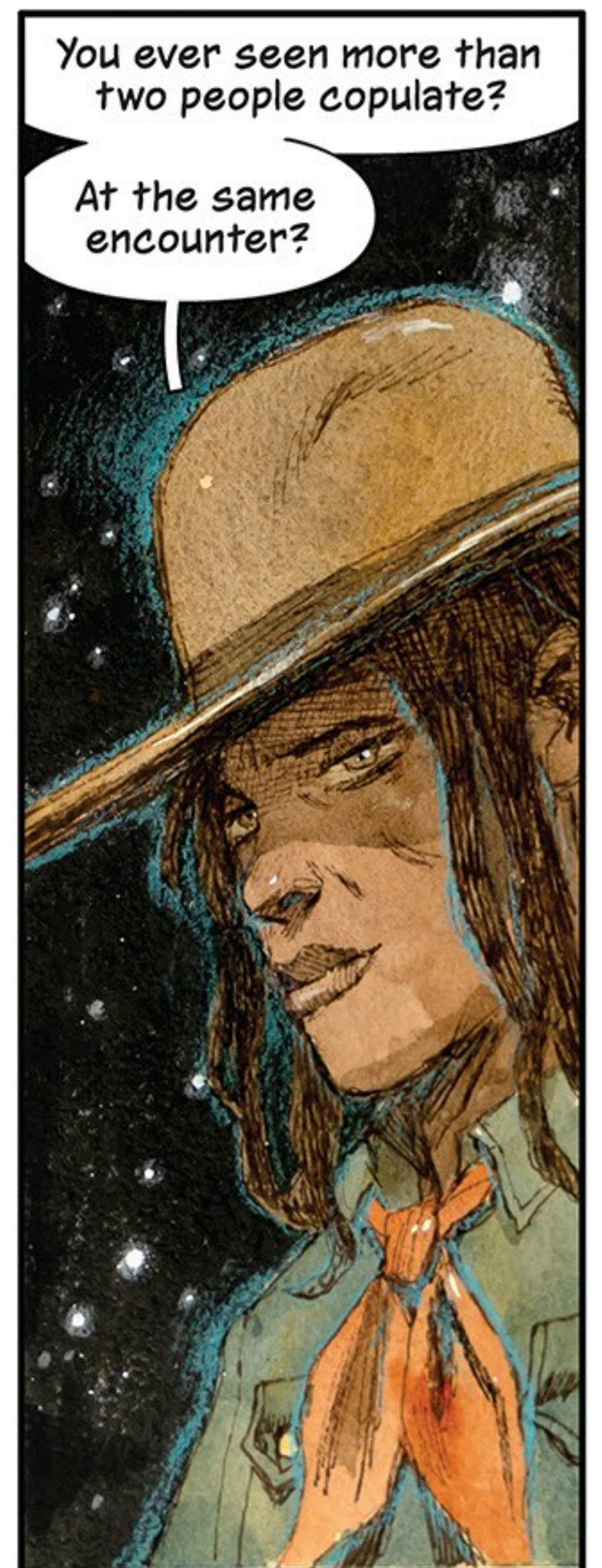




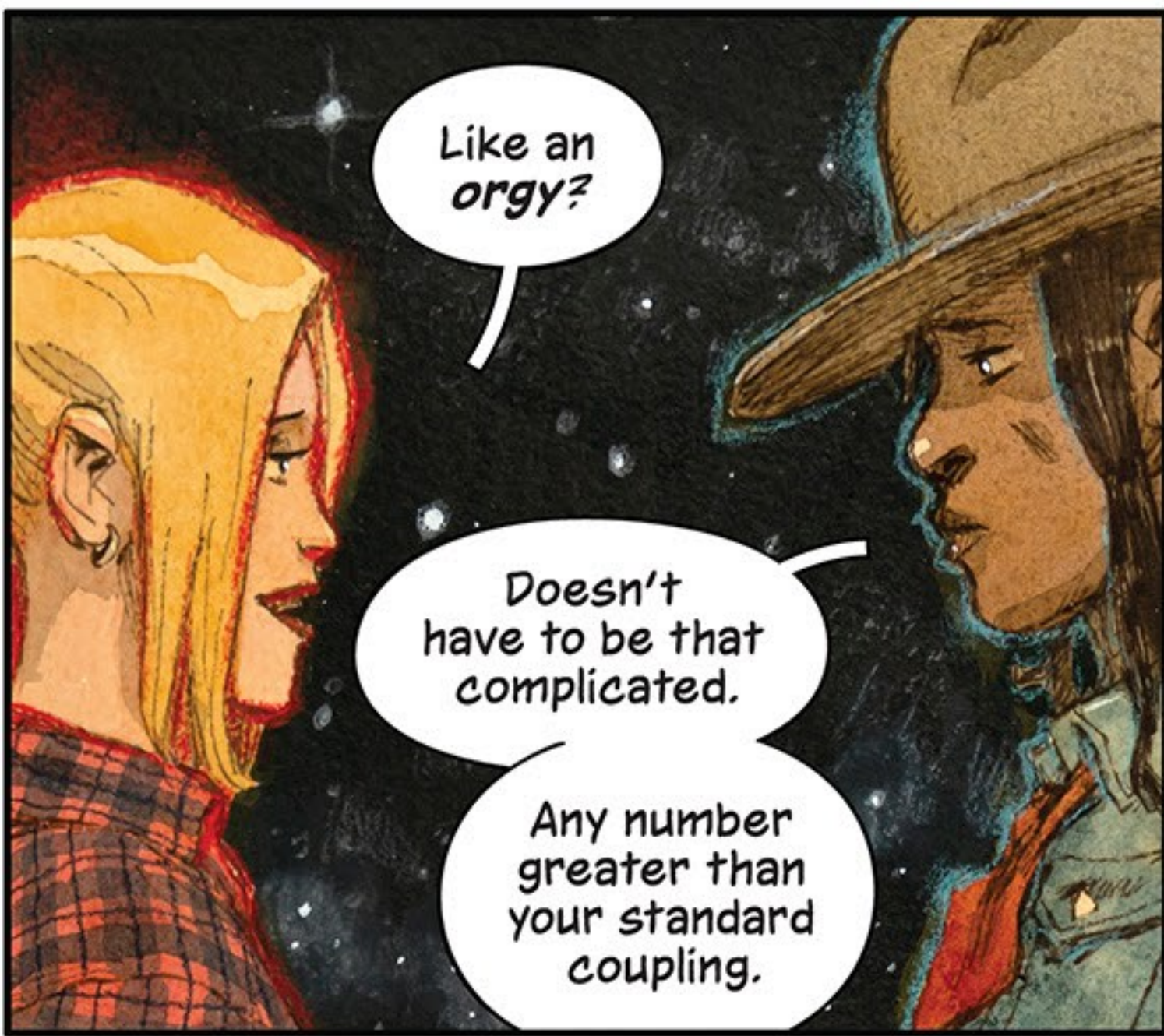








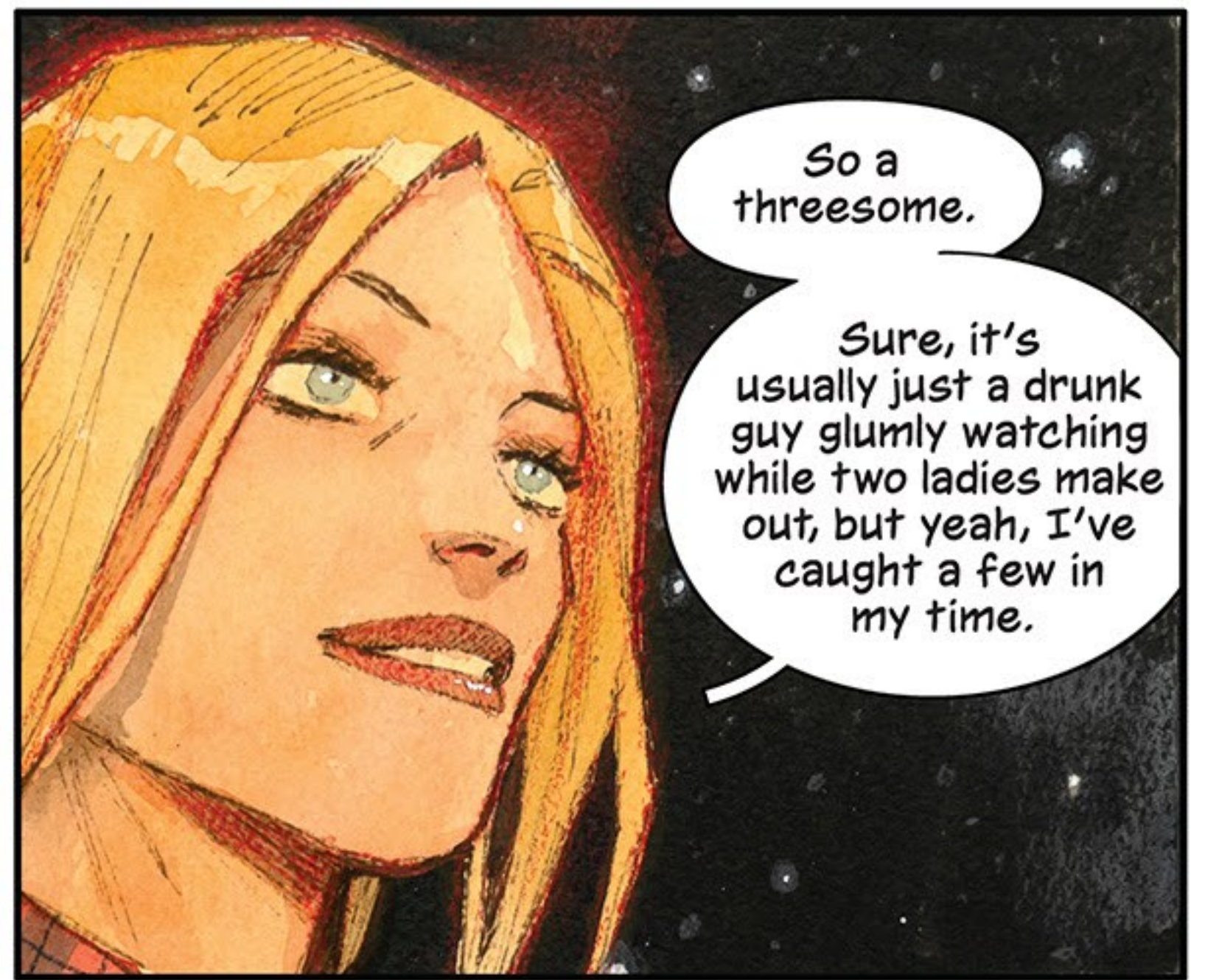




Like an orgy?

Doesn't have to be that complicated.

Any number greater than your standard coupling.



So a threesome.

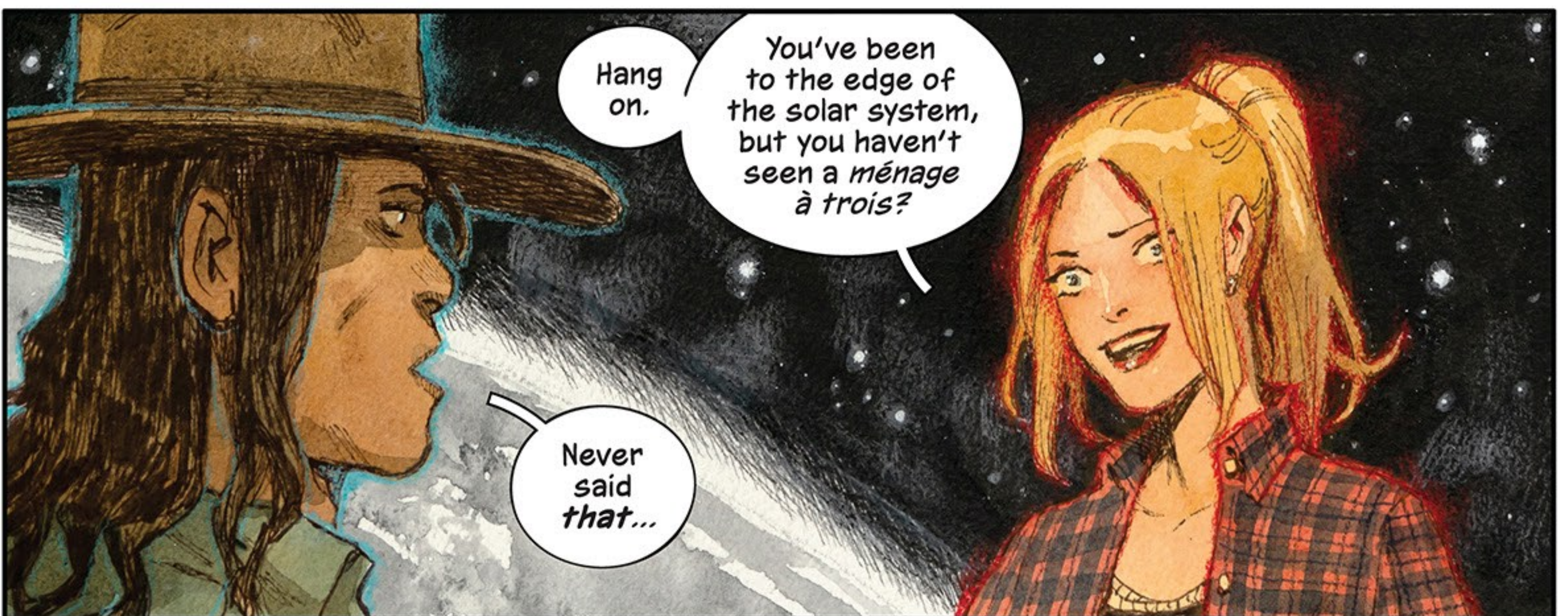
Sure, it's usually just a drunk guy glumly watching while two ladies make out, but yeah, I've caught a few in my time.



Well, if this is really the potential conclusion of all such gatherings... I suppose I wouldn't object to viewing one up close and personal.

Fuck yes!

That's the fucking spirit!

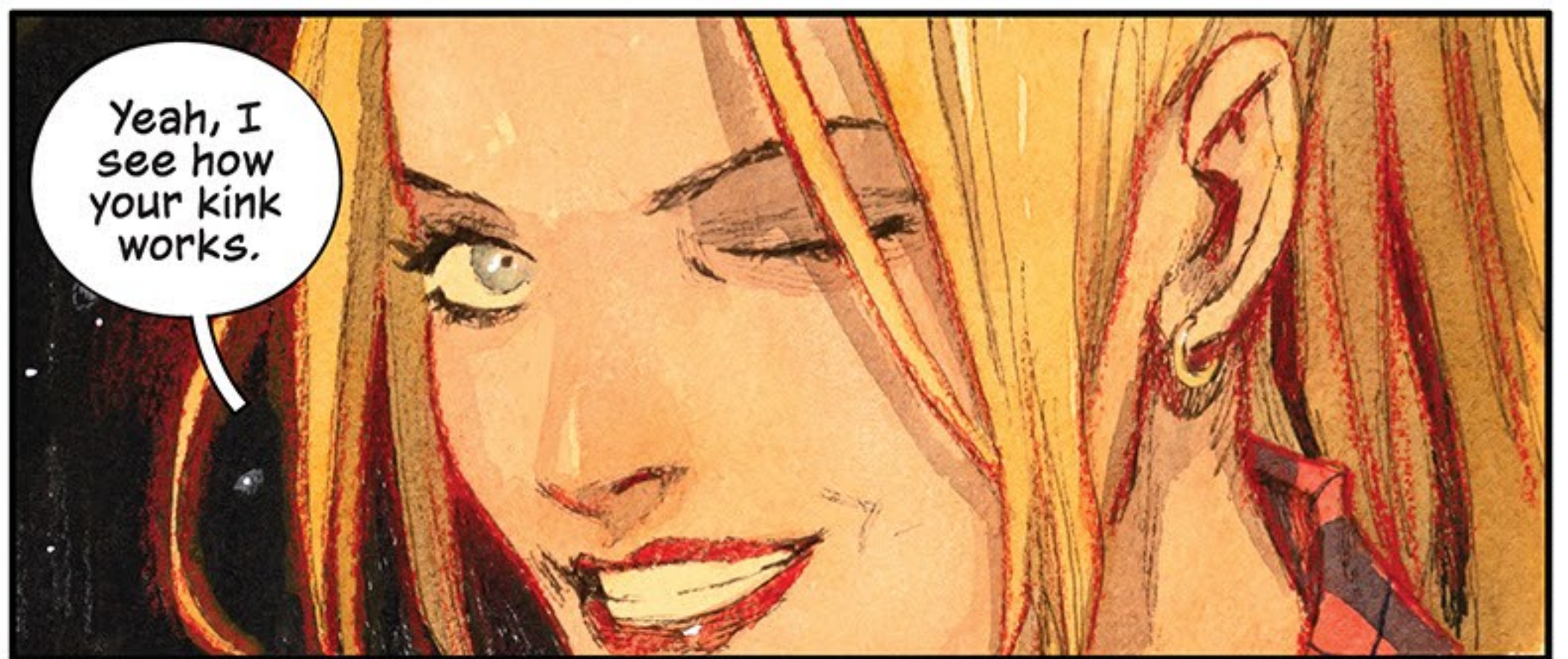
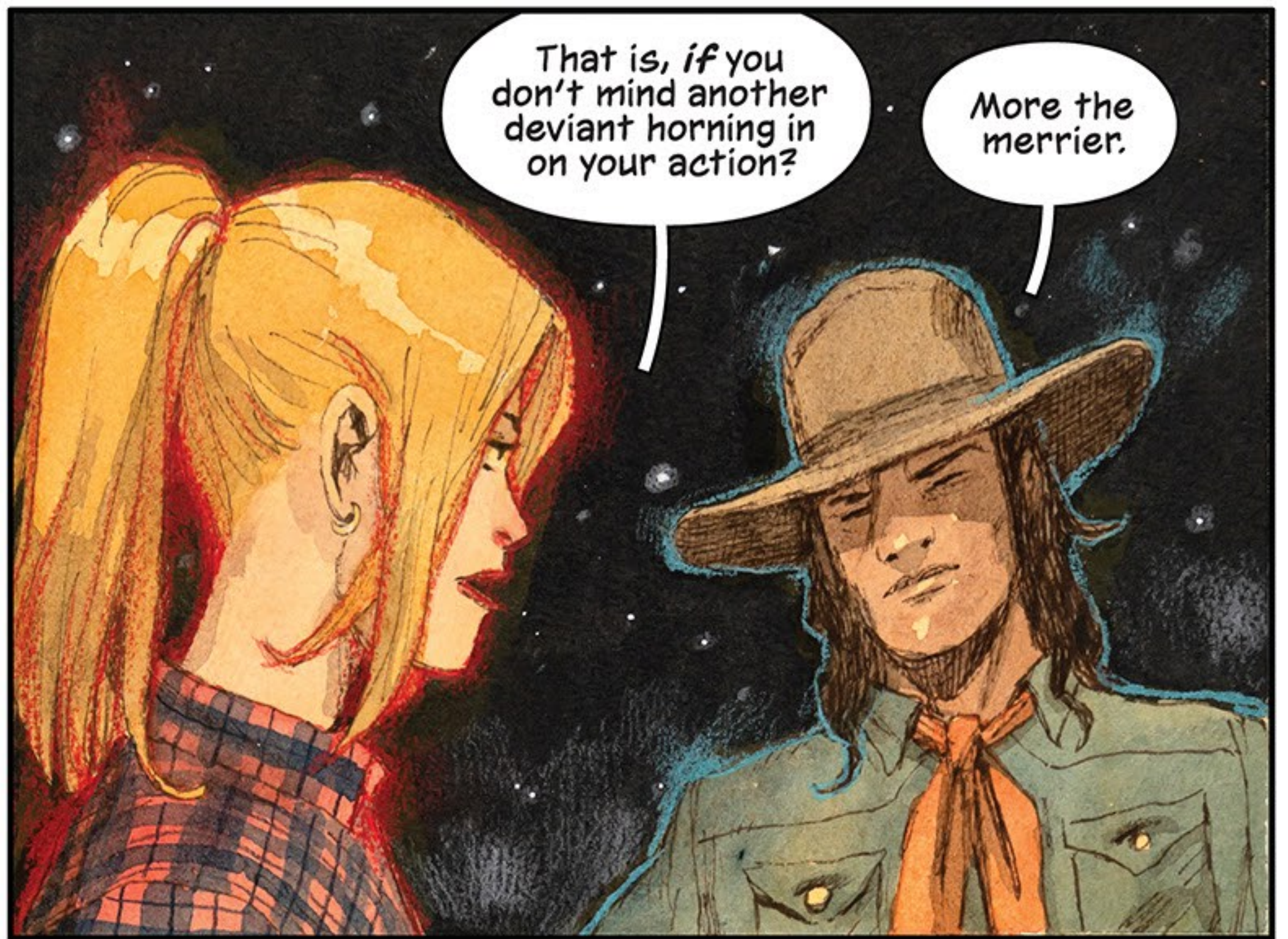


Hang on.

You've been to the edge of the solar system, but you haven't seen a *ménage à trois*?

Never said that...





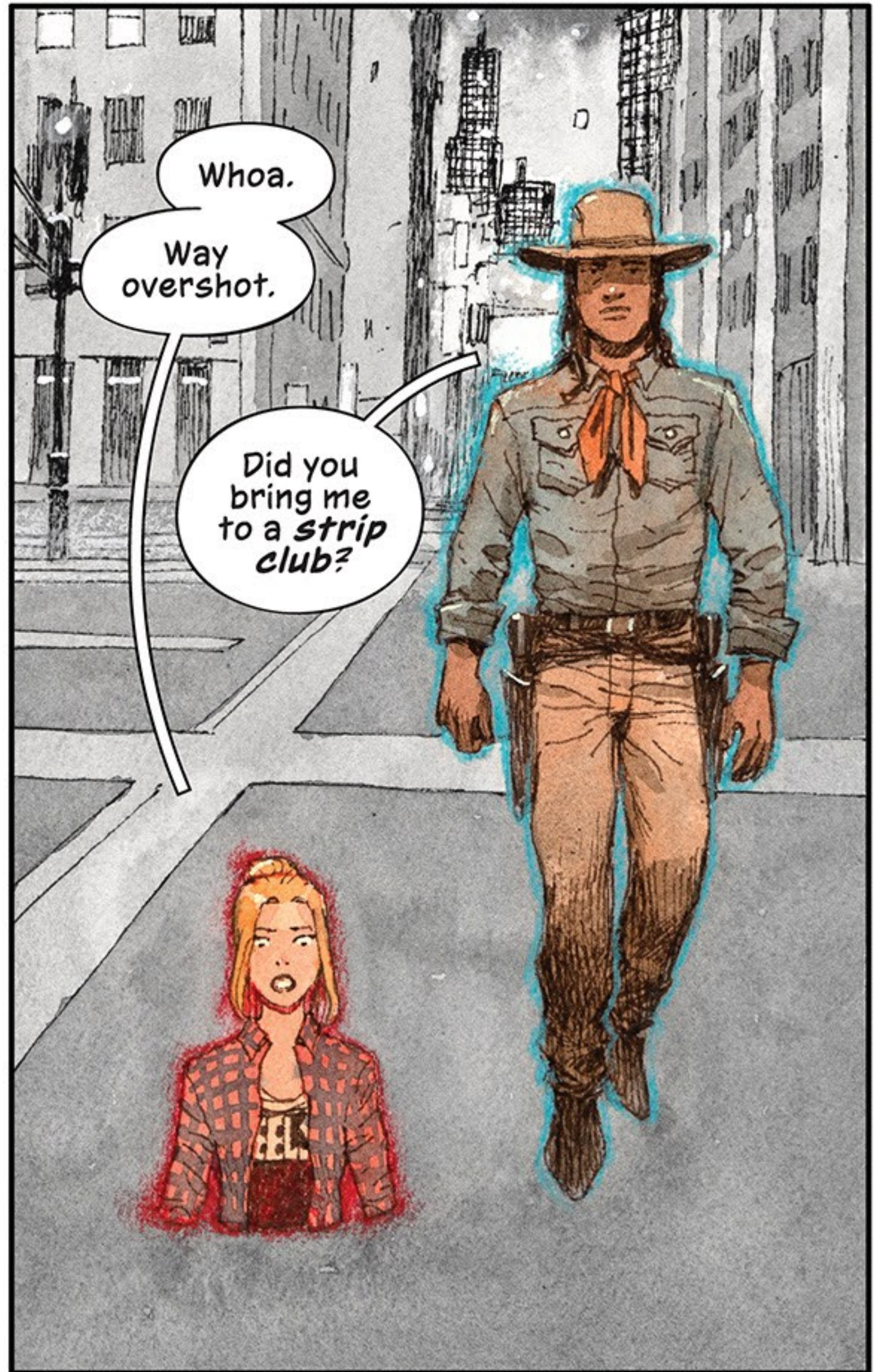
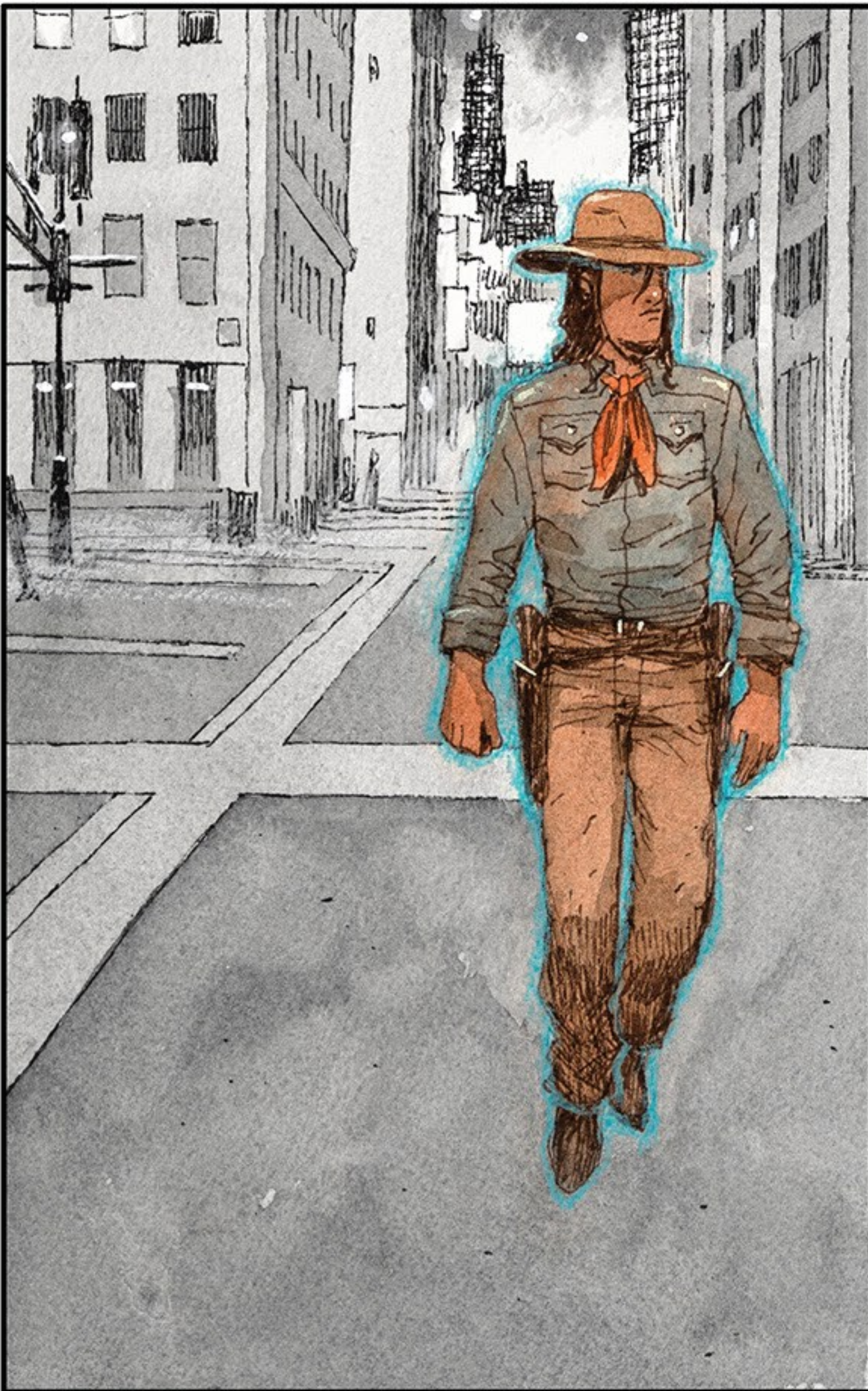
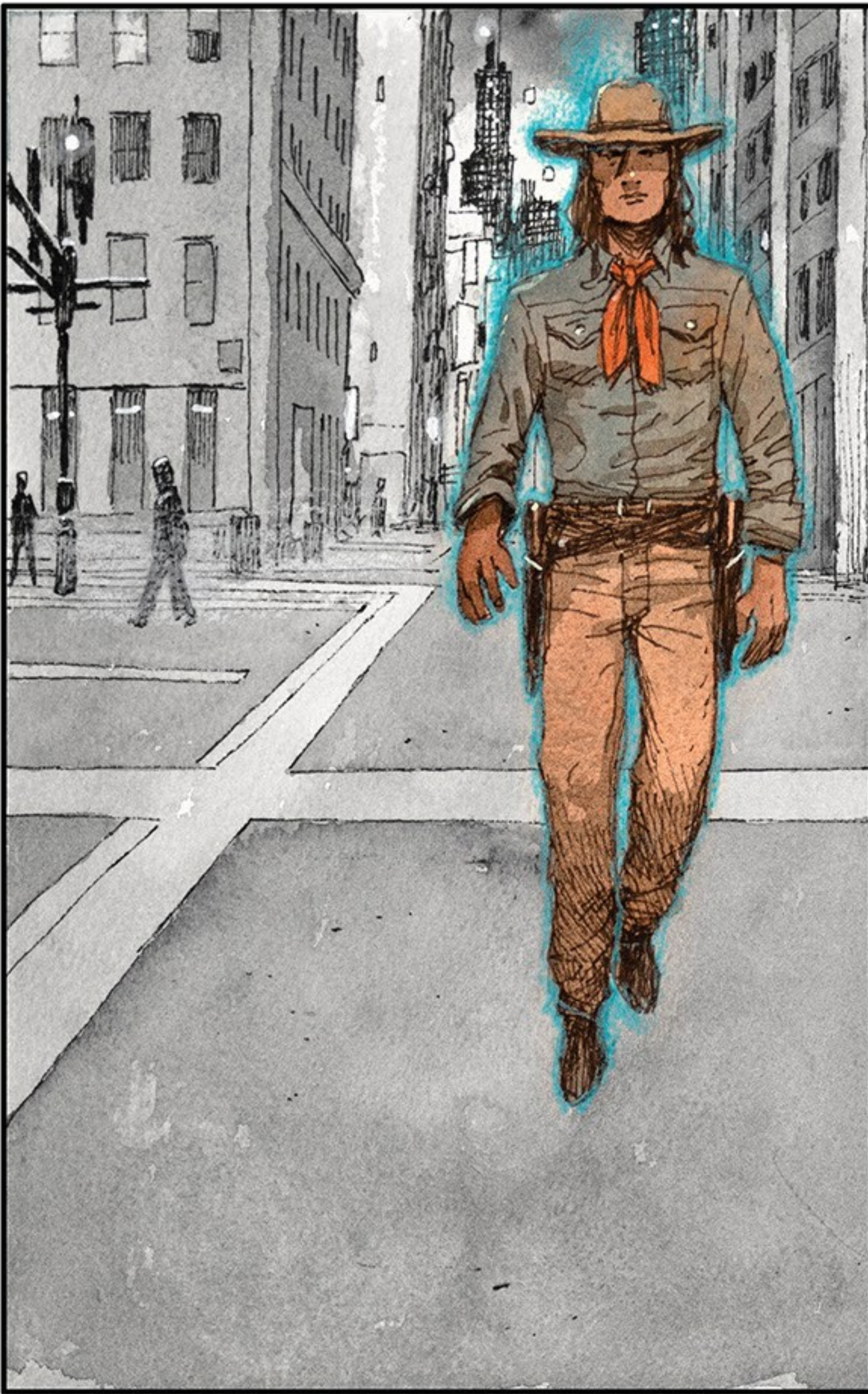




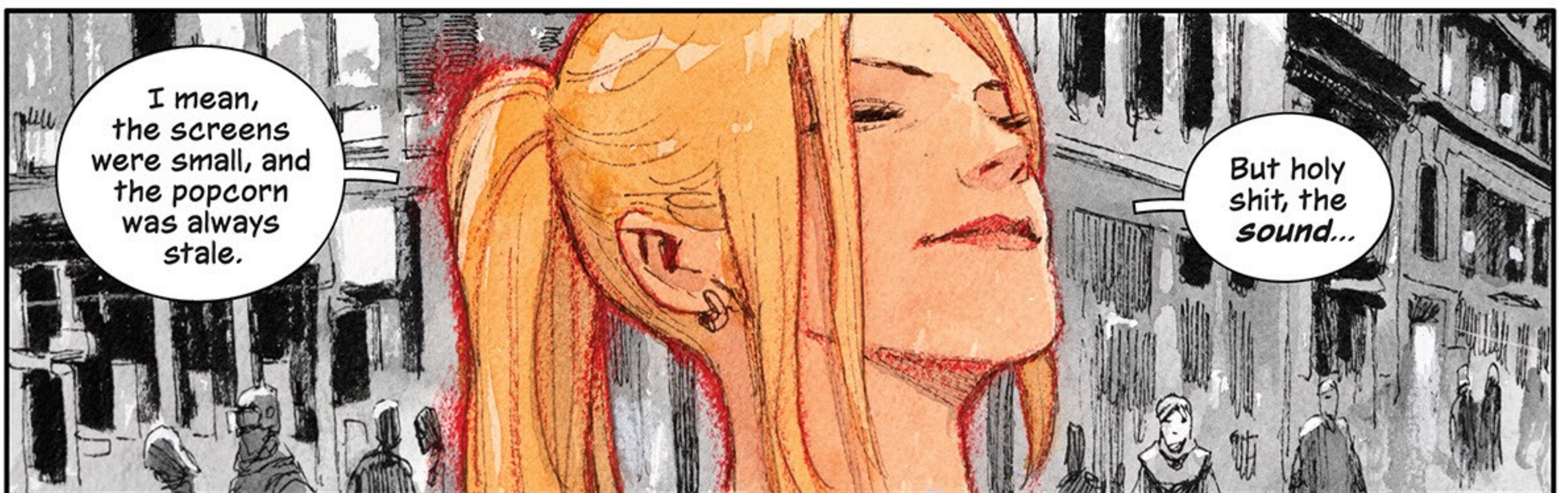
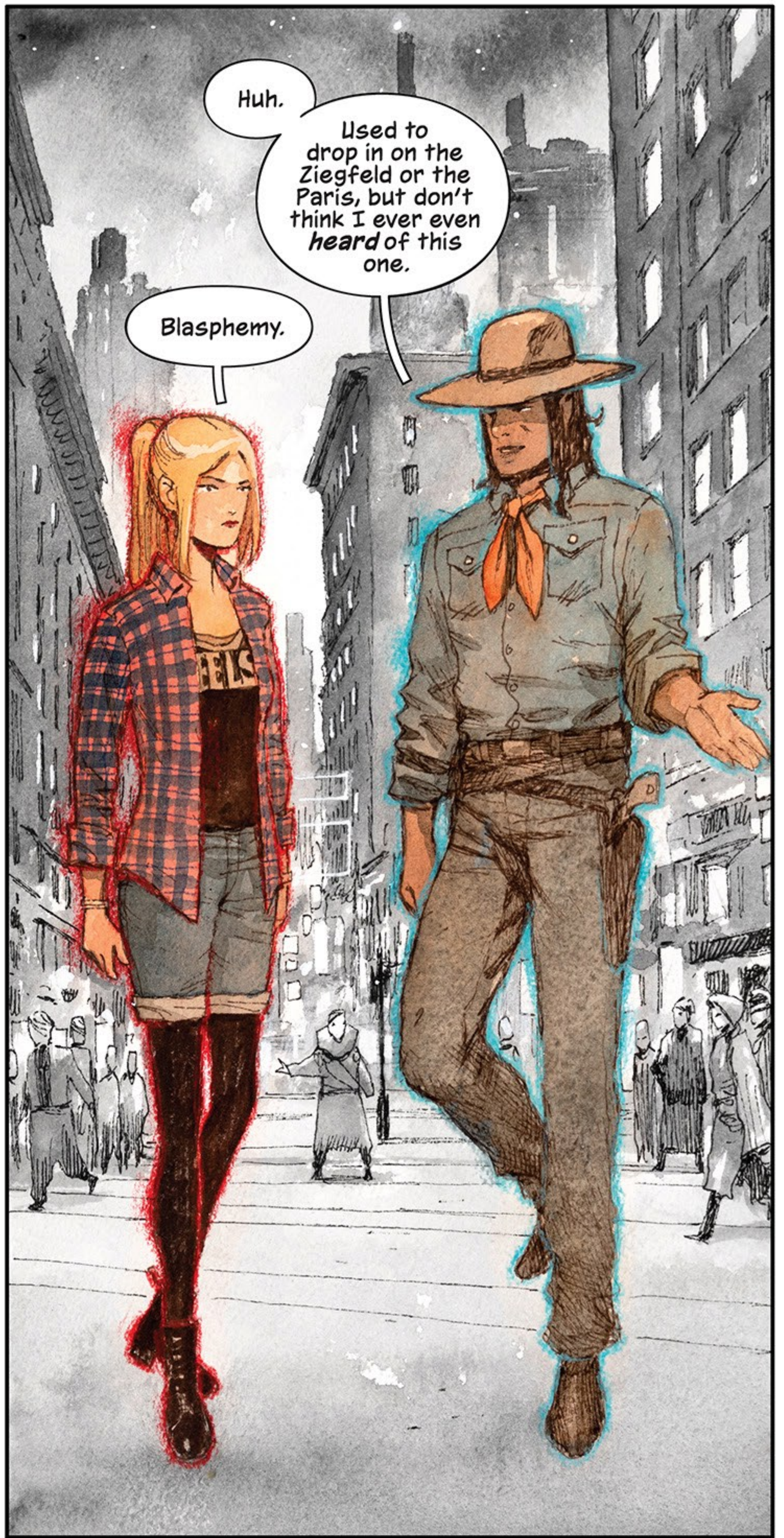




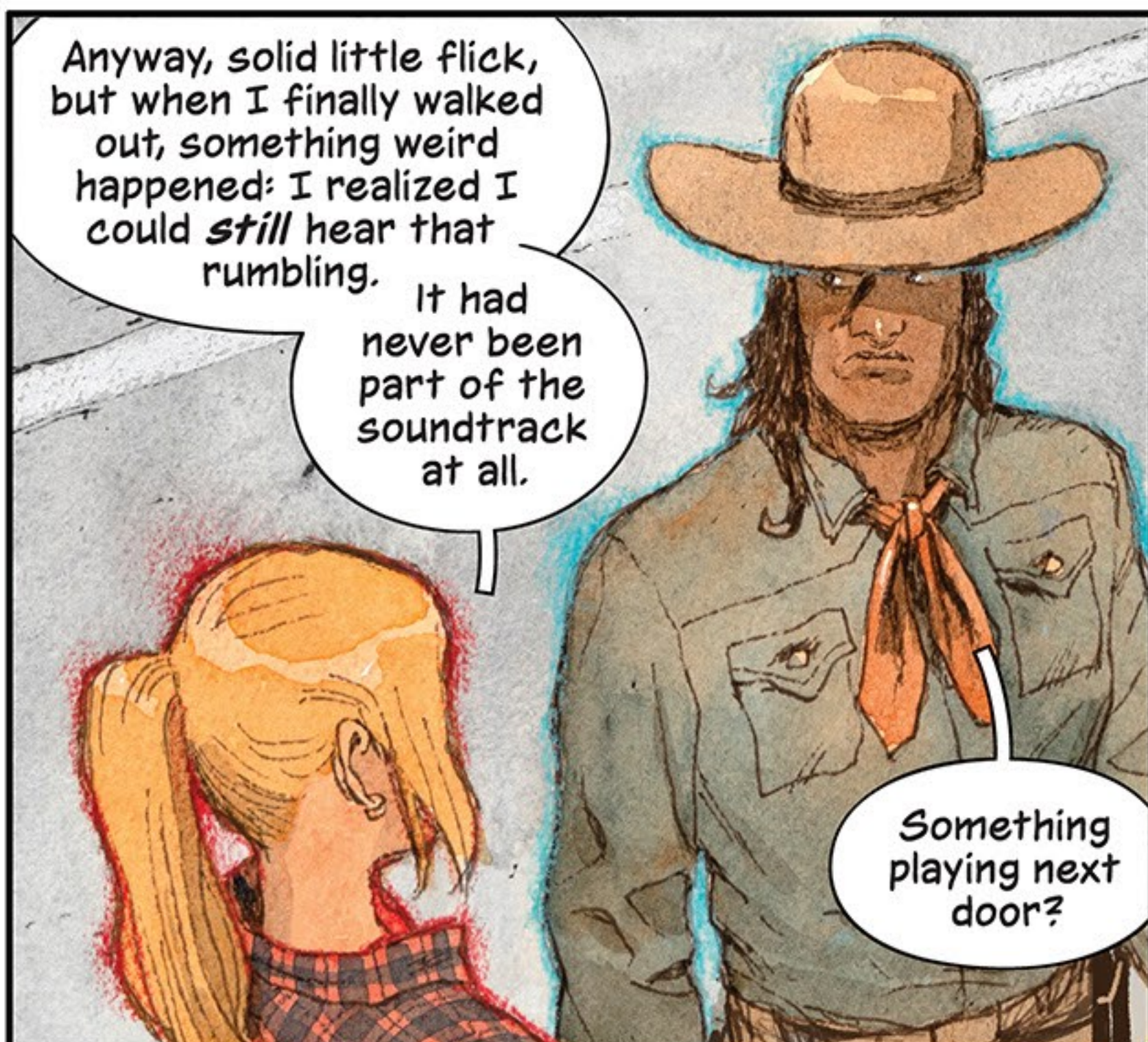
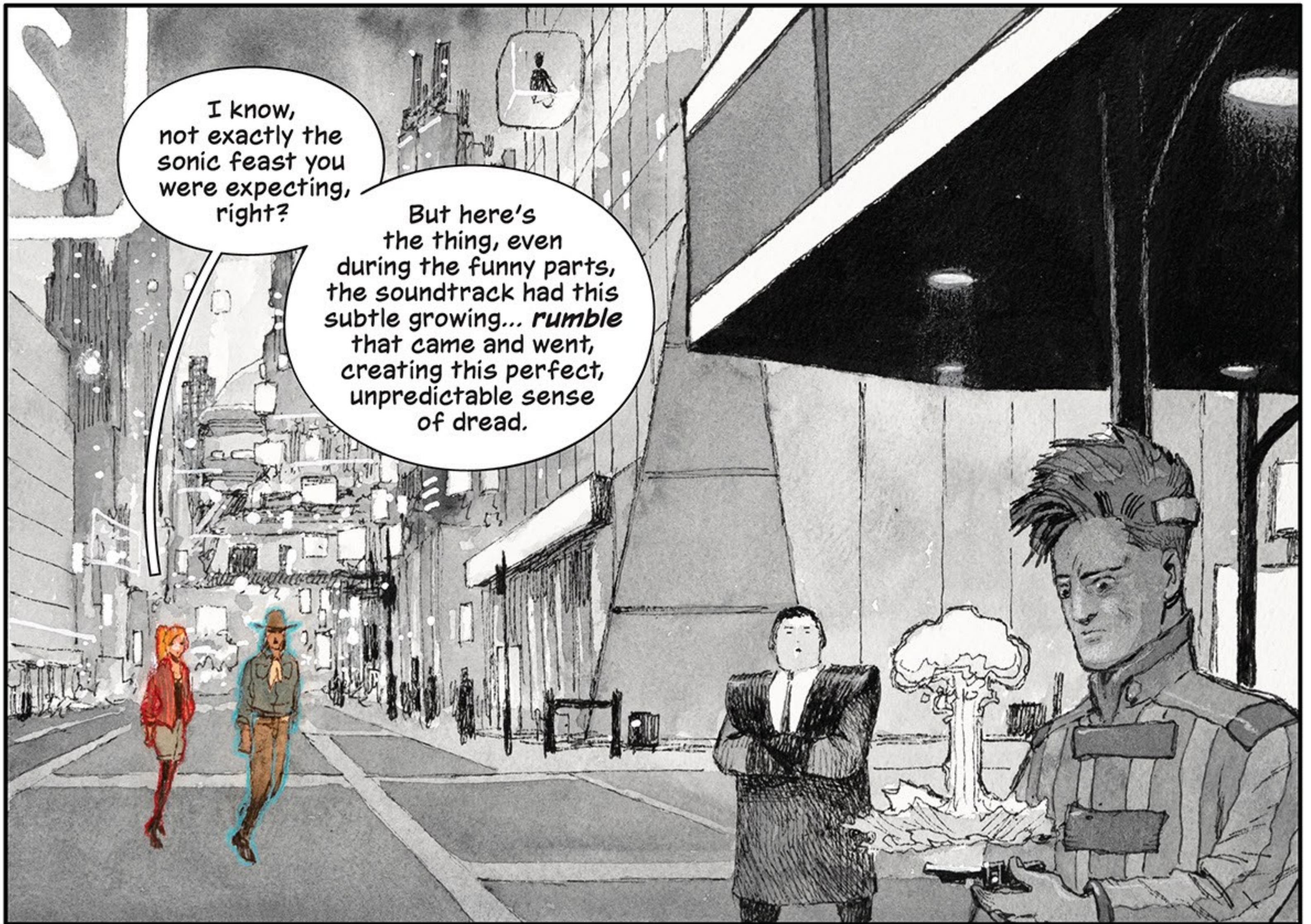
















And you *liked* subway cars constantly interrupting your motion pic...

...your movie?

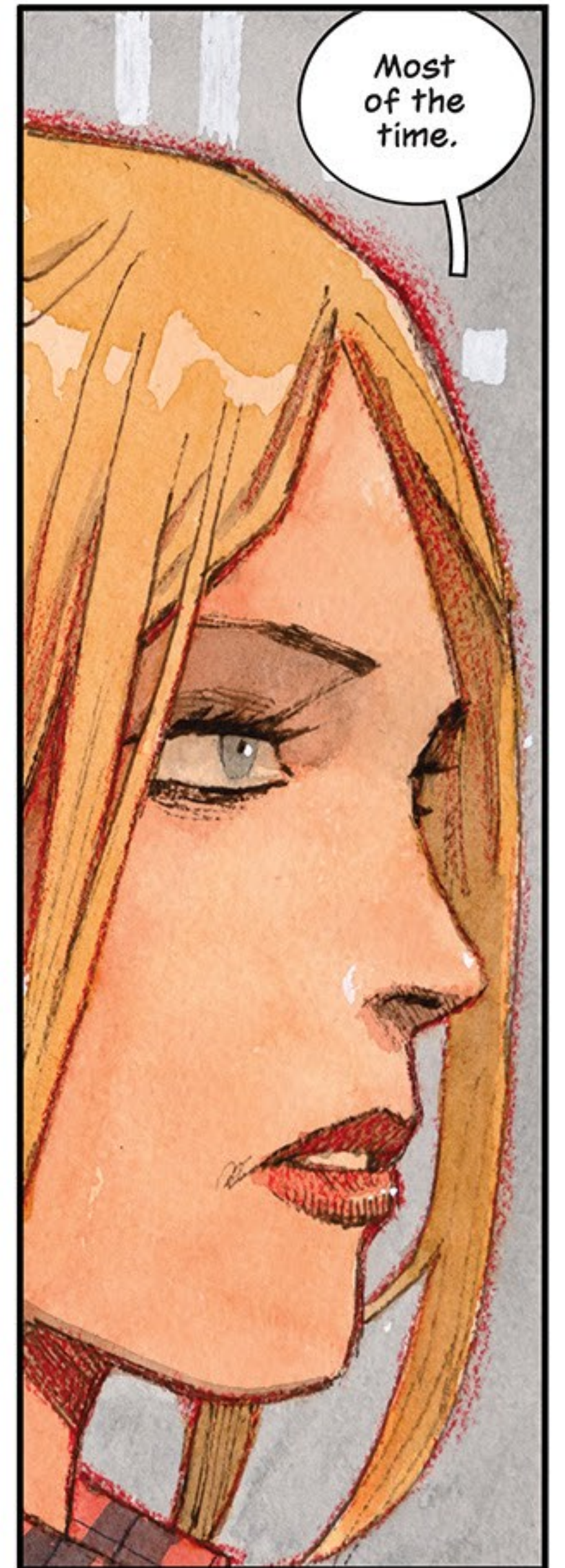
Every single time for the next thousand things I saw there.



No offense, but that sounds distracting as all hell.

Maybe, but I used to *love* that push and pull of the real world with whatever I was watching.

Being submerged in somebody else's story while also feeling that, like, periodic tug on the hose of your diving suit? It was weirdly comforting.



Most of the time.



Anyway.

Welcome to the old Angelika.

What is it these days?



IT'S THE ♪  
♪ ENNNND

OF THE ♪  
♪ WORLD AS  
WE KNOW IT...

AND IIIIII ♪  
FEEEEEL FIIINE...



Um.





You *did* bring me to a strip club.

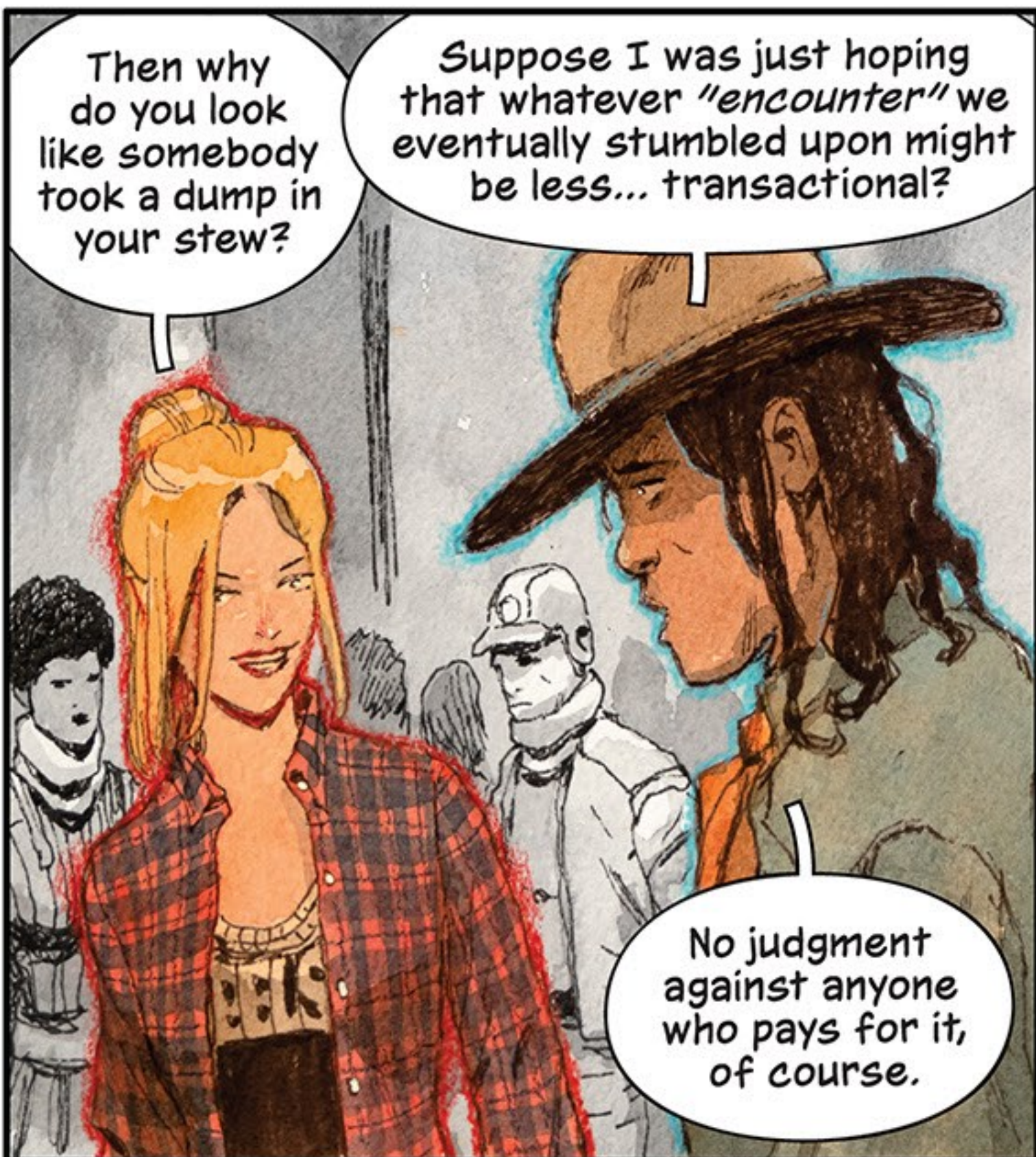
One that also features penises!

Are you and your era's social norms completely scandalized?



By fellas enjoying each other's company?

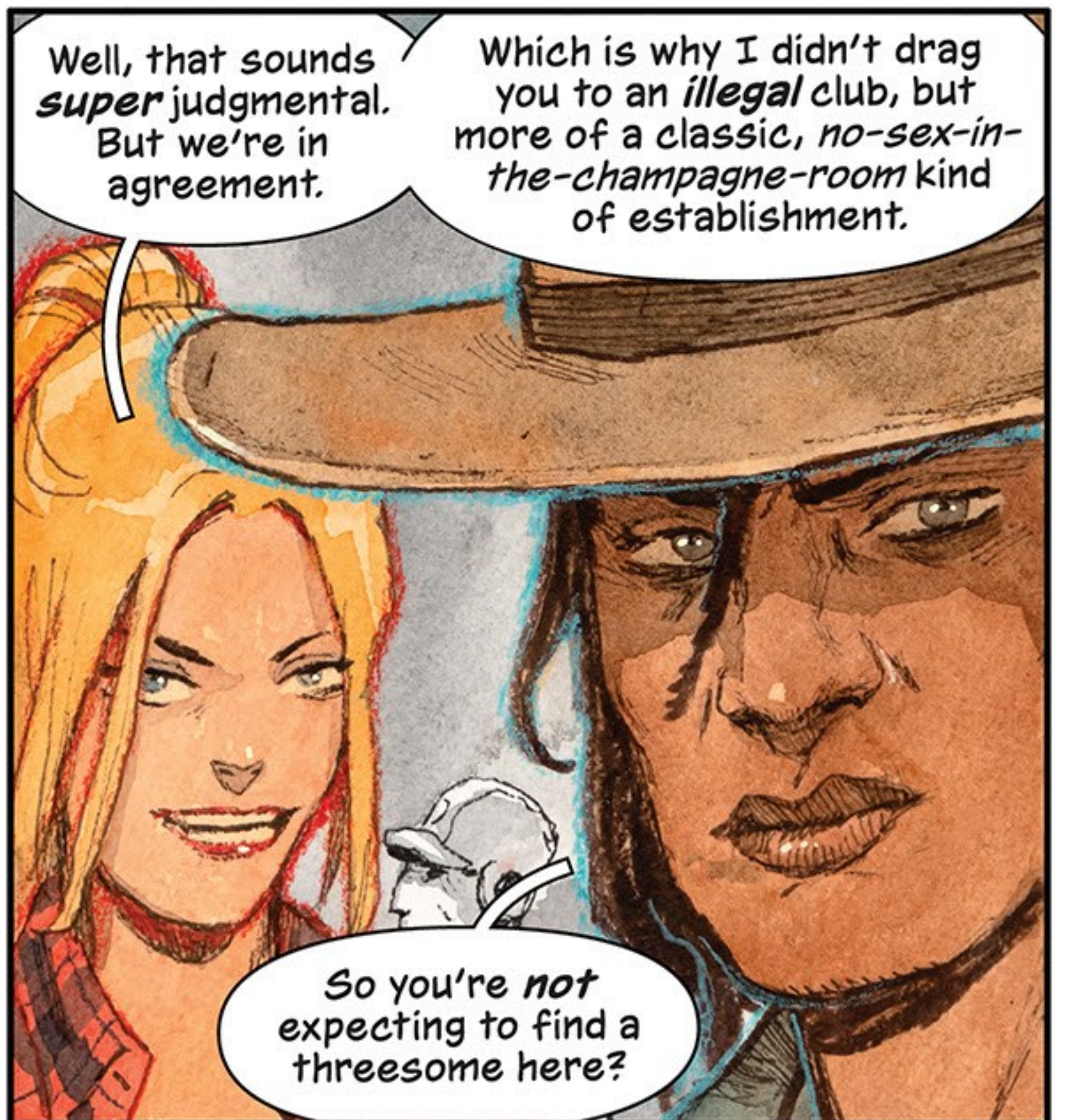
That was old hat long before I came around.



Then why do you look like somebody took a dump in your stew?

Suppose I was just hoping that whatever "encounter" we eventually stumbled upon might be less... transactional?

No judgment against anyone who pays for it, of course.

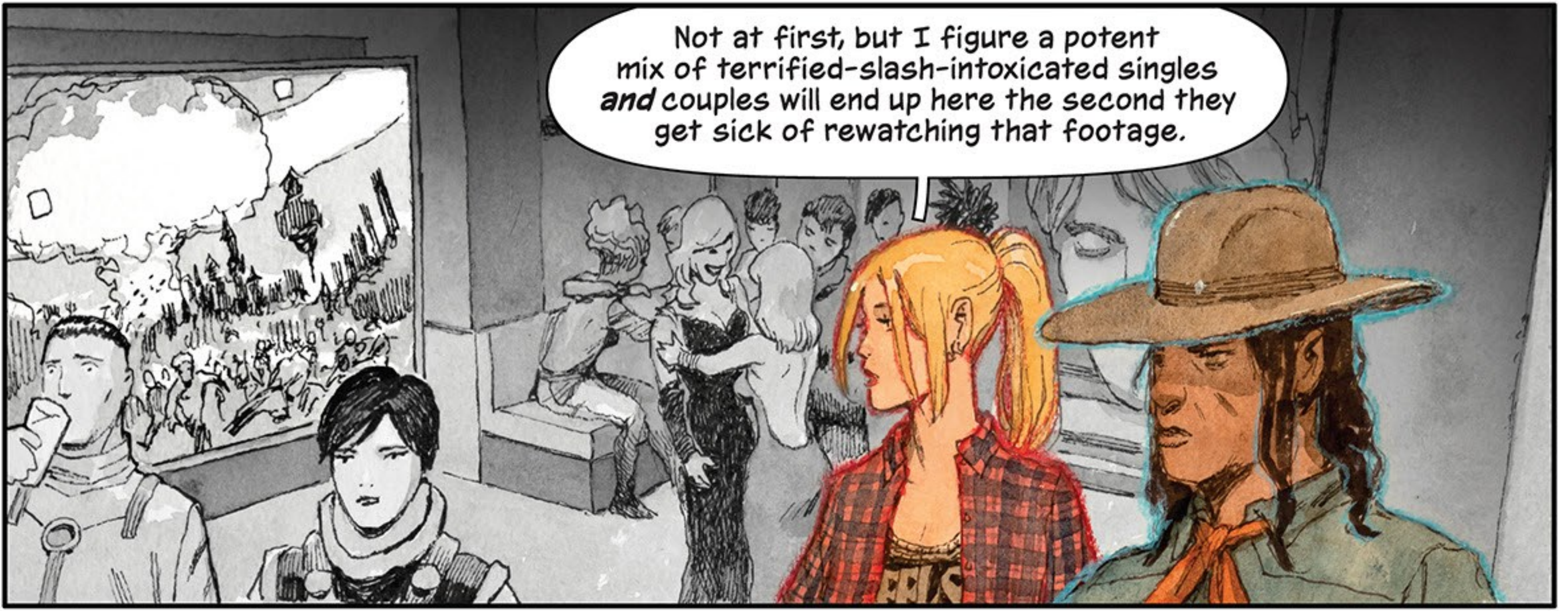


Well, that sounds *super* judgmental. But we're in agreement.

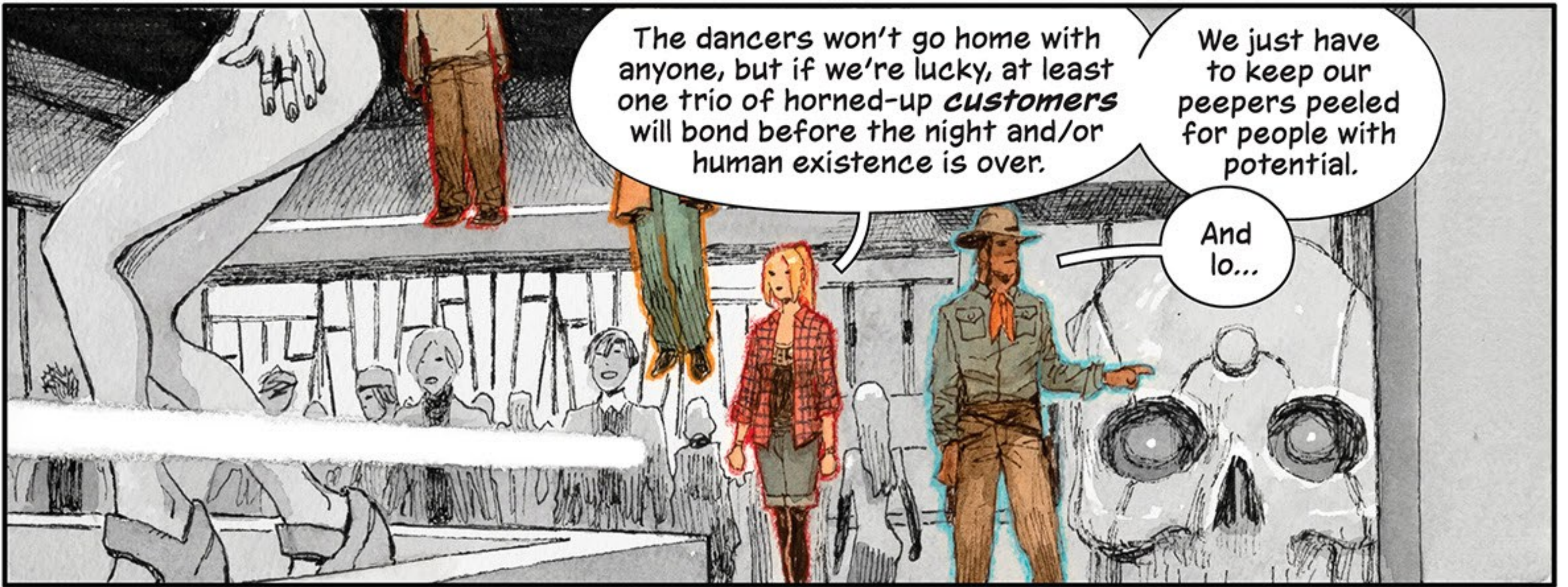
Which is why I didn't drag you to an *illegal* club, but more of a classic, *no-sex-in-the-champagne-room* kind of establishment.

So you're *not* expecting to find a threesome here?





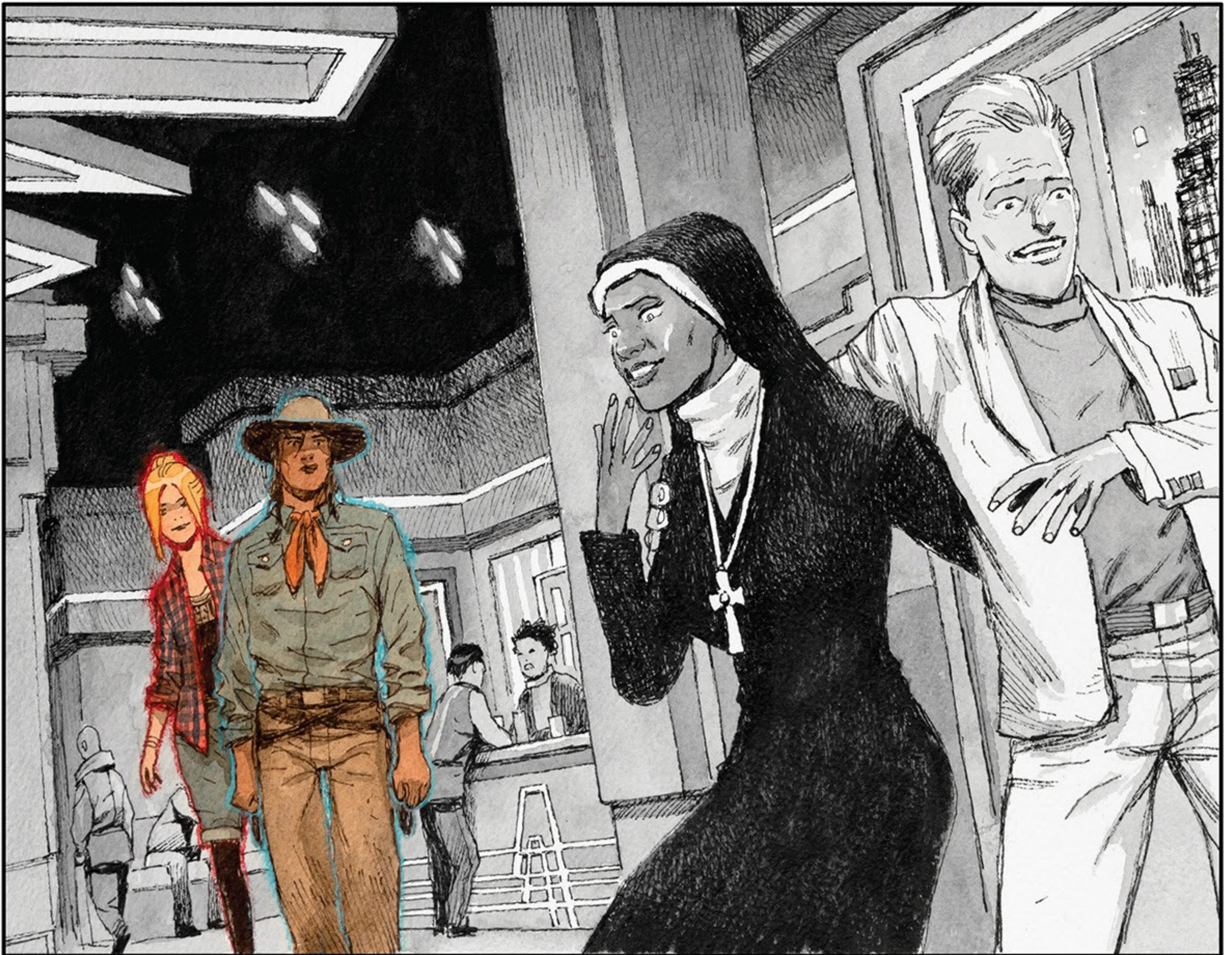
Not at first, but I figure a potent mix of terrified-slash-intoxicated singles *and* couples will end up here the second they get sick of rewatching that footage.



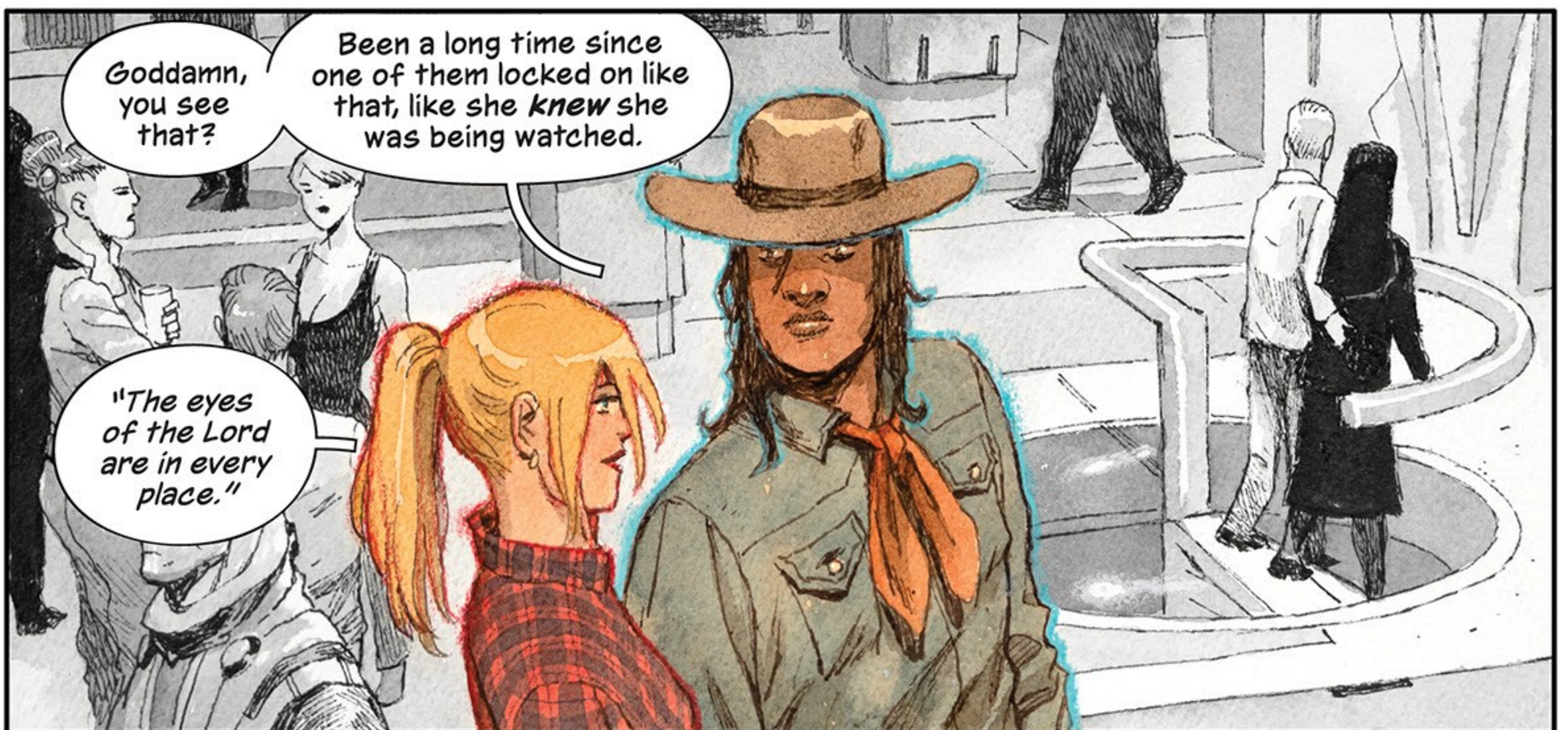
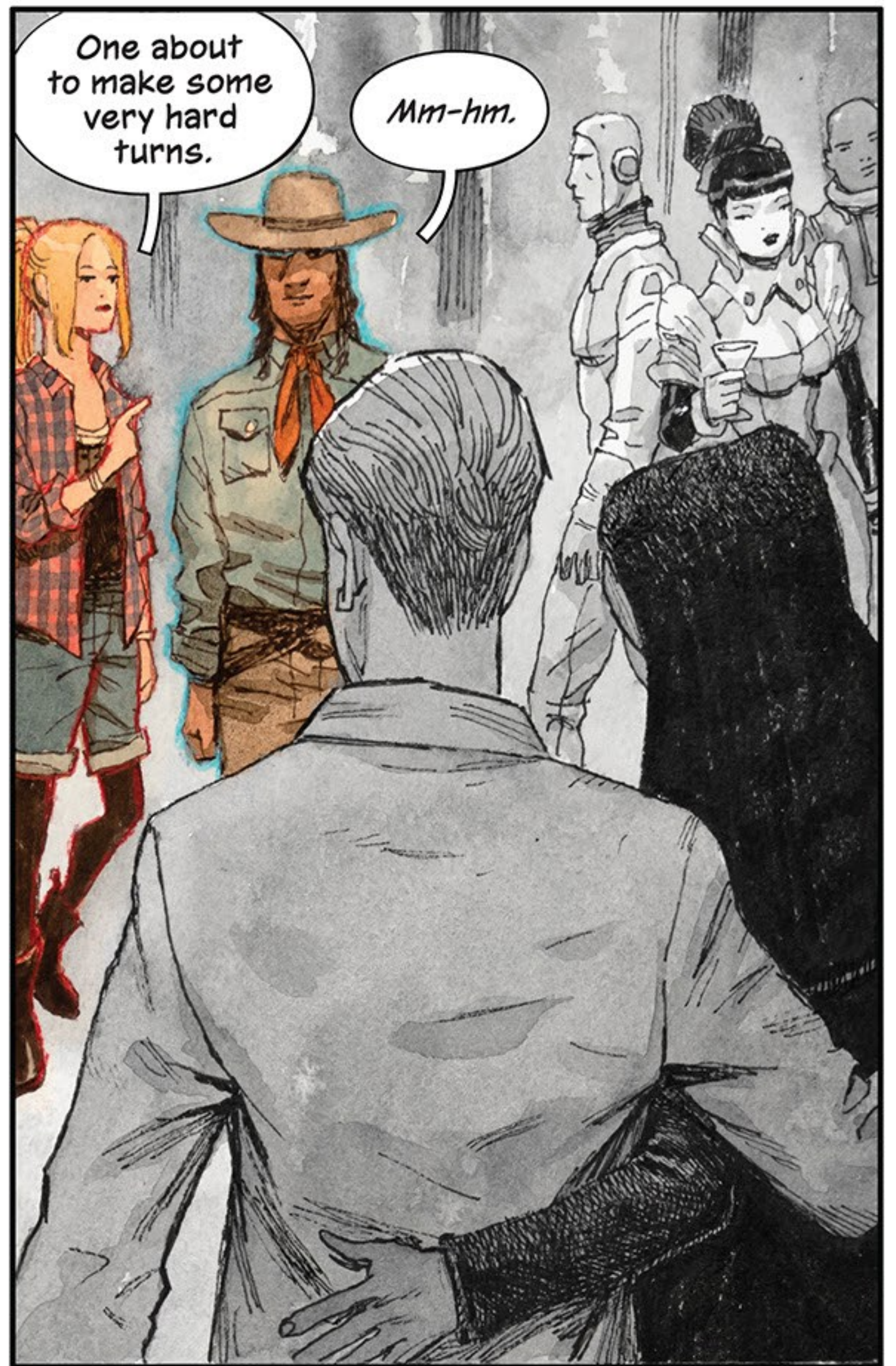
The dancers won't go home with anyone, but if we're lucky, at least one trio of horned-up *customers* will bond before the night and/or human existence is over.

We just have to keep our peepers peeled for people with potential.

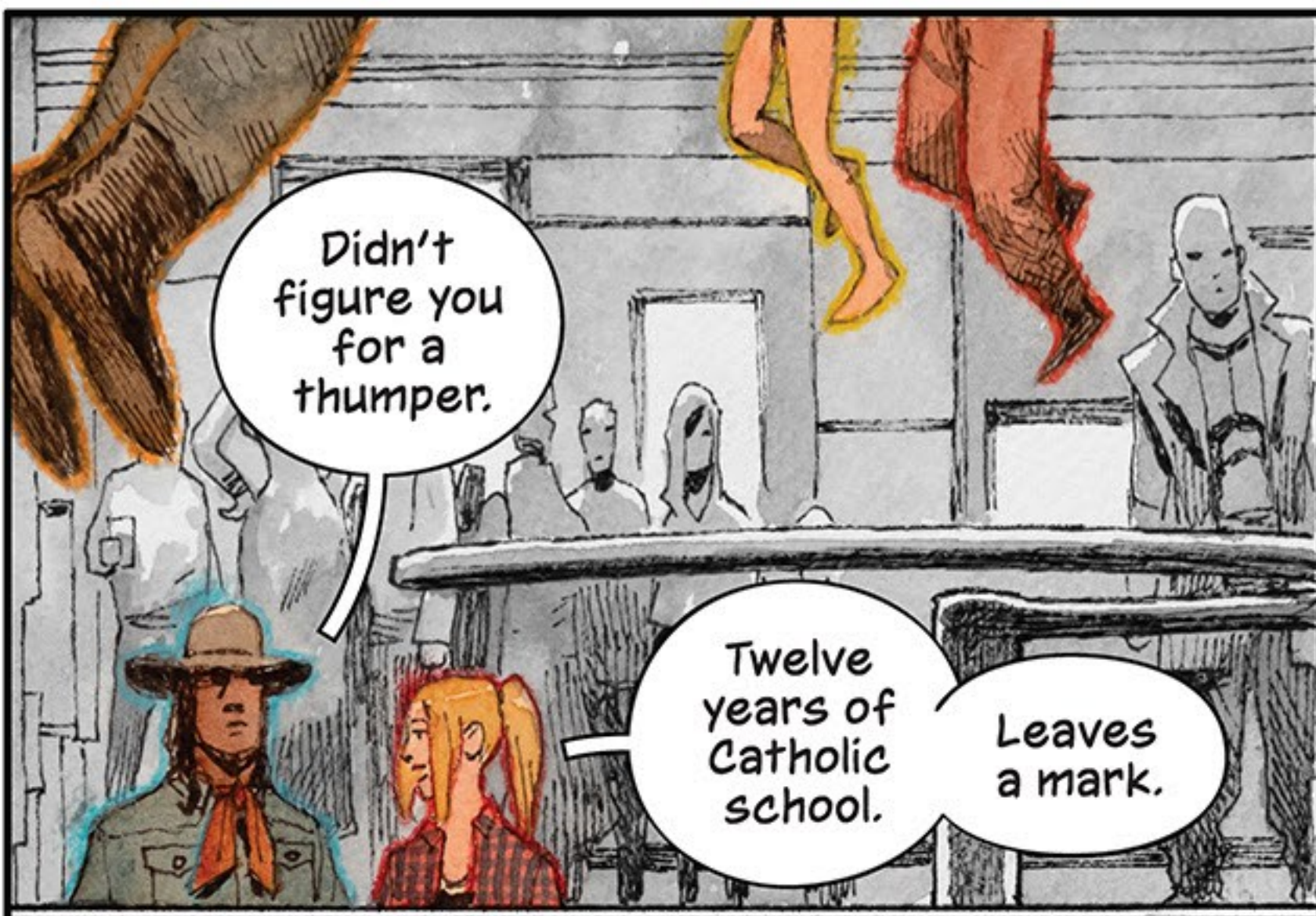
And lo...







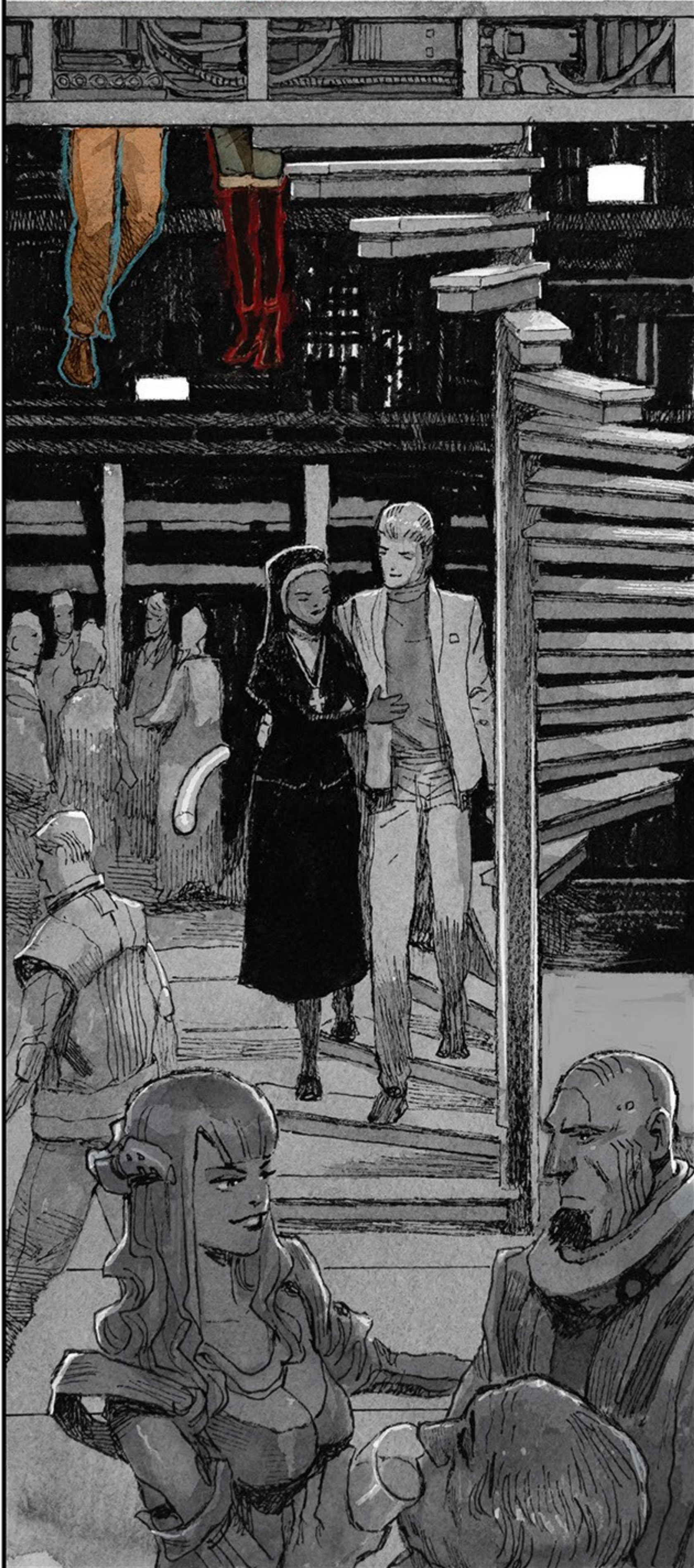




Didn't figure you for a thumper.

Twelve years of Catholic school.

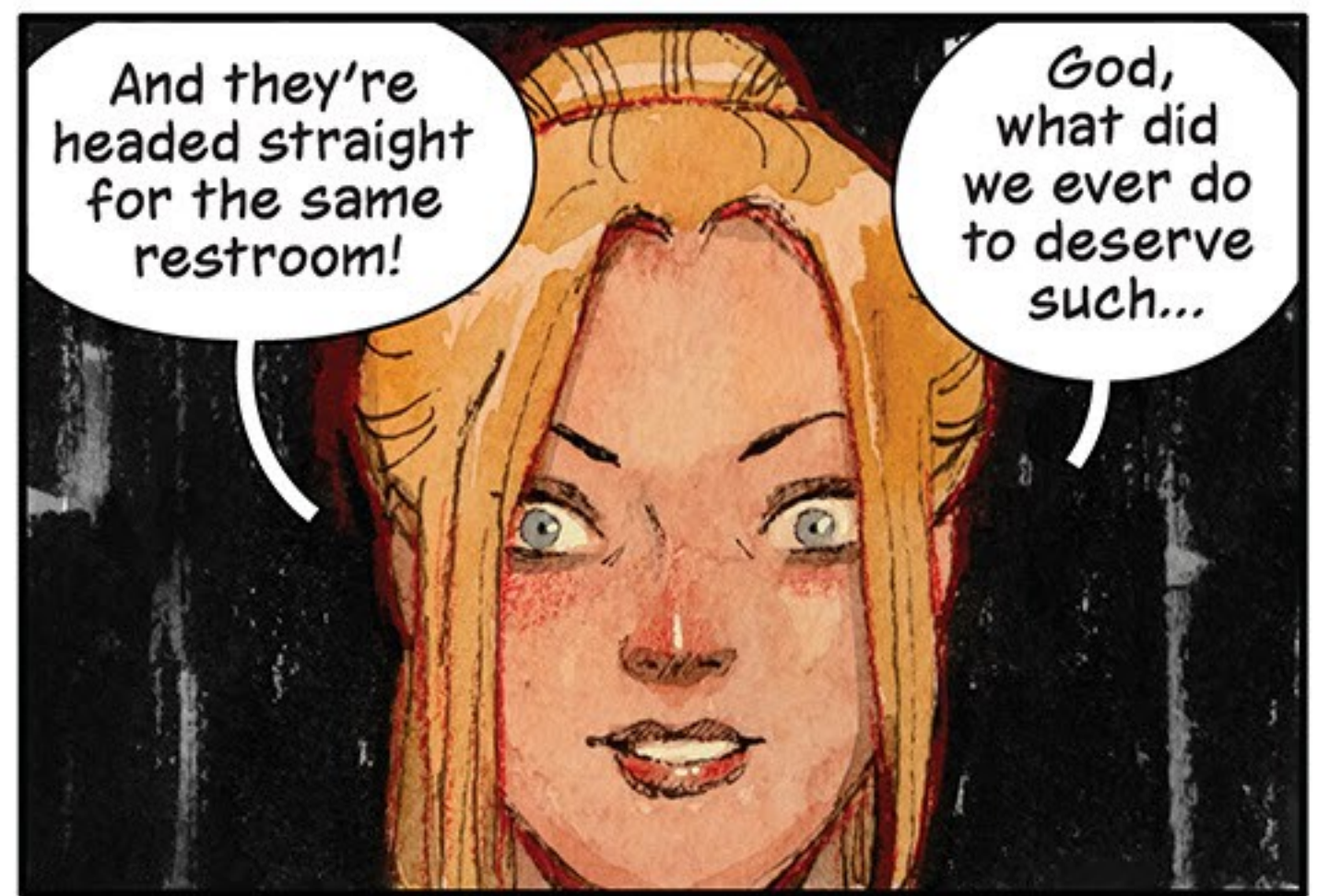
Leaves a mark.



Then is this maybe the wrong direction for tonight?

Are you kidding?

Sister Christian and Mister Right here are the hottest duo I've ever met.



And they're headed straight for the same restroom!

God, what did we ever do to deserve such...



...shit.





Long time, Valerie Amber Norwich.

Who's the spook?

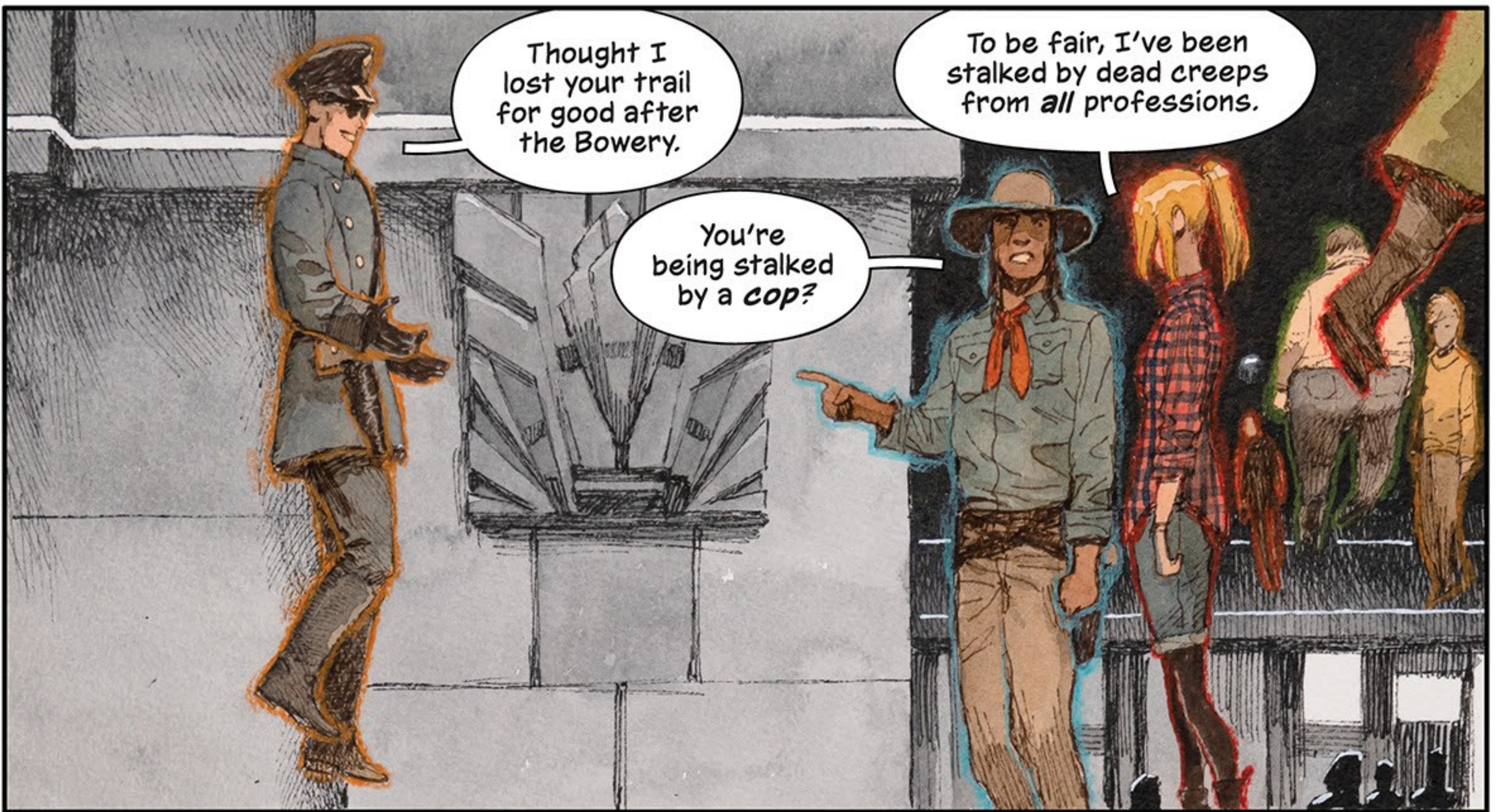


You best not be referring to me.

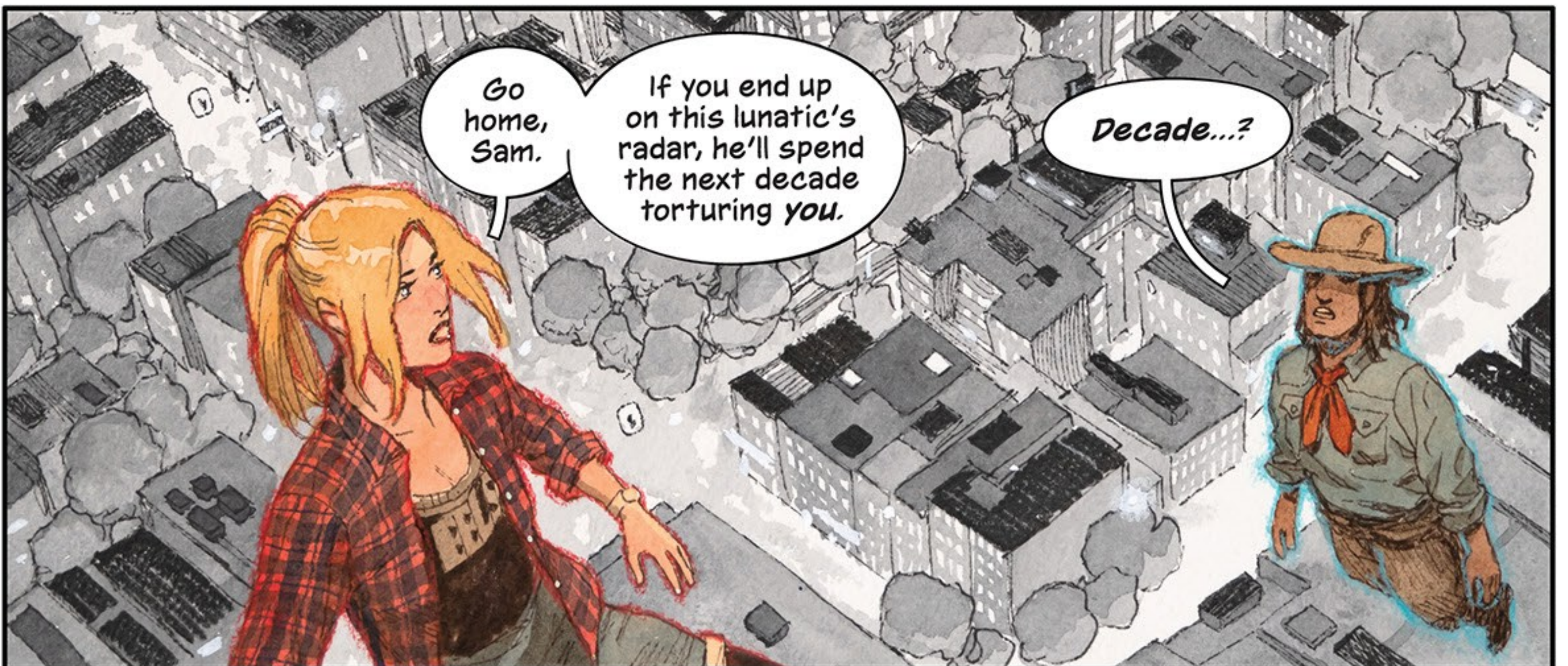
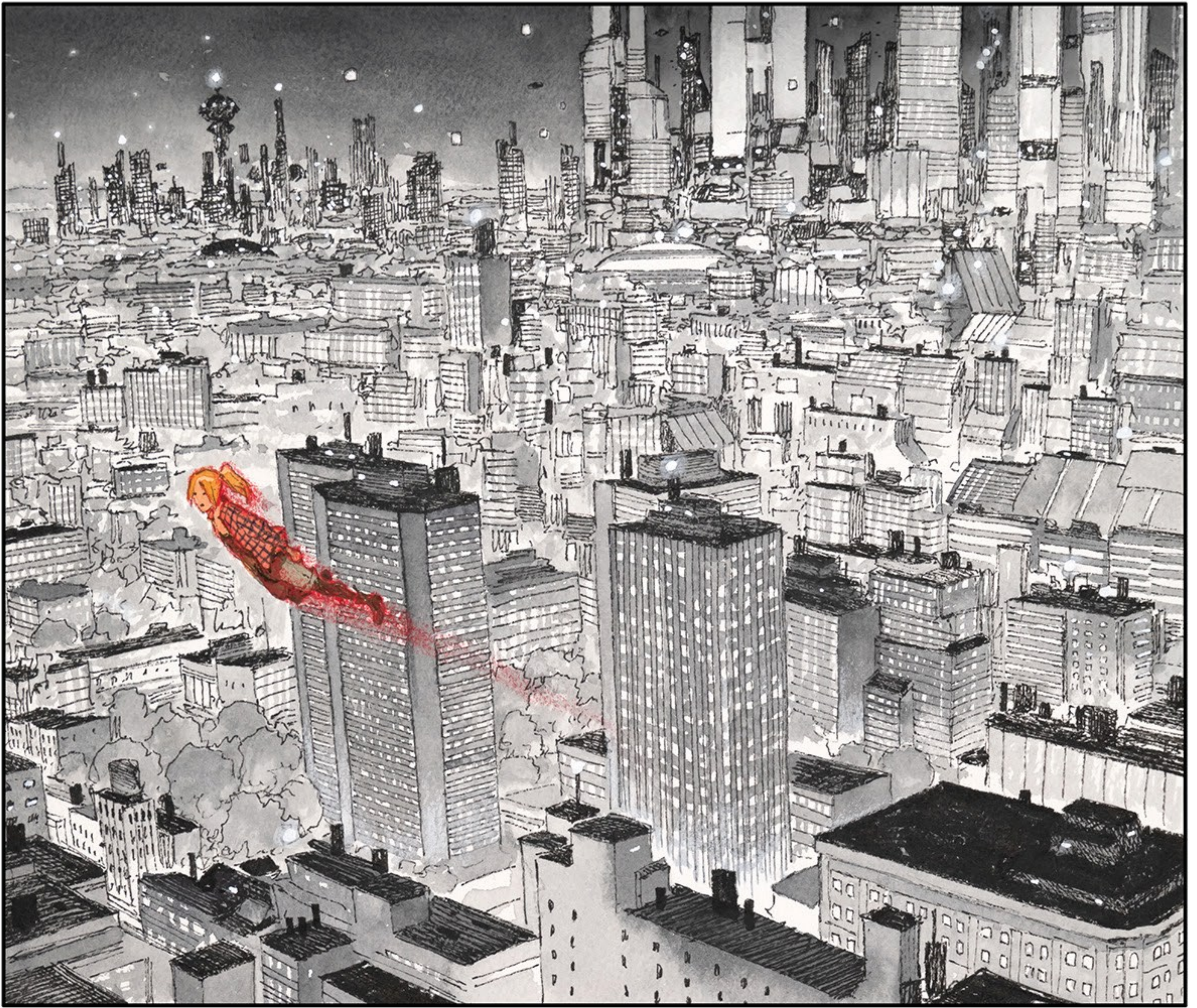
Don't engage.

He's just my stalker.













On and off since he doxxed me.

Which is why I strongly suggest you split, before that asshole starts digging up *your* past.



Hey.

The moment ever comes you want me gone for good, say the word.



Until then, I ain't leaving your side.

Least not until we've caught our show.



You know what they call a female Peeping Tom?









Slap leather,  
you son of  
a bitch.

...



heh

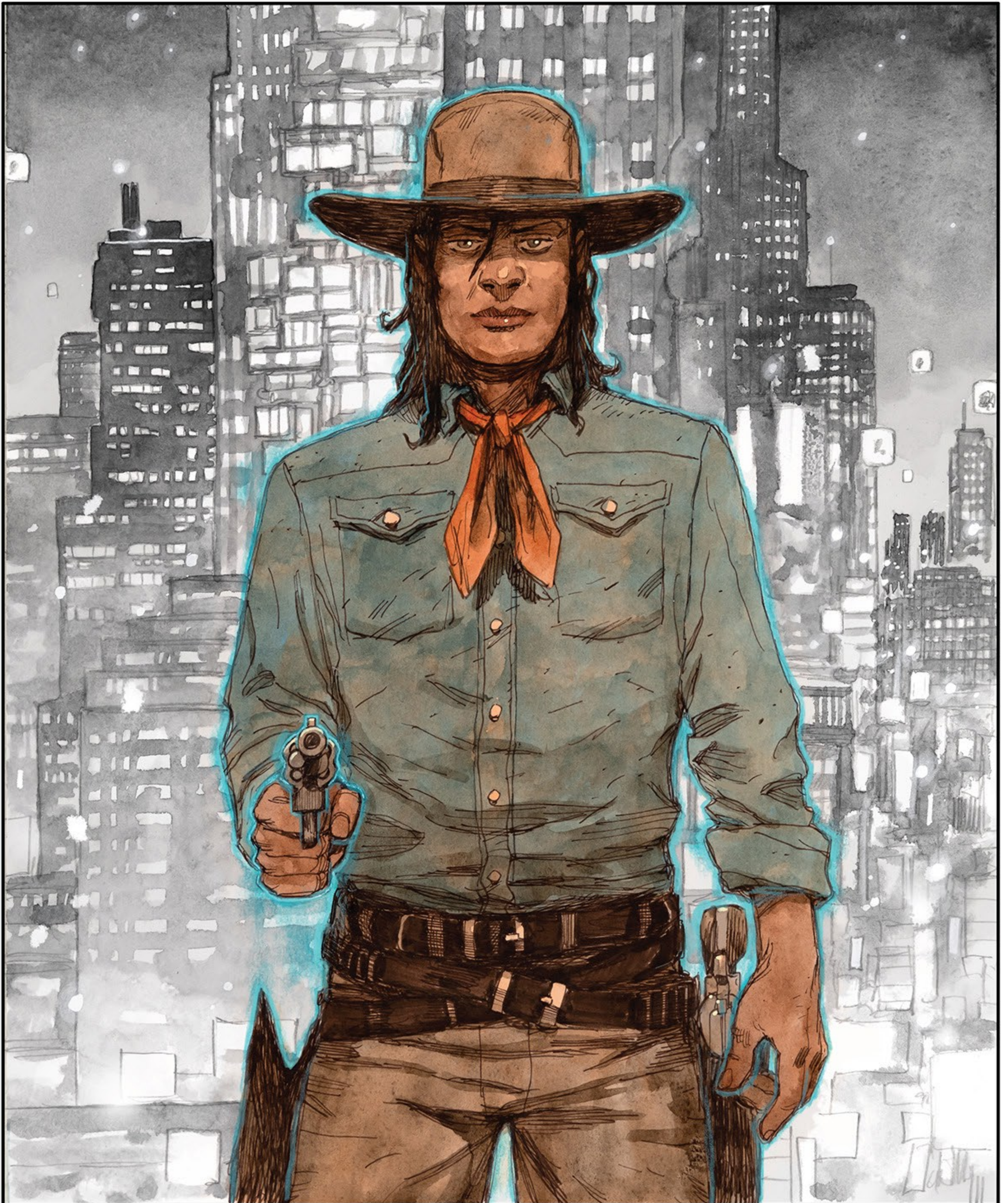
Is this guy  
new?



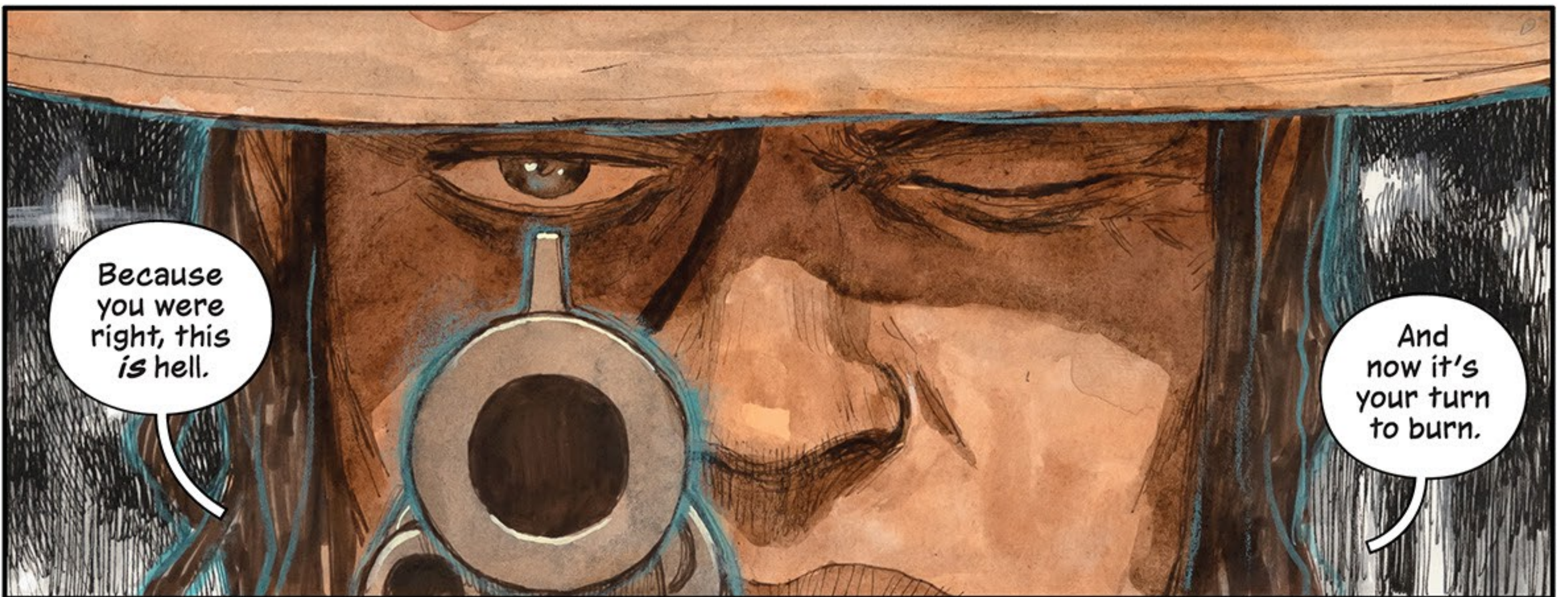
Your six-shooter's  
nothing but window  
dressing!

Just like  
my piece! Like  
everything in  
this fucking  
nightmare!

























Trick of the light.

Phantasmal sleight of hand.



Enough years of trying, any spirit could learn to do the same.

I finally got the hang of it somewhere between Uranus and Neptune.



Mind you, wasn't the *first* thing I practiced pulling out.



I honestly have no idea if anything you ever say is true...

...and I'm perfectly okay with that.

**SARGE!**





The nuke, sarge!

They figured out who did it!



The news!

And not, like, Foxfire or Bāguà or whatever.

Who the fuck is "they," private?



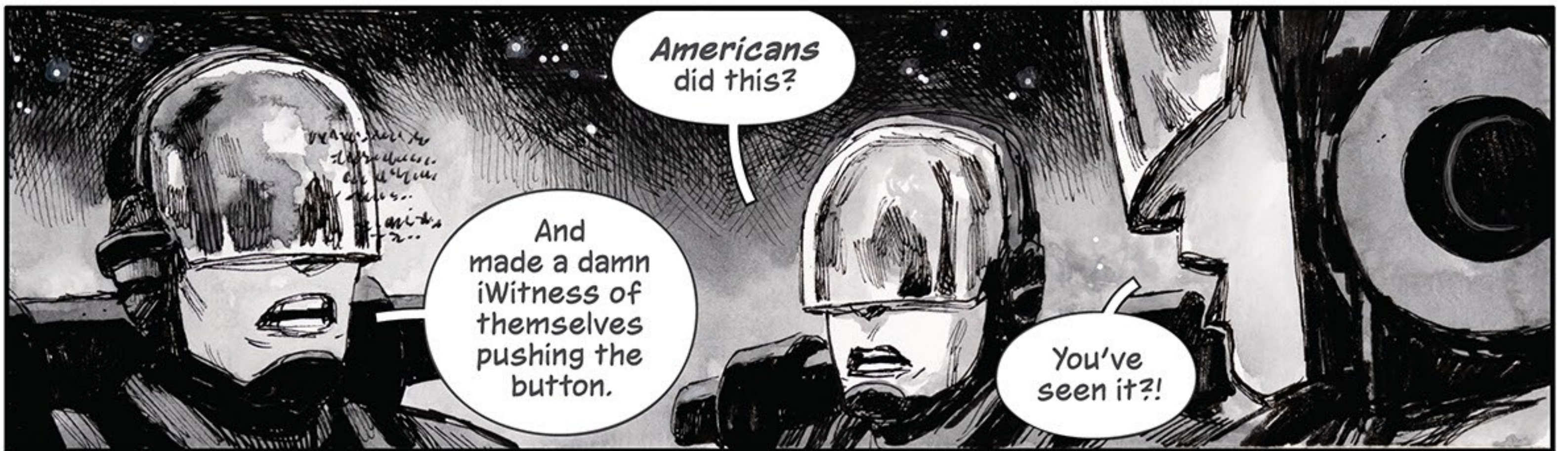
This is from *The New York Times*... so it might actually be real, right?





And?  
It was motherfucking Red China, wasn't it?

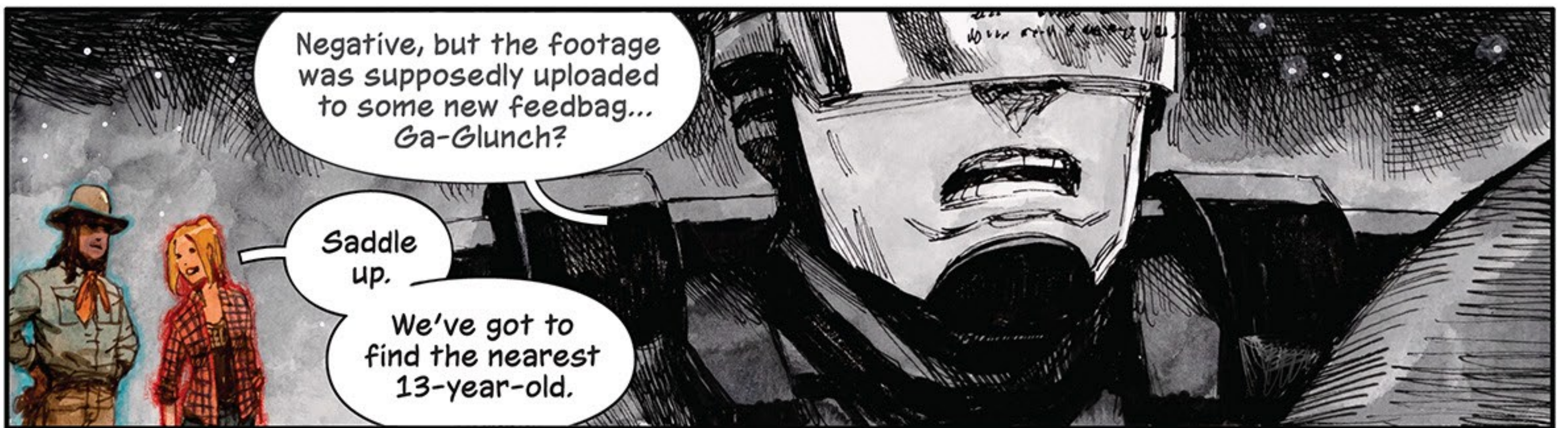
Actually, ma'am, they're calling it *home-grown*.



Americans did this?

And made a damn iWitness of themselves pushing the button.

You've seen it?!



Negative, but the footage was supposedly uploaded to some new feedbag... Ga-Blunch?

Saddle up.

We've got to find the nearest 13-year-old.



They know how to watch everything.



You have, er, someone particular in mind?

You'll be relieved to hear I don't keep tabs on minors.

Not for moral reasons, just because they're all boring as shit.

But like a dozen years ago, I used to follow a bunch of storylines in that apartment building down there.

Some of the sexiest couples ever assembled under one roof, but I had to bail after the selfish jerks all started having kids.

Ah.

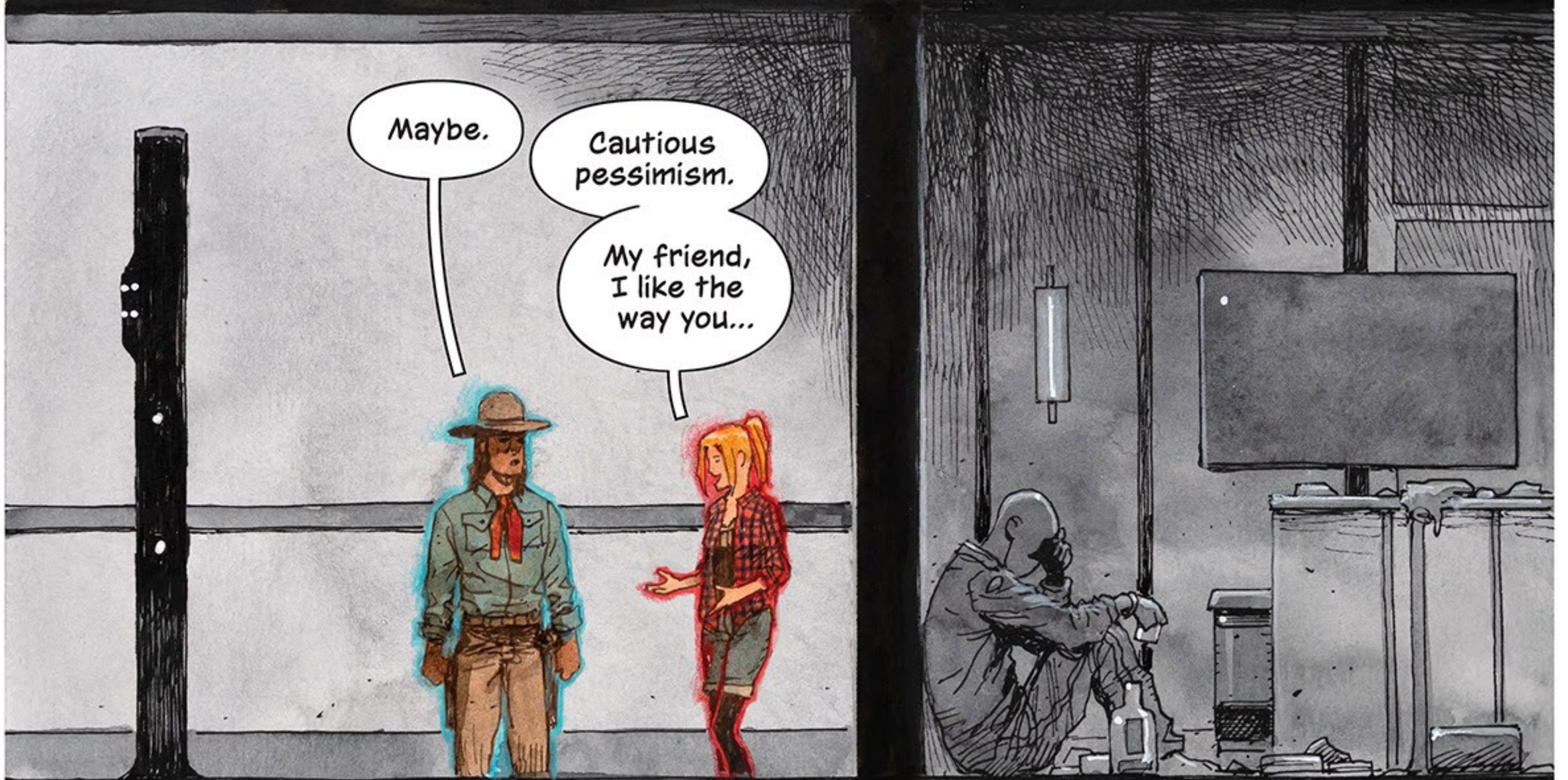
Anyway, fingers crossed one of their spuds has sprouted into someone with access to videos from domestic terrorists.

So you believe it? About Anaheim?

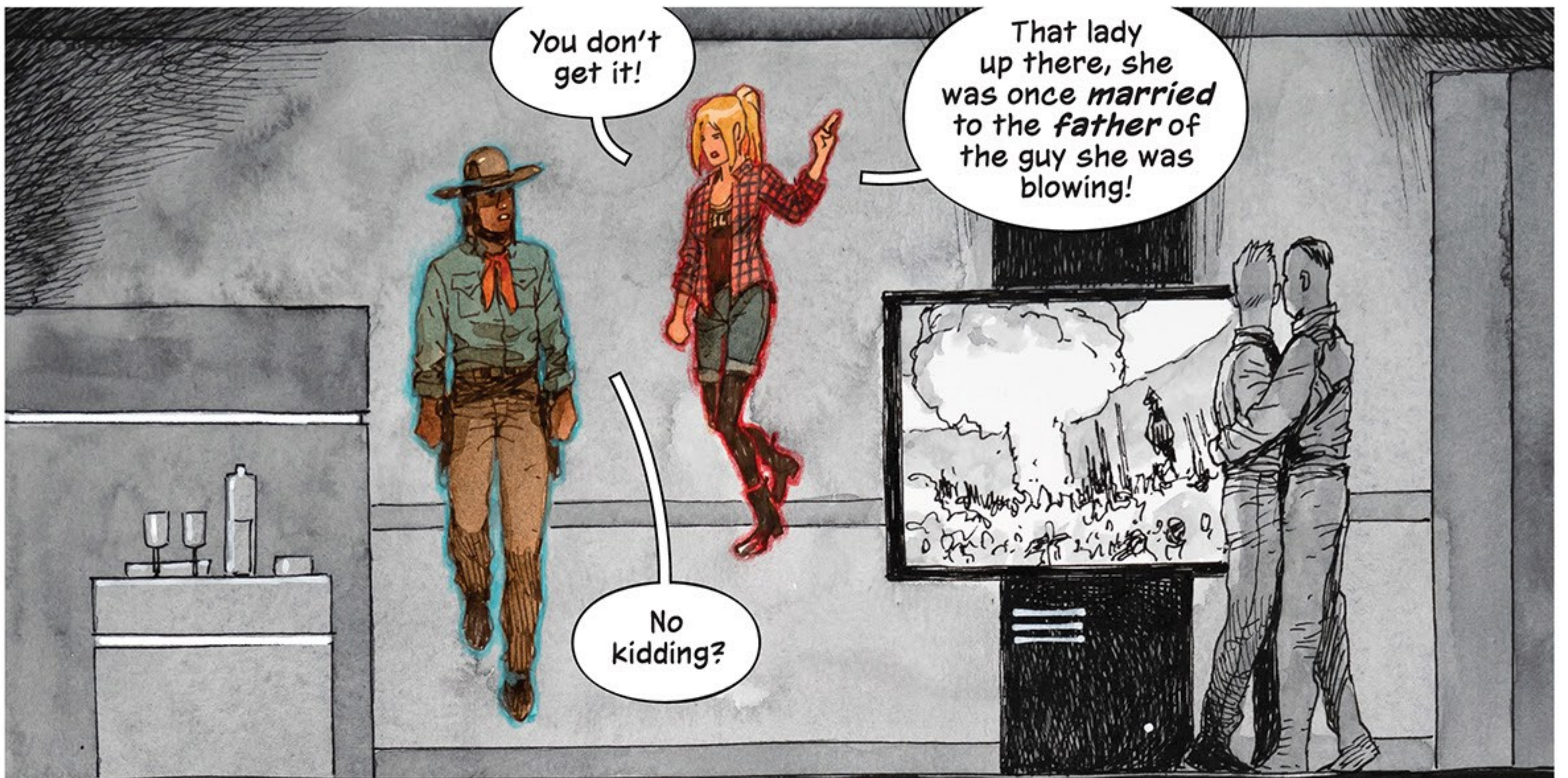
That somebody out there was sick enough to do that to their own people?

UN TOQUE DE QUEDA PARA TODA LA CIUDAD DE NUEVA YORK SIGUE EN EFECTO









You don't get it!

That lady up there, she was once *married* to the *father* of the guy she was blowing!

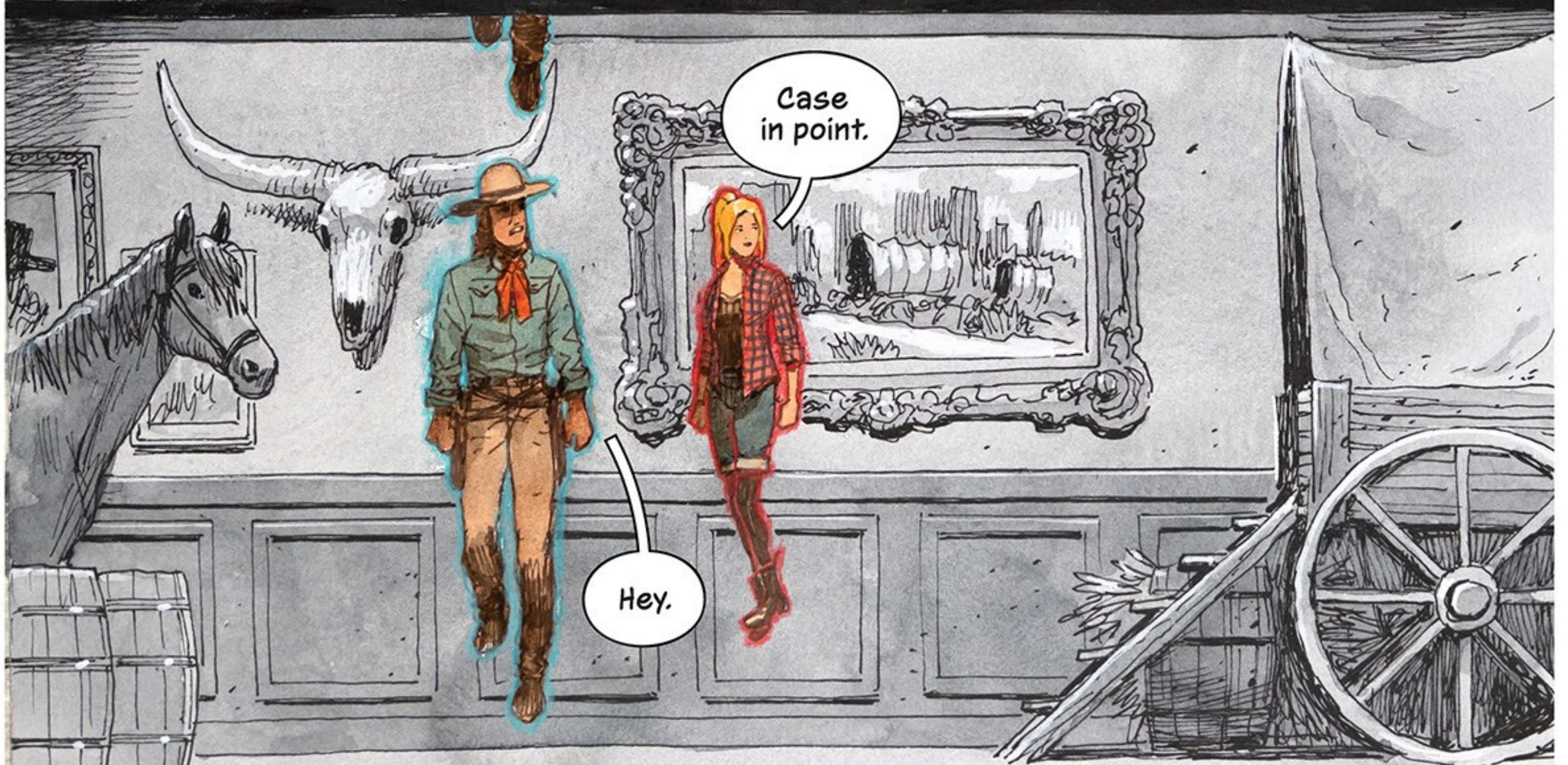
No kidding?



Well, have to figure the threat of apocalypse makes for some... strange bedfellows.

Oh, I bet they were boning long before that mushroom cloud.

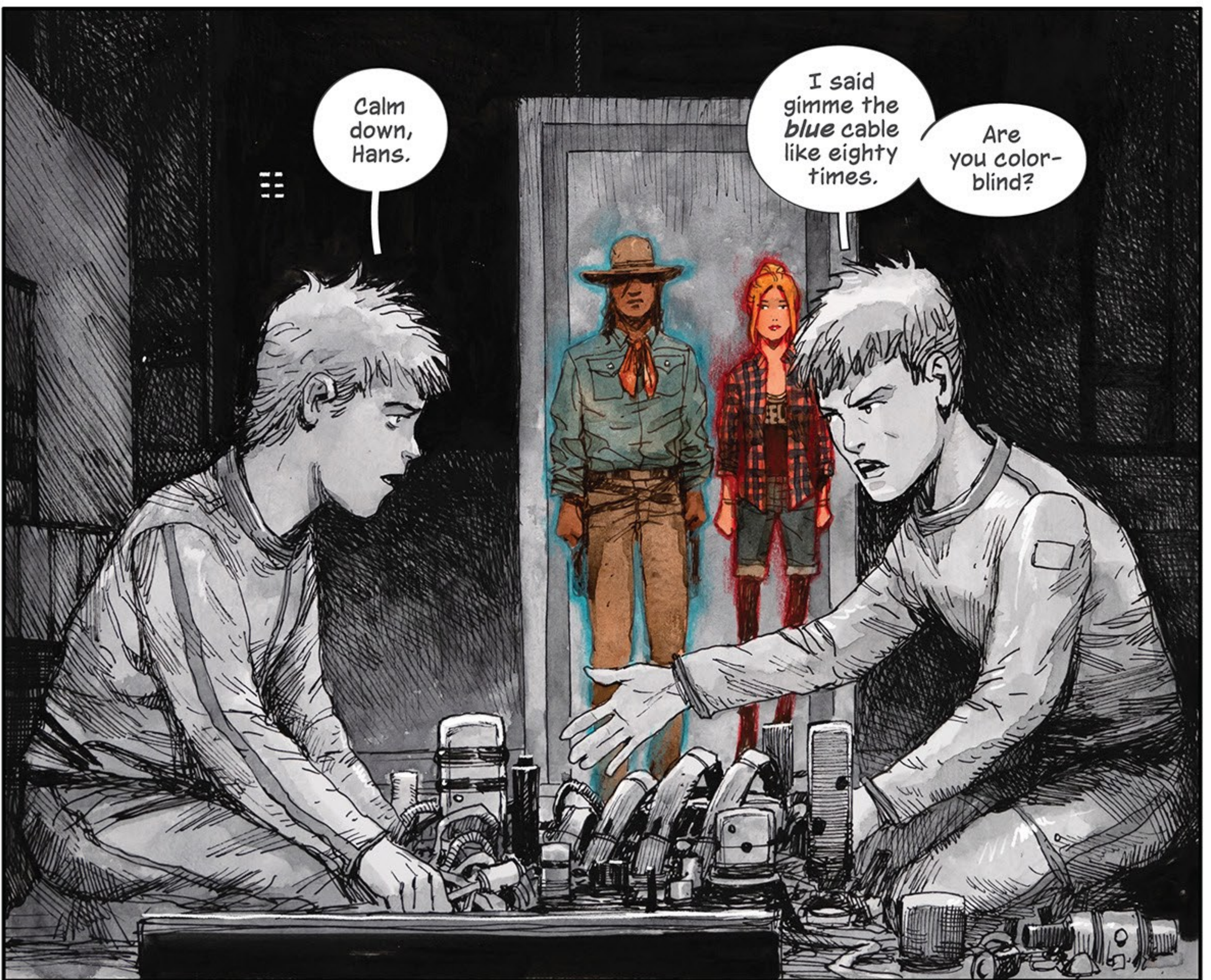
Something about this place just attracts the biggest freaks on the planet.



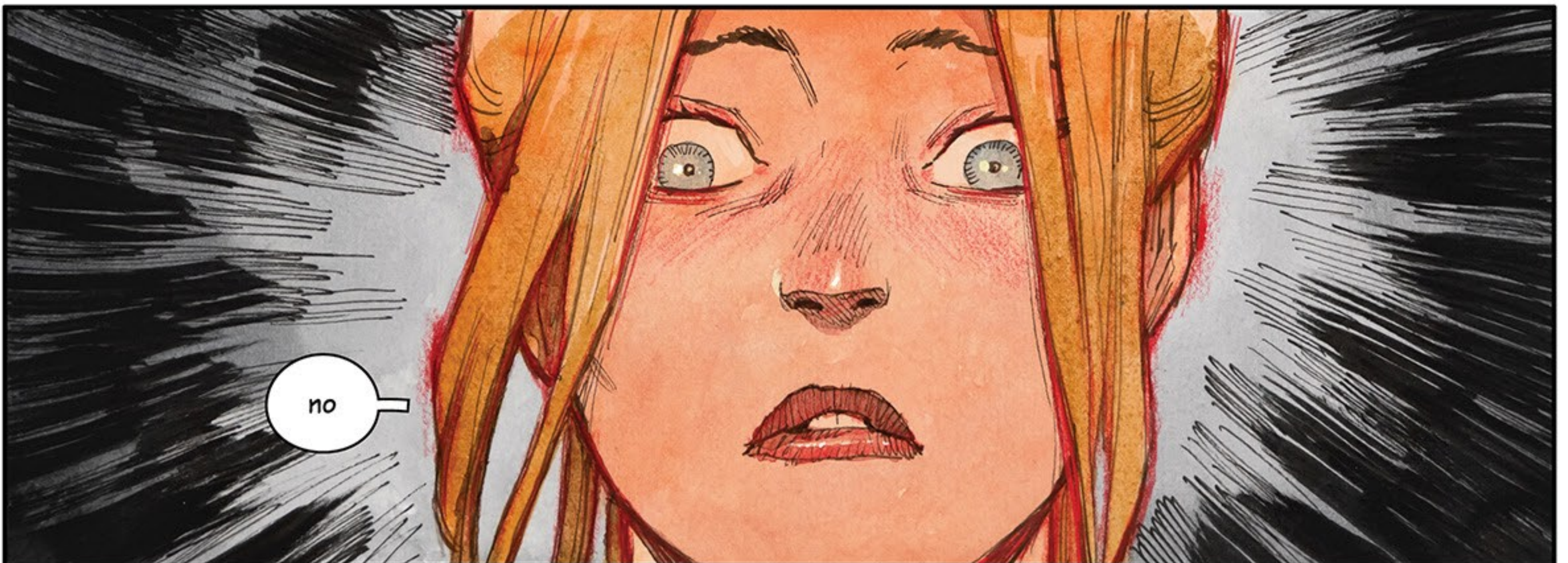
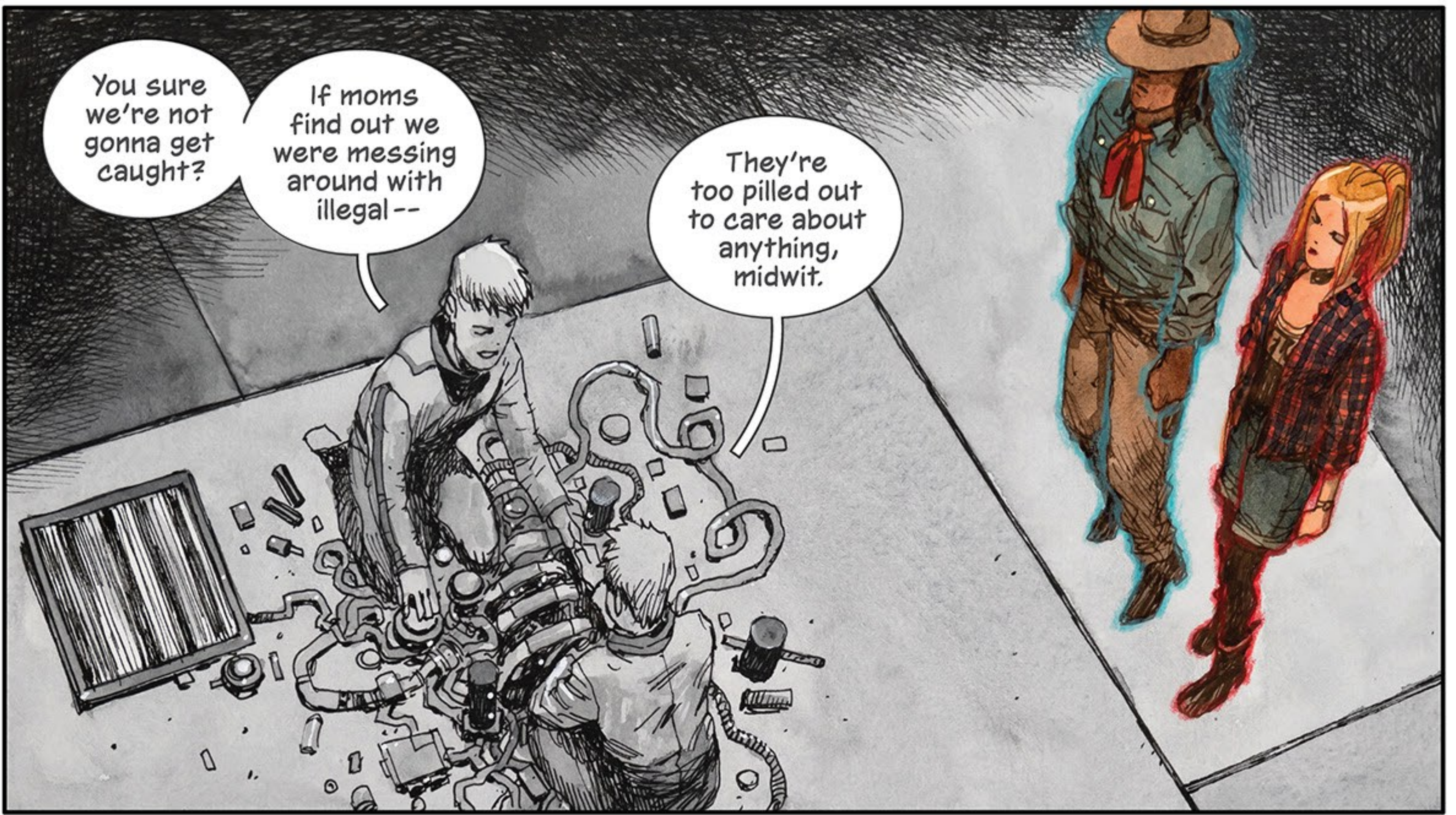
Case in point.

Hey.













Hiya,  
folks!

#LEADERBOARD

