

SATURDAY NIGHT IN RIVERDALE: DATE NIGHT WITH EVERYONE'S FAVORITE NOVAK AND STEWART.

STRANGERS ON A TRAIN. POSSIBLY MY FAVORITE HITCHCOCK MOVIE. EVEN IF IT'S ONE OF HIS MORE IMPLAUSIBLE STORIES.

IMPLAUSIBLE? REALLY? LIKE MORE THAN **PSYCHO**, YOU THINK?

HITCHCOCK'S
STRANGERS
ON A TRAIN

BETTY, THAT WAS BASED ON A REAL SERIAL KILLER.

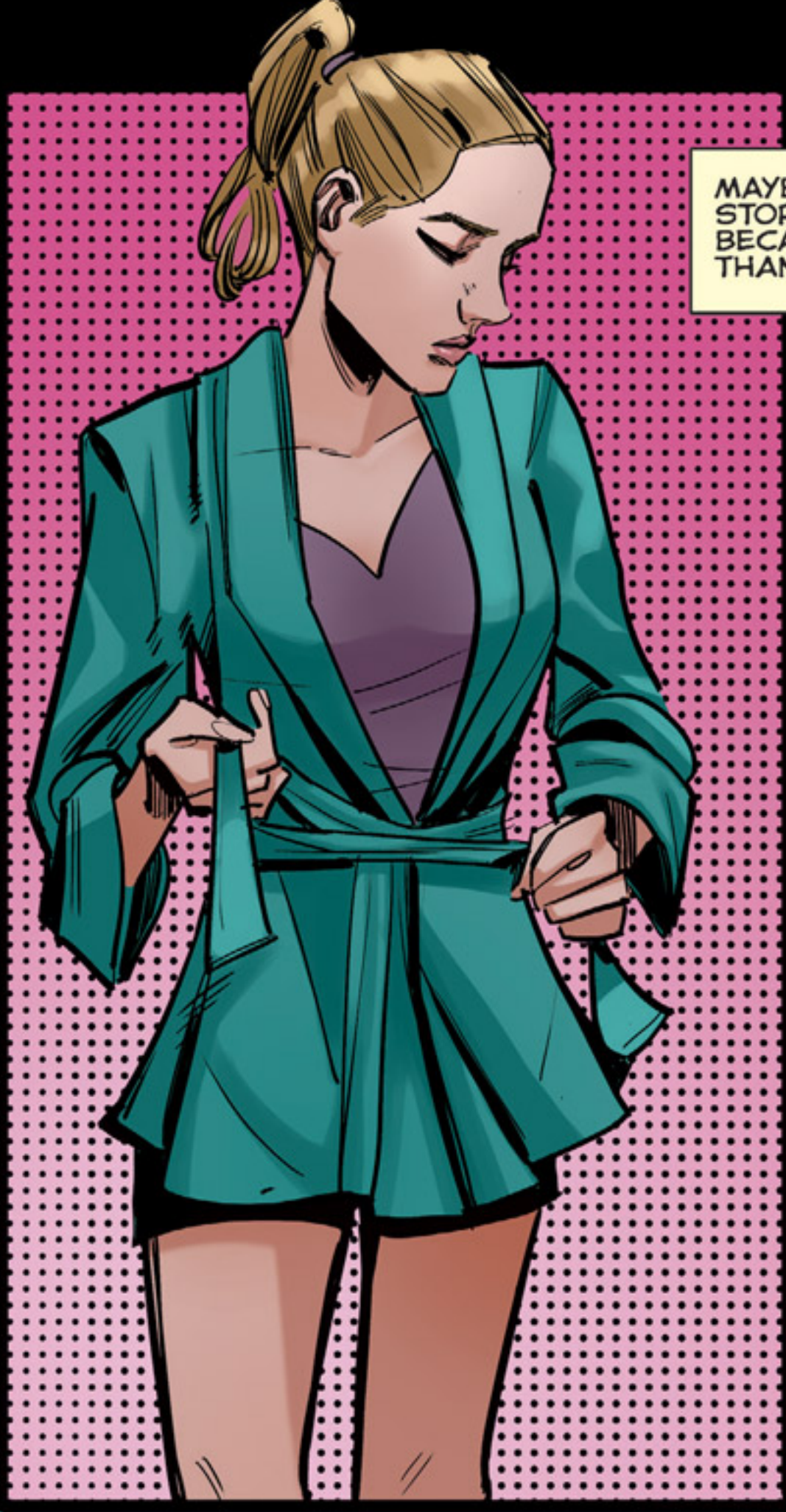
OH! RIGHT...

"STRANGERS AT A BUS STOP"

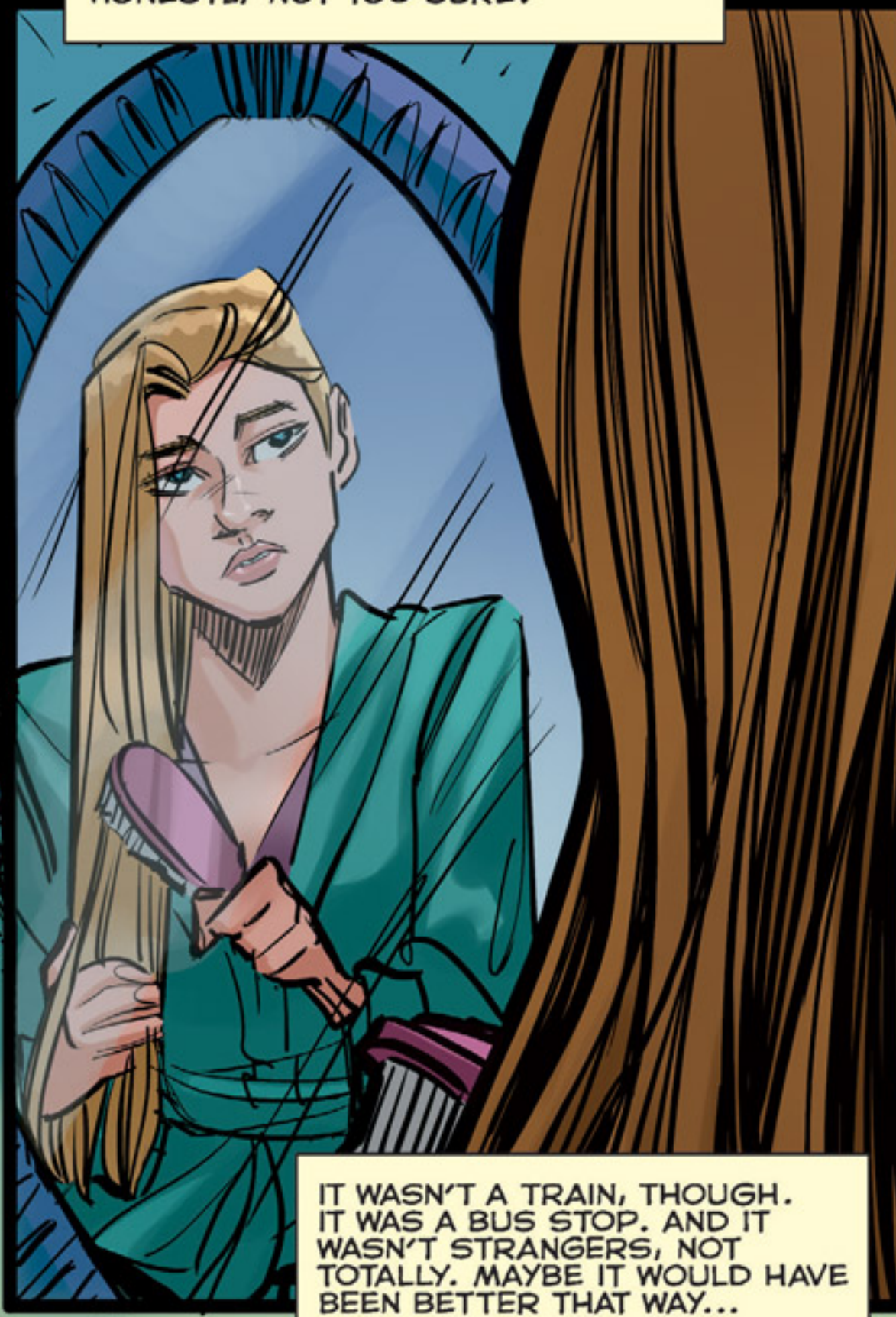
LOVE YOU!

LOVE YOU, TOO. I'LL CALL YOU TOMORROW.

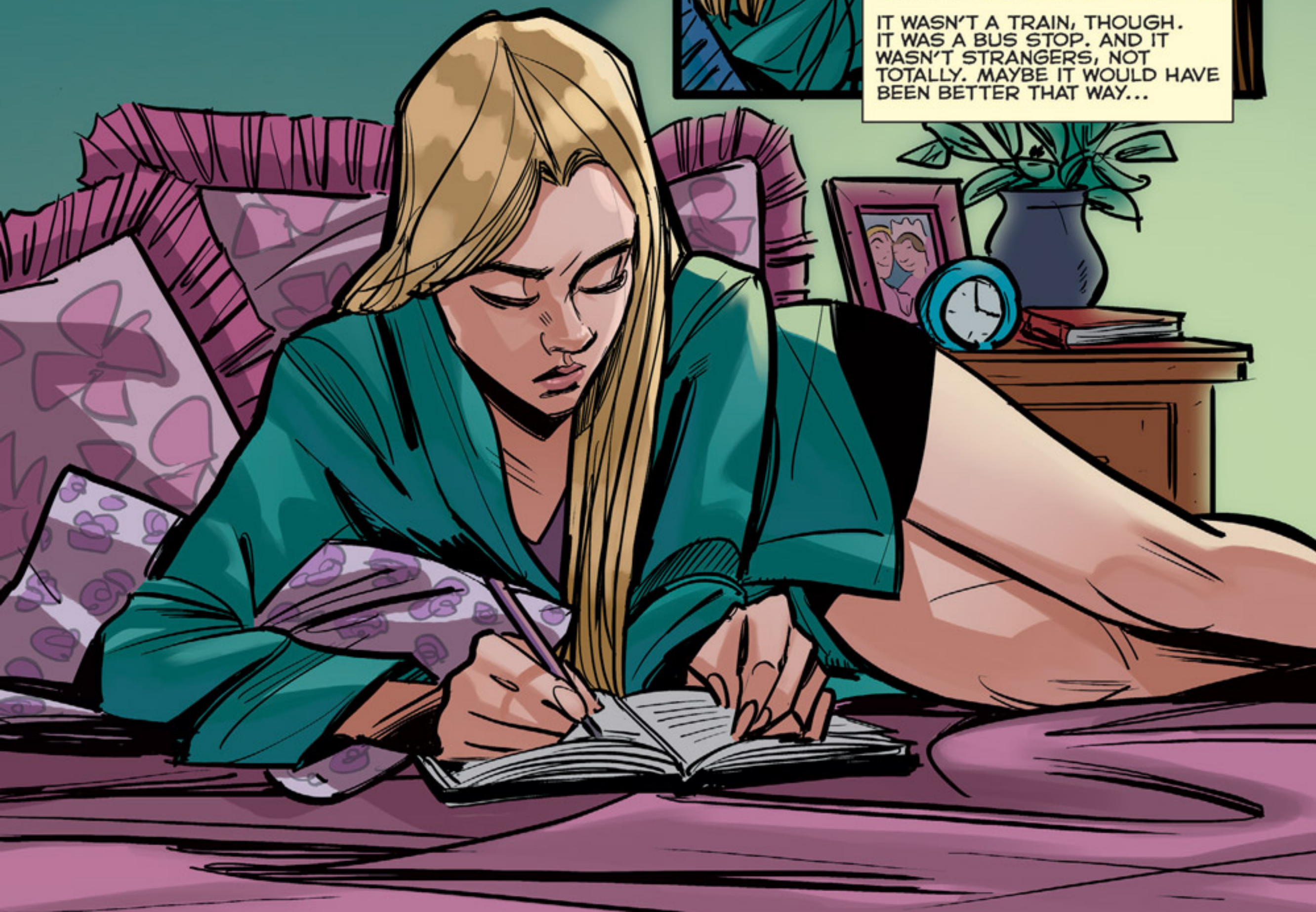
OH, JUGGIE--IF ONLY IT **WERE** IMPLAUSIBLE...



MAYBE THAT'S WHAT DRAWS US TO
STORIES LIKE THESE AGAIN AND AGAIN:
BECAUSE WE RELATE TO THEM MORE
THAN WE'D LIKE TO THINK.



JUG LIKES TO CALL ME HIS OWN
"HITCHCOCK BLONDE." I'D LIKE TO
THINK I'M MORE LISA FREEMAN THAN
MARION CRANE. BUT AFTER WHAT
HAPPENED A FEW DAYS AGO, I'M
HONESTLY NOT TOO SURE.



IT WASN'T A TRAIN, THOUGH.
IT WAS A BUS STOP. AND IT
WASN'T STRANGERS, NOT
TOTALLY. MAYBE IT WOULD HAVE
BEEN BETTER THAT WAY...

I WAS COMING BACK FROM THE SOUTH SIDE, A TRIP TO THE HARDWARE SHOP TO GET ARCHIE A SOCKET WRENCH FOR THE JALOPY. I GOT CAUGHT IN A TOTAL **DOWNPOUR**.

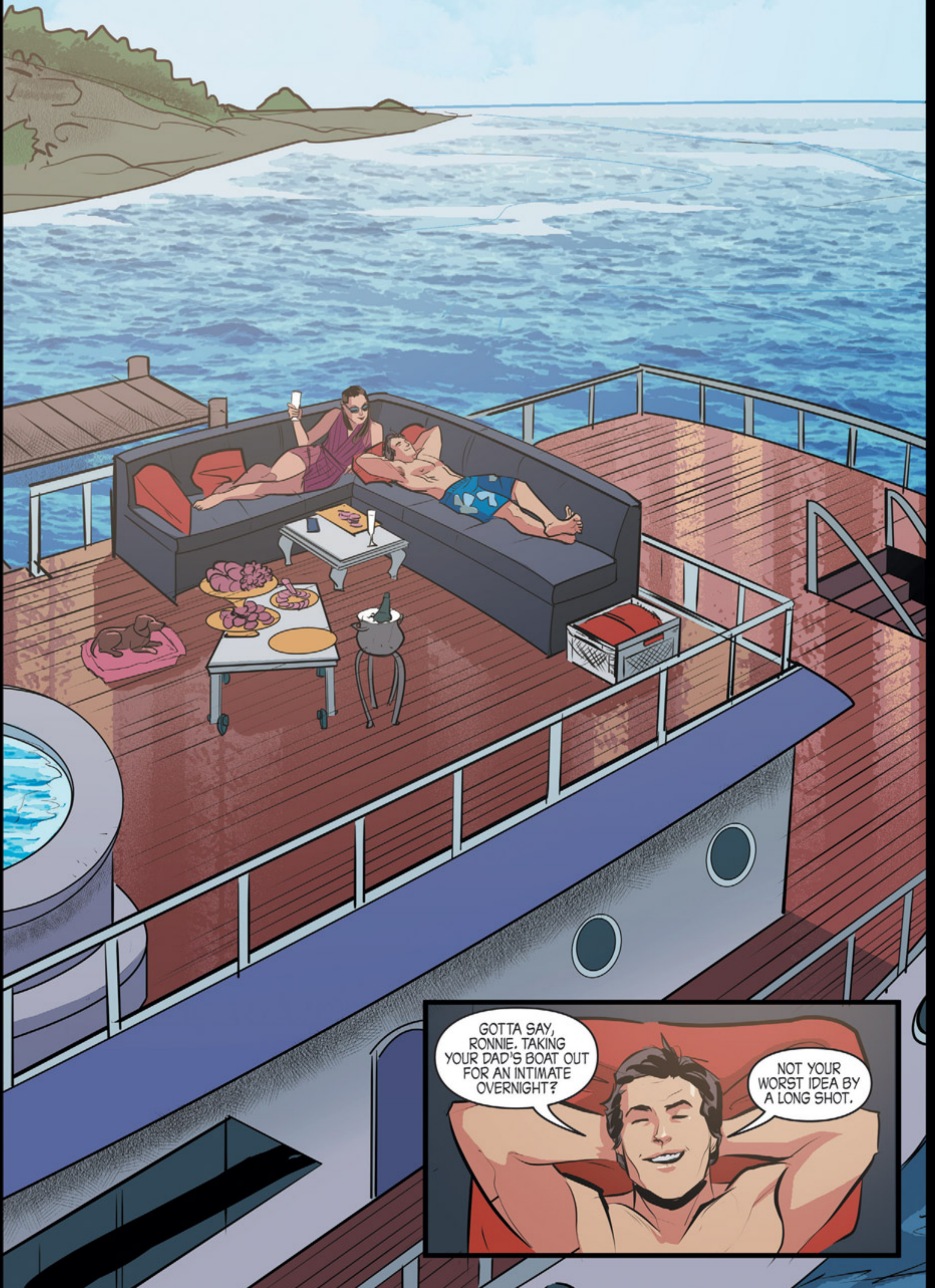
I DIDN'T HAVE A RIDE--MOM WAS GOING TO COME, BUT SHE GOT WAYLAID WITH POLLY. SOME "FARMIE" THING. (I **SO** DIDN'T WANT TO KNOW.)

I DUCKED INTO A BUS SHELTER TO WAIT FOR THE NEAREST CROSSTOWN.

America's Favorite
MAPLE SYRUP
BLOSSOM
MAPLE FARMS

"DEAD CALM"

SOMEWHERE OFF OF
THE HUDSON RIVER...



GOTTA SAY,
RONNIE. TAKING
YOUR DAD'S BOAT OUT
FOR AN INTIMATE
OVERNIGHT?

NOT YOUR
WORST IDEA BY
A LONG SHOT.

