

Previously in *By Night*...

With Heather and Jane seemingly trapped in the Otherworld, third wheel Barney seeks help from Heather's father, Chip. While the pair wait at Charleswood for the portal to reopen, they discover files full of information on CharlesCo's mysterious lunar-powered "Project Golf", helmed in the '80s by none other than...Jane and Barney's elderly employer? That's weird!

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# BY NIGHT™

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I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY WE CAN'T JUST ASK HIM ABOUT PROJECT GOLF.


BECAUSE, JANE, WE DON'T KNOW IF WE CAN TRUST HIM!



HOW DO I KNOW I CAN TRUST YOU?



YOU CAN'T TRUST ME.



MAYBE DR. GRAMERCY SIGNED A DEAL. IF WE TELL HIM WHAT WE KNOW, MAYBE HE DROPS A DIME ON US!

A DEAL WITH WHO?



NEXT THING YOU KNOW, WE'RE AT A CIA BLACK SITE.

THE MAN'S A GENIUS, JANE. INFORMATION IS HIS LIFE-BLOOD.



Aw, NUTS!

DROPPED MY DAMN PUDDIN' AGAIN.



COME ON, IT'S 5:30. WE HAVE SOMEPLACE TO BE.

I DON'T SEE WHY I HAVE TO HOLD THE HAIRY MICROPHONE.

Aww, SWEETIE PIE. THE GREATS ALL STARTED HOLDING A BOOM MIC.



REALLY?

SURE. JERRY SMALLBRAIN, DON SIMPLETON. TED LUNK.



ALL ABOARD WHO'S COMIN' ABOARD.



DID YOU PICK UP EVERYTHING ON MY LIST?

Nah, I JUST TORE IT UP AND SPENT THE MONEY ON A VERY EXPENSIVE BELT.



THEN I LOST THE BELT SEEING HOW FAR I COULD THROW IT DOWN THE RAILROAD TRACKS.

GET BACK IN THE TRUCK, HEATHER.



CHARLESCO.

THIS DEVICE WILL ACTIVATE THE EIDOLON AUTOMATICALLY AT NIGHTFALL, SO WE WON'T GET TRAPPED IN THE OTHER-WORLD.

IT'S JUST AN ELECTRIC MOTOR, A BUNGEE CORD, AND A TIMER.

Oh, I WON'T PRETEND TO BE IMPRESSED THEN.



Huh. I'D LIKE TO SEE DON SIMPLETON DO THIS.

SO, WE'RE GOING TO MAKE THE MOVIE RIGHT THIS TIME? WITH ACTUAL RECOGNIZABLE IMAGES?

YOUR DAD'S DOING LIGHTS, YOU'RE 2nd UNIT, BARNEY'S GOT THE BOOM, WE CAN'T GET THIS WRONG.



WELL, THERE ARE A THOUSAND WAYS WE CAN GET IT WRONG, BUT WHEN THEY FIND OUR SKELETONS...



...AT LEAST THEY'LL LOOK LIKE A FILM CREW.

HERE WE GO! IT'S MOON TIME!



