
THE NEXT DAY


* DING DONG *


YO, MORGAN!


YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE ABOUT TO CONFESS TO A MURDER OR SOMETHING.
SO, WHAT'S WITH THE SERIOUS VIBE?


WELL... IT'S NOT A MURDER, IT'S MORE SERIOUS THAN THAT.
THAT'S WHY I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU.


ALRIGHT, HIT ME. WHAT'S GOING ON?
FIRST OF ALL, YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN LIKE A BIG BROTHER TO ME, YOU KNOW THAT.
SOMEONE I COULD TRUST.


YOU'RE BUTTERING ME UP
FOR SOMETHING BIG, AREN'T YOU?


I WANT TO TELL YOU MY SECRET, AND...
YOU MIGHT NOT BELIEVE ME...
...BUT I'M MEGAN.


HAHAHAHAHA!
YOU? MEGAN?
OH, COME ON, MAN! DON'T
MESS WITH ME THIS EARLY IN THE DAY!


HUH, I KNEW YOU'D REACT LIKE THIS.


ROSE IS NOT HOME, RIGHT?
PERFECT.
YEAH, SHE'S AT YOGA OR SOMETHING.


WAIT, WAIT, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I NEED TO BORROW SOMETHING. TRUST ME, YOU'LL SEE.
WHAT, YOU'RE SO DESPERATE TO CROSSDRESS THAT YOU'RE RAIDING MY WIFE'S CLOSET NOW? MAN, YOU'RE REALLY COMMITTING TO THIS JOKE, HUH?


LATER...
WHAT THE-


HOLY- FUCK! MORGAN?!
THAT'S- YOU'RE REALLY... MEGAN?!


YES. AND BEFORE YOU SAY ANYTHING, LET ME EXPLAIN.


NO WAY. NO FREAKING WAY. THAT'S GOT TO BE THE DUMBEST MISTAKE I'VE EVER HEARD!
THE HOSPITAL MIXED UP MY FORMS. INSTEAD OF JAW SURGERY, THEY PREPPED ME FOR BREAST IMPLANTS.


I DIDN'T REALIZE WHAT WAS HAPPENING UNTIL I WOKE UP, GROGGY AS HELL, AND... WELL...
THIS IS INSANE. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT TO SAY.


BUT YOU JUST... KEPT THEM? WHAT, YOU COULDN'T DEMAND THEY REVERSE IT?
UH, T-THEY COULDN'T REVERSE IT, YOU KNOW... THE RISK OF COMPLICATIONS WAS TOO HIGH.


SO, THEY'RE PERMANENT?
I'M AFRAID SO. THEREFORE, I HAD TO ADAPT. DRESSING AS MEGAN JUST... MADE SENSE.
WELL, JUDGING BY HOW GOOD YOU LOOK AS MEGAN, IT REALLY DOES MAKE SENSE.
fearless


HEY, I DIDN'T TELL YOU THIS JUST TO SHOCK YOU, FABIO. THERE'S MORE.
MILA AND HER NEW BOYFRIEND, BEN, HAVE BEEN STAYING AT MY HOUSE FOR DAYS NOW.


AND THE WORST PART?
BEN FOUND OUT ABOUT MY SECRET.
AND USING IT TO BLACKMAIL ME.
THAT BASTARD!


WHAT'S HE ASKING FOR? MONEY?
NO, NOT EXACTLY MONEY. HE... HE WANTS ME TO PLAY ALONG WITH HIS SICK LITTLE GAME.
WHAT KIND OF GAME?


UHM- WELL, I HAVE TO ACT LIKE... WHORE AROUND HIM. OBEY HIS RULES.
IF I DON'T, HE'LL SHOW THE VIDEO PROOF TO MILA- AND EVERYONE ELSE.
YOU KNOW I CAN'T LET THEM KNOW WHO I REALLY AM. WHAT WILL THEY THINK OF ME?
MY WORK, MY BUSINESS... IT WOULD ALL BE DAMNED.


WHAT- ASSHOLE! HE'S HOLDING THIS OVER YOUR HEAD LIKE SOME POWER TRIP?!
WHAT KIND OF PSYCHOPATH DOES THAT?!


HE EVEN MADE ME GIVE HIM MY CAR, FABIO. MY CAR.
AND I HAD TO LIE TO MILA ABOUT IT. IT'S HUMILIATING.


AND YOU'VE JUST BEEN GOING ALONG WITH IT? LETTING HIM WALK ALL OVER YOU?
WHAT CHOICE DO I HAVE? IF THAT VIDEO GETS OUT... IT'S OVER FOR ME.


LOOK, I GET IT. THAT'S A LOT OF PRESSURE. BUT, MORGAN... YOU CAN'T LET HIM CONTROL YOU LIKE THIS.
THERE HAS TO BE A WAY TO FIGHT BACK.
AND WHAT IF THERE ISN'T?


LISTEN TO ME, MORGAN. YOU'RE SMARTER THAN THIS.
IF ANYONE CAN FIGURE OUT HOW TO TURN THE TABLES, IT'S YOU.
TURN THE TABLES...?
DON'T LET THAT PIECE OF TRASH DESTROY YOUR LIFE!


FABIO, YOU... YOU'RE RIGHT...
I'VE BEEN SO SCARED OF HIM THAT I DIDN'T STOP TO THINK ABOUT FIGHTING BACK.
MAYBE... JUST MAYBE, I CAN DO SOMETHING.


DOCTOR SELENE? IT'S MEGAN.
I'VE MADE UP MY MIND.