





YOU DO UNDERSTAND... HOW THIS WILL
LOOK TO EVERYONE ELSE, DOMINIC, DON'T
YOU?



I DON'T CARE! I DON'T CARE
ABOUT ANYTHING....

I'LL FIRE THEM ALL!! NO ONE WILL
EVEN DARE TO SQUEAK.... I...



IT'S EASY FOR YOU TO
SAY — YOU'RE A MAN! YOU'RE
THE HEAD OF THE COMPANY, BUT
WHAT IS A POOR, DEFENSELESS
GIRL SUPPOSED TO DO WHEN THEY
START LOOKING AT HER LIKE
THE MAIN ENEMY?!

DID YOU THINK ABOUT THAT??
DID YOU THINK ABOUT WHAT THEY'LL
SEE ME AS??

BUT I CARE.

BUT... BUT... NONE OF THAT
MATTERS!

I'LL DEAL WITH IT! WHATEVER RUMORS
START SPREADING, I'LL DEAL WITH IT! YOU DON'T
NEED TO WORRY...





DOM, DOM... DARLING, I
UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'RE SAYING,
AND I REALLY WANT TO BE WITH YOU TOO,
BUT THE ONLY WAY TO "DEAL" WITH THIS...
IS TO MAKE ME THE CEO OF THE
COMPANY...

MAKE ME THEIR BOSS! AND
THEN... NO ONE WILL SAY A WORD! I
REALLY WANT TO BE WITH YOU...
YOU'RE MY DREAM, DOM, BUT...

A man with dark hair, wearing black-rimmed glasses, a white dress shirt, a blue and white striped tie, and a dark pinstriped vest. He is standing in front of a brick wall. His right hand is behind his head, and he has a thoughtful or slightly exasperated expression. A speech bubble is positioned to his left.

CEO... BUT... BUT... I'M THE CEO
OF THE COMPANY...



BUT YOU'RE ALSO THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD... AREN'T YOU?

YOU HOLD BOTH POSITIONS, YOU'RE THE ONE IN CHARGE... AND ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS SIGN A FEW PAPERS, AND WE WON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO FEAR ANYMORE!

DON'T WORRY, DOM, I KNOW BUSINESS — I JUST NEED GUARANTEES, YOU UNDERSTAND?

A man in a dark pinstriped suit, white shirt, and blue striped tie stands in a modern living room, gesturing with his right hand. He wears glasses and has a tattoo on his left forearm. He is looking towards a woman with blonde hair in a black dress, who is seen from the back. The room features a brick wall, a large black TV on a white stand, and a wooden door. Two track lights are on the ceiling. A large, faint, yellow scribble is on the brick wall behind the man.

AMELIA, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE
BOARD OF DIRECTORS WILL SAY... THEY
MIGHT...

EVEN THOUGH I'M THE CHAIRMAN
OF THE BOARD MYSELF... I HOLD THAT
POSITION ALONG WITH BEING CEO... THEY...
THEY MIGHT...



WHAT CAN THEY POSSIBLY DO?

WHAT WERE YOU SAYING?... YOU CAN DO ANYTHING, DOMINIC — YOU ARE THIS COMPANY!



I... UH... I... I AGREE... I AGREE TO
EVERYTHING...



I'LL DO EVERYTHING.



NOT SO FAST, COWBOY!

I WANT TO BE SURE YOU WON'T
USE ME AND THEN THROW ME OUT OF
YOUR LIFE...

THE COMPANY'S GENERAL MEETING IS IN
AN HOUR — YOU'LL ANNOUNCE YOUR DECISION IN
FRONT OF EVERYONE, AND I'LL SPEAK ONLINE
FROM HERE.

AND TONIGHT, NOTHING WILL
STAND IN THE WAY OF US BEING
TOGETHER... RIGHT?

A man with dark hair and glasses, wearing a white shirt, a blue striped tie, and a dark pinstriped vest, stands in front of a brick wall. He is looking upwards and to the left with a slightly open mouth, as if in the middle of a conversation or reacting to something. His hands are clasped together in front of him.

I... YES, I AGREE TO
EVERYTHING!

AT TODAY'S GENERAL MEETING, I'LL STEP
DOWN AS CEO AND ANNOUNCE YOU...

I'LL DO IT! I'LL DO EVERYTHING...



How . . . what the hell?!

That bitch is
going to grab the whole company?!
Today?

. . . Damn it, Sara, where are
you when we need you?!