



"IT SHOULD'NT HAVE ENDED LIKE THIS."



I'M SORRY.

FOR WHAT?

TONIGHT.



YOUR HEART IS BEATING REALLY FAST.

DO YOU NEED ME TO SPOT YOU?

YEAH... I WAS CRUNCHING SOME NUMBERS IN MY HEAD AND I THINK... I THINK I'M [REDACTED]

NOT LIKE THAT IT'S KIND OF MY FAULT ANYWAY.



WELL YOU'RE TAKING THINGS BETTER THAN ME.

I THINK WHEN YOU REALIZE THERE'S NOTHING ELSE YOU CAN DO, YOU JUST KINDA CHILL THE [REDACTED] OUT.

WHAT DO YOU THINK I SHOULD DO?



THIS QUESTION COULD RUIN YOUR LIFE, BUT ..IF YOU COULD START OVER WOULD YOU DO IT?

IN A HEARTBEAT.



I'M NOT [REDACTED] AROUND, LIKE NO GOING BACK.

...YES.



OKAY, THERE'S SOMEONE I WANT YOU TO MEET.



IT FEELS LIKE EVERY MOLECULE IN MY BODY IS VIBRATING, LIKE IT'S... PULLING ME.

AN... ANTI-DOOR?

THAT'S WHAT IT'S CALLED, YEAH, WHEN YOU MEET THEM, THEY CAN EXPLAIN IT BETTER THAN ME.



EITHER THIS IS SOME LA POP-UP BULLSHIT OR I'M REALLY SHIT UP.

ARE YOU COMING WITH ME?



I'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU.



I PROMISE.



I CAN'T TELL IF IT'S THE ALCOHOL, THIS DOOR, OR JUST MY IMPULSES, BUT ALL I FEEL IS THAT IT CAN'T BE WORSE IN THERE.





IT SMELLS LIKE  
SPLASH MOUNTAIN  
WATER.

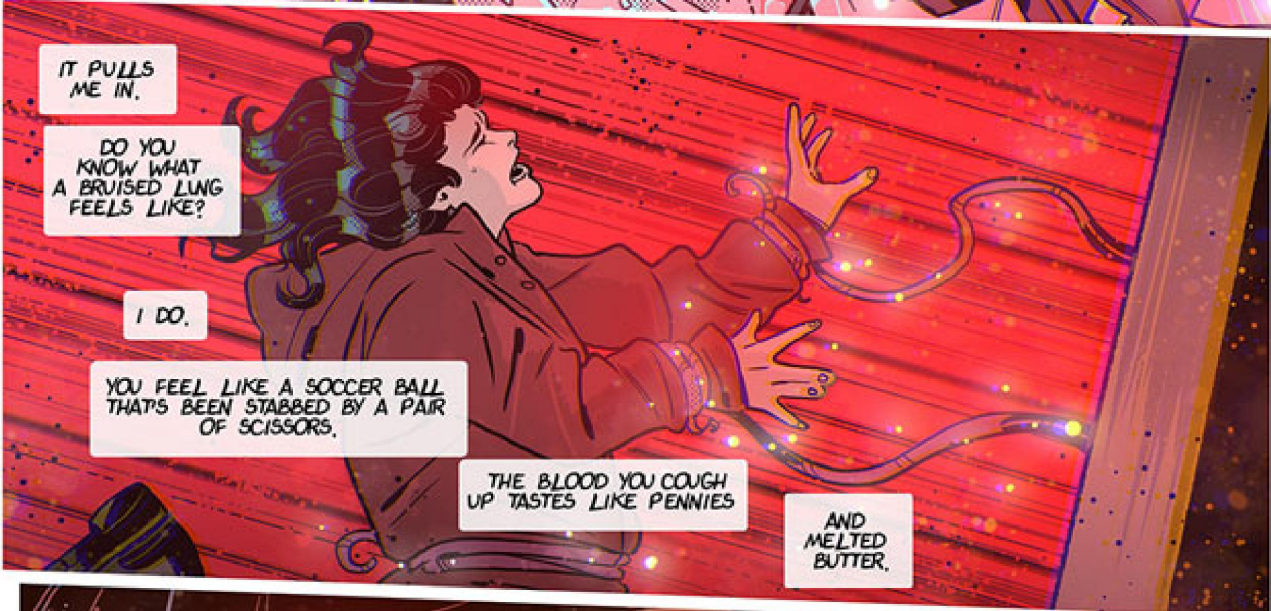
OKAY,  
HERE WE  
GO.

WAIT A MINUTE,  
WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING?



TURN AROUND.  
DON'T DO IT.  
THIS IS A BAD IDEA  
THIS IS WRONG.

HANG ON,  
I-I DON'T KNOW  
IF I CAN DO...



IT PULLS  
ME IN.

DO YOU  
KNOW WHAT  
A BRUISED LUNG  
FEELS LIKE?

I DO.

YOU FEEL LIKE A SOCCER BALL  
THAT'S BEEN STABBED BY A PAIR  
OF SCISSORS.

THE BLOOD YOU COUGH  
UP TASTES LIKE PENNIES

AND MELTED  
BUTTER.



THIS FEELS  
WORSE.