

Title: Disembodiment
Author: A. David Lewis
Penciler: Evan Quiring
Inker & Letterer: Darren Merinuk
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PAGE ONE
Seven panels

Epigraph: "IT IS LITTLE WONDER THAT RAPE IS ONE OF THE LEAST-REPORTED CRIMES. PERHAPS IT IS THE ONLY CRIME IN WHICH THE VICTIM BECOMES THE ACCUSED AND, IN REALITY, IT IS SHE WHO MUST PROVE HER GOOD REPUTATION, HER MENTAL SOUNDNESS, AND HER IMPECCABLE PROPRIETY." — FREIDA ADLER, 1975

Panel one. Long shot of late night New York skyline with apartment building at its center. Statue of Liberty is far in background, looking impaled on the spire of a skyscraper in front of it.

1. Caption: *HOMICIDE* IS DEFINED AS THE MURDER OF ONE PERSON BY ANOTHER. FROM THE LATIN *HOMO*, MEANING "MAN."

Panel two. Sam shot, except closer to central apartment building with most lights off in its windows.

2. Caption: *SUICIDE* IS DEFINED AS KILLING **YOURSELF**. FROM THE LATIN *SUI*, MEANING "ONESELF."
3. Caption: HOMOCIDE OR SUICIDE.

Panel three. Angle of approach remains the same as shot zooms in on one very faintly lit window.

4. Caption: WHICH WOULD IT BE, I WONDER?

Panel four. Through window, there is a dark living room and a long hallway leading to an open bedroom.

5. Caption: IT'S 1:17 AM, AND I SIT ON TODD YAZBEK'S BED WONDERING THIS -- WHAT I SHOULD **DO**. I WEAR TODD YAZBEK'S CLOTHES AND TRY NOT TO TEAR THEM OFF. I STARE AT HIS MIRROR AND ASK MYSELF IF IT WOULD BE **REVENGE** OR SELF-DESTRUCTION.
6. Caption: HIS BODY TREMBLES AS I LOOK AT HIS REFLECTION. AS I LOOK AT HIS FACE.

Panel five. At end of hall, we see the form of a man slumped at the edge of the bed. His back is towards us and his left arm is raised to his face. There is glass at his feet. One, lone reading light opposite the bed glows his right side.

7. Caption: I STARE AT HIS FACE...AND I WANT TO **KILL** HIM. WANT TO KILL HIS BODY -- JUST HIS HAIRY, UGLY BODY.
8. Caption: WHAT WOULD THAT BE, I WONDER? NOT HOMICIDE. NOT SUICIDE. TO KILL **ONLY** A BODY... "BODY," IN LATIN...*SOMA*...**SOMACIDE**.
9. Caption: YES, I PONDER SOMACIDE.

Panel six. Tighter shot on man, centering just over his right shoulder. He wears a tank top and boxer shorts and stares into a cracked, full-length mirror. His left arm is raised to his face. His dangling right hand bleeds slightly.

10. Caption: NOT YET, THOUGH. NOT YET. NOT UNTIL I UNDERSTAND WHAT HAS HAPPENED. NO MATTER HOW MUCH HE HURT ME -- NOT YET. MUST FIGURE THIS OUT.

Panel seven. Large vertical panel filling left side of page. It is his reflection, looking puzzled and despairing. A trickle of blood seeps between his fingers holding his cheek.

11. Caption: **BUT I WANT TO KILL HIM.**
12. Caption: I WANT TO FINALLY KILL THIS MONSTER.

PAGE TWO

Six panels

Panel one. As if in mirror, turn 180 degrees. His despairing eyes stare at us. Looking at him from top to bottom, we see that the knuckles on his right hand are torn, its fingers are bloody, and three deep nail scratches line his left cheek.

1. Todd: ...
2. Caption: THIS **CAN'T** BE REAL.
3. Todd: ...CAN'T BE...
4. Caption: BUT IT'S **HIS** VOICE. AND **REAL** PAIN RADIATES FROM MY SHREDDED KNUCKLES.
5. Todd: ...**HIS** KNUCKLES...REMEMBER, **HIS** KNUCKLES --

Panel two. Todd looks away from our/the mirror's gaze, squeezing his eyes tight even as a trail of tears escapes.

6. Caption: I REMEMBER HIS KNUCKLES. I REMEMBER THEM **TOO** WELL.
7. Caption: THIS IS REAL.

Panel three. Same shot as Todd looks behind him towards the hall bathroom. His left hand wipes away the tears.

8. Todd: ...
9. Caption: LARGE APARTMENT. FOR A BASTARD. EMPTY. NO NOISES IN THIS PLACE. IT'S SILENT. NO ONE HEARD MY SCREAMING BEFORE. MAYBE HE **KNEW** THAT, **LIKED** THAT ABOUT THIS PLACE. WHEREVER IT IS. LITTLE LIGHT FROM OUTSIDE. MUST BE HIGH UP. DOZEN STORIES. QUITE A FALL. WOULDN'T BE ANY GETTING UP FROM THAT. INSTANT LIQUID TODD. I HAVE HIS BODY, AFTER ALL. I **AM** ALONE. DOWN THE HALL. OUT THE WINDOW. JUST A PANE IN MY WAY.

Panel four. Same shot as Todd walks away from the mirror down hall. He steps on the glass without notice.

Panel five. Same shot as Todd turns into the bathroom. In addition to his hand, his left foot now trails blood. Lays right hand on the wall for stability.

10. Caption: NO. NO. START SIMPLE. YOU'RE BLEEDING -- (**HE'S** BLEEDING, **HE'S** BLEEDING) -- START THERE. GET CLEAN. REGROUP.
11. Todd: GET CL-- WHOA...--
12. Caption: CENTER OF GRAVITY. IT'S ALL **WEIRD**. HARD TO BALANCE. OR THINK. HARD TO WALK ESPECIALLY WITH HIS --

Panel six. Same shot. Todd is absent, having entered the bathroom. We can now see perfectly, down the hall, through the window, and into the night sky. A piece of indiscernible red clothing lies on the living room couch.

13. Caption: ...I'M TOO TERRIFIED TO THINK OF TAKING THE BRIEFS OFF.

PAGE THREE

Eight floating panels over background, ninth grounded in lower right corner.

Background. Profile of water spraying from the shower head across Todd's face.

1. Caption: IN THE SHOWER -- WITH MY EYES SHUT TIGHT, WITH THE WARM WATER RUNNING OVER ME -- I ALMOST FEEL NORMAL.
2. Caption: **ALMOST**.
3. Caption: I CAN'T ESCAPE THE SCENE IN MY HEAD. THE BLACK BEHIND HIS/MY -- **WHOEVER'S** EYES. IT KEEPS REPLAYING. KEEPS HITTING ME OVER AND OVER. LIKE A CRUEL RAIN.

Panel one. Close-up of Todd in bed, eyes opening slightly to see his furry arm stretched in front of it.

4. Caption: EARLY NIGHT -- NO LETTERMAN. SOFT PAJAMAS AND MOM'S QUILT. SOLID SLEEP. NO NIGHTMARES TONIGHT. JUST DEAD TO THE WORLD.

5. Caption: STIRRED AROUND 1. I FELT...**ODD**. MY ARM -- IT LOOKED SWOLLEN. IT MOVED LIKE MY ARM, RESPONDED LIKE IT. YET IT WAS...ALIEN. FOREIGN. I SHOT UP TO EXAMINE THE LIMB --

Panel two. Todd leaps up in bed, trying to look at self in the darkness.

6. Caption: -- AND FOUND THAT I HAD A WHOLE MISPLACED BODY TO GO WITH IT! I THREW THE SHEETS OFF AND TOOK FREAKISH INVENTORY. A GUT. NO CHEST. HAIR. NO SCARS. WRONG SIZE. WRONG SHAPE. WRONG, **WRONG, WRONG!**
7. Todd: GOD, WHAT -- ?
8. Caption: AND A **VOICE** --

Panel three. One leg out of bed, Todd graps for his own throat in horror.

9. Caption: -- A VOICE THAT DEFINITELY WASN'T MINE. **TODD'S VOICE**.
10. Caption: HIS **VOICE** -- THAT'S WHAT FINALLY THREW ME INTO A PANIC. AND A RAGE.

Panel four. Todd presses self against wall as he walks his fingers and nails over his face, slowly gouging his cheek.

11. Caption: FRENZIED REALIZATIONS STRUCK LIKE CHAIN LIGHTNING: I WAS ALONE. I WAS NOT IN MY HOME. THE VOICE HAD COME FROM ME. THESE WARPED TRUTHS MERCILESSLY PENETRATED AND AMPLIFIED MY NEAR-HYSTERICS.
12. Caption: LIKE THE BLIND, I TRIED TO TRACE HIS FACE IN THE DARK. AND HORRIBLY, I **COULD** RECOGNIZE IT. SO, LIKE A CAT, I TRIED **CLAWING** IT OFF.

Panel five. Worm's eye view of Todd dashing forward, reaching through the dark, desperate for almost anything.

13. Caption: IT WAS SO **DARK**, A LIMBO, I COULDN'T THINK. BLACK AND LOST, LIKE A VOID. AND MY MIND – IT FELT ON THE VERGE OF A SIMILAR ABYSS. I REACHED MY HANDS OUT, FOR REALITY TO TAKE ME BACK --

Panel six. Todd reaches mirror and lamp simultaneously. Turns on lamp to see himself.

16. Caption: -- AND ALL IT DID WAS SLAP ME IN THE FACE.

Panel seven. In terror, Todd smashes mirror with right hand.

17. Todd: NOO!!
18. Todd: RWAAAHAH!

Panel eight (can flow out of panel). Bird's eye view of Todd slumped, pained as he looks at the remains of the mirror.

19. Caption: I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I SAT THERE BEFORE I STOPPED SCREAMING. HOW LONG I PRAYED TO EMERGE FROM THIS LATEST NIGHTMARE, FIND MYSELF RIGHT BACK UNDER MOM'S OLD QUILT.
20. Caption: BUT I HAVEN'T WOKEN UP. AND THE SHOWER HASN'T WASHED HIM OFF OF ME. HASN'T BROKEN THE SPELL. THE MASK STAYS FIXED IN PLACE.
21. Caption: THE MASK OF TODD YAZBEK.

Panel nine. Shot of Todd in shower, soaked, but still wearing boxers and tank top as he pulls back his hair and looks anxious.

22. Caption: BUT, I'M **NOT** TODD YAZBEK.
23. Caption: I'M ANGELA CHRISTI!
24. Todd: I'M...I'M ANGELA...

PAGE FOUR

Eight panels

Panel one. Water off, Todd slumps against the side of the shower, one hand listlessly reaching for a towel.

1. Caption: I'M ANGELA MARY CHRISTI. BORN AUGUST 6, 1971. RAISED IN NEEDHAM, MASSACHUSETTS. ATTENDED ST. FRANCINE'S. GRADUATED HOLY CROSS. LANGUAGE MAJOR. VARSITY FORWARD. ONLY CHILD. SISTER MARGARET'S FAVORITE.

Panel two. Todd exits bathroom, glancing at mirror and wincing as he touches the scratches down his cheek.

2. Caption: IF SHE COULD ONLY SEE ME NOW.
3. Caption: THIS IS **CRAZY!**

Panel three. Silhouette of Todd in towel as he stands outside lit bathroom looking at living room's darkness.

4. Todd: ...**CRAZY**...
5. Caption: I'VE NEVER BEEN HERE BEFORE. I WENT TO SLEEP LAST NIGHT -- IN MY **OWN** APARTMENT. WEARING MY OWN CLOTHES. WEARING MY OWN **BODY**.
6. Caption: NOW I'M...HERE. LIKE**THIS**. IN -- WELL, IN **HIM**. I'M IN TODD YAZBEK!
7. Caption: I LOOK OVER THE ROOM AND EVERYTHING ARGUES AGAINST ME. EVERYTHING AGREES THAT THIS IS TODD'S PLACE AND THAT I AM TODD YAZBEK. MY **MIND** IS THE ONLY GLITCH.

Panel four. Todd's shadow falls over television system and sidetable.

8. Caption: TWO VIDEO TAPES. *BRA BUSTERS* -- **TYPICAL** -- AND...
9. Todd: ...*SLEEPLESS IN SEATTLE?*
10. Caption: BOTH CHECKED OUT YESTERDAY UNDER TODD'S NAME. FROM VIDEO DEN ON 14TH STREET ACCORDING TO THE RECEIPT.
11. Caption: HALF-FINISHED GLASS OF SCOTCH. I THINK. DON'T KNOW MY LIQUORS. YESTERDAY'S MAIL ON THE TABLE. AN OFFER FROM COLUMBIA HOUSE -- I NOTICE OFFERS FOR TAPES OF *QUANTUM LEAP* AND THAT JIMMY SMITS MOVIE, *SWITCH*.
12. Todd: heh.
13. Todd: **irony**.

Panel five. Todd wanders room in the dark, moving through the kitchen. Does not notice the red item on couch.

14. Caption: FULL FRIDGE. COUPLE OF UNWASHED DISHES. MORE VEGGIES THAN I WOULD HAVE EXPECTED.
15. Caption: TODD WAS HERE RECENTLY. **HIM**, I MEAN, NOT **ME** IN HIS BODY. NO SIGN OF HIM GETTING READY TO LEAVE. NOTHING REALLY STRANGE ABOUT THE PLACE. NO SIGN OF...ANYTHING.
16. Caption: WHAT AM I LOOKING FOR, REALLY? A VOODOO DOLL? SOME SCI-FI GIZMO? MACBETH'S WITCHES? **NOTHING** MAKES SENSE.
17. Caption: THE ANSWERING MACHINE FLASHES. DO I HAVE THE RIGHT TO PLAY IT?

Panel six. Close-up of Todd's finger pressing PLAY button on machine with trashcan on the floor below.

18. Caption: *CARPE DIEM*.
19. Caption: TWO MESSAGES.
20. Caption: (WHAT DO I EXPECT? THE VOICE OF **GOD** APOLOGIZING FOR THE MIX-UP?)
21. Machine: HONEY, IT'S MOM. HI THERE. SPOKE TO ANDY -- HE'S UPSET ABOUT THE WHOLE **BRIS** THING FOR DAVID. BUT I TOLD HIM THAT THAT'S WHAT JEWISH PEOPLE DO AND THAT'S WHAT HIS WIFE WANTS. BUT, YOU KNOW YOUR BROTHER -- CAN NEVER SEE THE OTHER SIDE OF THINGS. ANYHOW, I'M AT ELLA'S TONIGHT, SO CALL ME THIS WEEKEND. LOVE YOU, BYE. >BEEEEP<
22. Caption: THE BASTARD HAS FAMILY. SHOULDN'T SURPRISE ME.
23. Machine: T-BONE, IT'S FRED. WHERE'D YOU GO TONIGHT? WE THOUGHT YOU WERE COMING LATE TO *WISEY'S*. MEG WAS LOOKING FOR YOU, YOU **DOG**. HIT ME BACK LATER, WHEN YOU GET THIS. CATCH YA ON THE FLIP. >BEEEEP<
24. Caption: TODD WAS EXPECTED. WAS MISSING. SO, WHATEVER...**HAPPENED**, IT WAS UNEXPECTED. FOR HIM AND FOR ME. AT LEAST, IT SEEMS THAT -- THAT --
25. Caption: THAT WASTEBASKET. IS THAT...?

Panel seven. Close up of Todd in front of door disgustedly holding up used condom from trash, almost nauseated.

Panel eight. Todd drops condom and falls back against wall, almost faint.

PAGE FIVE

Six panels

Panel one. Todd hugging knees on the floor with back to the wall.

Panel two. Todd in same pose, now looking out the window.

1. Caption: I MET TODD AT GADD CORP.
2. Caption: WE BOTH LANDED THE BATEX ACCOUNT. **BIG MONEY**. WHICH ALSO MEANT BIG PRESSURE. SO, THOMAS HAD US HEAD IT JOINTLY.

Panel three. Subtle switch to the Gadd Building, Todd in shirtsleeves looks out the window, leaning on the frame and holding a beer. Angela, hugging knees and sitting across the room, looks at him.

3. Todd: HELL!
4. Caption: HE HAD ONCE BEEN A BIG GUN AT THE CORPORATION. BUT, HE HAD **SLIPPED**. THE BATEX ACCOUNT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE HIS RETURN TO FAVOR. TO GRACE.
5. Angela: I'M SURE THERE'S A WAY, TODD.
6. Caption: BUT IT HAD GONE BAD. HE HAD BEEN OUTMANEUVERED BY CONSERVATIVES IN BATEX ITSELF. HIS HEAD WAS ON THE CHOPPING BLOCK. AND THE CORPORATION WAS ABOUT TO DROP THE AXE.
7. Caption: "CORPORATION." FROM *CORPUS*. LATIN FOR "GROUP." OR "BODY." SAME ROOT AS CORPSE.

Panel four. Angela puts her own beer down on the conference table and approaches Todd, who stares out the window glaringly.

8. Caption: I ACTUALLY PITIED HIM. FELT **SORRY** FOR HIM. WE HAD BEEN **BEAT**, AND HE WAS GOING TO PAY FOR IT.
9. Todd: THERE'S NO WAY...NO WAY...
10. Angela: AW, TODD...DON'T SAY THAT.
11. Caption: I WANTED TO CONSOLE HIM. I COULD SEE HIS WORLD FALLING APART. IT WAS SO LONG AGO, BUT...I ACTUALLY WANTED TO **HELP** HIM. GIVE HIM A SHOULDER RUB. GIVE HIM A HUG. **SOMETHING**.
12. Angela: LOOK, I'M SURE SOME OF THIS IS MY FAULT. WE COULD BOTH PLEAD *MEA CULPA* TO THOMAS. IT SHOULDN'T **ALL** BE ON YOU.

Panel five. Close-up on Todd's face, pained with frustration and anger, near-crazed. Angela is beside him.

13. Todd: ...*MEA CULPA*...?
14. Caption: IT TURNS OUT THAT I **DID** GIVE HIM SOMETHING.
15. Angela: IT MEANS "MY FAULT." YOU DON'T DESERVE ALL THE BLAME ALO--
16. Todd: I **KNOW** WHAT IT MEANS, ANJ. WHAT ALL YOUR GODDAMN CATHOLIC LATIN HAS MEANT.
17. Angela: -- TODD?
18. Todd: YOU THINK YOU'RE **SO** SMART. AND SO **SAFE**. SO GODDAMN UNTOUCHABLE, HUH?
19. Caption: I GAVE HIM SOMETHING, ALL RIGHT.

Panel six. Todd spins, cracking Angela across the jaw with the back of his hand. She goes flying.

20. Caption: I GAVE HIM A **TARGET**.
21. Todd: **YOU DON'T KNOW A DAMN THING!**

PAGE SIX

Five panels

Panel one. Angela has fallen on conference table. Todd looms over her, fists raised.

1. Caption: MERCIFULLY, ALL I REMEMBER ARE THE FISTS.
2. Todd: SO **INNOCENT!** SO **PURE!**

Panel two. Todd slams Angela with a full fist, while his other hand goes to his belt.

3. Caption: LATER IN THE HOSPITAL, I WAS TOLD THAT SECURITY FOUND TODD IN HIS OFFICE, SMASHING EVERYTHING HE HAD.
4. Todd: THAT WHAT THE NUNS TAUGHT YA, ANJ? HOW TO BAIL SHIP? HOW TO **SCREW** YOUR PARTNERS?

Panel three. Todd backhands her again as he unfastens his belt. Her eyes have rolled up in her head.

5. Caption: THE CORPORATION MADE QUICK WORK OF HIM. FIRED HIM ON THE SPOT. SHIPPED HIM OFF WITHOUT CEREMONY. NO ONE SAW HIM AGAIN.
6. Todd: WE'LL SEE WHO GETS **SCREWED** HERE, BITCH!

Panel four. Hazily, Todd appears to now be truly on top of Angela, but it cannot be clearly viewed.

7. Caption: NO POLICE WERE INVOLVED. NO CHARGES BROUGHT AGAINST HIM. THAT WAS **MY** DECISION. AT THE TIME, I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO FEEL. DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO BELIEVE. COULD HARDLY FACE WHAT HAPPENED.
8. Caption: I ONLY REMEMBERED THE FISTS.

Panel five. Back to Todd in his apartment hugging his knees, sitting next to the door.

9. Caption: IT WAS THE PARAMEDICS WHO FOUND IT. I WAS UNCONSCIOUS.
10. Caption: THEY FOUND THE USED CONDOM LYING ON THE TABLE NEXT TO ME.
11. Caption: HE **SOMEHOW** HAD THE SENSE TO USE A CONDOM --
12. Caption: -- WHEN HE RAPED ME.

PAGE SEVEN

Nine panels

Panel one. Same as page six's last panel — Todd sits in desperate silence, trying not even to think.

Panel two. Todd leaps up in nervous fright, as someone knocks on the door.

1. SFX: KNOCK-KNOCK
2. Todd: **GYAAH!**
3. Caption: WHO --?

Panel three. Todd stands and looks at door, uncertain and panicked. Pulls towel tight around his waist.

4. Meg (behind door): TODDY? IT'S ME, MEG. YOU STILL UP IN THERE, LOVE?
5. Caption: OH, NO... OH, **NO!** I DON'T WANT TO DO THIS!
6. SFX: KNOCK-KNOCK
7. Meg: I HEARD YOU SHOUT, HON. YOU OKAY IN THERE?
8. Caption: I DON'T WANT TO **BE** HIM!

Panel four. Todd opens the door a crack to see Meg, bombshell redhead in four-star waitress uniform.

9. Meg: THERE YOU ARE! EARLY NIGHT FOR YOU, TODDY?
10. Todd: ER, YEAH -- I'M...SICK.
11. Caption: MORE LIKE TWISTED.
12. Meg: OH, POOR BOY! YOU SEEMED PRETTY **HEALTHY** LAST NIGHT.
13. Todd: LAST NIGHT -- ?
14. Meg: MMM, YEAH. THAT WAS ONE TO REMEMBER. YOU WERE QUITE THE MAN...

Panel five. Meg edges slightly around door to point to red camisole lying on couch. Todd reaches for it.

15. Meg: WELL, IF YOU'RE NOT UP TO A "REMATCH" --
16. Caption: OH, PLEASE, GOD, NO...
17. Meg: -- I JUST CAME TO GET A LITTLE SOMETHING I LEFT BEHIND IN MY RUSH THIS MORNING.
18. Todd: HUH? OH -- OH, SURE, YEAH.
19. Caption: SHE ACTUALLY SLEPT WITH THIS MONSTER? DOESN'T SHE KNOW? CAN'T SHE SEE?

Panel six. Todd hands her the camisole, keeping himself between her and the room.

20. Caption: CAN'T **STAND** THIS! GET HER OUT OF HERE. MAKE HER LEAVE.
21. Meg: THANKS, TODDY. RAINCHECK?
22. Todd: UM, YEAH, SURE. RAINCHECK.
23. Caption: HURRY, HURRY, GIVE HER THE --

Panel seven. Meg plants a deep kiss on the shocked and confused Todd.

24. Caption: -- KISS OFF --
25. Todd: MMHF!

Panel eight. Meg closes door behind her, leaving Todd standing there, speechless.

26. Meg: BYE.
27. SFX: CLICK!
28. Caption: SHE ACTUALLY THOUGHT THAT I WAS HIM. THAT I WAS TODD.
29. Caption: COULDN'T SHE SEE HOW DANGEROUS HE IS? HOW CRACKED?

Panel nine. Todd touches his lip gently.

1. Caption: ...CRACKED.
2. Caption: JESUS, I NEVER **THOUGHT** OF THAT. IT'S SO -- IT'S SO --
3. Caption: WHAT IF I **AM** TODD YAZBEK??

PAGE EIGHT

Six panels

Panel one. Todd dashes for the bedroom, dropping the towel behind him, though he still has on wet boxers.

1. Caption: IT ALL COMES TO ME IN A RUSH:
2. Caption: I WAS AFRAID FOR A LONG TIME THAT TODD WOULD COME BACK. THAT HE WOULD FIND ME. I BOUGHT A GUN, INSTALLED SECURITY, CHANGED JOBS.
3. Caption: EVEN AFTER THREE YEARS OF THERAPY, I STILL FEARED HIM. THOUGHT HE MIGHT BE OUT THERE. ANGRY. AND INSANE.
4. Caption: WHAT IF I WAS **RIGHT**?
5. Todd: OH, DAMN...OH, **DAMN**...

Panel two. Reflection of Todd in cracked mirror as he throws open dresser drawer, looking for clothing.

6. Todd: PANTS...NEED PANTS...!
7. Caption: HOW DOES SOMEONE KNOW IF THEY'RE CRAZY?
8. Caption: WHAT IF I **WAS** RIGHT? WHAT IF TODD TRULY DID LOSE IT? STARTING DRIFTING FURTHER AND FURTHER FROM REALITY. LOSING THE ACCOUNT, ATTACKING ME, LOSING HIS JOB -- WHAT IF THAT WAS ALL JUST **PRELUDE**?
9. Caption: WHAT IF HIS MIND BEGAN TO THINK THAT HE WAS SOMEONE ELSE?

Panel three. Todd flings on a shirt and reaches for jeans.

10. Caption: HIS BRAIN -- SPLIT. TODD ONE MINUTE, SOMEONE ELSE THE NEXT. SOMEONE WHO DOESN'T REMEMBER ANY OF TODD'S PAST. SOMEONE **INNOCENT** OF ALL HIS SINS.

11. Caption: MPD: MULTIPLE PERSONALITY DISORDER. EXCEPT WITH **MY** PERSONALITY!

Panel four. Fully clothed, Todd grabs keys from dresser and heads for the front door.

12. Caption: IT SOUNDS SO CRAZY. BUT, WHAT OTHER EXPLANATION DO I HAVE?
13. Caption: WAS TODD SO INSANE -- AM I SO INSANE -- THAT LAST NIGHT HE JUST FELL ASLEEP AND WORK UP...AS **ME**?

Panel five. Todd opens door as he stares at driver's license in wallet.

14. Caption: I DECIDE THAT I DON'T CARE. I CAN'T AFFORD TO THINK THAT WAY. I DON'T KNOW HOW THIS HAPPENED. AND I DON'T **WANT** TO.
15. Caption: I DON'T NEED AN EXPLANATION. I DON'T NEED A RATIONALE. I NEED A **SOLUTION**.
16. Todd: ...17TH STREET...
17. Caption: AND I'VE BEEN MISSING A **MAJOR** PIECE OF THE PUZZLE.

Panel six. Todd races down apartment complex hallway to elevators.

18. Caption: I'M TEN MINUTES AWAY FROM ANGELA CHRISTI'S APARTMENT.
19. Caption: I NEED TO SEE HER. I NEED TO SEE WHAT'S HAPPEN TO MY BODY.

PAGE NINE

Five panels

Panel one. Todd emerges into the city's night sky, looking for a street sign to orient him.

1. Caption: IF I'M TODD YAZBEK, THEN HOW DO I KNOW ANGELA CHRISTI'S NEW ADDRESS? OR HER SECURITY PASSCODE? BUT IF I'M ANGELA CHRISTI, WHAT AM I DOING IN TODD YAZBEK'S BODY?
2. Caption: WORSE -- WHAT IF HE'S IN MINE?

Panel two. Todd runs at frantic, full-speed down the sidewalks, attracting odd looks from the late-night citizenry.

3. Caption: I HAVE TO GET TO THE APARTMENT. I HAVE TO KNOW.
4. Caption: IF TODD'S IN MY BODY -- IF HE'S IN MY BODY --
5. Caption: I BRIEFLY PRAY THAT I **AM** CRAZY. THAT ANGELA IS THERE, SLEEPING PEACEFULLY. THE ALTERNATIVE IS TOO TERRIBLE.

Panel three. Todd continues to run, accidentally knocking over a trashcan as he turns to enter the brownstone apartment building.

6. Caption: FEAR SWIRLS INSIDE OF ME. ANXIETY. ALMOST TERROR.
7. Caption: "TERROR." FROM THE LATIN WORD *TERROR*. IT MEANS THE SAME THING IN ANY LANGUAGE.

Panel four. Todd races up the stairs, driven by pure adrenaline, as a mix of horror and determination

8. Caption: BUT IF IT IS... THE ALTERNATIVE...I HAVE TO FIND A **WAY** -- A WAY TO SWITCH BACK. A WAY TO GET HIM THE HELL OUT OF ME. TO PUT THE SCUM BACK WHERE HE BELONGS.
9. Caption: TO MAKE SURE HE NEVER, **EVER** HURTS ME AGAIN.

Panel five. Todd gripping the door handle to Angela's apartment, punching a numerical code into the keypad on the wall.

10. Caption: I'LL FIND A WAY. I SURVIVED BEFORE -- I'LL SURVIVE THIS NOW. I HAVE TO **BELIEVE** THAT.
11. Caption: I'LL GET MY BODY BACK, GET MY LIFE BACK. SO HELP ME GOD, I'LL **FIX** THIS. MAKE TODD PAY. EVEN IF IT KILLS ME.

PAGE TEN

One panel

Splash page. Todd stands in doorway of the apartment, silent and stunned — Angela, in her pajamas, lies beside her gun and a pierced pillow on the blood-soaked couch, dead from a recent self-inflicted gunshot wound.

1. Caption: ...EVEN IF IT KILLS ME...

Postlude: "NO ONE IS FREE WHO IS A SLAVE TO THE BODY." — SENECA THE YOUNGER, 33 A.D.