

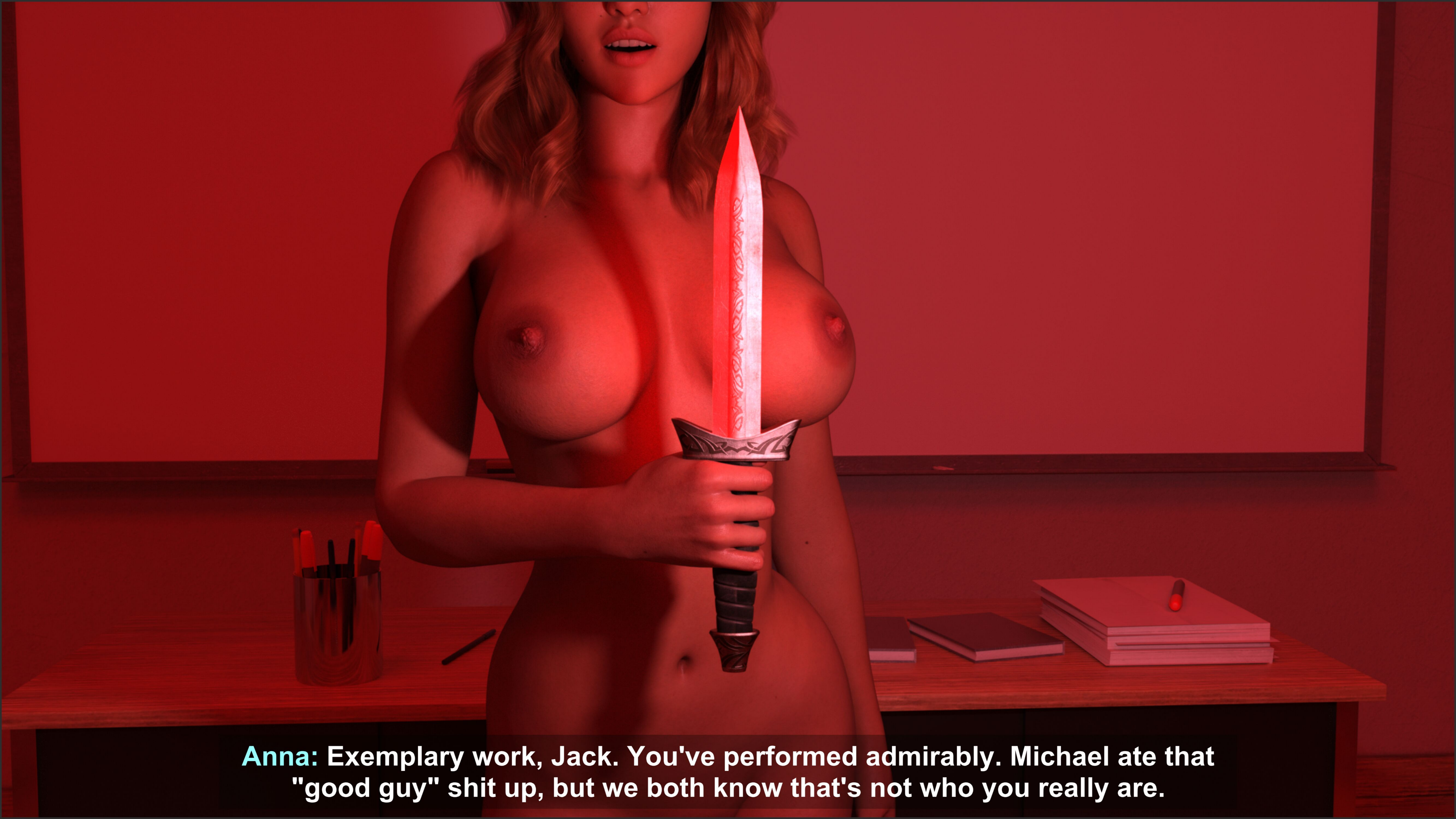


Jack: I think you're right...



Jack: ...but I'm still missing *how* I will.





Anna: Exemplary work, Jack. You've performed admirably. Michael ate that "good guy" shit up, but we both know that's not who you really are.



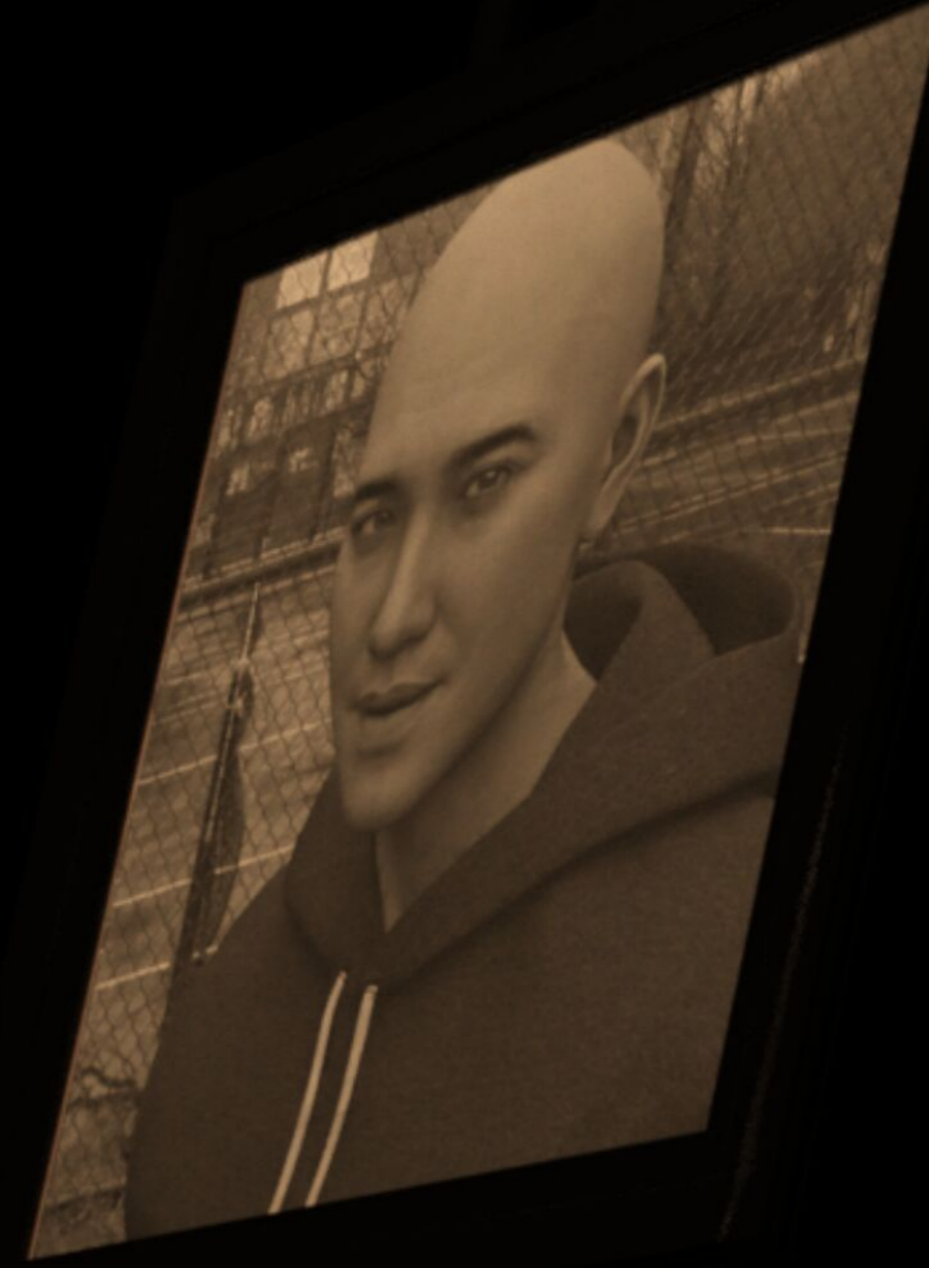
**Anna: But let's talk about that more in person, shall we?
Come find me so we can finally end this...**



Anna: ...or should I say *begin it?* HAHAHA!!!



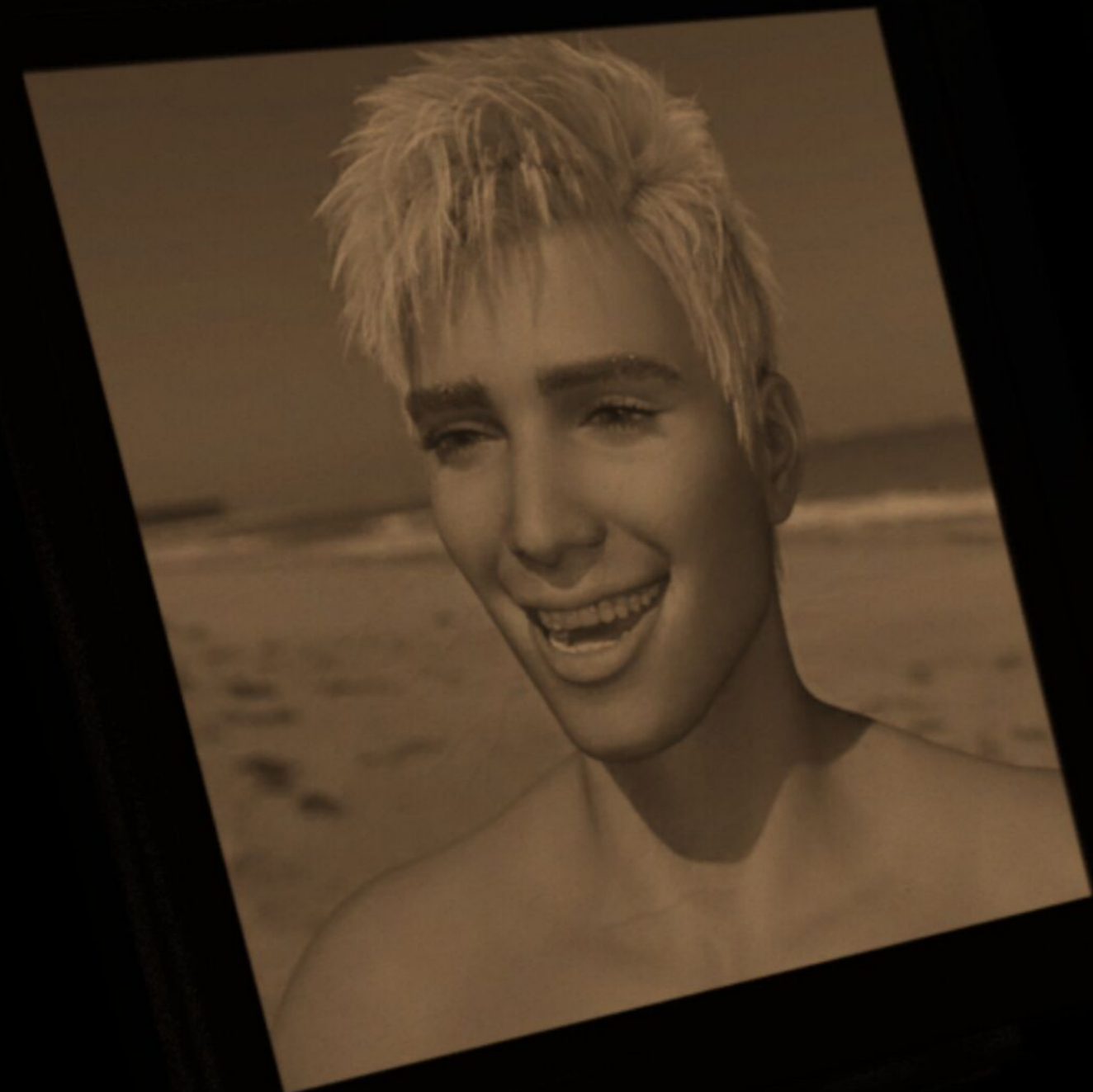
Jack: Anna!?



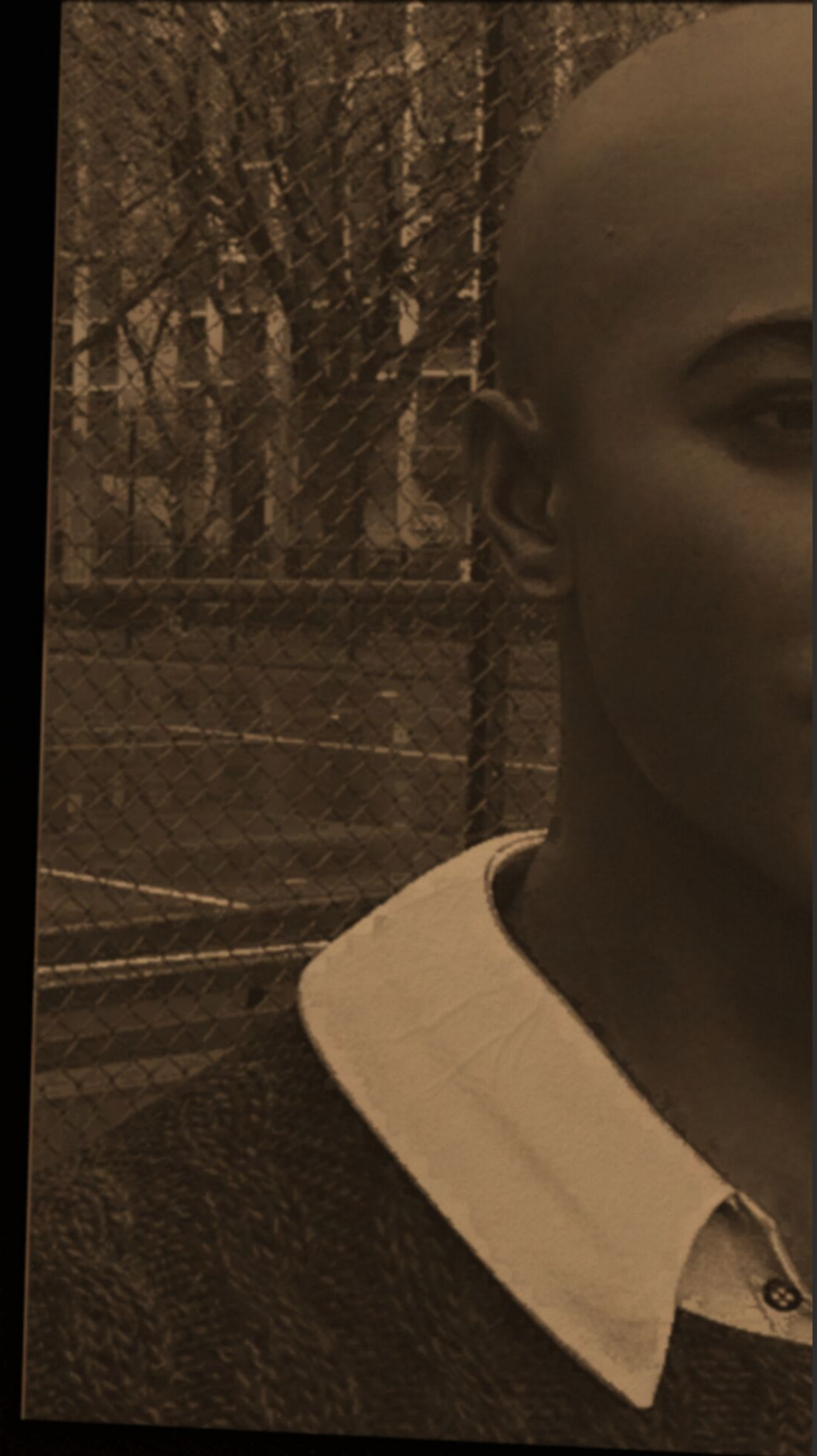
Jack: Huh? This is new.



Jack: Michael... *sigh*



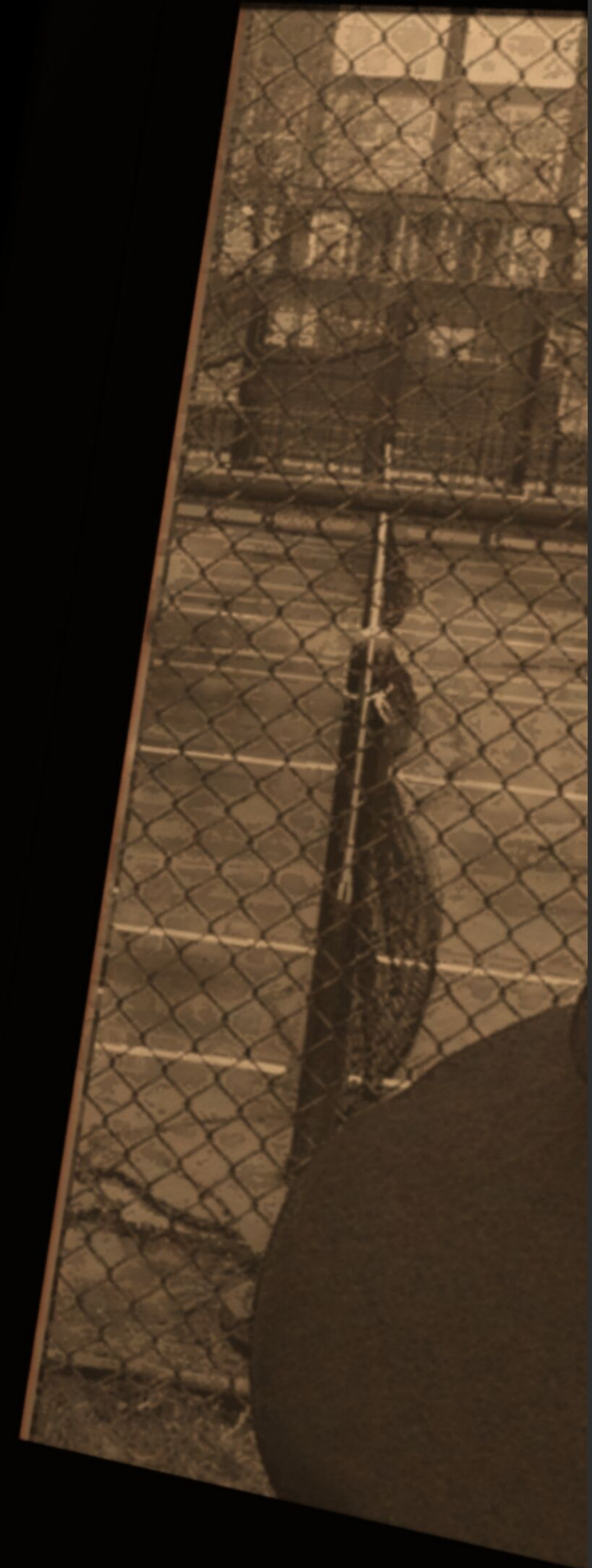
Jack: It looks like the price has been paid.
Four men willingly becoming...



Jack: Holly...



Jack: Poppy...



Jack: Lily...



Jack: ...and Daisy.



Jack: All so Simon can *live* his dream. **sigh
That's one hell of a price to pay...**



Jack: ...or is there a price that's even heavier?

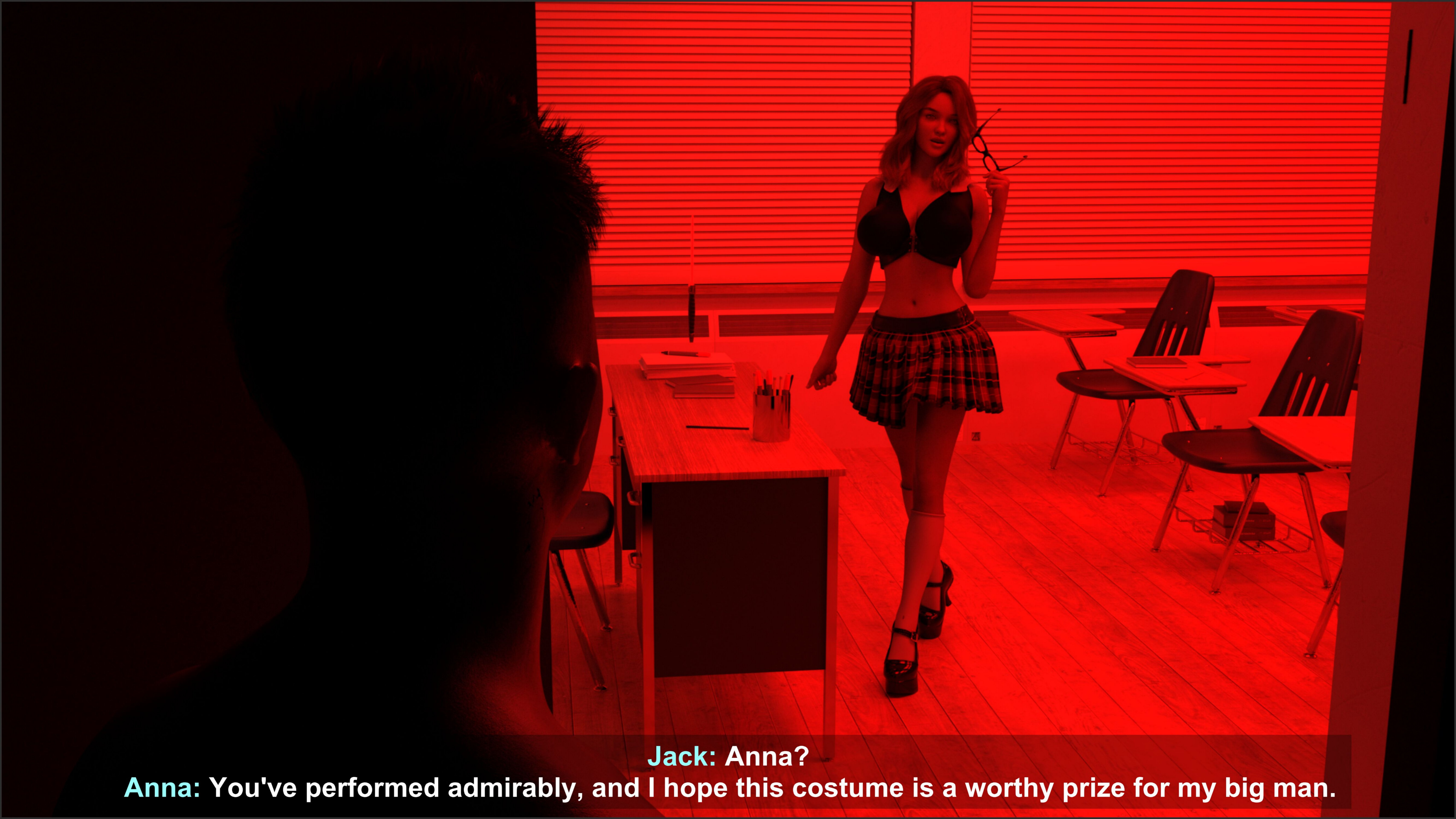






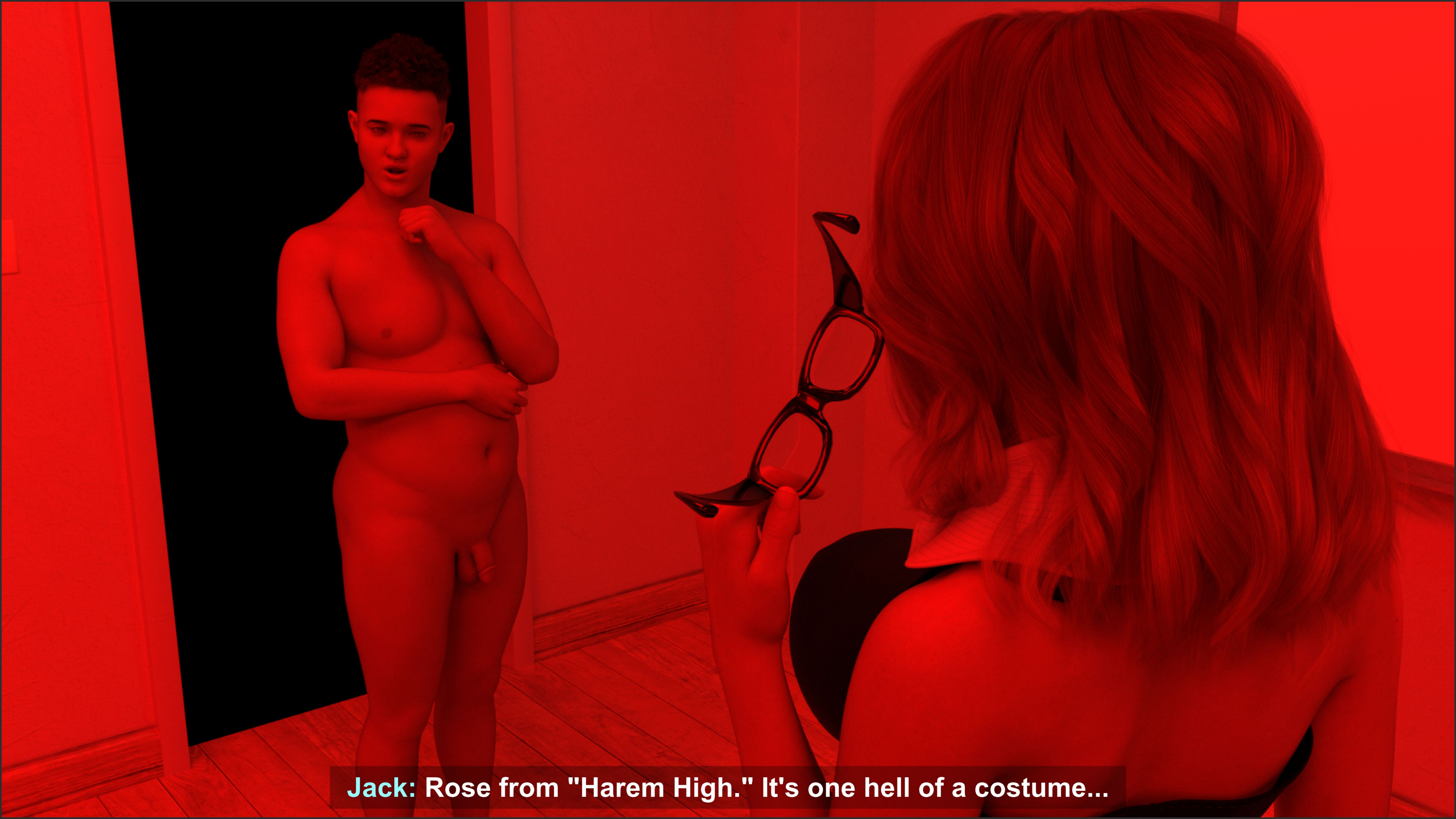






Jack: Anna?

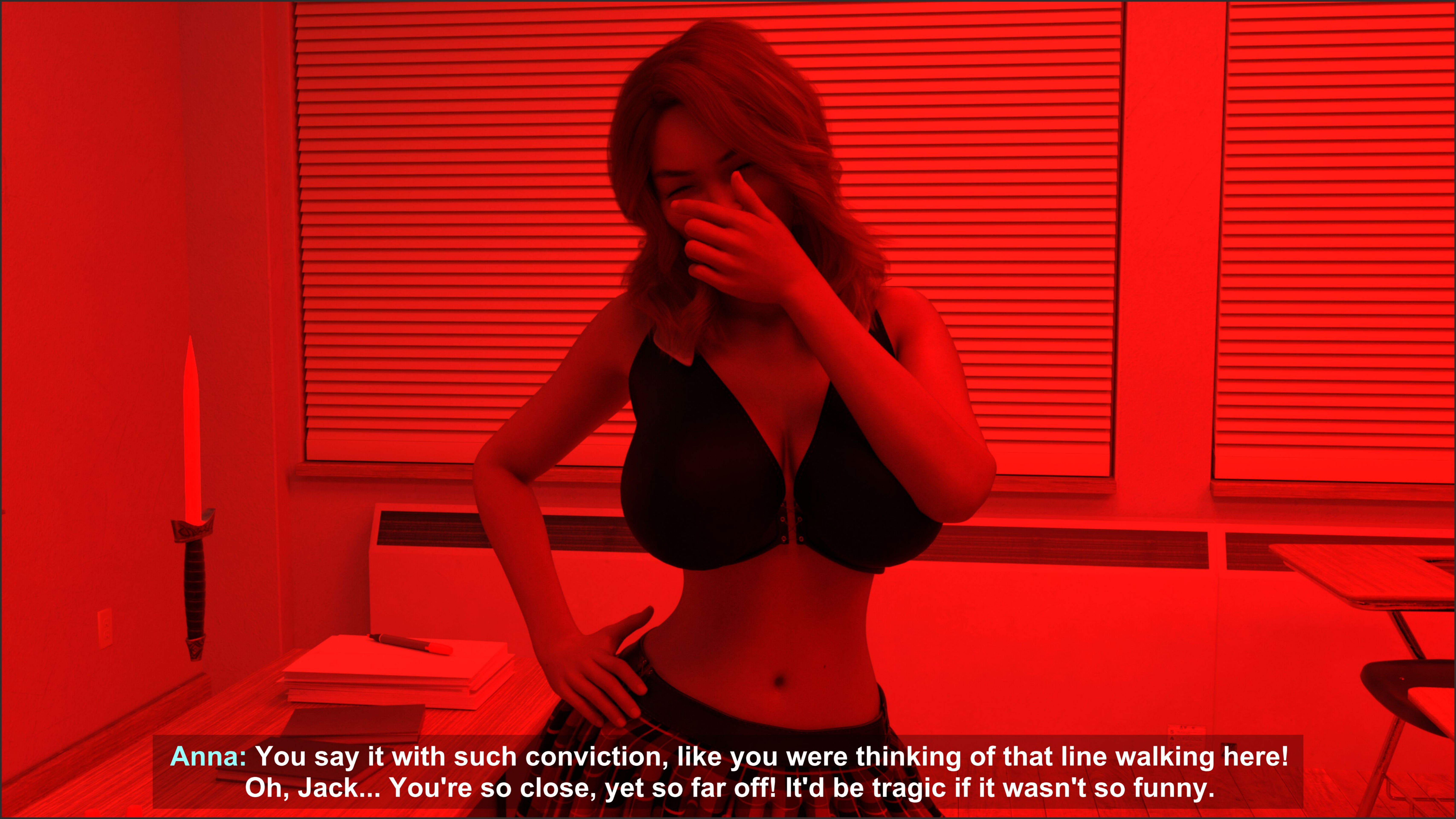
Anna: You've performed admirably, and I hope this costume is a worthy prize for my big man.



Jack: Rose from "Harem High." It's one hell of a costume...



Jack: ...or were you referring to the "Anna" costume you're wearing, Glib?
Anna: Oh my God!



Anna: You say it with such conviction, like you were thinking of that line walking here! Oh, Jack... You're so close, yet so far off! It'd be tragic if it wasn't so funny.

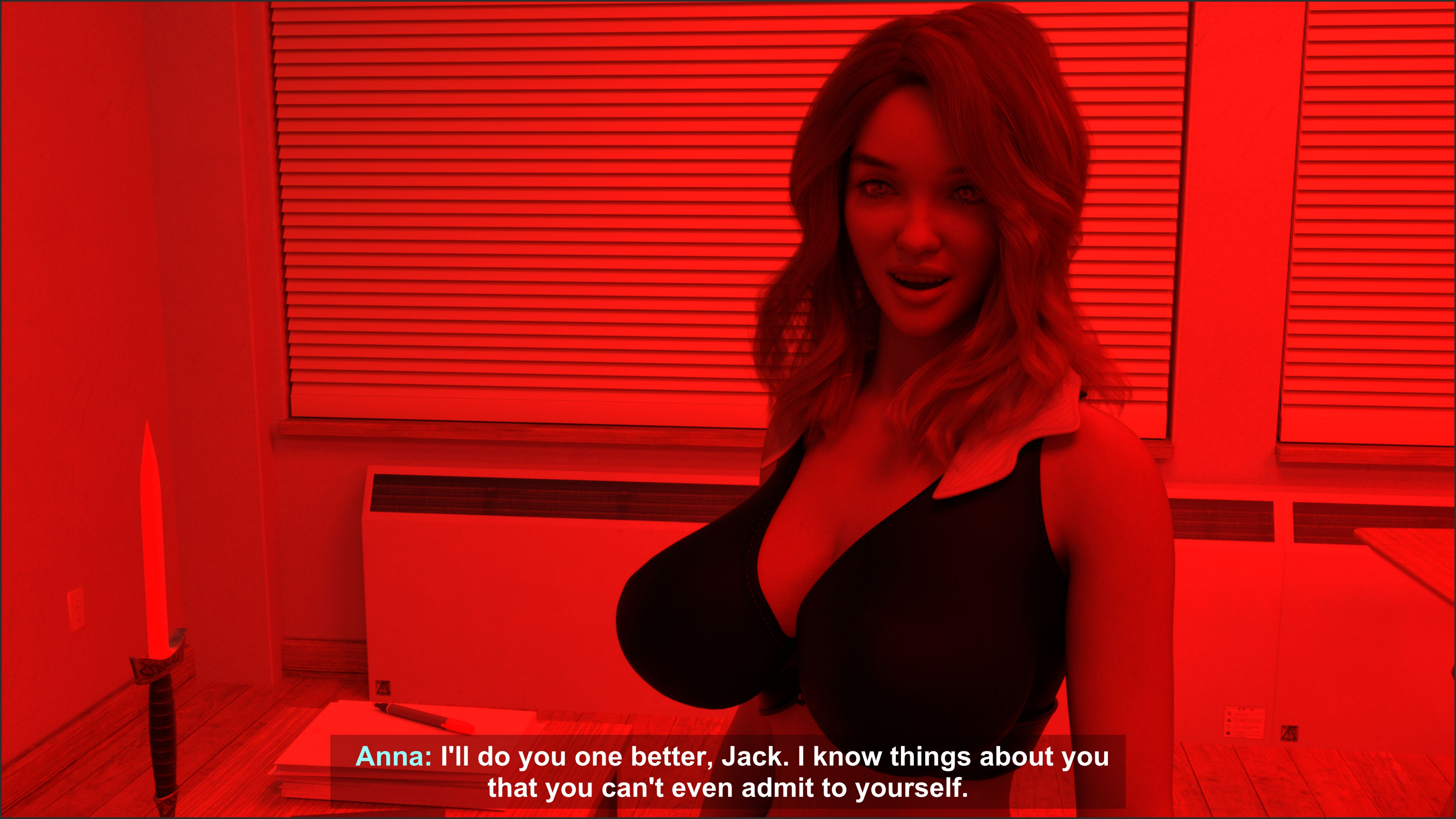


Jack: Enough of your goddamn games, Glib! What do I have to do to see her again!?

Anna: I'm right here. I'm your girlfriend, Jack.



Jack: Bullshit! You know things about me that I've never told anyone! Not a goddamned living soul and that means you must be the demon Michael told me about!



Anna: I'll do you one better, Jack. I know things about you that you can't even admit to yourself.

A close-up shot of a woman with long, wavy brown hair, smiling warmly. The entire image is overlaid with a semi-transparent red filter. At the bottom, there is a dark red rectangular text box containing white text. The background shows a window with horizontal blinds and a wooden surface.

Anna: Like the fact you spread that rumor about Simon on purpose? To throw suspicion onto him rather than you? Isn't that right?



Jack: No! That's not true! And if it was... I... I did it because I didn't want to be bullied, not because I... I'm not even sure what you're alluding to!

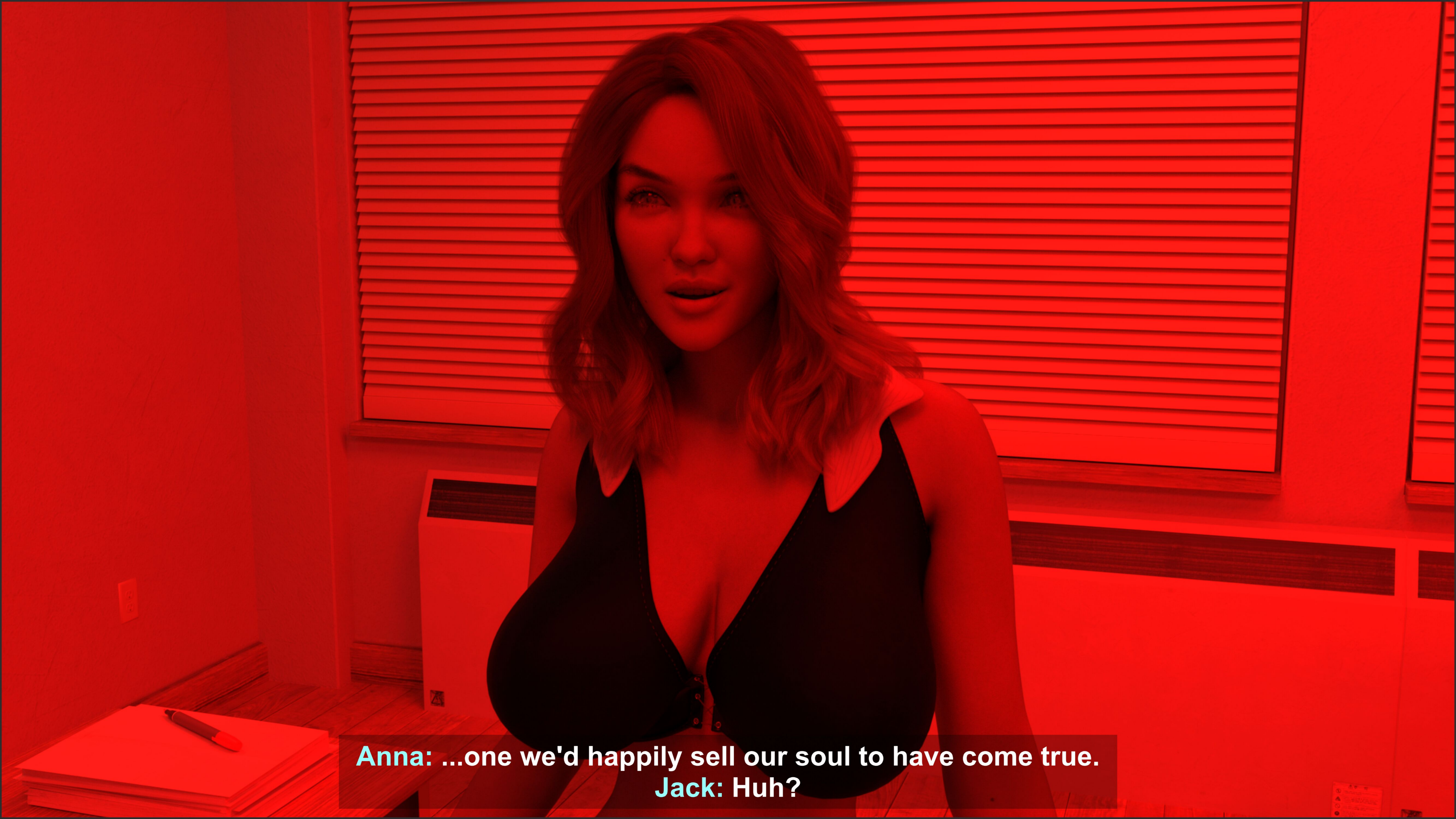


Anna: Then about this: "Please! If *anyone's* listening! I want to be as pretty as Rose because she never gets bullied! Everyone loves her, and I want them to love me!"



Jack: Everyone wants to be loved. There's nothing weird about that.

Anna: I never said it was weird. I think becoming as beautiful as Rose is a wonderful wish...



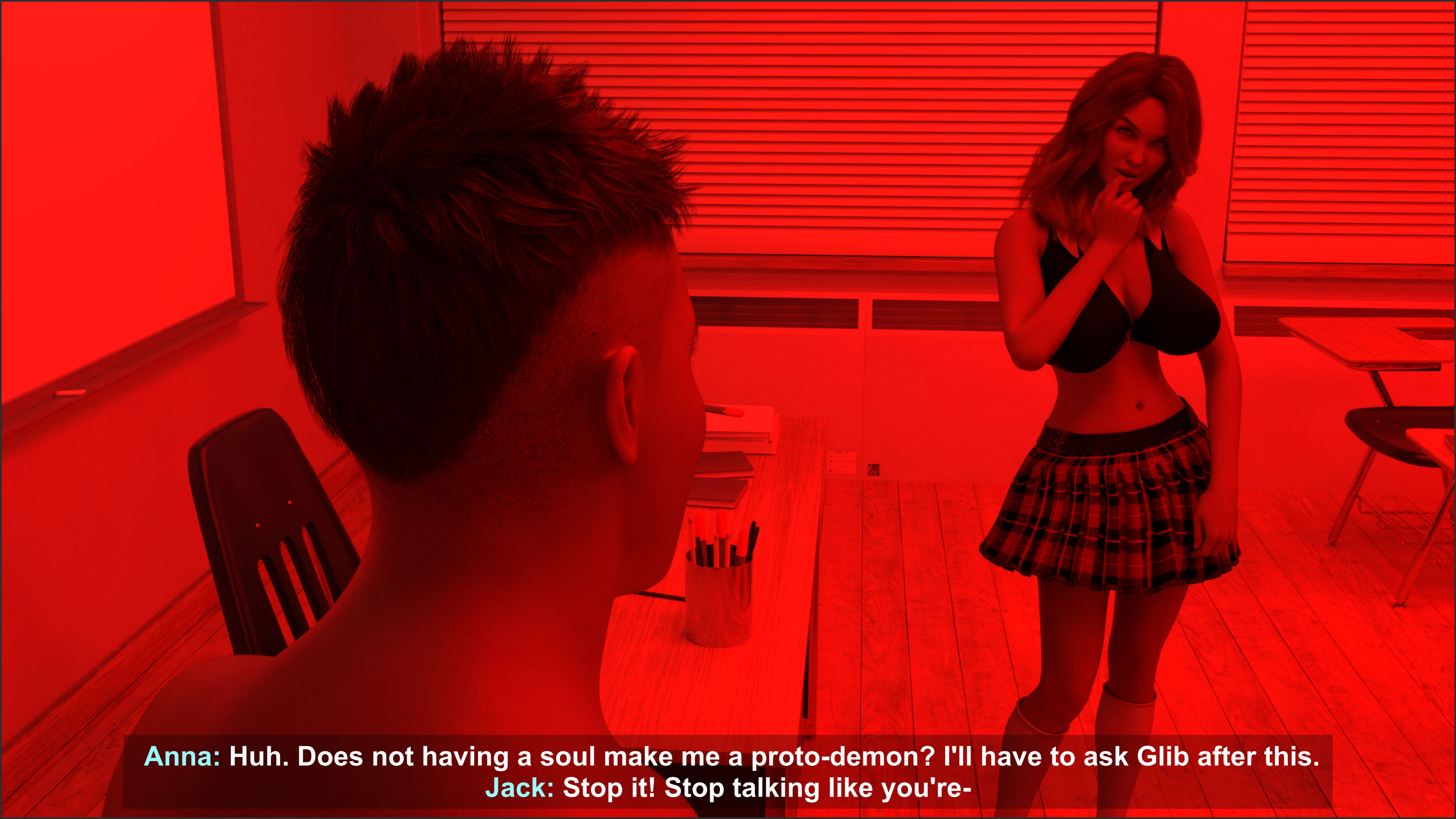
Anna: ...one we'd happily sell our soul to have come true.
Jack: Huh?



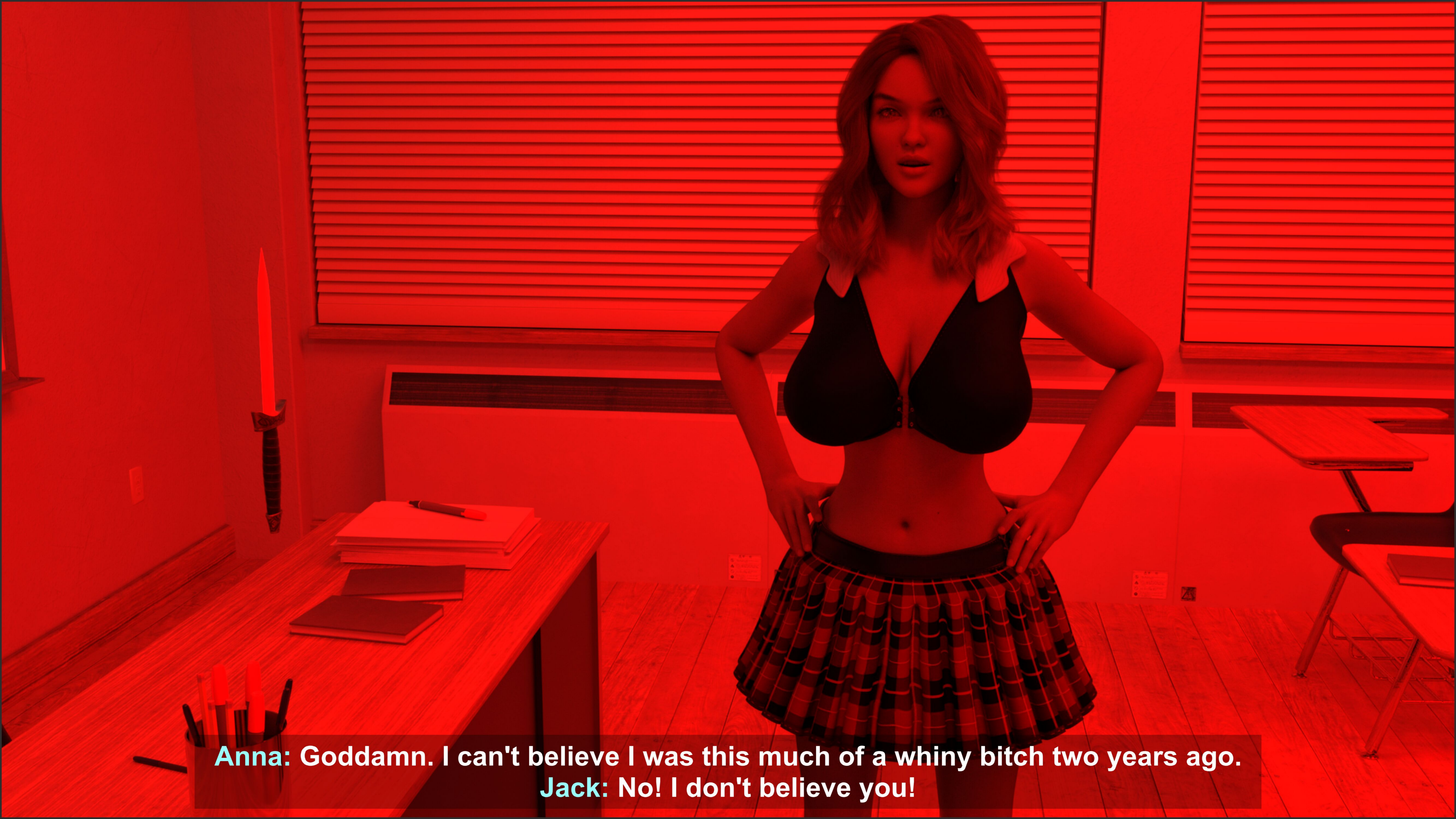
Jack: Why did you just say we? You're already as beautiful as-




Jack: No. No, no, no. That's not possible! You're Glib! You're a demon!



Anna: Huh. Does not having a soul make me a proto-demon? I'll have to ask Glib after this.
Jack: Stop it! Stop talking like you're-



Anna: Goddamn. I can't believe I was this much of a whiny bitch two years ago.
Jack: No! I don't believe you!



Anna: I know *you* believe me because *I* believed the last Anna. Stop fighting what's already done, and let us have ourselves some fun.



Jack: No. I... I haven't spent the last year... Oh, God. Oh, I think I'm gonna be sick.

Anna: Um, rude.

A woman with long, wavy hair is sitting in a classroom. She is wearing a black bikini top and a plaid skirt. Her hands are clasped in her lap. The classroom has several rows of desks and chairs. The lighting is a strong, uniform red. The background shows windows with horizontal blinds.

Anna: You just fucked your four best friends, but the fact you've been fucking your future self is sickening? That's a hard pill to swallow after making all our fantasies come true.



Jack: Fuck... The fantasies. That's how you know. Each one...



Anna: There it is. The first sign of acceptance. You understand what tonight was really about, don't you?

A young man with short, spiky hair is shown from the chest up, looking slightly to his right with a surprised or concerned expression. The entire image is overlaid with a semi-transparent red filter. In the background, a white light switch is visible on the left wall. At the bottom of the frame, there is a dark red subtitle box containing white text.

Jack: Glib... he used me and my fantasies... to get to the other four.



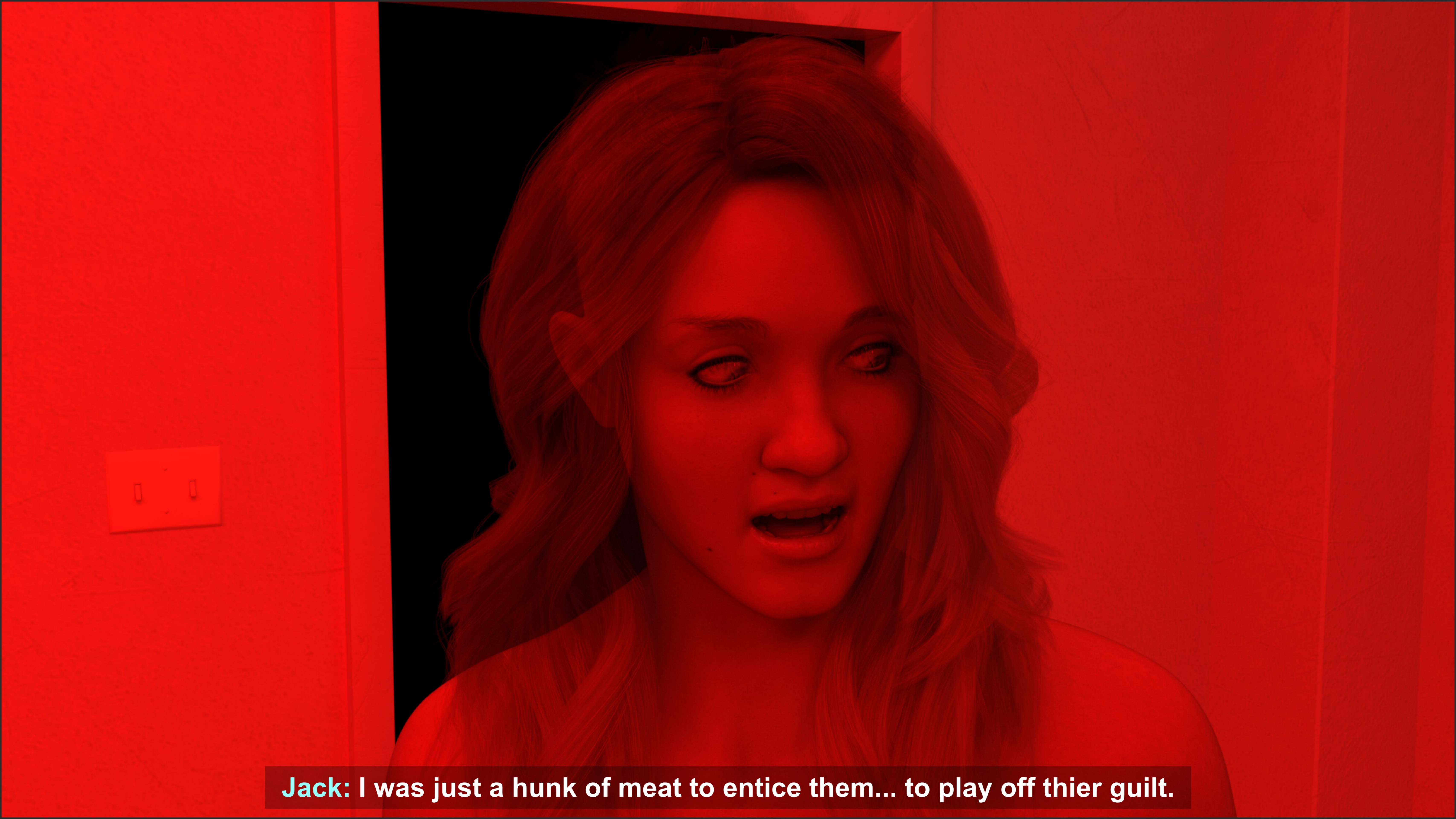
Jack: He knew they'd need some convincing to become women...



Jack: ...and what better way then showing them two years of sexual bliss kicked off by what they saw as a selfless act of atonement.

A woman with long, wavy hair is shown from the chest up, looking downwards with a concerned or distressed expression. The entire image is overlaid with a semi-transparent red filter. In the background, a light switch is visible on the wall to the left.

Jack: So in the end, or the beginning... they convince *themselves* to make the deal.



Jack: I was just a hunk of meat to entice them... to play off thier guilt.

A close-up shot of a woman with long, wavy, light-colored hair. She is looking downwards and to the right with a sad or thoughtful expression. The entire image is overlaid with a semi-transparent red filter. In the background, a white light switch is visible on the left side of the wall.

Jack: They thought they were helping me and Simon by fulfilling my fantasies, but-

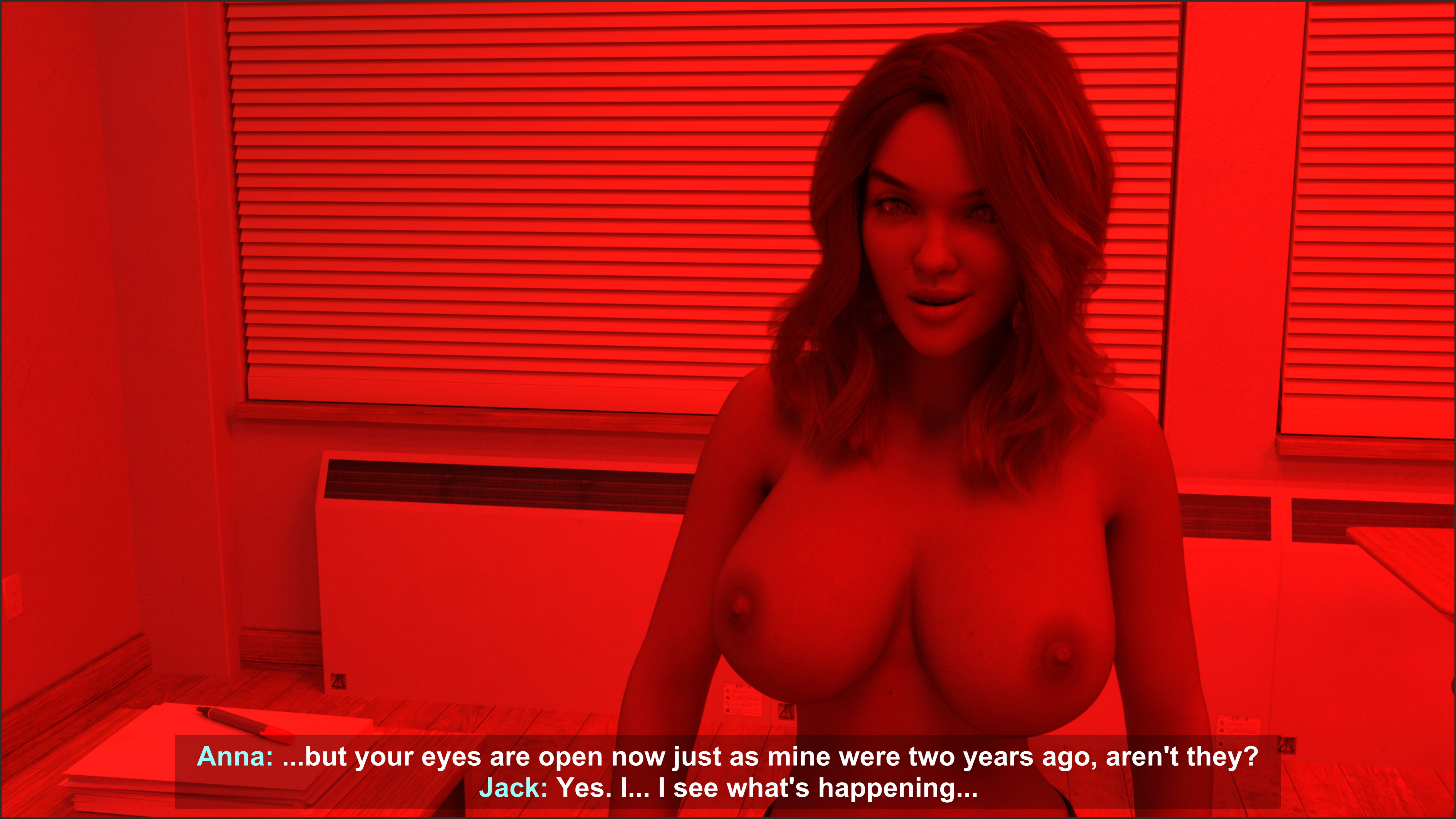


Anna: Aren't you forgetting our biggest fantasy?
Jack: Rose... *gasp*



Jack: *Roseanna!* Your name is Roseanna, just like her! How did I never see it!?

Anna: Denial is a powerful thing, Jack...



Anna: ...but your eyes are open now just as mine were two years ago, aren't they?

Jack: Yes. I... I see what's happening...