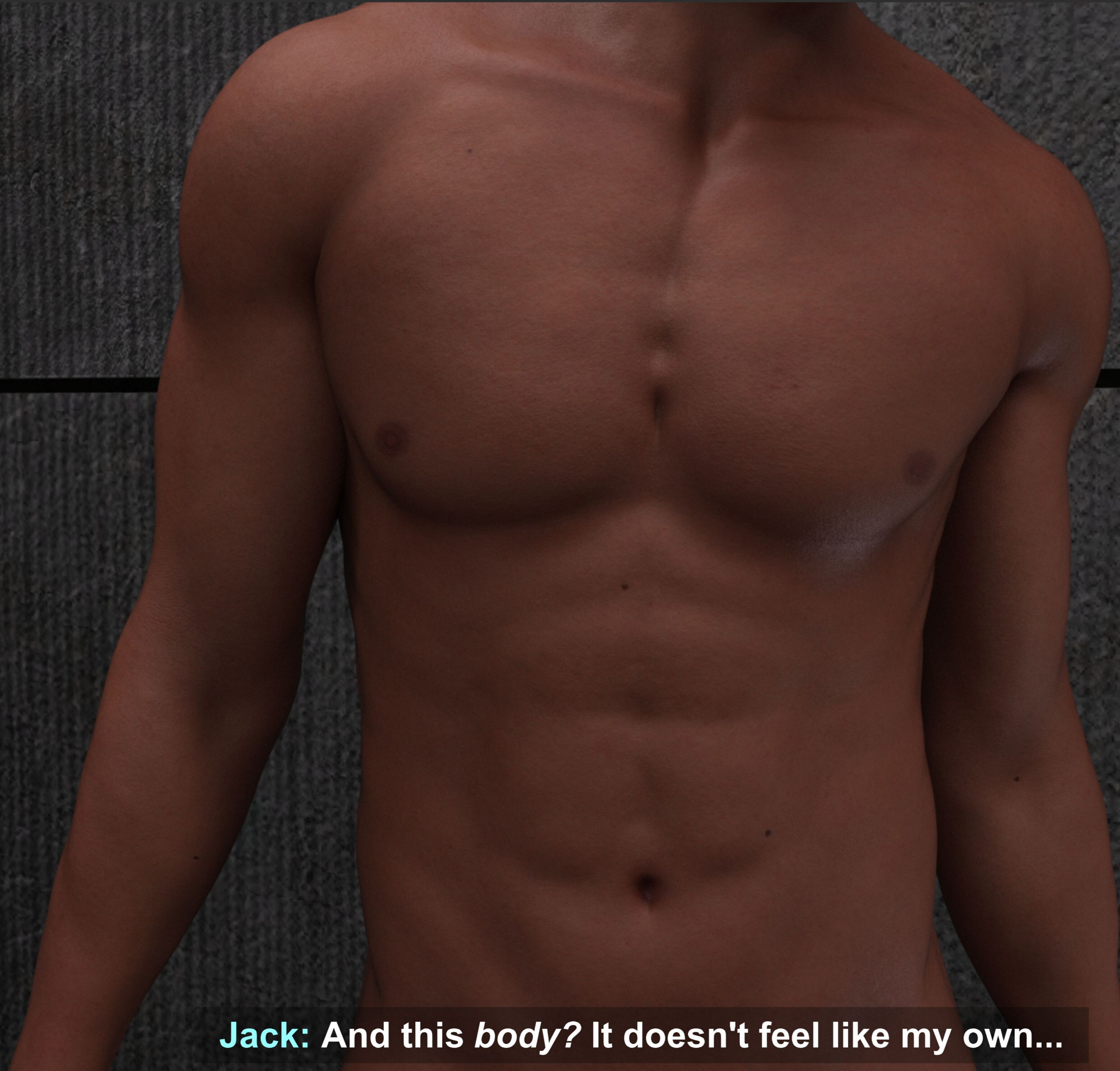
A shirtless man with short, spiky brown hair is shown from the chest up. He is looking down and to his left with a serious, questioning expression. The background is a dark, textured wall, possibly concrete or stone, with a horizontal black line running across it. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the contours of his muscular torso.

Jack: In fact... *everything* feels wrong. Why am I in jail?



Jack: And this *body*? It doesn't feel like my own...

A close-up photograph of a person's hand, specifically the index finger, which is covered in a large, dark red, fleshy, and somewhat bulbous growth. The growth has a moist, almost glistening appearance. The background is a dark, textured surface, possibly a carpet or rug. A white diagonal line runs across the bottom right corner of the image.

Jack: ...and I certainly don't remember having a cock like *this*. It's a monster, but I...



Jack: This isn't me. I wish it were, but I-

Heath: You still talk to yourself when you're anxious, Jack?



Jack: Jack! I'm Jack, and you're-
Heath: I'm Heath...



Heath: ...and I do this of my own free will.
Jack: What are you-



Jack: Heath?



Jack: Why do you have a knife?

Heath: It's okay, Jack.



Heath: We don't have a choice. We can't walk away from what we did.

Jack: You're scaring me, buddy. Give me the knife, and let's-



Heath: See you soon, Jack.
Jack: Wait! Don't-



Jack: No!!!







Jack: Heath? Where...? What the hell?

ARNING
OUR DISTANCE



Anna: It's okay, Jack.



Anna: All will make sense soon enough.



Anna: You need to enjoy what little time you have left now.



Anna: Go, Jack. Go and fuck as many of these girls as you can.



Anna: Enjoy yourself as much as I am.



Anna: It's time to wake up, Jack.



Jack: *gasp*



Jack: Anna!? Heath?!?
Holly: Relax, big guy.



Holly: Heath and your girl are just fine.
Better than ever, really.



Jack: You guys... you've gone too far this time. What was that in my drink?

Holly: You were tripping pretty hard, buddy.



Jack: Take me to Anna, Holly. *Now.*
Holly: Ooh, look who's finally barking.



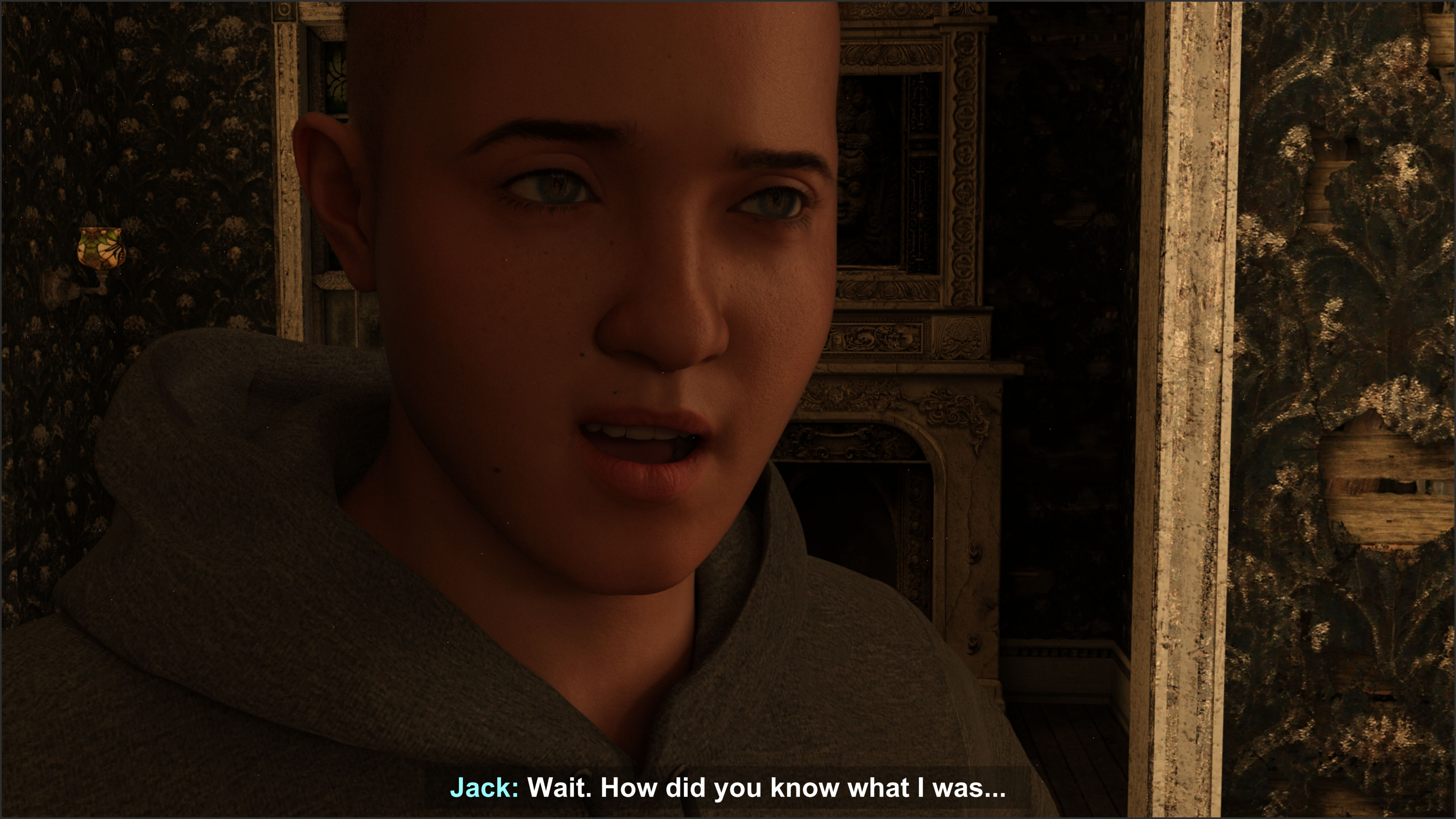
Jack: I'm not in the mood for more games. I thought I just... I don't want to even *think* about what I *thought* I just did, okay?



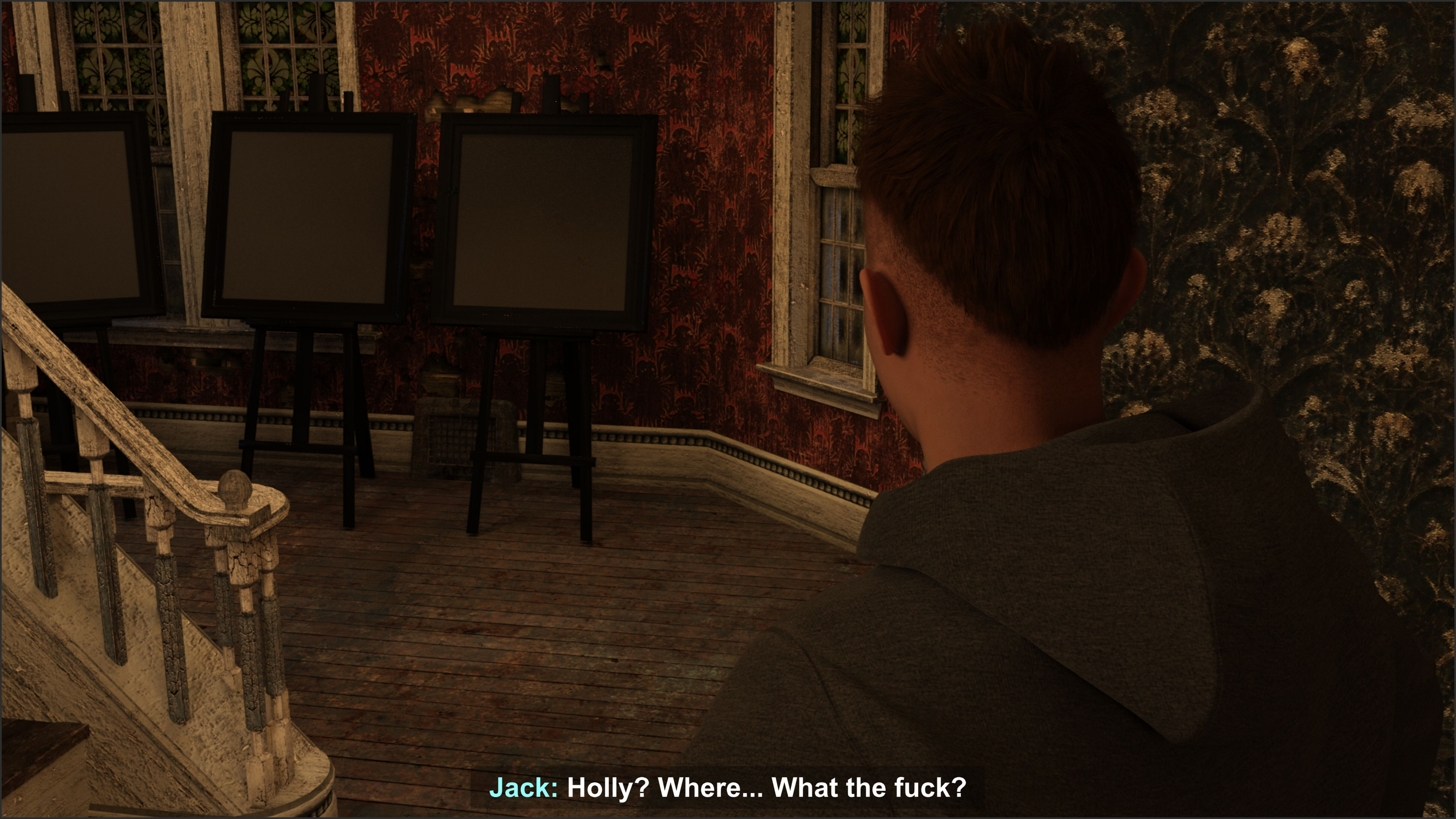
Holly: Stop being so dramatic, Jack. For all you know, it was really *me* you were fucking back there.



Jack: I don't think so. It definitely felt like-



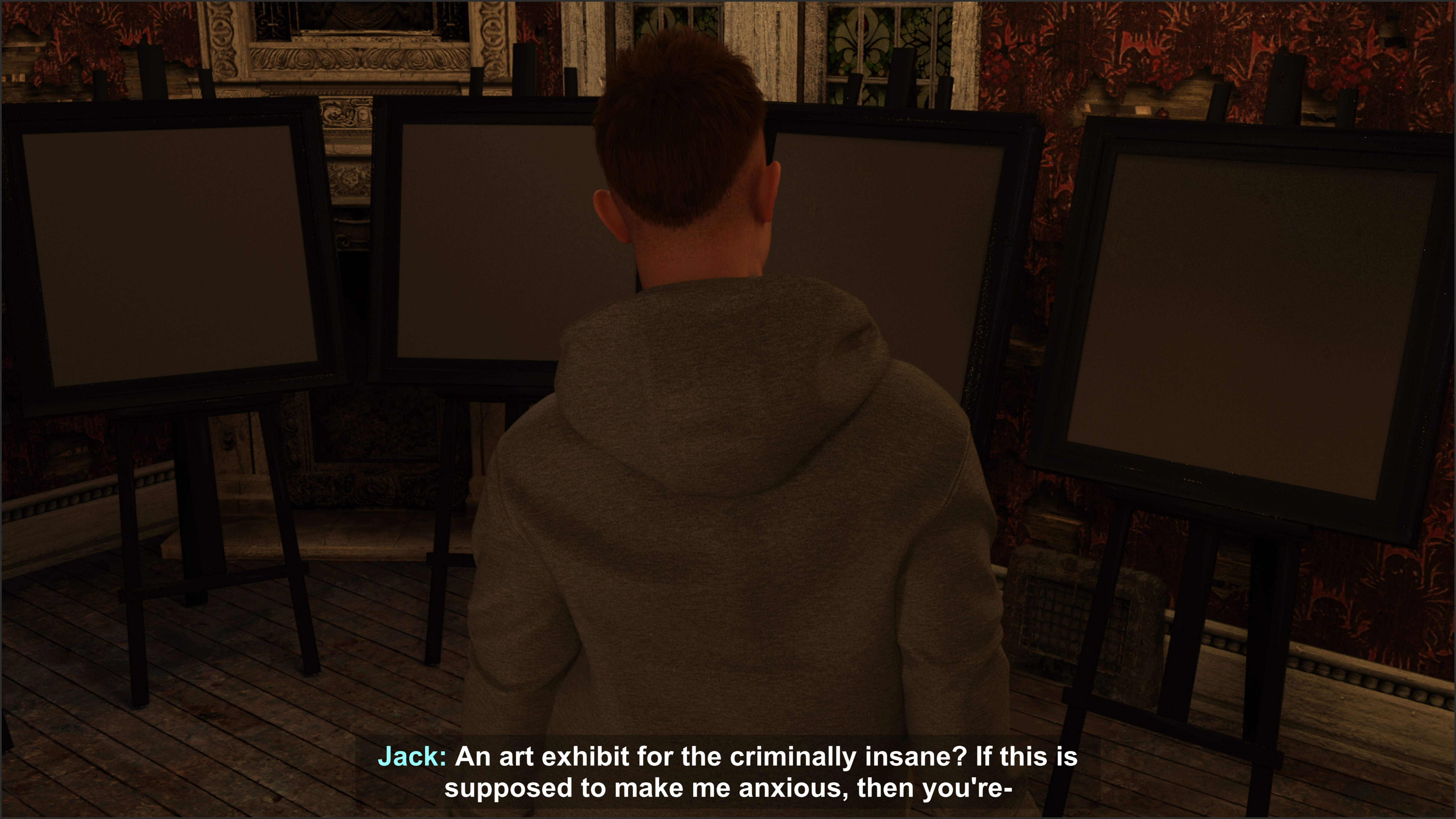
Jack: Wait. How did you know what I was...



Jack: Holly? Where... What the fuck?



Jack: What is all this supposed to be?



Jack: An art exhibit for the criminally insane? If this is supposed to make me anxious, then you're-

A young man with short brown hair and striking blue eyes is shown in a close-up shot. He is wearing a grey, textured shawl or robe. He has a slightly open mouth and a look of concern or frustration. The background is a room with dark, patterned wallpaper and a window with a decorative wooden lattice. The lighting is warm and somewhat dim, creating a moody atmosphere.

Jack: Fuck. You're not putting on an art show. Five friends... five frames...



Jack: You sick fucks are putting on a funeral. *Our* Funeral.

Jack: Hey! Turn the lights back on! This isn't funny, Holly!
Ow!!! I just hit my head, for Christ's sake! Turn on the-



Jack: Goddamn! Too bright! Too bright! Can't you-



Jack: **gasp** No. Way.



Jack: The Halls of Fire? This... This *can't* be real!



Jack: And this body again? How? How the fuck are they doing this!?



Jack: This doesn't feel like a hallucination. This feels so-



Troy: *Real*, right? How do you think they're doing all this?


Jack: Troy!



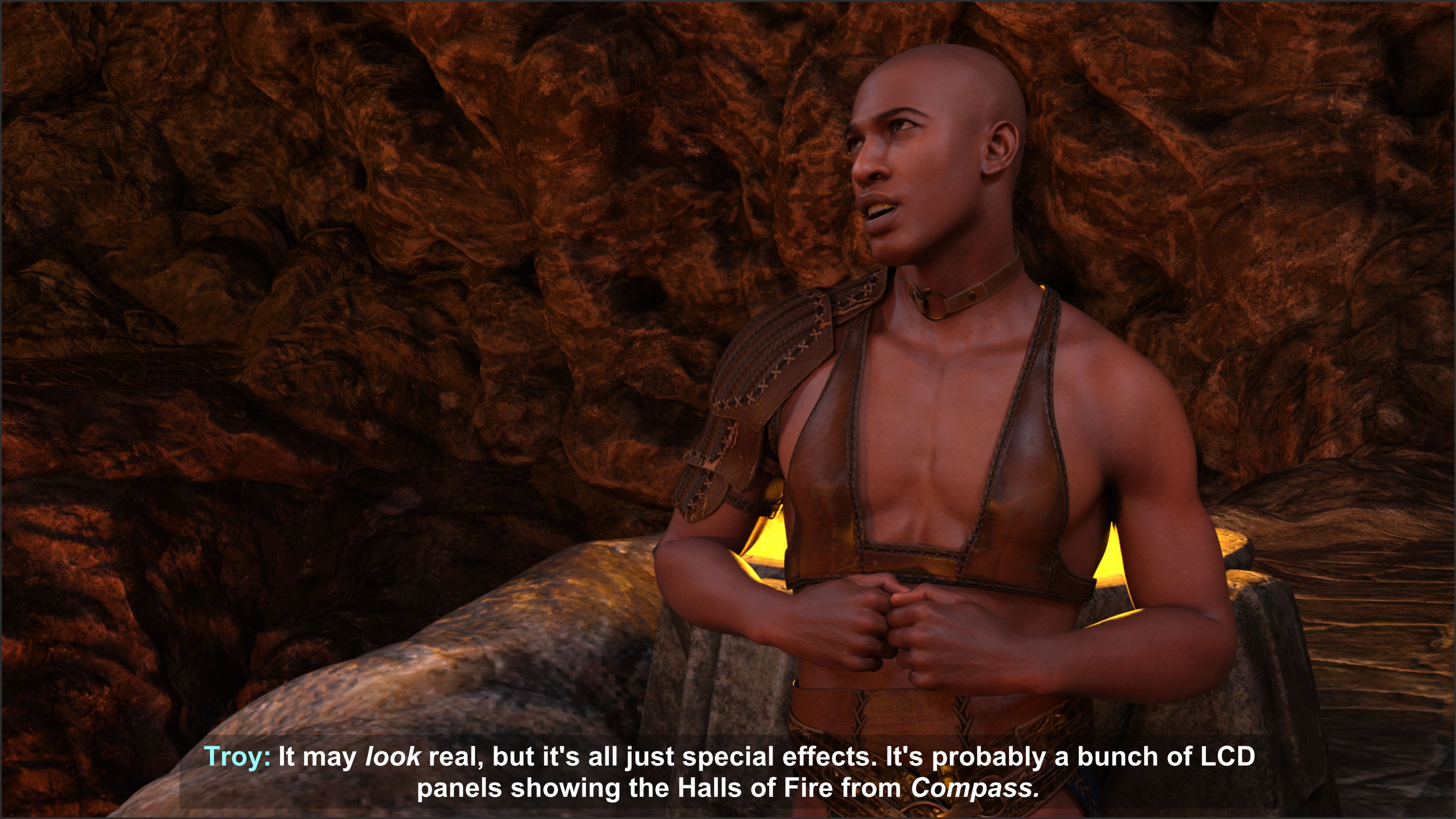
Jack: Thank God! Something really fucked up is going on!
Troy: I know. I've never been *this* high before.



Jack: That's not it, man. This... all this...

A cinematic shot of a man with short, spiky brown hair, seen from the side. He is wearing a dark, textured shoulder guard with a geometric pattern. He is looking towards a large, ornate doorway set into a rough, brown rock wall. The doorway is framed by multiple layers of stone. The scene is dimly lit with warm, orange light from wall sconces and a small fire in the distance. The overall atmosphere is mysterious and tense.

Jack: I don't know how, but it's all *real*. Those four are up to something, and we need to get out of here before they complete whatever it is.



Troy: It may *look* real, but it's all just special effects. It's probably a bunch of LCD panels showing the Halls of Fire from *Compass*.



Jack: What about *me*? Do you remember me having this much muscle?
Troy: Okay, you've got a point there.



Troy: I mean, you might have had those muscles under all that fat, but we never saw them.

Jack: Jeez, you don't have to say it like that.



Jack: And it's not just me. I was in a prison earlier where they changed Heath into an exact copy of Holly. They made him a goddamn woman!



Troy: You saw Holly? Was she as hot in person as she is in pics?
Jack: Are you listening to me? Heath became a fucking woman!



Troy: Why would they turn Heath into Holly?
Jack: I... I don't know. That's what I'm trying to figure out.



Troy: And now that I think about it, you're *not* Jack, are you?

Jack: What? Of course, I'm Jack! Why would I-