



LATER, AT A
NIGHTCLUB.

LOOK AT ME.
I'M THE QUEEN OF
THE SCENE.



CAN'T WAIT TO POST ALL
THIS STUFF ONTO SOCIALS.
IT'LL RUIN VIVIAN.

TIME
FOR A SHORT
BREAK.

M
E
N

NEED TO
GET RID OF
SOMETHING.



PEEING AS A
WOMAN IS GONNA
BE WEIRD.

AFTER A
SHORT RELIEF.

THAT
WAS SO
STRANGE.

YOU BITCH.
HOW DARE YOU?





HOW DARE I WHAT?
WHAT'S YOUR
PROBLEM?









WE'RE WEARING THE
SAME DRESS, IDIOT.
SAME OUTFIT EVEN.

ONE
OF US HAS TO
GO HOME AND
CHANGE.



THAT'S WHAT
YOU'RE ON ABOUT?
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS.

I SAW THIS COMBO
IN A FASHION MAGAZINE,
OF COURSE THERE'S GONNA
BE MORE THAT DRESS LIKE
THIS.

IF IT BOthers
YOU THAT MUCH, GO
AHEAD AND CHANGE,
THEN.

YOU DON'T GET IT,
YOU FUCKING BITCH.
THIS IS MY SCENE.

WHEN I
SAY ONE OF US
HAS TO CHANGE, IT
MEANS YOU.



GASP



BESIDES,
YOU HAVE A
SERIOUS
WARDROBE
MALFUNCTION.

RIPPPPP



WHAT DID
YOU DO?
MY DRESS.
YOU RUINED IT.



WELL,
YOU BETTER GO
HOME AND
CHANGE.

OR HANG AROUND,
FULL ON DISPLAY,
IN THE MEN'S BATHROOM.
YOUR CHOICE.





OH! NO!
NO NO NO!

I WALKED INTO
MEN'S WITHOUT EVEN
THINKING ABOUT IT.



GYAAAAHHHHHH!!!



DON'T
LOOK
AT ME!



OH, MY GOD, MISS.
ARE YOU OKAY?
HERE, TAKE MY HOODIE.

HE SAVED ME.

HAVE YOU
BEEN ASSAULTED?
SHALL WE CALL THE
POLICE?

TH... THANKS.
I THINK I'M FINE
NOW.



To be continued