



JACK, WE NEED YOU.

DON'T TELL ME THE
TRANCERS ARE BACK.
AGAIN.

OKAY. I WON'T TELL YOU. LET'S
SAY WE HAVE AN INFESTATION.
YOU KNOW I WOULDN'T CALL YOU
IF THE FUTURE OF HUMANITY
WASN'T AT STAKE.

HUMANITY? I'M RETIRED.

Blue Oyster

JACK, YOU'RE PART OF HUMANITY.

LIKE I SAID, I'M RETIRED.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR GRANDKIDS?
YOUR GREAT GRAND KIDS? YOU
WANT THEM WIPED OUT OR FORCED
TO WORK AS TRANCER SERVANTS?

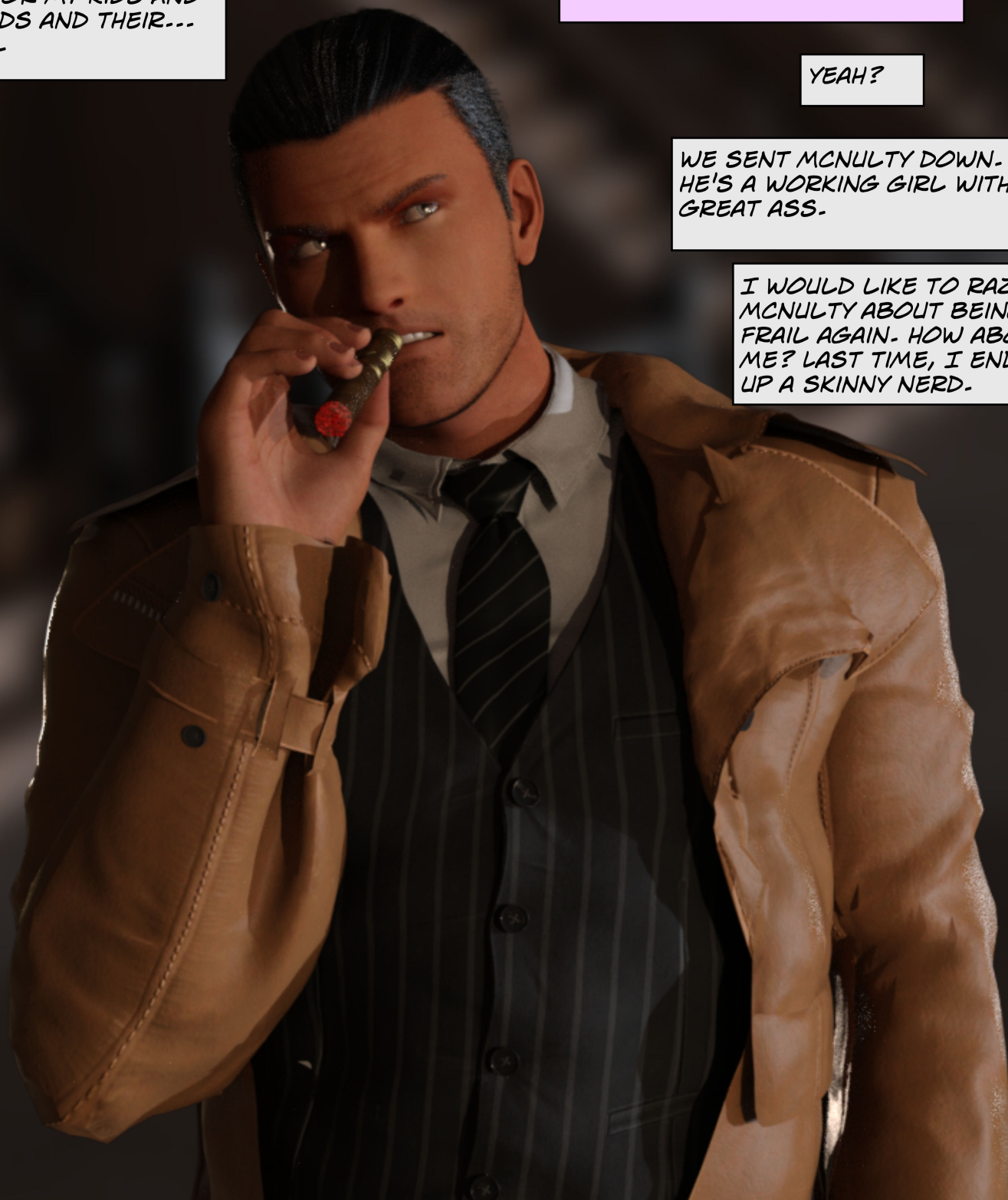
DAMN IT. YOU KNOW I'D DO
ANYTHING FOR MY KIDS AND
MY KIDS' KIDS AND THEIR...
YOU GET IT.

LOTS OF TRANCERS TO KILL,
JACK. A LOT. PLUS, WELL,
ANOTHER BONUS.

YEAH?

WE SENT MCNULTY DOWN.
HE'S A WORKING GIRL WITH A
GREAT ASS.

I WOULD LIKE TO RAZZ
MCNULTY ABOUT BEING A
FRAIL AGAIN. HOW ABOUT
ME? LAST TIME, I ENDED
UP A SKINNY NERD.



NO NERD THIS TIME.
THE ANCESTOR YOU'LL
BE JUMPING INTO IS
EXTREMELY GOOD
LOOKING.

THAT'S A PLUS.

FIT, ATHLETIC WITH
EXCELLENT BALANCE
AND COORDINATION.

ALL THE BETTER FOR
NUKING TRANCERS.

YEAH, BABY!



YOU'LL HAVE MONEY,
AND A LOT OF--
FRIENDS.



SHAKE THAT BOOTY!

GRIND IT, HONEY!

NOT A NERD AT ALL, JACK. I
ASSURE YOU. YOU WILL BE
VERY POPULAR.

FINE. SEND ME DOWN. I CAN'T
WAIT TO GIVE MCNULTY SHIT
ABOUT BEING A DAME AGAIN.

UNH!

IN THE MIDDLE OF HER SHOW, STORMY
DETH FAINTS. THIS ALWAYS HAPPENS
WHEN JACK JUMPS INTO A NEW BODY. THE
CROWD GASPS. THE BOUNCER RUSHES
FORWARD.



STORMY? YOU OKAY?
STORMY?

STORMY?

WHY DO I
SOUND LIKE A
CHIPMUNK?



YA HIT YA HEAD.
HARD.

YOU GOTTA BE
KIDDIN' ME.

TAKE IT EASY,
HONEY. YOU HIT
YOUR HEAD
PRETTY HARD.

KNOCKERS,
AND THEY'RE
HUGE.

HOLD ON.
I'M A DAME. I'M
TOPLESS. THE
ROOM IS FULL OF
SKEEZY LOOKING
PERVS AND MY
NAME IS
STORMY?



FOR PETE'S SAKE. I'M A STRIPPER!

DOLL,
THE
PREFERRED
NOMENCLATURE
IS EXOTIC
DANCER.

MAYBE I
SHOULD HELP
YOU BACK TO
THE DRESSING
ROOM.

BUDDY,
EITHER TAKE
YOUR HAND OFF
ME, OR I'M GONNA
BREAK IT. AS FOR
THE REST OF YOU
MUGS, YEAH. I
GOT JUGS. STOP
STARING.




YOU SEEM
WOOZY. LET ME
HELP--

I TOLD YA TO
KEEP YOUR
MITTS OFF ME.
I'M NOT SOME
HELPLESS
BROAD.



I KNOW HOW
TO WALK.



I KNOW HOW TO WALK ALL RIGHT. I CAN WALK AND CHEW GUM AT THE SAME TIME. ONLY, I'D NEVER TRIED TO DO EITHER OF THOSE THINGS IN THE DUMB SHOES BROADS LIKE TO WEAR.

IT'S HARDER THAN IT LOOKS.






I GOT YA.

THANK
GOD
MCNULTY ISN'T
HERE TO SEE
THIS.

MORTIFYING.



LURCH, TURNS OUT I WAS WRONG. I **DON'T** KNOW HOW TO WALK. HELP ME TO THE DRESSING ROOM. TRY ANYTHING PERVY, I BREAK YOUR NOSE.



WHY ARE THE BUCKLES SO DAMN SMALL? WHY DO WOMEN WEAR SHOES THAT MAKE IT HARDER TO WALK INSTEAD OF EASIER. DAMES MAKE NO SENSE, BUT WE KNEW THAT ALREADY.

WHOEVER INVENTED HIGH HEELS SHOULD ROT IN HELL. ENOUGH GRIPING. I GOTTA FIGURE THIS OUT. I NEED TO BE AT THE MEETING PLACE IN AN HOUR.

AFTER A GREAT DEAL OF STRUGGLE...

MY CALVES ARE KILLING ME... WELL, HELLO. BEING ABLE TO HANG OUT IN THE GIRLS' LOCKER ROOM HAS ITS PERKS.

HEY, TOOTS. NICE GAMS. WE SHOULD GET A DRINK SOMETIME.


NO THANKS. I'M NOT INTO GIRLS, ESPECIALLY ONES THAT TALK LIKE CREEPY OLD MEN.



DID YOU JUST CALL
ME A GIRL? WAIT. I
FORGOT. I AM A DAME.
NEVER MIND THAT.
WHERE'S MY LOCKER?

NUMBER 9,
AND LAY OFF THE
DRUGS.

NICE CABOOSE.



TIME TO GET
DRESSED.
HOPEFULLY, STORMY
WORE SOMETHING NOT
TOO EMBARRASSING.
LOOSE FITTING JEANS
AND A BAGGY
SWEATSHIRT WOULD
BE NICE.



MORTIFYING.

1

2

3

6

7

8

A woman with dark, curly hair and red lipstick stands in a locker room. She is wearing a black lace crop top, a black and white plaid skirt, and black knee-high boots. She has a black bag slung over her shoulder. The background consists of blue lockers with numbers 6, 9, 6, and 7 visible. The floor is made of light-colored square tiles.

MAYBE I GOT
HONKERS LIKE JAYNE
MANSFIELD AND A VOICE
LIKE MINI-MOUSE.

I'M A SKIRT IN A
SKIRT. MAKES NO
DIFFERENCE. GET
READY, TRANCERS.
THESE BOOTS WERE
MADE FOR WALKING,
AND I'M GONNA WALK
ALL OVER YOU.



I'M JACK
DETH...

... AND I'M
ONE TOUGH
MOTHER--

DAMN
IT!

MY
UNDERWEAR
KEEPS RIDING
UP MY
BUTTCRACK.

TO BE CONTINUED