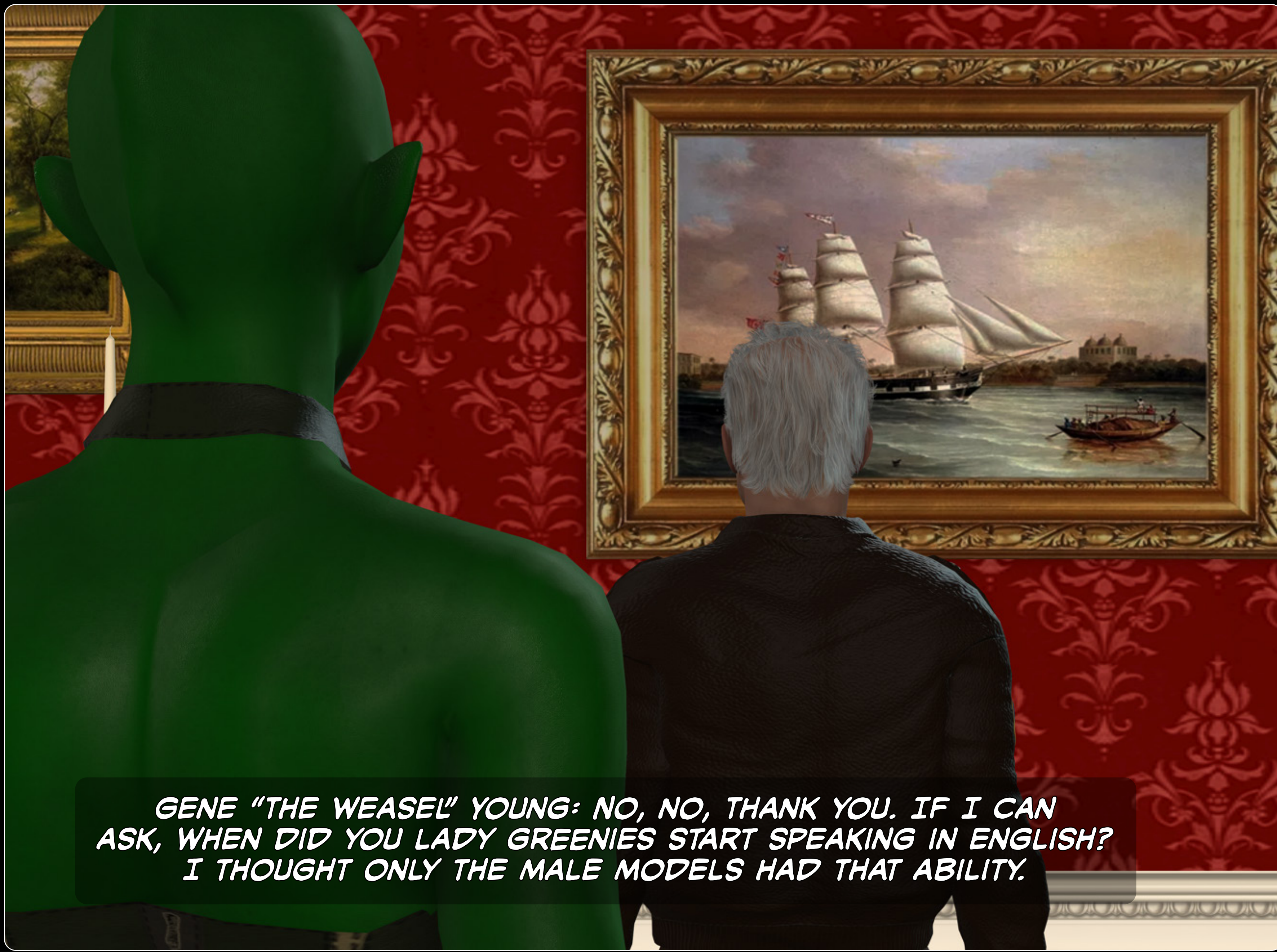




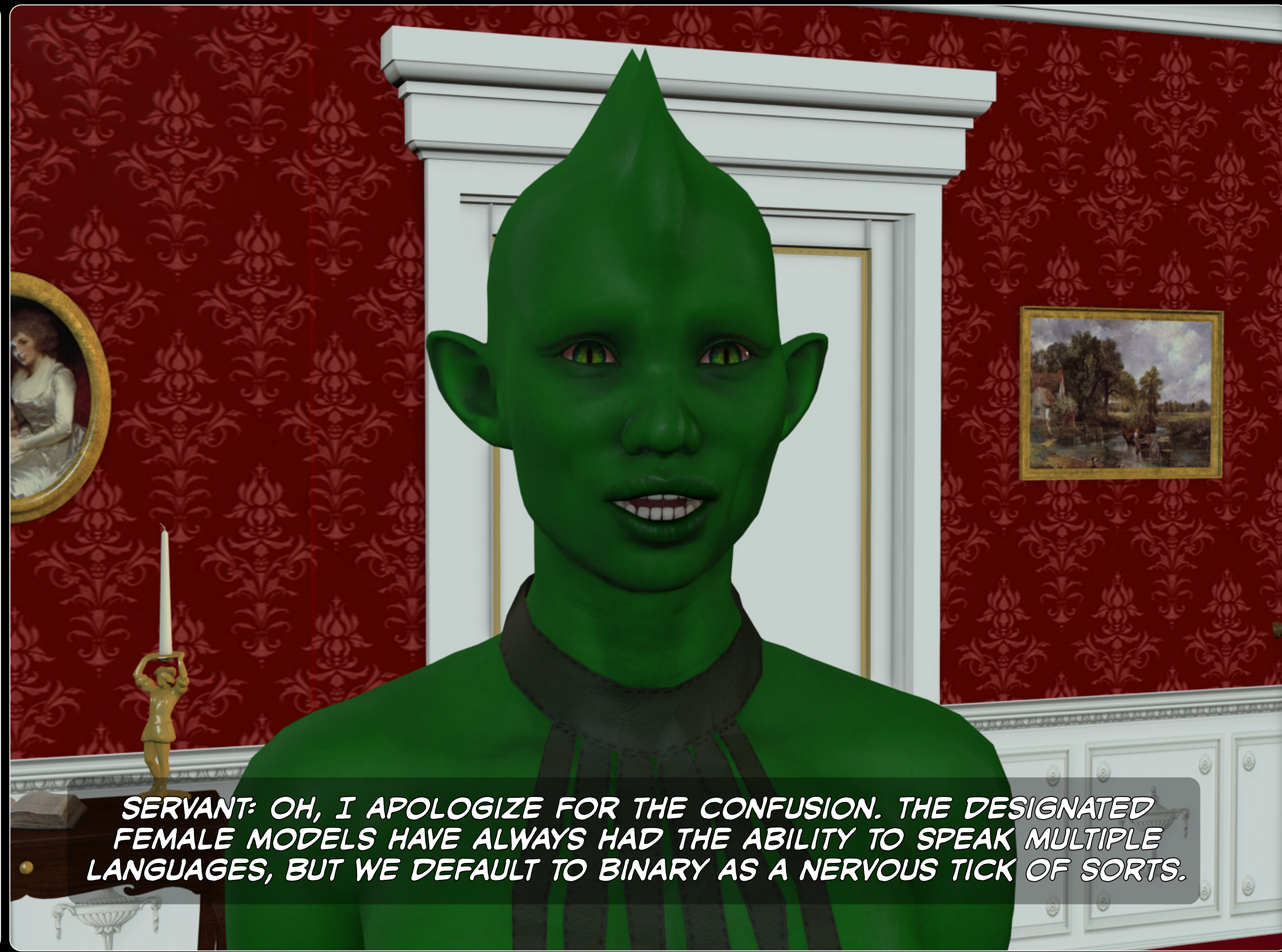
**GOOD
MORNING
SUNSHINE!**



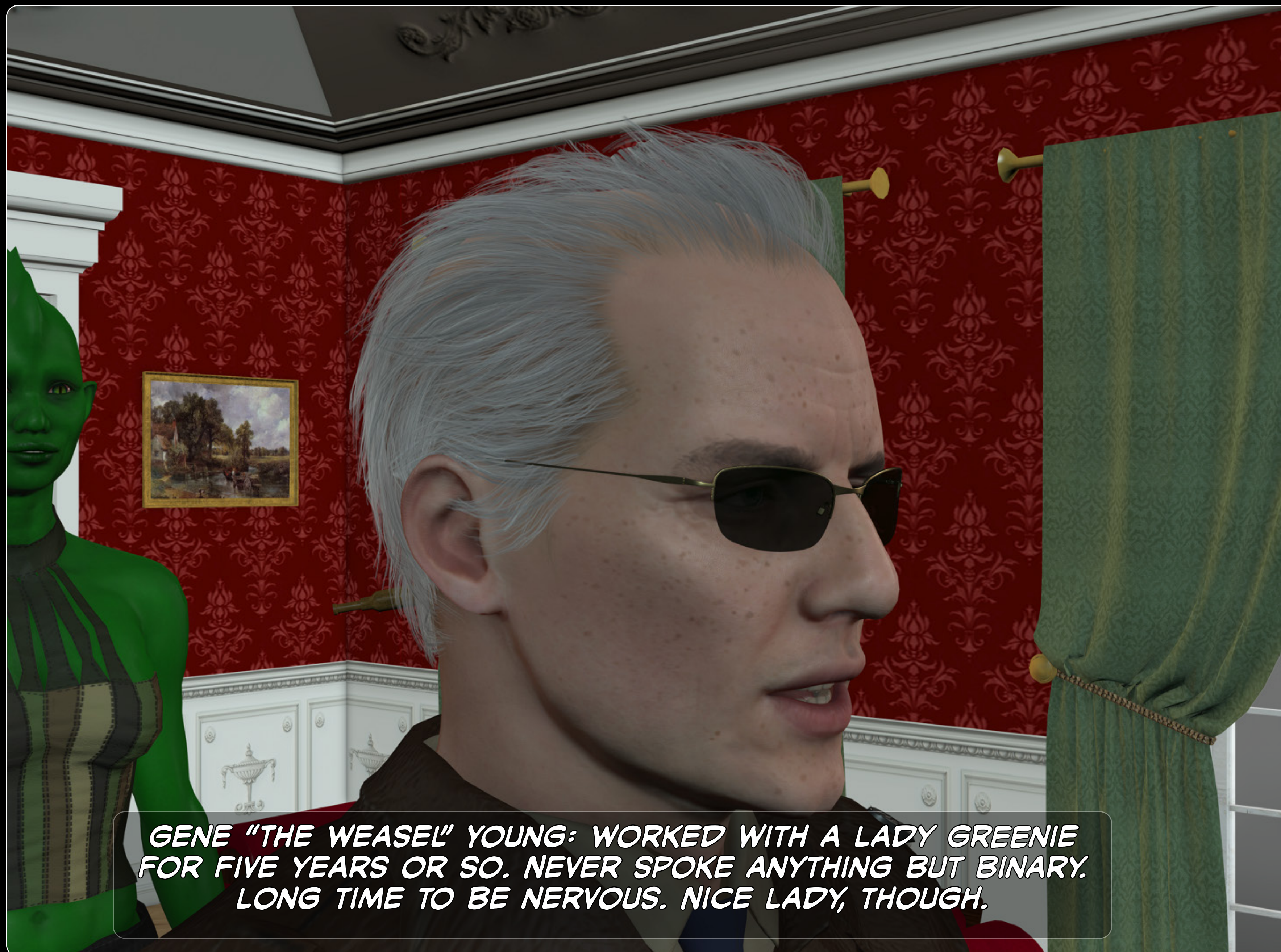
SERVANT: MAY I OFFER YOU A REFRESHMENT AS YOU WAIT FOR THE LADY, SIR?



GENE "THE WEASEL" YOUNG: NO, NO, THANK YOU. IF I CAN ASK, WHEN DID YOU LADY GREENIES START SPEAKING IN ENGLISH? I THOUGHT ONLY THE MALE MODELS HAD THAT ABILITY.



SERVANT: OH, I APOLOGIZE FOR THE CONFUSION. THE DESIGNATED FEMALE MODELS HAVE ALWAYS HAD THE ABILITY TO SPEAK MULTIPLE LANGUAGES, BUT WE DEFAULT TO BINARY AS A NERVOUS TICK OF SORTS.



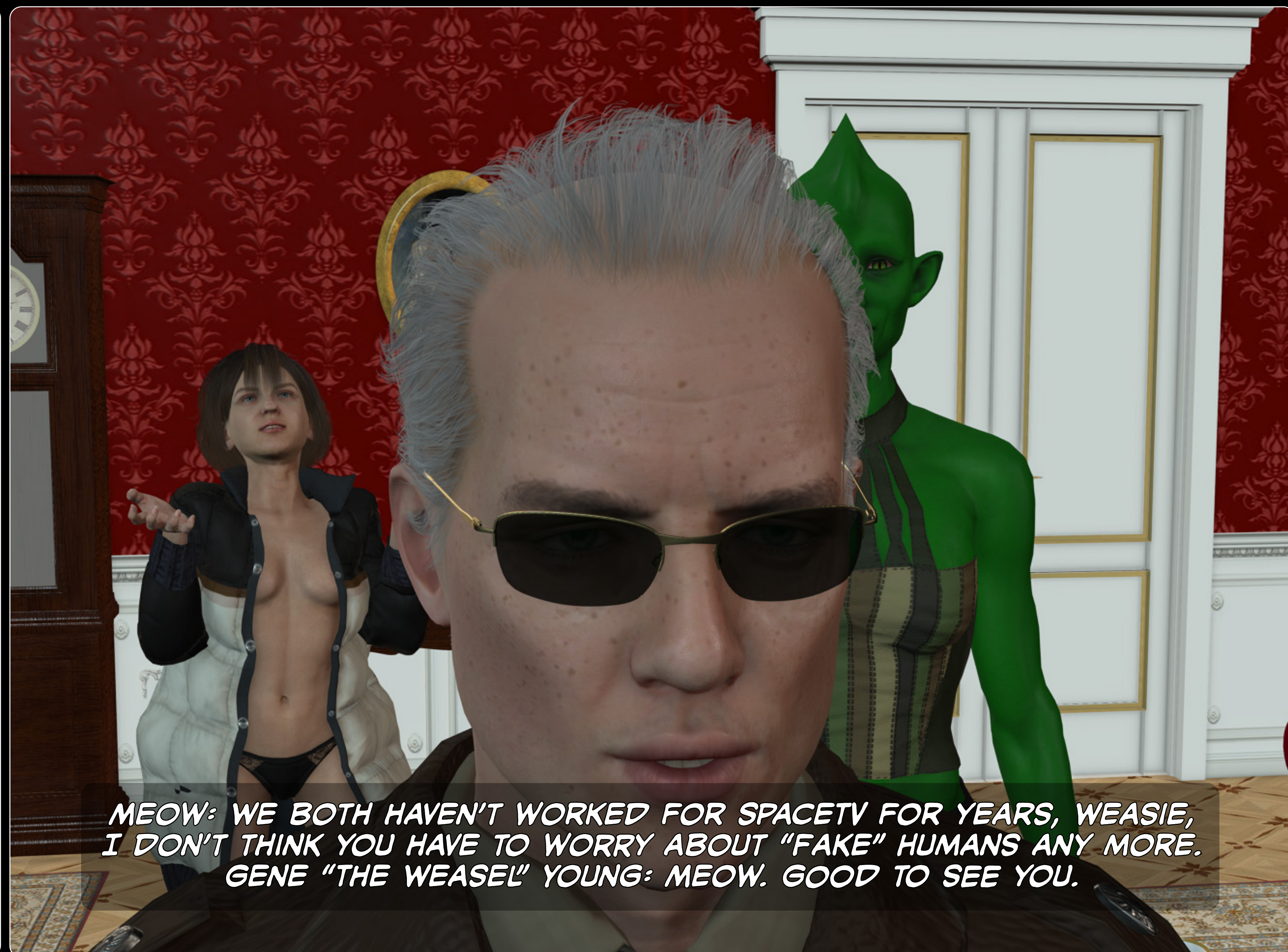
GENE "THE WEASEL" YOUNG: WORKED WITH A LADY GREENIE FOR FIVE YEARS OR SO. NEVER SPOKE ANYTHING BUT BINARY. LONG TIME TO BE NERVOUS. NICE LADY, THOUGH.



SERVANT: ROBYN CIRQUE, CORRECT? THE FIRST OF US TO HAVE A TRUE NAME!



GENE "THE WEASEL" YOUNG: THAT'S RIGHT, YOU GREENIES SEE HER AS A CELEBRITY, ALMOST A GOD, RIGHT? WEIRD. SHE COULDN'T BE BOTHERED WITH US REAL HUMANS.



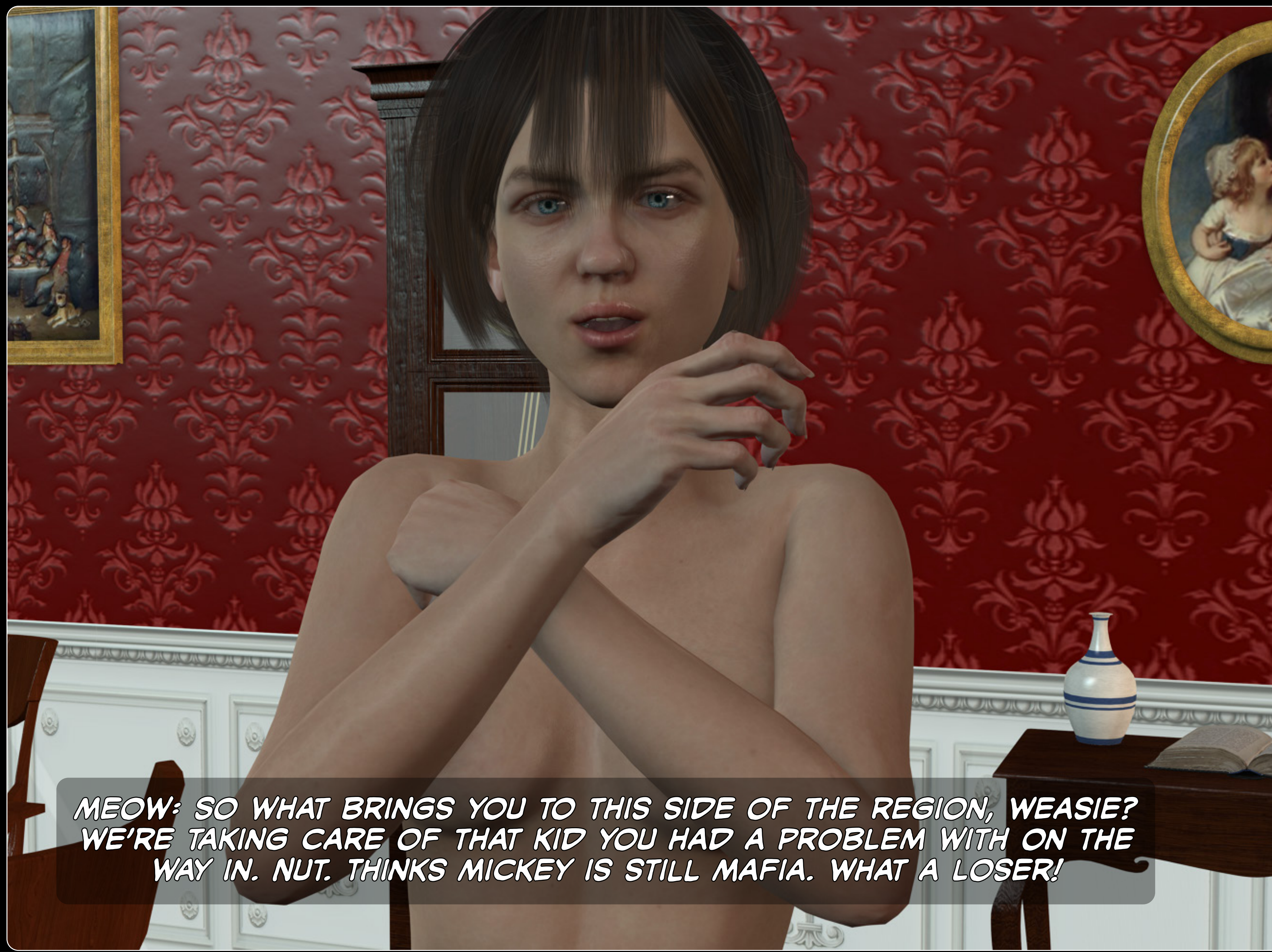
MEOW: WE BOTH HAVEN'T WORKED FOR SPACETV FOR YEARS, WEASIE, I DON'T THINK YOU HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT "FAKE" HUMANS ANY MORE. GENE "THE WEASEL" YOUNG: MEOW. GOOD TO SEE YOU.



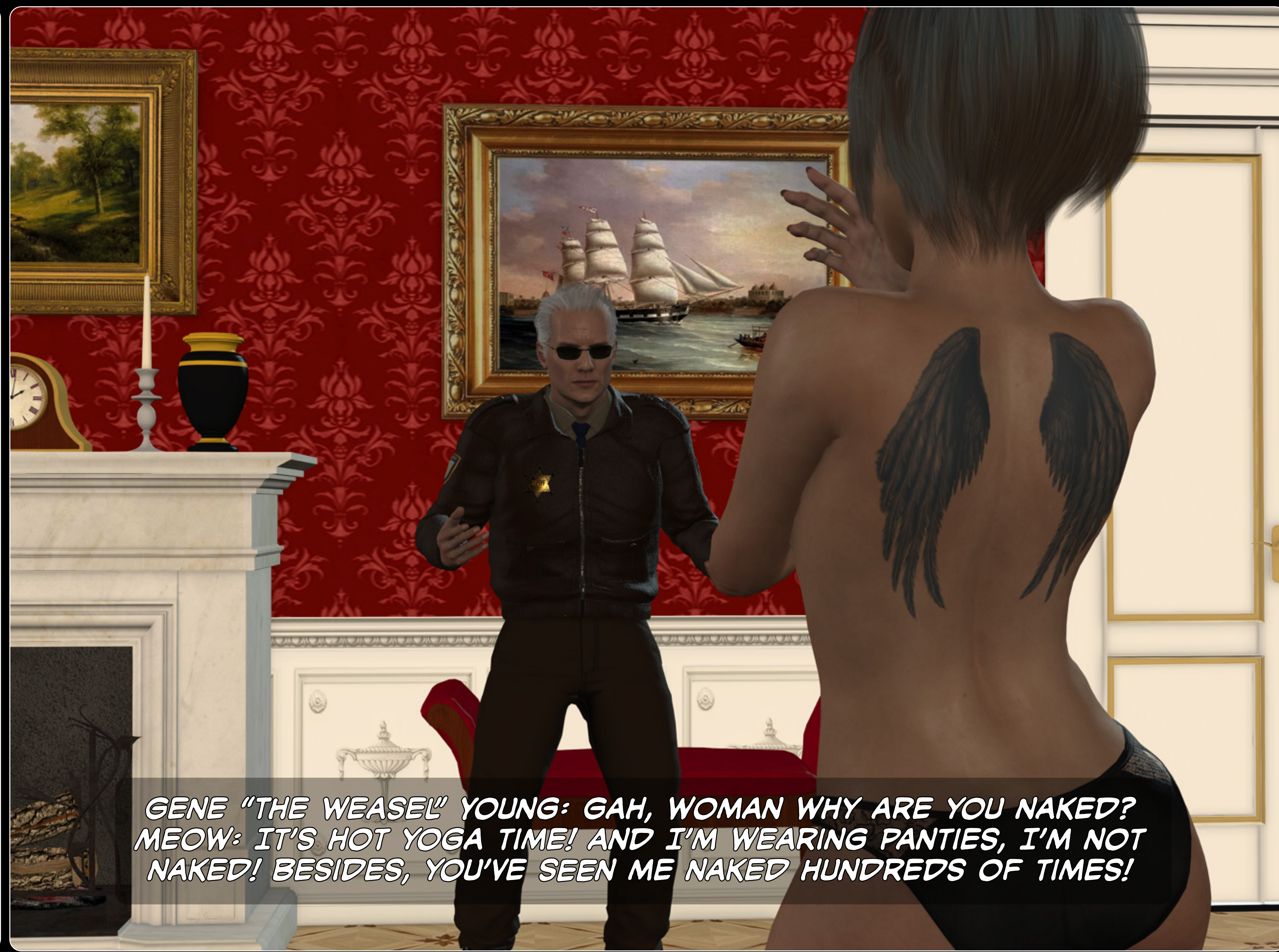
MEOW: SEE ME? HARD TO SEE ME IF YOU ARE TOO AFRAID TO TURN AROUND AND FACE ME.
GENE "THE WEASEL" YOUNG: I HAVE MY REASONS.



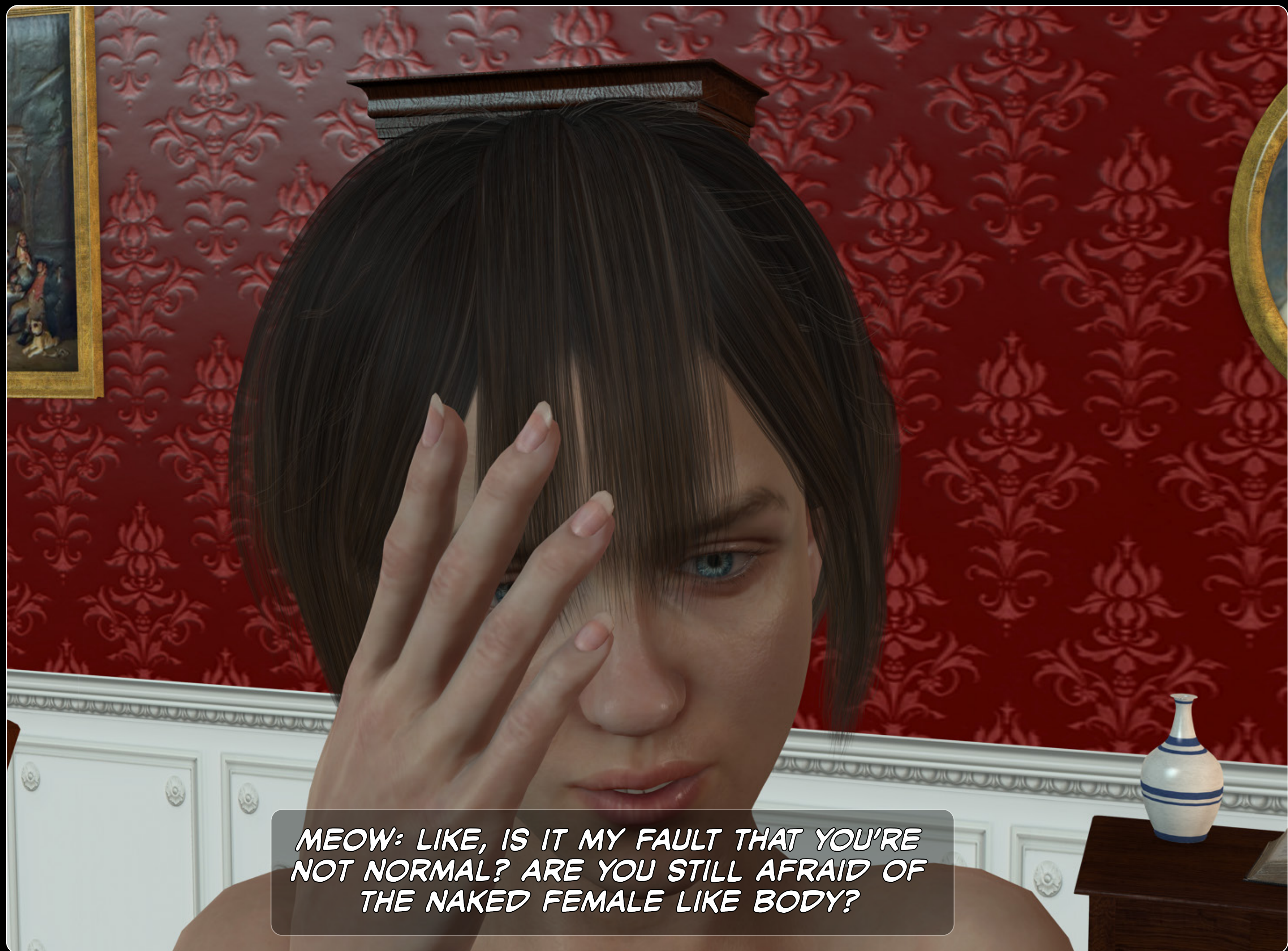
MEOW: B3VERL3Y, CODE KARATE ALPHA DINGO.
B3VERL3Y: 011001 0111 0011010?
MEOW: YEAH, TAKE MY COAT WITH YOU, IT IS RIPPED.



MEOW: SO WHAT BRINGS YOU TO THIS SIDE OF THE REGION, WEASIE? WE'RE TAKING CARE OF THAT KID YOU HAD A PROBLEM WITH ON THE WAY IN. NUT. THINKS MICKEY IS STILL MAFIA. WHAT A LOSER!



GENE "THE WEASEL" YOUNG: GAH, WOMAN WHY ARE YOU NAKED?
MEOW: IT'S HOT YOGA TIME! AND I'M WEARING PANTIES, I'M NOT NAKED! BESIDES, YOU'VE SEEN ME NAKED HUNDREDS OF TIMES!



MEOW: LIKE, IS IT MY FAULT THAT YOU'RE NOT NORMAL? ARE YOU STILL AFRAID OF THE NAKED FEMALE LIKE BODY?



GENE "THE WEASEL" YOUNG: I WAS 12 YEARS OLD! YOU TOOK ME TO A STRIP CLUB ON MY FIRST DAY OF WORK AT SPACETV! I WASN'T READY FOR THAT!



MEOW: IT'S NOT MY FAULT THAT YOU LOOKED LIKE YOU WERE IN YOUR 30'S AT 12! YOU'VE GOT SOME LIKE, SCREWED UP GENETICS!



GENE "THE WEASEL" YOUNG: OKAY, LOOK I AIN'T HERE TO TALK ABOUT THAT. I NEED TO TALK TO YOUR MISTER. GOT IT?



MEOW: YOU'RE GOING TO TRY TO PIN THE DEO DATAPORT THING ON MICKEY?



GENE "THE WEASEL" YOUNG: NO! NOT AT ALL! I CAME TO ASK HIM... DAMMIT.



MEOW: ASK HIM WHAT, EXACTLY?



GENE "THE WEASEL" YOUNG: LOOK, THE TRAIL WENT COLD. THE DAUGHTER DESERVES SOME PEACE. WE OWE IT TO HER TO FIND HIM.



**MEOW: LOOK AT THE BALLS ON YOU, WEASIE!
ALL THESE YEARS TRYING TO GET THE GOVERNOR
FOR HIS MOB TIES, AND NOW YOU NEED HELP!**



**GENE "THE WEASEL" YOUNG:
MEOW, PLEASE.**



**MEOW: WE WORKED TOGETHER FOR FIVE YEARS
AT THAT PLACE. WE BOTH SURVIVED DEO. SO, LIKE,
I'LL TELL MICKEY YOU NEED HELP.**



**MEOW: BUT THERE'S ONE THING YOU
GOTTA DO TO EARN MY TRUST.
GENE "THE WEASEL" YOUNG" WHAT'S THAT?**



MEOW: UP FOR SOME HOT YOGA?



GENE "THE WEASEL" YOUNG: I'LL SHOW MYSELF OUT. LADIES.



MEOW: HOW ABOUT A HUG FOR OLD TIMES SAKE, WEASIE?



:::SLAM:::



MEOW: LIKE, VICTORY IS MINE!



MEOW: B3VERL3Y, DUMP THE BROKEN KID IN THE BAY AFTER WEASIE IS OFF THE PREMISES. BEAT SOME SENSE INTO HIM BEFORE YA DUMP HIM. NOT DEAD. LEARNED.



MEOW: BUT FIRST, GET ME MY JACKET. IT'S FREEZING IN HERE!



GOOD MORNING SUNSHINE!