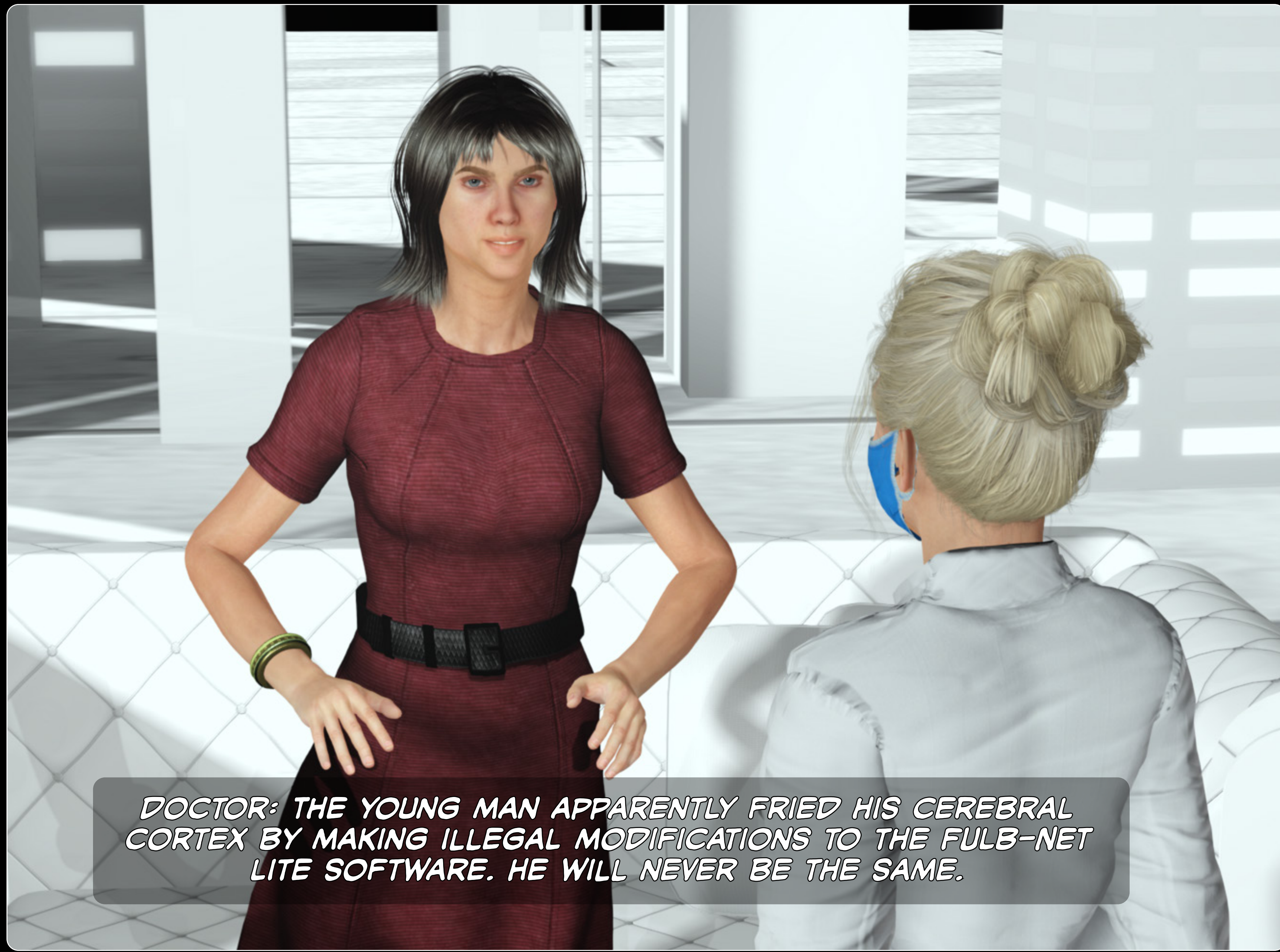




**GOOD  
MORNING  
SUNSHINE!**



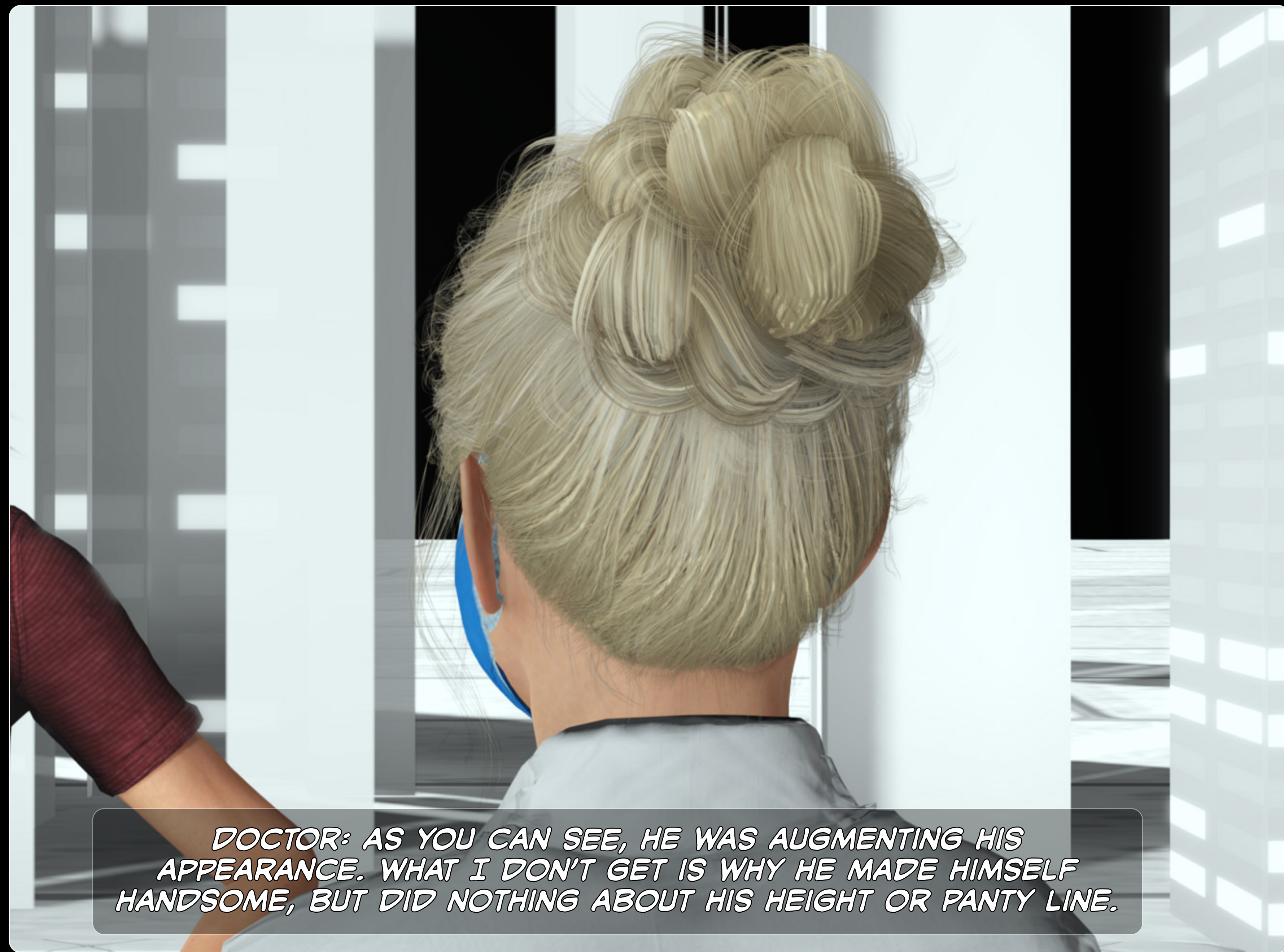
*YVETTE: WHAT THE HELL JUST HAPPENED ON MY SET?*



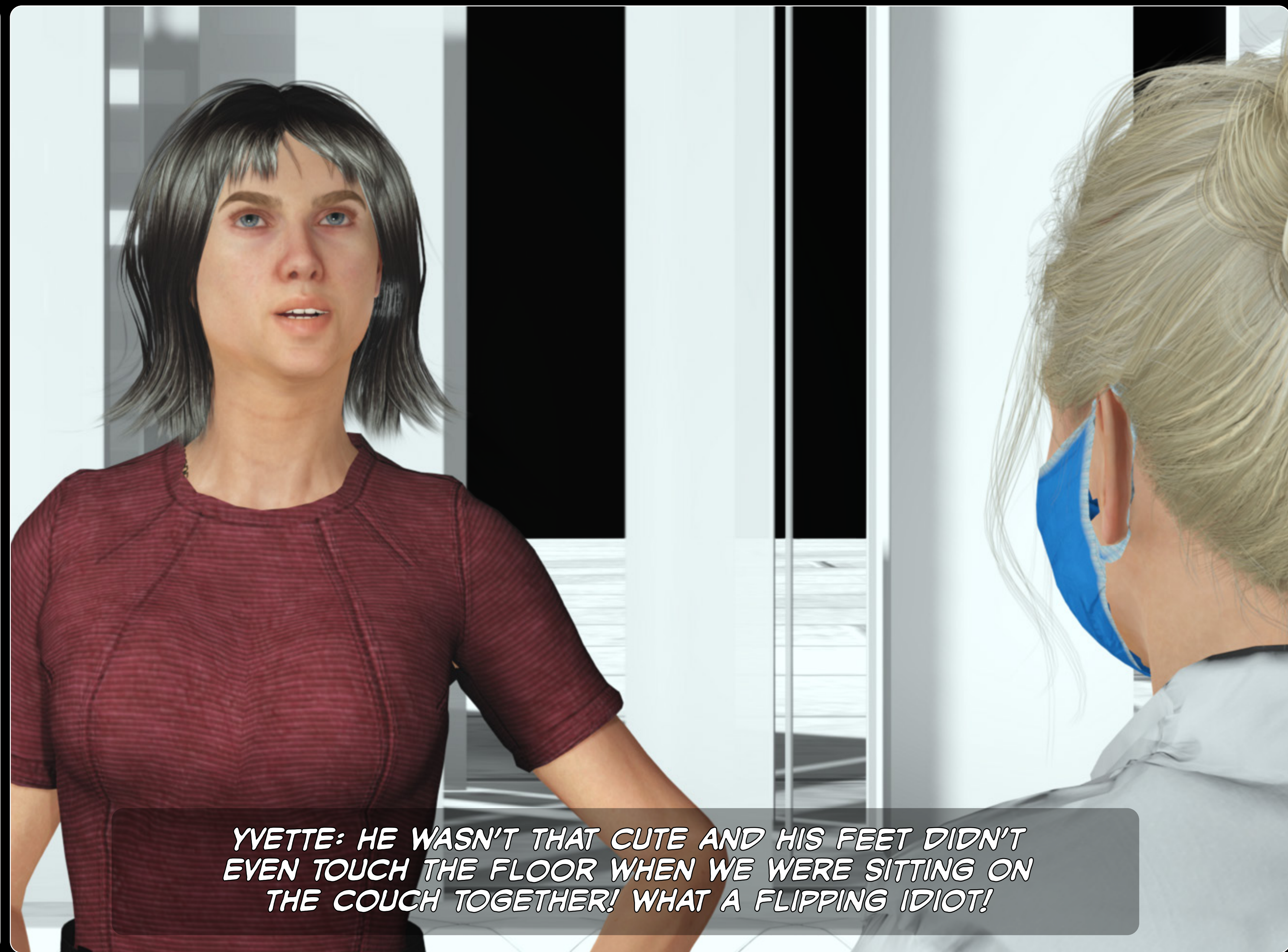
*DOCTOR: THE YOUNG MAN APPARENTLY FRIED HIS CEREBRAL CORTEX BY MAKING ILLEGAL MODIFICATIONS TO THE FULB-NET LITE SOFTWARE. HE WILL NEVER BE THE SAME.*



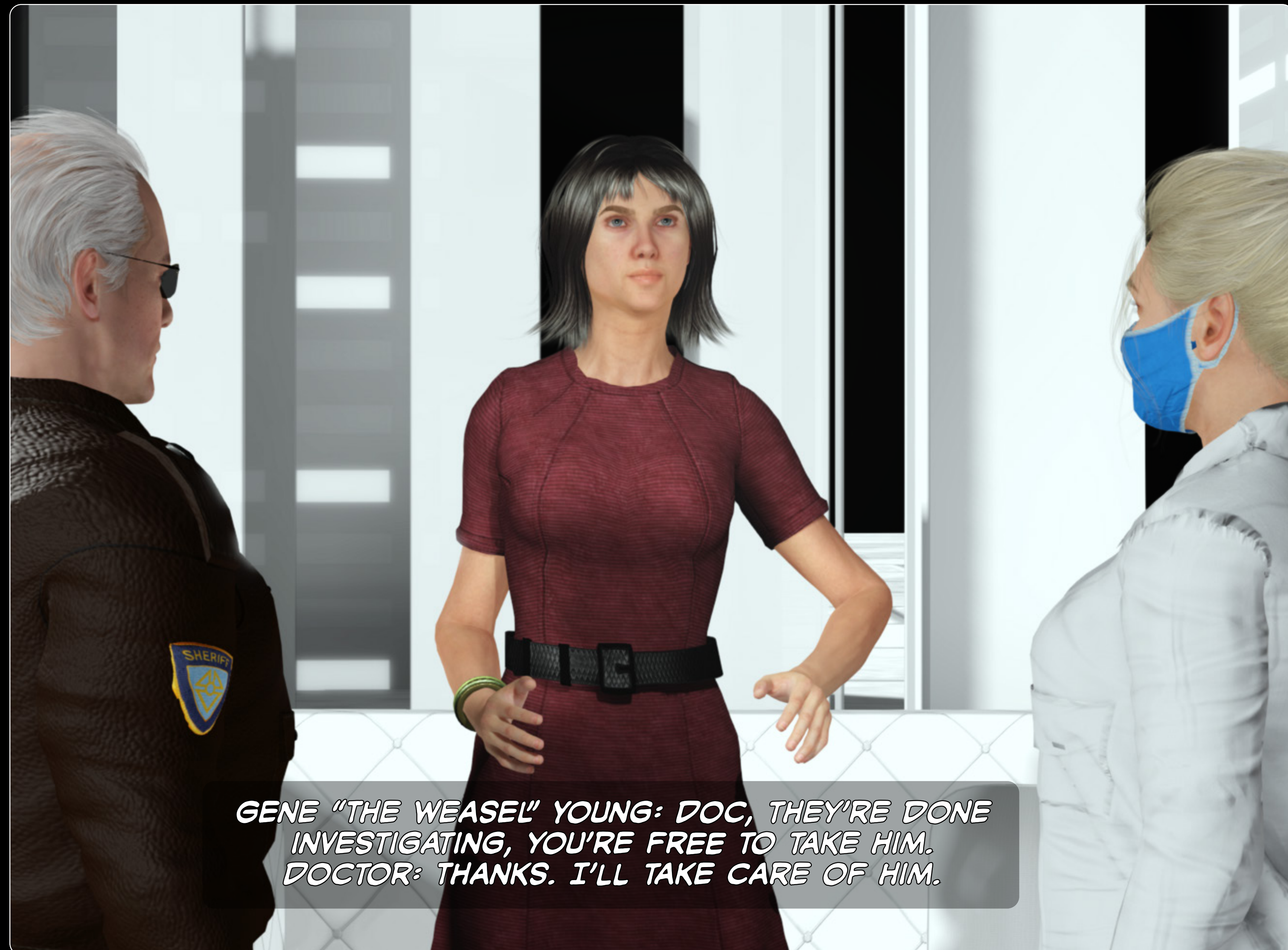
*YVETTE: WHY WOULD HE USE SOMETHING SO FREAKING DANGEROUS ON MY SET! HE PUT EVERYONE HERE AT RISK!*



*DOCTOR: AS YOU CAN SEE, HE WAS AUGMENTING HIS APPEARANCE. WHAT I DON'T GET IS WHY HE MADE HIMSELF HANDSOME, BUT DID NOTHING ABOUT HIS HEIGHT OR PANTY LINE.*



*YVETTE: HE WASN'T THAT CUTE AND HIS FEET DIDN'T EVEN TOUCH THE FLOOR WHEN WE WERE SITTING ON THE COUCH TOGETHER! WHAT A FLIPPING IDIOT!*



*GENE "THE WEASEL" YOUNG: DOC, THEY'RE DONE INVESTIGATING, YOU'RE FREE TO TAKE HIM.  
DOCTOR: THANKS. I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM.*



*YVETTE: THIS WAS THE KID YOU HIT WITH THE CAR THE OTHER WEEK?  
GENE "THE WEASEL" YOUNG: I WAS WONDERING 'BOUT THAT. HE REFUSED TO MOVE, I HAD THE RIGHT AWAY. RECOVERED FAST.*



*YVETTE: THEY FISHED HIM OUT OF THE BAY, DIDN'T THEY?  
GENE "THE WEASEL" YOUNG: I DIDN'T DO THAT. SURPRISED HE HEALED ENOUGH FOR THE FITES. MAKES SENSE NOW.*



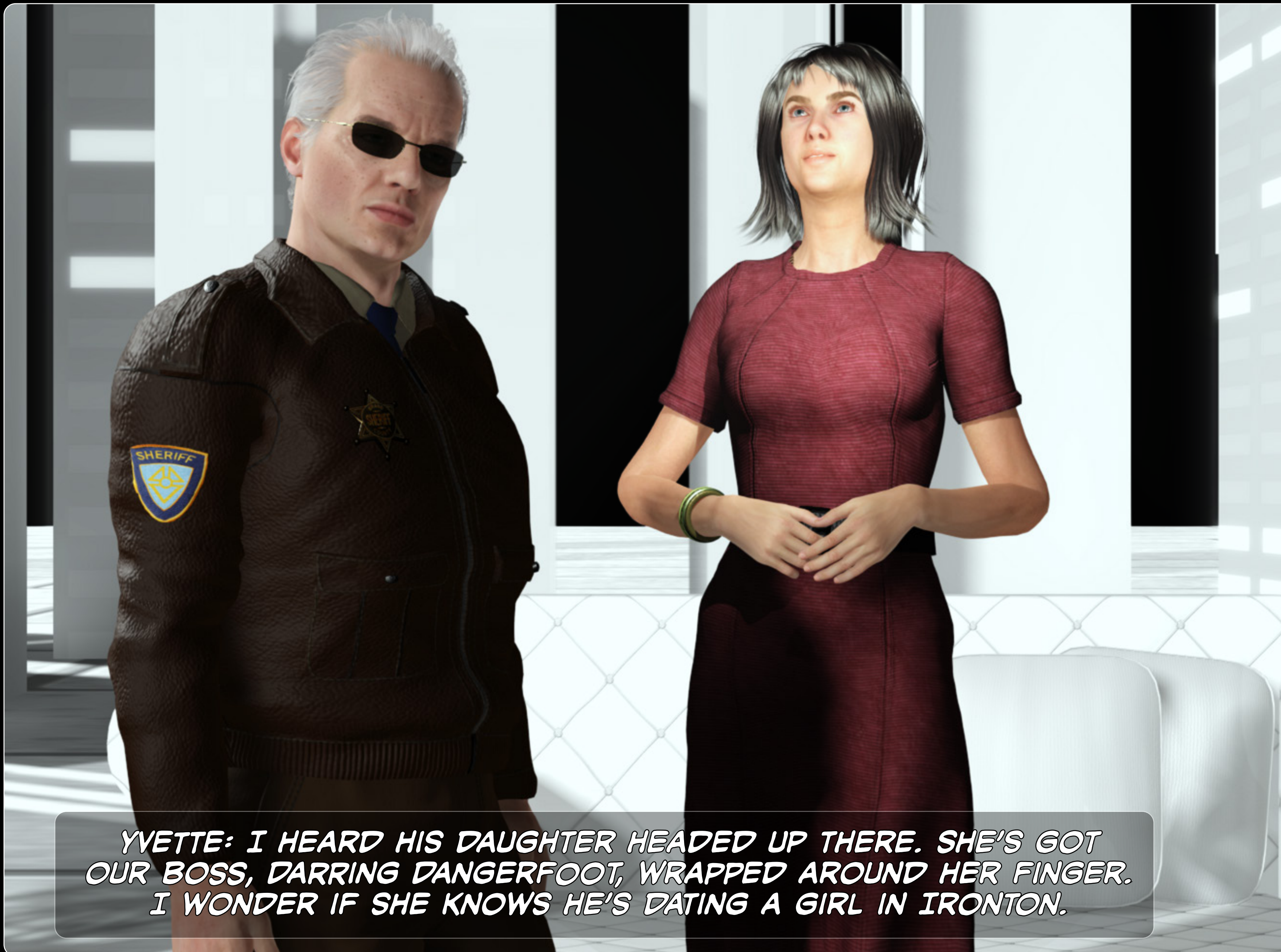
*GENE "THE WEASEL" YOUNG: HEY DOC -- WHERE DID SHE GO?  
YVETTE: WEIRD, SHE'S FAST. THAT'S A LONG WALK TO THE ACCESS DOORS, ESPECIALLY IN HEELS. THAT'S ODD.*



*GENE "THE WEASEL" YOUNG: WILL HAVE TO FOLLOW UP LATER.  
YVETTE: THINK THIS IS TIED TO THE DATAPORT CASE?  
GENE "THE WEASEL" YOUNG: ON OR OFF RECORD?*



*YVETTE: YOU DECIDE. OFF, I GUESS.  
GENE "THE WEASEL" YOUNG: HE WASN'T WRONG ABOUT STARSHINE DOWNS. DEO'S BANANA WATCH IS THERE. NOT SURE 'BOUT HIM.*



*YVETTE: I HEARD HIS DAUGHTER HEADED UP THERE. SHE'S GOT OUR BOSS, DARRING DANGERFOOT, WRAPPED AROUND HER FINGER. I WONDER IF SHE KNOWS HE'S DATING A GIRL IN IRONTON.*



*GENE "THE WEASEL" YOUNG: NOT DATING. ENGAGED. GAL IS UP IN STARSHINE DOWNS TOO. HRM.*



*YVETTE: DARRIN REGISTERED A DRONE THIS MORNING. HE DIDN'T MAKE SENSE WHEN WE TALKED. HE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT HIS GIRLFRIEND NEEDING IT FOR POSTERITY?*



*GENE "THE WEASEL" YOUNG: I'LL FIND OUT.  
YVETTE: YOU KNOW, DEO'S BEEN GONE FOR WEEKS BUT NO ONE SEEMS TO MISS HIM. I WONDER WHY...*



ELSEWHERE.



BIG AL: YUP, THERE'S THE DRONE.  
AND THERE'S A SURPRISE BONUS.



BIG AL: HEY WANDA, WOULD A DRUNKEN  
AND HOMELESS SOON-TO-BE-EX-BOYFRIEND  
OF YOURS BE OF ANY INTEREST?



WANDA: IS HE NAKED?  
BIG AL: NOT THIS TIME.  
WANDA: BETTER BRING HIM.



**BIG AL:** I GOTTA SHRINK TO GET UNDER THERE.  
**EDGAR:** WHO DAT, WHO DERE?  
**WANDA:** OH GOD, HE STINKS. WHAT WAS HE ROLLING IN?



**BIG AL:** FORGET SHRINKING. I'M NOT RUINING ANOTHER JACKET BECAUSE YOUR BOYFRIEND ROLLED IN SEWAGE.  
**WANDA:** I GOT HIM. HE HAS A LOT OF 'SPLAIN' TO DO.



**EDGAR:** F#\$K. WHAT HAPPENED?



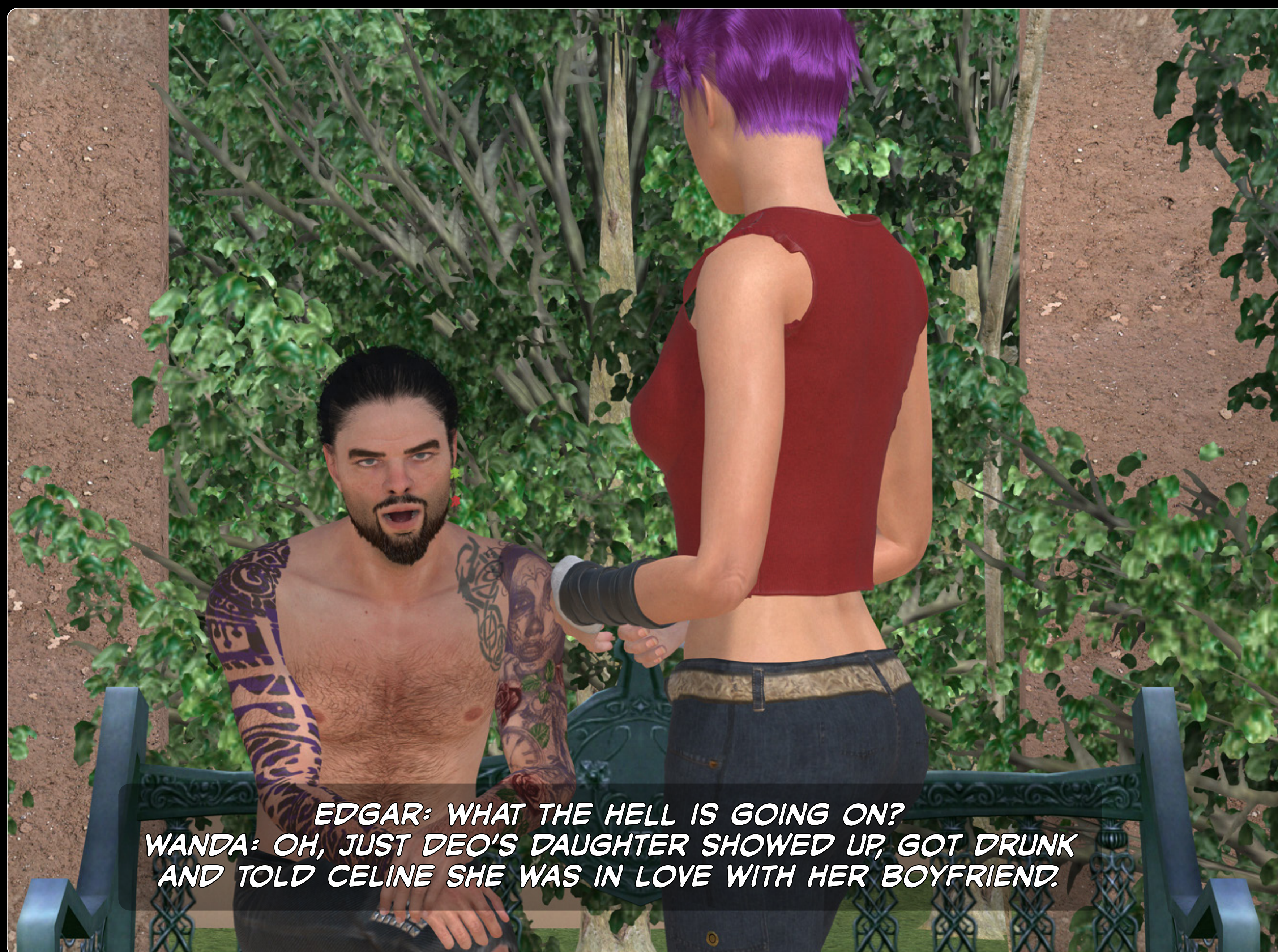
**WANDA:** "WHAT HAPPENED?" HOW ABOUT "WHERE AM I?" YOU'RE BACK HOME, BIG CITY BOY. WELCOME BACK. WHAT BRINGS YOU?



*::CRASH IN DISTANCE::*



*BIG AL: F#\$K. YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO GET HIM BACK ON YOUR OWN. I GOTTA BREAK THOSE TWO UP AGAIN.*



*EDGAR: WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?  
WANDA: OH, JUST DEO'S DAUGHTER SHOWED UP, GOT DRUNK AND TOLD CELINE SHE WAS IN LOVE WITH HER BOYFRIEND.*



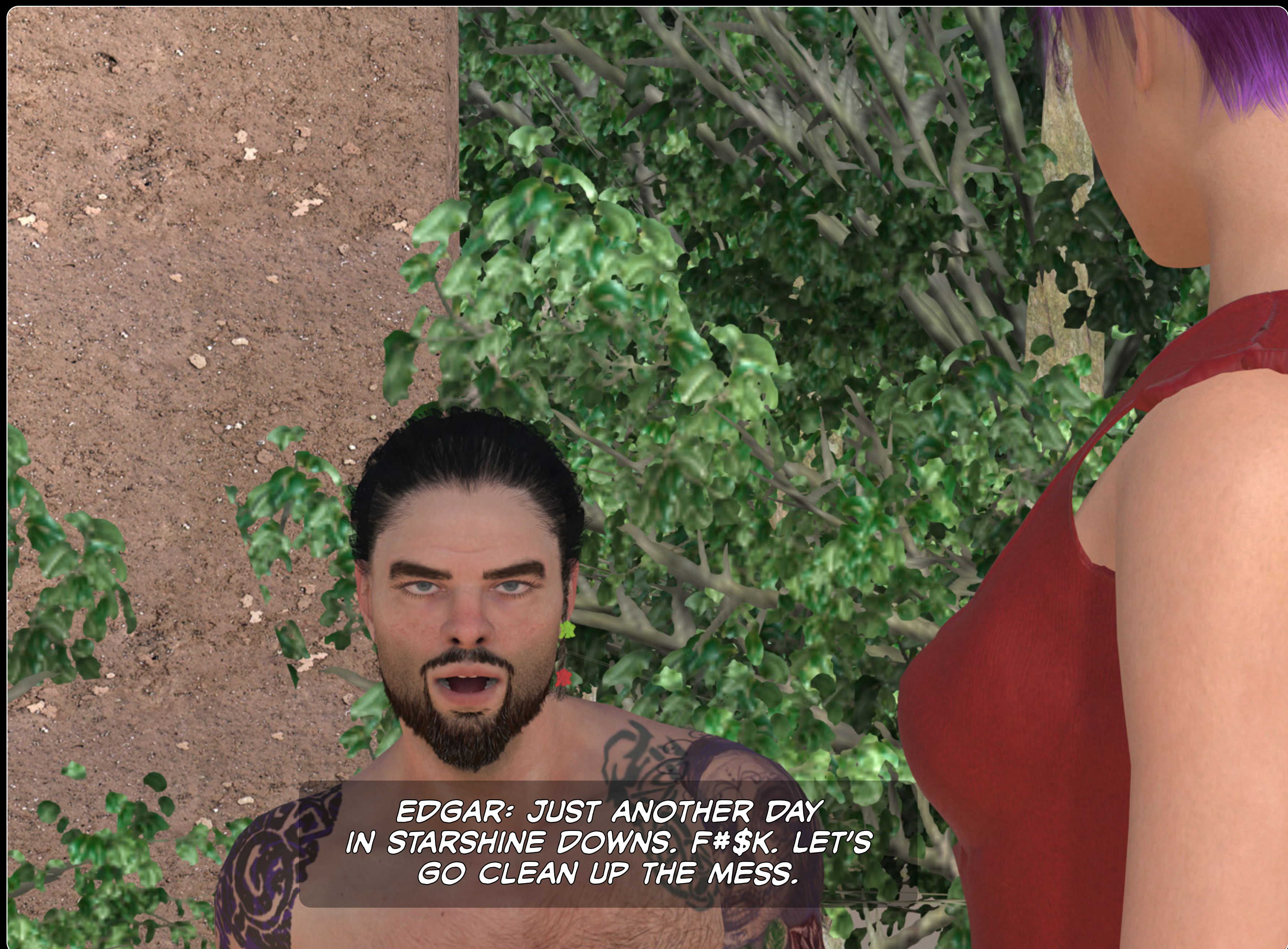
*EDGAR: FIANCE. JENNY'S HERE?  
WANDA: OH I FORGOT, BIG CITY BOY WORKS FOR OUR NEW BIG CITY DRAMA QUEEN. WONDERFUL.*



*EDGAR: I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS!  
WANDA: HOW'D YOU GET HERE, THEN?  
EDGAR: I HAVE NO IDEA.*



*WANDA: REAL CONVENIENT YOU SHOW UP AND ALL THIS DRAMA HAPPENS INVOLVING YOUR BIG CITY BOSS. I MEAN THAT'S COINCIDENTAL AT BEST. WHAT WOULD YOU CALL IT, BIG CITY BOY?*



*EDGAR: JUST ANOTHER DAY IN STARSHINE DOWNS. F#\$K. LET'S GO CLEAN UP THE MESS.*



**GOOD  
MORNING  
SUNSHINE!**