



**GOOD  
MORNING  
SUNSHINE!**



*TONY: WE'VE BEEN WORKING TOGETHER FOR FIVE MONTHS AND YOU NEVER MENTIONED THAT WE'VE WORKED TOGETHER BEFORE! SPACE-TV IN THE HIZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZIE!*



*TONY: I JUST SAW THE NEWS ABOUT YOUR MOM AND I WAS THINKING, "TONY, THAT HOT GIRL OUT FRONT, HER LAST NAME IS THE SAME... COULD SHE BE ONE OF THE NEVA TRIPLETS ALL GROWED UP? YEAH!"*



*TONY: OF COURSE YOU KNOW, I HOSTED THE LATE NIGHT 'UNCIRC'D' SHOW BEFORE THE CUTBACKS. MAN, YOU WERE TOO YOUNG TO BE ON WHEN YOU WERE IN MANDAH BANANUH'S BAND. BUT LOOK AT YOU NOW!*



*EMMA: YES. LOOK AT ME NOW. LET'S NOT REMINISCE AND WHY DON'T YOU GO CLEAN OFF THE STAGE FOR THE 4 PM SHOW. THE PERYS LIKE A NICE CLEAN STAGE. GET TO IT.*



*EMMA: WAIT. WHAT DID YOU SAY ABOUT MY MOTHER? MY MOTHER GAVE UP HER BODY TO LIVE IN THE FULB-NET ENVIRONMENT YEARS AGO. SHE'S NO LONGER WITH US.*



*GENE "THE WEASEL" YOUNG: YOU SURE ABOUT THAT "EMMALING?"*



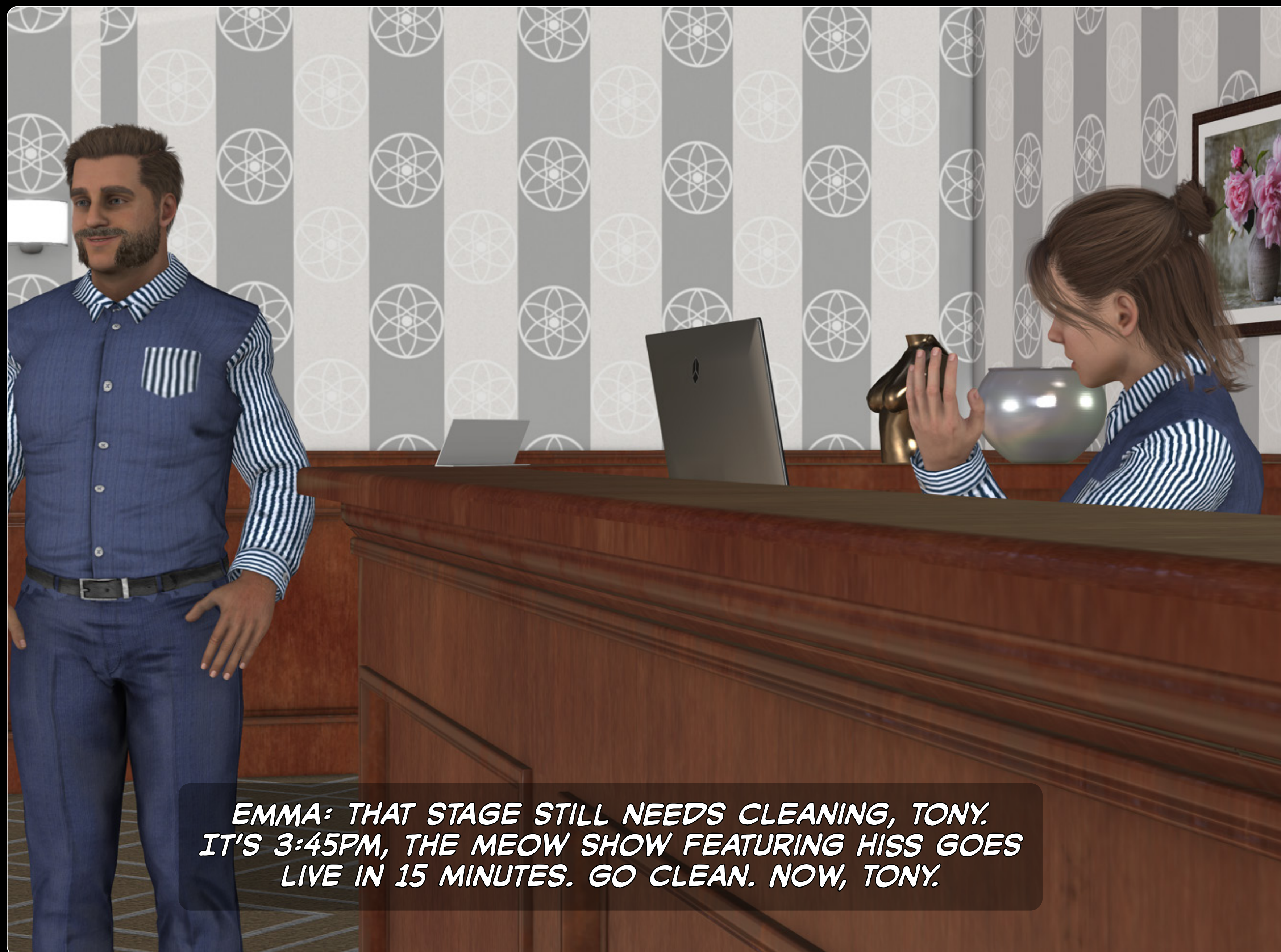
*TONY: WELL HIDE MY HOES! LOOK, IT'S MY OLD BUDDY THE WEASEL!*



**GENE "THE WEASEL" YOUNG:** TONY. LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE FOUND YOUR PLACE IN THE WORLD. PARKING CARS AND JANITORIAL SERVICES. HRM. BETTER GET TO WORK.



**TONY:** ARE YOU STILL MAD THAT I LOCKED YOU IN A DEEP FREEZE BUCK NAKED THAT ONE CHRISTMAS SHOW? GOD, THAT WAS 15 YEARS AGO!



**EMMA:** THAT STAGE STILL NEEDS CLEANING, TONY. IT'S 3:45PM, THE MEOW SHOW FEATURING HISS GOES LIVE IN 15 MINUTES. GO CLEAN. NOW, TONY.



**TONY:** OOOOOH THE MEOW SHOW! I BET THAT GIVES YOU A TINGLE IN YOUR PRINGLE, WEASEL! DON'T WET YOURSELF, IT'S HER UNDERSTUDY.



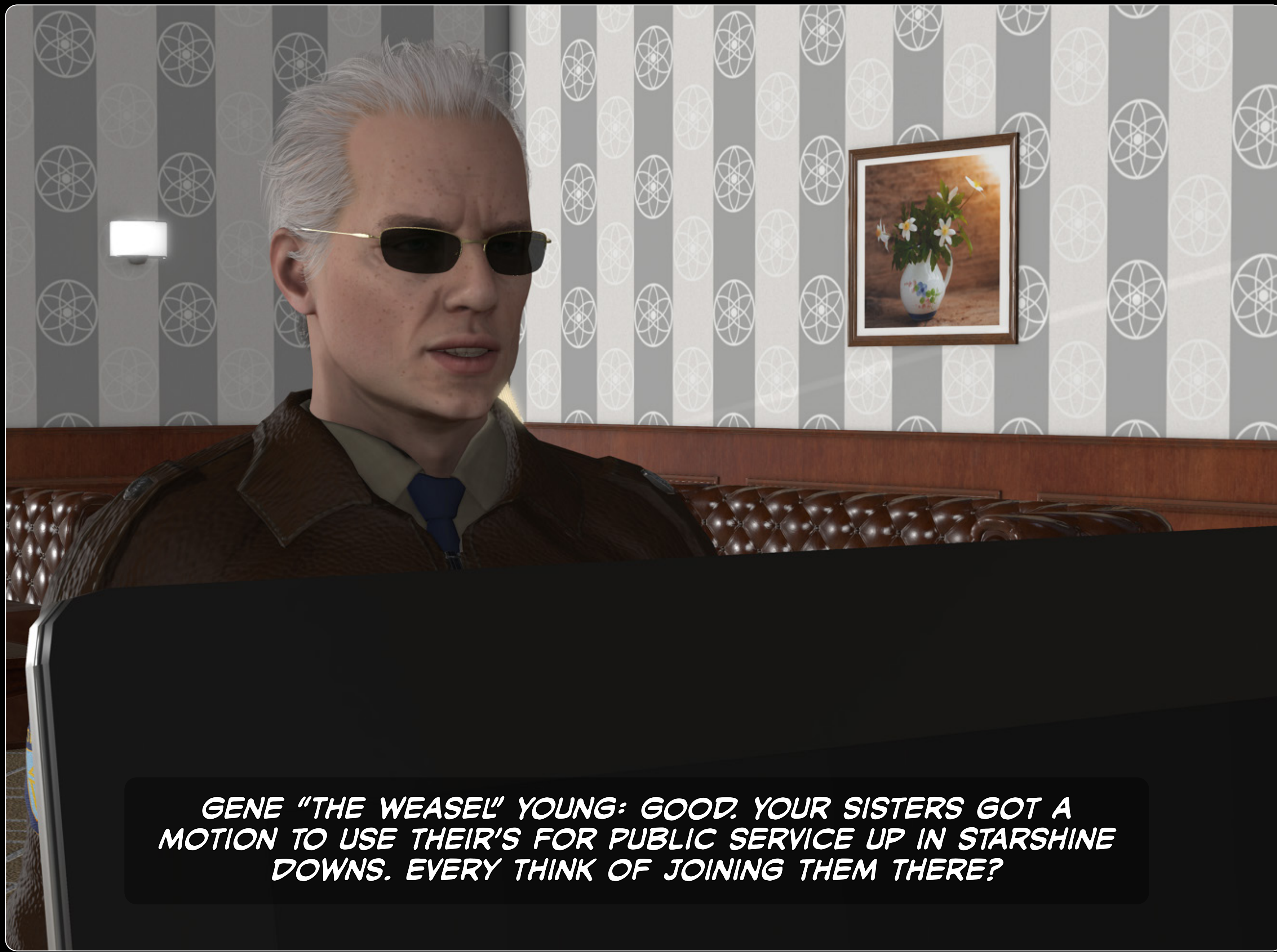
**EMMA: TONY, THE STAGE, NOW!**  
**TONY: DON'T GET YOUR WINGS OUT! I'M GOING I'M GOING! HEY, WEASEL: BOOOOOOOOOBIES!**



**GENE "THE WEASEL" YOUNG: SPEAKING OF WINGS. YOU BEEN FLYING AGAIN, "EMMALING?"**



**EMMA: MY ANKLE MONITOR WOULD HAVE ALERTED YOU TO ANY USE OF MY POWERS, OFFICER YOUNG. I TAKE MY PROBATION SERIOUSLY.**



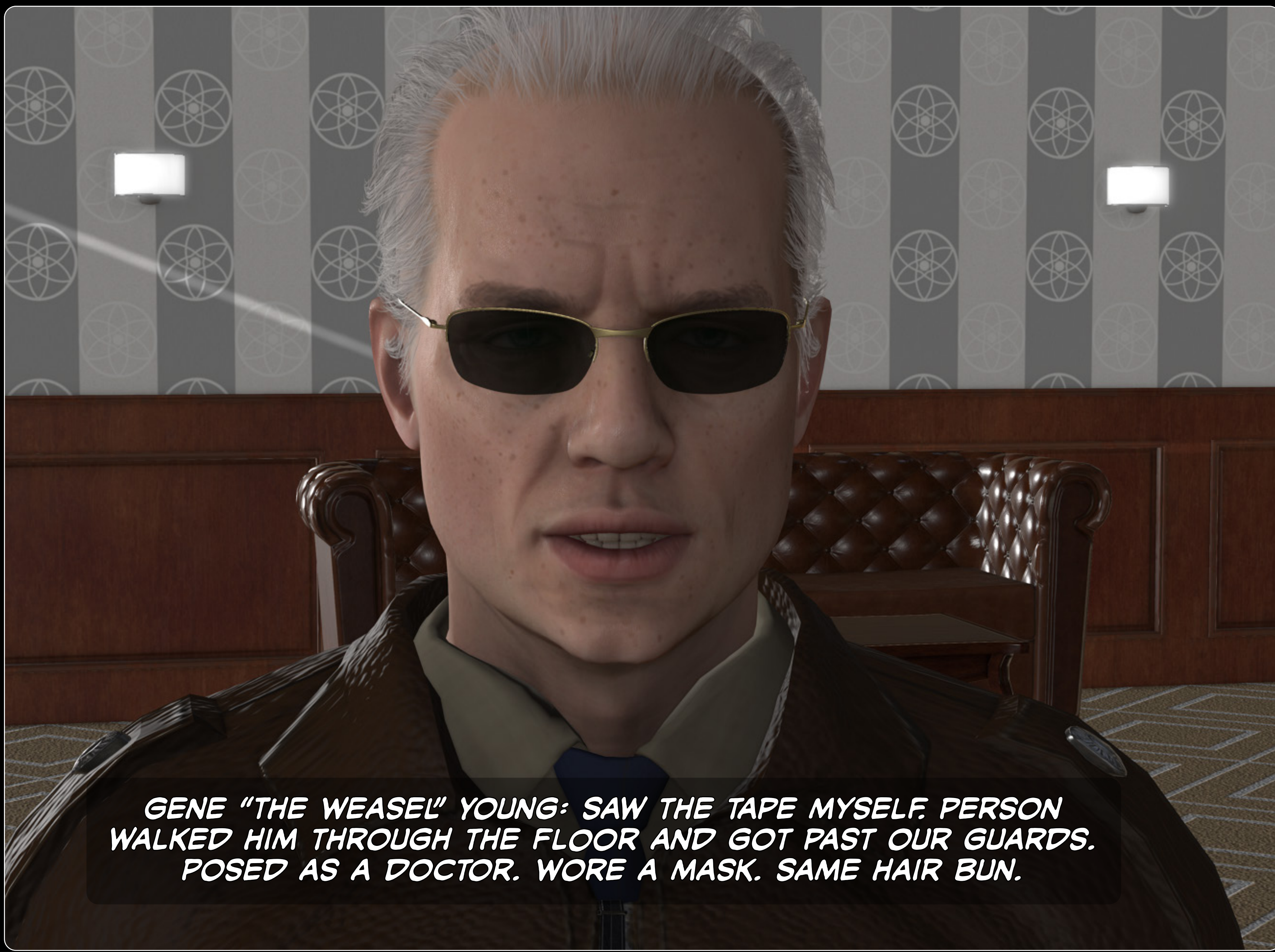
**GENE "THE WEASEL" YOUNG: GOOD. YOUR SISTERS GOT A MOTION TO USE THEIR'S FOR PUBLIC SERVICE UP IN STARSHINE DOWNS. EVERY THINK OF JOINING THEM THERE?**



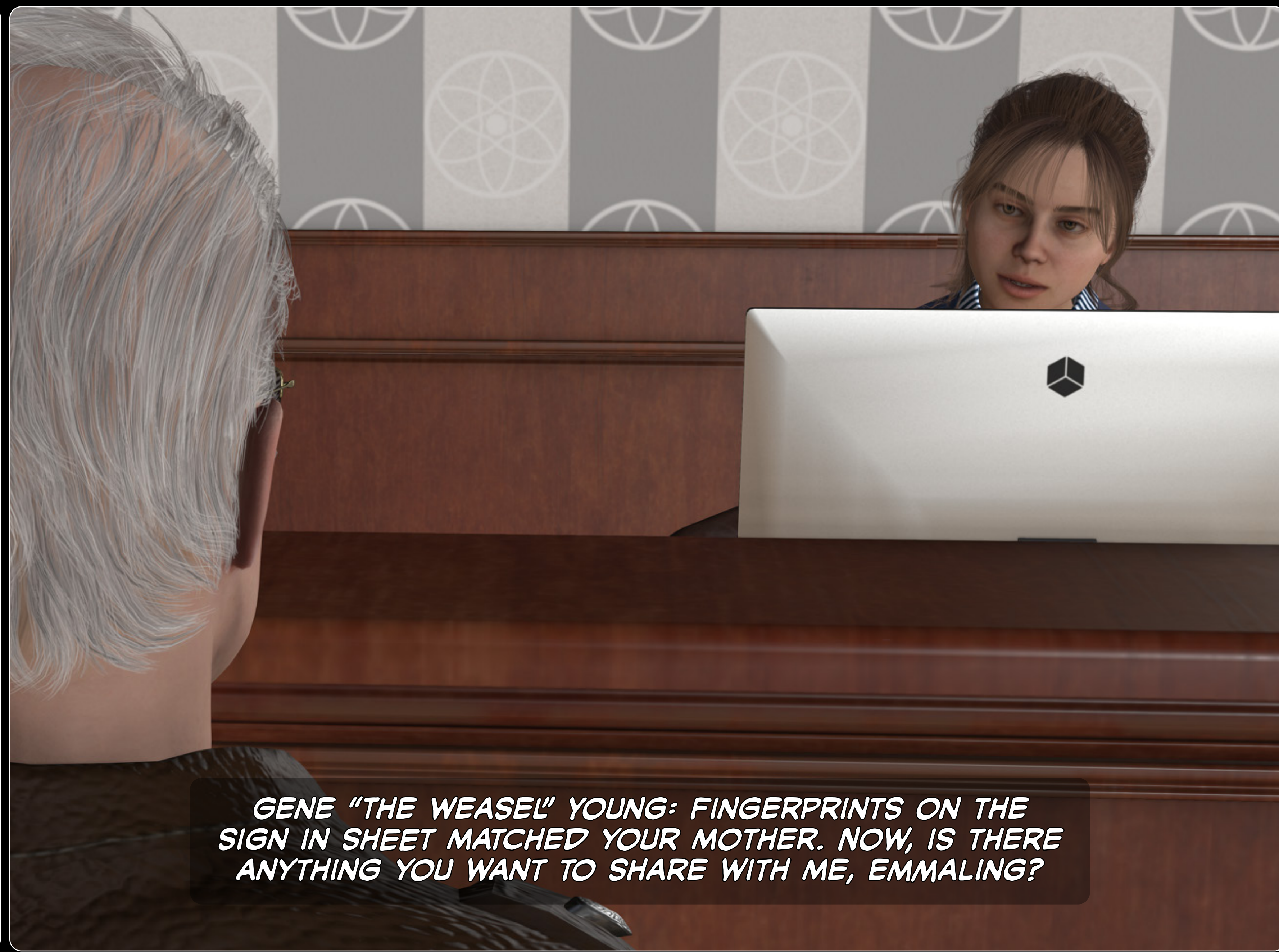
**EMMA: NO. WHAT WAS THIS REPORT OF MY MOTHER? WE WERE TOLD THE FULB-NET PROCESS WAS IRREVERSIBLE. THERE IS NO WAY SHE IS BACK.**



**GENE "THE WEASEL" YOUNG: YET JUST AN HOUR AGO SOMEONE MATCHING YOUR MOTHER'S DESCRIPTION TOOK ONE OF MY WITNESSES IN THE DATAPORT CASE.**



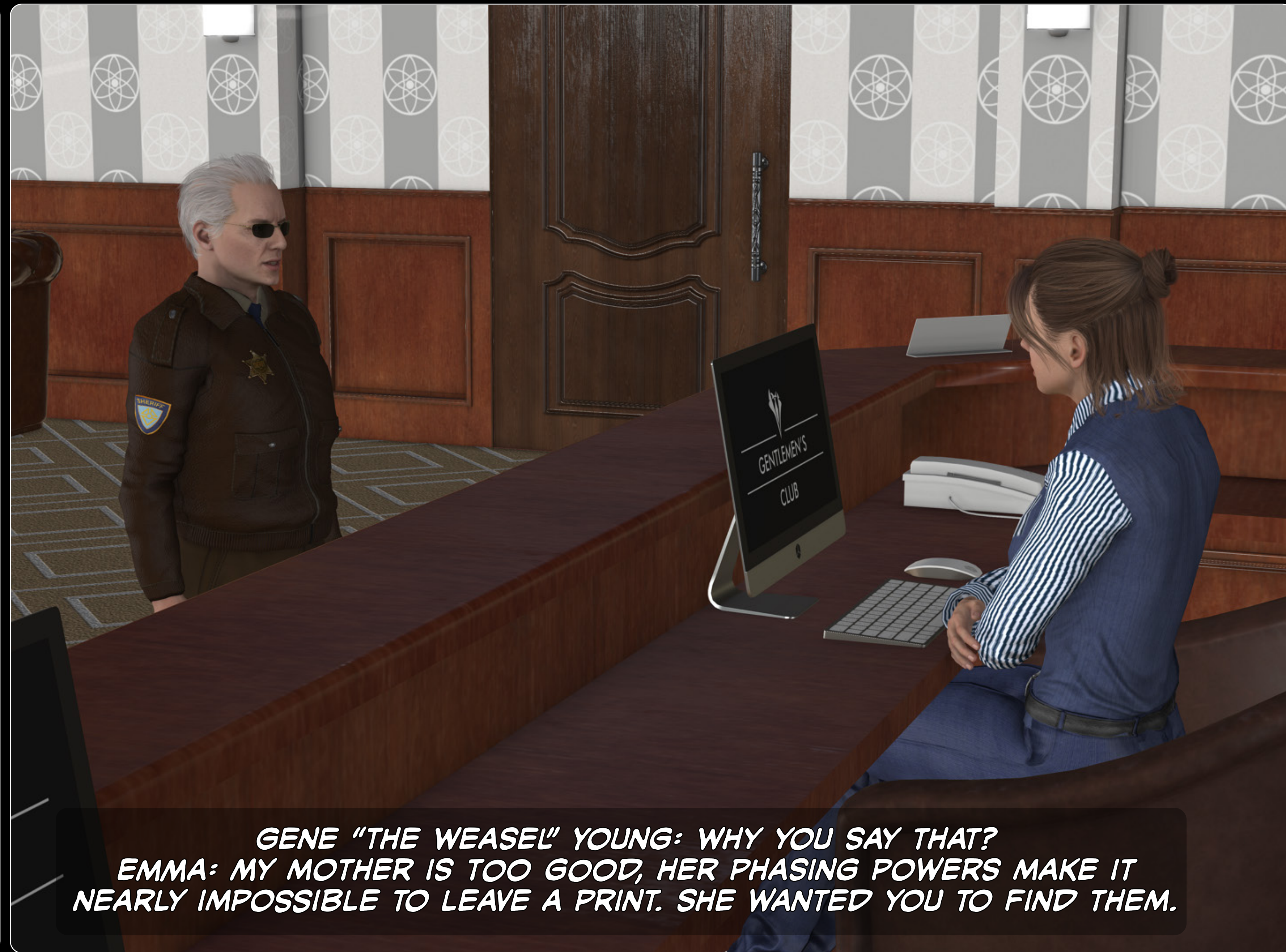
**GENE "THE WEASEL" YOUNG: SAW THE TAPE MYSELF. PERSON WALKED HIM THROUGH THE FLOOR AND GOT PAST OUR GUARDS. POSED AS A DOCTOR. WORE A MASK. SAME HAIR BUN.**



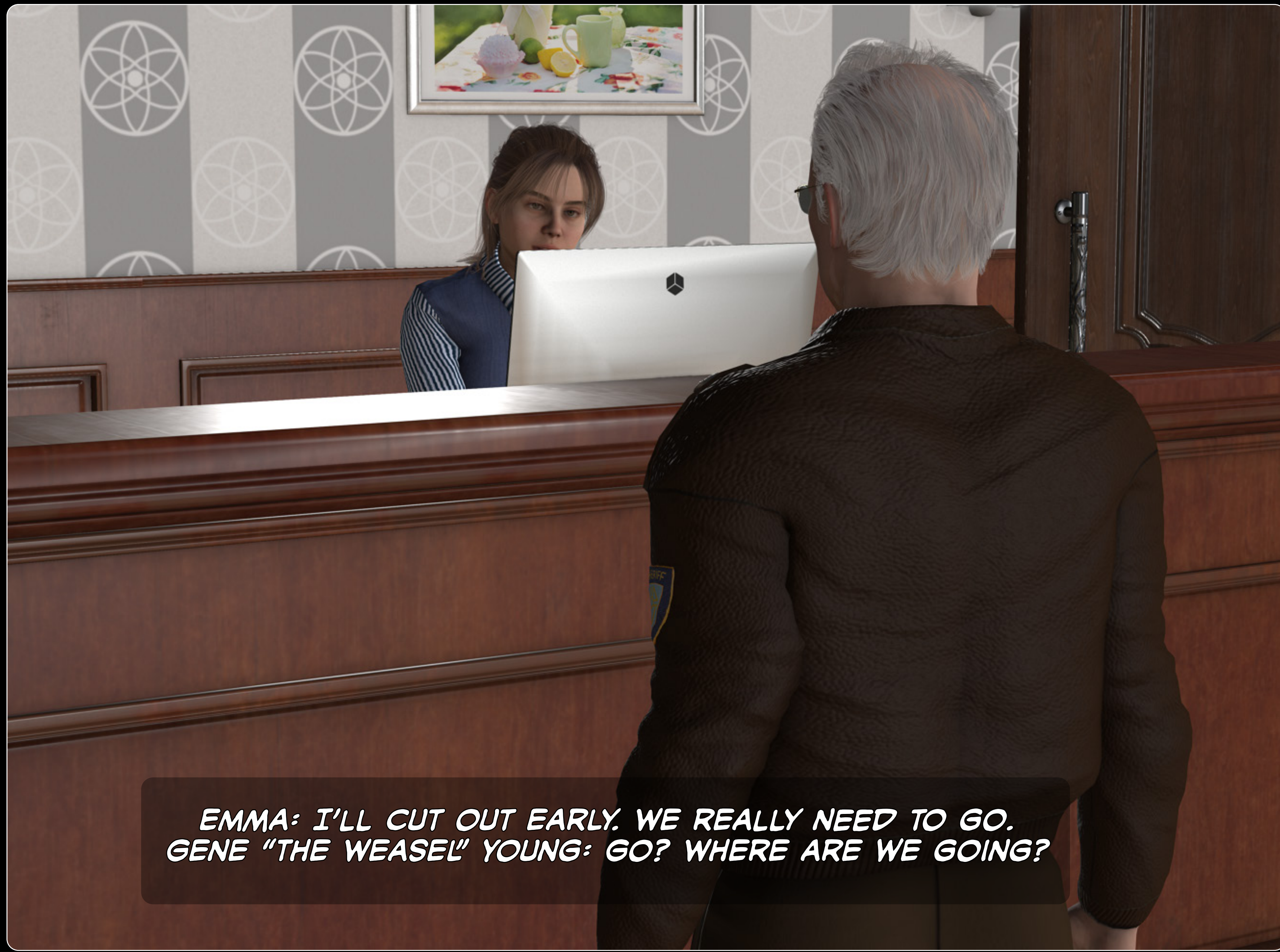
**GENE "THE WEASEL" YOUNG: FINGERPRINTS ON THE SIGN IN SHEET MATCHED YOUR MOTHER. NOW, IS THERE ANYTHING YOU WANT TO SHARE WITH ME, EMMALING?**



*EMMA: SHE LEFT FINGERPRINTS? REALLY?  
GENE "THE WEASEL" YOUNG: GOT THE REPORT IN MY CAR.  
EMMA: THEN SHE WANTED TO BE FOUND.*



*GENE "THE WEASEL" YOUNG: WHY YOU SAY THAT?  
EMMA: MY MOTHER IS TOO GOOD, HER PHASING POWERS MAKE IT  
NEARLY IMPOSSIBLE TO LEAVE A PRINT. SHE WANTED YOU TO FIND THEM.*



*EMMA: I'LL CUT OUT EARLY. WE REALLY NEED TO GO.  
GENE "THE WEASEL" YOUNG: GO? WHERE ARE WE GOING?*




*EMMA: STARSHINE DOWNS, OF COURSE!  
WE NEED TO TELL MY SISTERS THAT MOTHER  
FAKED HER OWN ASSIMILATION. AGAIN.*

A woman with dark hair, wearing a black strapless dress and gold earrings, stands in a hallway with wood-paneled walls and doors. She has a neutral expression and is looking slightly to her left.

*STARSHINE DOWNS*

A close-up shot of the woman from the chest up. She is looking down and to her right, with her hand near her face as if in thought or listening.

*VOICE: GOOD, YOU'RE AWAKE. GET ORIENTED AND STAND NEXT TO THE DOOR ON YOUR LEFT. PREPARING TRANSPORT.*

The woman is shown from the chest up, looking directly at the camera with a confused and slightly open-mouthed expression.

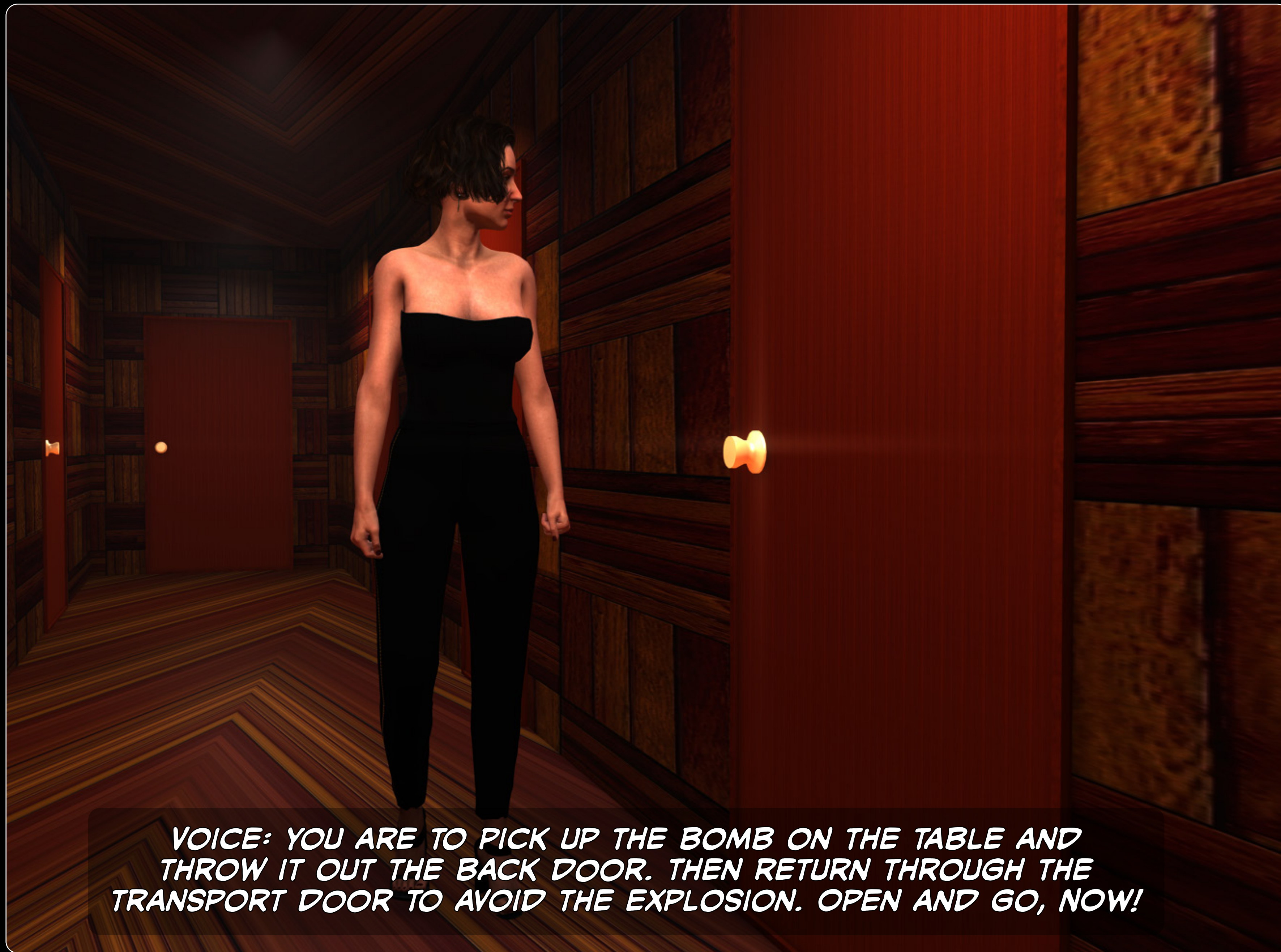
*JENNY: WAIT. WHAT? I WAS JUST FIGHTING A DWARF AND NOW I'M IN SOME STRANGE HALLWAY WITH WOOD PANELING ONLY MY DAD WOULD LOVE?*

A close-up shot of the woman from the chest up. She is looking slightly to her left with a serious and somewhat concerned expression.

*VOICE: HEY THAT DWARF KICKED YOUR A\$\$\$. YOUR DRUNKEN AND INJURED STATE MAKES YOU PERFECT FOR WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT TO DO. STAND BY THE DOOR.*



JENNY: HUH? OKAY. STANDING.  
VOICE: OPEN THE DOOR. WALK THROUGH. YOU'LL FIND YOURSELF  
IN A DOUBLE WIDE ON THE MOON. YOU HAVE 10 SECONDS ONCE THERE.



VOICE: YOU ARE TO PICK UP THE BOMB ON THE TABLE AND  
THROW IT OUT THE BACK DOOR. THEN RETURN THROUGH THE  
TRANSPORT DOOR TO AVOID THE EXPLOSION. OPEN AND GO, NOW!



JENNY: THE WHAT I AM?  
VOICE: GO! GO! GO! GO!



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