



Do you?
We're on a
schedule, and
we don't need
any of this
stuff.

Oh, yeah?
Since when are
you an expert at
breaking someone
out of space
prison?

Well, my mom's
not in a *space prison*,
for one. And I'm sure my
friends are already well-
stocked.

Oh,
right, your
friends!

Maybe if you'd quit changing
the subject *every time* I ask
about them, I wouldn't feel
this *strange* urge to
cover my ass!

For
Fu--

Would'ja loot
a little quieter,
please?

CLINK
TANK
CLINK
TUNK

Oh holy
shit.

A
goddamn
bastard
box.

Crap!
Eddie!

Hide!

Sorry,
boss. Lab
emergency.







