



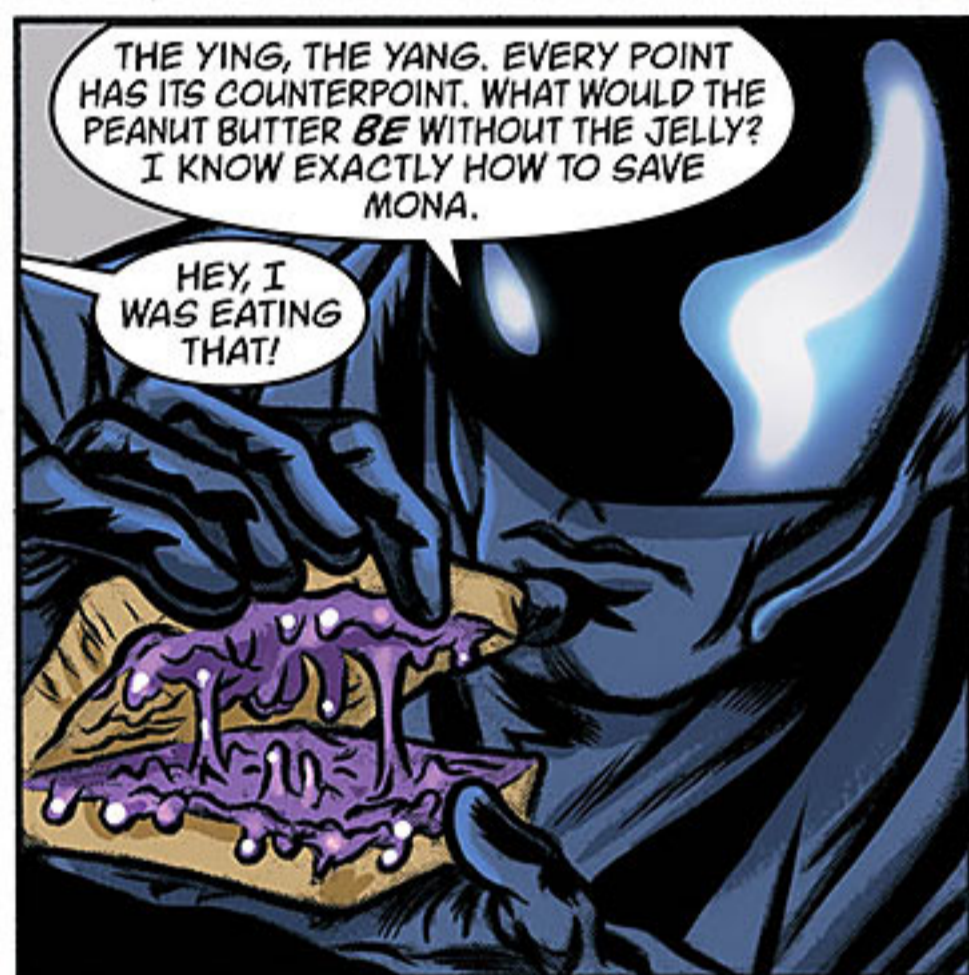
ACCORDING TO PHILOSOPHERS AND SELF-HELP GURUS, THE MOST PRODUCTIVE WAY TO SOLVE A PROBLEM IS TO TAKE YOUR MIND OFF IT.

SO, IN THEORY, WORKING ON MY TELEPLAY SHOULD MOST LIKELY LEAD TO A SOLUTION FOR HOW TO FIND THE MONA LISA.



AND THERE'S NO BETTER PLACE FOR INSPIRATION ON HUMAN RELATIONSHIPS THAN CAFÉS.

IS THAT PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY?

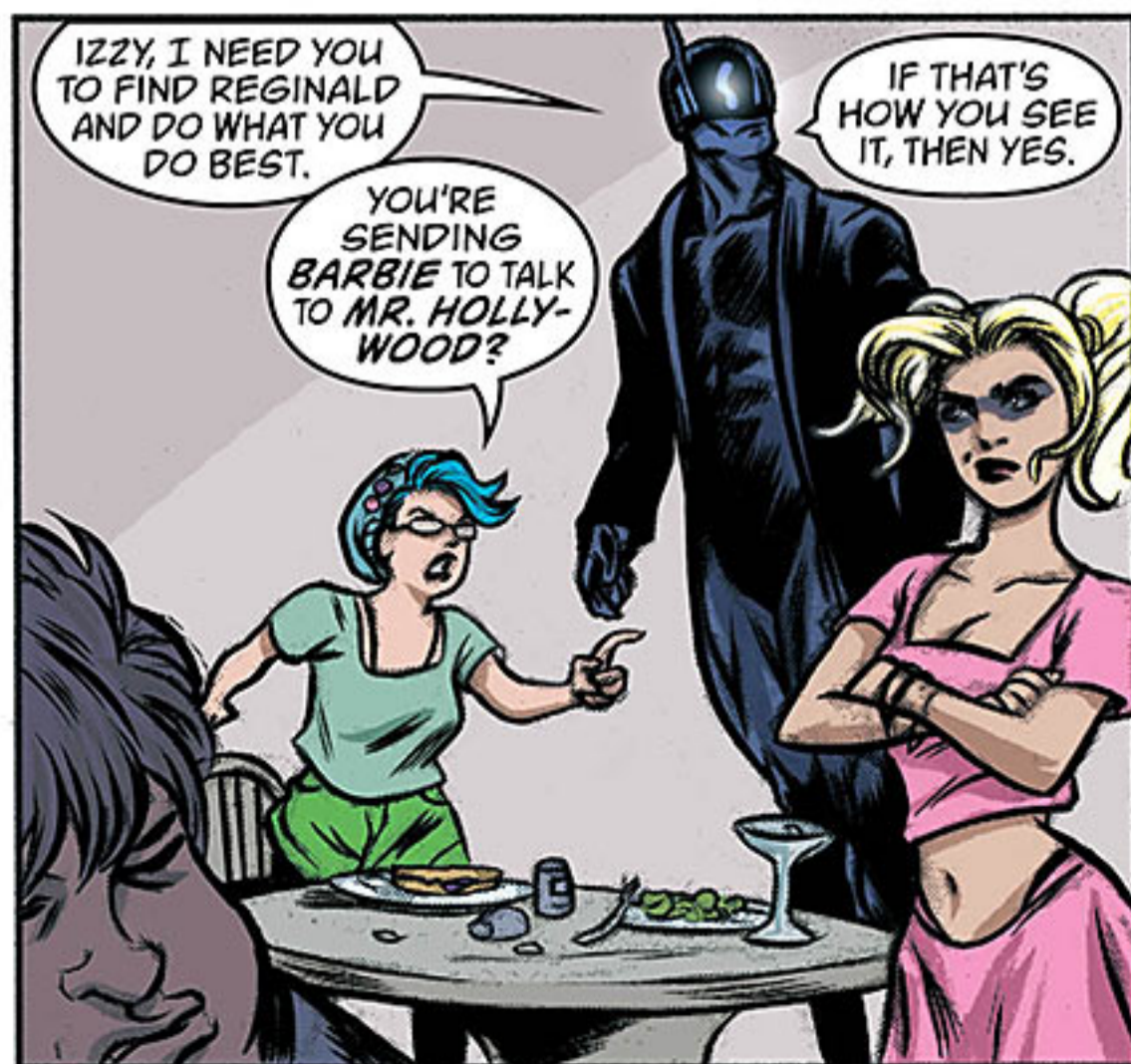


THE YING, THE YANG. EVERY POINT HAS ITS COUNTERPOINT. WHAT WOULD THE PEANUT BUTTER BE WITHOUT THE JELLY? I KNOW EXACTLY HOW TO SAVE MONA.

HEY, I WAS EATING THAT!



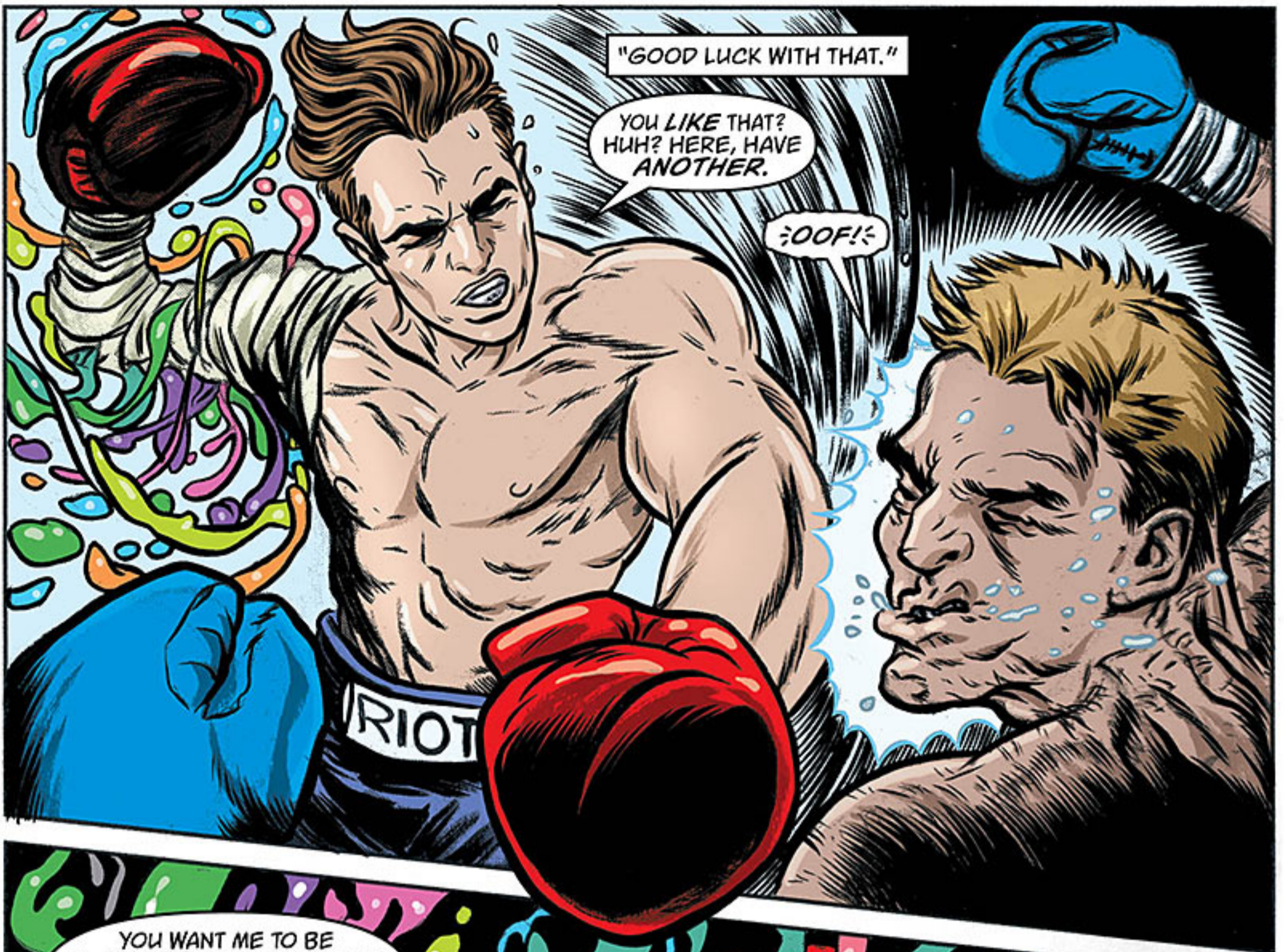
YOUR INFANTILE CHOICE OF SUSTENANCE MAY HAVE JUST SAVED A MASTERPIECE. CONSUME AS YOU PLEASE, JULIET, BUT YOU AND I HAVE WORK TO DO.



IZZY, I NEED YOU TO FIND REGINALD AND DO WHAT YOU DO BEST.

IF THAT'S HOW YOU SEE IT, THEN YES.

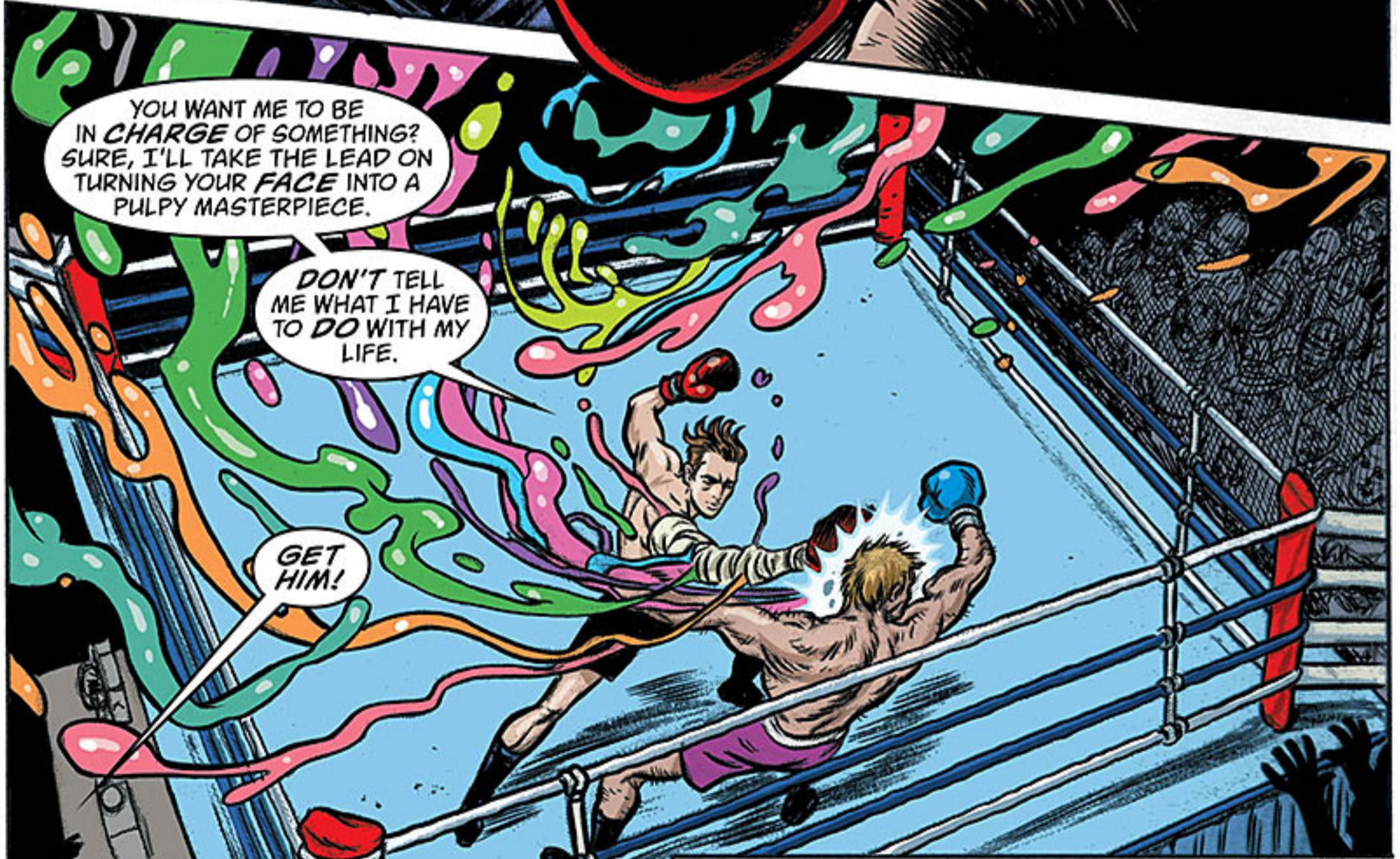
YOU'RE SENDING BARBIE TO TALK TO MR. HOLLYWOOD?



"GOOD LUCK WITH THAT."

YOU LIKE THAT?
HUH? HERE, HAVE
ANOTHER.

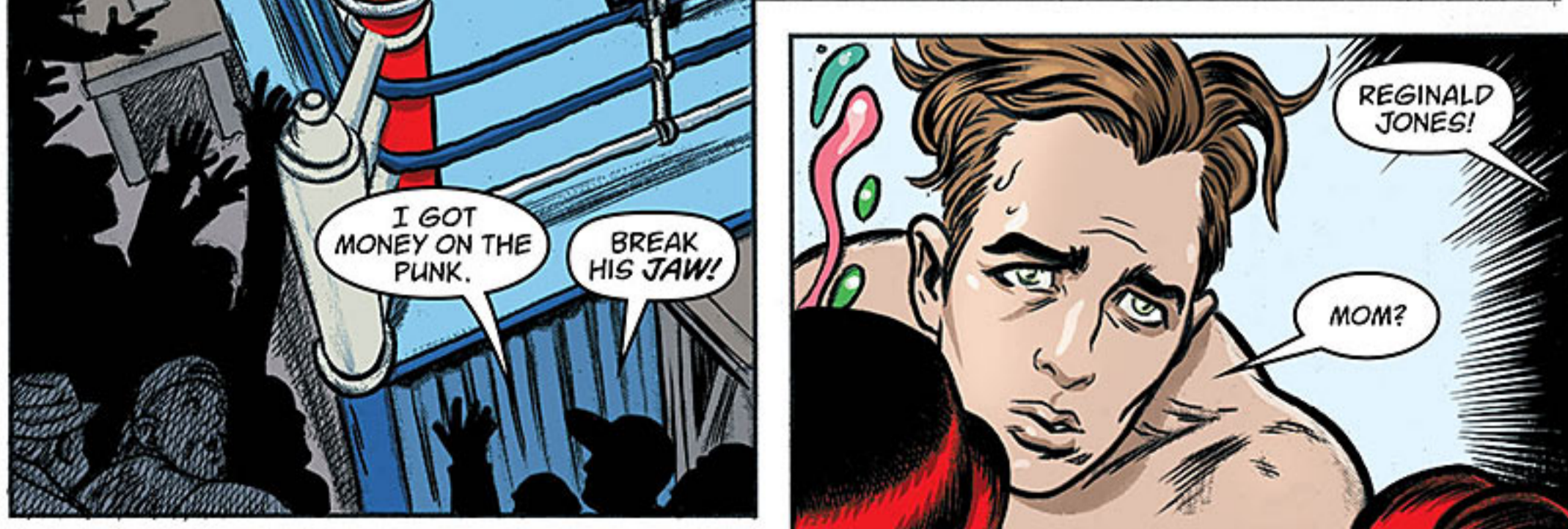
POOF!



YOU WANT ME TO BE
IN CHARGE OF SOMETHING?
SURE, I'LL TAKE THE LEAD ON
TURNING YOUR FACE INTO A
PULPY MASTERPIECE.

DON'T TELL
ME WHAT I HAVE
TO DO WITH MY
LIFE.

GET
HIM!



REGINALD
JONES!

MOM?

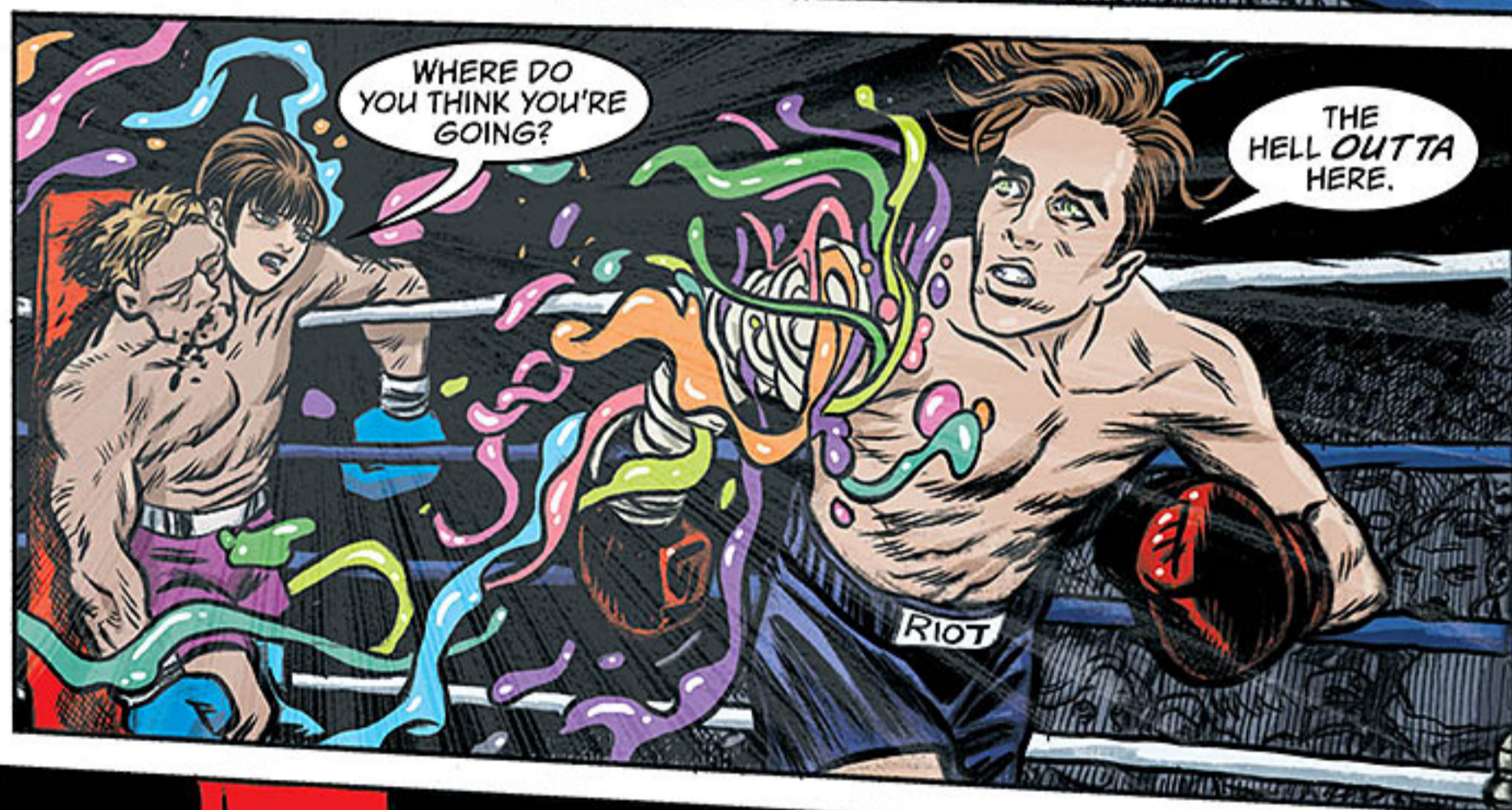
I GOT
MONEY ON THE
PUNK.

BREAK
HIS JAW!



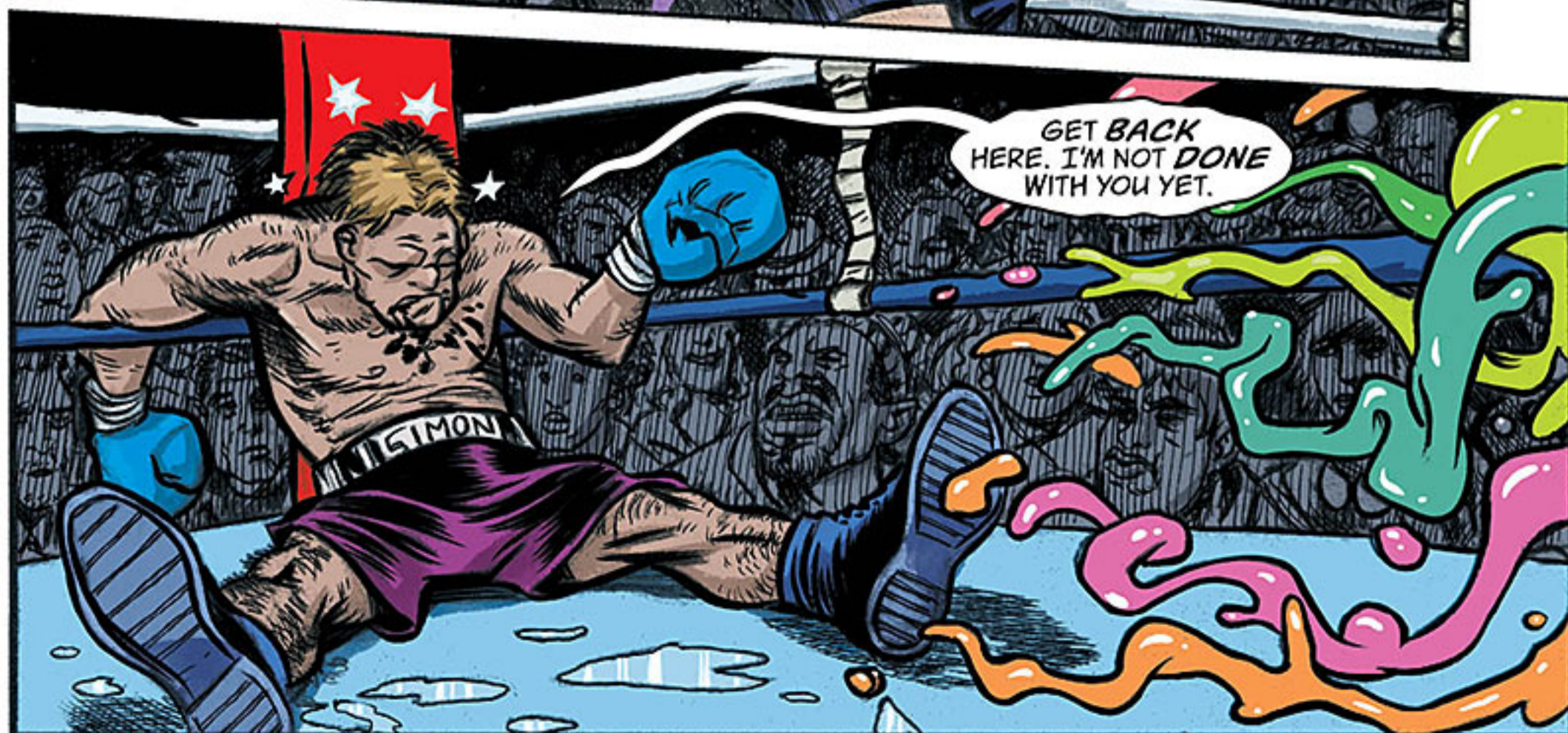
WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING, YOUNG MAN? I DIDN'T RAISE YOU TO GO AROUND BEATING PEOPLE UP.

YOU HAVE TO GET YOUR PRIORITIES STRAIGHT. THE ART OPS IS THE WAY OUT OF YOUR DEGENERATE LIFE. IT'S YOUR CHANCE TO DO SOMETHING-- SOMETHING MEANINGFUL. REGGIE...



WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

THE HELL OUTTA HERE.



GET BACK HERE. I'M NOT DONE WITH YOU YET.



THERE HE IS!

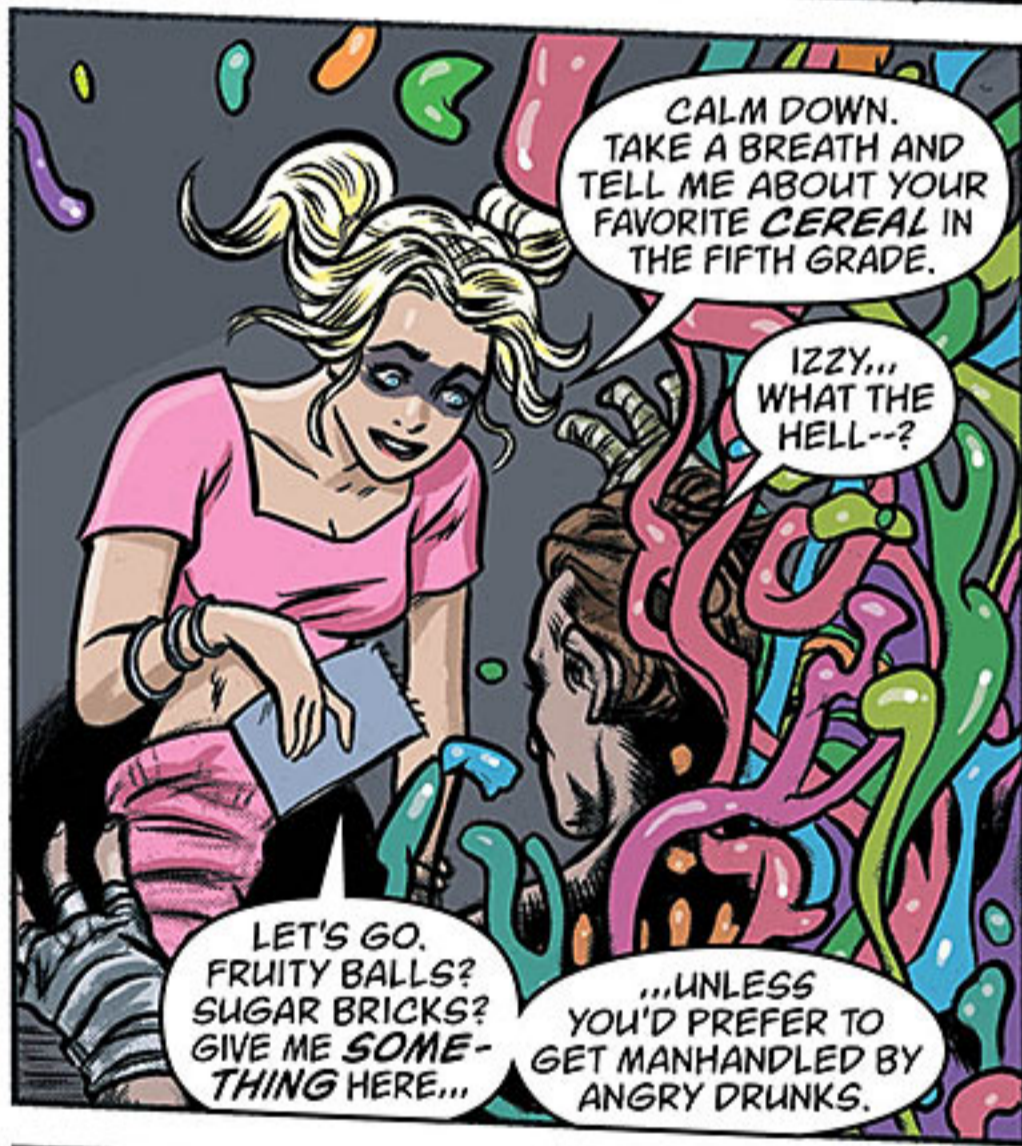
THAT JERK LOST ME THREE LARGE.



CAN'T FINISH WHAT HE STARTS.

LET'S GET HIM!

OH, I'D GET UP IF I WERE YOU.



CALM DOWN. TAKE A BREATH AND TELL ME ABOUT YOUR FAVORITE CEREAL IN THE FIFTH GRADE.

IZZY... WHAT THE HELL--?

LET'S GO. FRUITY BALLS? SUGAR BRICKS? GIVE ME SOMETHING HERE...

...UNLESS YOU'D PREFER TO GET MANHANDLED BY ANGRY DRUNKS.



FRUITY BALLS! I LIKED FRUITY BALLS, OKAY?

SEE, THAT WASN'T SO HARD, WAS IT? C'MON, YOU--



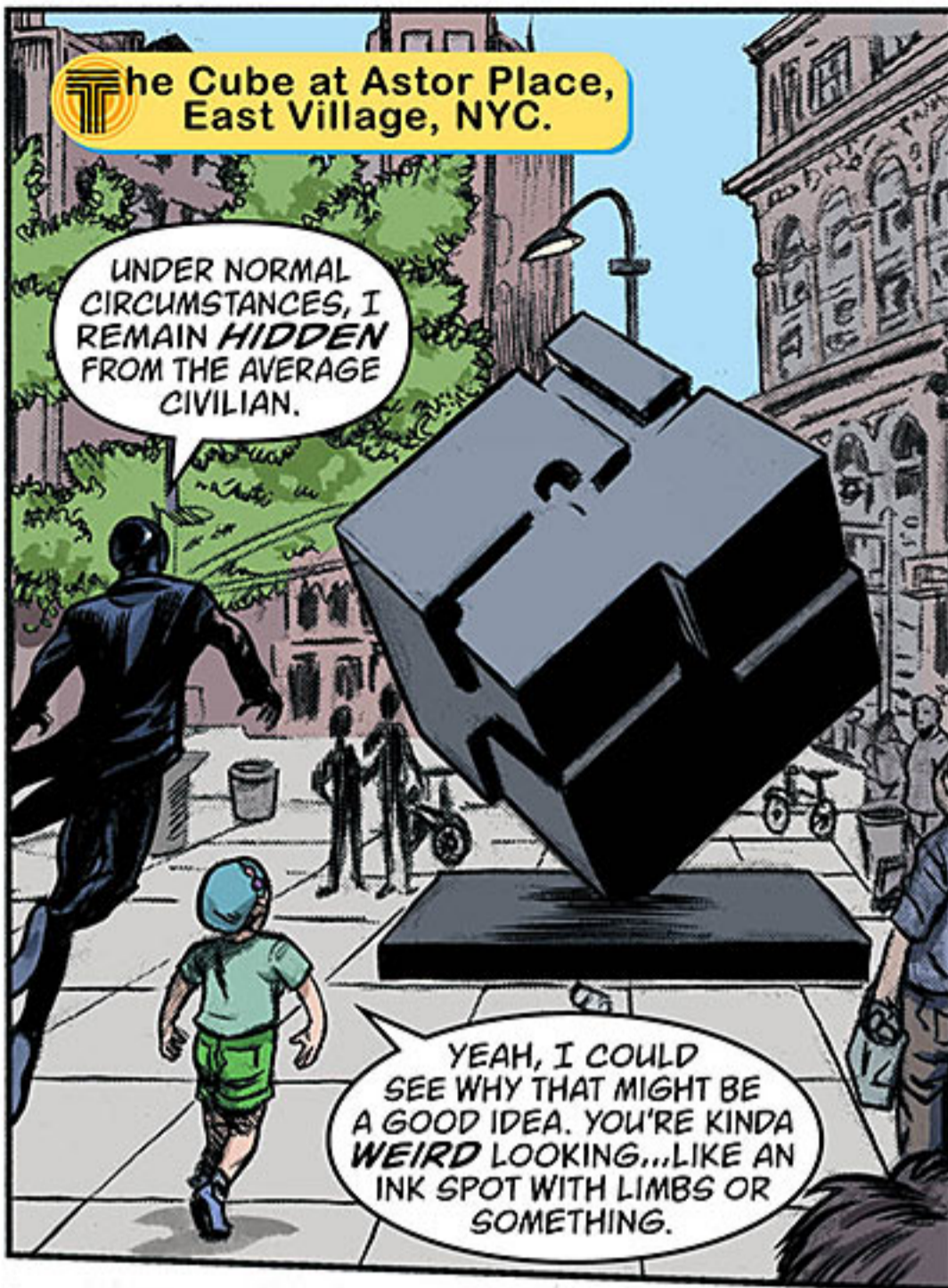
WHA--?

HUH?



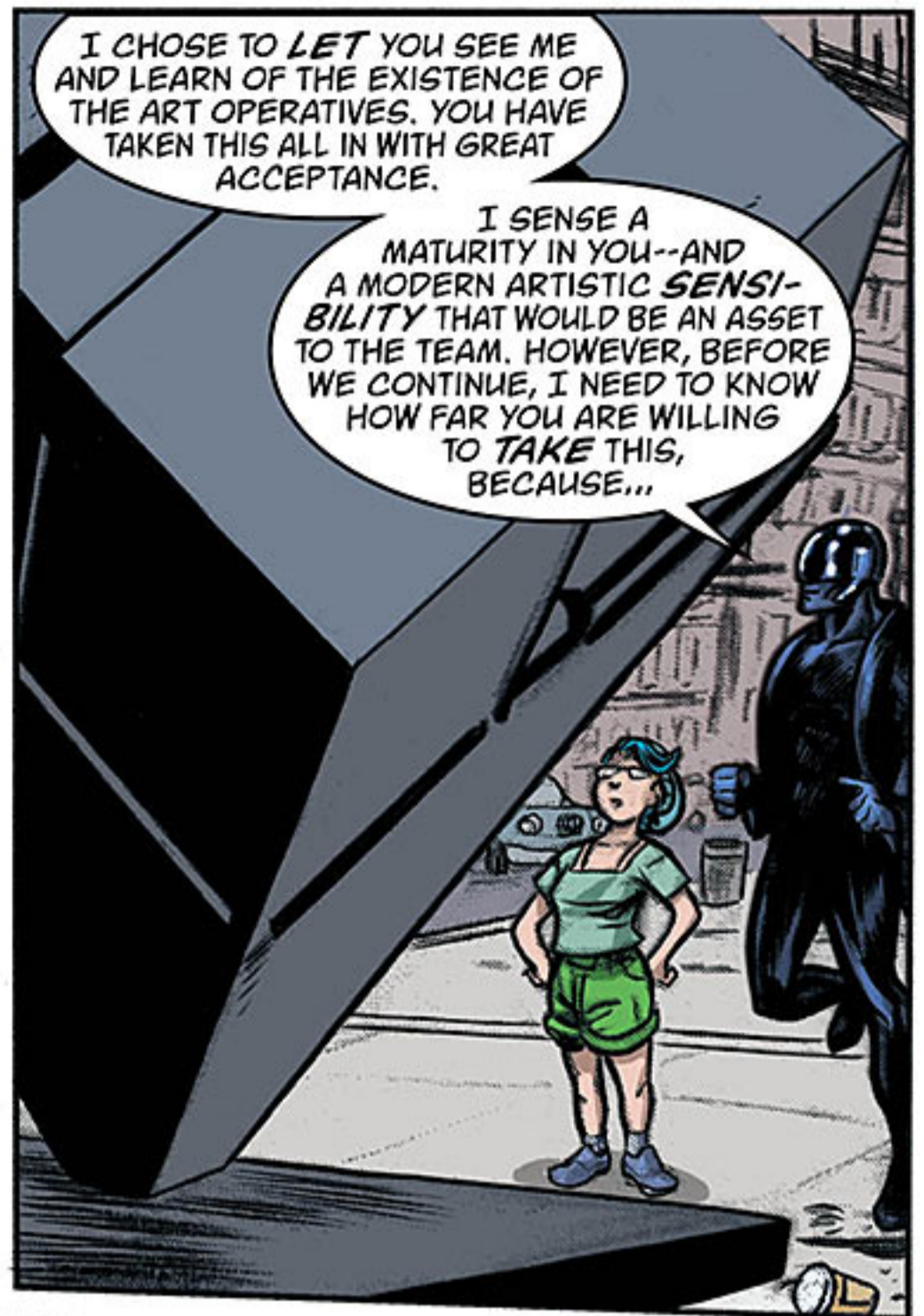
"--WE NEED TO HAVE A LITTLE CHAT."

 The Cube at Astor Place, East Village, NYC.



UNDER NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES, I REMAIN *HIDDEN* FROM THE AVERAGE CIVILIAN.

YEAH, I COULD SEE WHY THAT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA. YOU'RE KINDA *WEIRD* LOOKING...LIKE AN INK SPOT WITH LIMBS OR SOMETHING.



I CHOSE TO *LET* YOU SEE ME AND LEARN OF THE EXISTENCE OF THE ART OPERATIVES. YOU HAVE TAKEN THIS ALL IN WITH GREAT ACCEPTANCE.

I SENSE A MATURITY IN YOU--AND A MODERN ARTISTIC *SENSI-BILITY* THAT WOULD BE AN ASSET TO THE TEAM. HOWEVER, BEFORE WE CONTINUE, I NEED TO KNOW HOW FAR YOU ARE WILLING TO *TAKE* THIS, BECAUSE...



...IF YOU CHOOSE TO RETURN TO A NORMAL LIFE, I WILL BE FORCED TO *ERASE* EVERYTHING YOU'VE GLEANED FROM YOUR MIND.



LIKE *HELL* YOU WILL!

I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR A REASON TO LEAVE HOME SINCE I DROPPED OUT OF SCHOOL. COLLEGE WAS WHAT MY *PARENTS* WANTED...NOT ME.

FAIR ENOUGH, JULIET.



WATCH YOUR STEP. IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN.

I PREFER TO GO BY *J. GORGEOUS*. JULIET SOUNDS SO FANCY.