




Shit.

You
okay, Greg?





No, Janet.



I feel... I feel
the baby...

our baby move
inside me.

Fuck. I'm so sorry, Greg.





Is there anything we can do?



We can't.
You don't
understand.



I busted this thing when I showed it to Kari.



And I still
used it afterwards.
Shit.



Kari said
the circuits were
busted, so the functionality
might be all over the
place.

So, you're saying we have little to no chance to turn back using this?





Unfortunately,
yeah.



Blasted
fucking thing.



Janet?
What are you
doing?



What I should
have done in the
first place.

I'm gonna
yeet that bloody
piece.






So it never messes with us again.



Good
riddance.



I'm so sorry
about what I did to
you, Greg.

Since you're stuck being the mother of our child...





...I figure I should be the woman you like so much looking at.



If you still
want me.



I do, Janet.
Thank you for being
here for me.
I love you.

Some place else.

Hello.
Welcome to Kari's
Computer Service. How
may I help you?



A close-up shot of a woman with long, wavy black hair and bright red lips. She has a wide-eyed, open-mouthed expression of shock or surprise. She is wearing a black, textured jacket. The background shows an office environment with white horizontal blinds, a computer monitor, and a glowing yellow lamp.

Well,
you look a little
different than you do
in your ads.

But I
should have
figured given what
circuit you asked
about.



Well, I feel like I should return that statement...



Agent
THOMAS
Hatfield.



Enough
beating around the
bush. Where is it?

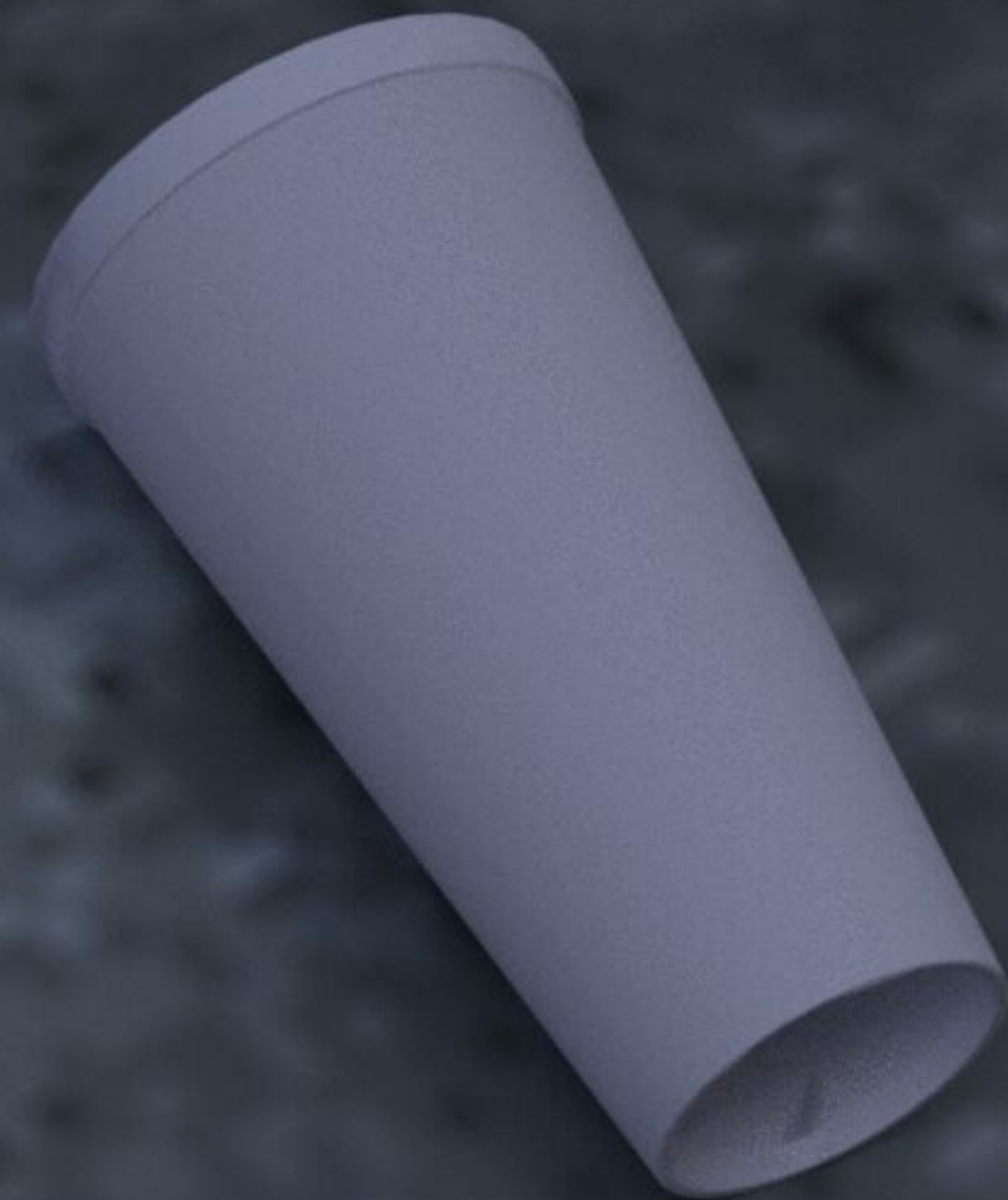
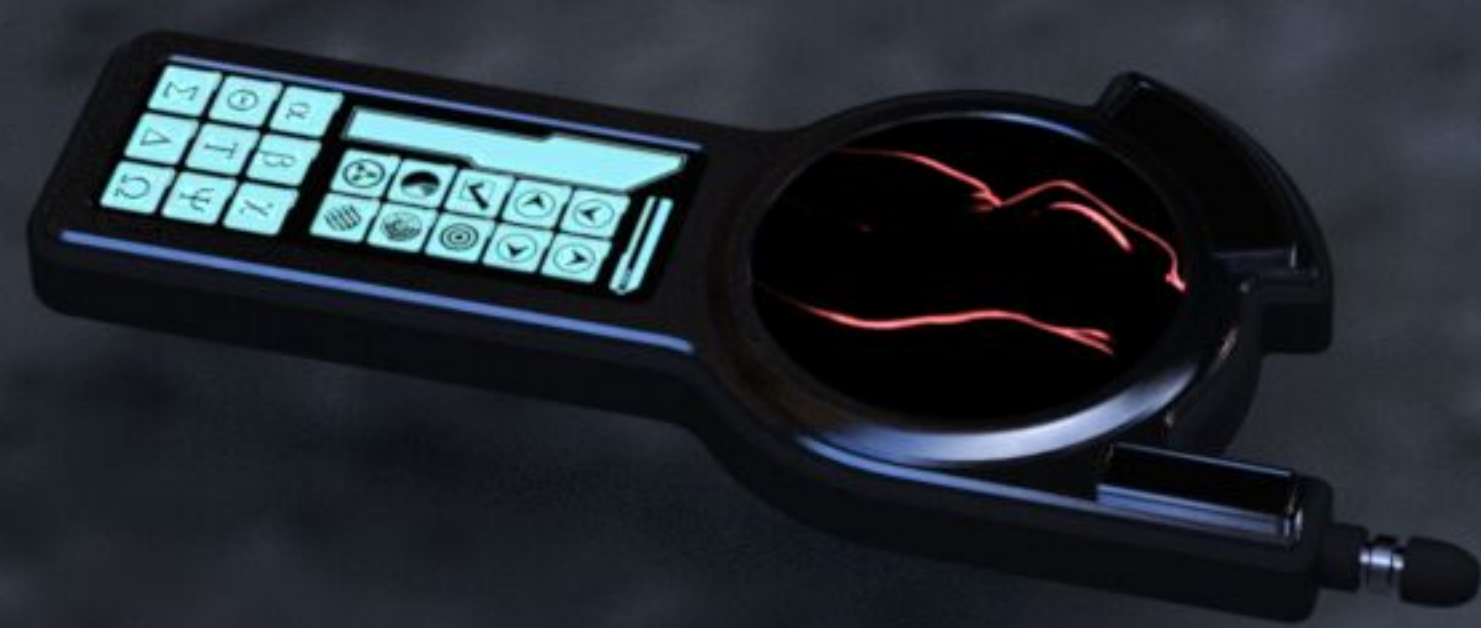
Honestly?
I have no idea.



My friends
have discarded it.

"For all I know,
it's trash by now."

Huh,
what is this?



THE END...?