



THE EURLIEUE CONTRACT

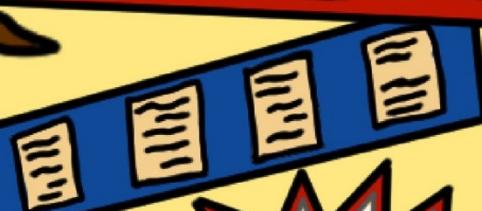


PEN

FRANKIE

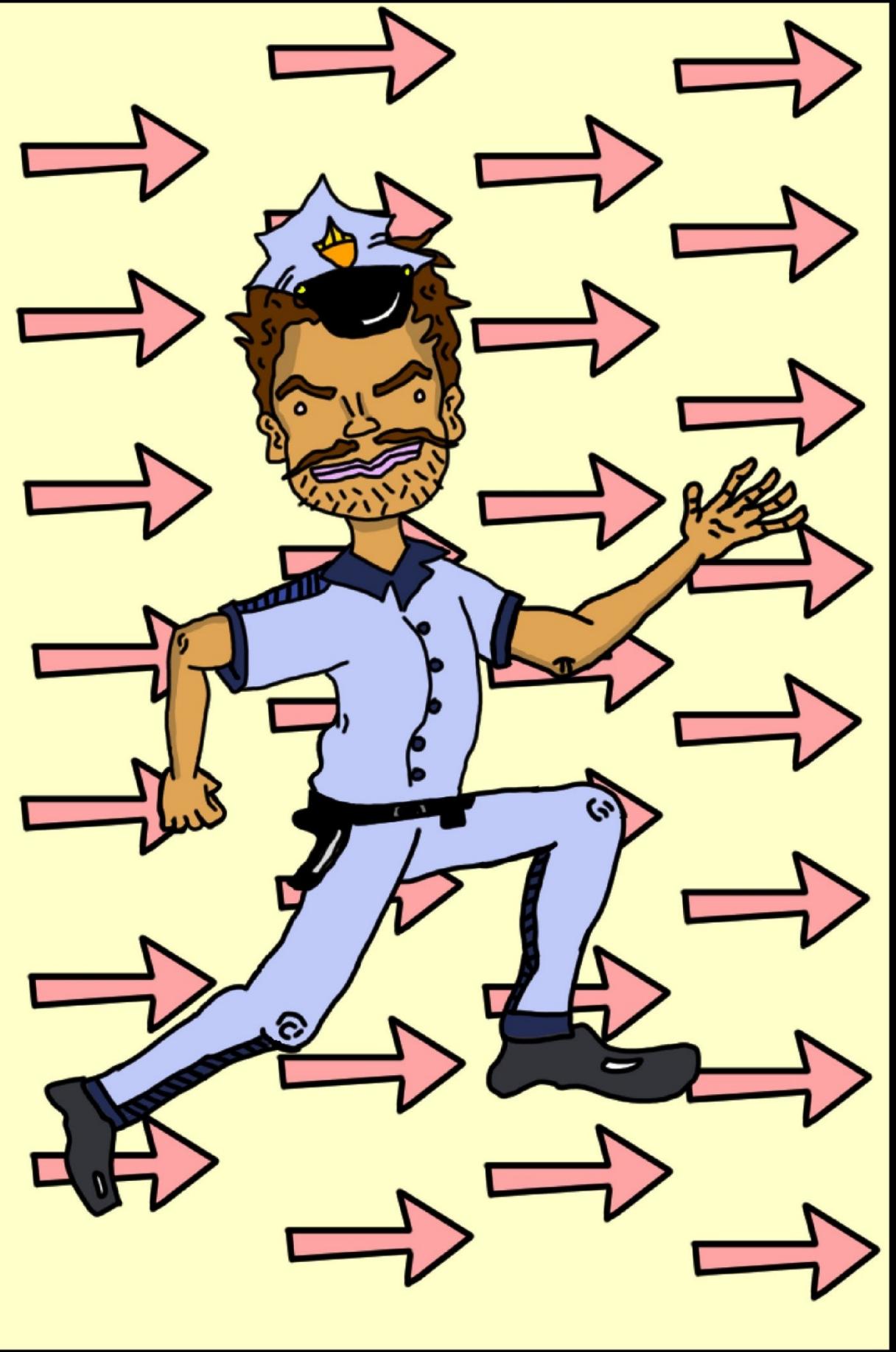


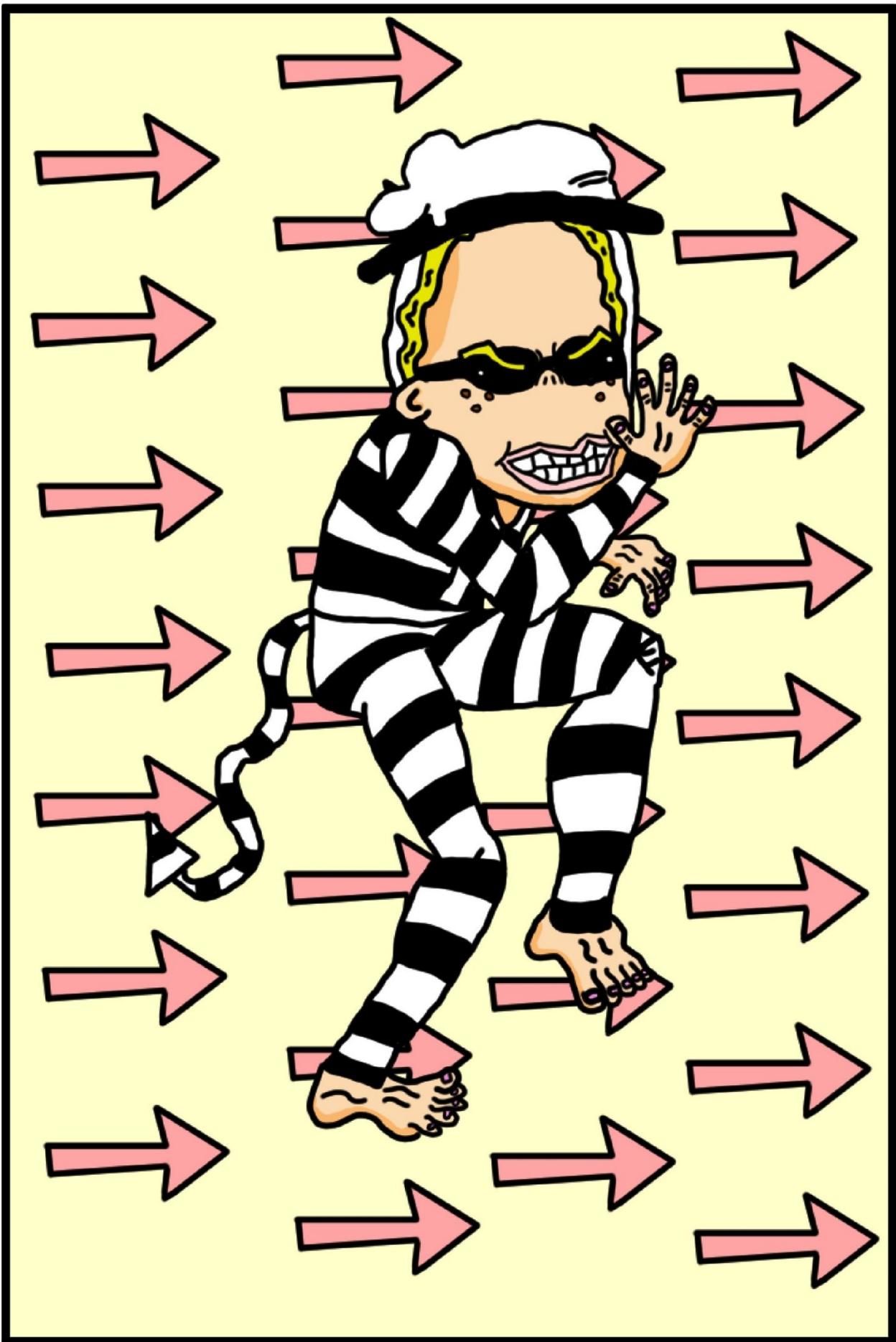
YES



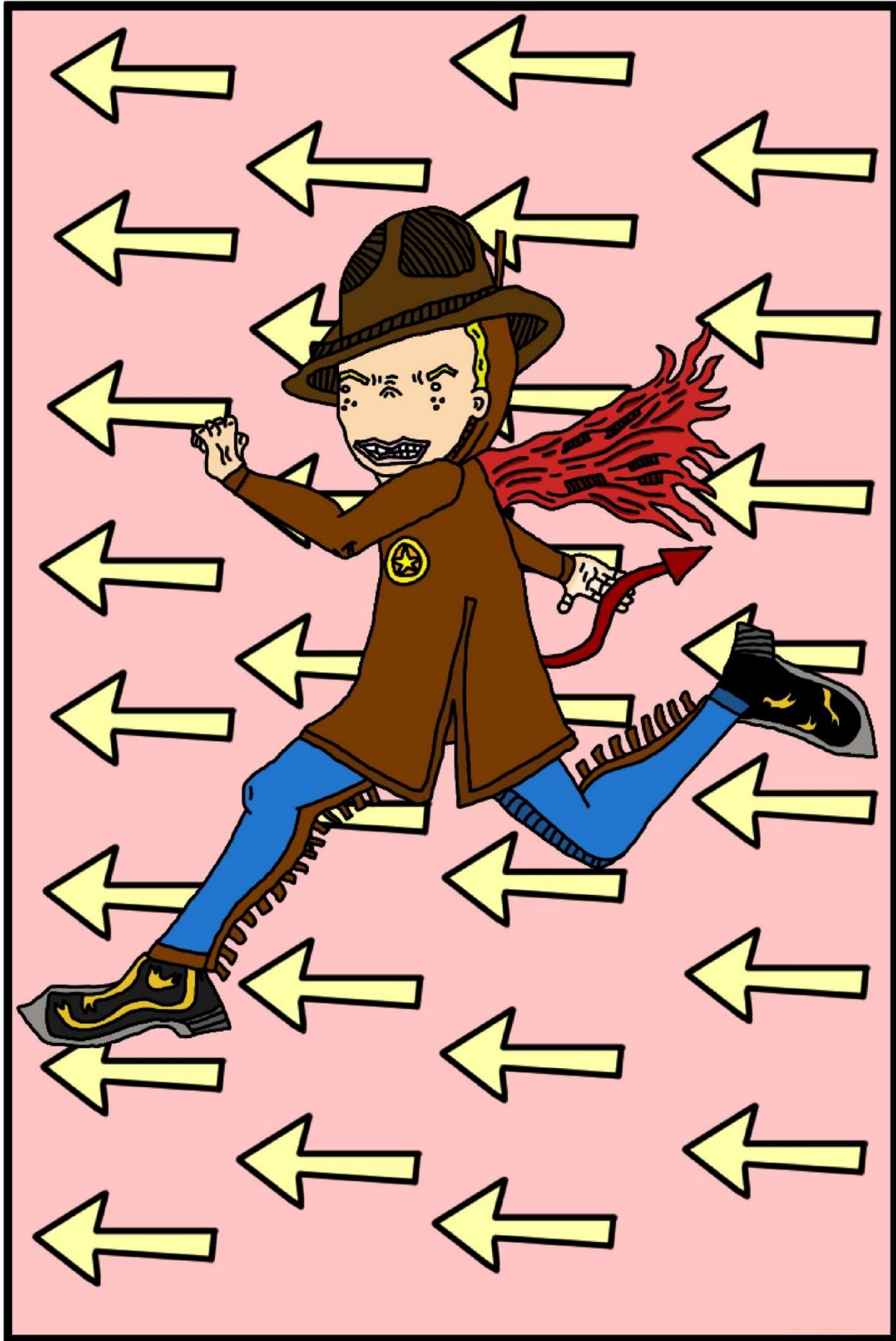
CONTRACT



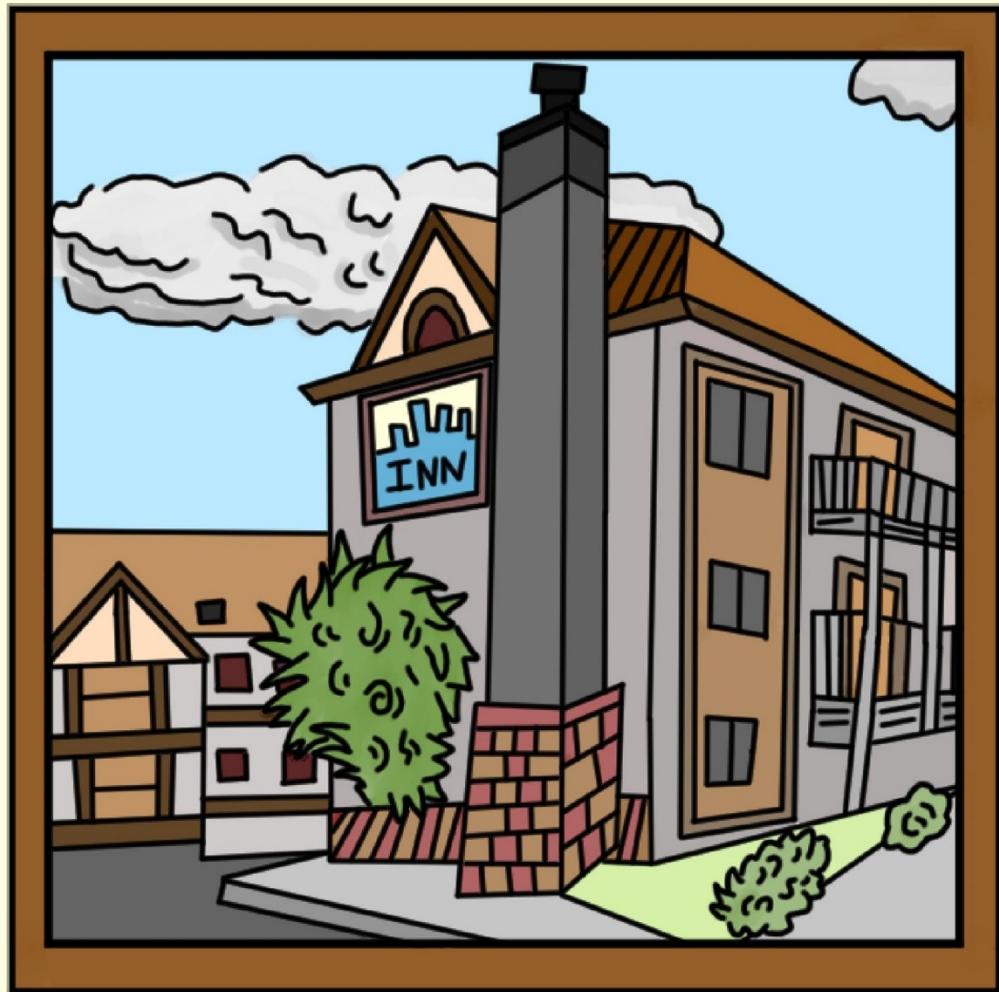








SCENE





The little Devil Boy
was *oh* so very late!



Oh so very, very
OUTRAGEOUSLY late!



"Muttery, muttery, mutter."



"*Oh!*"



"My God."



Is this thing right?"



Frankie checked under
the bed just in case.



"Nothing!"



Frankie checked outside as well.



"Nothing!"



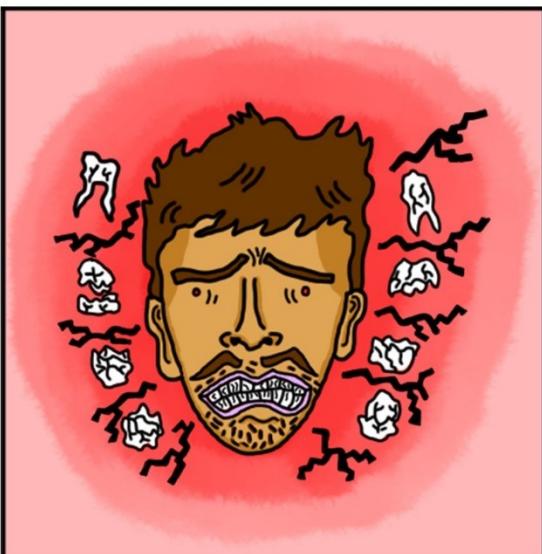
This didn't bode well for ol' Frankster.



This didn't bode well at all.



He only rented this hotel room because he didn't DARE bring the Devil Boy into his own house.



Oh! What a disaster!



But then all of a sudden...



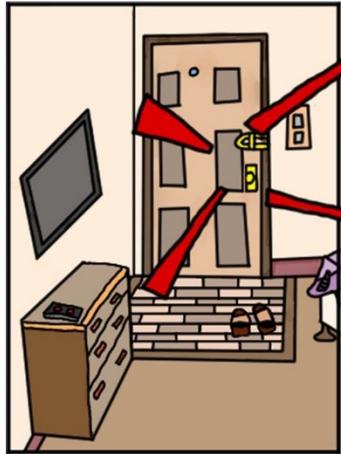
...ol' Frankster heard what sounded like scurrying little footsteps.



PATTER, PATTER, PATTER, PATTER!



...and then...



KNOCK
KNOCK



Frankie opened the door.
Of course he did.



But he did not look kindly
upon the Devil Boy.



He even said, "I'm not
looking kindly upon you!"



Nevertheless, the Devil Boy scooted
past and made his way inside.



He even had the courtesy of saying,
"I apologize for being late."



"BLEH!" said Frankie.



"That's fine! I agree!
My tardiness is very *BLEH!*"



"But to tell you the truth,"
started the Devil Boy....



"I'm sorta shocked that I'm being summoned again!"



"I want to revise our contract!" said Frankie.



"Oh!" The Devil Boy rubbed his chin.



"Do you want to shorten
the two weeks a bit?"



"Or do you really, really
want to extend them?"



"Oh! Please say the second one!"



But Frankie was incredulous.
"Two weeks?!"



"We agreed to one
week of sleep labor."



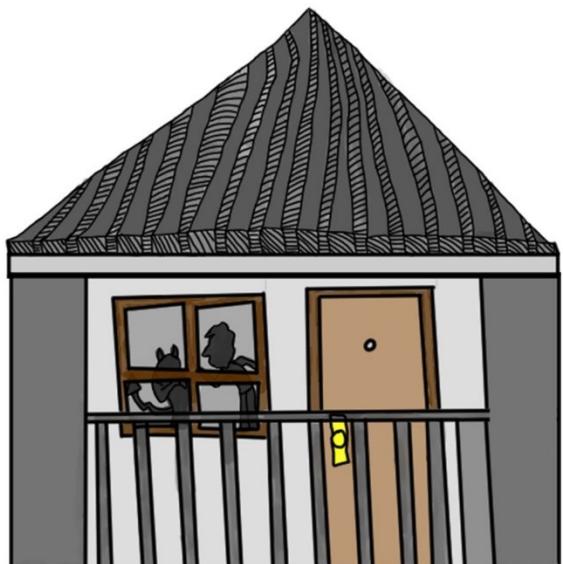
"ONE WEEK!"



"Oh. Hehehehe!"



"Yeah. That's right."



"I've read over the contract," said Frankie.
"I've read it and re-read it and analyzed
it **VERY CLOSELY!**"



"Hey! You weren't
supposed to do that!"



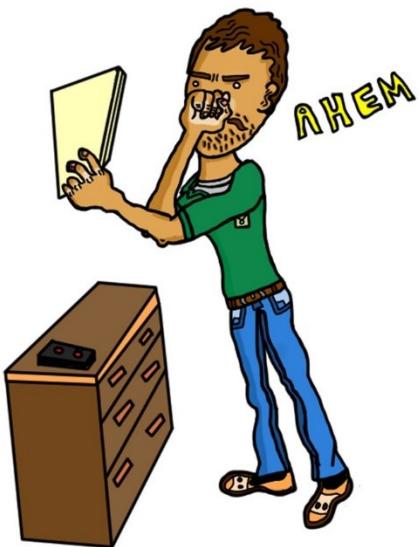
Frankie **MIGHTLY** powerwalked
to the drawer...



...as though daring
the Devil Boy to stop him!



And he pulled
out the contract!



And he cleared his throat!



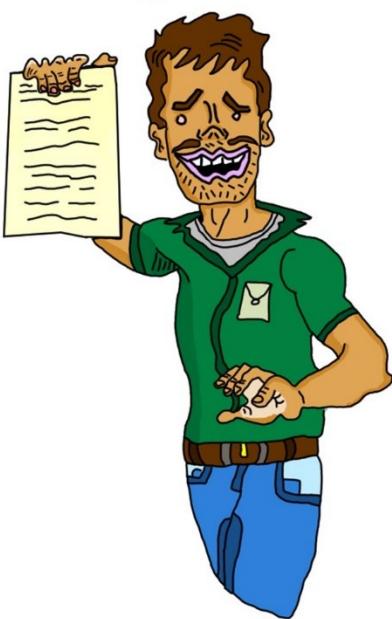
"Hey! Stop that!"



And the Devil Boy tried his darndest
to snatch it out of Frankie's hands.



"You....!" shrieked the Devil Boy.



"Stop!" said Frankie.



"Give...!" shrieked the Devil Boy.





"STOP, STOP, STOP!!!"



But the Devil Boy made an attempt at Frankie's nose...!



...but he missed and
only managed to grab
a few sparse microbes
floating in the air.



He blew them spitefully towards Frankie.



"You have no skills at all,
Devil Boy! Nothing!"



"That's not true!"
said the Devil Boy.



"They're just very
limited ones!"



"You can't conjure up a bear, or
even manifest a freaking bee!"



"You couldn't even warm a cold pot
of coffee. Not with magic, at least!"



"Well you don't require anything
too *EXTENSIVE*, Mister Frankie."