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Pawsey and Fel are sitting at the little bar at the den, with honey as the bartender. pawsey is sitting at fel's right side.

FRAME 1

Fel takes a big gulp at her milk jug.

FRAME 1.1

Fel puts her jug on the table, looking at honey.

FEL:
Serve me another one, please.

PAWSY:
Hmmm... and then you walked away...

FEL:
Yep, and here I am.

FRAME 2

Back view of both of them. Fel is looking at pawsey, pawsey is resting her fingertips on her chest in a "...well I think" manner.

FEL:
Like... How am I supposed to feel?
angry? sad? Disappointed?

PAWSY:
Well, if you want to know my
opinion, I think she's telling the
truth. About being over Al and
those sketches being old. Although
that inflatable doll thing sounds
really -icky-...

FRAME 3

Pawsey lowers her head and closer to fel. Fel is astonished.

PAWSY:
Besides, we know that 'coon is
hunting a new prey now...

FEL:
What?! Who?

PAWSY:
Remember i told you about the
crippled dude that is renting this
place for us?

FEL:
Uh-huh...

FRAME 3.1

^Pawsy is to the left, with her back turned to fel, as she hugs herself in that "smooching and groping a fictional person" manner. Fel seems impressed.

PAWSY:
Well, that's him. The buns say
they've seen her run away at nights
and go to his place; when they are
doing their late-night races. Who
knows what -happens- next...

FEL:
Oh my... Well, at least that's a
relief for me...

FRAME 4

Pawsy is patting fel's shoulder, fel is just sighing.

PAWSY:
Take it easy sis. Hating somebody's
guts is very... tiring. Just give
it some time, let the wound heal.

FEL:
sigh alright.

FRAME 4.1

Fel rubs her cheek against pawsy's as they purr.

FEL:
Thanks alot Paws, you always know
what to say to make me feel better.