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ecce homo plumatis

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Caesar has just finished talking to the General Assembly on behalf of Second Hand and it couldn't have gone better. People had a hard time believing that Caesar and Sheila were real but they are starting to come around. Their media ratings have now hit 98% and Caesar's social page has been hammered with 34 million friends requests that had to be diverted to a 'Second Hand' group page.

When the news report on the Xhemal Sapiens was first released on the 3rd most everybody thought it was a prank. The net is full of this type of crap that has been reported on before—only to find out it was all bullshit later. Then to think that anyone over five years of age would fall for an animatronic talking dinosaur was beyond preposterous to think of, but the two hour special about the Xhemal and Second Hand webcasted on the 5th with Michal Pitney hosting, of all people, kind of made most viewers sit back and doubt their doubt. If this was a prank then buy all means it's a well-polished one.

Interspace commercial and commerce in the DC region will normally drop into the Willoughby Spaceport, at a place that used to be called Goose Hunt, just a few miles west of Dulles International. On the morning of the 9th when Caesar's charter flight provided a DCN (diplomatic clearance number) it was routed it to Dulles. When the ATC learn it was the Xhemal they rerouted it to Regan National.

Accompanying Caesar and Sheila is Peter Ribot and Senior Deputy Marshal, Angel Griego, with three six-man squads of SA who are being brought in to provide plain clothes security for the Xhemal until a local solution can be found. This will be Griego's first time back to New York since Riker's Island where he and his company followed Angela Simmons into the fire fight that ended up being a bloody mess.

It was supposed to be a set-piece stand-off where they just sat around waiting for nobody to do anything stupid, but stupid prevailed just the same. The Annex won that round but that was a victory everyone could have done without. Griego got this assignment because he was born and raised in New York so he and Shane McElroy get the cushy burden of spending the next couple of months wining and dining the Xhemal as they settle in while local thugs, all ex NYPD, are hired to take over for the squads rotating in and out from Griego's company.

At Regan National they are met by Yaqub Ahmed Mofid, the US Ambassador to the UN, and an entourage of Secret Service agents from the White House. It was Caesar's request that they dispense with the color guard formalities that usually come with greeting senior dignitaries and heads of state because he is there specifically to address the UN General Assembly and yet, in a strange way, he's become the de facto representative leader of the Xhemal as well as ambassador to the US government—or any government who so asks.

Oh-so many rolls to play and Caesar's digging every bit of it!

When it comes to security details any impromptu stops or side quests by the client(s) create a whole slew of security problems. There are many negatives to sudden breaks from the itinerary, but on the positive side, since it is unplanned, there is a nonexistent chance of anyone lying in wait. That just leaves random crazies to worry about.

While driving to the White House Caesar asks to stop when he sees the Lincoln memorial. Of all the Earth's leaders from the past he admires this one over all. With Caesar and Sheila standing in front of the statue of the seated president he silently contemplates the rotten job he had to do and how he was hated for doing it. Video of this poignant moment, them coming to pay their respects while surrounded by a dozen guards, hit the neuronet and went viral within hours.

He talked to Sheila about what the words meant on the wall to the left of the statute, and how it led this nation towards a new but very rocky future. He then mentioned the now obscure Copper Union Address, something almost nobody remembers anymore, and how it framed the future Lincoln faced with an almost eerie prescience.

On the way back to the limo Caesar looks out across the Potomac and sees the twenty-meter tall statute to the long revered President, Claudia Willoughby. As if in tribute to Themis, only hotter, she has her arms outstretched while looking towards the heavens. Caesar admired her power to forge peace out of the chaos of her day, and then thinks to himself while shaking his head, *if they only knew*.

It wasn't a formal state dinner at the White House because the Xhemal and Second Hand doesn't have a formal government. It's a little bit of a sticking point that the state department thinks needs to

be addressed, but if the United Nations doesn't care then it was agreed that the United States would play along. Caesar makes the point that they may be violent and bloodthirsty, yes, but amongst themselves they are very amiable and peace loving. There has never been a desire to create such institutions when there has never been a pressing need for them, but he makes it clear that if the UN and the US insist on the formalities of state then the Xhemal have already discussed this and have taken the extra steps to go through those motions thus giving the US the diplomatic crowbar they desperately wanted.

Levedev, the new General Secretary to the UN, was present so the shots from the photo op after dinner were supposed to be held from release until after the General Assembly vote, however the images of them giving genuine smiles and glad-handing at this function would pretty much lock in the Xhemal's legitimacy if they got out and help narrow the vote in the GA. Because of that, on the down-low, the president asked the photographer to leak them and take the fall for it, as is the American way, and when promptly fired she was immediately hired as the staff photographer for the Xhemal.

Dark clouds and silver linings as the in-house paparazzi.

It was when Caesar and Sheila showed up at the Today Show live broadcast on the 10th that people actually did a mental double-take and started to believe. To clinch the appearance they had to meet the producers at One Klick New York the night before and those people were stunned. Speechless in fact. The next morning they landed on top of Rockefeller Center and took the elevators down to the lobby. Getting across to Studio 1A is usually difficult when it's a music or film star, but today it was surprisingly easy because when Caesar and Sheila stepped off the elevator it was like parting the Red Sea. Not an everyday sight they were given wide berth.

The producers threw in the Xhemal interview at the very last minute, fully expecting their anchors to balk, which they did. They resented having to announce the appearance of the Xhemal when there was no clear evidence that they were actually real, yet when Caesar and Sheila stepped into Studio 1A ten minutes early, it sort of blew their minds. The interview was short and sweet because Caesar and Sheila insisted they go out to chat with the people outside the studio which was even more of a mind blow. The idea that they are broadcasting the small-talk between vacationers from Indiana and the Xhemal, predatory alien monsters from another world, was puerile ratings napalm.

Hartcourt could have stopped that appearance had he known but they've intentionally strayed from the itinerary. Word is that after the Today Show Hartcourt pulled stumps for home because he saw the writing on the wall.

After the show they spent the rest of the day sightseeing from the air while Mofid went over the last rewrite, pointing out things for Caesar to emphasize because he was scheduled to give this to the UN General Assembly tomorrow afternoon. After a few minutes quietly looking down over the Rocky Mountains Caesar points back that the speech is not him. He did write it, and it's good, but it's definitely not his style. He tells Mofid that he'll whip something up but *this ain't it*.

It's now the 11th and after a whole day of watching the goings on in the GA Caesar was introduced by a round of polite yet curious applause. You'd think it would be livelier since this is one of the rare occasions they had a full house. Caesar puts on his reading glasses, clears his throat, and after looking over the assembly from the podium he takes the printed speech and tosses it away. What he did say was televised live as well as transcribed into the record as follows...

Take me to your leaders. Very cliché of me, yes, but that's what this profound yet stodgy and polished to death speech was going to convey. Is this what you want to hear from me? See, I understand that those of you who are going to vote on this observer mission thing have already made up your minds so I have to ask myself what I'm trying to do here exactly? Okay, honestly, the short story is I'm asking you to take me to your leaders and (points to GA) this is the place. This is the very avenue where we can reach out to your respective governments, societies, cultures. What better place for us and you to realize that? See, we want to learn about you and do business with you and have a bright future with you. I've been watching this very body all day long beat their noggins against one another trying to resolve issues and, as best I can surmise in my little head, this is the very embodiment of a mechanism of impasse trying to break through that impasse and it is amazing to watch. Where I'm from, my planet, we have no war, no borders, we have no crime, no greed, no murder, no justice system and no contract law. These are all alien concepts to us. If we are going to hang with you, do business with you and have a future with you then we need to learn about you so, from what I understand, this is the place to start. On behalf of my species I'm asking you to teach us. Take us under your wing. That's why I'm here. Thank you.

With the thunderous applause that followed few understood what a slap in the face to the GA that was, and it went *whoosh* right

over most of their heads. What didn't go unnoticed is the affect it had on the viewers worldwide who immediately started to spam their respective governments as well as the UN to push the vote for the inclusion of the Xhemal. With the three minute delay, relaying the video to the Hyades and the Pleiades, the spamming that came from those regions also hit like an avalanche that didn't stop. It is clearly apparent that Jane and John Q. Public have been keeping up on this and they happen to like talking dinosaurs, go fig? With the vote set for tomorrow afternoon it appears to be a done deal.

To vote against the Xhemal now would be political suicide.

Getting through the crowd in the lobby of the UN was challenge enough, but the hundreds that gathered outside in the short thirty minutes after Caesar's speech would be next to impossible to get through. They had to detour through the top of the UN Office Building to get to their limo and back over to Rockefeller Center.

Lifting off the roof of the UN, Caesar looks to Sheila and says, "I apologize for hogging the lime-light, hon."

Sheila shrugs, "This is your job."

Caesar protests, "But, we're partners."

"Okay, ya, but you're the elder and got big personality. So, you're doing your job."

"You don't mind?"

"Hey, Caesar..." Sheila puts up both thumbs, "Good job!"

Caesar shakes his head, "I can't tell if you're being serious or if you're being an asshole."

"You should know me by now. I'm not Magpie. This is your time, and when it's time for the asshole of the team to step up, well that'll be my job. Just so you know I'll be ready to do my job when my time comes."

Sheila is too young to be an elder like Caesar. She was born and raised with the Annex and their technology and seamlessly works in both of their worlds like a pro. For her living the life of the Xhemal the old way was like a summer camp experience while growing up. The day in and day out hunts and hardships before the Annex arrived are only academic to her total life experience. Caesar does miss his previous mate, coined The Other Magpie by the SA tracking teams, who was trampled by a sauropod on a hunt five years before. Everyone warned her time and again about going after the young ones because that tends to bring the fight out in the adults. If a sauropod can nail you with their tail hard enough to stun you then you might as well be a melon underfoot because that's what comes next. Sheila

helped care for Magpie the long days it took her to die, comforting both her and Caesar, and when she did pass away Sheila slipped into that roll without fanfare. It's just as well because she is everything Caesar needs for this next chapter in his life. Caesar does love her a lot but he sees too much of Maria Ramirez rubbing off on her.

Caesar ponders jokingly, "Looking back, I don't know if sending you to law school was a good idea or not."

"Too late!" Sheila then adds, "You, my little feather blossom, are the designated emissary of good will where I'm the plenipotentiary of ill-tidings. A perfect division of labor!"

"A plenipotun...wha'?"

Sheila smiles, "An agent or minister."

"Oh, okay." Caesar's eyes frown for a second, "But tonight, will you be sitting with those people from Indiana, right?"

Sheila rolls her eyes, "I'll heckle ya, okay! Will that make you feel better if I heckle ya from the audience?"

"Sure!"

Peter and Griego look at each other and just shake their heads, with Peter saying, "After tonight, Angel, they're all yours."

Griego replies, "Gee, thanks."

Del Frisco's Grille was next on the schedule and another first for the Xhemal—their first restaurant experience ever. If it were the Nefer Key then it'd be no problem but not being humanoid, sporting a long tail, feathers and razor like teeth, makes it rather problematic when doing something taken for granted by people like going out to dine. The health department gave their preemptive blessing because the Xhemal did attend a White House dinner so, here they are, Caesar and Sheila, 515 and 375 pounds, respectively, of seriously lean killing machine sitting on ottomans and partaking in a petite apéritif while scrutinizing the menu. Shane McElroy, who just joined their entourage at Del Frisco's, ended up ordering for the two of them with Caesar and Sheila sampling each of the steaks from the menu with Filet Minion shooters for desert.

When Caesar asked for the chef the waitress was amazed that she actually came out, and with everyone at the table, Sheila, Peter, McElroy and Greigo, Caesar applauds her, "This was some of the best noms I have ever had! My compliments to you and your staff."

The head chef, looking every bit of a thirty-something blonde bimbo, nods, "Thank you...you're those aliens? Cesar, right?"

"Caesar. Your name?"

She shrugs, "Agnes Pottinger."

Caesar smiles, "You're a potter? Look like a chef to me!"

Agnes laughs, "I'll stick with my current career path if you don't mind."

"By all means, don't deviate from that path. You're on the right one. Your human surnames I find fascinating..." He then gestures towards Peter and Griego, "Colonel Ribot means either feast or streams, depending on which language you use, and Marshal Griego here looks more Mexican than Greek to me."

Agnes smiles, "Agnes means chaste which...doesn't apply to my life style if you ask me. Or, anyone for that matter!"

Caesar chorts, then asks, "I'll bet. That prime rib special thing, that was amazing! Where's that cut from?"

Agnes pats herself under the arm, "It's from here, and you have to bake it slow or with indirect heat if on the barbie."

"Wood or charcoal?"

"Wood is fine but don't let it get smokey. Render it down to a bed of coals and slow cook or you'll end up with a tree stump. Let it rest like normal and it's ready."

"Rest? Normal? What's resting?"

"Wha'? You pull the meat and let it sit for fifteen minutes before you touch it. Anybody ever tell you that?"

Caesar rears his head, "That's a long time to wait!"

"Ya, you look like the impatient type." She points to him, "You gotta let it rest. Fifteen minutes and not a second less!"

"Seriously?"

"Did you like what we made you?" Caesar nods yes so Agnes finishes with, "There! That's the result!"

Caesar asks, "Do you give classes?"

"For you?" Agnes crosses her arms and says, "Be here, Saturday, ten o'clock sharp. Bring an apron that fits. It's a slow day for us." She looks over at Sheila, "You comin' too, sexy thing?"

Sheila shakes her head, "No, you kids have fun!"

Caesar asks, "We'll do the au jus?"

Agnes turns and heads back to the kitchen, "Most definitely the au jus, and roux too! In this line of work roux is the difference between a chef and a mess sergeant."

"Agnes, you are so on my Christmas list!"

She stops and says, "I'll also show you how to do a Kansas City brisket that'll bring tears to your eyes. You'll weep!"

Caesar smiles big, "Now you are a goddess!"

Suddenly Caesar feels something at his thigh. He looks down and sees a beautiful little girl is patting his knee. With coffee cream skin and hair, like most of the ethnically nondescript in North American anymore, she's in awe of Caesar.

She asks with a squeak, "Are you real?"

"Oh my! Look at you little one!" Caesar looks over at her parents and asks if he can pick her up, "May I?"

Caesar puts her on his knee and pokes her in the ribs with his knuckle, "Are you real? You sure giggle enough to be real!"

Through her five year old snorts, "You-r-so-funny!"

He stops and asks, "What's your name, little one?"

"Macee!"

"What's it mean?"

"Ah, like a mace. You know, a club!"

"Oh! So, you're a tough one?"

She gives a big, "Ya! What does yours mean?"

"Caesar?" She nods yes so he says, "Hair...which is funny because I have feathers, but wait!"

Caesar reaches into his plumage and, with a flinch, he pulls a long blue feather out, about the size of an eagle's flight feather, and hands it to her, "This is for you, little Macee."

Her eyes go big as she takes it. Sitting there Macee beams as if she were given a genuine Mayan Quetzal scepter.

Griego pipes up, "Ya know, I kinda get the feeling our Mic and Spic team will become more your chaperones than heads of security."

Caesar pats Macee on her back with a smile, "Consider it a dual purpose roll."

Sheila adds, "We do enjoy your company, guys. Then again, you constantly save me from being alone with him." She then rolls her eyes, "He can be such a bore."

Caesar cocks his head to the side, and with a big scrunchy grin, "Thank you, hon. Love you too!"

As if on queue both Caesar and Sheila wiggle their noses at each other and throw each other kissy faces.

McElroy asks with some surprise, "Wow, gee, dudes, do they do this all the time?"

Peter nods, "Endlessly."

"Maybe I should rethink this assignment?"

Greigo wags his hand at him. "Uh-uh! Nope, you are stuck with them like I am. Bail on me and I'll shoot you!"

Sheila smiles, "Kinda think you're stuck with us 'cause he will shoot you! No, really, he's got the crazy eyes!"

McElroy looks up, "Gawd, help me!"

Caesar has just kissed the top of Macee's head and laughs, "God's got nothing to do with this. I wonder what egregious sin you committed to get this job?"

Sheila admits, "Eeeeh, I asked for people who knew New York so, Marshal Griego, Inspector McElroy, here you are!"

McElroy shakes his head. "Angel, you only have to do this for a couple of months. Six, tops. I'm stuck on this crazy duty, pretty much semi-permanently."

After everyone gives a quick laugh, Peter says, "Now that you're all acquainted with Shane I think I'll take my leave after dinner."

Sheila asks, "Why? We're having fun."

"Well, I want to see how my little broth...sister is doing and get some stick time in."

McElroy asks, "How's she doing? That took a lot of guts."

"I hear she's doing fine." Peter then thinks about it, "Ya know, if you guys get bored how about you come visit us on the west coast? I mean you can come see the beach, stay at my grandmother's chateau. All of you! It'd be a blast."

Caesar considers it, "Sounds inviting."

Peter adds, "Better than being cooped up here!"

Macee's father has stepped up, "Sorry, we've got to go."

Caesar frowns at Macee when he hands her over, "Sorry, you gotta go." Then to her father, "Sir, contact our embassy and send me a link to your social page. I want to keep up with lil' Macee here because..." Then to Macee, "We're da bestest buds right?"

Macee glows, "Ya! You bet!"

Caesar asks the father, "You okay with that, sir?"

He smiles, "Ya, and if you can believe, it's Mace."

"Awesome! And you know what?" Macee's father shrugs clueless, "When she's older she can have me for show and tell!"

The five videos taken of the Macee encounter hit the web and all went explosively viral before they even left the restaurant.

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The green room is gorgeous. Back in the twentieth century it had the style and feel of a holding cell, but it has since evolved and nowadays it's six-hundred square feet of things to set your mind at ease. Every arcade and bar game worth a damn is here including a table shuffle-board, PacMan and skee-ball of all things—which is the first thing people gravitate towards. McElroy had to show Caesar and Sheila how to play but after a couple of rolls they were pros at it. During the monologue they overhear Mikhail Popov, the current host, refer to the UN vote tomorrow as the "Barney vote" and Griego had to pull the reference up on the net to clue the Xhemal in. After a few balls Sheila came up with a crazy idea and McElroy ran off to get the technical director to see if it were possible on short notice.

The Tonight Show has been running non-stop for 359 years and enjoyed only 43 full time hosts (with at least a year on the job) the most recent being a Mikhail "Mikey" Popov, a stand-up comedian and actor who spent his youth bouncing between Kyiv and Moscow with his Russian diplomat step-mother. He's now had this job for going on thirty years and he is considered the one host to (finally) upstage Johnny Carson as *the bestest host ever*—and he did it with Carson's help. *Exempli gratia*, every year around May 22nd Mikey does this bit where, armed with a Magic 8-Ball and Ouija Board, he kneels and burns incense to a volitive shrine to Carson, flanked by minor icons of the other big-four hosts including Leno, Rivera, Ortiz and Sullivan. This bit, a throwback to Carnac the Magnificent, is just one of the things came out of him emulating the style, understatement and boyish double-entendre innocence of Carson.

For the first half of its run the show was in a tug of war between New York and Los Angeles—which shifted between Phoenix and New York after the bulk of the film industry moved to Mesa to get away from the unions and cut costs. Now, under Mikey, the show resides in both locations, on identical sets and alternate weeks, with Mesa becoming the whipping-boy Burbank stand-in. After centuries of ongoing development Mesa is still as flat as a pancake, with no iconic

skyline or buildings to speak of, and that shows on the animated mural behind him when broadcasting in Arizona. Only lights, flatness and layered strings of mountains in the distance which, with all jokes aside, is strikingly beautiful.

In contrast the skyline behind the set for tonight's show is New York City and Mikey is doing his once a year Peeping Tom bit before they bring Caesar on. With a telescope as a prop Mikey acts as if he's peering into the windows behind him where the shocking sights of actors, singers and politicians he finds 'doing stupid' are projected on the monitors. This, with his bumbling commentary, intentionally ham-handed, always has the studio audience in stitches.

Sometimes the stupidest of shit is the best of shit.

Peter did stick around for the show and approaches Caesar as he steadies himself to go through the curtain, "Less than a minute till you're on. Sheila is sitting with the people from Indiana."

Caesar smiles, "They made it! Cool!"

"Talked to my grandmother about having you two visit and she's invited you to stay from Christmas through New Years."

"Wouldn't that be an imposition?"

"If you're invited then...it wouldn't be! If you don't have anything else going on then it'd be a blast to have you."

The show's stage manager says to Caesar, "Thirty seconds."

Caesar nods and Peter says, "Okay, Caesar, break a leg."

Caesar laughs, "I'll never understand that one but, okay!"

"Don't worry 'bout it, just have fun."

The stage manager says, "You're coming out purple on the monitors. We'll keep it up for fifteen seconds, okay!"

He puts up ten fingers to indicate ten seconds to go as Mikey is making the introduction.

Peter says, "Go get 'em, Big Bird!"

Caesar looks at Peter with a frown just as the intro music starts and the curtain opens for him.

Caesar steps out to a rowdy applause, and when the studio audience notices that he's purple on the monitors they start busting a gut while cheering him on.

After a few seconds it starts to die down and Caesar gestures to himself, "Ecce homo plumatis!" The audience goes crazy again as he thumbs up at the monitors, "And now Barney-fied!"

As Caesar steps up to Mikey to shake hands the audience starts to quiet down while on the monitors he fades from purple to his normal parrot like kaleidoscope of colors.

Before Mikey or Caesar say anything they hear Sheila shout from the studio audience, "Hey, ya puff-ball, your Latin sucks!"

Mikey asks, "An early detractor! Who's this?"

Caesar responds as a camera pans over to her and her new found friends from Indiana, "It's my mate, Sheila!"

As the audience starts to wave at the camera Sheila laughs, "Mate-shmate! Clear your Latin through me next time why don'cha? Man with the pillow, what the heck is that!?"

Mikey asks as he offers Caesar a seat, "She know Latin?"

Caesar laughs, "Ya, Sheila has been going to law school for some time." He then calls out to Sheila, "Which one, hon?"

Sheila answers from the audience, "Columbia!"

"Wow!" Mikey then asks Caesar, "I hear you got a degree. Political science, right?"

"Masters out of Georgetown." Caesar points to Mickey, "And, ya know, I really wanted to go to my commencement but...I don't think that that would have gone over well."

Mikey laughs, "I could see that now, you showing up with a *hi I got my mortar board!*"

"I'm not exactly Big Bird." Caesar nods towards Sheila, "Sheila wants to take some classes at Columbia for her final semesters and I think that will be within the realm of possibility now that people are agreeable with us."

Mikey asks, "Has anybody seen you and Sheila and run off screaming?"

"Where we're from we get that all the time, but not here."

"What happens where you're from?"

"Ah, well, everybody runs screaming because they think we're gonna eat 'em..." Caesar then gives an embarrassed laugh, "Which we are, but that's not what we do here."

"What do we do here?"

"Cow! We looove cow! Oh my gawd, that's great stuff! You don't have to chase after it and it's sooo cooperative." Caesar holds his hands out, "Here, it just hops on my plate!"

"Is there anything you are afraid of on Earth?"

"If I were to pick something I'd have to say house cats."

"House cats?"

"Ya! We went to our friend, Shane's house last night for a night cap, and his cat kept staring at me with these wild eyes and his jaw quivering and chirping, *ynea-ynea-ynea!*"

"What do you think that was about?"

"I think he thought I was on the menu! Like I was some giant chicken entree and he was trying to psionically mind-trick me into the kitchen and into a roasting pan!" Mikey laughs as Caesar throws his hands out in mock panic, "Pat him down, Shane! I swear he has a carving knife! I know he does!"

When the laughter dies down Caesar thinks, "I'll have to get me one, ya know."

"A cat? Why's that?"

"Conquer my fears! I'll have to start out with a kitten or I'll be sleeping with one eye open for the rest of my life."

"It would keep you on your toes!" Mikey then asks, "What do you think of New York so far?"

"From what I've seen I think I'm gonna love it!"

As if on cue, Mikey slips a five dollar bill to Caesar who palms it and slides it behind him as if he were pocketing it.

It's been the running gag for three decades now. If the guest says they love New York then Mikey slips them a fin (\$5) and if Mikey says anything positive about Mesa, or Arizona for that matter, he puts his hand back behind him and the stage manager will slip him the five. All this time they've been keeping a tally and so far it's been neck and neck with \$10,720 for loving New York and \$10,805 for Mesa. It goes without saying that on weather points alone Arizona scores big and cleans up between October and April. Caesar was told about the gag and it went over so smooth that the subtlety of that hand off was doubly funny. It was like it was planned—which it wasn't.

After the laughter subsides, Caesar continues, "If the vote..." Caesar scowls at Mikey for just a second, "The Barney vote that is, goes through I suspect New York will make a perfect home away from home for us."

"Isn't it kind of hard to get a feel of a place surrounded by all the security?"

Caesar asks, "You're referring to our stop at the Lincoln memorial?" Mikey nods yes so Caesar says, "Ya! It's a pain but they say it's for our own good."

Mikey then smiles then points to the monitors, "Well, we came upon a video of a very serious security breach we want to share."

On the monitors, as well as broadcasted, is the video taken of the Macee and Caesar encounter at Del Frisco's Grille. The audience is visibly touched by the video and go "awww" when he tickles her, laugh when he flinches pulling his feather, and "awww" again when she smiles big getting it. When he kisses Macee on the top of her head they go big "AWWW" which means big points for Caesar, and when he tells her father he'll be there for her show and tell they applaud and whoop like crazy.

"Thank you!" Caesar then laughs, "Ya, she looked pretty scary, so I had to play along. Patted her down too ya know."

"She's definitely weaponized cuteness." Then Mikey asks, "So, you're going to be giving away feathers I take it?"

"Oh no! I got to get me an autograph and soon!"

"Autograph?"

"I don't have an autograph? I gave a feather to Macee and it hurts to yank those suckers out! I just realize while sitting here that now everybody is gonna want one! Hell, I'll be a plucked and naked like a roasting turkey by the end of the month!"

"You're not naked now?"

"No! You wear clothing and I wear feathers!" Caesar leans in to emphasize, "Which, by the way, I have to say is very convenient for me because I can take a shower *and* do laundry at the same time!" Caesar shakes his fists in the air, "Yea me!"

When the laughter dies down Caesar thinks deeply, "Ya know, if the Barney vote goes our way, I think I'm gonna love it here. I mean there is so much to do! Like...just this morning on a dare I tried out for Swan Lake."

Mikey laughs, "Okay, I'll bite!"

"Ya, really, look at me! I'm a shoe in for the Prince Siegfried! Don'cha think?" Caesar puts his arms out and the audience applauds.

Mikey thinks about this, "I'm not a ballet guy but, correct me if I'm wrong, but isn't the Prince a human character?"

Caesar points out, "Ya know the swans are played by humans so, in all fairness, equal opportunity, right?"

"You have a point, how'd it go?"

"Well..." Caesar feigns embarrassment, "The tryouts didn't go over as well as I thought they would."

“What happened?”

“It started off well enough and I was tossing Odette in the air ever so perfectly but, when we started doing pirouettes and leaps...” Caesar is a tad self-consciousness with this tidbit of news, “I took out half of the swan maidens. They ended up in the E.R. My bad!”

Mikey laughs, “That’s a vision for ya.”

“I hear they’re all going to make a full recovery...except the third one from the left. It’s not looking good for her.”

With the laughter from that last comment dying, Mikey asks, “What have you seen that strikes you as odd about Earth or people since you’ve been here?”

Caesar thinks about it and says, “Rule thirty-four.”

“What’s that?”

“I had no idea...” Caesar gives a bug-eyed and long goofy look towards Mikey, “Now I dooo!”

With about a tenth of the studio audience giving cat-call whistles and clapping Caesar thumbs towards them, “See, they know what I’m talking about!” He nods his head their way, “Don’cha!”

Mikey asks, “What’s this rule thirty-four anyway?”

“Glad you asked!” Caesar spins his finger around for a second as if he was stirring a pot, “We’re flying around Monument Valley, seeing the sights from the air, and my buddy, Pete says ‘Aw crap! It’s already started!’ What started I ask? And he says ‘Rule Thirty-Four started, that’s what.’ And I ask if there is something I gotta do? Is there a license for it? And he says ‘No, it’s not what you think.’ And I ask, then what should I think? And he says ‘Now is as good a time as any!’ and hands me his N2 device.”

Caesar throws his hands out as if he were flipping through the photos on Pete’s device, “So, I see one photo with me and...some lady I’ve never seen before. Then...” He gestures flipping to the next photo, “Okay, that’s...rather exposed of her! Next...” He mocks a double take with his eyes going big, “Whoa! That’s...I didn’t know you could do that!”

He then acts as if he’s holding the device out to Sheila in a panic, “Honey, this is NOT me! I swear! I haven’t been apart from you more than five minutes the entire time we’ve been here!”

The studio audience was laughing at these antics but when Sheila, still with a microphone in hand, opens her mouth they explode, “Five minutes is all you’re good for, my lil’ feather duster!”

With the audience going nuts, Mike says, “I gotta see this.”

While the laughter subsiding Mikey pulls up his device while Caesar tells him, "Put in rule thirty-four and Mikey...ya, that's it."

Mikey does a quick double-take, and it's genuine, "Whoa! I had no idea!"

"My words exactly!"

Mikey cocks his head to the side while turning his device around, "No idea...but she's cute!" Mikey points to the screen, "I didn't know I could get this kind of action!"

As the audience laughs, Caesar adds, "Pete says I'm gonna be bigger than donkeys and tentacle monsters...whatever those are?"

Mikey shakes his head as the commercial music starts to queue up, "I didn't know I was a perv. We'll be back after this!"

With the audience giving a solid applause the 'on-air' light goes out and Mikey turns to Caesar saying, "That was unexpected. Thank you for coming!"

Caesar smiles, "It was a blast!"

"Sure you couldn't stay awhile and harass the next guest?"

"We gotta jet, but thank you for having us. It was fun!"

Mikey knows a good thing when he sees it and as Caesar stands to leave, "Consider this an open invitation, Caesar. Whenever you want to come on and tell stories like that we will accommodate your schedule. Anytime!"

Caesar nods, "Okay, I like that!"