Mob Army Waifus Birthday Wishes

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Interior. The Mob Army Waifus' common room - Daytime

Clawdia and Maully are talking as if trying to solve a problem together. Undiane is sitting nearby looking at them.

Clawdia is offering suggestions and Maully keeps rejecting them.

Clawdia
"Hmmmm… Maybe she'd like a homemade cake?"

Maully
"Hmmm… She doesn't like sweets that much…"

Clawdia
"Hmmmm… She likes eating at good places… Maybe a gift card?"

Maully
(*annoyed and sarcastically*)
"A gift card??? What are you, her uncle?"

Clawdia
(*getting upset*)
"Hey! At least I'm actually giving ideas! I don't see *you* coming up with anything!"

Maully
"Giving bad ideas isn't help!"

Clawdia
"It's better than no ideas!"

They keep arguing.

Undiane
“Maybe a letter?”

Maully and Claudia suddenly stop arguing and look at Undiane.

Silence.

Clawdia
“What kind of letter? I’m partial to vowels, personally.”

Maully and Undiane both let out a sigh.

Maully
(*facepalming, but patiently*)
“A ‘letter’ as in a written message, Clawdia…”

Clawdia
“Ah! Well, that makes more sense.”

Undiane
“I think she’d appreciate a birthday letter from us.”

Maully
“Hmmmmmmm. I think that’s a great idea, Di!”

Undiane smiles.

Maully
“You’re good with words, so you write the letter with input from all of us,
and we’ll all sign it at the end.”

Undiane
“Sure.”

Maully
“And then you hand it to the general.”

Undiane
(*getting very flustered*)
“Wh- what?! Nononono, you know I’m not good with that kind of stuff.”

Maully
(*with a bright smile*)
“That’s why it has to be you.”

Clawdia
(*with a bright smile*)
“Yeah! It’s funnier that way!”

Maully and Clawdia are both making a “NODDERS” expression.

Undiane lets out a deep, exasperated sigh.

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Interior. A main corridor in Geega’s castle – Noon

There are mobs of all three factions stationed at regular intervals along either side of the main corridor. Geega is walking toward the door at the end.

The girls are standing by in one of the side corridors looking at the approaching Geega.

Clawdia
(*whispering*)
“Here she comes!”

Maully
(*whispering*)
“Let’s go, Di!”

Clawdia and Maully push a very reluctant Undiane into the main corridor, right in front of Geega.

Geega
“Hm? (*cheerfully*) Oh, hi, Undiane. How’s it going?”

Undiane is frozen in place, seized by social anxiety. *She’s holding the letter in her hands*.

Geega
(*detecting Undiane’s nervousness; kindly*)
“……Do you need something from me?”

Undiane
(*barely managing to speak*)
“Uh- Um. This is for you, general.”

Undiane bows exaggeratedly and fully extends her arms toward Geega to offer the letter.

Geega takes the letter.

Geega
(*looking at the letter with curiosity*)
“Hmm? What is thi—?”

As Geega raises her eyes to look at Undiane, Undiane seems to have vanished. There is a tell-tale dust cloud all along the main corridor left behind by what must have been a mad dash by Undiane. The far door of the corridor also seems to have been flung open.

Suddenly, a bout of snickering giggles breaks out from the side corridor to the left of Geega.

Geega
(*looking toward the source of the giggling*)
“Hm?”

Geega’s gaze meets Clawdia and Maully, who are startled and instantly stop giggling. The girls quickly run away.

After Clawdia and Maully have left, Geega takes a look at the envelope in her hands. She carefully opens it with the claw of her gauntlet and pulls out the letter to read it.

The letter is written in very impressive calligraphy, and it has three very different-looking signatures at the end. It reads:

> “To General GEEGA,
>
> The three of us have only been here for a short time, but we’ve experienced nothing but welcoming vibes from the community you’ve created. Thank you for everything you do for the Mob Army, general.
>
> Happy birthday!
>
> Yours truly,
>
> Clawdia, Maully, and Undiane
>
> P.S. Maully and Undiane wish to apologize for the gift card. Clawdia insisted.”

With her right hand, Geega holds out a gift card that had been enclosed with the letter and looks at it. It's for a place called The Poop Deli.

Geega keeps looking at the letter and the gift card for a few seconds, as if taking them in.

She smiles. She carefully folds the letter and the gift card back into the envelope, and she continues her march toward the door at the end of the corridor. It's difficult to tell, but there seems to be a little bit more energy in her step than earlier.

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