



BOWLS!

AS IF  
A PERSON  
NEEDS BOWLS  
TO EAT...

WHAT IF I  
LIKE HOLDING MY  
CEREAL IN A CUP?  
DID YOU THINK  
OF THAT?

IT'S MORE  
CONVENIENT.  
MAKES THE MEAL  
PORTABLE.



YOU CAN'T  
JUST LEAVE A GUY  
STRAPPED TO A  
RADIATOR!



OKAY,  
GOOD.

FOR A  
MINUTE THERE  
I THOUGHT YOU  
WERE REALLY  
GONNA--



**KACHANK**

--LEAVE  
ME.





# The Bronx.

OVER THERE?  
YEAH.



SEÑOR SUERTE.  
MISTER LUCK.



JUST HELD UP THE CHICKEN TOP. YOU CAUGHT ME. DIDN'T PAY FOR MY MEAL DEAL, NEITHER, IF YOU WANT THE WHOLE TRUTH.  
AND WHILE YOU GOT THE LOOK OF SOMEBODY WHO'S GONNA WANT TO FIGHT ABOUT IT...



...I'D VERY MUCH APPRECIATE A CHANCE TO FINISH MY LUNCH FIRST.  
HEY, NO PROBLEM.  
WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, I'D LOVE TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS.  
SHOOT.  
WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU SPOKE TO YOUR WIFE? REBECCA, ISN'T IT?



WHAT, IF ANYTHING, CAN YOU TELL ME ABOUT THE PEOPLE WHO KIDNAPPED HER?  
LOOK, LADY, I LET YOU SIT DOWN 'CUZ I LIKE THE WAY YOU FILL OUT A T-SHIRT.  
BUT I DON'T KNOW YOU AND EVEN IF I DID, DON'T NOBODY GET TO TALK ABOUT MY WIFE.



SO IF YOU THINK I'M TELLING YOU ANYTHING ABOUT ANYTHING...  
...YOU GOT ANOTHER THINK COMING.  
YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW MUCH THINKING MY T-SHIRT AND I CAN DO. WE JUST THINK, THINK, THINK ALL DAY LONG.  
RIGHT NOW WE'RE THINKING YOU SHOULD CUT THE CRAP AND TELL US WHAT YOU KNOW SO WE CAN GO FIND YOUR WIFE FOR YOU.



THEN, MAYBE YOU AND THE MISSUS CAN RETIRE DOWN TO FLORIDA, LEAVING THIS CLEARLY LACKLUSTER LIFE OF PETTY CRIME IN THE REARVIEW.  
YOU CAN WALK OUT OF HERE ON YOUR OWN TWO FEET RIGHT NOW.  
OR YOU CAN WAIT TILL THE WHEEL STOPS AND I'LL DRAG YOUR CHARRED CORPSE OUT BY THE HEAD.



LET ME MAKE SURE I UNDERSTAND. YOU'RE NOT PLANNING TO ANSWER ANY OF MY QUESTIONS.

AND WHAT'S MORE...AS SOON AS THAT ROULETTE WHEEL STOPS, YOU'LL BE ALL CHARGED UP AND READY TO BLAST ME INTO THE MIDDLE OF NEXT WEEK.



RIGHT ON BOTH COUNTS.

