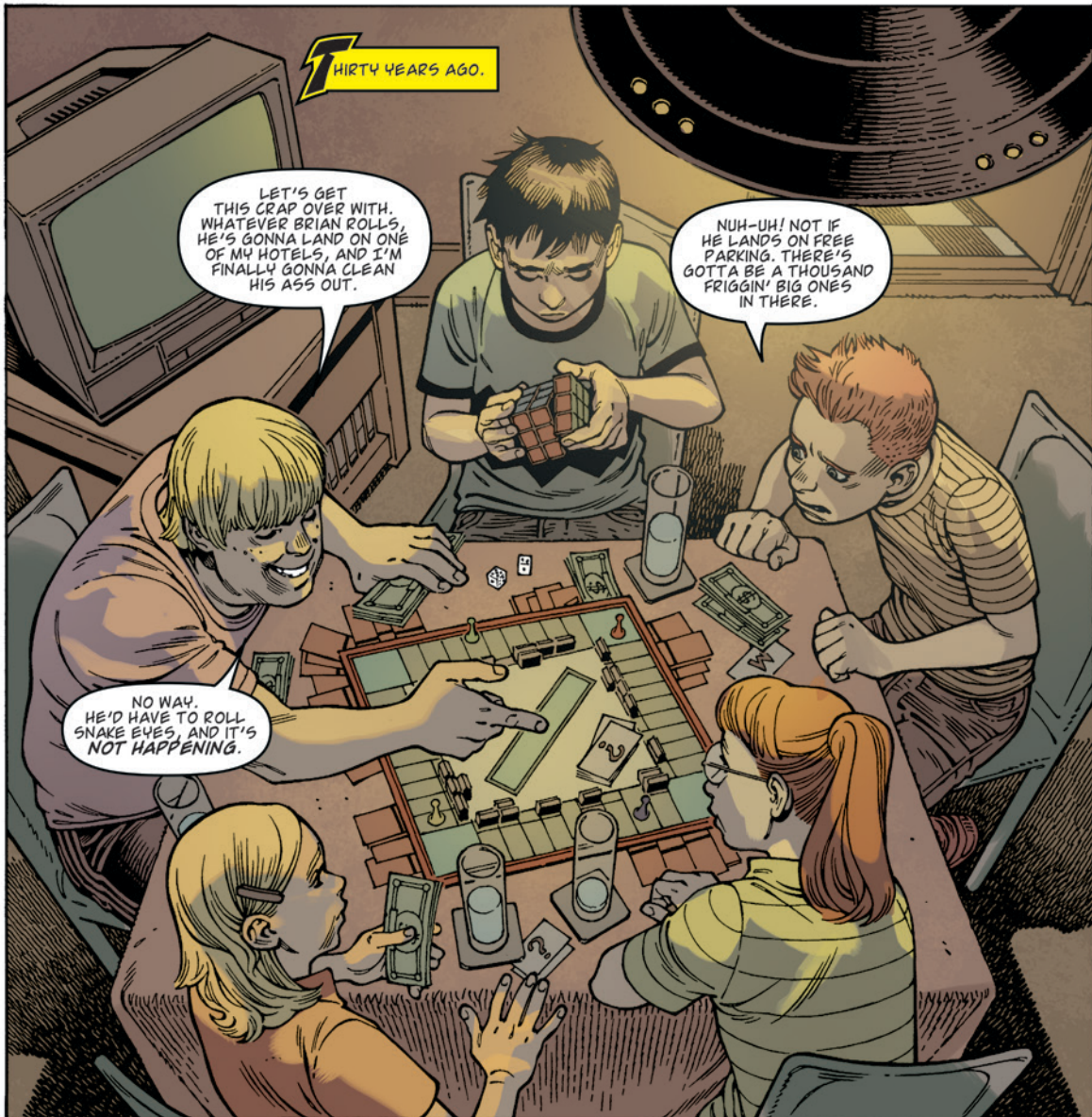


**T**HIRTY YEARS AGO.

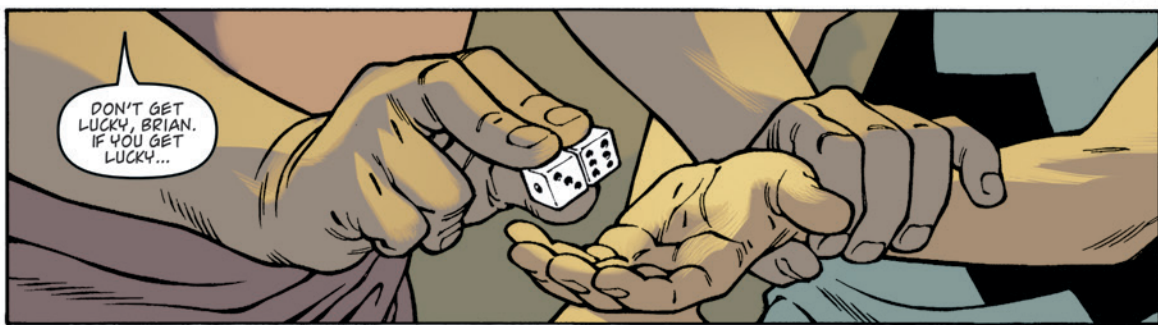
LET'S GET THIS CRAP OVER WITH. WHATEVER BRIAN ROLLS, HE'S GONNA LAND ON ONE OF MY HOTELS, AND I'M FINALLY GONNA CLEAN HIS ASS OUT.

NUH-UH! NOT IF HE LANDS ON FREE PARKING. THERE'S GOTTA BE A THOUSAND FRIGGIN' BIG ONES IN THERE.

NO WAY. HE'D HAVE TO ROLL SNAKE EYES, AND IT'S NOT HAPPENING.



HEY DIPSTICK. WAKE UP.



DON'T GET LUCKY, BRIAN. IF YOU GET LUCKY...





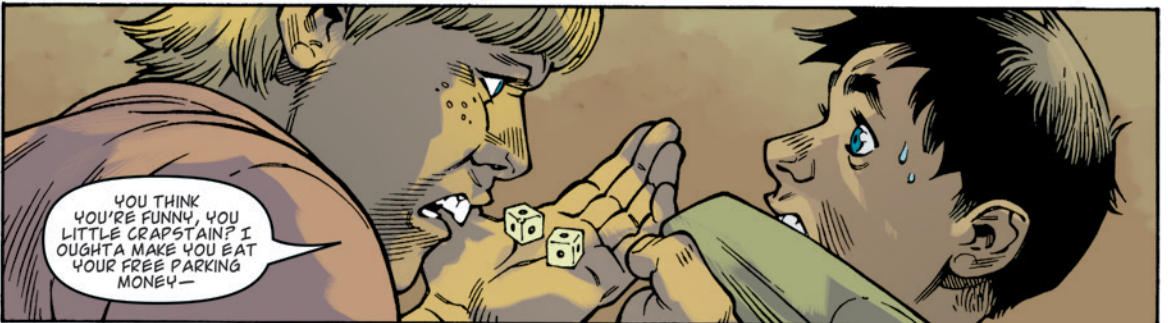




JESUS, YOU'RE FONDLING THOSE DICE LIKE YOUR MOMMA HOLDING YOUR DADDY'S ██████████ ROLL 'EM.



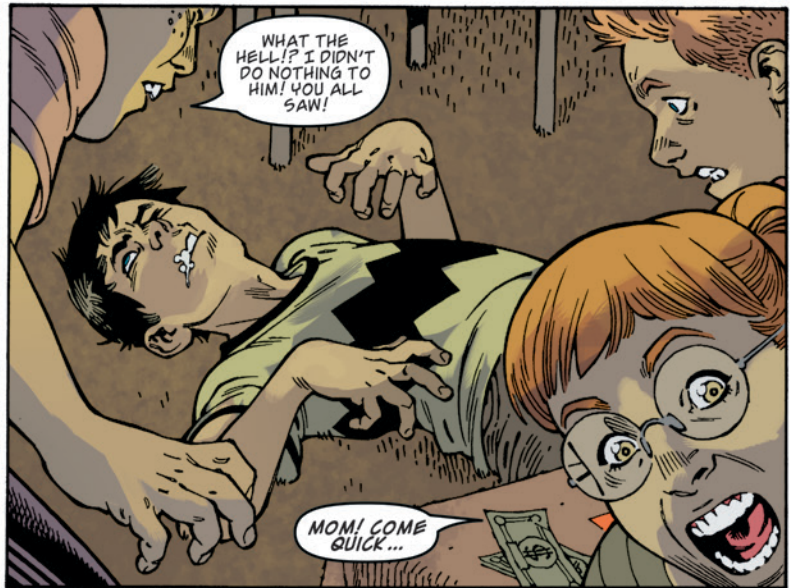
HEY! WHAT'S THIS?



YOU THINK YOU'RE FUNNY, YOU LITTLE CRAPSTAIN? I OUGHTA MAKE YOU EAT YOUR FREE PARKING MONEY—



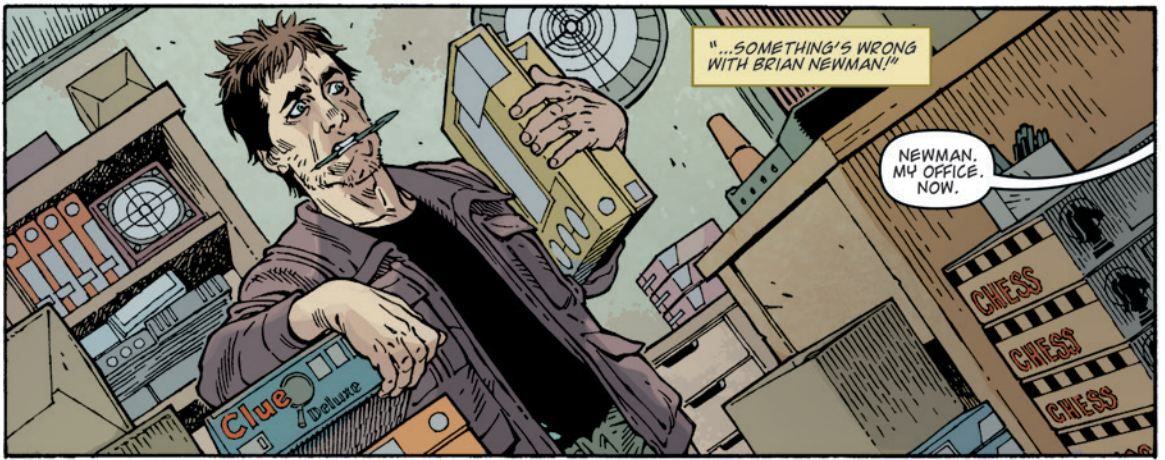
>GRRK<



WHAT THE HELL!? I DIDN'T DO NOTHING TO HIM! YOU ALL SAW!

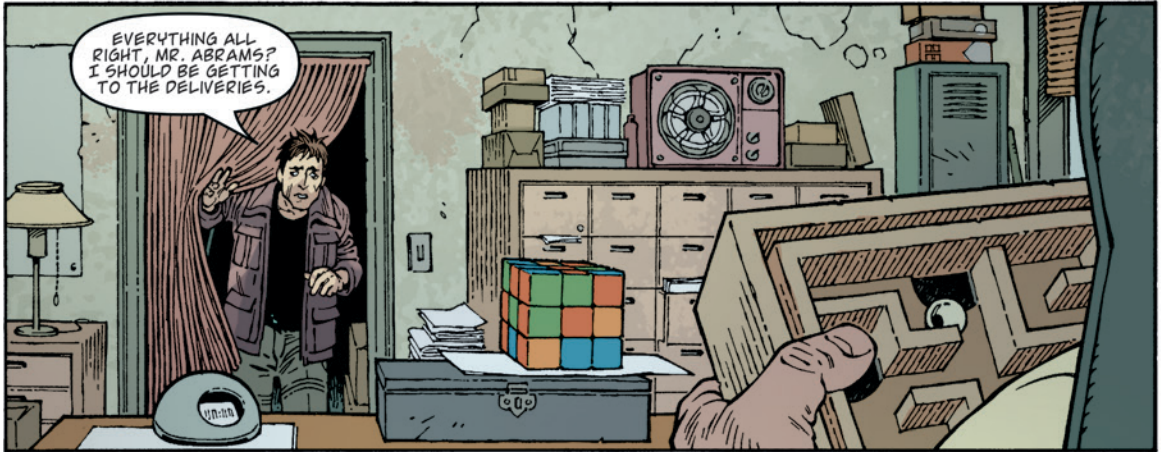
MOM! COME QUICK...



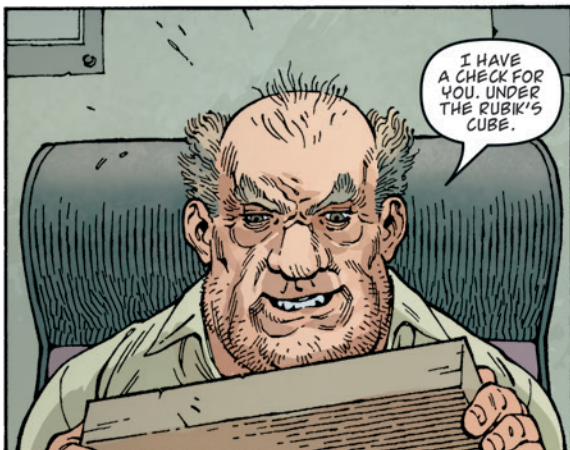


"...SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH BRIAN NEWMAN!"

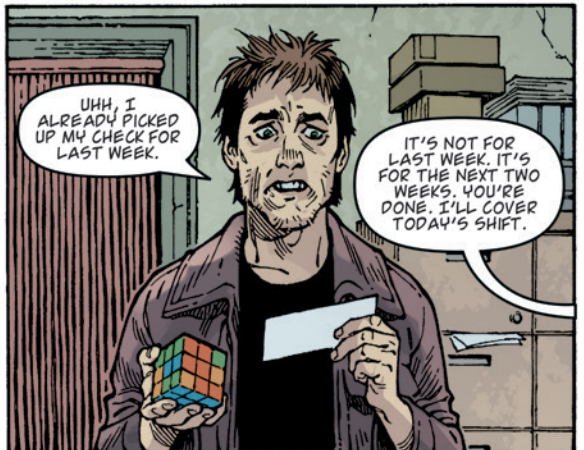
NEWMAN, MY OFFICE NOW.



EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT, MR. ABRAMS? I SHOULD BE GETTING TO THE DELIVERIES.

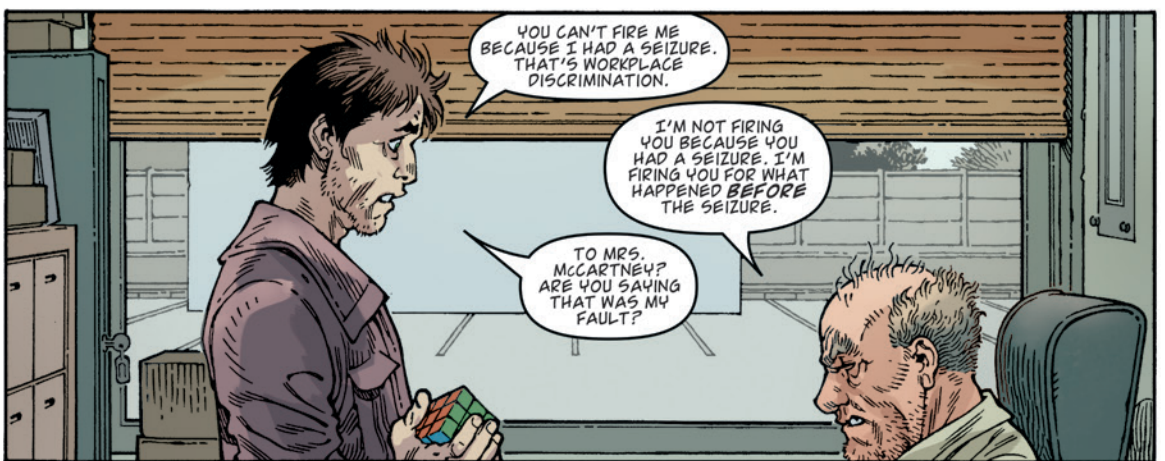


I HAVE A CHECK FOR YOU, UNDER THE RUBIK'S CUBE.



UHH, I ALREADY PICKED UP MY CHECK FOR LAST WEEK.

IT'S NOT FOR LAST WEEK. IT'S FOR THE NEXT TWO WEEKS. YOU'RE DONE. I'LL COVER TODAY'S SHIFT.



YOU CAN'T FIRE ME BECAUSE I HAD A SEIZURE. THAT'S WORKPLACE DISCRIMINATION.

I'M NOT FIRING YOU BECAUSE YOU HAD A SEIZURE. I'M FIRING YOU FOR WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE THE SEIZURE.

TO MRS. MCCARTNEY? ARE YOU SAYING THAT WAS MY FAULT?



