


Would you mind standing under the exhaust fan?



And put the ash in...
Oh, just put the ash wherever, ha ha!

But there's an ashtray in that cupboard up there... That one there...

Wait, shall I just...



The exhaust fan!



Haha ha ha ha

Control yourself, Linda

hehee

Ha ha, yes, Robbie's on his way



Mmm, Robbie... Mine too... He can twiddle my dial any time



And mine!

Well,
we'll see...



Or how
about...



...the
three of
us share
him?



HEE HEE

hmm
ha ha

HA HA

Come on,
let's do it!



Ha ha
ha



Or maybe just us two,
what do you think?



So we're sharing
this house. It's
a lot of fun and
all that...



But they're
all boys.
Total jocks.



Ah.
Oooh!



Athletes!

They're really sweet, y'know,
but the kitchen! Oh my god!
It's so disgusting. They
leave all their pots and pans
just lying around to fester,



really gross, and I'm
always the one who does
the washing up. There
was this one pan.
I thought it was rice...



But then
I saw it...
move !!



It was
maggots!!



Hey,

Care for
a bite?



Oh, um.
No, thanks!



Or chips,
if you'd rather.

No, really.
Thanks.



So, I was, like,
this has gone
far enough...



So I put the pan
in Tom's bedroom.
Tom, he's such a
great guy, so...



Hey, Eric,
how's work
going?



Yeah, it's
work, I guess.



Uh-huh.



All that pressure to
succeed. No more
fooling around,
huh?



Aw, it's
alright.



And, you guys,
everything cool?

Sure, and you?
How's the web-design?

I gave it up.
Actually, the
company went
bankrupt.

Oh!

I'm working at
the opera now!

Oh, really?



Yeah, they always
need extras there.

I see.

We get paid for
doing pretty
much nothing!

You have to be there between
two and five for rehearsals. Then
you just hang around, up on the
roof, waiting for your call. Have
a smoke, someone pops downstairs
for drinks. - And finally, at about
quarter to five, you have to stand
on stage for ten
minutes.



It won't make you
rich, but in a good
month you can make
about 1200 bucks.

What about Robbie?
How does he make
his money?

Oh, well,
I heard...

he makes most of
it from gambling!
(Are you talking
about Robbie?)



There he is in the casino, with all those rich Japanese types placing big bets, and the thing is - he always wins! They wanted to ban him from the casino once, but the other big players kicked up a fuss.



So, she was just saying
how disgusting her
kitchen was.



And these
trousers, you know.

And there I go,
putting my foot
in it: Care for
a bite?



Really high-waisted,
a bit seventies...
They're so cool!

Hey, Isis, why don't
you swap places with Eric?
Then we won't have to
...lean across so
much.



Alright

Thanks!







No, really, I could list about twenty guys who copy Robbie, down to the last detail! But the worst of them has got to be Boris Bergman. They say he's even had plastic surgery!