

Hi.



... hmmph ...



SQUEAK  
SQUEAK



... grrrrrr ...



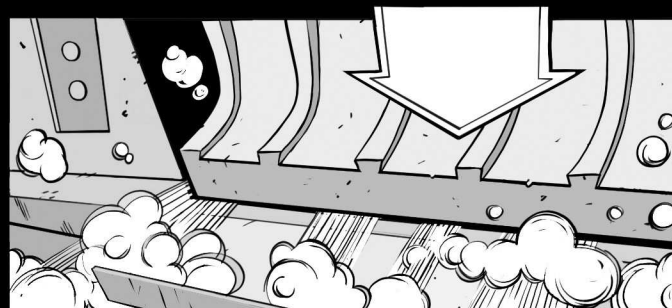
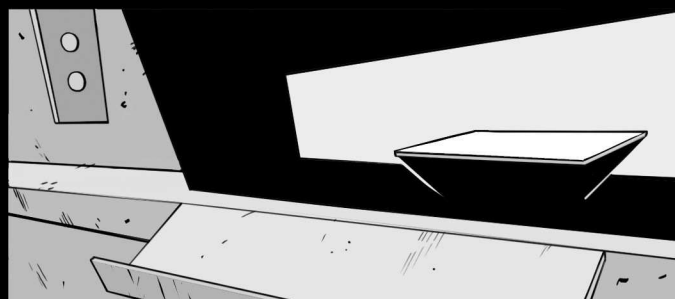
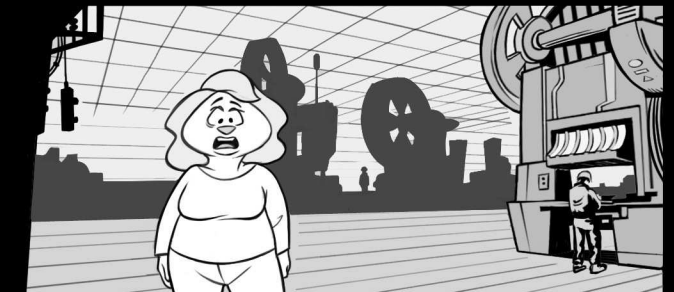
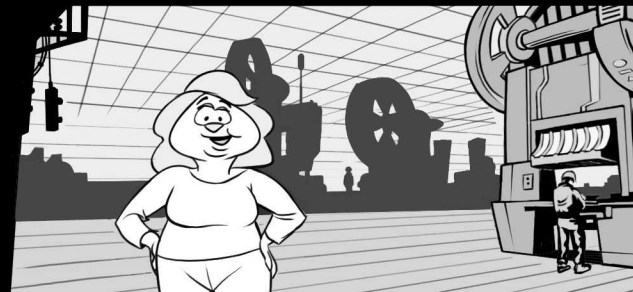
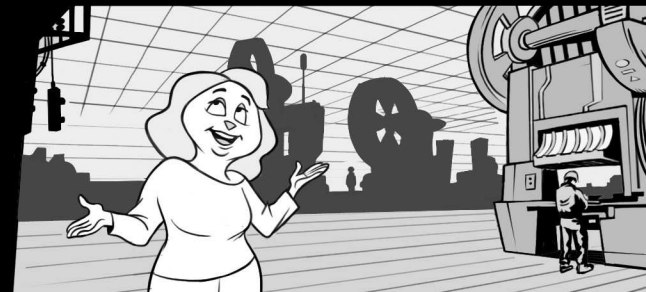
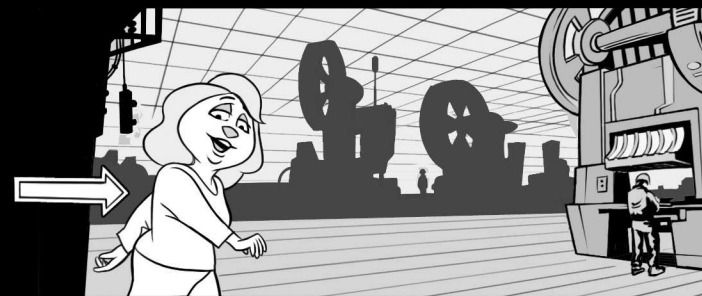
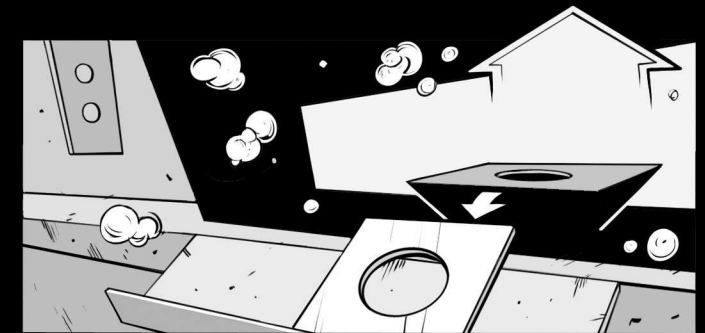
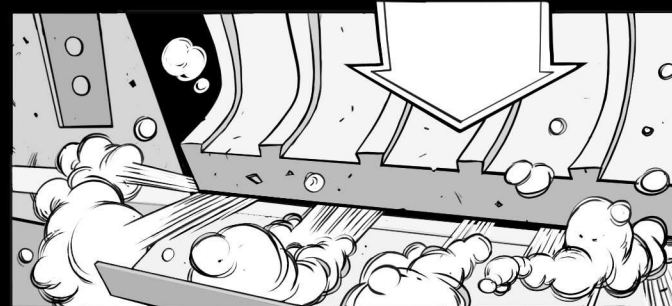
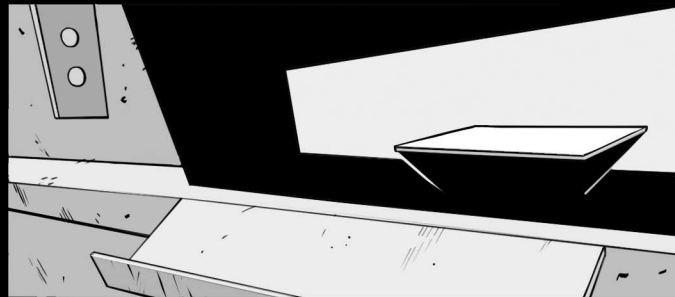
dirty sonofa...

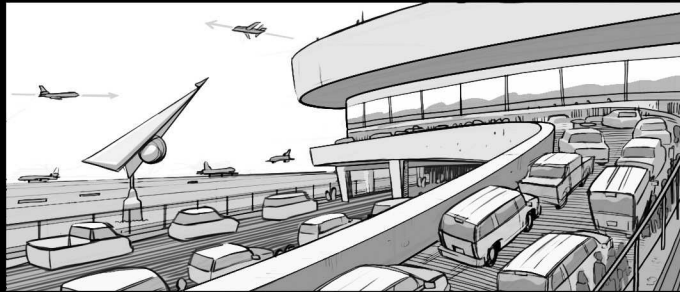


pant



I'm Scott's Mom.





We used to travel together



all the time

for business.

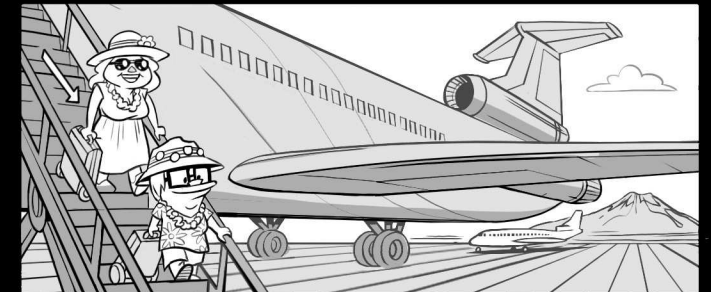


We worked endless  
trade shows.

*BLINK*



*BLINK*



One year we even made it to Hawaii.



And that is where



we were first introduced



to Abalone.



ooh,  
what a gentleman.



Look, Barbara.



The fish is very  
reasonably priced.



That's our  
local catch.



It's called  
Abalone.



Should  
we try it?



mmmmm



Barb?



Look, the world was  
different back then.



This was waaaay  
before Amazon.



**SQUEAK  
SQUEAK** ... darn thing ...



**BADUMP  
BUMP**



We had fourteen thousand  
dealers nationwide!





Somebody had to sell our products to every mom-and-pop office supply store.



And that somebody was the Manufacturer's Sales Rep.



**BBRAAP.**



**SNIFF SNIFF.**  
These guys were mercenaries.



Living off commission.



Weeks on the road.



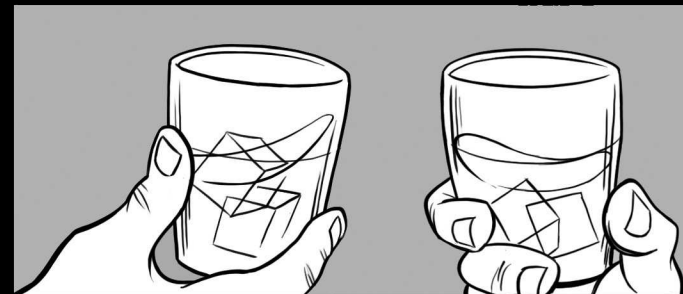
It wasn't easy.



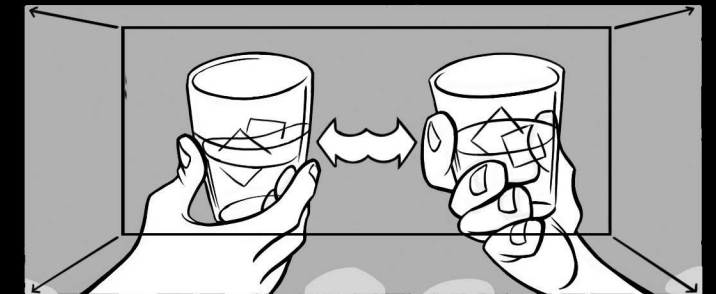
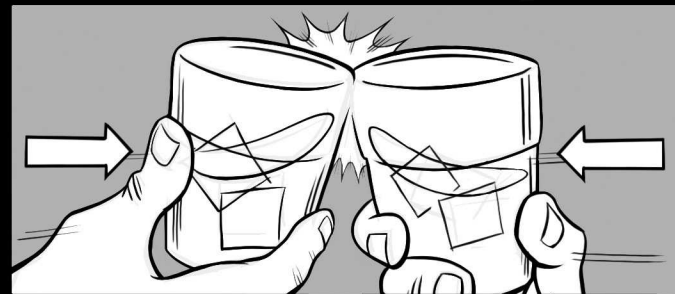
So once a year in Chicago



for a thank-you dinner,



and they *really* took advantage of it.



To our wives and girlfriends!



May they never meet.  
hahahahaha!



Yesssir...      hootie Hoooo!      What's everybody drinking?! Scotch? Bourbon?



Hiyaah, Barbara. Whatcha drinkin there, Canadian Club?



Uhh, Canada Dry.  
heh heh.



Great! You know I'm quite the wine connoisseur.



Shall I choose the vino  
for tonight's meal?



Uhhh.....

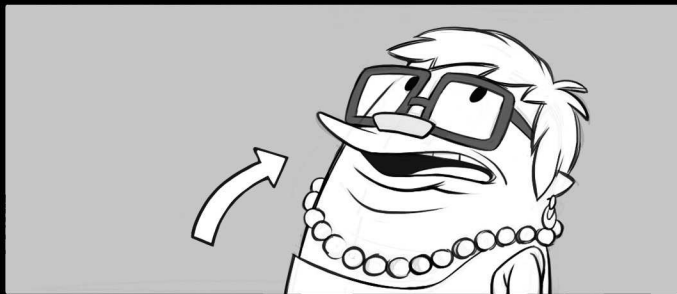


suuure...?.

*nod  
nod*



Is it the oysters and Chivas or are  
salesmen always like this?



They're used to repping the  
big dogs, with big expense accounts.



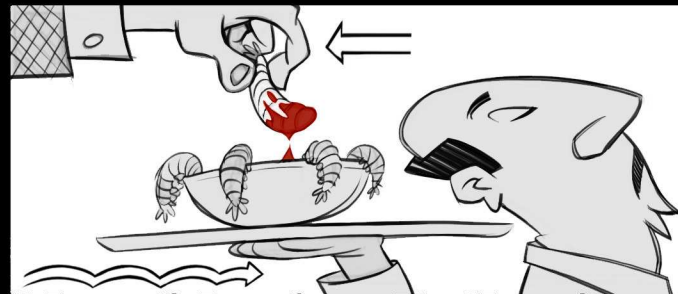
We're the fleas.



So indulge them.



**SPLASH!**



Just watch, boys.



scroll background

First Reagan's gonna  
straighten out those mullahs,

**blip.**



and before he's through,

**blap.**



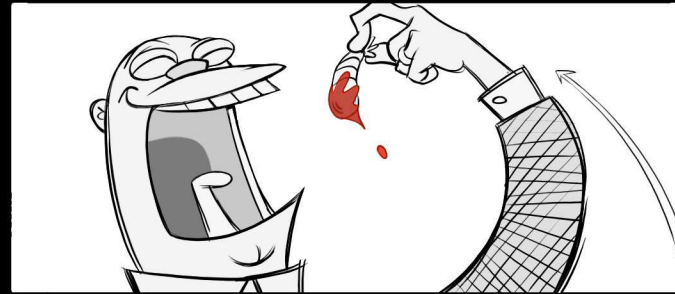
**plop.**

we'll own half  
of Tokyo!

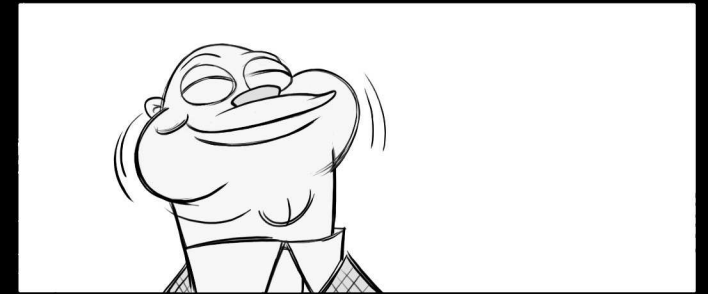




**blap.**



**AAHHH**



**MMMMMM.**



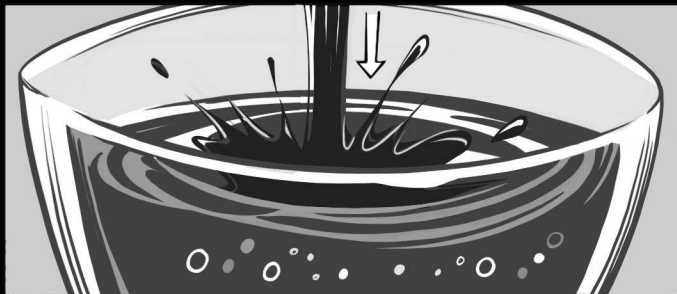
You know what they say, Barbara.



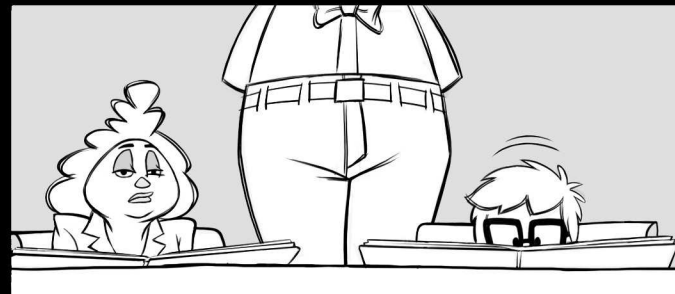
What happens at the Marriott,  
stays at the Marriott.



**poke.  
poke.** am I right?



**BUURGLE**



Barbara, look. They have Abalone  
on the menu. Isn't that funny?



Remember how good it  
was in Hawaii? And cheap!



**CLINK.  
CLINK.**

Attention, everyone.  
We're thinking of  
ordering for the table.



Apertif or digestif?

**Hell, get'm both!**



**We'll take the fish.**



**CHOMP. GULP.**

scroll  
bkg



**CLINK. MUNCH.**

scroll  
bkg



**SLURP! CLINK.**



**CLINK. CLINK.**  
hahahahaha



**FOOSH!**



Who ordered  
cherries jubilee?



I don't know.



Who ordered the cigar girl?



Then the check came.



Now remember, this is 1982.



A new car cost five thousand dollars.





My rent was eighty bucks a month!



I've never had an out-of-body experience.



But according to Iris,



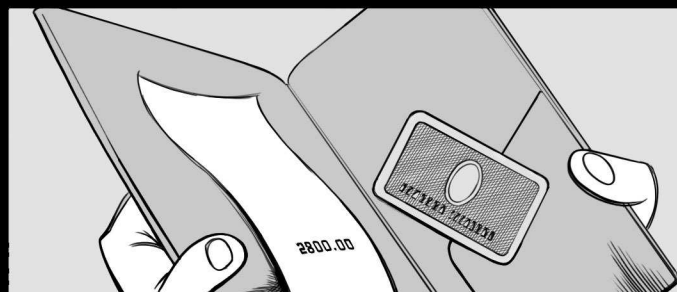
she took two steps forward,



turned around,



and saw *herself* staring at the bill.



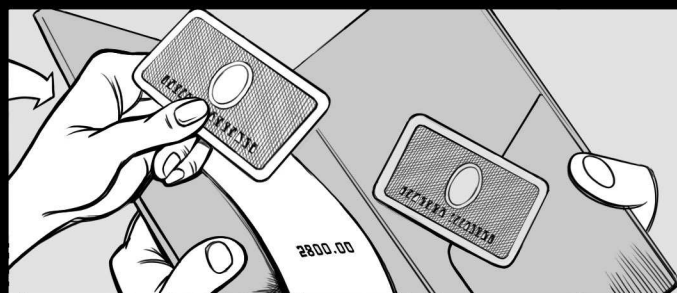
It was for \$2800.  
Abalone in Chicago was \$60 a pound.



The wine tab came to a thousand dollars.



Iris was turning blue.  
I had to break the tension.



So I threw down my Amex card  
on top of hers.



That snapped her out of it.



And this forever became known in  
family lore as **The Abalone Story.**