

About thirty miles outside of town...

Here I go...



...down to the
very bottom.



One hundred floors and
then it's bye-bye, Bill.



What did the
smiling man say
before he turned
into a vulture?



That's right...

"LICKETY SPLAT,
JUST LIKE THAT."

Just like that.

Only eighty-nine
floors to go...

"There's a *buzzard*
in the boardroom and
it's eating Mr. Mulligan's
brains..."



