



**WELCOME TO  
THE RELEASE PARTY FOR  
JUNE FONDUE'S  
NEW EXERCISE VIDEO  
"WE CAN WORK IT OUT"**





# COSTUME INSPIRATION

JUNE FONDUE'S PARTY IS A SWANKY EVENT:  
80'S FORMAL WEAR  
OR 80'S PROM WEAR IS FANTASTIC!

...OR...

IT'S A WORKOUT RELEASE PARTY:  
GET YOUR SPANDEX ON!  
NEONS AND RAINBOWS APPRECIATED.



# SUSPECT NOTES



# Mr. Brie

**PROFESSION:** Cheese Enthusiast and owner of *Mr. Brie's Excellent Cheese*

**MY FAVORITE PASTIME:** Eating string cheese in bed

**THE WORST THING:** Fools

June Fondue is one ace woman, and she and I go way back. I've been at every fondue party she's ever hosted. For each event, she and I hand-select the most excellent cheeses sold in the most exclusive boutiques. Tonight is no different. The crown jewel of tonight's fondue catering is a dish I call *That Cheese Is Hot and Melty, Don't Touch It With Your Fingers*. Because we're such close friends, June gave me a preview copy of her workout video "We Can Work It Out," and I've been exercising with it every day since. I've never felt better.

I'm a true renaissance man. I appreciate exceptional cheese. I'm part of the 4-Team. I wear primo jewelry. I record PSAs about proper etiquette. I star as wrestlers in film. I'm an actual wrestler. I'm the face of Kellogg's *Sweetened Breakfast Cereal*. I have amazing hair. And I'm most definitely certain that everyone I meet wishes they were me. If I wasn't *already* me, I'd wish that too.

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# Mr. Brie

**HOW I KNEW DR. G. BUSTER:** Buster tried to bankrupt my business *Mr. Brie's Excellent Cheese*

Buster was a fool. Unlike me, he was not a renaissance man. For starters, he knew nothing about fine cheese. In fact, he didn't appreciate cheese at all. He was an uncultured buffoon, and in my opinion the only reason he wasn't in the gutter was because he knew how to put polka dots on spandex.

Buster hated my cheese business *Mr. Brie's Excellent Cheese*. Not only did he not like it, he sought to ruin me. He wrote bad reviews, told the health department that there were rats in my swiss, and ran attack ads touting, "Blue cheese, or FLU CHEESE?" I brought a wheel of brie tonight to promote my business by giving out free samples of flu-free cheese.

Buster didn't only wrong me. Three years ago, Buster and the singer Giovanna were engaged to be married. Goodness knows why; Giovanna is an ace woman. But that didn't stop Buster from leaving her at the altar. It was a huge scandal covered by every tabloid and video jockey on MTV, and I followed the story from start to finish. Giovanna disappeared for a year until the gossip subsided. I pity any fool who knew Buster.

The filmographer Lizzie Francisco steals cameras and sells them on the underground camera market, and tonight she tried to sell me a stolen Sony Mavica. I declined because I prefer the Canon Xapshot.

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# Mr. Brie

Buster and I had been enemies for years. I once called him a fool, so he set all my company's cheese on fire. When I arrived at the warehouse, I found all my cheese melted into one big fondue disaster. Buster was never charged because of the state's lax cheese arson laws. I've filed a civil suit for slander against my blue cheese, though.

Before the party, Buster's daughter Princess told me that Buster had a deadly allergy to basically anything with the word "nut" in it, so I made sure that none of my fondue dishes had any peanuts, chestnuts, or acorns. I washed every skewer twice, sanitized all my fondue pots, and fumigated my whole kitchen. I didn't want Buster to have an allergy attack, because it would have damaged my civil suit. It was a shame because my fondue pièce de résistance is *Melt Some Cheese and Put A Bunch of Nuts in It*.

Two months ago, I went to an avant garde piece that Mr. Rainbow choreographed called *Total Solar Eclipse: I Fall Apart Occasionally*. Most of it was dancers turning around and now and then collapsing to the floor. When it was over, Mr. Rainbow looked a little bit terrified, but his show was excellent. My eyes were bright with tears. Buster was there and he booed. I don't know why someone didn't murder him earlier.