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Waiting...

By Rob McKittrick

Ha, ha, ha.

Home sweet home.

Thanks, Cochise.

No, you fucking idiot! I've worked
at a restaurant my whole life.

Shit! It gonna be
that kind of a party,
I'm gonna stick my dick
in the mashed potatoes!

- Guess who. Hi, Dean. It's Mom.

- Ah, shit.

I know you're not gonna
forget lunch with me,
but I thought I'd call
just to make sure.

Oh, hey.

I forgot you were here.

Yeah, I know. I know.

- What?

- Nothing.

I'll see you at work, okay?

Hey, there, Natasha.

How's my favorite minor doing today?

Hung over.

I got so shitty last night.

On a school night?

Kids today.

I must say, there's nothing more attractive
than tainted youth.

Yes. I am indeed a pervert.

- Does that offend you?

- Nope.

I think that most tainted youths
end up being perverts.

Good answer.

Oh, and Monty,
just so you know,
I'm only a minor
for another week.

I turn 18 on Wednesday.

Well, then I guess I better hurry up then.

I don't have much time.

- Hey, Dan.

- Hey, Monty.

- How you doing?
- Good. This is Mitch. It's his first day.
I want you to show him around.
Train him on everything while it's slow,
and when the dinner rush hits,
we'll have him watch the training videos.
Mitch, just listen to
what Monty says today,
and we'll have you out
on the floor by early next week.

- Sound good?
- Yeah.

All right then. Give him a quick tour
before your shift starts.
Good stuff.
Well, Mitch, first thing.
You ever worked in a restaurant before?

- Actually, yeah-
- Well, it doesn't really matter anyway.
Working in a restaurant's
all about learning a routine.
Everything that Dan wants me
to show you, teach you,
all that can be learned
in a few hours.
But...
if you wanna work here,
in this restaurant,
I really think that
you need to ask yourself
one simple question.
How do you feel about
frontal male nudity?

- What the heck-
- Pretty fucked up, huh?

You see, the reason that I ask
is most of the guys that work here
like to play this little game that involves
flashing their genitalia to each other.

- Are you serious?
- Yes, I'm serious.

Now, the exact object
of the game
is to get the other participants to unknowingly

look at your testicles and/or penis.
And if they do, you ridicule them
mercilessly for being a fag
and get to kick them
in the ass.

- But that's-

- I know. I know.

It's demented, depraved,
senseless.

All true.

Now there are rules to the game-
different variations on how to show your dick
and/or balls which allow for more kicks.

But we're gonna get
into that later.

Right now, the first thing
that you have to do
is look deep inside yourself and figure out
if you can take an eyeful of that.

So are you taking any interesting classes
this semester?

Well, yeah.

I'm only taking the two classes,
but I like 'em both.

I really like my teachers.

Cool guys.

Both have mustaches,
which is a little weird.

- Well, that's just terrific.

- Yeah.

- Guess who I ran into yesterday?

- Who's that?

Nancy Miller and her son Chet.

You remember Chet Miller, don't you?

Oh, yeah.

I remember Chet. Yeah.

- I haven't seen that guy since high school.

- Well, he was away at college.

Right.

Didn't you two have all the same
honors classes together?

Yeah, we sure did.

- Yeah, it sounds like he's doing really well.

- I'll bet.

Seems he just graduated with
a bachelor's degree in electrical engineering.

Wow. His parents must
really be proud, huh?

Well, I'm gonna go.

Always love these get-togethers.

I think we really
broke through there.

Let me tell you something.

My trainer, that bastard,
he didn't prewarn me at all.

He set me up big time.

- Right around that corner.

- Okay.

Look at the log, bitch.

There are few things
in this world more unsettling
than going into the back
to grab condiments,
and ending up staring
at a huge, steaming pile of cock.

Hey, Serena.

- Hey, babe.

- What's up, Hangover?

I'm not hung over.

- Oh, you and Monty were crazy last night.

- Yeah, it was cool.

How about you?

You have a good time?

I would've had a better time if somebody
hadn't been ignoring me all night.

Was that me?

Think Monty and I got
a little carried away.

- Oh, I swear, when you two are together.

- You're perverts! All of you.

If you guys can go five minutes without
referencing your genitals, I'll be amazed.

I know what you're thinking now.

You think we're all gay, don't you?

Think we're all just a bunch
of deviant lifestyle-living,
same-sex having motherfuckers,
am I right?

Yeah.

Well, listen. You can put that faggoty baby to bed right now.

None of the guys that work here are gay.

I mean, I'll stick my finger in my ass every now and again when I'm feeling squirrely, but that's about the extent of it.

It's absolutely true.

I've seen him do it.

See what I mean?

Perverts.

Hey, I've seen you use more than a finger.

- Oh!

- Bye, babe.

- What's up, buddy?

- Nothin', man. What's going on?

What? What?

- What's wrong?

- I'll tell you later.

Listen, man. You got nothing to worry about. It's just a game.

- Exactly.

- And besides, you know, if heterosexual men can't show their cocks to each other,

- then what the hell are we doing here?

- Amen, brother.

You're adorable.

Hey, Bishop.

This is Mitch.

He's the new guy.

I want you to do a couple things for me.

First, I want you to observe very closely your surroundings today.

Take everything in.

Leave no mental stone unturned.

Can you do that for me, Mitch?

Good.

Then I want you think about what your life would be like

if you had been born blind.
Thanks, Bishop.
Go. Go, go, go, go, go.
As you can see,
this is a wait station.
This is where you're gonna get the ice,
the soft drinks, the condiments,
the doggie bags,
et cetera and so forth.
That's the computer where you're gonna put
the food and drink orders in.
I hate this fucking place
sometimes, you know.
Why the fuck do we need four more people
on at this time of day, man?
Look at this place!
It's fucking dead.
I swear, Dan needs to clean the shit
out of his fucking brain sometimes, man.
Fucking asshole.
What are you looking at, fuckwad?
That's Naomi. And she's been
working here way too long.
But she's actually a pretty sweet girl
when she's drunk. Let's go.
Come on, baby.
It's nothin' like that.
It's true. You just treat me
like a piece of meat.
Not just any piece of meat, baby.
A prime rib.
- Really?
- Uh-huh. Baby, you're oozin' with sexuality.
Yeah, but why does it always
have to be about my looks?
Just 'cause I dress slutty
doesn't mean I am slutty.
Okay. This is for deliveries.
There's the Dumpster for the trash.
Also, if you wanna get out of the restaurant
and chill out, here you go.
And these two fun-loving pieces of wannabe
gangster shit are Nick and Theodore.
How many fucking times I told you, man?

It's the fucking T-dog, yo.

- Sorry, G.

- Hey, yo, bitch.

What makes you think

I won't cut you?

Aw. Come on, now, dog.

You know I'm just fucking with you.

You know I give you the mad,

phat, superfly, stupid-dope,

dumb-ass, retarded,

bomb-shit props.

Yo, it's almost 4:20, dog.

Let's go.

Those guys should be sterilized.

And I'm not kidding at all.

You don't talk much,

do you, Mitch?

- Actually, you haven't really given-

- That's okay.

'Cause I didn't talk much when I first started working here either.

You just gotta get used

to your surroundings.

- What's up, Poncho?

- Hey, Raddimus. How you doin'?

Actually, more importantly,

how are you and Danielle doing?

I saw that you guys

were arguing, and-

Shit, you know, it would be

a shame if you guys broke up.

You two are

really good together.

Fuck off, okay. Even if we did break up,

you stand no chance in hell, man.

She got this thing about dating grown men

who've had sex with 16-year-old girls.

See, that's the problem

with women, okay?

They're always trying to project

their own values on you.

Whatever.

Anyway, this is Mitch.

He just started today,

so I thought I'd give you the pleasure
of explaining the finer points
of the game to him.

Oh, virgin blood.

Follow me.

Come here.

I wanna talk to you.

Thanks, Raddimus.

Be gentle.

- There you go, Dean.

- Aw, thanks, Tyla. You rock.

Yeah, Tyla, you're the coolest girl
in the whole school.

Hey, man.

Tyla, every time I look at you,
I wish I was a lesbian.

Oh, what a coincidence.

Every time I look at you,

- I'm glad I'm a lesbian.

- Ouch.

Oh, hey, Christy.

It's just Calvin callin'.

Just starting to work the double.

You owe me.

No, I was kiddin'.

You don't really owe me anything.

So, I was just callin' ya,

'cause it's kind of dead here right now.

So, I don't know.

Give me a call back.

I'm at work.

Duh. Duh.

Come on. Talk to me, Goose.

What's wrong?

Remember Chet Miller

from high school?

- Tall guy, kind of smelled like my dad's ass?

- That's the one.

My mother told me he graduated with his
bachelor's degree in electrical engineering.

Yeah, so?

Well, you know, we were in all
the same classes in high school.

We're the same fucking age.

Well, yeah.

But electrical engineering?

- Come on. Screw that noise.

- Yeah, but come on, man.

We haven't even graduated
from community college.

Haven't even got
our A.A. degree.

Then when we do, what? What the hell
can you do with an A.A. degree anyway?

You can get a job substitute teaching
for retarded kids or something.

Exactly.

That's the dish area back there.

This is where you pick up the food.

That's Floyd. Floyd!

Welcome to Thunderdome, bitch.

Okay, that's the dry area, man.

That's where we keep all the condiments.

Right over here.

This is the cooler.

The milk and vegetables, whatever.

Back here is the freezer.

You'll find the meat-

Okay, so let me tell you
about this little game we play.

I assume Monty went over
the basic idea with you, right?

- Yeah, he-

- You know the object, right?

To have the other guy
look at you naked.

Are you okay with that?

What are you, some kind of a fucking sick,
demented pervert, huh?

- No. I was- He told me.

- Come on, bro. I'm just fucking with you.

Look, man, we're all sick.

All right?

Now, look.

The main thing to remember
is to get the other guy to unknowingly
look at your cock and balls.

Okay, don't just fucking pull down your pants

and say, "Look at my dick!"
You gotta be sneaky.
I'm gonna go through the positions with you.
The first one's the easiest.
Call that one "The Look. "
All right?
All you gotta do, pull down your pants
real quick, show 'em the goods.
If they look, you get to
kick 'em in the ass once.
Second one is called
"The Brain. " Right?
What you gotta do is isolate your nuts
with your fist.
Okay, now, take the time
to look at it, okay?
Because it bears
a striking resemblance to-
Aha. Brain. Yeah.
Okay. For that you get
two kicks.
- So-
- The third one, I call it the "Bat Wing. "
Okay. What you do is you take
the excess skin from your nuts,
and you take it and you make it flat
like paper, all right?
Now, once again, you take
the time to appreciate this.
You see that it looks all veiny and alive
like a bat wing, all right?
If they look, they get
three kicks, all right?
But you can't forget this,
all right?
You gotta call 'em
a fag, okay?
Very important.
The game loses it's meaning
if you don't humiliate them
for being a fucking meatcake.
You got that?
I just don't understand
why your mom gives you

so much shit anyway.
I don't know, man.
You know.
She's my mom. She wants me
to succeed in life.
Yeah. Whatever the hell that means.
Jesus, I'm just glad
my mom's not like that.
So I called your house

today at 2:

You were still asleep,
weren't you?
That's an understatement.
So what did you do last night?
I trust my little angeI
didn't do anything immoraI.
Well, let's see.
I started by getting completely
hammered drunk. It was bad.
Then drove while intoxicated to pick up
this disease-infested prostitute.
Uh-huh.
From there, let's see. Me and the hooker
went back to my place-
The hooker and I.
Excuse me. The hooker and I
went back to my place.
And from there-
God, it was just a blur of intravenous
drug abuse and unprotected sex
while taking
the Lord's name in vain.
Dean, did you know that when Monty was
a child, everyone thought he was retarded?
Dean, doesn't my mom
look old?
I mean, like, much older
than she rightfully should?
So why aren't you and Serena still together?
I liked her.
I don't know.
I guess it got old.
We had a relationship

based on orgasms.
Oh, how charming.
You are being safe,
aren't you?
I don't think I could handle
the idea of you reproducing.
Come on, Mom.
Of course I'm being safe.
I pull out.
Yes, well, your father
pulled out too,
but we've all seen
the tragic end of that story.
You think I wanna have kids?
Absolutely not.
That's why I stick to anal sex.
If only I had been so lucky.
Okay, so that's
the Abraham Lincoln.
But remember, you have to shave it
so it looks like his beard.
Otherwise, it don't count.
Now the last one.
The last one is called "The Goat. "
Okay, it's a bit trickier.
But if you can pull it off,
you are a god among men,
all right?
What you do is you take
your nuts and your dick, right?
And you tuck it underneath.
Pull your pants down,
show it, all right?
With it sticking out the backside.
You got that?
Okay, well, that just about covers
all the different variations that we have.
But you know, we're always
looking for new positions.
So next time you got a little down time,
you find yourself a little bored,
play with your nuts,
you know what I'm saying?
See what you come up with, okay?

It's all good.

All right. I really only have one thing
I wanna talk about today,
and that's teamwork.

When the dinner rush hits
and things start to get hectic,
you all have a tendency to start yelling
and screaming at one another.

That's just dumb and senseless, 'cause
you're only gonna be hurting yourselves.

Let's think about it. If you upset the hostess,
she's not gonna seat you.

If you upset the busboys, they're not gonna
care if your table's ready.

If you upset the cooks, they're not gonna care
if your food's taking too long.

- The brain!

- Ah, shit!

Oh, the brain!

I think you're all
great waiters and waitresses.

And you should be able to rely on one another
when you're in the weeds.

Remember, gang. The difference between
ordinary and extraordinary
is that little extra.

All right. That's all
I have for you today.

Let's have a great shift.

Oh, uh, push the fish.

It's about to turn.

That's it.

- Dean, can I have a word with you?

- Sure.

- Have a seat, Dean.

- Thanks, Dan.

- How long you been a waiter?

- Since I was 18,
so about four years.

Wow. You don't wanna be
a waiter forever, do you?

What do you mean?

Carson got promoted to GM
over at Riverside,

so we need a new
assistant manager.

I'd like to offer
the job to you.

- Are you serious?

- Heck, yeah, I'm serious.

Now I'm not gonna lie to you.

The job comes with more responsibility,
but it offers a lot more rewards.

You get full medical, dental,
two-weeks' paid vacation,
and I might add,
a hefty pay increase.

- I do pretty well.

- Cool.

It is cool.

And, let's not forget the power.

- Right.

- Control.

You tell people to do things,
and they have to do it,
or they get in trouble.

I mean, you're in the driver's seat here.
Your finger's on the button.

- Think about it.

- Okay.

Well.

- Are you okay? If you're not interested-

- No, no, no.

It's not that I'm not interested,
I just-

Sorry, Dan, just a lot of things-

Can I take a little while to think about it?

Yeah. Oh, sure.

Yeah, yeah.

Take your time.

Yeah, don't rush, you know.

Talk about it next week
or something like that.

- Cool. Thanks, Dan.

- Let me ask you something.

- What's that?

- Why don't we hang out?

- Oh. Like-

- Why don't we hang out more often?
- We do at work.
- You and me.
I was thinking to myself last night,
laying in bed, going,
"Why don't Dean and I hang out?
We're practically the same guy. "
I- I-I sort of have a core group of friends.
You have your own friends and-
You know what?
You'd think I do. I don't.
- Has anyone seen Dean?
- Oh, he's in the back talking to Dan.
Yeah, you wanna know
what they're talking about?
Dan wants to make Dean
assistant fuckin' manager.
- Well, did he take the job?
- I don't know. I couldn't-
He better fuckin' not have.
Okay, whoa, whoa.
Hold on.
I gotta warn you. Take my car,
what do you think's gonna happen?
- Yeah, I don't really think-
- Score.
Okay.
God.
Hey, so what was that about?
Nothing important.
Just bullshit.
What?
Hey, there, folks. My name's Dean.
I'll be your waiter today.
Can get you something to drink while
you're looking at the menus?
Hi, there, guys. My name is Serena,
and I'll be taking care of you today.
Hey, there, ladies. Hi, my name is Amy,
and I'll be your waitress today.
Is there anything I can get you to drink
while you're looking at the menus?
Yeah, I want a single shot of whiskey
and a double-shot of whiskey,

and she'll have a water.
You know, what the hell?
It's our anniversary.
Why don't you bring her
a Pepsi?
You'll be taking care of us?
I like the sound of that.
I like that.
Okay, I don't mean
to be a bitch,
but the last four times we've come here,
the food was awful.
Well, I apologize for
the food the last few times,
and we will certainly do our best
to make sure that doesn't happen again.
Yeah, that's what
the last waitress said.
- Can I get an extra side of blue cheese?
- Sir, yes, sir.
Right. Blue cheese
for you, stat.
- Have a good day, big guy.
- Thanks.
Assistant Manager Jackoff.
Come on, you worthless dick.
Just pee.
Fuck.
I'll try the other hand maybe.
Goddamn it.
I can't believe you would
do that to me.
No, that's it. Do not-
Do not call me back.
Hey. Are you okay?
I'm about this close to
swearing off men altogether.
Let me get you another drink.
All right, see what
Serena's doing right there?
- She's baiting those poor saps.
- I love Patrick Swayze.
- Yeah?
- Yeah, you kind of remind me of him.

I guarantee you they're gonna
leave her a fat tip.

Women, they're so fuckin' wily.

Oh, but poor, Amy.

She's a different story.

She was D.O.A.

from the very beginning.

And by extra lemon we mean enough
for our waters and then some more.

Look at the scowI

on that woman's face.

- It's all my fault.

- That would be lovely.

- Thank you.

- Thank you so much.

- Don't worry.

- You are too kind.

She'll be lucky to get
ten percent.

I'm surprised you didn't
give those guys a lap dance.

Oh, what's that, jealousy?

- Women troubles, Amy?

- I just don't understand

what would compeI a person to be
such a bitch to a totaI stranger.

- Maybe she was abused as a child.

- Oh, God. I fucking hope so.

Oh, man.

You look really pissed.

- You really are an asshole.

- Shenaniganz.

- Fuck you.

- He has a shy bladder.

- So is there-

- Mitch, go in the back, check out the cooks.

I'll be there in

a few minutes, okay?

So, what do you think
of Natasha?

- I think she's illegaI.

- Yeah. I've made peace with that.

Seriously, look at her. You know
she has that Scooby-Doo tongue.

Statutory rape.

On the other hand,
maybe she is too young.

Like that's ever
stopped you before.

That is a very,
very good point.

And I'm convinced Natasha will be mine.

Thanks for the advice, buddy.

- Hey, anytime.

- Yeah.

- What's going on with you and Amy?

- What's up, Obsession?

- Shut up.

- So how long have you two been-

- Three months. Shit or get off the pot time.

- Yep.

- Has even hinted that he's aware of it?

- No, he's acting oblivious.

Are you gonna talk to her or hope you're never
forced to make an actual decision?

- I'm going with option "B".

- That's my boy.

- Have you talked to him about it?

- No. I'm playing hard to get.

Oh, but haven't you slept
with him the past five nights?

Well, not really hard to get.

She really is a little badass though.

And fun to hang out with. Laid back.

Maintenance fees are really low.

I like that.

Yeah, she's a cool chick. I'd do her.

Hell, I'd probably even pay.

I would.

I don't know, man. I'm not even
thinking about Amy right now.

- Who are you thinking about?

- Chet Miller.

Come on, man!

You're wracked with regret
just because some old fuck-boy
classmate graduated college?

Are you gonna take

the assistant manager job?
Wait. How the hell
do you know about that?
Are you fucking kidding me?
You know this place.
People with the day off
already know.
Half of me is like take the job. I could
really use the money. It's a smart move.
But the other halves like,
"Am I fucking nuts?"
Do I really wanna
end up like Dan?
Busted.
Hey, Rocco?
It's Dan down at Shenanigans.
Got another one for ya.
All right.
Not on my watch.
And there you go, folks.
Damn, boy. What the hell
took so long?
Well, you had
the two well-done steaks,
so it usually takes
a little while to cook.
Yeah, well, could you
get me some more ketchup?
Sure. No problem.
Nothin' sets off the flavor
of a steak like some ketchup.
And his mouth tasted
just like buttermilk.
Hey, Monty? Could you
drop off my food, please?
I can't deal with
that bitch anymore.
No problem.
It's go time, Mitch.
Hey, there, ladies. Amy's busy
so I thought I'd bring your food out.
But I still have
some salad left.
Oh, well, would you like me to take the food

back and bring it out in a few minutes?

Yeah, and let it dry out
under the heat lamps?

Just give me the food.

Okay. There you go.

Wait. Did that waitress
listen to a word I said?

This steak is medium rare.

I asked for it medium. And I wanted
extra gravy on my mashed potatoes.

Let me ask you something.

How hard is your job?

How intelligent do you have to be
to take a food order?

- Jesus!

- Ma'am.

Ma'am, you're absolutely right,
and I apologize.

I'm gonna get this fixed
for you right away.

Good. Now I can
finish my salad.

Okay.

Gentlemen, we have our first
official bee-atch of the day.

Oh, come on, guys.

She wasn't that bad, was she?

Well, Amy, it's your table.

You decide.

She was a fucking bitch!

Do it.

Yo, we need to get
some fucking hydroponics
so we can grow
our own shit, yo.

Hells, yes. Soon as we get the hydro,
we can run this city like the fuckin' mob.
I swear, we gotta grow it, smoke it, sell it.
We'd be a fucking pimp.

Yo, and you know the bitches
be lovin' that shit.

We'll get more fuckin' puss
than Busta, more than Dre,
more than fuckin' Snoop Dogg.

So it's on then?
We're getting the fucking hydro.
We're gonna run this city
like the motherfucking mob.
The first thing we do is add a little extra gravy
to the mashed potato.
Ah, that's it. Good job, buddy.
Nice one.
Followed by a thin spread
of cheese for your garlic bread.
- Some "fromunda" cheese.
- Yeah, make us proud.
Fresh from the taint.
We like this. Good.
- Up next, what we're gonna do-
- How about a little guacamole for the steak?
Whoa, whoa, whoa.
What are you doing?
Come on, man. You can't be mixing
Mexican and Continental.
Come on, man.
I thought you was better than that.
All right.
How about a little garlic salt?
That's what I'm talking about.
Finesse, baby!
These guys have
a deep commitment to their job.
Finally, a garnish
of alfalfa sprouts.
Adds a touch of cla-
Touch of class to any meal.
There we go.
Oh, God.
Good stuff.
I'll pull out my motherfuckin' shotty.
Pull up like John Gotti.
I'll have the motherfucker on the carpet.
I fucked that bitch!
Hell, yeah, motherfucker.
We be down-
Okay, Nicholas,
Theodore. Boys.
It doesn't take ten minutes

to take out the trash.

Now, if you don't get your asses out front
and start doing some work,
I'm gonna fire you faster than you can say,
"Yo, MTV Raps. "

- Yes, sir.

- I'm sorry?

- Yes, sir.

- Yes, sir.

Hey, Rocco.

Yeah, right there.

Here you go, ma'am.

I had the chefs take
extra special care of it for you.

I'm truly sorry
for the inconvenience.

You know, we should probably feel guilty,
but she broke the cardinal rule:

Don't fuck with people
that handle your food.

All right. How you guys doin'?

Everything prepared okay?

Could be better.

It'll do.

I'm sorry. Is there anything
I can do to make it better?

Yeah, get me an extra roll.

And bring me the check.

Sure.

No problem.

And I'm gonna sing
that bitch a fucking 187.

All right then, Calvin.

Just relax and start
at the beginning.

Okay.

About three months ago I just finished my shift,
and I really had to take a piss.

So, I go into the bathroom.

And I'm at the urinal,
just waiting for the flow,
minding my own business.

When I notice out of
my peripheral vision

the guy standing next to me
was looking straight at my dick.
He's just staring at it
like they're old pals.
I could practically hear
what he was thinking.
"Whoa. That's a nice dick. "
And that's it.
Since that time, I haven't been able
to use a public bathroom.
Goodness.
And the next time I tried to take a leak,
I could've sworn
the guy standing next to me was staring at me,
and I freaked.
Quit staring at my dick!
In retrospect, I think
I might've been mistaken.
What about the stall?
No, it didn't work either.
Every time I go to take a piss, I get the image
of that guy's eyes on my shank.
And then that's when
I start hearing the voices.
Voices?
I get this paranoid feeling
there are people outside the stall,
and they know I'm having
a difficult time taking a piss.
I can hear them saying,
"What's taking him so long?
Why can't he just piss
like a normal person?
I don't hear any pee!"
I'm really fucked up.
Psychosomatic auditory
hallucinations.
Most people have to pay
for such a thing.
So what the hell should I do?
Well, first,
you need to think about how this problem
affects other parts of your personality.
- Oh.

- See, I recommend-

Oh, bro, that ain't right, man.

- Take a look at the bat wing, bitch!

- Oh, it's so veiny.

Damn, Raddimus. Does Danielle know that you like to go both ways? How does that work?

Sweet victory.

Good job, asshole.

I'm sorry. Go ahead.

Hello, sir. My name is Monty.

This is my trainee, Mitch.

- How are you doing today?

- Oh, I'm slipping gradually into senility.

Really? Do you consider that a good thing or a bad thing?

Well, it's a mixed bag.

It's good in the sense that I can take walks in my underwear.

I can give small children the middle finger.

But as long as I look happy while I'm doing it, people just assume I'm senile.

Yeah, so what's the bad?

Well, sometimes I give small children the middle finger and don't realize I'm doing it until someone slaps me.

So I really am going senile.

Alzheimer's can't be all bad.

You get a chance to meet new people every day.

- I like you, Monty.

- I like you too, sir.

I like you too, Monty.

So what could I get you to drink?

I trust you.

You know what?

You can count on me, sir.

I don't even care if he gives me a poor tip, that is the coolest old man I've met in my entire life.

- How's your table?
- Couple of hicks.
- Yikes.
- Yeah, but the check total's \$63,
so even if they tip 15 percent
I should make 10 bucks.
You're a bastard. So far I've made
Jesus.
There you go, buddy.
It's all you.
Thanks a lot.
We'll see you next time.
How much did they leave you?
\$1.91.
No fucking way.
Excuse me, sir.
You forgot your change.
No. That's for you.
That's your tip.
Oh, no, no, no.
I insist. You take it.
You obviously need this
more than I do.
I wanna speak to your manager now, please.
This is horse shit.
Okay, Mitch, you see what
Dean did there?
Don't ever do that.
- What, did he stiff you?
- He might as fucking well have.
Two bucks on a \$63 check.
Oh, damn.
That is pretty shitty.
For insulting me I should get some free
gift certificates and a key chain and a hat.
Absolutely, sir. Yes.
And how about a couple of sundaes
with some nuts on 'em?
Yeah, I will have Natasha
take down all your information,
and I will make sure corporate
sends those to you.
You're gonna mail me a sundae?
I want it now.

Get in here. You wanna explain to me
what the heck you were thinking?
Insulting a customer like that?
You're right. I know.
I know. He just-
I'm having a really bad day, Dan, and that guy
caught me at the worst possible moment.
- I'm sorry. I lost it.
- You're sorry?
I don't understand.
I've never gotten a complaint on you.
And you had to pick the day
I offer you a promotion?
I promise you it won't
happen again, okay?
Opportunity is knocking at the door.
If you don't wanna answer it, fine.
There are people who
would jump at the chance.
Calvin is chomping at the bit
for this job.
I am offering you an opportunity to take it
to the next level, earn more money.
I want an answer by the end
of your shift... tonight!
And Dean,
this is an exploding offer.
I don't work within
the exact boundaries of the law,
because I wasn't consulted
when the goddamn laws were made.
No, instead, nameless,
faceless politicians,
the so-called protectors of the moral majority
decide what is right and what is wrong.
I mean, come on!
I govern my life around my own personal code
of ethics, and I suggest you do the same.
That way if, within the constructs
of my own morality
I were to do something
that was considered illegal, so be it.
I feel no guilt whatsoever.
And furthermore, if I were to buckle

under the social weight of the system
by adhering to laws that
I do not truly believe in,
then I would be extinguishing the very fire
of patriotism and individuality.
It's- It's so-
In a sense,
by having sex with Natasha,
I'd be preserving the rights our forefathers
fought and died for, right?
- Well, I guess-
- Bro, it was a rhetorical question.
Okay? So-
Oh, hey, Dean. I heard Dan yelling at you.
It was kind of crazy.
You think you're still in the running
for the assistant manager?
Did you ever just wake up and realize,
"Holy shit. I'm a fucking loser. "
Yeah, man.
God, I just wanna be able to say,
"I wanna be a teacher," you know,
or a podiatrist or
a fucking electrical engineer.
Anything!
Just have a fucking clue!
Hey, who has a clue, right?
Hey, I don't. Hello?
I don't know what's going on.
Hey, could you put down
the ice pick?
- Sorry you had to hear that guy yell.
- Oh, it's okay.
You shouldn't have to be
subjected to that.
You're way too sweet.
- Way too cute, too.
- Stop it. You're gonna make me blush.
Bet you drive the boys wild
at your school.
Maybe. I don't really like
the boys at my school.
No? Why?
I prefer older men.

Really? Wow.

I like a man in power.

Yeah, well, being a manager,
obviously, I know what you mean.

It takes a lot of power to command the respect
of everybody at the restaurant.

- That's true.

- Yeah.

We should go to dinner sometime
and talk about it.

I'll bring my manager card,
and we'll just eat for free.

As they say,
membership has its privileges.

What's up with you?

What are you still doing here?

Christy asked me to work for her,
so I'm working a double.

Time-out. Isn't this
your only night off this week?

Yeah.

And you're using it to work
a double-shift for Christy?

Wait. You actually have to get the pussy
before you can be whipped by it.

- That's right.

- You guys suck.

- Yes, we do.

- Wait. Didn't you take out Christy last night?

- Yeah, we went out last night.

- Come on, man! Details!

Fuck the details. I wanna know.

Did you do it? Did you make a move?

- What do you mean?

- Don't give me that shit. You know.

- Did you kiss her? Rub against her skin?

- Cuddle with her? Rub her leg?

- Hold her hand?

- Nipple tweak? Anything?

- No, I'm still-

- Oh, my God!

I need more time.

- Forget it. It's over. You're fucked.

- Not literally.

- Why? Because you won't pull the trigger.

- And you're too fucking nice!

Why do you always say that?

I'm not-

- What happens with every girl you like?

- Nothing!

You take 'em out, you pay for everything,
and you never make a move!

Then you home, alone, to masturbate
while you cry, using your own tears-

That was once, and I was drunk
and it was Valentine's day. So back off.

Don't try to candy coat it.

All we ever do is hang out and have sex.

What are you talking about? Didn't I take you
to the movies last week, huh? Huh?

Yeah, but you kept trying
to get me to jerk you off.

What do you want?

It was a dull movie.

Yeah, but I just get the feeling
that you don't care.

I don't care?

I don't care?

When my uncle died, didn't I ask
you to be by my side at the funeral?

Yeah, but you kept trying
to get me to jerk you off.

How many times can we have
the same exact conversation?

It's like we're stuck
in a time paradox
where neither our wisdom nor your virginity
will ever escape.

I attempt to make a move.

I get in close.

I'm there and I just get-

Fuck!

- You need therapy.

- Hush, now.

The way I see it, with chicks,
there's really only two possible things
that could happen.

Either they won't sleep with you,

and then there's no need to call them again,
or they do sleep with you, and then
there's no need to call them again.
This is what I don't get. How can someone
be such a complete asshole all the time
and get as many women
as you do?
That's a good question.
- Amy! Serena! Calvin needs our help.
- No.
- No, I don't need help.
- Shh, shh.
Women like assholes,
am I right?
- Well, I agree that you're an asshole.
- Okay.
"A", fuck you.
"B", just answer the question.
Well, okay. Girls like assholes,
not women.
What women are attracted to
is self-confidence.
Yes, and we absolutely
fucking hate insecurity.
Yes! The more insecure you are
the more you ask, "Is something wrong?"
- "Is everything okay?"
- "What are you thinking about?"
"What's wrong?"
And the more you do that, Calvin,
the more it becomes
this self-fulfilling prophecy.
You just need to relax
and not worry so much. Okay?
Yeah. That makes
a lot of sense.
- I'm gonna work on it.
- Yeah. Yeah, you do that.
And by the way, take whatever advice
that she gives you with a big grain of salt.
Yeah, and take anything that he gives you
with a shot of penicillin.
Seriously, Calvin,
do yourself a favor.

Unless you're combing the playground
for middle schoolers,
don't become an asshole
like Monty.

Correct me if I'm wrong,
but haven't I been inside you?

- Oh, Monty.

- Oh, me.

You wanna brag about your sexual conquests,
you big stud, you?

Okay, you know what? Fine.

Let's talk about it.

Let me describe Monty's
amazing sexual prowess.

He'd barreled into me with that pathetic excuse
for a child's penis.

And it would end so quickly,
so abruptly,

I wouldn't even have time
to feel any sort of
morbid, accidental amusement
towards his "technique,"
which was basically him
seizing on top of me
for, oh, about 45 seconds,
while I laid there trying
not to laugh... or cry.

Ouch.

Is it any wonder why you still date girls
in high school?

They're the only ones left.

They don't know any better.

Okay, okay. All right.

First of all, for the record,

I always had an orgasm
when we had sex.

Secondly, everybody knows
that I'm orally fixated.

You can't deny that I played your vagina
like a violin.

Oh! As if that somehow negates the fact
that once we got past foreplay,
you turned into the little engine
that couldn't hold his load.

Oh, what the fuck ever!
If I was that bad, then why were
you at my house every night?
All I had to do was call
and say, "Hey. I'm horny. "
And then fucking poof!
As if by some form of slut magic
you'd appear. Now why is that?
Because at first, I really
liked spending time with you.
I thought you were a genuinely
interesting guy to be around.
Very true.
But eventually, it all wore thin.
I realized that your personality
was just one short punctuated
joke after another,
much like our sex life.
And, oh, Monty, do you remember
why we stopped dating?
Yeah, I do.
Because you were old news.
I was looking at other girls and getting bored.
Basically, that was why.
Yeah, yeah. All that.
And the fact that I dumped you.
- Wait, I thought you said you dumped-
- Shut up, Calvin.
I was just trying to let you down easy,
but this is bullshit.
We both know that you enjoyed
having sex with me.
The only real pleasure I ever got
from having sex with you
came from making fun of it
later with my friends.
- Tell him, Amy.
- It's true. We laughed a lot at your expense.
So you know when you're walking past
a group of people, you hear them laughing,
you sometimes get that paranoid
self-conscious feeling?
Maybe they're laughing about you
when they're really not?

Well, in your case,
they really are.
God, I love her.
Oh, hello there.
Thank you for joining our family
at Shenaniganz bar and grill.
It is our goal to maintain the absolute
highest standard in all aspects-
Hey, man.
We all had to watch it.
I'm gonna come back and get you after
the dinner rush. The tape should be done then.
CooI?
Well, I mean, I guess. I-
...of our most sacred
company policies
to ensure that you have
all the skills necessary
- to uphold our standard of excellence.
- Shit.
Are you ready? Well, okay.
Follow me.
All right, men.
This is it.
The time has come. Remember,
product pride. Portion consciousness.
Zero hour is upon us.
Let us seize the day!
Yeah, yeah!
Carpe deez nuts.
God, I can't wait to quit
this job!
Okay, your waiter
will be right with you.
Hi there, folks.
What can I get you to drink?
Would you like to start
with an appetizer?
Would you like a baked potato,
french fries or rice pilaf?
- Order up!
- Is everything prepared okay?
- How about some dessert?
- And here you go, folks.

I hope you enjoyed everything.

I know I did.

- Fuck!

- The five-second rule! The five-second rule!

One, two, three,

four, five.

A little floor spice makes everything nice.

There you go.

Damn, man. We almost had to switch

to the ten-second rule.

You green

snot-beard faggot!

Fuck you!

- Oh, no.

- Hang on. I only have a small order.

- I have to put in an appetizer. Goddamn it.

- Chill the fuck out!

Well, hurry up.

Okay, hey, gang.

Listen up.

Let's get out there,

take care of our guests.

I know it's getting crazy,

but we can do it. We can do it.

Let's put that extra- just that little extra-

back in extraordinary.

Okay. There's no

"me" in "team. "

Yeah.

Hey, guys. Which one of these

is medium rare?

Shoot. Let's just-

Goddamn it!

Please.

Let me do it.

All right, you two, let's go.

Hurry up, or your asses

are fired!

So remember, find the solution

before there's a problem.

Now let's go take a look at our problem

back in the kitchen.

Come on, guys.

This is bull crap.

Where the hell's
my chicken sandwich?
Fuck you, bitch!
What the hell
did I do to you, Floyd?
Eat at Shenaniganz
enjoy your food
Eat at Shenaniganz
Calvin works here
Okay, that's hardly sanitary.
Hey, Dan. I have a table
that needs to-
Trying to get a feeI for the whole
manager thing. You caught me.
Do you think you could get a feeI for it outside?
I need some fresh air.
Hey, hey, Christy.
It's Calvin again. I-
Just calling again.
Just checking in or whatever.
Called before a few times.
Maybe you didn't-
I got all my bars.
So anyway, it's getting
kind of busy.
But I'm never too busy
to call you.
So call me back. You know the number.
Okay. Bye.
Fuck.
So is everything okay?
Is something wrong?
Are you mad?
Yeah?
Somethin' bad happens
when you become a manager.
You put on your fuckin' tie, and you get
your fuckin' little manager card,
and you're think you're so fuckin' cool
because you write the schedule
and tell us what to do.
When in reality, you know you're not even
worth a bit of bullshit!
Whoa, Naomi!

Relax.

Relax, woman.

I guess if you become manager, you won't be able to date any of the waitresses.

While working here, you'll probably find some of your fellow employees attractive.

It's okay. There's nothing wrong with that.

But it's important not to act on those urges.

For Shenanigans to run like an efficient, well-oiled machine,

it's a must that

everyone act as a team.

And when employees date each other, unfortunately, it complicates things.

So for that reason

we strongly discourage

such relationships from forming.

- Dean, Amy, I just sat you.

- Oh, shit. What do we got?

Well, yours are cool.

They look like business people.

- All right.

- What about mine?

I don't know.

They don't speak English.

- Foreigners!

- I'm sorry.

- Are you mad at me?

- No, I swear. I'm just going by the rotation.

I fuckin' hate foreigners!

It's such bullshit!

Like they don't know how to tip?

Oh, they know.

Aw, yeah, they fuckin' know.

All right.

It's time to show the goat.

You could cut through shoes if you had to.

- I mean-

- What are you doing, man?

Frontline stuff. Watch this.

Watch this.

We have just been cutting things
And the cooks, they just
love it because every time-
Hey, there, folks. My name is Amy,
and I'll be taking care of you.
- Sir, what can I get for you?
- I'd like a New York strip, mid rare,
and a baked potato with
sour cream and chives only.
And- Hey. You're not
writing any of this down.
Oh. SteeI-trap.
You got the baby back ribs
with fries,
you got the Mandingo chicken with rice
and a salad with a side of blue cheese.
I respect
the lactose intolerance.
Okay. Okay, you're good.
Haley is so fuckin' fine, you know I be all up
in that shit. Give her the bowling ball grip.
Two in the pink,
one in the stink.
You guys are so one-dimensionaI.
Well, fuck you, whitey.
I just sat you.
You're gonna love them.
Hey, there, ladies.
My name is Monty.
Hey, Floyd, make sure there's no bacon
on that chef salad. It's against her religion.
- All right?
- Yes, master. Right away, master.
Ain't gonna be no bacon
on the salad, master.
No bacon. Oh, no, no.
Oh, no, no. Please. Oh.
Oh, no.
No bacon on the salad
So, is there anything else
I can get you folks this evening?
I think I'd like
a hot fudge sundae.
That does sound good.

I'll be right back with that for you.
Like that bitch needs to be
eating dessert anyway.
You know, if you ever want counseling
in anger management or...
alcoholism, I'd be more
than glad to do it for you.
You'd do that for me?
Thank you.
I appreciate that.
But I think I'd rather you just
wash the fucking dishes
and shut the fuck up!
Fucking psychobabble-bullshit
asshole!
Fuckin' bitch.
Son of a bitch, cocksucker.
Fuckin', I hate her.
I hate her!
Fuckin' Nick and T-dog!
That is why we are always on guard
for guests. You never know when-
- Shit.
- So you have to make sure they-
Fuck! Man, no!
If we're gonna beat last year's numbers,
I need you to be more hands-on.
I need you to be sure things
don't fall through the cracks.
Basically, I need you
to be more like Dean here.
I question whether you can
see that by me serving food,
but thank you anyway.
- How is everything, guys?
- Everything's perfect.
You're a master of your craft.
Thanks.
You keep this up, I may just try
to lure you away from this place.
All right.
Well, thank you, sir.
Let me know if
you need anything, guys.

You're probably wondering what makes
Shenanigans such a great restaurant.
So I thought I'd share with you
a few key examples
of why we've had so much success.
First of all,
our entrees are always cooked
exquisitely to perfection.
Our deserts were designed
by gourmet chefs.
We always treat our guests
with respect and dignity.
Did you see the tits
on table 12?
We treat each other
with respect and dignity.
Fuckin'- ass pervert!
Remember, the difference between ordinary
and extraordinary
is that little extra.
The penis just looks ridiculous.
It's like a shriveled roll of dimes or something.
I know. It's a joke.
- She's in love.
- Hey, Tyla.
You gonna talk to your girlfriend all night
or make my drink?
That's okay.
I understand how it works.
Birds of a feather
flock to vagina.
Get off your ass and get help!
You want some help, bitch?
Here you go.
Theodore! What the heck
are you doing?
How many times I told you?
My name is T-dog, bitch!
My name is T-dog, bitch!
My name is T-dog, bitch!
Hey, sweetie. It's almost 9:00.
I just came to say good-bye.
Hey, baby.
You wanna go in the car

and have a little sex?
So what if there's plenty of parking spaces?
It's the principle of the matter.
Hey, you're preaching to the choir here.
Know what I mean?
The lord giveth, the lord taketh away.
Damn, come on.
What the fuck?
Here you go, sir. Once again,
I hope you enjoyed everything.
- Thanks.
- See you guys.
Dean, I wanna tell you,
you did an extraordinary job.
Oh, thank you, sir.
- How old are you?
- I'm 22.
Well, you're obviously
a very intelligent young man.
Let me give you my card.
Ever get tired of this place,
you're looking for a new opportunity,
- you give me a call.
- All right.
Thank you, sir.
I honestly appreciate that.
Great. All right.
Have a good night, guys.
Thanks again. Thank you.
Well, I hope he calls.
Mama said they's my magic shoes.
Mama said they'd
take me anywhere.
Of course, Mama used to beat me
with a rubber hose, call me a retard.
Dude, please stop.
Stop. Okay?
I appreciate what
you're trying to do. I do.
But, dude, I'm really not in the mood
for smiling, all right?
Okay.
- What?
- The old lady at table 37 wants you to sing

the birthday song
for her grandson.
His name is Timmy,
and he's eight years old.
I need birthday singers!
- Come on, people! We need birthday singers!
- Fuck.
There he is.
There's the big winner.
- Yeah!
- Hey.
All right. Attention, guests!
Today's a very special occasion.
It's Timmy's eighth birthday!
Big round of applause.
He's earned it.
He's got his whole life ahead of him.
The sky's the limit.
I don't know but I've been told
Someone here is getting old
Good news is dessert is free
Bad news is we sing off-key
Happy birthday
To you
- Look at the camera!
- Picture time.
- All right. All right.
- Cry it off.
Well, we can't go
in the parking lot.
Can't go anywhere
in the kitchen.
Well, maybe we could-
We are not having sex
in the bathroom.
- But-
- No. No way. Forget it.
Oh. Come on, baby.
Come on.
Okay.
- Okay, but this is the last time.
- Yeah, yeah, yeah.
So where do you girls
go to college?

Actually, we're still
in high school.
You're kidding.
How old are you girls?
Sixteen.
Wow.
You look a lot older than that.
I would've guessed 19, 20, maybe 21.
Yeah, we get that a lot.
Here. Let me give you
a hand with that.
It's the stupid childproof lighters.
Hey, Bishop. Can I talk
to you about something?
Yeah, sure. Have a seat.
Thanks.
All right, so I went
to my mother's this morning.
You've been working here, what?
About a year and four months, right?
Yeah, I guess. About.
- But anyway, we have a good relationship-
- About three years ago,
this restaurant went through
quite a low point.
Okay, I'm sorry. Did you wanna hear
what I was gonna say or-
Please. See, the store morale
was beginning to slip.
Clientele base began
dropping off.
That of course, led to lower tips,
which in time,
led to an even lower
store morale.
Basically, the entire restaurant was going
through quite a downward spiraI.
Okay.
Then Raddimus began
working here.
And with him came the penis-showin' game
you all like to play.
Okay, I- Why are you
telling me this?

Restaurant began to improve.
Employees started having more fun at work.
They started joking around a lot more,
which led to a raise in the clientele base,
higher tips
and so on and so forth.
Yeah, I still don't understand, Bishop.
Point is,
the penis-showin' game
became a catalyst
for the change necessary
to be made in the restaurant.
So, when things in your life
become stagnant.
You know, you're no longer happy
with what you're doing.
Then you figure out
what's important to you.
Then create your own
penis-showin' game.
Metaphorically speaking,
that is.
Okay. Okay, thanks, Bishop.
So do you think taking the assistant manager
job would be like my penis-showing game?
Is that what you're saying?
Okay.
Where the hell is it?
It's been over half an hour!
Told you it'd be up in a minute!
Get out of my face or I'll lose your ticket!
What? What do you want?
Get back to the training room, you ass cock!
Goddamn it! I hate these fuckin' cooks.
I hate them!
Twenty minutes for two medium-rare steaks?
This is bullshit.
What the hell? They need to get rid of every
single one of these lousy cocksucking mother-
So how is everything?
Give me a call
when you get this.
Can you bring this to table 75?
I gotta try to take a piss.

- Okay, good luck.

- Thanks.

Okay, so how would you like
your steak prepared?

Oh, let's see.

Medium, medium-rare.

Well, I want a hot, pink center.

Don't we all?

All right. Do you know
what you guys want?

- I'd like a tossed salad, please.

- Oh, you're bad.

Yo, girI, give me
the instant camera.

Yo, there's a birthday party in the kitchen.

We're gonna take a picture.

Bus table 73 first,
and then I'll give you the camera.

Yeah, whatever.

Ma'am, I don't doubt
the steak was overcooked,
but did you have to eat it all
before you complained about it?

It's too bad chlamydia has to be a venereaI
disease. It's such a pleasant-sounding word.

- Chlamydia?

- Chlamydia.

Chlamydia. I think I might
name my daughter Chlamydia.

Okay, he wanted the jumbo shrimp
with baked potato, and she wanted the-
Fuck. What did she order?

- I can't.

- Hothead.

Hi. Here's your change.

I hope you guys have a really nice evening.

- Fuck.

- Hurry up. Come on.

What's taking so long?

Shh. I'm trying to concentrate.

Somebody here?

Hurry up.

This is crazy.

Shh, shh, shh.

No, no. Stop. Stop.

- Here we go.

- Oh, God!

- My fuckin' man! Yeah, man!

- You like that?

Yo, give me the fucking picture back.

So, what are you doing tonight?

Oh, I'm sure I'll end up
at the party.

Oh, yeah?

Do you-

Do you think I-

- You wanna come to the party?

- Well, yeah.

Those guys, they always seem to forget
to tell me where it's at.

Okay. As soon as

I find out where it is,

I'll make sure

to give you directions.

Well, then. Tonight should be a good night
for both of us, huh?

Only 30 more minutes

to go, man.

We better not have no late-night asshole
comin' in here.

So how'd y'all do tonight?

- I made about 70.

- 86.

I made 67 on a double.

Oh, God.

How pissed are you?

- How much did you make?

- A bill.

I never make- How do you make
a hundred dollars every night?

- You wanna know?

- Yeah.

You really wanna know how I make
a hundred dollars every night?

- Yes.

- It's all about that right there.

Yes!

Yes!

Monty with the assist!
I can't believe how many homos
we got working in here.
It's crazy.
Mitch, cherry-popping time.
Okay, Monty, my bitch.
Kick me a field goal.
You know what?
I don't understand.
You plot and you scheme on how to
get the other person to look at your goat
or chicken wing or whatever.
And then when he looks,
you call him a fag.
It's like it's an exercise
in retarded homophobic futility.
You know you girls love it.
So, seriously, ladies,
why don't you wanna play the game?
I really think that we'd be willing
to amend the rules for you.
- Oh, yeah. I bet you would.
- No girl would ever play that game.
Why not?
- You wanna know why?
- Yeah.
- You really wanna know why?
- I really do.
Okay. I'll tell you why.
- It's because of this!
- Oh!
Oh, yeah. Bang.
Pow! Pow! Pow!
It's so angry!
Oh, God.
Does that thing have its shots?
- Put it away. Put it away.
- Dinner is served!
Oh, my God.
Well, it's official.
Now my penis is just for show.
Mitch, you picked a fucked-up night
to start working here.
- Oh, my God.

- Bend over, boys.
Oh, it's ladies' time.
- Spread 'em. Let's go.
- All right. That's enough.
You loved it.
- Mitch, you're coming to the party tonight?
- Well, yeah-
Great. Let's get
this party started then.
I gotta stop home first.
I'll meet you there.
Why do you have to go home?
Oh. Right. Sorry, Calvin.
Okay, baby doll,
you're definitely coming, right?
If you do everything right,
I will.
Oh, God, Natasha, you're gonna have
to stop that. You're making it hard.
I mean, difficult.
Hey, Cochise, we're out.
I'll see you, okay?
Yeah. I'll see you there.
Okay, I am so ready
to get stupid.
Only three more minutes
till the ball drop, baby. Come on.
Come on.
- Oh, hi there.
- You're not closed yet, are you?
- Not quite.
- Oh, terrific.
- Great.
- Here you go.
And Dean will be
your waiter this evening.
Awesome.
Hey, there, folks. My name is Dean.
I'll be your waiter this evening.
Hello, Dean.
Hey, Chet.
I'm sorry, guys.
Why? Why? Why? Why?
Okay, so I'll go ahead

and put your order in,
and maybe when I come back
we'll catch up a bit.

- Yeah, sounds good.

- Cool.

Oops. How clumsy of me.

Oh, man, look what I did.

I'm all thumbs today.

All right, guys. Here you go, Chet.

You got a steak.

So, did you hear?

I got my bachelor's degree.

Yeah, yeah.

My mother told me.

- That's really cool. Congratulations.

- Yeah.

- Yeah, I heard you were working here.

- Yeah.

Anyway. Yeah. I just started my new career.

They're starting me off at 48,000 a year.

Wow. Wow.

Yeah, I've been looking at houses.

It's really exciting.

I'll bet.

- So what have you been doing?

- Oh, you know.

Well, I've been working here,
obviously.

And I'm still finishing up at C.C.,
taking a few more classes.

I was actually thinking about
taking an assistant manager-

Could I get some more tea?

Sure. Yeah.

Coming right up.

Hey, Dan, man, we outta here.

Okay, Dan,

I'm just leaving now.

But here are the directions
to the party.

What time are you coming over?

I should be out of here soon.

I'm gonna go home and change
and be right over.

Okay.

I just wanna warn you,
I might be really drunk tonight.

I hope you won't
think less of me.

No. No, I'm not.

I won't.

Okay. Well, I'll see you there.

Fuck.

- Dean, really, it's-

- No.

It's what?

Here you go, Chet.

It was nice seeing you again.

Yeah, you too, Dean.

Listen.

You take care of yourself.

You too. Okay.

How much did he leave you?

He must have made

a mistake.

Chet, Chet.

I think you made a mistake.

- You gave me a hundred dollar bill.

- No, it's all there.

- We're straight.

- The check's only \$31. That's like a \$70 tip.

Look, I just thought maybe
you needed it more than I do.

Hey! Dean.

Have you thought about it?

You want that

assistant manager job?

- 'Weiser?

- No, thanks.

Look-

Hello? Hey, Christy.

What's up?

No, I'm not.

No, I was just-

Oh.

Yeah, I'll see you tomorrow, then.

Okay. Bye. Bye.

Bye.

- What's up with Christy?
- Oh, she's-
She's on a date.
That's why she wanted me
to cover her shift.
She's- She's still with him.
God, that's it.
I'm gonna-
I'm gonna change.
Well, good.
You should start tonight.
- Go get one of those high school girls.
- You think?
Mitch, I want you to know
that you did a really great job today.
And you didn't even cry once, which
is more than I can say for my last trainee.
So, honestly, you think you can
handle working here?
- Yeah-
- Hey, fuck off for a second. I'll be right back.
Hey, whoa. Amy called,
she told me what happened.
You know what?
Fuck Chet Miller.
Hey, man, relax.
All right?
Relax. I'm okay.
You serious?
- I'd be ready to kill someone.
- No, you know what?
I'm glad he came in.
I really am.
Yeah, he was a prick, and at first
I was so fucking pissed off,
but it was weird.
In one second, it all just kind
of snapped into perspective.
Please, elaborate.
Did you talk to Dan?
Do you want
the assistant manager job?
No.
I quit.

What?

You know, I thought about it.

I thought a lot about it
and I know I don't wanna
wait tables anymore.

This is all temporary.

This is supposed to be
the in-between time.

If I become an assistant manager,
it's just one more step
towards permanence.

Fuck that, man.

No way.

So you've really...

What did Dan say
when you told him you quit?

You're flushing a golden opportunity
down the toilet.

And just so you know,

Hot Dog,

if you do come back,
this job won't be here for you.

- I hope you're right.

- I am right!

- You're fired!

- I mean, I already quit, so-

No, you're fired!

I write the book, okay?

Here's how it went down.

You walked in-

You're fired!

All right. Then, thanks for being
so mature about this and professional.

I was very professional.

You're fired.

All right.

Get out!

Get out of my sight!

- That's harsh.

- Yeah.

He'll be cryin' himself to sleep tonight
on his cock-shaped pillow.

What are you gonna do now?

I don't know.

I don't know.
I'm definitely gonna do somethin'.
Fuck it.
Let's go out there,
let's celebrate,
let's just get totally fucking annihilated,
hammered-ass drunk
and then run the train
on Amy.
Fuck.
You really are
an asshole, man.
So I'm told.
You're a good friend too.
Let's just keep that on the DL.
I'm all about low expectations.
What, are you
flirting with me?
Oh, by the way, CaI.
I've been thinking about
your public bathroom phobia.
- Yeah?
- I believe I have a solution.
Really? What is it?
- Tell me what to do.
- Okay, but first,
close your eyes.
Close my- Okay.
Now...
envision yourself
at a bathroom urinal.
With everybody you know
crowded around you.
They're cheering you on.
They're chanting your name.
Not only do they
want you to urinate,
they wanna see it.
- Proud of you, buddy!
- Hell, yeah!
- Fuckin' piss, man!
- We believe in you!
You can do it!
You pissing son of a bitch!

Now, see yourself
urinating, Calvin.
You can do it!
Do it!
Do it.
It's historical
So, go ahead and visualize that
for the next few weeks.
Start off at home first,
by yourself.
Then you can move to a stall,
and then eventually
to an actual urinal.
Thanks, Bishop. I mean it.
That totally makes sense.
Look, well, you guys,
I'm feelin' good.
You know what? I'm gonna go talk
to one of those high school girls.
- Well, good luck with that.
- Thank you.
So, what grade are you in?
Oh, look at that.
A bedroom.
No.
What? What do you mean?
You start playing this weird, ambivalence
bullshit, and it makes me feel psycho.
And I never get psycho!
I know.
So I need you
to do me a favor.
I need you to not be
such a pussy.
Wow, there's the sass
that I was missin'.
- You're a flake.
- I know I'm a flake!
- Fuck you!
- You can't even get a boner.
Whoa, sorry to interrupt.
Wait. Hey, Bishop.
I created my own
penis-showing game.

So you quit your job.
How'd you know I quit?
Wow.
Are you okay?
Is somethin' wrong?
Just checking.
Wait. Wait, wait.
What?
You turn 18
next Wednesday, right?
Yeah.
Okay, then-
Why don't we make this
a "to be continued...
until next Wednesday"?
Why? Do you think
I'm gonna turn you in?
- You think you're going to get arrested?
- No, no, no.
I just- I feel like
I don't wanna be-
taking ad-
- Let's just wait the week.
- Okay.
Okay.
But if anybody asks,
anybody at all,
I fucked you.
Twice!
So, Mitch, how was
your first day?
Well?
Well, it was-
I remember my first day.
What a doozy, huh?
Bishop, you're gonna love this.
I was so nervous I dropped
this bowl of soup on a nun.
Hey, turn down
the music for a minute.
- Hey, would you turn down the music?
- Dude, chill.
Would you turn down the fucking music
for a minute! Jesus!

This is fucking bullshit!
I have been here all goddamned day
and you haven't let me say one thing!
None of you!
- Well, damn, Mitch, I-
- Oh, no, asshole!
You shut the fuck up now.
It's my turn to talk!
You're all fucked in the head!
All of you! I mean you-
Change your fuckin' tampon and have
another drink you crazy, fuckin' bitch!
And you! "I don't know
what to be when I grow up!"
Join the fuckin' army
or something!
Goddamn!
Oh, and you!
You know what?
You're too easy.
And you.
Fuck you, Monty!
Always gotta be right,
with your little quips!
We get it, man.
You're fuckin' edgy and cool. Yeah!
You're the coolest fuckin' guy
at Shenanigans!
That's like being the smartest kid
with Down syndrome!
Oh, and, oh, yeah.
Why aren't you in jail?
I mean,
what are you, like 13, 14?
She's almost 18.
You know what?
Fuck this!
You all suck. I quit.
Oh, yeah.
There is one more thing.
You.
You are the biggest piece of shit
in this entire restaurant.
And I hope you burn in hell.

Me? What the fuck
did I do to you, man?
Seriously?
Oh, shit!
The goat!
The goat, you bastard!
Fuckin' faggots.
That was the shit!
Mitch! Mitch!
Stop, please.
Look, look.
Stop, stop.
Okay, I am sorry,
and I hereby swear
my undying allegiance to you.
You are the fucking man.
Now, come back to the party.
Please?
I swear to God, I'll never
underestimate you again.
- All right.
- Okay.
All right.
Dean, you've been replaced.
Fuck!
All right, everybody,
listen up.
From here on out,
Mitch is a made man.
Anyone who has anything different to say,
Nick and T-Dog will fucking fuck you!
Let's talk about that T-Dog
one more time!
Shut up!
What's that?
Don't do that!
Yo, man, yo! Yo!
Beer run, man.
Why the hell
would you do that?
- He's a fucking manager.
- Well, he asked, so, I-
You lost major cool points
for this.

What the hell
are you doing here?
Yo! What you doin'?
- What's up? How you doin'?
- Those look heavy.
No, I think you can make it.
- Asshole.
- Shenaniganz.
You bring my goddamn
gift certificates?
Is... Natasha... here?
Okay. Yeah. They got me.
All right. Okay.
You- One week!
When you're struggling
Livin' off Ramen noodles
I'm in my Lexus
Finger-bangin' poodles
You call me a busboy
I'll bust you three times
Slice you three times
Slice you three limes
And make you squeeze 'em
on your own cuts
And, bitch, you best give thanks
before you eat my nuts
Yeah, who's that motherfucker
throwing pot in the ground
These bitches used to clown me
Now they surround me
My mom tries to ground me
I'm gonna slap her
I'll fuckin' cap her
Don't she know I'm a rapper
I don't care about love
Fuck amore
Fuck the dumb whore-ay
All day
And then suck my dick
all in its glory
Swallow my nut
This shit is gourmet
I'm hor-nay but you
fuckin' sluts bore me

So fuck you, bitch
I'll fuck your mama
Then I'll kill your papa
to top the drama
Then I'll rape a llama
to top that drama
I'll eat that pussy
like Jeffrey Dahmer
I got a gat in my hand
A pound in my tighty-whities
A hit on my shit
will make your eyes Chinese
My wallets are thick
and here's the thing, you dumb bitch
Even my come's rich
You fuckin' retard
I'll pull your fuckin' card
You ready, willin' and able
You call me fuckin' fake
just because I bus tables
Fuck you
I'll fuck your navel
Real thugs pop guns
You steal cable
I got more bush than High Times
More rhymes than LeAnn
Pull out my glock
Now you pee in your pants
It's your last chance, I'll cut your retinas
It's your last glance
Yo, bitch,
you're fucking worthless
And if you backstab me
I'll show you what a hearse is
You can't be fixed
by a hundred surgeons
I'll pull out my heater
and boom, bye-bye
Even when you're dead
I'm bustin' nuts in your eye
Sin, sin, sin
I'll stick a dildo in
While I'm hidin' in
the Shenaniganz' garbage bin

And with the other hand
I'll doodle on some napkins
Fuck you with a loaf of bread
and make you cheat on Atkin's
- Ah, yeah.
- Oh, motherfucker.
I work at Shenaniganz
Blow me 'cause I'm an OG
So get the fuck out my dome
before I split yours
I used to have spit wars
and now I split whores in two
I am the walrus
Koo-koo-ka-choo
- So back up, sonny
- We got mad honeys
- We make much money
- And don't you dare laugh
'Cause this shit ain't funny
Squeeze the trigger
Now your head's all bloody
- We got new rides
- Now we'll flip the switches
- No more dirty dishes
- I'll steal people's wishes
And clock mad digits
Pump on a blot
and have sex with hot midgets
I love when your cunt
is balder than Bruce Willis
Nick and T-dog, motherfucker
We the illest
Peace out,
bitch-ass motherfuckers.
Get the fuck out
of my fuckin' face.
- Get the fuck out of my fuckin' face.
- Bitch-ass motherfuckers.
Oh, yeah!