MR. WHITE

Sorry, it's my book now.

JOE

Blonde, shoot this piece of shit, will ya?

Mr. Blonde shoots Mr. White with his finger. Mr. White acts shot. Joe exits.

NICE GUY EDDIE

Okay, everybody cough up green for the little lady.

Everybody whips out a buck, and throws it on the table. Everybody, that is, except Mr. White.

NICE GUY EDDIE

C'mon, throw in a buck.

MR. WHITE

Uh-uh. I don't tip.

NICE GUY EDDIE

Whaddaya mean you don't tip?

MR. WHITE

I don't believe in it.

NICE GUY EDDIE

You don't believe in tipping?

MR. PINK

(laughing)

I love this kid, he's a madman, this guy.

MR. BLONDE

Do you have any idea what these ladies make? They make shit.

MR. WHITE

Don't give me that. She don't make enough money, she can quit.

Everybody laughs.

NICE GUY EDDIE

I don't even know a Jew who'd have the balls to say that. So let's get this straight. You never ever tip?

(continued)
MR. WHITE
I don’t tip because society says I gotta. I tip when somebody deserves a tip. When somebody really puts forth an effort, they deserve a little something extra. But this tipping automatically, that shit’s for the birds. As far as I’m concerned, they’re just doin their job.

MR. BLUE
Our girl was nice.

MR. WHITE
Our girl was okay. She didn’t do anything special.

MR. BLONDE
What’s something special, take ya in the kitchen and suck your dick?

They all laugh.

NICE GUY EDDIE
I’d go over twelve percent for that.

MR. WHITE
Look, I ordered coffee. Now we’ve been here a long fuckin time, and she’s only filled my cup three times. When I order coffee, I want it filled six times.

MR. BLONDE
What if it’s too busy?

MR. WHITE
The words "too busy" shouldn’t be in a waitress’s vocabulary.

NICE GUY EDDIE
Excuse me, Mr. White, but the last thing you need is another cup of coffee.

They all laugh.

(Continued)
MR. WHITE
These ladies aren't starvin to death. They make minimum wage. When I worked for minimum wage, I wasn't lucky enough to have a job that society deemed tipworthy.

NICE GUY EDDIE
Ahh, now we're getting down to it. It's not just that he's a cheap bastard--

MR. ORANGE
--It is that too--

NICE GUY EDDIE
--It is that too. But it's also he couldn't get a waiter job. You talk like a pissed off dishwasher: "Fuck those cunts and their fucking tips."

MR. BLONDE
So you don't care that they're counting on your tip to live?

Mr. White rubs two of his fingers together.

MR. WHITE
Do you know what this is? It's the world's smallest violin, playing just for the waitresses.*

MR. BLONDE
You don't have any idea what you're talking about. These people bust their ass. This is a hard job.

MR. WHITE
So's working at McDonald's, but you don't feel the need to tip them. They're servin ya food, you should tip em. But no, society says tip these guys over here, but not those guys over there. That's bullshit.

MR. ORANGE
They work harder than the kids at McDonald's.
MR. WHITE
Oh yeah, I don’t see them cleaning fryers.

MR. BROWN
These people are taxed on the tips they make. When you stiff ‘em, you cost them money.

MR. BLONDE
Waitressing is the number one occupation for female non-college graduates in this country. It’s the one job basically any woman can get, and make a living on. The reason is because of tips.

MR. WHITE
Fuck all that.

They all laugh.

MR. WHITE
Hey, I’m very sorry that the government taxes their tips. That’s fucked up. But that ain’t my fault. It would appear that waitresses are just one of the many groups the government fucks in the ass on a regular basis. You show me a paper says the government shouldn’t do that, I’ll sign it. Put it to a vote, I’ll vote for it. But what I won’t do is play ball. And this non-college bullshit you’re telling me, I got two words for that: “Learn to fuckin type.” Cause if you’re expecting me to help out with the rent, you’re in for a big fuckin surprise.

MR. ORANGE
He’s convinced me. Give me my dollar back.

Everybody laughs. Joe comes back to the table.

JOE
Okay ramblers, let’s get to rambling. Wait a minute, who didn’t throw in?