

Group X

"Pay For Your Gas Crank Call"

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Waitress: Good afternoon, Waffle House.

Group X Guy: Oh, telling me this, telling me that. All right, um, listen...

Waitress: Huh?

Group X Guy: Hello?

Waitress: Hello?

Group X Guy: Well you...I'm calling for some information from you, if you can help me out phoning.

Waitress: What kind of information?

Group X Guy: Well here's what happened. I came into your restaurant to get some dinner and a movie and other things with my son. We sat down, had dinner and a drink and a piece of coffee. Then I had to leave.

Waitress: Uh-huh.

Group X Guy: And so he's supposed to be waiting off there for me, in the outside or maybe someplace else, and could you tell me if he is still there waiting on me for to come?

Waitress: I don't think so. Are you sure you've got the right Waffle House?

Group X Guy: Listen, I know--What's your name again?

Waitress: My name's Mary.

Group X Guy: Mary. M-Mommy. I remember seeing who you were when I was in the store, so could you--there's no little boys with black faces and heads on them in your store?

Waitress: No, there ain't but two people here and an older man.

Group X Guy: Are you su-Older! Oh, he might be one of the older men, you might want to check on that.

Waitress: Was you on Perrigram Street?

Group X Guy: I was--yes, because see I live right on near you, I live in the woods back-

Waitress: There's no young boys in here.

Group X Guy: No yo-shit. Oh, this is bad. You know, could you--

Waitress: Why don't you come in here?

Group X Guy: No. Do you think he's hurt?

Waitress: Huh?

Group X Guy: Do you think he is hurt?

Waitress: Hurt?

Group X Guy: Hurt, you know, if he is not there he must--could you lo--oh,

here maybe he is in the bathroom!

Waitress: No, I-

Group X Guy: He likes to go, you know, wipe on his shit in the toilet for

a minute, or touch-

Waitress: I have been in here since 2 o'clock and there's none.

Group X Guy: He goes in there for a long time sometimes, I bet I know

what he's doing, but could you look?

Waitress: Well this man here was just in the restroom just about a few

minutes ago and there's no one in there.

Group X Guy: "This man here," could I talk to this man?

And see if maybe

he saw him in there? Do you think that might help?

Waitress: No. What time was you in here today?

Group X Guy: Oh no it was not today, it was two days ago you know.

Waitress: Well how long has that boy been down here?

Group X Guy: Oh I told him to wait. If he did not wait then it is his fault.

And if he is lost and dead, I don't care! Because you know, he's supposed

to wait!

Waitress: Well I'm-I've been here since two and there's no little boys.

Group X Guy: Oh GOD DAMN HIM! Could you look outside for a minute? Maybe

he is crawling in the trash can.

Waitress: Sir, I've got people--I'm by myself and I've got this man waiting

to be waited on.

Group X Guy: You're trying to keep my child from me!

Waitress: I can't go outside!

Group X Guy: You are trying not to let me find him!

(Just find him?) Listen,

I am trying not to get angry at you, I know it's not your fault if my son is

dead with two children in his face, but-

Waitress: Hold on a minute.

Group X Guy: Look, PLEASE! PLEASE WAIT ONE MINUTE

AND HELP!

Waitress: Well I-Hold on a minute.

Group X Guy: BY GOD! "Wait one minute!" Now I am very upset and it is because of you!

Manager: Hello?

Group X Guy: Hello?

Manager: What seems to be the problem?

Group X Guy: Oh-now your lady has told me to me my son is missing

from your store! He was in your store! Two days ago! And now he is

not and I'm supposed to come take him to the airport!

Manager: What's his name?

Group X Guy: Franz.

Manager: What is it?

Group X Guy: F- Bobby.

Manager: Bobby?

Group X Guy: Robby! Robby the sheik!

Manager: There's nobody in here.

Group X Guy: No I know he is! He is waiting outside, could you not look for one minute?

Manager: All right, what's he look like?

Group X Guy: Oh, do you know what a little boy looks like? That's what he does! He has black, black earrings and two friends with names.

Manager: OK, I'll go look.

Group X Guy: And he wears shirts a lot. (click) Shit. I know he's dead. (hangs up)

Manager: Waffle House, this is James speaking, can I help you?

Group X Guy: Yes, this is the man I was talking to a moment ago?

Manager: There's nobody out there.

Group X Guy: Oh he's not? Listen, I'm trying to be calm. I'm trying not to get upset. I'm just very upset because my son is not there.

Manager: Have you called the police sir?

Group X Guy: I am going to. I'm-see listen. Do you work off at this place?

Manager: What's that? (connection lost)

Group X Guy: Shit. I know he's dead. (later) Can I order a sandwich?

To go? Maybe if I find him he will not be-

Manager: What would you like?

Group X Guy: What do you recommend please?

Manager: What would you like?

Group X Guy: A hot ham sandwich.

Manager: A what?
Group X Guy: A hot ham sandwich.
Manager: A hot ham sandwich?
Group X Guy: Yes. A HOT HAM SANDWICH!
Manager: The best thing to do is call the police, OK?
Group X Guy: Could I just come up and talk to you maybe?
Maybe you could tell me more information about my son and where he was cooking and where he was sitting and what he was eating and why and why...
Manager: I don't know-
Group X Guy: WHY AND WHY? Please?
(later)
Group X Guy: Speak to me man, don't tell me about your penis, I don't care.
Manager: But you asked about it.
Group X Guy: WHAT?
Manager: You just asked about it.
Group X Guy: I DID NOT ASK ABOUT YOUR PEEN-YOU-US!
Manager: Oh, what did you ask about?
Group X Guy: I am getting VERY upset now! You have been a very good helper up until now! Trying to sexually assault me...
Manager: Let me apologize.
Group X Guy: Go ahead and apologize then.
Manager: I'm so sorry.
Group X Guy: Wait a minute I want to hear a better apology than that.
Manager: Then what should I say?
Group X Guy: "I am sorry that my American peen-you-us is not as good as yours."
Manager: I'm sorry my American penis is not as good as yours.

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