

Jerky Boys

"Uncle Freddie"

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Kissel: Hello, there!

Reciever: Yeah, how are you doing?

K: This is Kissel. What time are you gonna come over and fix my sink?

R: I don't know. W-who do you want?

K: I don't know. I called you guys about 4 hours ago to fix my sink it's all over the water's all over the place.

R: No, you didn't call here.

K: What? Of course I called you. This is Kissel.

R: W-Where are you located at?

K: Uh, 24 Cresent Street.

R: Oh, you're the one at Cresent Street?

K: Yeah, that's right! What's taking you guys?

R: Whoa, whoa, whoa! I tell you i'll be there...

K: Ah, Jesus Christ, yeah!

R: I told you i'd be there Wednesday.

K: No, you said Monday!

R: I said Wednesday.

K: Oh, now you're calling me a liar? Wait, hold it maybe my son called

R: No...

K: Wait hold it for a moment, Anthony!

{Anthony approaches the phone}

Anthony: Yes, hello?

R: Yeah?

A: Hi, this is Frank's son.

R: What?

A: Frank's son!

R: Yeah.

A: I called you last week I was the guy.

R: Yeah, but I don't think I made an an account of an appointment or restroom because a matter a fact I think. If i'd call correctly i'd think i'd give you a price or something you'd come back to me.

A: Yeah! Are you Freddie? Are you Freddie?

R: No, i'm not Freddie!

A: (he think's it's Uncle Freddie) You're Uncle Freddie!

R: What?

A: Uncle Freddie.

R: Uncle Fred?

A: Yeah.

R: Who?
A: You.
R: No.
A: Then why is Uncle Freddie not there?
R: Look there's no Uncle Fred here I think you got the opposite of the wrong party.
A: No. I can't talk to my father? Uncle Freddie didn't die! (he comes back to Kissel, sadly) He said Uncle Freddie died!
K: UNCLE FREDDIE DIED? Oh my goodness. Martha, Uncle Freddie Died! (Martha and Kissel both start to cry) Oh, i'm gonna... You're in trouble now! I'm gonna come there and I'm gonna break your fucking legs, you killed Uncle Freddie! They killed Uncle Freddie! They killed him, you motherfucker!
R: (he talks to Kissel again) Hey, whoa, whoa, whoa!
K: What? Yeah?
R: Who said what I think I did? Do you know what you're talking about? Hello?
K: Yeah?
R: What, uh, what is wrong with you?
K: (gets angry with the reciver) Where's Uncle Freddie?
R: (gets angry at Kissel) Who the hell is Uncle Freddie? What, uh, you got the wrong party I think buddy!
K: You killed... Now you wanna kill me right? You kill...
R: I think you got the wrong party
K: You wanna kill me now? This is Kissel!
R: I don't know no Kissel.
K: Oh, Jesus Christ!
R: I don't know no Kissel, i'm sorry!
K: Alright, alright, alright!

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