

Ten Years After

"Kick It With A Tasty Groove"

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Jack: Let's kick it. I'll say kick it, and you'll just kick it with a tasty groove, okay? 1, 2, 3, kick it.....kick it, come on, god damn it, GOD, KYLE! COULD YOU ONE TIME KICK IT, WHAT THE FUCK?

Kyle: Jack, don't put it all on me...I've been sitting here, waitin'

Jack: Okay, we've got a crucial, clutch cargo gig coming up, Kyle. you COCK SUCKER! YOU don't give a shit, and I've been sittin' around, getting sick of your attitude!! YOU FUCKER! YOU FFFUCKIN' BITCH!

Kyle: I don't think I like Your attitude.
(Jack interrupts) YOU FUCKER!
You know what?! I quit!

Kyle gets up, walks away, opens a door, and closes the door.

Jack cries.

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