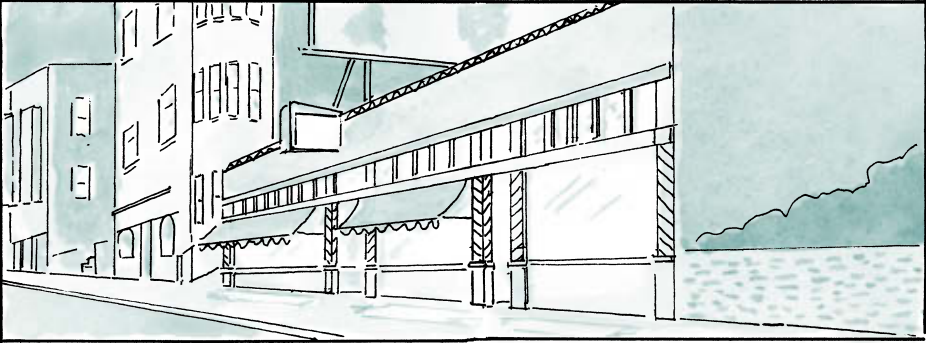


ON TOP OF THIS, TONIGHT I WORKED THE WORST SHIFT OF MY LIFE.



FRANK, THE OWNER, DECIDED RECENTLY TO OPEN THE RESTAURANT FOR DINNERS AND SERVE FANCY STUFF, LIKE VEAL PICCATA, PASTA ALFREDO, CHICKEN MARSALA.



SAMMY'S BEEN TURNING THEM OUT TO RAVE REVIEWS, ALL THE WHILE BECOMING MORE BAD-TEMPERED THAN EVER.



I WAS TEAMED WITH BABETTE, NOW A WAITRESS, WHO SEEMS TO HAVE THE SAME PROBLEM WITH RESPONSIBILITY THAT I DO:



IT'S A RELIEF TO WORK WITH SOMEONE WITH A CONSCIENCE FOR A CHANGE...



TONIGHT, HOWEVER, AFTER WAITING FORTY MINUTES FOR MY FIRST ORDERS...

I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, BUT THE CHEF HAS FALLEN ILL...



WHAT I DIDN'T TELL THEM WAS...

SAMMY DECIDED TO CRANK HIS POUT INTO HIGH GEAR AND GO ON THE NO IN THE BATHROOM...



HIS RECENT HABIT COURTESY OF EVERYONE'S FAVORITE SLIMEBALL, NEVILLE.

I ASKED MY CUSTOMERS IF THEY WANTED TO CHOOSE SOMETHING THE OTHER COOK COULD MAKE FROM THE LUNCH MENU,

AN OMELET, A SANDWICH?

A BURGER PERHAPS?



THEY STORMED OUT.



THIS WAS A WAITRESS NIGHTMARE COME TRUE.

A TIGHTNESS IN MY NECK SENT SPASMS THROUGH MY SHOULDER BLADES.



FOR THREE WEEKS I WON'T BE ABLE TO MOVE MY HEAD WITHOUT PAIN.

ON TOP OF THAT, SKIPPY, OUR LATEST DISHWASHER - WELL, NOT SO MUCH A DISHWASHER AS HE IS A GAY SPEED FREAK FASHION DESIGNER...



WAS ON THE JAG TO END ALL JAGS, IMAGINING HIMSELF TO BE DAVID BOWIE ...



DOING EVERYTHING BUT WASH DISHES.

IN THE KITCHEN, SKIPPY/BOWIE MAKES A RARE APPEARANCE.

SKIPPY, I NEED CLEAN PLATES!

WASH 'EM YOURSELF, BITCH!

I PICK UP A COFFEE CUP AND PITCH IT AT HIM, HARD.

SURPRISED, BUT NOT TOO, SKIPPY DUCKS.

THE CUP SHATTERS ON THE FAR WALL, NARROWLY MISSING TONY.

TONY, THERE TO MAKE SANDWICHES AND OMELETS, WAS MY ONLY HOPE ...

CRASH!

MUTHA FUCKA!

BAD MOVE.

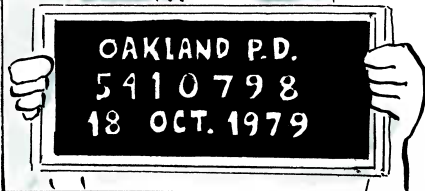
AND NOW I'D PISSED HIM OFF.

THAT I'D LOWERED MYSELF TO THIS LEVEL OF VIOLENCE SCARED ME.



I FOUND MYSELF SWIMMING IN GUILT AND REGRET.

UNDER NEATH IT, I WAS THOUGHTLESS, IRRESPONSIBLE, BAD. I IMAGINED MY OWN MUG SHOT.



SOMEONE - BABETTE, NO DOUBT, CALLED LAZZO. I WAS COMPELLED TO CONFESS.



THEN I REALIZED I WAS THE LEAST OF HIS PROBLEMS. BY THE TIME HE MADE IT TO THE GRILL, MOST OF THE HUNGRY DINERS HAD LEFT.



MY TIPS FOR THE NIGHT ADDED UP TO A BIG \$5.75.