- DALE: It's not rocket surgery, Lola. Just blip, bag, blip, bag, that's it.
- LOLA It's not blip, DALE: argue with the customer, bag, it's just Blip.
- LOLA Hang on, how did that go again, Dale? Blip, bag
- DALE OK, I'm not joking. That lady last week made a formal complaint.
- LOLA Yeah, well, she had anger management issues.
- DALE They always do with you. Uh, by the way, I've had to adjust shifts and you're off Sundays for now.
- LOLA What?
- DALE Just for now. I'll try to work out something, but...
- LOLA I need those shifts. I can't pay rent without the double.
- DALE I don't make the rules. This came from up top.

LOLA There is no 'up top', Dale, you're not working for the World Bank. That Sunday shift's mine.

- DALE You know, if I was you I would watch it, Lola. You're standing on thin ground.
- LOLA You can't just pull my shifts. Fine. You can shove your job up your arse.
- DALE Oh, here we go again.
- LOLA And it is 'ice', Dale standing on thin ice.
- DALE See you tomorrow.