

You, Williamson. I'm talking to you, shithead. You just cost me six thousand dollars. Six thousand dollars and one Cadillac. That's right. What are you gonna do about it? What are you gonna do about it, asshole? You're fucking shit. Where did you learn your trade, ya stupid fucking cunt? You idiot. Who ever told you that you could work with men? Oh, I'm gonna have your job, shithead. I'm going downtown, I'm gonna talk to Mitch & Murray! I'm going to Lempkin! I don't care whose nephew you are, who you know, whose dick you're sucking on. You're going out. I swear to you, you're going out! Anyone in this office lives on his wits. What you're hired for is to help us. Does that seem clear to you? To help us. Not to fuck us up. To help men who are going out there to try to earn a living. You fairy. You company man. I'll tell you something else, I hope you ripped the joint off. I could tell our friend a little something that might help him to catch you. You wanna learn the first rule you'd know if you ever spent a day in your life: You never open your mouth til you know what the shot is. You fucking child.