

OWNER: Look, Bilbo, I can't have you work here anymore and the reason being... is that you're an a**hole. Very simple. There's no sugar coating it. There's no, "Oh, the company is downsizing" type stuff, okay? You're just an a**hole. I mean, a**hole, in the most sophisticated sense of the word. You make your typical a**hole want to call you an a**hole. Look at Frank, that's an a**hole, am I right? But you, you're such an a**hole that you make Frank look like the honor roll student of a**holes and we both know he's as dumb as dirt. (to Frank)
Sorry, Frank.

(back to Bilbo)

But he's a tolerable a**hole. You go beyond your average a**hole. You are like the friggin', like— if there was a college just for a**holes, you wouldn't even be the Dean, you'd be the founder with your great big a**hole of a name plastered all over your a**hole school for all the a**hole students of the world who would be trained under your philosophical a**hole way of viewing the world. How's that?

No, wait, there's more... If it was your birthday, the pastry chef would write the words, Happy Birthday A**HOLE on your cake. Okay? Hold on. On your wedding day, even the Priest in a church of God, will turn to you and say, "A**hole, do you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?" If you ever became President the level of a**hole you would display would make the citizens of America be forced to name a day after you called, A**HOLE DAY!

You should have your own cologne called, you guessed it, A**HOLE, so alllll the a**holes of the world could wear it to help non-a**holes know when a genuine a**hole is approaching. See that door? That's the a**hole door. That's where I'm telling you to check out and God almighty, don't ever come back.