

I'll Be Your Tour Guide

This is MIKE'S first day at work for his new job. BECKY has been assigned as his tour guide to show him around the building and meet co-workers.

Becky: How you doin'? I'm Becky and I'll be your tour guide.

Mike: Oh hi.

Becky: Yeah, so let me show you around this dump. (sighs) I don't know why they keep asking me to do this shit but here we go, another tour. Yay. Follow me.
(they begin walking through the building)

Oh. Right off the bat, stay away from that guy, cause he's a choch.

Mike: A what?

Becky: A chochsky.

Mike: What's a choch?

Becky: Okay, look at him and say the word choch and it will come together for you. So, stay away from him...let's move on.
(they walk)

Oh yeah. Make sure you don't sit in front of Linda. Sit behind Linda because she likes to fire launch.

Mike: What do you mean?

Beck: Yeah, she's a pick and roll type.

Mike: Pick and roll?

Becky: Yeah, she ah, (whispers) she digs deep, you know, pick, lick, stick and flick. You follow? (she gestures to her nose)

Mike: (dawns on Mike) Oh! She, she—

Becky: You got it honey. So sit behind her to avoid taking shots to the head on launch days.

Mike: That's terrible.

Becky: You gotta see it to believe it honey.
(they walk)

Alright, so, don't use this men's bathroom, even though it's closer. We have Greg doing all kinds of stuff in there. You meet Greg?

Mike: Greg? No.

Becky: Management must really like you then.

Mike: I don't follow.

Becky: Greggie is offie. All the men just simply decided to just let him have his own bathroom. All the guys use the one downstairs.

Mike: Right.

Becky: Speaking of which, let's take the stairs. I'm not into elevators. Got caught in an elevator once for four hours with a dead guy.

Mike: Dead guy?

Becky: Friggin' heart attack.

Mike: While being stuck in an elevator?

Becky: You betcha. Oh. Before we get to the next floor let me tell you about Marva. Did you meet—

Mike: Marva I met, yeah.

Becky: Okay, well don't get drunk in front of her, EVER. She's always on the prowl. She likes to go for after work drinky drinks and I swear this when I tell you at least three men have come back different. I think she's a vampire. They have never been the same since...you know.

Mike: For real?

Becky: Want to find out?

Mike: No.

Becky: There you go. Remember the following; Vince is a druggie, Carlo smells like b.o, Misty is a bitch, Max is a tightwad, Hannah talks to birds. Ryan won't be here much longer and you need to stop staring at my boobs.

Mike: What?!

Becky: I know my jugs are full but this ain't gonna work if you keep hammering them home with your eyes, kid.

Mike: I wasn't!

(she touches his face motherly)

Becky: There, there. I like you. You're a sweet boy. Just do your job, stay focused and keep your eyes where they belong and you will do great things here.

Mike: I'm sorry, I really didn't mean to—

Becky: No harm taken. If you look straight ahead, that's the cafeteria. Let's go grab some coffee for the rest of your tour.