

I'm Just The Cook

"Cock sucking mother fucker. Hear me mother fucker? Fuck you. Fuck you. Fuck you. Fuck you. Piece of shit mother fucker. I'll shove this gun in your fucking mouth and fuck you with it. Cock-sucker-mother-fucker. I mean it fucker. God damn mother fucker. Fuck fuck fuck. Piece of shit. See this gun, motherfuck? This gun? This mother fucking gun? See it mother fucker. Don't fucking move. Don't you fucking move. Hear me? Motherfucking piece of motherfucker. Shit fucker cocker mother. I'll fucking do you. Fucker mother shitter. Cocker sucker. I'm shitting in your cocker mother fucker. Give me that knife mother fucker fucker fucker. Fuck you. Fuck you. Fuck you. Stupid piece of shit."

*What's this batshit on? I forgot to lock the front door and fuck. Jesus. Should I say something? Calm him down? Fuck. I'm not trained for this.*

"Are you listening mother fuck? Listen you fuck. You fucker piece of fucking shit. You eat shit don't you mother fuck. Fuck you, you piece of shit. What you looking at? Whacha lookin' at mother fucker."

*Oh God no. Please. Fuck no. Don't hurt her you batshit fuck. God. Tamara, please just stay calm. Please.*

"Fucker fucker fucker. Piece of shit. I'll fuck. Fuck shit fuck. Shit you. Cocker fucker sucker. See this knife gun knife I'll fuck you fucker fuck. I just fuck... just fuck... just... fuck... fuck... just... fuck... just..."

*Thank you dear fucking Jesus and the saints and the fuck whomever. He's coming down or running out of steam or who cares. No. Don't move Casar. See me, dude? See my head shaking? Don't fucking move. OK. Good. OK. Where's everybody? Tamara. Where's her sister? There. That's two. Mike and Casar and me. That's five. Who's that's behind range hood? Austin? Must be. OK. Where's Lee? Oh shit. He's outside. I sent him shopping. What time is it? Fuck. He's at the market and this batshit dude*

*has us trap in the kitchen. 6 hours till dinner service. The front staff isn't here. OK. The pass through door doesn't have a lock. I have to get everyone out of-What was that?*

"What was that fuck? Pshit Pshit fucker fucker. F-f-f-fucker fucker. Cocker sucker. Muh-muh-mother fucker fucker."

*Austin you dumb shit. Not only can't you prep the veggies, you knock over a Goddamn sauce pan in the middle of Goddamn this?*

"Fucking fuck fuck. Piece of shit mother fucker. I'll fucking shoot you with this fucking knife fucker face. Shit. Shiiit. Shit fucker. Cocker sucker mother."

*Calm. Calm. Don't move Austin. God. Is that gun loaded? How the fuck do I tell? He's got my knife, the fucking batshit.*

"AAaa. Aa. Aa. Waaah. Waa."

*Oh no Tamara. God, no girl. I'll cry with you after this but not now please.*

"Shut the fuck. You fucking cunt. Shut the fuck up. Fuck you. Shutter the fucker. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Shit fucker. You hear me fucking cunt sucker bitch? You hear me? You hear me?"

*Oh fuck. He's going to do it. He's going to shove my fucking knife in her eye. Oh God, please, no.*

"Hey!"

"You got s-s-something to say fucker. Stupid mother fucker fuck. Huh? Fuck you. Fuck you. Fucker."

*That's fine. Wave my knife in my face. Point the gun at me. Just don't hurt them.*

"Fucker fucker fucker. Fick fick fick..."

*What the fuck am I supposed to do? I went to fucking culinary school not the damn Navy SEALs. Frying pan? Yeah, maybe when you were 20, you fat old fuck.*

"Fuck... socker... fuck... shit... piece..."

*Oooo-kay. Batshit is tripping bad. OK. Got to get them out of here. OK. Rashandra, please look at*

*me. Please look at me. You the only one that's not in his line of sight. Please. Yes. Look at my eyes.*

*Come on girl. Move. Get the fuck out of here. Get on the phone and call the fucking cops. Slowly girl.*

*Please God, slowly. Almost there. You can do it. Almost.*

"Who the fuck? You fuckers. Cock fucker. Mother sucker."

*No, Lee. Stop banging on the door. Run dude.*

"Hey Mike! Open up and help me get this shit in the walk in."

"Shut the fuck up you mother fucker. You cock sucking mother fucker."

"Mike? What's going on?"

*Oh fuck. Lee, get the fuck out of here.*

"Fuck you stupid piece of shit mother-fucker-cock-sucker motherfuckercocksucker  
mothafukacoksuka. Fuck you. Fuck you."

*Mike don't do did. No Mike, I see you looking at the gun. I know you're an 8 foot fucker but you're not SWAT, you're a damn baker. Best sour dough in the fucking state, don't do it. Wife and kids, man. Don't do it. I know you're close and can make a grab but he'll ram that knife into you. Please don't do it. I'll do that popup that you've been talking about. Please. That way you'll quit bitchin' about the fucking dog-shit hot dog buns they serve at the games. Fuck, I'll buy you fucking season tickets. You can take the girls to every game. Just don't do it.*

"Guys?"

"Suck fucker. Suck it. Suck it. Suck it."

*Jesus fuck. The fucking gun IS loaded. How many shots does he have? Fuck. Did the bullets go through the door? Fuck Lee. Run you short Chinese-Korean-what-the-fuck-ever-country-you're-from, run, dude. Get the fuck out of here. Fuck the truck. Fuck the meat. Fuck the veggies. Run.*

"Fucker mother fucker. Fucker sucker fuck. Cock mother fucker. Cocker sucker mother fucker."

*Rashandra? Fuck, girl, move. Fuck. Why are you standing there? Run!*

"Run!"

"Fucker cock sucker mother fucker fuck. Shit mother fucker."

*Oh fuck. No choice now. Now or never. Batshit's going do it. Fuck. Grab the arms. Knee the fucker's balls. Jesus, fuck me, he's strong. He's strong and I'm an old fuck. Run, girls, run.*

"Fucker fuck you fucker fuck."

"Ugh."

*So this is what it's like to be shot? Feels like a thousand wasp stings. Keep a grip. Come on, you old fuck. Keep a grip. Keep a grip. Keep a grip.*

"Cock sucking mother fucker. Cock-sucking-mother-fucker. CockSuckingMotherFucker. Cock Suck-ugh!"

*There you go Mike. Casar. Put that batshit down. Is this what's like to die? There's no fucking white light. It's just kinda dark... dark with colors... like car oil, dark with greens and purples floating on top... dark... like that swamp water when I was a kid... dark... like coffee but green... dark... the deepest darkest green... dark... Sarah?*

... ..

"Can you hear me?"

*Where?*

"Where?"

"Ambulance. We're going to Greenville Memorial. You're in shock but you're going to be OK. Hear me? You're OK."

*The fuck I am.*

... ..

"I understand the defendant has statement to read before the deliberation?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Proceed."

"Ahem. When I was first diagnosed I couldn't have image anything like this could happen. At the time, I was... ah, a barely functioning human being and struggled with everything. When I first was prescribed the medication... as you heard in testimony... I didn't get my hopes up. We had tried other prescriptions and it didn't make much difference but this was a supposed to be a breakthrough. And it was, for a while. The first month was like a miracle. I didn't know I was experiencing side affects and no one... as you heard in testimony... knew there were side affects and... I... er... Even though I cannot be held accountable for my actions while on this medication... I would... I would like to apologize to the Patel family, the employees and customers of the *Gas-N-Go* and to Chef England and the entire staff of *Greenville Bistro*. I would like to say..."

*Yeah batshit, you're sorry. You're sorry, everyone's sorry. Your parents are sorry they gave you the exact wrong kind of genes. Your shrink is sorry for referring you. The doctor's sorry for writing the prescription. The FDA is sorry that no sample size will every cover a 100% of cases. Big pharma is sorry for not having your kind of biochemistry in their trials. They're sorry for the lawsuits. They're sorry for the recalls. Your shrink and doctor are sorry they didn't notice any side affects. The Patels are sorry you walked into their store and proceeded to have a world class melt down, complete with screaming at the bags of chips. They're sorry that their son freaked and pulled a gun on you. He's sorry that you decked him and took off armed. The gun manufacture is sorry they can't control who or what happens to a gun after the initial sell to the dealers. The security company is sorry that their cameras can't see through walls or divine which direction you went. The mayor is sorry for the traffic delaying the first responders. The commissioner is sorry they can only afford so many patrol cars. I'm sorry that I was running late and forgot to lock the front door. Tamara's sorry that she ever stepped foot in a kitchen and probably never will again. My business partners are sorry they only had enough in the emergency fund to stay closed for a week and then it's back to work, ready or fucking not. My crew is*

*sorry that they damn near piss themselves whenever the walk-in door slams or someone drops a pan. The front staff is sorry that they weren't there, as if they could have done something. Hell, even the fucking freaks say they're sorry when they try and sneak into the kitchen and take their ghoulish selfies for InstaTweetFaceTok. "Sorry, I just had to see." And I'm sorry for being at this trial instead in my kitchen. So, sit down batshit. You've had your say. Now let the jury have theirs.*

... ..

*That was fast.*

"Has the jury reached a verdict?"

"Yes, we have your honor."

"Please read the verdict to the court."

"We, the jury, find the defendant..."

*Not like it matters. What's done is done and nothing changes.*