

Toll Booth Willie

Adam Sandler

[Car approaches]

[Toll Booth Willie:] "Welcome to Worchester. Dollar twenty-five please."

[M1:] "Hey, how ya doin' Toll Booth Willie?"

[Toll Booth Willie:] "Good! Thanks fer askin, pop!"

[M1:] "Aww, that's great, you know, considering yer a fuckin' idiot!"

[Pays toll and drives off]

[Toll Booth Willie:] "Go fuck yourself you son of a bitch!

I'll come right outta the booth and fuckin' whack ya, you fuckin' prick!"

[Another car approaches]

[M2:] "Hey, hey, Willie! how's it going?"

[Toll Booth Willie:] "Hey, can't complain, pop. how's 'bout you?"

[M2:] "Oh, great, great. How much?"

[Toll Booth Willie:] "The state charges a dollar twenty-five, pop."

[M2:] "That's fine. Now should I give you the money,
or should I shove the quarters directly up your fat ass!?"

[Pays toll and drives off]

[Toll Booth Willie:] "Why you fuckin' hard on!

I'll fucking Carlton Fisk yer fuckin' head with a Louise-
ville fuckin' slugger!

Whadya think of that ass fuck!?"

[Another car approaches]

[F1:] "Hi Willie."

[Toll Booth Willie:] "Oh, nice to see ya M'am. Not a bad day, huh?"

[F1:] "Well, I'm a little lost. Could you help me out?

I hear your the best with directions."

[Toll Booth Willie:] "Well I know my way around New England.

I can tell ya that much. So where ya headed?"

[F1:] "Well, I was just wondering exactly which is the best way
to drive up your ass. You know, if you'd tell me,
I'd appreciate it, you fuckin' prick."

[Drives off]

[Toll Booth Willie:] "You fuckin' bitch! Fuck you!

You forgot to pay the fuckin' toll you dirty whore!

I'll fuckin' drop you with a boot to the fuckin' skull you cum guzzling que-
en!"

[Another car approaches]

[M3:] "Hey Willie."

[Toll Booth Willie:] "Hey, how are ya?"

[M3:] "Here's a dollar twenty-five, and go fuck yourself."

[Pays toll and drives off]

[Toll Booth Willie:] "Dah, you fuckin' prick!

I hope you choke on a fuckin' bottle cap, ya fuckin' son of a fuck!
Eat shit! Eat my shit!"

[Another car approaches]

[Bishop Nelson:] "Hello Willie. Good to see you."

[Toll Booth Willie:] "Ahhh, Bishop Nelson. Nice to see ya.
That was quite a sermon you had the other day."

[Bishop Nelson:] "Hey, well I do my best."

[Toll Booth Willie:] "Dollar twenty-five, Bishop."

[Bishop Nelson:] "Dollar twenty-five,
Willie. Isn't that the same price your mother charges for a blow job,
you piece of dog shit!?"

[Pays toll and drives off]
[Toll Booth Willie:] "Ohhh! Have another one, you fuckin' lush!
It's not my fault the bartender cut ya off last night ya fuckin' douche bag
!"

[Another car approaches]
[M5:] "Hey!"
[Toll Booth Willie:] "Well hey!"
[M5:] "Yeah, do you want the money,
or should I just shove the quarters directly up your fat ass!?"
[Pays toll and drives off]
[Toll Booth Willie:] "Well, I already heard that one you fuckin' unoriginal
bastard!
Go suck a corn you fuckin' piece of repeatin' shit!"

[Another car approaches]
[F2:] "Hi."
[Toll Booth Willie:] "Oh, hi. How are ya?"
[F2:] "Fine, thank you. How much is the toll please?"
[Toll Booth Willie:] "For you sweetheart, it's a dollar twenty-five."
[F2:] "Here ya go."
[Pays toll]
[F2:] "Thank you."
[Begins to drive off]
[Toll Booth Willie:] "Hey! Hey! Honey! Would you like a receipt with that?"
[F2:] "Oh, I almost forgot. Thank you so much."
[Toll Booth Willie scribbling a receipt for her]
[Toll Booth Willie:] "And here ya are."
[F2:] "Umm, do you think you could sign it?"
[Toll Booth Willie:] "Oh, uh.. sign it?"
[F2:] "Yeah, sign Toll Booth Willie was here."
[Toll Booth Willie:] "Ok, sure. Uhh, by the way, what is this for?"
[Signing receipt]
[F2:] "Just so I could have proof for my friends that
I met the biggest fuckin' dip shit with the smallest dick alive.
You understand."
[Drives off]
[Crumples up paper]
[Toll Booth Willie:] "Fuck you, you fuckin' upity bitch!
I'll fuckin' fuck you and all your lesbian fish-eating friends in front
of your fuckin' mothers! You're gonna die, bitch! I'm comin' outta the boot
h!"

[Opens the door and runs out of the booth]

[Car screeches and hits him]
[Toll Booth Willie:] "Ooooh! My fuckin' leg!"
[M6:] "Hey! You ran over Toll Booth Willie!"
[M7:] "Oh my God! I was always wondering what it would be like to run over
a
dried up stinky dick licker."
[Toll Booth Willie:] "Why you fuckin' pricks.
I fuckin' hear every fuckin' word yer saying!
When this fuckin' leg heals,
I'm gonna kick you guys new fuckin' assholes!

[Everyone cussing eachother out]