

Phone Conversation Overheard

10-19-2009 by Harry Zirkelbach

The Phone Conversation in my Tavern, the loud voice in the next booth broadcast his side of this conversation.

Is this City Ticket Reservations? That's great. How are you?"

I need 6 tickets for The Flaming Lips, Red Rocks, tomorrow night.

What do you mean.

They can't be. I have my Credit Card's right here.

Don't be rude.

I'll pay extra.

No I don't want anything next week.

I want Flaming Lips, tomorrow, down-front seats.

I don't like your attitude.

Did you hear me?

Wait, Let's start over.

Don't hang up.

You've got to give a shit, I promised my guests.

Huh. Well, maybe not together.

You can't be sold out. They aren't that popular.

You think it's the tourist visiting? **I don't care.**

(Calm) Does it make any difference I supported both Obama and McCain for President.

Well, you are a Socialist.

I don't believe you.
Don't hang up!

I'll never be a customer again.

DOES IT HELP? I saw the Beetles there in the 70s. I'm your good customer.

You do? The last five available seats, all separate? Near the top?

Not good. I'll take them.
Maybe one guest won't show up. My problem then.

How much? **THAT'S, HIGHWAY ROBBERY!**

Wait, wait, **I'm not that kind of angry**, Here's my credit card.

Yeah, I'll pick them up at the gate.

Thank you very much, you have been very helpful.