

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! Hows it going?"

Toll Booth Willie: "Hey, can't complain, pop. Hows '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 queen!"

[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 booth!" [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]

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