

INGLÊS COM SÉRIES

(Everybody Hates Chris)

CHRIS: By 1986 I'd been working at Doc's for three years. Outside of getting robbed four times, sick on the pickles three times and a double hernia, it was the single greatest job I ever had. And from time to time, a pretty girl might stroll in. In exchange for all my hard work, I got paid three dollars an hour.

Doc: Good job, man. Sixty dollars. Cold hard cash.

Chris: I had the perfect job till I found out about minimum wage. Basically, minimum wage is the only guarantee people get paid in money. Your boss would pay you in Popsicle sticks if he could.

Boss: Great work.

Employee: A Popsicle stick? What do you take this thing for, man? I cannot work and live off no Popsicle sticks. The least you can do is give me the damn Popsicle.

Doc: Minimum wage. Shoot. There was a time when the maximum wage for black folks was zero.

Chris: But now the government requires that you pay me \$3.35 an hour.

Doc: Well, work for the government. Look, Chris, I like having you around and you do a good job. But I just can't spare the money.

Chris: It's only 35 cents more an hour.

Doc: Thirty-five cent an hour. That's \$28 a month. That's three cartons of milk a day, that's two boxes of Mike and Ike an hour. That's no.

Chris: That's when I realized I'd found the one person cheaper than my father. I thought about picketing, but I was afraid this would happen. He won't pay! I won't stay! He won't pay, I won't stay! I thought about a sit-in, but I was afraid this would happen again. (siren wailing) ~ Wages ~ (police yelling) No justice, no peace! (Chris continues yelling) But I decided on an ultimatum.