

**BURT'S BREW:
RICKSON FAMILY RESTAURANT- 4PM**





(HOME SWEET HOME...
...*SIGH*...)

KYLE RICKSON (18)
STUDENT

(MAN, HOW COME I'M
THE ONLY ONE WHO
HAS TO DEAL WITH
HAVING A FOOD JOINT
FOR A HOUSE?)

(YEAH IT WAS FUN AS
A KID, BUT SOMETIMES
I JUST WANT TO COME
HOME TO PEACE AND
QUIET YOU KNOW?)

(IT'S NOT LIKE THESE
OLD WALLS MUFFLE
ANY OF THE CUSTOMER
BLABBERING EITHER.)

(IT'S LIKE I'M NEVER
ALONE IN THIS STUPID
PLACE...)

(SPEAKING OF WHICH-)



"DAD! I'M BACK!"

**BURT RICKSON (38)
RESTAURANT OWNER,
BARTENDER, CHEF**

"AH! GOOD TIMING!"

**"I COULD USE YOUR
HELP WITH A FEW
ORDERS!"**

"COME ON BACK!"

**"SERIOUSLY?
UGH, FINE..."**

**(RIGHT AS I GET
BACK? GIVE ME A
FREAKING BREAK...)**

**MY DAD IS ALWAYS THINKING ABOUT
THIS STUPID PLACE... I GET IT THOUGH-**

**EVER SINCE MOM BAILED ON US, MY DAD'S
HAD TO RUN THIS WHOLE PLACE BY HIMSELF-
WELL, AND A FEW PART-TIMERS TOO I GUESS.
MONEY'S ALWAYS BEEN TIGHT... BUT STILL-**



"HOW COULD YOU FORGET MY GRADUATION CEREMONY!?"

"WEREN'T YOU GOING TO CLOSE DOWN EARLY!?"

"CLOSE EARLY!?! YOU'RE KIDDING!"

(THERE'S NO WAY I AGREED TO THAT!)

IN TYPICAL FASHION, MY DAD FORGOT YET ANOTHER IMPORTANT DAY WHICH MOST NORMAL PARENTS GO NUTS OVER...

IT'S NOT LIKE I'M HUGE ON THE CEREMONY EITHER, I JUST WISH HE WOULD CHOOSE ME OVER THIS PLACE FOR ONCE...

"SO WHAT? YOU'RE GONNA SKIP OUT ON MY ONLY HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION?"

"IF YOU STARTED CLOSING UP NOW, WE COULD STILL MAKE IT IN TIME!"

"RIGHT, AND I SUPPOSE MY CUSTOMERS WOULD WRITE GREAT REVIEWS ABOUT THE RESTAURANT THAT KICKED THEM OUT AND CLOSED EARLY..."

"SHEESH KYLE..."

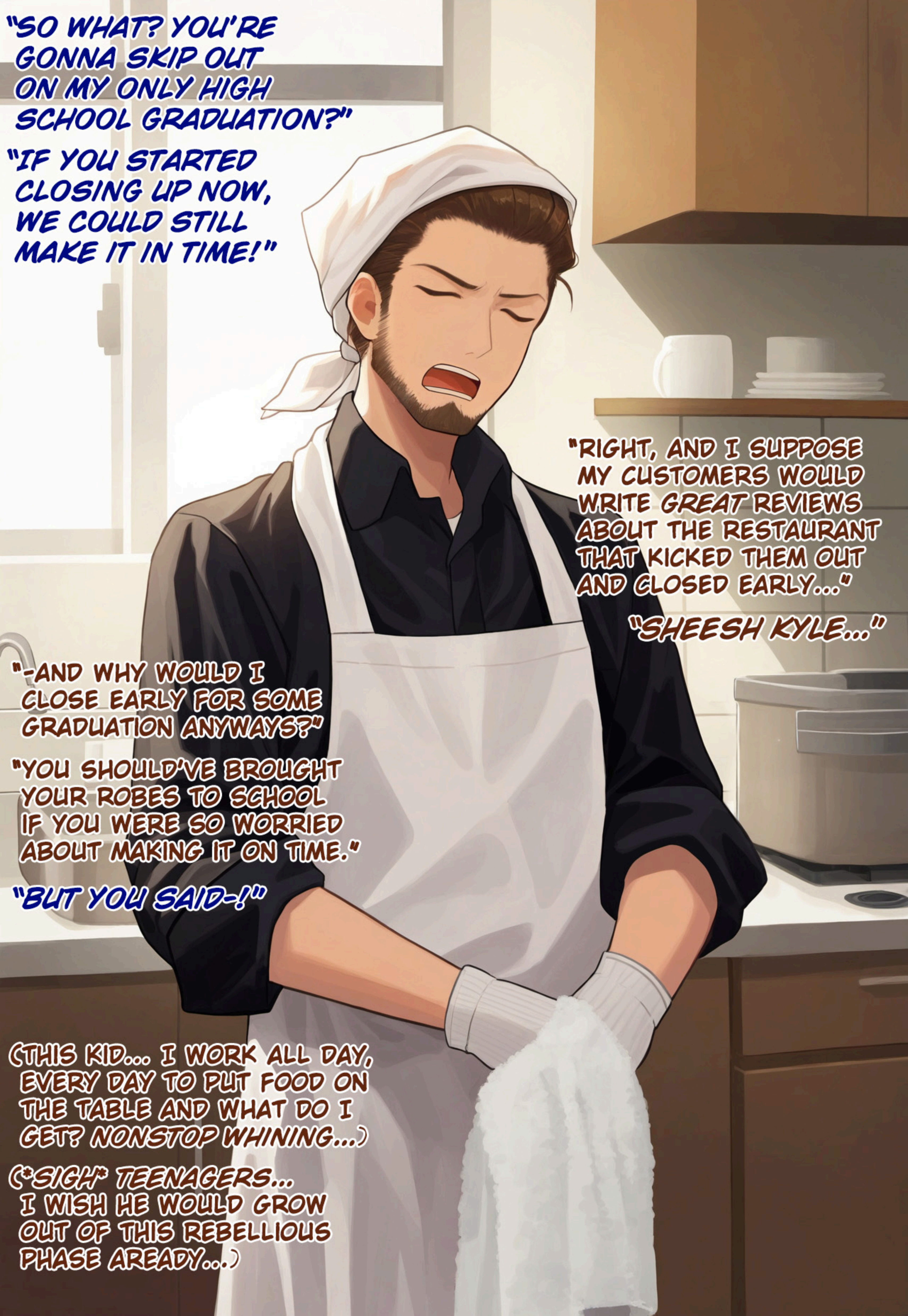
"-AND WHY WOULD I CLOSE EARLY FOR SOME GRADUATION ANYWAYS?"

"YOU SHOULD'VE BROUGHT YOUR ROBES TO SCHOOL IF YOU WERE SO WORRIED ABOUT MAKING IT ON TIME."

"BUT YOU SAID-!"

(THIS KID... I WORK ALL DAY, EVERY DAY TO PUT FOOD ON THE TABLE AND WHAT DO I GET? NONSTOP WHINING...)

(*SIGH* TEENAGERS... I WISH HE WOULD GROW OUT OF THIS REBELLIOUS PHASE ALREADY...)





"YOU KNOW WHAT,
I HAVE A MUCH
BETTER IDEA:"

"JUST SKIP THE
CEREMONY."

"W-WHAT!?"

"THEY'LL SEND YOU THE
REAL DIPLOMA IN THE
MAIL ANYWAYS RIGHT?"

"RATHER THAN SOME
POINTLESS CEREMONY, WE
HAVE REAL CUSTOMERS
WHO NEED US RIGHT NOW!"



(POINTLESS?
IS HE FOR REAL?)



**"YOU'RE ALWAYS
LIKE THIS!"**

**"RESTAURANT THIS-!
CUSTOMERS THAT-!"**

**"WHAT ABOUT ME!?"
I WORKED HARD
TO GRADUATE!"**

**"UGH, ACTUALLY-
FORGET IT!"**

**"I'LL GO ON MY OWN!
MAN-! I WISH I COULD
START COLLEGE RIGHT
NOW AND FINALLY GET
OUT OF THIS DUMP!"**



**"THAT'S
ENOUGH-!"**

**"YOU CAN COMPLAIN
ALL YOU WANT, BUT I
WON'T TOLERATE ANY
TRASH TALK ABOUT
OUR RESTAURANT!"**

"HRK-!?"

A man with brown hair and a goatee, wearing a white chef's hat, a black long-sleeved shirt, and a white apron, is pointing his right index finger directly at the viewer. He has a serious, somewhat stern expression. The background shows a kitchen setting with a window and a tiled wall.

**"THE RESTAURANT
IS OUR LIFE SON!"**

**"IT'S OUR HOME,
OUR PAYCHECK,
AND THE REASON
YOU WERE ABLE
TO GRADUATE IN
THE FIRST PLACE!"**

**"-AND SOON IT'LL BE
YOUR TURN TO TAKE
CARE OF IT!"**

**"SO DON'T EVEN JOKE
ABOUT RUNNING AWAY
FROM THIS PLACE!"**

"BUT DAD-!"



"IT'S OK SON- I'VE
ALREADY TAUGHT YOU
ALL OF MY RECIPES
AND TECHNIQUES!"

"YOU'LL BE AN EVEN
BETTER CHEF THAN
ME SOMEDAY-! SO
YOU DON'T NEED TO
WORRY ABOUT STUFF
LIKE COLLEGE OR
GRADUATIONS."

"I NEVER GRADUATED
FROM COLLEGE AND
JUST LOOK AT ME!"

"I'M LIVING MY DREAM
LIFE EVERY DAY!"

(BUT BEING A CHEF
IS YOUR DREAM!)

(THE ONLY REASON I
ASKED TO TO TEACH ME
ALL THOSE TECHNIQUES
WAS BECAUSE YOU'D
NEVER MAKE TIME TO
SPEND TIME WITH ME
OTHERWISE-!)

(I JUST WANTED TO
HANG OUT WITH YOU-!
I HAVE DREAMS OF MY
OWN THAT ARE WAY
BIGGER THAN THIS
STUPID PLACE!)

A man with brown hair and a goatee, wearing a white chef's hat and a white apron over a black long-sleeved shirt. He has a stern, somewhat angry expression on his face. He is standing in a kitchen with a tiled wall and a window in the background. The lighting is warm, suggesting an indoor setting.

"NOW GO GRAB YOUR APRON AND START PREPPING SOME SALMON AND BASS."

"-BUT WHAT ABOUT MY GRADUATION!?"

"SKIP IT."

"!!!"

"YOU MIGHT NOT LIKE IT, BUT AS LONG AS I'M THE ONE MAKING THE MONEY, I'M IN CHARGE!"

"ONCE YOU TAKE OVER, YOU CAN GO PLAY AROUND AT COLLEGE OR DO WHATEVER."



**"THIS IS
BULLSHIT!"**

**"I'LL PREP YOUR
STUPID FISH-
BUT I'M NOT
GIVING UP ON
COLLEGE!"**

**"I'LL GO EVEN
IF I HAVE TO PAY
FOR IT MYSELF!"**

**(I'LL SHOW YOU!
JUST WAIT-!)**

SLAM!

SHING

CHOP!

CHOP!

CHOP!

CHOP!

CHOP!

SIGH

**"HONESTLY,
THIS KID..."**

**(HE'S SO TALENTED,
BUT HE'S ALWAYS
CAUGHT UP ON SOME
USELESS NONSENSE...)**

**(ONE DAY HE'LL APPRECIATE
EVERYTHING I'VE DONE,
BUT I WISH WE HAD THE
SAME RELATIONSHIP ME
AND MY DAD HAD...)**

ONE MONTH LATER:
RICKSON FAMILY RESTAURANT- 8AM





"WELCOME!
WELCOME!"

"SIT ANYWHERE
YOU LIKE SIR!"

(I ONLY JUST OPENED
FOR THE DAY AND
ALREADY THERE'S A
TOUGH-LOOKING
CUSTOMER...)



"....."

(SO THIS IS BURT'S BREW... HM...)

"ARE YOU
'BURT RICKSON'?"

"Y-YES THAT'S
ME SIR."

(WHAT'S WITH
THIS GUY?)

"HMMM..."

(HE'S NOTHING LIKE
I IMAGINED...
WHATEVER.)



DOYLE LAMBERT (39)
HEALTH INSPECTOR

"MY NAME IS INSPECTOR
DOYLE FROM THE U.S.
HEALTH DEPARTMENT."

FLASHES ID

"YOU HAVEN'T RESPONDED
TO ANY OF OUR CALLS, SO
I'M HERE TO VERIFY SOME
THINGS IN PERSON."

"MAY I LOOK AROUND?"



"GREAT... JUST WHAT I
NEEDED TO START MY DAY..."

(I HAVEN'T HAD TO DEAL WITH
THESE GUYS IN YEARS...
WHAT GIVES!?)



"YEAH, YEAH, YOU CAN LOOK AROUND THE PLACE."

"-BUT I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE SOME BIG SHOT OR WHATEVER!"

"YOU BREAK IT, YOU BUY IT!"

(THESE GUYS WERE ALWAYS HASSLING ME AND DAD BACK IN THE DAY.)



"THAT'S FINE. I'LL GET STARTED THEN."
(CASSHOLE. LAST I HEARD, BOSS RICHARD WAS FIRED FOR TAKING BRIBES FROM THIS PLACE MORE THAN 20 YEARS AGO... I WONDER WHAT THEY'RE HIDING?)

**BACK IN THE KITCHEN:
TWO HOURS LATER-**

**"EVERYTHING LOOKS UP
TO CODE, BUT I COULDN'T
HELP BUT NOTICE THAT
YOU DON'T HAVE YOUR
PERMITS OR CERTIFICATES
FRAMED AROUND THE
ESTABLISHMENT."**

**"COULD YOU SHOW ME
YOUR LIQUOR LICENSE
OR FOOD HANDLER'S
PERMIT?"**

**(NOW THAT I CHECK
AGAIN, IT LOOKS LIKE
WE DON'T HAVE ANY
RECORD OF THE CURRENT
OWNER'S CERTS...)**



"LICENSE!?! PERMIT!?!"

**(HERE'S THEIR TRUE COLORS!
THEY'RE TRYING TO GET MONEY
FROM ME! I KNEW IT!)**



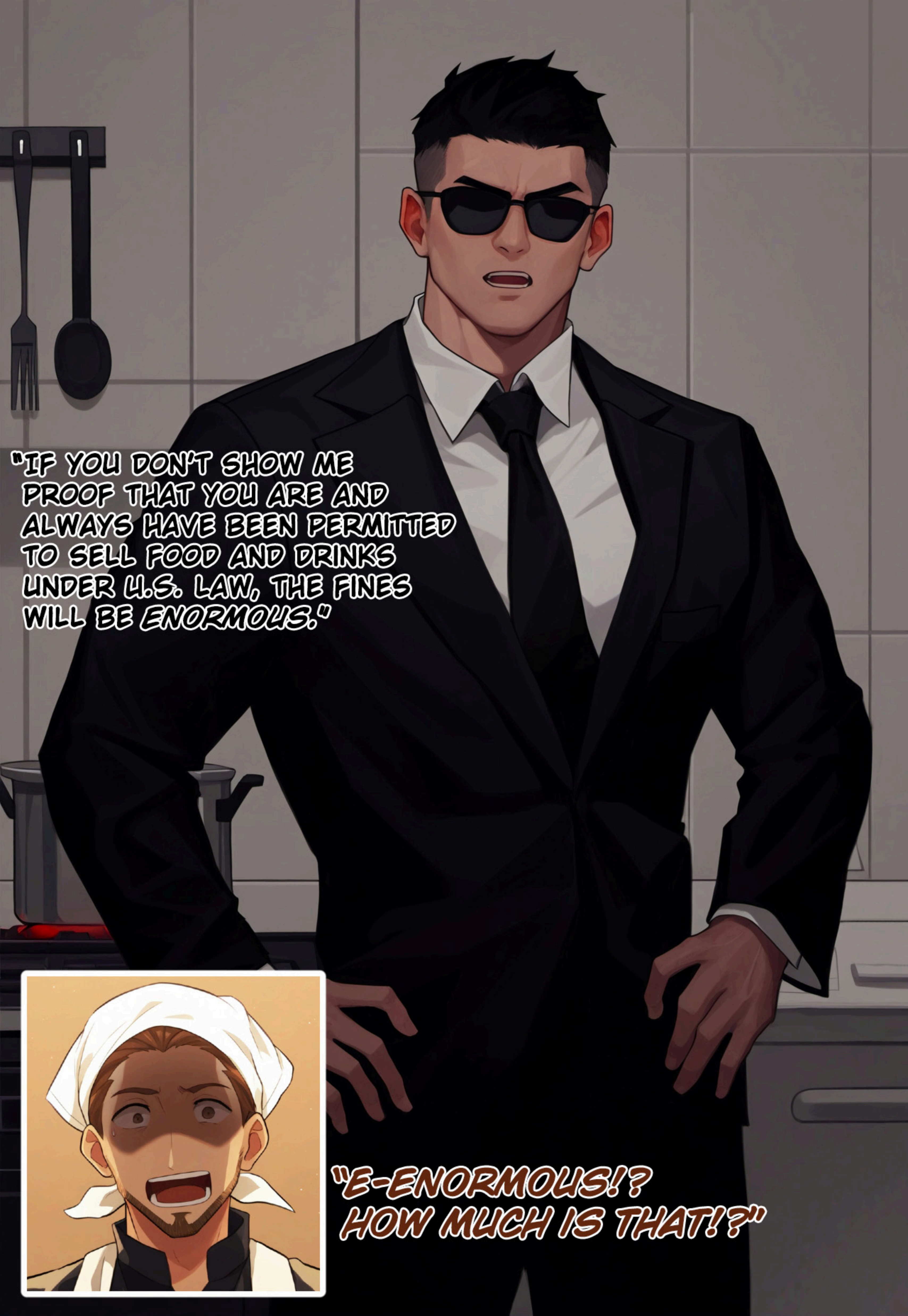
"MY FATHER AND I RAN THIS RESTAURANT FOR THIRTY YEARS!"

"WE BOUGHT THE PERMITS THEN! WHAT, YOU WANT EVEN MORE MONEY FROM ME!?"

"TAKE A HIKE!"

(THEY 'BOUGHT' THE PERMITS THIRTY YEARS AGO HUH? POOR FOOL...)


"SIR, LISTEN TO ME--"

A man with short black hair, wearing a black suit, white shirt, black tie, and black sunglasses, stands in a kitchen with his hands on his hips. He has a stern expression. In the background, a tiled wall has a fork and a spoon hanging on a rack. A stove with a pot is visible on the left.

"IF YOU DON'T SHOW ME PROOF THAT YOU ARE AND ALWAYS HAVE BEEN PERMITTED TO SELL FOOD AND DRINKS UNDER U.S. LAW, THE FINES WILL BE ENORMOUS."



"E-ENORMOUS!? HOW MUCH IS THAT!?"

A man in a dark suit, white shirt, black tie, and sunglasses stands on the left, holding a clipboard. He is looking towards a chef on the right. The chef is wearing a white headscarf, a white apron over a dark long-sleeved shirt, and has a surprised expression. The background is a kitchen with white cabinets and a range hood.

"WELL, CONSIDERING THAT YOU'VE OPERATED THIS PLACE FOR TWENTY YEARS OR MORE WITHOUT A LICENSE, I'M SURE THE FINES WOULD BE AT LEAST SIX DIGITS LONG."

"S-SIX DIGITS!?"

"IT'LL BE A PERCENTAGE OF YOUR GROSS REVENUE OVER 20 YEARS AFTER ALL..."

"THAT IS, ASSUMING THE RESTAURANT ISN'T FORCIBLY CLOSED AND YOU'RE NOT ARRESTED."

"OH... OH GOD..."

REMOVES BANDANA

"B-BUT I... I'M NOT A CRIMINAL..."

"W-WE HAD THE PERMITS! DAD TOLD ME NOT TO WORRY ABOUT IT!"

(I FEEL SICK... W-WHAT AM I GONNA DO!?)

THUMP



"D-DAD!? WHAT'S WRONG!?"
(WHO'S THAT BIG GUY!? ARE WE BEING ROBBED!?)

"W-WHAT DID YOU DO TO HIM!?"

"L-LEAVE MY DAD ALONE YOU JERK!"

(DAD MIGHT BE OLDER THAN ME, BUT I'M BIGGER AND STRONGER!)

(I HAVE TO BE THE ONE TO PROTECT US!)

"SON... WAIT..."

GRAB

"OHHO~?"
(-HIS SON EH?)





"CALM DOWN KID, I WAS SIMPLY TELLING YOUR DAD HERE THAT IF I REPORT HIS LACK OF CREDENTIALS TO MY SUPERIORS, YOUR FAMILY WILL BE FINED INTO BANKRUPTCY!"

"WHAT!? NO WAY!"

(...IF?)

A man with short dark hair and green eyes, wearing dark sunglasses, a white collared shirt, a dark tie, and a dark suit jacket. He has his arms crossed and is smiling slightly. The background is a blurred office or hallway setting.


"BUT I'M FEELING A BIT... *GENEROUS.*"

"I'D HATE FOR THIS PLACE TO GO UNDER... MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU GUYS OUT?"

"Y-YOU'D DO THAT!?"

"SURE~"

(OH NO... MY BAD HABIT IS FLARING UP...)

A man with short dark hair, wearing a black suit, white shirt, black tie, and black sunglasses, stands in a kitchen. He has a confident, slightly mischievous expression and is making a 'V' hand gesture with his left hand. His right hand is on his hip. The kitchen background includes a window with a grid pattern, a countertop with a bowl, and cabinets.

**"BUT IT WOULDN'T
BE FREE OF COURSE!"**

**"THERE'S COURSES,
CERTIFICATIONS, AND
PERMITS YOU'LL NEED
FOR THIS TO WORK."**

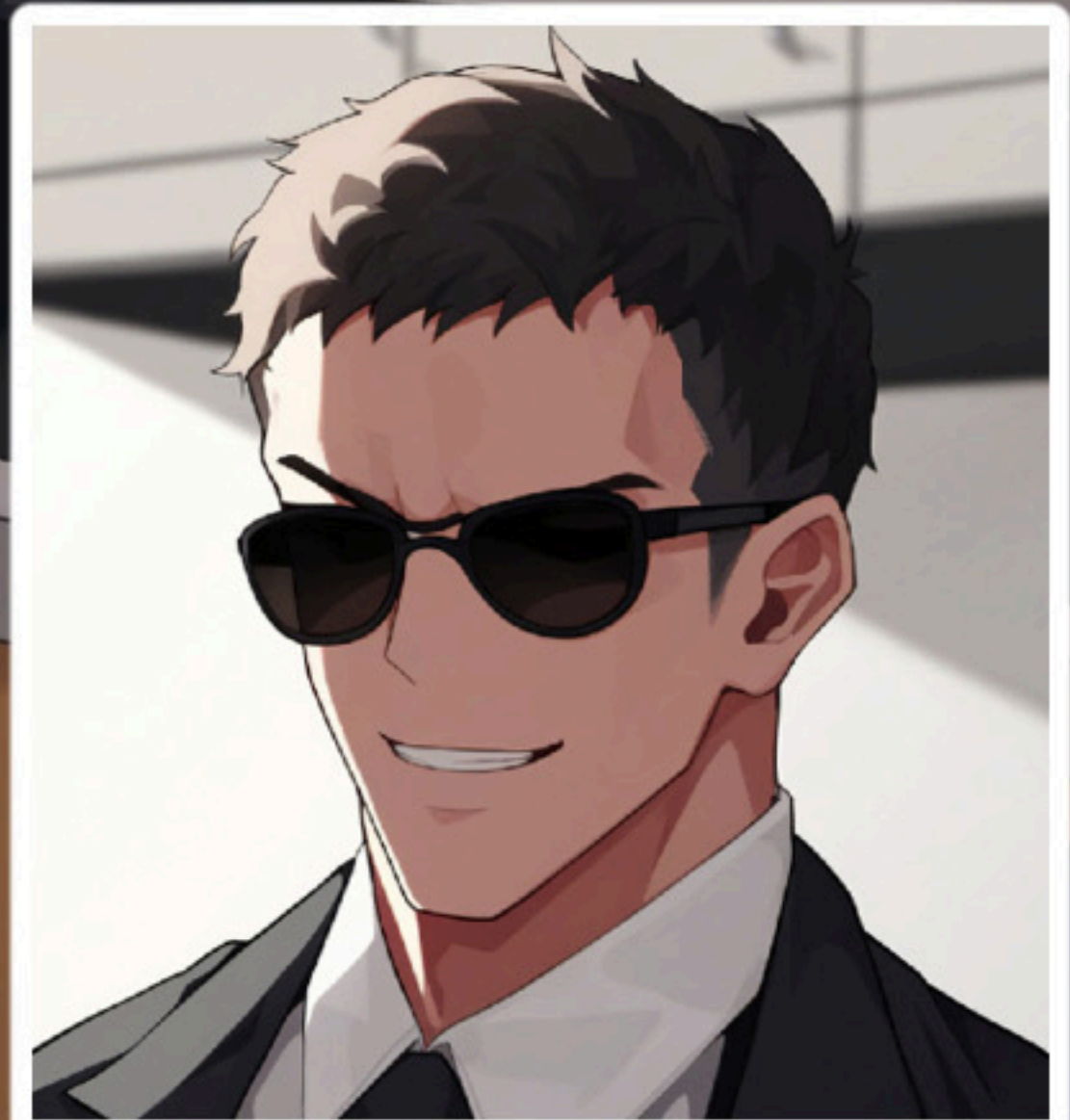
**"-AND YOU'LL NEED
TO START FROM THE
VERY BEGINNING!"**



"B-BEGINNING!?"


"D-DAD!?"

(WHAT IS HE TALKING ABOUT!?)



(CHEH, HE KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT THE PROCESS... PERFECT.)

(THIS IS WHAT YOU GET FOR DISRESPECTING ME EARLIER!)



"YOU'LL NEED TO COMPLETE AN ENTIRE CULINARY COURSE FROM ANY STATE COLLEGE WITHIN ONE YEAR'S TIME."

"C-COLLEGE?"

"ONE YEAR IS THE ABSOLUTE LONGEST I CAN STALL, AND IF YOU SUCCEED THE FINE WILL BE REDUCED TO A... MISCOMMUNICATION FEE OF A HUNDRED DOLLARS OR SO."

"IF YOU DON'T... WELL, MAYBE DON'T THINK ABOUT THAT."



"HA... HAHA!"

**"COLLEGE!?
THAT'S IT!?"**

**"HA! I'LL HAVE
THIS STUPID
COURSE DONE IN
NO TIME AT ALL!"**

"THANKS INSPECTOR!"

**"I PROMISE YOU
WON'T REGRET THIS!"**

"HEH... GOOD LUCK."

**(THIS NEXT YEAR
IS GOING TO BE
VERY INTERESTING~)**

**BURT'S BREW: 2 MONTHS LATER
10 MONTHS REMAINING UNTIL THE
INSPECTOR REPORTS THE FAMILY.**



"WELL I'M OFF!"

"WISH ME LUCK SON!"

**(MY FIRST DAY AT COLLEGE!
IT'S SCARY, BUT ALSO KIND
OF EXCITING! I CAN KIND OF
SEE WHY KYLE WANTED TO
GO THERE SO BADLY...)**

**(IT'S ANNOYING THAT IT'LL
TAKE A FULL 16 WEEKS,
BUT I'M NOT WORRIED!)**



"HNG..."

**(I'M GONNA ACE THIS COURSE,
GET MY CERTIFICATES OR
WHATEVER, THEN PRETEND LIKE
NONE OF THIS EVER HAPPENED!)**

(THIS ISN'T FAIR!)

**(I SHOULD BE THE ONE
GOING TO COLLEGE!!!
THIS IS CRAP!!!)**



**"I'LL REALLY HAVE
TO RUN THIS PLACE
ON MY OWN!?"**

"EVEN AT NIGHT!?"

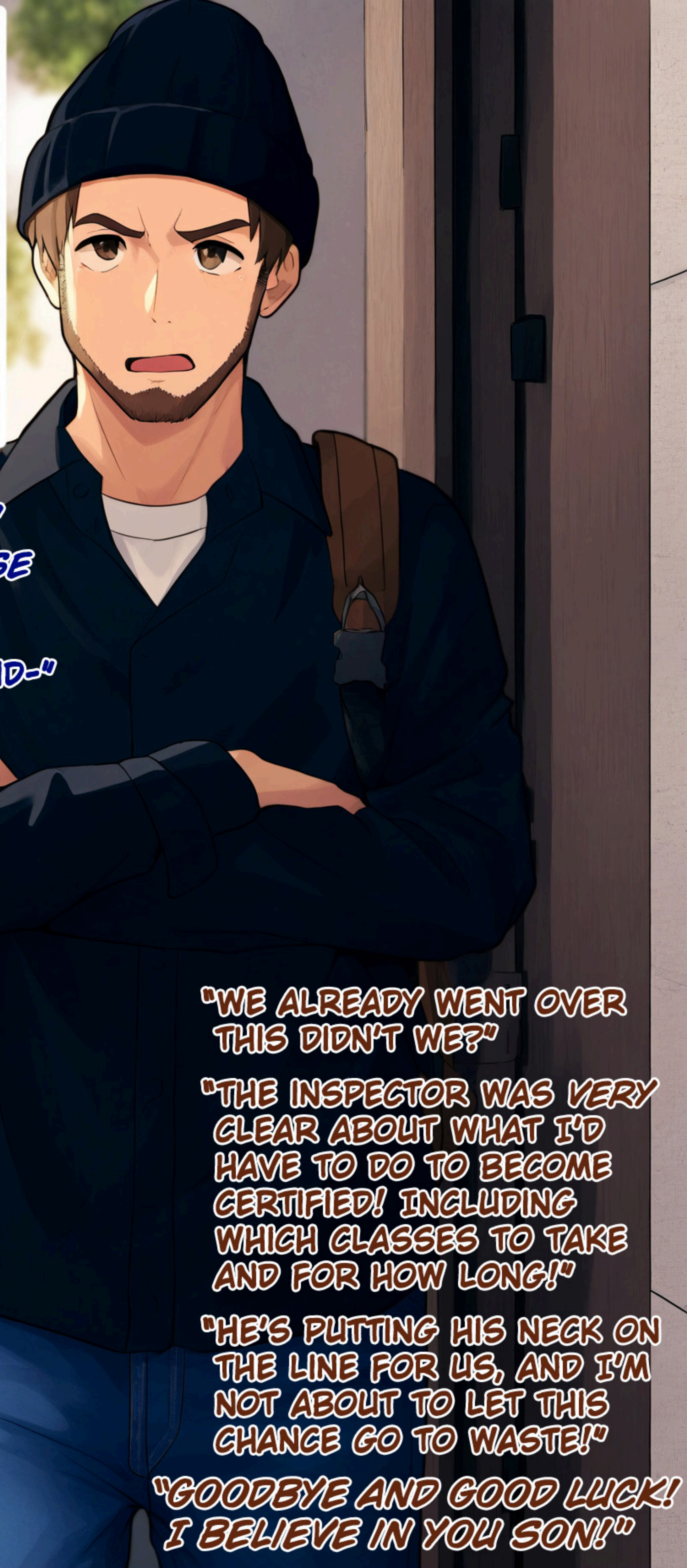
"OF COURSE!"

**"THE WHOLE RESTAURANT IS AT
STAKE AND I NEED TO BE FULLY
FOCUSED ON THE COURSEWORK!"**

**"-BUT DON'T WORRY SON!
I'VE TAUGHT YOU ALL THAT
YOU NEED TO KNOW OVER
THE LAST TWO MONTHS IN
PREPARATION FOR THIS DAY!"**

"YOU'RE READY!"

(I'M SO PROUD OF HIM...)



**"BUT THIS DOESN'T
MAKE ANY SENSE!"**

**"WHY DOES THE COURSE
NEED TO BE A WHOLE
SEMESTER!? WHEN I
CHECKED ONLINE IT SAID-"**

"ENOUGH KYLE."

**"WE ALREADY WENT OVER
THIS DIDN'T WE?"**

**"THE INSPECTOR WAS VERY
CLEAR ABOUT WHAT I'D
HAVE TO DO TO BECOME
CERTIFIED! INCLUDING
WHICH CLASSES TO TAKE
AND FOR HOW LONG!"**

**"HE'S PUTTING HIS NECK ON
THE LINE FOR US, AND I'M
NOT ABOUT TO LET THIS
CHANCE GO TO WASTE!"**

**"GOODBYE AND GOOD LUCK!
I BELIEVE IN YOU SON!"**

(THERE HE GOES...)



"HA!
THIS GUY-!"

(HE REALLY BOUGHT IT
HOOK, LINE, AND SINKER!)

(YOU MORON! YOU CAN GET
MOST OF YOUR CERTS AND
PERMS IN A DAY ONLINE!
LET ALONE A SEMESTER!
WAIT... DOES HE EVEN OWN
A COMPUTER!? HAHAHA-!)

(PHEW... HAHA, ANYWAYS...
I'LL KEEP MY END OF
THE BARGAIN BURT.
YOUR UNQUALIFIED STATUS
WILL BE KEPT BETWEEN US-)

(YOU GO PLAY AROUND IN
COLLEGE FOR A BIT, AND
WHILE THE CAT'S AWAY,
THE RATS WILL PLAY!)

AT COLLEGE: DAY 1

"-AND AT THE END OF THIS COURSE, NOT ONLY WILL YOU HAVE LEARNED TO COOK, BUT YOU'LL ALSO BE ABLE TO WORK AT ANY PLACE THAT SELLS FOOD IN THE WHOLE COUNTRY!"

CHA! SEE!? I KNEW THE INSPECTOR WASN'T PULLING MY LEG!)

(PLUS! MOST OF THE TESTS ARE PRACTICAL! THIS'LL BE EASY AS PIE!)



"TABLE FOUR HAS BEEN WAITING FOR TWENTY MINUTES!"

"I-I KNOW! I'M WORKING AS FAST AS I CAN!"

(THESE PART-TIMERS-! DO THEY THINK I'M TAKING A BREAK BACK HERE!? THIS IS TOUGH!)



"-THE FIVE BASIC TASTES ARE SWEET, SOUR, SALTY, BITTER, AND UMAMI."

"THAT'S CORRECT. IN ADDI-"

"-ALSO-!"

"WHILE 'SPICY' IS WIDELY CONSIDERED A TASTE, IT'S ACTUALLY A MILD PAIN RESPONSE TRIGGERED BY-"

"UM... MR. BURT?"
(MY SCHEDULE...)

(I'M GETTING EXTRA CREDIT ON THIS ANSWER FOR SURE!)

(WAIT, HOW MUCH OF THE TOTAL GRADE IS MADE UP OF EXTRA CREDIT AGAIN? HMMM... WHATEVER! I'LL JUST TRY TO GET AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE!)

"-WILL THIS GUY EVER STOP TALKING?"

"I KNOW RIGHT...?"

"UGGGHHH..."

"-AND I SAID I WANTED IT WELL-DONE!"

"I'M NOT PAYING FOR THIS!"

"I'M SORRY SIR!
I'LL MAKE ANOTHER ONE RIGHT AWAY!"

(HE ALREADY ATE THE WHOLE THING!)

(-BUT IF I CALL OUT HIS SCAM, THAN I'M THE ONE WHO ENDS UP WITH A BAD REVIEW!)

(THIS SUCKS!)

"LOOK, I'M THE PRO CHEF
HERE! IF YOU WANT AN
A+, JUST DO WHAT I
SAY ALREADY!"

(TEAM PROJECTS ARE
THE BEST! I GET TO
GET AN A WITHOUT
LIFTING A FINGER!)

(-AND I GET TO TEACH
MY CLASSMATES A
THING OR TWO TOO!
EVERYBODY WINS!)



"HRNGG..."

(WHO DOES THIS GUY THINK HE IS!?)
(THIS IS A BEGINNERS COOKING COURSE!
NOT YOUR DAMN COOKING SHOW OLD MAN!)



"UM... THAT'S NOT
MY ORDER..."

"MISS... I CLARIFIED
IT WITH YOU MANY-"

"NO! I SAID I WANTED
A NUMBER 8!"

"CHOP, CHOP, BOY!"
SNAP!

"O-O OF COURSE...
RIGHT AWAY..."

(THIS IS A NUMBER EIGHT
YOU FUCKING HIPPO!!!)
(IT'S LIKE I'M DEALING
WITH STUPID CHILDREN!)
(THIS JOB IS DRIVING
ME INSANE!)



*(THIS IS THE BEST!!!)
(THIS IS THE WORST!!!)*

*(I LOVE BEING THE
TOP DOG IN CLASS!)*

(COLLEGE IS EASY!)



*(I HATE BEING IN
CHARGE OF THIS
SHITTY SHACK!)*

(IT'S JUST TOO HARD!)



"I'M BACK SON!"

"IS EVERYTHING
GOING WELL~?"



"AH DAD!"

"GOOD TIMING!"



"CAN YOU HELP WITH THE MEAL PREP?"

"IT'S PRETTY BUSY TODAY AND-"

"SORRY SON-"

"I HAVE HOMEWORK TO WORK ON! BUT I PROMISE TO HELP OUT ONCE I FINISH UP! WHENEVER THAT IS!"

(HEHE- SORRY SON, I DON'T HAVE ANY HOMEWORK, BUT YOU NEED TO LEARN HOW TO MANAGE THINGS ON YOUR OWN.)

(THIS IS PERFECT! I GET TO RELAX, AND MY SON FINALLY TAKES OVER THE FAMILY BUSINESS! I CAN'T WAIT!)



"GOOD LUCK SON~!"

(FOURTEEN MORE
WEEKS... OF THIS!?)

(I-I WON'T LAST
THAT LONG!)

(I'M NOT LIKE YOU DAD!
IF THIS KEEPS UP-)

(I'M GONNA
GO CRAZY!!!)

COLLEGE: DAY 12
(WEEK 3)

**(I'M GOING
FUCKING CRAZY!!!)**

**"-YOU SHOULD'VE
SEEN IT! AND THEN-!"**

"MR. RICKSON-!
PLEASE-!"

"-PLEASE
GO ON!?"

"WELL, IF
YOU INSIST-!"

"-SO MY RESTAURANT
WAS ABSOLUTELY-"



(THIS GUY IS THE
FUCKING WORST!)

(IF WE HAVE TO
STAY LATE AGAIN
BECAUSE OF THIS
BASTARD-!)

(I'LL KILL HIM!!!)

AT THE SAME TIME,
BACK AT BURT'S BREW:

(IT'S STRANGELY
QUIET TODAY...)

(THE LAST COUPLE
OF TUESDAYS WERE
PACKED, SO WHAT'S
THE DEAL HERE?)

(SOME CELEBRITY
DRAMA OR HOLIDAY I
DON'T KNOW ABOUT?)

(IT'S PROBABLY NOTHING,
BUT I HAVE A REALLY
BAD FEELING FOR SOME
REASON...)

"H-HEY KID!"



HUFF

**"MR. LAMBERT?
W-WHAT'S UP?"**

**(HE'S BECOME A
REGULAR SINCE
DAD STARTED GOING
TO COLLEGE, BUT
I'VE NEVER SEEN
HIM LIKE THIS!)**

HUFF

"I-IT'S BAD!!!"

**"YOU NEED TO CHECK
OUT THIS PLACE'S
REVIEW SCORES
RIGHT NOW!"**

**"THE APP DOESN'T
MATTER! *HUFF...*
JUST CHECK WITH
WHATEVER YOU'VE
GOT ON YOU!"**

**"S-SURE... MY MAP
APP SHOULD HAVE
SOME REVIEWS..."**

**("TERRIBLE SERVICE!"
1 OUT OF 5!)**

**("SERVICE IS AWFUL!"
1 OUT OF 5!)**

**("THE FOOD DOESN'T
TASTE RIGHT!"
1 OUT OF 5!)**

(THIS IS CRAZY!)

**("THE HEAD CHEF IS
AN AMATEUR KID!"
1 OUT OF 5!)**

**(AMATEUR!? BUT DAD
SAID MY FOOD TASTED
GREAT! NO ONE'S
COMPLAINED BEFORE...)**

**(-WASN'T I DOING
A GREAT JOB!?
WHAT HAPPENED!?)**





"WE'VE NEVER BEEN
REVIEW-BOMBED
LIKE THIS!"

"W-WHAT DO I DO!?"

(HOW AM I SUPPOSED
TO FIX THIS WHEN I'VE
DONE NOTHING WRONG!?)

"IT'S NOT YOUR
FAULT KYLE."

"I'VE SEEN THIS
HAPPEN MANY TIMES..."

"WHEN A RESTAURANT SWITCHES
OWNERS, EVEN THOUGH THE FOOD
AND SERVICE MIGHT BE NEARLY
IDENTICAL, CUSTOMERS WILL
SOMETIMES TRICK THEMSELVES
INTO THINKING THE EXPERIENCE
IS WORSE SOMEHOW SIMPLY
BECAUSE OF THEIR MISGUIDED
PRECONCEPTIONS..."

"-AND WHEN THE CUSTOMERS
STOP BELIEVING IN THE
RESTAURANT... WELL..."

**"THE RESTAURANT
IS DONE FOR..."**

**"D-DONE FOR!?"
"NO WAY!"**

**(SO JUST BECAUSE I'M
NOT MY DAD, THIS PLACE
IS DOOMED TO FAILURE!?)
(IF THAT'S TRUE, THEN
I'M SCREWED NO
MATTER WHAT I DO!)**

A man with spiky black hair and sunglasses, wearing a dark blue suit, white shirt, and dark tie. He has his arms outstretched in a gesture of explanation or emphasis. The background shows a window with light coming through.

"NOW, NOW, CALM DOWN.
IT'S NOT AS HOPELESS
AS I MADE IT SEEM!"

"THE PROBLEM IS, YOU'RE
NOT YOUR DAD RIGHT?"

"YOUR POINT IS...?"

"REGULARS WILL ALWAYS
NOTICE THAT KIND OF THING,
SO WHAT YOU NEED TO DO
IS ADOPT A DIFFERENT
APPROACH ENTIRELY!"

"IN OTHER WORDS-!"



"REBRANDING!"

**"WE NEED A WHOLE
NEW VIBE FOR THIS
PLACE!"**

**"AND A NEW 'YOU' TO
GO ALONG WITH IT!"**

**"TRUST ME! IT'LL
WORK IMMEDIATELY!
I GUARANTEE IT!"**

(TRUST HIM!?)

**(HE'S THE REASON
MY DAD WON'T LISTEN
TO ME ABOUT THOSE
STUPID PERMITS!)**

**(HE IS AN EXPERT...
BUT REBRANDING OVER
SOME BAD REVIEWS!?)**

(I HAD BETTER ASK DAD...)

THAT SAME DAY, BACK
AT BURT'S COLLEGE...

"WHAT'S THE BIG
IDEA HERE!?"

"YOU'LL SEE!"

"JUST WAIT!"

"I'M WARNING YOU!
IF YOU MOVE EVEN
A STEP CLOSER-!"

"OH GET OVER
YOURSELF ALREADY!"

"YEAH!"

"YOU TELL HIM-!"

(RIGHT AFTER MY FINAL
CLASS OF THE DAY,
SOME OF THE GIRLS
FROM MY COURSE
PRACTICALLY DRAGGED
ME BEHIND ONE OF THE
SCHOOL BUILDINGS!)

(WHAT'S THEIR DEAL!)

**"WE'RE TIRED OF YOUR
CONSTANT SHOWBOATING!"**

"YOU'RE SO DAMN ANNOYING!"

**"THE TEACHER CAN'T EVEN FINISH HER
LECTURE BECAUSE YOU YAP SO MUCH!"**

**"-AND I'M SICK OF HAVING
TO STICK AROUND AFTER
CLASS TO COPY SLIDES!"**

**"NO ONE WANTS
YOU HERE!"**

**(I WISH HE
WOULD DROP
OUT ALREADY!)**

**(SCREW THIS
GUY!)**

**"SO I'M A GOOD
STUDENT! SUE ME!"**

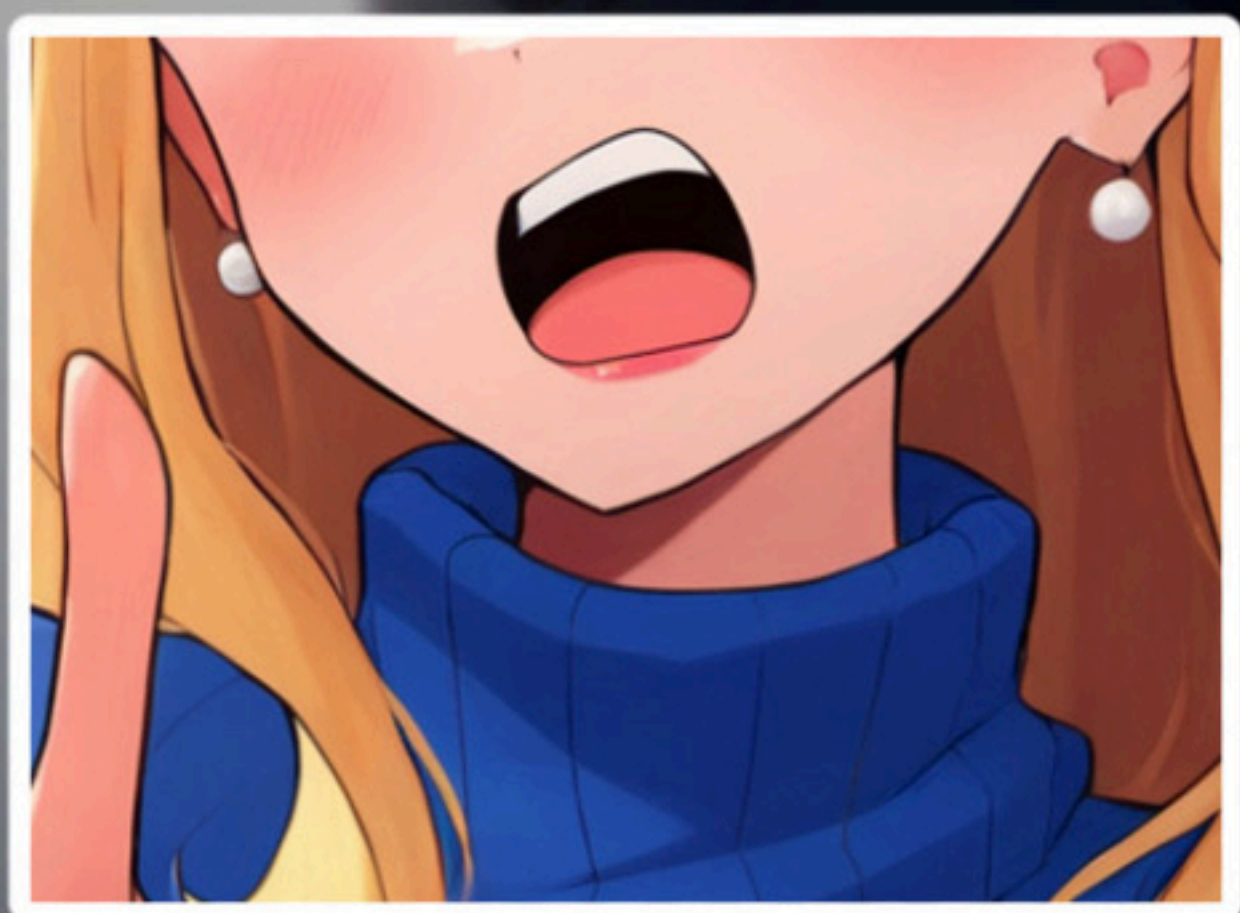


**"IF YOU THINK YOU
CAN INTIMIDATE ME
INTO DROPPING OUT,
YOU'RE DELUSIONAL!"**

**"I'M NOT GOING
ANYWHERE!"**

**(IF I DROPPED OUT, I
WOULDN'T MAKE IT INTO
ANOTHER COURSE IN TIME-)**

**(MY RESTAURANT WOULD BE
AS GOOD AS DONE FOR!)**



"-OH YES YOU ARE."



**"MY GRANDPA IS
THE DEAN OF
THIS CAMPUS-!"**

**"KICKING ONE OBNOXIOUS
TROUBLEMAKER LIKE YOU
OUT OF CLASS WOULD
BE AS SIMPLE AS DIALING
HIS PHONE NUMBER!"**

**(THAT SHOULD SCARE THIS
IDIOT INTO BEHAVING
PROPERLY FROM NOW ON!)**



**"Y-YOU CAN REALLY
DO THAT!?"**



"OH PLEASE!
GIVE ME ANOTHER
CHANCE!"

"I-I CAN'T FAIL
THIS COURSE!"

"WELL, AS LONG AS-"

"-IF I DON'T
GRADUATE, I
MIGHT END UP
LOSING MY JOB
AND MY HOME!"

"IF YOU COULD FIND
IT IN YOUR HEART
TO FORGIVE ME, I
PROMISE I'LL WORK
AS HARD AS I CAN-"

(GRRRR!!! I HATE BEING
INTERRUPTED!!! WILL THIS
DOG EVER STOP BARKING!?)



"ENOUGH!!!"

**"JUST STOP TALKING
FOR ONE DAMN
SECOND! OR ELSE!"**

"HRK!"

(SHIT! ME AND MY BIG MOUTH!!!)

"GOOD... SILENCE, FINALLY..."

**"I'LL BE FRANK, I DON'T LIKE YOU BURT.
I'D RATHER HAVE YOU KICKED OUT RIGHT AWAY
TO BE HONEST, BUT EVEN I'M NOT THAT MUCH OF
A BITCH. I'LL LET YOU STAY, BUT YOU'LL BE DOING
EVERYTHING I SAY FROM NOW ON! GOT IT!?"**

"O-OF COURSE..."

(I DON'T LIKE THAT LOOK IN HER EYE! THIS CAN'T BE GOOD...)

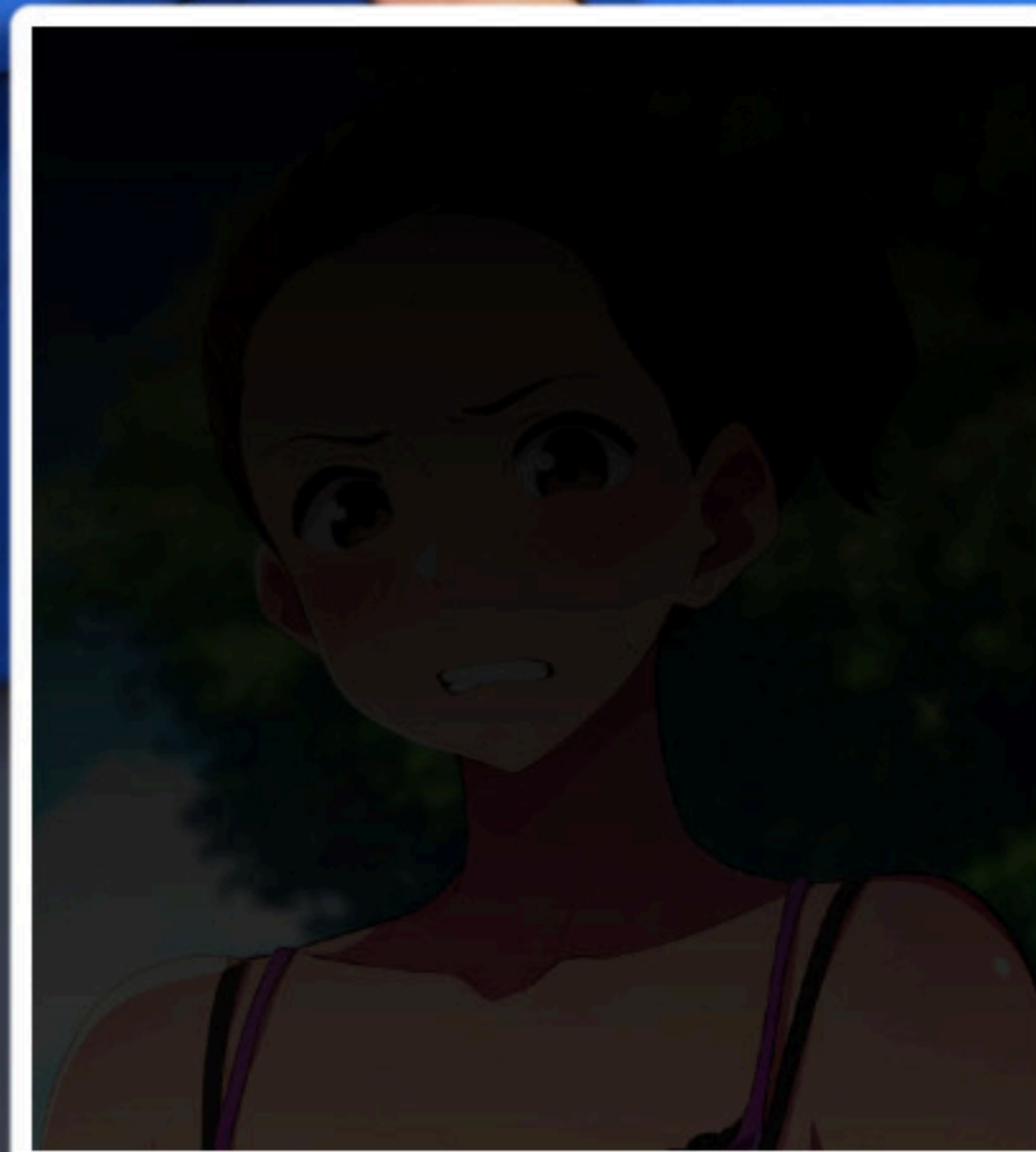
**BURT'S BREW: DAY 13 (WEEK 3)
9 MONTHS REMAINING UNTIL THE
INSPECTOR REPORTS THE FAMILY.**



"HA! IT LOOKS BETTER THAN I THOUGHT IT WOULD ON YOU GRANDPA!"

"-AND I HARDLY RECOGNIZE YOU WITHOUT THE BEARD!"

(UGH... I CAN'T BELIEVE HOW RIDICULOUS I LOOK...)
(BEING HAZED BY A GIRL HALF MY AGE... SO EMBARRASSING...)



"NOW THAT'S A SUCCESSFUL REBRANDING!"

"TRUST ME KYLE, AFTER A FEW DAYS THE CUSTOMERS WILL BE FLOCKING HERE IN DROVES!"

(THIS IS SO LAME...)

(THE CUSTOMERS WILL NEVER GO FOR THIS! IS THE INSPECTOR MAKING FUN OF ME OR SOMETHING!?)

(BUT WE LOST SO MANY CUSTOMERS... AND DAD WAS TOO BUSY SHAVING TO TALK TO ME LAST NIGHT! DAMN IT! WHY AM I THE ONE STUCK IN THIS MESS!?)



"DOESN'T IT FEEL
GOOD TO BE SO
SMOOTH BRITNEY!?"
"NOW GRAB MY BAG
AND HURRY UP-"
"-OR ELSE!"

"TCH!"

(DAMN THIS BITCH!)

(IT TOOK ME FOREVER
TO GROW MY BEARD
OUT THAT MUCH!)

(UGH! WHATEVER!)

(I'LL DO WHATEVER IT
TAKES TO SECURE THE
FUTURE OF MY HOME!)

(IF THESE BRATS THINK
THEY CAN GET UNDER MY
SKIN WITH SHIT LIKE THIS-
THEY'LL BE DISAPPOINTED
FOR SURE!)

"ISN'T THIS A BIT TOO...
GIRLY?"

"NONSENSE!
YOU LOOK GREAT!"

"VERY DISARMING!
CUSTOMERS LOVE
THAT KIND OF THING!"

"IF YOU SAY SO..."

(I DON'T LIKE IT
ONE BIT, BUT
MR. LAMBERT
SEEMS SO
CONFIDENT-)

(-AND I NEED
TO GET THOSE
CUSTOMERS
BACK!)

SIGH

(I HOPE HE'S
RIGHT ABOUT
THIS...)