

Eminem: Heyyy!

Steve: Hey, Em, what's up?

Eminem: Steve Berman. What's goin' on, man, how you doin? Good to see you again. What's up?

Steve: Em, could you come here and have a seat, please?

Eminem: Umm, yeah, what's...

Steve: Vannessa, shut the door.

Secretary: Okay.

Eminem: So what's up? How's orders looking for the first week?

Steve: It would be better if you gave me nothing at all.

Eminem: Wh-

Steve: This album is less than nothing. I can't sell this fuckin' record.

Eminem: Wha

Steve: Do you know what's happening to me out there?

Eminem: Wh-wha-what's the problem?

Steve: Violent Ground told me to go fuck myself!

Eminem: Who's Violent?

Steve: Tower Records told me to shove this record up my ass! Do you know what it feels like to be told to have a record shoved up your ass?

Eminem: But, I-

Steve: I'm gonna lose my fuckin' job over this. You know why Dre's record was so successful? He's rappin' about big-screen tv's, blunts, 40's and bitches. You're rappin' about homosexuals and Vicadin.

Eminem: I mean

Steve: I can't sell this shit!

Eminem: What

Steve: Either change the record or it's not coming out!

Eminem: What, I

Steve: Now get the fuck out of my office!

Eminem: What am I supposed

Steve: NOW!

Eminem: Alright man, whatever.