

There Will Be Waitresses

by Seth Sawyers

Radio advertising has gotten ridiculous—incendiary spots for monster-truck rallies and ladies’ nights at clubs. But surely the most appalling ads are for brunch.



Announcer #1: Sunday, Sunday, Sunday!

Announcer #2: *Bruuunch.*

Announcer #1: Come on down.

Announcer #2: *Bring the family!*

Announcer #1: We've got a whole lot of food.

Announcer #2: *For a whole lot of money.*

Announcer #1: We've got 40-egg omelets.

Announcer #2: *Hash browns for days.*

Announcer #1: Hash browns for weeks, even.

Announcer #2: *The hash brown situation will not be a problem.*

Announcer #1: We've got tomatoes.

Announcer #2: *Sliced up nice.*

Announcer #1: We've got onions.

Announcer #2: *Chopped up in several different ways.*

Announcer #1: Mushrooms

Announcer #2: *Non-organic.*

Announcer #1: Little cubes of ham.

Announcer #2: *Pig ham.*

Announcer #1: All going into cheese omelets.

Announcer #2: *Cheese optional.*

Announcer #1: Western omelets.

Announcer #2: *Eastern attitude.*

Announcer #1: There will be silverware.

Announcer #2: *Or you can call it cutlery.*

Announcer #1: If you're Scottish or English or something.

Announcer #2: *Or if you're cruisin' for a fuckin' bruisin'.*

Announcer #1: We've got salt.

Announcer #2: *We've got pepper.*

Announcer #1: We've got Spinderella.

Announcer #2: *She's a DJ.*

Announcer #1: From when DJs still spun records.

Announcer #2: *Not like that mp3 or Myspace business they do these days.*

Announcer #1: It's really a shame.

Announcer #2: *Times change.*

Announcer #1: We've got ice water!

Announcer #2: *We've got pepperoni faucets.*

Announcer #1: I think we've got hot sauce.

Announcer #2: *For those who like to dabble a little south of the border. If you know what I'm talking about.*

Announcer #1: There will be waitresses.

Announcer #2: *I think they're called servers now.*

Announcer #1: Oh, I'm sorry.

Announcer #2: *I'm not the one you should be apologizing to.*

Announcer #1: We're familiar with herbs.

Announcer #2: *But not spices.*

Announcer #1: We've got eggs Benedict Arnold.

Announcer #2: *Your stomach will betray you!*

Announcer #1: I see what you did there.

Announcer #2: *We've got makings for noodles.*

Announcer #1: But no actual noodles.

Announcer #2: *Soy sauce!*

Announcer #1: Ketchup, probably.

Announcer #2: *Certainly yellow mustard.*

Announcer #1: But no other kinds of mustard.

Announcer #2: *You'll take what we give you.*

Announcer #1: Want seconds?

Announcer #2: *Seconds are mandatory!*

Announcer #1: Cherry pie.

Announcer #2: *Greenish pie.*

Announcer #1: Parcheesi pie.

Announcer #2: *Now I just think you're trying to one-up me.*

Announcer #1: Don't make this about you.

Announcer #2: *Pie filled with remote controls and regret, fuck-faces!*

Announcer #1: Bottomless cups of coffee.

Announcer #2: *Bottomless busboys.*

Announcer #1: Soups!

Announcer #2: *We serve it in bowls.*

Announcer #1: Small dishes of things.

Announcer #2: *Potato salad?*

Announcer #1: Soccer salad.

Announcer #2: *Salad drippings.*

Announcer #1: Laptop pizzas.

Announcer #2: *Pizza shots.*

Announcer #1: Shots of adrenaline!

Announcer #2: *Administered by our in-house R.N.*

Announcer #1: Her name is Cindy.

Announcer #2: *I thought it was Sally. Which one is Sally?*

Announcer #1: We've got open tables.

Announcer #2: *So come on down!*

Announcer #1: We've got all these eggs.

Announcer #2: *And some quantity of tomatoes.*

Announcer #1: They're not going to eat themselves.

Announcer #2: *Don't forget about our updated hours.*

Announcer #1: Midnight to two.

Announcer #2: *Tuesdays!*

Announcer #1: I thought it was Sundays.

Announcer #2: *Sundays!*

Announcer #1: You never listen to me.

Announcer #2: *But I do.*

Announcer #1: I'm rolling my eyes right now.

Announcer #2: *They can't see you.*

Announcer #1: I can't see you.

Announcer #2: *What does that even mean?*

Announcer #1: *Bruuunch!*

Seth Sawyers' work has appeared or is forthcoming in the *Baltimore Sun*, *The Morning News*, *The Rumpus*, *The Millions*, *River Teeth*, *Fourth Genre*, *Crab Orchard Review*, *Ninth Letter*, *Quarterly West*, and elsewhere. He is at work on a novel about a 10-foot-tall office worker. He teaches writing classes at the University of Maryland Baltimore County and is an editor at *Baltimore Review*. He has been awarded scholarships to attend the Sewanee Writers' Conference and Writers@Work. He is a former Emerging Writer-in-Residence at Penn State Altoona. [More by Seth Sawyers](#)