

WALL STREET & WOODSTOCK

Original Play in One Act

Written

by

TOMMY WILSON-O'BRIEN

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WALL STREET & WOODSTOCK

Play in One Act

Character List

GLADYS THUMBSON.....  
BOBBY FLANAGIN.....  
PENELOPE VECKOVITCH.....  
STANLEY PEABODY.....  
ANNIE MORAIS.....  
ACHMAD BILLY BOB.....  
LUNA FLANAGIN.....  
VAN GOGH (The One-eared Cat).....

Sets

ACT ONE  
LAWYER'S OFFICE  
BOBBY'S APARTMENT  
COUCH  
STREET  
PARK BENCH

WALL STREET & WOODSTOCK

(A Play in One Act)

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

LAWYER'S OFFICE

(TYPICAL LAWYER'S OFFICE. SEATED IS THE LAWYER. THIS IS A MEETING)

(GLADYS THUMBSON, 30, ATTRACTIVE, LITTLE TOO THIN, FORMAL, WELL GROOMED, SITS AT THE TABLE)

(BOBBY FLANIGAN, 55, LONG HAIR, GRANNIE GLASSES, TOTALLY STUCK-IN-THE-SIXTIES, SITS AT THE OTHER END OF THE TABLE)

(A LAWYER STANDS WITH SOME PAPERS IN HIS HAND)

LAWYER

Ok, lets get started. You have been asked here today for the reading of the will of --

(GLADYS POINTS AT BOBBY)

GLADYS

(INTERRUPTING)

What's he doing here?

LAWYER

Your Father's wishes were that you both attend.

GLADYS

I just don't understand why he's here?

LAWYER

If I may continue -- more will be revealed.

(READING)

The last will and testament of Walter Thumbson, President, CEO and Chairman of the Board of Thumbson Investments. "My estate will be divided as follows -- 49% of Thumbson Investments and all of it's holdings -- go to my Daughter, Gladys. She will hold the position of President and CEO."

GLADYS

(CELEBRATING A TOUCHDOWN)

Yes!!

LAWYER

(READING)

"51% goes to the stockholders and board of Directors of Thumbson Investments -- with my dear and trusted friend, Bobby Flanigan, appointed as Chairman of the board. This is a lifetime appointment."

(GLADYS FLIPS OUT)

GLADYS

Chairman of the board!?! What does that mean? He like, takes notes at the meetings?

LAWYER

Please, Miss Thumbson.

(READING)

"To my Daughter, Gladys -- this does not come without conditions."

(TALKING)

As you all know, Walter Thumbson was a humanitarian. He donated his time and millions of dollars to helping those less fortunate than himself.

BOBBY

He was a good dude, man. The best. When I split to Canada during Viet Nam, he put me up for like two years. The guy was top shelf.

GLADYS

Look what it got him. He was eaten by cannibals when his plane crashed in Borneo. He was bringing those jungle savages aid and they ate him. That's gratitude.

BOBBY

Their civilization allows cannibalism. It's an honor. By consuming his flesh, they paid him the ultimate respect.

GLADYS

That wasn't very bright. They ate themselves out of house and home.

BOBBY

How can you argue with logic like that.

LAWYER

May I continue?

(READING)

"In order to receive 49% of the profits of Thumbson Investments -- the following conditions must be met. Investments must be of a humanitarian nature. Profits from these humanitarian investments must reach 10 million dollars annually. Until these conditions are met, my Daughter will receive a weekly salary equal to, but not exceeding, minimum wage.

(more)

LAWYER (cont'd)

When, and only when these conditions are met, will she receive 49% of Thumbson Investments."

(GLADYS BOLTS OUT OF HER CHAIR)

GLADYS

Minimum wage!?! Well, that part sucked!

LAWYER

(READING)

"Bobby Flanigan, Chairman of the Board, will have final say as to the nature and validity of these investments."

GLADYS

What!?!

BOBBY

Is this where I take notes?

FADE TO BLACK

ACT ONESCENE TWOAPARTMENT

(THE APARTMENT'S DECOR IS RETRO SIXTIES, CONCERT POSTERS, TIE DYE, ETC.. A LARGE POSTER OF THE MARX BROS. OVERLOOKS THE ROOM. BOBBY AND GLADYS ARE THERE)

(BOBBY IS AT HIS DESK BANGING AWAY ON HIS OLD MANUAL TYPEWRITER. HE'S A WRITER)

(GLADYS IS UNPACKING. SHE TAKES A PICTURE OF RICHARD NIXON AND HANGS IT ON THE WALL. BOBBY STARES IN DISBELIEF)

BOBBY

I said you could move in, not desecrate the place.

(SHE POINTS AT THE MARX BROS. POSTER)

GLADYS

They have got to go. It's like living with three freaks and a mute.

(SHE STARES AT BOBBY)

GLADYS

(continuing)

Make it, four freaks and a mute.

BOBBY

Blasphemy!!

(THEN)

That poster reminds me of your Dad. I'd roll up a fatty and we'd laugh for hours, watching the marx brothers. I really miss your Dad, and your Mom.

(REMEMBERING)

I really miss smoking fattys.

GLADYS

Daddy never smoked fattys. He was too busy trying to save the freakin' world.

BOBBY

He missed the mark with you. Lose the picture of that -- I broke into somebody's house and got caught -- loser, off my wall.

GLADYS

I need space for mementos. Richard Millhouse Nixon, was the finest President this country ever had or ever will have -- unless Spiro Agnew comes back into politics.

BOBBY

The man was so paranoid, he had his entire staff huntin' for corners in the Oval Office.

GLADYS

Look, Bobby -- I really appreciate you letting me move in. There was no way I could afford a place on minimum wage. What's right is right. Nixon stays.

BOBBY

That's it.

(BOBBY PACES OFF AN INVISIBLE LINE  
THROUGH THE CENTER OF THE LOFT)

BOBBY

(continuing)  
See that line?

GLADYS

What I see is, some guy who will be detoxing for the rest of his adult life scrapping his foot along the floor.

(HE RETRACES HIS STEPS)

BOBBY

That line.  
(POINTING)  
Learn it. Love it. Live it.

(STAKING CLAIM TO ONE SIDE)

BOBBY

(continuing)  
This is my side, and the side that will have no character, is yours.

GLADYS

I can live with that. Establishing boundaries is a good thing.

(SHE RUBS HER FINGER IN THE DUST ON THE  
FURNITURE)

GLADYS

(continuing)  
When was the last time you cleaned this place?

BOBBY

I like my life, just the way it is -- dirty! I like dirt. I love dirt. And dirt loves me.

(REMEMBERING)

Though, I did come out of a blackout and clean for Jerry Garcia's funeral.

GLADYS

The world is a much safer place, now that you're sober.

(THEN, OFF HANDS)

I need to wash my hands.

(GLADYS EXITS. BOBBY STARES AT THE PICTURE OF NIXON FOR A LONG BEAT)

BOBBY

(TO HIMSELF)

I'll show you clean. Here, Tricky Dick -- clean this.

(HE GRABS A SPONGE AND SOME TAPE, CROSSES TO THE PICTURE AND TAPES THE SPONGE ACROSS NIXON'S FACE)

BOBBY

(continuing)

There. Much, much better.

(FROM THE OTHER ROOM)

GLADYS (O.S.)

Bobby, have you seen the sponge?

FADE TO BLACK

ACT ONESCENE THREEAPARTMENT - NEXT DAY

(THE APT. HAS A MUCH DIFFERENT LOOK. ALL OF BOBBY'S SIXTIES STUFF ON ONE SIDE AND GLADYS' CONSERVATIVE LOOK ON THE OTHER)

(BOBBY IS AT HIS DESK, TYPING AWAY, LISTENING TO JIMI HENDRIX MUSIC)

BOBBY

(SINGING)

"Excuse me -- while I kiss the sky."

(GLADYS ENTERS)

GLADYS

(YELLING OVER THE LOUD MUSIC)

Would you please turn down that horrible music!?!

(HE TURNS OFF THE STEREO. HE'S NOT HAPPY)

BOBBY

Somewhere, tucked away in that underdeveloped cranium, is there even a shred of musical taste?

GLADYS

I have great taste in music. I like Ricky Martin -- 'N Sync -- and, Monuto. They're my favorite.

BOBBY

Jimi must be rollin' over in his grave. I'll give Blockbuster a call and see if they have them in the Bunch-of-gay-dudes section.

(LOOKING AROUND)

Have you seen my Metro Card?

GLADYS

How can you take that awful subway everyday? It stinks like urine.

BOBBY

I love the subway. Reminds me of Mardi Gras -- the outdoor urination festival. Colorful people ride the subway -- especially the transvestites.

GLADYS

Transvestites!?! I was sitting next to transvestites!?! How can you tell the difference?

BOBBY

If they're wearing a dress and need a shave --  
that's your clue.

(GLADYS SNIFFS THE AIR)

GLADYS

What is that foul odor?

BOBBY

I smelled it earlier. I thought it was your perfume  
-- corral number five.

(SHE SNIFFS HER WAY ACROSS THE ROOM AND  
SETTLES NEAR ONE OF THE PLANTS)

GLADYS

I think it's coming from over near here.

(STILL SNIFFING)

It is definitely coming from this plant.

(ENTERS ANNIE MORAIS, DROP-DEAD  
GORGEOUS, BRAZILIAN REDHEADED ARTIST  
FROM THE APT. ACROSS THE HALL. HER  
BEAUTY IS CAMOUFLAGED BY THE OLD  
SWEATS, COVERED IN PAINT AND CLAY, SHE  
IS WEARING)

ANNIE

Have you seen Van Gogh?

GLADYS

(DISGUSTED, OFF THE PLANT)

There is a huge pile of shit in this plant! I think  
it's cat shit.

BOBBY

(TO ANNIE)

He's not here now --

(OFF THE PLANT)

But, he's been here.

GLADYS

Van Gogh -- you have a Van Gogh? I just love his  
work.

BOBBY

Van Gogh, is Annie's -- I hate kitty litter but I  
love Bobby's plants -- one-eared cat.

(INTRODUCING)

Gladys -- Annie. Annie -- nightmare roommate.

ANNIE

Bobby told me you moved in. Permanent or just  
passin' through?

BOBBY

Look at my place. She's homesteading.

ANNIE

Half of it looks a lot cleaner.

GLADYS

I thought, I would catch a social disease. As soon as I make some money for my company and get over this monetary deficiency -- I'm out of here.

BOBBY

Any social disease you could catch would be a major improvement to your social skills.

GLADYS

Whatever.

(TO ANNIE)

The Village is so -- ethnic. I much prefer the westside. Central Park West, that area. Don't you just fear for your life, every time you walk out the door?

BOBBY

Guns and knives. Don't leave home without 'em.

ANNIE

You get used to it. I moved to the Village right out of art school.

GLADYS

Your cat is named Van Gogh? Is it because you're an Artist?

ANNIE

When I saw him at the animal shelter -- he was just a little kitten. He got caught in a fence and lost one of his ears.

BOBBY

That one-eared fur ball probably coughed itself up.

GLADYS

That's disgusting.

BOBBY

So is a plant full of shit, but I'm adjusting.

ANNIE

This morning, I found a half-eaten bird on the kitchen floor. Boys will be boys.

(ANNIE PREPARES TO LEAVE)

ANNIE

(continuing)

Sorry for the mess in the plant. It needed fertilizer.

(more)

ANNIE (cont'd)

(TO GLADYS)

Nice to meet you.

(TO BOBBY)

Open a window and air this place out. There's a lady living here.

(ANNIE EXITS)

BOBBY

The bird was only half-eaten, because Mr. Poop-in-plants only heard half the bird flying around.

(THEN)

By the way -- that plant is on your side of the apartment. Get on it.

GLADYS

Would it be considered humanitarian, to invest in cat shit spray?

FADE TO BLACK

ACT ONESCENE FOURAPARTMENT

(BOBBY IS PLAYING WITH A SLINKY. THE DOOR BUZZER SOUNDS. BOBBY CROSSES TO THE INTERCOM)

BOBBY

(INTO INTERCOM)  
If this is a Jehovah Witness -- you better have a pizza with your pamphlet.

(GLADYS ENTERS)

PENELOPE (O.S.)

(THROUGH INTERCOM)  
It's Penelope.

BOBBY

(TO GLADYS)  
That would be your crime partner -- Whack-a-bitch.

GLADYS

It is Veckovitch. Veck -- oh -- vitch. Quit reminiscing on your first beer and let her in.

(BOBBY HITS THE DOOR BUTTON)

BOBBY

(INTO INTERCOM)  
Come on up.  
(TO GLADYS)  
Veckovitch -- Whack-a-bitch -- just a freudian slip.

GLADYS

You have a lot of those.

BOBBY

One time I was having dinner with my second wife -- the slut -- and I meant to say -- "Honey, will you please pass the salt." But it came out -- "you've ruined my life, you dirty, cheating whore."

(ENTERS PENELOPE VECKOVITCH, GLADYS' BEST FRIEND. SHE IS 30, ATTRACTIVE, HYPER AND SELF CENTERED. THINK BEVERLY HILLS REAL ESTATE AGENT ON TOO MUCH COFFEE. SHE BLOWS IN THE DOOR WITHOUT EVEN A GLANCE AT BOBBY)

PENELOPE

Gladys -- I think this guy could be the one. He definitely could be the one.

GLADYS

Does this one have a job?

PENELOPE

He drives a Beemer.

GLADYS

Close enough. Where did you meet him?

BOBBY

At Lens Crafters -- before he got his glasses.

PENELOPE

In the personal adds. In fact, he said he would be seeing me -- in about an hour.

BOBBY

Now, there's one you can bring home to meet Mom.

PENELOPE

(TO GLADYS)

He really needs to quit drinking bong water.

GLADYS

I hope this works out for you. You haven't had the best luck with men. You keep looking for Mr. right.

BOBBY

She doesn't know the difference between Mr. Right and Mr. Right now.

PENELOPE

My knight in shinning armor could walk through that door at any moment.

(ENTERS STANLEY PEABODY, 25, BOBBY'S NERD ASSISTANT AND PHOTOGRAPHER. HE HAS HIS HARMONICA WITH HIM. THINK FASHION DISASTER WITH MUSICAL TALENT)

GLADYS

(OFF STANLEY)

Better luck next time.

BOBBY

Where have you been? You're late.

STANLEY

Sorry, Boss. I was at the music store getting the sheet music for "In-a-godda-la-vita."

(STANLEY GETS OUT HIS HARP)

GLADYS

Beautiful title. Who composed it?

(BOBBY POINTS TO A CONCERT POSTER)

BOBBY

Iron Butterfly. Saw them at the Fillmore Auditorium  
in sixty seven just before I split to Canada.

(TO STANLEY)

Make me proud, son.

(STANLEY PLAYS THE CLASSIC ROCK SONG)

(WHEN THE SONG IS OVER)

STANLEY

What do you think?

GLADYS

What the hell was that?

BOBBY

That was cool, man.

GLADYS

That was a waste of a beautiful song title.

BOBBY

Stanley, you can use that for the Harp contest  
you've been talkin' about all year.

STANLEY

Competition, not contest. It's a harmonica  
Competition -- and I'm not going.

BOBBY

Why not? I thought you would be the one to beat.

STANLEY

I'm not ready. Maybe next year.

BOBBY

So, I guess you'll be beating yourself for another  
year.

GLADYS

I can see that.

BOBBY

Enough on your sex life -- grab your camera. We got  
shit to do.

STANLEY

Ok, boss. I didn't know I had a sex life.

PENELOPE

I was talking, here!!

FADE TO BLACK

ACT ONESCENE FIVEAPARTMENT - LATER

(BOBBY IS READING. GLADYS ENTERS, SHE SNIFS THE AIR)

GLADYS

What-on-earth are you cooking? It smells awful.

BOBBY

Irish lamb stew. The pungent odor is the delicately seasoned mutton.

GLADYS

It smells like Irish sweat socks.

BOBBY

Contempt prior to investigation. Relax. You're dealing with a highly trained professional. I'll get you a bowl.

GLADYS

I'm not touching it. I would rather eat my own leg.

BOBBY

Well, I could always prop you up in a corner and feed you with a sling-shot. Your Dad loved my Irish lamb stew.

GLADYS

That doesn't mean I'm willing to risk MY life.

(THEN)

I have a line on some great humanitarian investments. My problems are over.

BOBBY

Your problems are over? No matter what they are -- I'm sure you haven't even scratched the surface.

GLADYS

Penelope went out with this high-powered entrepreneur she met at the embassy. I think his name was Donald Bump or something like that. She said, she could gather all the necessary information on what to invest in, that would have the highest return on our dollar.

BOBBY

Now, how would Penelope ever get that kind of information?

(FLASHBACK - NIGHT BEFORE)

(PENELOPE AND A MAN ARE ON A COUCH, IN THE SHADOWS. HER HEAD IS BOBBING UP AND DOWN IN HIS LAP)

(AS BEFORE)

GLADYS

She has her ways.

BOBBY

Sorry if I seem a little skeptical. Whack-a-bitch doesn't have the best track record with men.

GLADYS

Veckovitch.

BOBBY

Whatever. It ain't gonna happen. She'll fuck it up.

GLADYS

You'll see, Mr. I-wish-I-was-Timothy-Leary. You'll see.

FADE TO BLACK

ACT ONE

SCENE SIX

STREET - OUTSIDE APT.

(ACHMAD BILLY BOB, 30, IS THE IRANIAN-CAJUN MAILMAN FROM LOUISIANA WITH A STRONG SOUTHERN DRAWL. THIS LITTLE WEASEL LOOK-ALIKE, CARRIES HIS MAILBAG LIKE IT'S FULL OF CASH)

(LIKE A SCARED RABBIT, HE IS FRANTICLY RINGING THE BELL, LOOKING AROUND AND RUBBING HIS EYES)

GO RIGHT TO

ACT ONESCENE SEVENAPARTMENT - SAME TIME

(BOBBY AND GLADYS ARE THERE. THE DOOR BUZZER IS RINGING LIKE CRAZY. GLADYS HEADS FOR THE INTERCOM.)

(SFX: DOOR BUZZER.)

GLADYS

Must be one of your friends looking for weed.

BOBBY

Mailman. He has a very distinct ring.

GLADYS

Is he nuts?

BOBBY

Totally -- but harmless. Let him in -- it's like an Acid trip.

(GLADYS RINGS HIM IN)

GLADYS

Dr. Glickman says --

BOBBY

And, people don't listen.

GLADYS

-- nothing is harmless. You can be harmed by the simplest things. For instance -- a traffic light that takes too long to change, could screw up your whole day. It could make you late for a very important appointment. It could cause your eyes to hurt from staring at the light too long. It could --

BOBBY

And you pay this quack for advise.

(ENTERS ACHMAD, RUBBING HIS EYES)

ACHMAD

Can I rinse out my eyes?

(HE THROWS DOWN HIS BAG AND RUNS TO WATER)

ACHMAD

(continuing)

Some crazy woman sprayed me with that-there mace crap. Is that a dog barking?

BOBBY

What did you do to her -- ask her to do that Louisiana breeding dance, you love so much?

ACHMAD

Once was enough. I asked her if she wanted to see my Zamboni.

GLADYS

I'd mace you too -- if you asked me to look at your Zamboni.

(TO BOBBY)

What's a Zamboni?

BOBBY

A Zamboni is a machine that Achmad Billy Bob drives at Madison Square Garden to resurface the ice after a hockey game.

GLADYS

I'd still mace him.

(TO ACHMAD)

Did your mother name you that?

ACHMAD

No, my older Brother -- Sahib Joe Bob.

GLADYS

You're joking.

BOBBY

I told you -- like an Acid trip.

(THE INTERCOM COMES ALIVE)

(SFX: PENELOPE'S VOICE OVER INTERCOM.)

PENELOPE (O.S.)

(SINGING)

"It's Penelope."

(ACHMAD SPINS AROUND AT THE SOUND OF HER VOICE. GLADYS RINGS HER IN)

ACHMAD

It's her -- the crazy bitch who maced me!! I could never forget that voice. Never!! Quick -- hide me!!

(TO BOBBY)

Before I forget --

(HE GRABS HIS LETTER BAG, GETS OUT A LETTER AND THRUSTS IT AT BOBBY)

ACHMAD

(continuing)

BAM, BAM, BA-BAM!!

(GLADYS JUMPS BACK)

BOBBY

Interesting approach to mail delivery, huh?

FADE TO BLACK

ACT ONESCENE EIGHTPARK BENCH

(GLADYS AND PENELOPE ARE SITTING ON A  
PARK BENCH)

GLADYS

You know, you really didn't need to beat that poor,  
little mailman like that.

PENELOPE

He had it coming. Something screwed up in the gene  
pool, there. Those people should really stop mating  
with their relatives.

(AFTER A BEAT)

GLADYS

Well?

PENELOPE

Well, what?

GLADYS

The date -- what did Mr. High-Power say?

PENELOPE

He said, I should have my tubes tied.

GLADYS

Not about that -- the investments?

PENELOPE

What does he know. These are good childbearing  
hips. He wouldn't talk about investments.  
Something about, Marla would get pissed.

(THEN)

Do you think I would make a good Mother?

GLADYS

Do you like soccer?

PENELOPE

No -- I hate all sports.

GLADYS

Kool Aid?

PENELOPE

That's for Black people.

GLADYS

Drive a mini-van?

PENELOPE

Wouldn't be caught dead in one.

GLADYS

Tele-Tubbies?

PENELOPE

Who?

GLADYS

Don't have any more than two.

PENELOPE

I think being a mother would be so hard. Like, what would you do if you found a S&M magazine under your ten year old son's pillow -- you can't spank him!?!

GLADYS

Have girls -- or better yet, adopt. Then you could achieve your goal without the involvement of a man and you could trade them in, if it didn't work out. You know -- upgrade.

PENELOPE

What a fantastic idea. Sooner or later, you'd have to get good ones.

GLADYS

Do you want to have a big family?

PENELOPE

Lord knows, I understand the thrust for size -- but in this case, I'm shootin' for small.

GLADYS

Penelope, you've got to help me find humanitarian things to invest in. Bobby is not going to budge on this. Daddy's will, to the letter.

PENELOPE

Don't worry, we'll work around it.

(THEN)

What am I saying -- we're screwed. We don't do humanitarian?

FADE TO BLACK

ACT ONESCENE NINEAPARTMENT

(BOBBY, STANLEY AND ANNIE ARE SITTING  
AROUND)

BOBBY

So, let me get this straight. Because the bully who lived up the street when you were a kid -- tied your shoe laces together -- that made you forget to put film in the camera? Makes perfect sense.

STANLEY

It wasn't the shoe laces -- it was the store. It happened in front of the store I was going to get the film. I got distracted and forgot to get the film. Actually, I forgot why I was even there.

ANNIE

I can appreciate that. This girl that lived near me in Brazil -- she pulled all the hair out of my Latin Barbie. I was totally traumatized.

STANLEY

What did you do?

ANNIE

I tried to kill the bitch. Then I told her -- her boyfriend, Jose -- was really Hose-"B". She freaked out and went running home crying. I bet, to this day -- she has never messed with someone's Latin Barbie.

BOBBY

What does any of that, have to do with not having film and missing important shots?

ANNIE

Nothing. I just like telling the story.

BOBBY

My shot at a Pulitzer -- and close-ups of great breasts -- down the drain.

STANLEY

Look at the up-side, Boss. Now, we get to go back.

BOBBY

Good point.

ANNIE

How is Gladys coming along with her quest for money?

BOBBY

I hope she hits pay dirt soon. I want my life back. It took me over a hour to find my tooth paste, this morning.

STANLEY

Where was it?

BOBBY

In the medicine cabinet. Who the hell puts tooth paste in the medicine cabinet?

ANNIE

That's a new one on me. The nerve.

BOBBY

What's next -- putting the garbage can under the sink?

ANNIE

Where will it end?

BOBBY

She actually came up with some good ideas for investments -- in her own, warped, sort of way. One was to invest into this company that made seat covers for kids bicycles and a portion of the profits went to help buy diapers for malnourished children. They don't crap much, but when they do get a meal -- look out!!

STANLEY

That's a great idea.

BOBBY

The seat covers have a picture of Osama bin Laden on them -- right where the kids sit.

ANNIE

How cool is that? He can kiss their ass!!

FADE TO BLACK

ACT ONESCENE TENAPARTMENT

(BOBBY AND GLADYS ARE THERE)

BOBBY

Gladys, have you seen my Eric Clapton coffee mug?  
I can't find it anywhere.

GLADYS

I tried to wash it. It was disgustingly dirty so I  
threw it away.

BOBBY

(ALMOST CRYING)

No -- not my Eric Clapton coffee mug. I loved my  
Eric Clapton coffee mug. I got my Eric Clapton  
coffee mug in 1968. Eric went everywhere with me --  
and now he's gone.

GLADYS

What's the big deal? I figured, I was doing you a  
favor, getting rid of some of the junk around here.

BOBBY

Yes, getting rid of some of the junk around here  
would be a good idea. I think, I'll start with the  
Mitt Romney bubble bath in the bathroom.

GLADYS

You touch that bubble bath and you're a dead man.  
Those bubbles have staying power.

BOBBY

Too bad Mitt doesn't. Mitt be gone, never to bubble  
again. Leave my, just-as-I-like-it, stuff alone.

GLADYS

Ok, ok -- if you want your world to be filled with  
the youth that has left you eons ago -- I promise  
not mess with any of your out-dated stuff.

BOBBY

And I promise, not to mess with any of your, I-don't-  
know-why-the-hell-I-got-it-in-the-first-place stuff.

GLADYS

Bobby, I need your help.

BOBBY

I'm not going to help you pick out a new wardrobe.

GLADYS

Granted, I want to make my mark on the world. I want more than anything -- except moving out of here -- to make my Daddy proud of what I have done to Thumbson Investments. I really want to help others, help the less fortunate. I don't believe I'm saying this -- I need your help on this.

BOBBY

Your father would be very proud to hear you talk like this. I'll help you in any way I can. What can I do?

GLADYS

(LAUGHING)

Help me make a truck load of money. That's all. All I want is a truck load of money!

FADE TO BLACK

ACT ONESCENE ELEVENAPARTMENT

(BOBBY, GLADYS, PENELOPE, STANLEY AND ANNIE ARE THERE. GLADYS PICKS UP A LETTER)

GLADYS

Bobby, you never opened this letter.

BOBBY

It's probably some Republican beggin' for contributions.

PENELOPE

Republicans don't beg. They demand -- politely.

(GLADYS HANDS BOBBY THE LETTER)

GLADYS

It's postmarked Toronto.

(BOBBY OPENS THE LETTER. AS HE READS, A LOOK OF SHOCK IS ON HIS FACE)

STANLEY

Boss, what's it say?

(THERE IS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR. BOBBY CROSSES TO OPEN IT)

BOBBY

It's says, I have a Daughter. Her name is Luna.

ANNIE

Why does it not surprise me you have a child named Luna?

BOBBY

I didn't name her. I don't even know who she is. A Daughter! See, I'm not shootin' blanks.

(HE OPENS THE DOOR)

(LUNA FLANIGAN, 16, A TOTALLY PUNKED-OUT TEENAGER, MULTI-COLORED HAIR, LEATHER, TATTOOS, PIERCINGS EVERYWHERE)

LUNA

The door was open downstairs so I came up.

BOBBY

If you're lookin' for a hand-out -- the food bank is over on Bleeker Street.

(HE STARTS TO CLOSE THE DOOR. SHE  
STOPS IT WITH HER BOOT)

LUNA

Are you Bobby Flanigan?

BOBBY

I'm Bobby. What the hell do you want?

(SHE THRUSTS OUT HER HAND)

LUNA

Damn, you're ugly. You're my father and you owe me  
big time.

BOBBY

You're Luna?

LUNA

I'm not the tooth fairy. Now, pay up! Sixteen  
years of back child support.

PENELOPE

I can see the resemblance.

(HE HOLDS UP THE LETTER)

BOBBY

I didn't know you existed till just now.

(STILL HOLDING OUT HER HAND)

LUNA

Now you know -- Pay the lady!

GLADYS

I don't see a lady.

(DEFENDING LUNA)

BOBBY

Hey, that's my Daughter you're talking about.

LUNA

I can speak for myself, pops.

(TO GLADYS)

Up yours, tight-ass!!

BOBBY

I don't even know who your mother is.

LUNA

Was. My Mother was, Marie Thumbson.

GLADYS

Marie Thumbson!?! My Mother was, Marie Thumbson!!

STANLEY

Is that a crazy coincidence, or what? Hey, you two could be Sisters.

LUNA

(TO STANLEY)

Would you look at the brains on you. Aren't you the wizard.

(TO BOBBY)

This tight-ass is my sister?! I'm gonna shoot myself.

GLADYS

(TO BOBBY)

You had sex with my Mother!?!

BOBBY

I wasn't having sex with your Mother. Well, I knew she was your mother but she wasn't your mother when we were having sex. This was after she left your Father. We did it one time.

PENELOPE

(TO GLADYS)

Your Mother had sex with Bobby!?! Did the woman have no shame?

LUNA

(TO PENELOPE)

Look at what you're wearing. Don't even go there. Too much ammo.

ANNIE

This is better than Jerry Springer.

GLADYS

(TO BOBBY)

I can't believe my Mother had sex with you.

PENELOPE

I can't believe anybody would have sex with him.

STANLEY

I'm confused.

LUNA

What a surprise, nerd boy.

BOBBY

Luna, where are you staying. We need to catch up, get to know one another.

LUNA

Why, Daddy -- we'll have plenty of time to walk down memory lane. I'm staying with you. We're all gonna be one, big, happy family.

BOBBY

What will you do? You can't hang around here all day giving yourself tattoos -- sooner or later, you'll run out of skin.

LUNA

I'm going to Columbia. Got a full ride scholarship.

PENELOPE

So what do you plan to be when you grow up -- an inmate?

LUNA

Investment Banker. I'm a finance major. Ain't that a hoot.

GLADYS

A finance major? Well, come-on in little sista -- make yourself at home. Give your big sis a hug.

(SHE GOES TO HUG LUNA)

LUNA

Don't touch the hair.

BOBBY

I'm totally screwed.

ANNIE

That you are, Bobby Flanagin. That you are.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END