

Untitled

written by

Author

Address  
Phone  
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BOBBY  
Yo, dickwall. What the fuck?

KURT  
What?

BOBBY  
Three hours late. What's the deal?

KURT  
I was at your father's funeral.

BOBBY  
Well, maybe that excuse would've  
flown when my dad was here, but I'm  
in charge now.

KURT  
That excuse wouldn't make any sense  
if your dad was still here.

BOBBY  
In my office. Now.

KURT  
Yes?

BOBBY  
Sit.

KURT  
I'm not a dog, Bobby.

BOBBY  
Good boy. I've been looking through  
the books, and you're the  
accountant. Tell me: why is this  
company in the crapper?

KURT  
Well, we're not in the crapper.  
It's a recession, but we're still  
profitable.

BOBBY  
Bullshit. Look, I know you and my  
dad were pals, okay? And frankly, I  
always thought it was a little bit  
weird and gay, and I have no idea  
why he thought you were so fucking  
special. But that doesn't matter  
now, because he's in the ground,  
and guess what? I am your boss.

(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

And there's going to be some changes around here.

KURT

Can't wait to hear them.

BOBBY

Okay, first things first. EnviroTech Waste Management. What the fuck's this about? It's costing us a lot of money.

KURT

Your dad made the choice to dispose of our chemical waste responsibly. In order to do that, you gotta spend a little more money.

BOBBY

Bolivians said they'd do it for a third of the price. I'm gonna hire them.

KURT

No, no, you can't go to them.

BOBBY

Why?

KURT

You shouldn't do it because they're going to endanger thousands of local residents.

BOBBY

Oh, I give a fuck some local tribesman gets cancer. Cry me a fucking river.

KURT

They're not tribesmen. It's a modern society.

BOBBY

Do I look like I fucking care?

KURT

Okay, all right. Look, Bobby, your dad told me very clearly that he would rather die than save money and hurt people, okay?

BOBBY

Well, guess what? Looks like we're right on schedule, doesn't it? Okay, what else? Oh yeah, we got to trim some of the fat around here.

KURT

Trim the...what do you mean by 'trim the fat?'

BOBBY

I want you to fire the fat people.

KURT

What?

BOBBY

They're lazy and they're slow and they make me sad to look at. You can start with Large Marge. Marge, can you come in here, please?

KURT

No, Margie's not fat. She's pregnant. I'm not going to fire her.

BOBBY

Fine. Stay where you are, Marge. Congratulations. You can fire Professor Xavier.

KURT

Who are you talking about? You mean Hank?

BOBBY

Yeah. He fucking creeps me out, rolling around all day in his special little secret chair. I know he's up to something.

KURT

I'm not going to fire anyone, Bobby.

BOBBY

Oh, you're not going to fire anyone?

KURT

No.

BOBBY

Oh, really?

KURT

Yeah, really. You know, it's like you don't care about this company at all.

BOBBY

No fucking shit I don't care about this company. This is just an ATM to me. You think when I was a kid I dreamed of running a fucking chemical company? No. I dreamed of being on a beach with a model serving me tropical drinks. That's what I dreamed of. And that's exactly what's going to happen as soon as I squeeze every bit of profit out of this fucking company. But first things first. You either fire the fatty or you fire the cripple, or I fire all three of you. Do the math. One loses the job or three loses it. And tell him to leave his handicap parking pass here as well.