

Untitled

written by

Author

Address
Phone
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BONNIE
Yo, pussywall. What the fuck?

CAROL
What?

BONNIE
Three hours late. What's the deal?

CAROL
I was at your mother's funeral.

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

CAROL
That excuse wouldn't make any sense
if your mom was still here.

BONNIE
In my office. Now.

CAROL
Yes?

BONNIE
Sit.

CAROL
I'm not a dog, Bobby.

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

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

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

(MORE)

BONNIE (CONT'D)

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

CAROL

Can't wait to hear them.

BONNIE

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

CAROL

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

BONNIE

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

CAROL

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

BONNIE

Why?

CAROL

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

BONNIE

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

CAROL

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

BONNIE

Do I look like I fucking care?

CAROL

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

BONNIE

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.

CAROL

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

BONNIE

I want you to fire the fat people.

CAROL

What?

BONNIE

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?

CAROL

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

BONNIE

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

CAROL

Who are you talking about? You mean Hank?

BONNIE

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

CAROL

I'm not going to fire anyone, Bonnie.

BONNIE

Oh, you're not going to fire anyone?

CAROL

No.

BONNIE

Oh, really?

CAROL

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

BONNIE

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 male 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.