

MR. RIGHT
"Bobby Knows Best"
By
Josh Kornbluth

Dear Dada Productions
143 Garth Road Apt. 3M
347-260-2440

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT: STARBUCKS-BRONXVILLE, NY-MORNING (D1)

"This is Nowhere" by Neil Young plays. UNCLE BOBBY(42) played by Bobby still slaying them Slayton, sports a fancy pair of Aviator Sunglasses and orders his coffee drink from a good looking, diamond earring wearing STARBUCKS BLING STUDDER (17).

UNCLE BOBBY

Hey Dwayne Wade, give me a Triple Threat.

STARBUCKS BLING STUDDER

What is a Triple Threat?

UNCLE BOBBY

It's a Triple Espresso with 5% milk. I didn't think that order would go over your head, **Flash**. I thought you'd be down with 5-Percenter lingo, that's all.

STARBUCKS BLING STUDDER

What do you know about **5-Percenter** lingo? 5-Percenters are black gods that are rightful rulers of the universe like...Jay-Z. You're just a racist, middle-aged Italian that thinks he can bond with me because you grew up in the Bronx before it became de-gentrified.

UNCLE BOBBY

For the record I grew up in Yonkers, NY which is a minor upgrade from the Bronx last time I checked. And what, Amare Stoudemire can take one trip to Israel and claim Jewish ancestry yet I can't make one coke deal in Bed-Stuy and be down with 5-Percenter lingo? That sounds pretty hypocritical if you ask me.

Uncle Bobby's beautiful twin nieces (15) MELISSA AND JESSICA enter the coffee shop.

MELISSA AND JESSICA

Uncle Bobby!

Uncle Bobby places his shades on his Rolling Stones shirt and kneels down to receive a big welcome home hug from his picture perfect nieces Melissa and Jessica

UNCLE BOBBY

You girls are instant heart melters every time.

Uncle Bobby stands back up.

MELLISSA

Do you notice anything different Uncle Bobby?

UNCLE BOBBY

You girls are more developed since the last time I saw you.

We notice that two twins are finally filled out up top which is a sharp contrast from the last time Uncle Bobby was face to face with them since his "lost years" in Scottsdale, Arizona.

JESSICA

Yeah, well the captain of the Varsity Basketball team hooked up with both of us and still can't tell us apart.

MELLISSA

He insisted that we post our new bra sizes on the front of our new Varsity Basketball jerseys so he could tell us apart that way.

UNCLE BOBBY

You didn't let him get away with that did you?

JESSIA

Once we told our friend **Big Martha** about it, she gave him a pile-driver in the high school cafeteria, figuring he had no brain cells left to spare.

MELLISSA

Big Martha is really cool. She's the captain of our Varsity Basketball team. Daddy now calls her his go-to rack protector.

JESSIA

We got your postcard from Arizona with the Jumping Cholla Cactus, that sneak attacks you with shooting needles.

UNCLE BOBBY

Those pricks shoot you when you least expect it. And they're a total pain in the ass to remove. They're like the Southwest's answer to **Hamas**.

MELLISSA

Well, you know how much we love all the postcards you've sent us from Arizona over the years. But this past one got us so excited. We haven't told dad that you're here to surprise him for Fathers Day. Mom hasn't spilled the beans yet either.

UNCLE BOBBY

How is that Irish Firecracker doing these days?

MELISSA

On top of that world, as usual. But mom totally pissed off dad since she named her new Social Media Marketing Agency, O'Leary and Daughters, while showing no respect to the Dipaolo family name whatsoever.

UNCLE BOBBY

That's your Dad talking, good old Mr. Right, he never met an argument he didn't like. Tell your Dad to relax, Dipaolo is a bankable name to exploit... only if you're opening a deli in Little Italy in 1920.

JESSIA

You're so cool Uncle Bobby.

UNCLE BOBBY

So is your Dad. And don't forget, he's a local Yonkers legend and the best debate high school champion in Roosevelt High history.

(MORE)

UNCLE BOBBY (CONT'D)

Plus, he had a decent run with the ladies before he met your mommy. I'm not comparing him to more famous graduates from our school like Steven Tyler from Aerosmith or to a rollicking mini Dean Martin like myself, but he was hot trot in his prime before he met your mommy in the Cape, that's for sure.

MELLISS

Is daddy past his prime? Was his debate champion year a mere fluke?

UNCLE BOBBY

Not at all, your daddy was always the real deal. Along the way, he just lost a cause to fight for. And I don't know if he wants to defend my antics anymore.

JESSICA

What did you do this time Uncle Bobby? Don't worry, we won't tell **dad**.

UNCLE BOBBY

I'm just being melodramatic. My endorphins are shot after an all night bender in the city last night.

MELLISSA

What did you get your **big bro** for Fathers Day?

UNCLE BOBBY

Nothing yet. Getting gifts for your dad has never been my forte.

JESSICA

Maybe you can help us out with our gift selection because we haven't made up our minds yet either.

UNCLE BOBBY

A girlfriend of mine that I stayed with in the city last night told me about this new age Greek Italian steak Restaurant that just opened up in Bronxville, called Big Pusses.

(MORE)

UNCLE BOBBY (CONT'D)

It's a joint celebrity collaboration between WNBA pioneer Rebecca Lobbo and former Sopranos Star Vincent Pastore, otherwise known as **Big Pussy**. She gave me a gift certificate for the place. So I was thinking I could take your father there for his Fathers Day celebration. This way, we can have a nice meal and get caught up with each other in a semi-manly surrounding in suburbia, without schelping to the city on a weeknight.

MELLISSA

Uncle Bobby knows best. When we become famous foodie fiction writers and open our own cheese farm in Vermont and sell our Nine Fingered Foodie comic book franchise to Hollywood, will be able to afford that signed first edition of the Godfather to give Dad for Fathers Day after all.

UNCLE BOBBY

Is your Dad still working on that great Italian American novel post Godfather?

JESSICA

You mean Don't Tell Dad. Of course he is Uncle Bobby. Although since mom told him to stop going to the track, he hasn't been on much of a hot streak at the keyboard lately.

UNCLE BOBBY

Our mom always said that your dad's mere attempt to tackle that novel was "too ambitious." Michael Douglas gave more encouragement to his son's DJ spinning career.

MELLISSA

But you're still is favorite audience Uncle Bobby, that will never change.

UNCLE BOBBY

Your dad has done some great writing and won some unbelievable come from behind debates.

(MORE)

UNCLE BOBBY (CONT'D)

But his greatest creation yet is
you girls. I can see how dumb
jocks confuse you so easily.

MELLISSA

Why is that Uncle Bobby?

UNCLE BOBBY

Who knew that pure sweetness would
come out in such a complete
package.

CUT TO:

INT. PRINCIPAL'S PALMINTERI'S OFFICE-HOURS LATER (D1)

MR. RIGHT (45) played by Boston's ball busting finest, the bazooka of bombast, the patronizing patriot of pontification, Nick lick up European nuts Dipaolo, stares at a picture on wall of GOVERNOR ANDREW CUOMO as himself on a yacht, giving a bear-hug to his father-in-law DR. O'LEARY(65), picture an ultra WASPY, more muscle tone James Woods.

MR. RIGHT

I've never seen more contented
looking smucks in my life.

PRINCIPAL PALMINTERI (65) played by the Bronx Tale penning legend Chaz Palminteri, enters sporting a power blue Armani suit.

PRINCIPAL PALMINTERI

You're not in a position to call
anyone in that picture a smuck, Mr.
Right. Or have you outgrown that
nickname, **Nick**? That gavel team
trophy you won your senior year in
high school for winning the NY
state championship in debate isn't
the most impressive cocktail
conversation anymore? Is it Nick?

MR. RIGHT

(spiteful)

No it isn't sir. I prefer my
cocktail conversation starter to be
about how my Principal is a
Sabermetrics, new age analytics nut
that gets his freak on from
touching himself while watching
Bradd Pitt work out in Money Ball.

PRINCIPAL PALMINTERI

Well that's why I called you into my office Nick. There was just a new ruling in California that defined the entire concept of tenure unconstitutional for teachers. This means that your cushy 9th grade history teacher job in the most expensive property tax bracket in the eastern seaboard whether you get tenure or not, is no longer so secure.

MR. RIGHT

I read about that in the NY Times. Parents are suing schools because when a teacher gets tenure it becomes impossible to get rid of an incompetent one that sucks. At the same time, tenure gives you the freedom to say what you want without ever getting clipped. It's the bullet vest Malcolm X **never** had.

PRINCIAPL PALMINTERI

Well Nick, my close friend Governer Cuomo, is a big believer in the Sabermetrics system that his lordship Mayor Bloomberg used to evaluate the effectiveness of his public school teachers throughout all the boroughs in the tri-state area. There's a real science to the numbers, not that you would know anything about that based on your Math SAT scores. Would you like a reminder Nick? I don't need one because I have a photographic memory. I know your entire lackluster permanent record right up here.

Principal Palminteri points at his ego swelled noggin.

MR. RIGHT

You were talking about Sabermetrics.

(MORE)

MR. RIGHT (CONT'D)

Does the Governer want to hold 9th Grade US History Teachers like myself to a higher standard of performance because all of my students are a bunch of smart Indian, Chinese and Jewish kids that are a notch below the kids that attend private schools in Manhattan?

PRINCIAPL PALMINTERI

Well, duh, Mr. Dunz! More importantly, the Governer believes that our teachers should be held to a higher standard of performance because you also get paid twice as much as public school teachers in the city. Plus you should be held to a higher performance standard because you have less distractions to deal with and teach at a school that could pass for a liberal arts college plopped in the middle of Burlington, Vermont.

MR. RIGHT

Our students don't have much physical or emotional turmoil to deal with on the home front either. None of my girl students are dreaming of being romanticized away by their handsome history teacher in Westchester Country, the way what's her name does in Precious.

PRINCIAPL PALMINTERI

Cute pop culture mention Mr. Right, but let's get back to your suburban soft reality shall we. The Governer plans to build us a new **auditorium** where he'd like to hold the **Debate Sectional Championships** next year.

MR. RIGHT

(animated)

That's fantastic news, it gives my debate team plenty of time to prepare for our first homecoming victory.

Principal Palminteri laughs uncontrollably in the most mocking way possible.

PRINCIAPL PALMINTERI

Your first homecoming victory. For the past ten years your debate team has made the Knicks look competitive.

MR. RIGHT

But my debate talent pool has never been weaker. These days the majority of my students are quiet, Asian American types that would rather jerk off to animi Octopus porn, than rock the debate mike. While the rest of my students are a bunch of soft Jewish kids that leave anonymous comments on YouTube which isn't putting yourself out on a limb, last time I checked. How can you can expect me to form a dream debate team knowing that these students are more likely to accept Jesus Christ as their lord and savoir than dare to leave a colorful voice-mail worth saving?

PRINCIPAL PALMINTERI

Here we go again, another take of American History Nick. But I'm not one your students Mr. Right. Imagine it's the Renaissance again. I'm your benefactor and you're my faggy underling like Michaelangelo's fluffer. If you're an old master on the debate stage, then now's the time to paint your Sistine Chapel. But you can't rely on divine intervention because your Jewish students don't accept Jesus Christ as their lord and savior, so good luck with that. Who feels like the contented smuck now?

Mr. Right stares at the wall again and notices a picture of Principal Palminteri with his effeminate 8 year old son at Yankee Stadium with "The Captain" Derek Jeter.

MR. RIGHT

(mumbles to himself)
Your boy throws like a girl.

PRINCIPAL PALMINTERI

What was that? I dare you to repeat that.

MR. RIGHT

Your boy is a player...like **Earl the Pearl**.

PRINCIPAL PALMINTERI

That's what I thought you said, jerk-off! Any big plans for Fathers Day this year? Besides getting jealous at your father-in-law at the Yale Club funding raising gala for his new adoption app **BABESTOBABIES**, an adoption app for late thirty **players** that don't have the time to make babies anymore, there's no end to my old frat brother's genius is there? I wore my power Yale blue Armani suit in his honor today.

MR. RIGHT

Alright fine, you want to me fight for my right to tenure, no problem. You want a miracle maker to whip our debate team into championship form, you got it.

PRINCIPAL PALMINTERI

You need a miracle alright. Too bad you're not Kurt Russell. His hair is quite Jesus like come to think of it.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOCUT TO:INT: YALE CLUB-MORNING (D2)

Mr. Right gazes at various presidential oil paintings and zooms in on a black and white framed photo of Bush senior in his old Yale baseball pinstripes.

MR. RIGHT

I wonder if **H.W** ever calls little **Georgie** a waste of Ivy League bush.

Nick walks up to a glimmering computer flat screen that has a Reuters stock chart on it with red lines going up and down in waves.

MR. RIGHT (CONT'D)

Boy am I not Ivy League material.
My head hurts from just trying to
making out this red wavy line.

Mr. Right's father-in-law, the Nordic great, DR. O'LEARY (65) picture a more strapping James Woods, comes over to give him an aggressive slap on the shoulder from behind.

DR. O'LEARY

Of course you're not Ivy League material. At best, you're an average all American. And why does your head hurt Mr. Right? Are you realizing just now that without cushy pensions anymore, teacher schlubs like yourself, will always be in the red for life?

MR. RIGHT

I can't believe this is the family I married into.

Mr. Right turns to face Dr. O'Leary.

DR. O'LEARY

Did I startle you Mr. Right? Have you gone suburban soft on me already? It's too bad you never got to live in Manhattan as a successful writer of any kind. This city really does keep you young at heart.

MR. RIGHT

Yeah, so does playing around with building model sports cars.

DR. O'LEARY

You still futz around with crazy glue and model corvette cars so you can fantasize about what real horse power feels like? How does your brother keep young at heart these days? Does taking a break from cocaine to huff any of your leftover car model glue help his cause?

MR. RIGHT

If you have something nasty to say to my brother, then be a man and say it to his face Doc. So you're an oral surgeon that went to Yale that still wins gold medals for rowing among other alpha- ivy leaguers in your old geezer age bracket at the Greenwich Yacht Club.

DR. O'LEARY

Don't forget to mention the twenty million in the bank, that you'll never see a penny of. There's also the compound in the Cape, my fifty thousand dollar a year parking spot on Fifth Avenue. Do I need to go on? I mean you're a public school teacher. You've got all the time in the world to spare right?

MR. RIGHT

Your granddaughters never ask about you... tremendous legacy I tell you, no time to spare for them, you cheap **prick**.

DR. O'LEARY

Spoke with Principal Palminteri today about your upcoming tenure vote. My old frat brother will act more shocked than Hillary after we got Bin Laden if the school board gives tenure to you. Do you believe that the were about to get Osama photo was staged by the way? Do you think Obama staged the entire Bin Laden kill just to get re-elected?

(MORE)

DR. O'LEARY (CONT'D)

I mean you're a conspiracy theorist right? Because you have nobody else to blame for not owning any gold or oil of your own, right?

CUT TO:

INT. MR. RIGHT'S KITCHEN-EVENING (D2)

Mr. Right's wife, SUMMER O'LEARY (42) picture Isabella Fisher from Wedding Crashers but blond with a smattering of blondish freckles sits at the Island dinning room table drinking a fine Pinot reading the NY Times. Mr. Right enters his love nest.

MR. RIGHT

I got more wine dear. It's a Pinot Noir from Russian River. It's juicy, light weight and easy to pound... like you twenty years ago.

Summer picks up her head.

SUMMER O'LEARY

Like you're some prize these days. Just give me the wine. **O'Leary & Daughters** is what will give this family a taste of the good life for years to come.

MR. RIGHT

What is that supposed to mean?

SUMMER O'LEARY

It means that the only way to create true lasting wealth in this country is from owning your own business and through tireless innovation which is the business I'm in. Not that you would know anything about that.

MR. RIGHT

What business do you think I'm in?

SUMMER O'LEARY

I don't know, the history reiteration business. All you do is recap past US historical events. You're like a pseudo funny Sports Center Broadcaster for 9th grade US History, minus the country club connections in Bristol, CT.

MR. RIGHT

Oh and your new full service social media marketing agency leaves such a positive imprint on the world? All your company does it sling digital coupons and stupid interactive games to loser **millennials** that have nothing else better to do.

Uncle Bobby pops enters.

UNCLE BOBBY

Is this the martial bliss that I've been missing out on after all these years?

MR. RIGHT

Bobby, why aren't you in Arizona? Is everything OK? You look great by the way. How is that still possible?

UNCLE BOBBY

I'm drinking a finer grade of Tequila these days. Plus my baked-in Jeter tan and full set of silver sleek hair doesn't hurt.

MR. RIGHT

You also keep young at heart from all that desert drilling you do in MILF country down in Scottsdale, Arizona, you **MILF** pumper you.

Mr. Right hugs his younger brother.

UNCLE BOBBY

I'm happy to see you to **big bro**.

MR. RIGHT

I thought you'd never come back after **mom** died.

They both shed a tear and take a step back to compose themselves.

SUMMER O'LEARY

How's your food truck business doing these days Bobby, Southwest by Northeast? I haven't seen any new reviews of it on **Yelp** lately.

(MORE)

SUMMER O'LEARY (CONT'D)

I had one of my new junior social media analysts conduct a social media sentiment check on it. I knew you'd be in town and thought you wouldn't mind a little branding insight into your business. Would you Bobby?

UNCLE BOBBY

I had to sell my food truck business to my cocaine dealer along with mom's secret recipe for veal stuffed with Prosciutto.

MR. RIGHT

But Bobby that was mom's famed recipe that she built her restaurant in the Bronx on. That dish was so good even Dad's mob clients would pick up the tab out of mere respect for the chef.

UNCLE BOBBY

Spare me the historical recap Mr. Right.

MR. RIGHT

That recipe was your inheritance, your go to security blanket, that you could cash in for endless party favors whenever you wanted.

SUMMER O'LEARY

Our daughters even came up with the concept for your food truck business Bobby, Southwest by Northeast. They were the ones that gave you the idea of rolling up your mom's veal stuffed with prosciutto in a white wine, mushroom sauce with imported Fontina cheese stuffed in tortillas for fifteen dollar a pop.

MR. RIGHT

How could you let this happen Bobby?

UNCLE BOBY

I got addicted to pure coke this time.

(MORE)

UNCLE BOBY (CONT'D)

Plus, I got carried away with my party lifestyle after the porn video I shot with the NRA President's wife became a viral sensation before it crashed my Arizona MILF hunter website, Southwestprickler.com

SUMMER O'LEARY

For a second, I forgot your Internet porn pioneer past.

MR. RIGHT

Yeah, he's a real trail blazer of innovation. So what happened with the NRA President's wife Bobby?

UNCLE BOBBY

I lured her into our signature, Southwest Prickler shtup van, and talked her into getting doubled team by the "Masked Maulers", that wore golden wrestling masks. I billed them as Mexican wrestling royalty that hailed from Mexico City yet they were really just a couple of a second generation Mexican hipsters. They work as pool cleaners in Scottsdale, Arizona by day and make tequila flavored popsicles by night. And now Ted Nugent who's best buds with the President of the NRA has a bounty on my head.

MR. RIGHT

What a life you live. Don't worry, I won't tell dad.

UNCLE BOBBY

I appreciate that bro. But I've already been exposed. Remember Miss Arizona?

FLASHBACK:

INT. NICK AND BOBBY'S OLD FAMILY HOME IN YONKERS-24 HOURS AGO

Bobby surfs for porn. He runs into the closet to hide once he hears footsteps below. Uncle Bobby's father, MR. DEFENSIVE (75) picture Robert Loggia, stumbles into the bedroom with MISS ARIZONA (42) picture a younger Brook Burke, that is wearing her former Miss Arizona ribbon.

The camera cuts to Uncle Bobby on the floor in closet remaining still as possible.

UNCLE BOBBY
I can't get any **lower** than this.

Miss Arizona carries Mr. Defensive to the bed and plops him down on it.

MISS ARIZONA
Where's that bong, old timer? I want to get stoned.

MR. DEFENSIVE
Somewhere in the closet. You might find my son's strap-on in there, but don't get any funny ideas.

Miss Arizona opens the closet door and Uncle Bobby blows out a hit from a three foot bong while sitting on an old bean bag.

UNCLE BOBBY
I haven't clam-baked in years.

Miss Arizona shrieks as a cloud of smoke engulfs the room. The smoke clears.

UNCLE BOBBY (CONT'D)
Is that you Lavender?

Mr. Defensive barges in.

MR. DEFENSIVE
How do you know each other?

UNCLE BOBBY
We used to buy coke from the Sheik of Scottsdale, AKA: Sir Snort A-Lot. This is really strong gange pops. Don't you get paranoid on this stuff?

MR. DEFENSIVE
I haven't touched it in ages. It got me so paranoid, I couldn't even cheat on your dead mother in my dreams anymore. The last time I smoked that stuff, your mom taunted me in my dream that took place at the track at Yonkers Raceway.
(MORE)

MR. DEFENSIVE (CONT'D)

Just when I saw my horse pull away for his final dash toward the finish line, your mom's face appears in place of the horse, turns at me in the stands and says: I've been dead a month and you're horsing around already. So no, I haven't touched that stuff in ages.

UNCLE BOBBY

Dad, Ted Nugent put a bounty on my head and I can't move back to Arizona until it's removed pops. Could you call in a favor to one of your mob pals to put this problem on ice for me?

MR DEFENSIVE

I've got no beef with Ted Nugent Bobby. Ted Nugent is an American straight shooter and not a consummate bull-shit artist like yourself. I dream of a day when I don't have to cash in anymore favors for you Bobby.

UNCLE BOBBY

So that's a maybe? I've got a million dollar app idea that will take the NY foodie world by the storm. I just need to find an Angel Investor in Manhattan to invest in it. After I make my first million, I'll get us season tickets for the Knicks pops. We can heckle Spike Lee in the front row and go, every film you ever did without John Turturro and Danny Aiello sucked.

MR. DEFENSIVE

Good luck with that Bobby. I want you out of this house by the time I'm done with my power nap. I'm going to the city tonight to Rao's, for Mob Lawyer Appreciation Night. It's their 50th anniversary gala in my honor. And just to be clear, that's a **no** Bobby. I won't have any of my associates put your Ted Nugent problem on ice for you, no more special favors from me. I'm not granting you special status anymore. I'm done with your dream act already.

(MORE)

MR. DEFENSIVE (CONT'D)

Second generation Mexican immigrants that know what it's like to work for a living, deserve permanent residency down in Arizona in AC splendor, which is more than I say for you.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MR. RIGHT'S KITCHEN (D2)

UNCLE BOBBY

I almost forgot, Happy Fathers Day big bro. That reminds me, when I was talking to your girls earlier about Fathers Day, I made up their summer plans for them.

MR. RIGHT

How so?

UNCLE BOBBY

I told them to blow off John Starks MVP basketball Camp and to bag grocery bags at Dean & DeLuca in SOHO this summer instead. If they want to be foodie fiction writers, then they need a semi-shitty service job to write about.

MR. RIGHT

Why did you tell **my girls**, not your past aborted ones, to blow off John Starks MVP basketball Camp this summer?

UNCLE BOBBY

Because they're not very good at basketball Nick. Their basketball career past high school has less legs than **Lieutenant Dan**. Plus, John Starks bagged groceries before he made it big in New York. He's the ultimate bags to riches story. Why can't your twin girls do the same? Do you think John Starks would've become John Starks if he went to John Starks MVP Basketball Camp?

MR. RIGHT

It wouldn't have cured his lisp. I can't believe you gave **my** daughters, fatherly advice on Fathers Day. Have you been giving them Santa Claus gift recommendations after all these years?

UNCLE BOBBY

Your girls want to be the Olson twins of **Foodie Fiction**. Well they got to start at the bottom somewhere and learn sooner or later that the majority of your life is working for others whether you grow to dislike them or not. Working at the most expensive, speciality goods grocery store in Manhattan among all the rich pricks and Euro-Trash that can afford to shop there, will give them the competitive drive to eventually write their way to freedom and become rulers of their own destiny.

SUMMER O'LEARY

Uncle Bobby is right Nick. They need to toughen up and not be so **suburban soft** anymore. Plus, this summer the girls are only heading into the 10th grade, so they're still too young to get a fancier internship in the city at Martha Stewart anyway.

UNCLE BOBBY

Oh, that reminds me, while were on the subject of lipstick lesbians. I've got a gift certificate for a new restaurant that I'm taking you to tonight for Fathers Day in Bronxville, called Big Pusses. It's a new age Italian, Greek Steak House that is geared toward the lesbian power base in Westchester County.

MR. RIGHT

Maybe, will run into Hillary. I wonder if they offer free copies of her book instead of free bread.

(MORE)

MR. RIGHT (CONT'D)

I still think the Dean & Delucca bag lady concept for **my girls** is an awful idea. The twins are too young to obsess about what they want to do for a living.

UNCLE BOBBY

You have to pay your dues somewhere bro, not that you would know anything about that.

MR. RIGHT

What is that supposed to mean?

UNCLE BOBBY

Your rich father-in law got you the most cushy 9th grade US History teaching job in the history of mankind, right after you knew your wife was pregnant with the twins.

MR. RIGHT.

Well you just blew your family inheritance on blow? Also, after the twins were born, you were banned from holding the twins because you were always so **damn** jumpy.

UNCLE BOBBY

If you're such a good brother, then why don't you have any pictures of us in your house to show?

MR. RIGHT

Framing pictures to hang up has never been my forte Bobby. I don't even have pictures of mom up around the house.

UNCLE BOBBY

That doesn't make you look any better bro. Ma's been dead for three years now. Don't you think it's time to pay your respects already?

MR. RIGHT

You're talking to me about respect. When our twins were born, you'd called to congratulate me while taking a piss. You said: Congrats on the twins bro.

(MORE)

MR. RIGHT (CONT'D)

I'm at Brunch now, seemed like a good time to squeeze this call in. Talk about piss poor timing.

UNCLE BOBBY

I've always made more money than you and had a way better time **doing** everything in the process.

SUMMER O'LEARY

Calm down Bobby. You don't get to pick fights with your older brother in my house that I paid the majority of for. The only one allowed to knock him under this roof, any old time is **me**.

UNCLE BOBBY

My brother isn't a rich man, we all know that. But he did find his Led Zeppelin fairy queen and bucket full of gold in you **Mrs. Right**.

SUMMER O'LEARY

I won't argue with that. Do you care to retort, Mr. Right?

Mr. Right loosens up and smiles at his wife.

UNCLE BOBBY

He can still charm the panties off Eleanor Roosevelt.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. RIGHT'S 9TH GRADE US HISTORY CLASSROOM-MORNING (D3)

At his desk, Mr. Right examines the championship names inscribed in gold painted lettering on his black Louisville Slugger bat from Babe Ruth's last championship team with the Yankees in 1932. Then, Mr Right smiles at an older picture of his two twins when they were wore UCLA throwback O'bannon jerseys for Black History Month.

FLASHBACK:

INT. OLD DEBATE COACH'S CLASSROOM-TWENTY TWO YEARS AGO

Mr. Right's OLD DEBATE COACH (45), played by Danny Aiello, circles the classroom with a Louisville Slugger bat in hand, while a younger (17) NOT SO MR. RIGHT sits on the edge of his seat.

OLD DEBATE COACH

Once you came out of your shell
Nick, I saw a real thoroughbred
bound for glory. But in order to
succeed in life, you have to pick a
race to win. What's your race going
to be Nick?

NOT SO MR. RIGHT

Right now, I'm just focused on
winning the state sectionals debate
championship.

OLD DEBATE COACH

Yeah, but what world do you want to
conquer after that Nick? Will you
be content being a marginal
supporting player, a go-to
character actor or **Seabiscuit**?

NOT SO MR. RIGHT

Seabiscuit?

OLD DEBATE COACH

Yeah Seabiscuit, the famous
racehorse that broke every racing
record, **Yonkers Raceway** has ever
known. You remind me of him.

NOT SO MR. RIGHT

I know I'm a bit long in the tooth
coach but.

OLD DEBATE COACH

That's not what I meant. On paper
and in person Seabiscuit had no
business winning as much as he did
while becoming a living legend in
the process. Did you know that most
horses sleep standing up while
Seabiscuit slept flat on his ass
for eight hours at a time? Plus,
his calf muscles were less defined
than Palestine's cease-fire policy.
But in the end he became champ,
because he had heart and a jockey
to guide him that helped kick-start
his racehorse career into
overdrive.

NOT SO MR. RIGHT

I just want to prove to the world,
that I'm not a waste of a Gaba-goo.
(MORE)

NOT SO MR. RIGHT (CONT'D)

On the **debate stage**, I'm able to prove that and become a prized animal like a less sweaty Jack LaMotta.

OLD DEBATE COACH

Watching your evolution on the **debate stage** has been one of the true pleasures of my life. If you were my son, I'd never call you a waste of Gaba-Goo. But that's what fathers do, they'll always be your harshest critics and we all need that drive to silence that doubt that they breed in us all. But if I knew you'd turn out to be a debate stallion like this, I'd put you out to stud for sure.

Not So Mr. Right stands up.

NOT SO MR. RIGHT

Coach, nobody ever's vouched for my talent before. How can I repay you? I want to do everything in my power to make you proud in return.

OLD DEBATE COACH

Then, beat the shit out the kids from **Scarsdale High** at the next High School Debate Championships. Don't forget, Babe Ruth, the greatest player of all time, who scored the most in life, always swung the hardest but also struck out the most, never forget that.

NOT SO MR. RIGHT

Does this mean I get to borrow your bat to brainstorm ideas for my next debate the way Tom Cruise does in A Few Good Men?

OLD DEBATE COACH

Not until you become a proven clutch **Cleanup Hitter** like me.

CUT TO:

INT. TEACHERS LOUNGE-MORNING (HOURS LATER)

Mr. Right sips coffee from his Fathers Day Mug of yesteryear with a picture of his two twins dressed like the Allman Brothers for Halloween. COACH KORNBLUTH (38) picture a bigger headed, slightly slimmer Vince Vaughn checks out the new 9th grade Chemistry teacher, MRS. KING, (36) picture a hotter Jamie Pressly, as she bends over to help herself to another cup of coffee.

COACH KORNBLUTH

I already stuffed that.

MR. RIGHT

Josh, it's not even 1st Period yet. Let my coffee kick in before you get me more hot and bothered than I already am. Besides, you're my girls Varsity Basketball Coach, some **AM** discretion please.

COACH KORNBLUTH

What, you don't like to vicariously live through my romp around the clock tales anymore? After all these years, now you have an issue with my weekend gallivanting all throughout my old New York home?

MR. RIGHT

You're right Josh, it's not like you have the ability to refrain from unleashing the totality of your obnoxiousness so early in the morning, this much I should know by now.

COACH KORNBLUTH

What happened to your light hearted ball busting spirit, bud? You seem more heavy hearted today than usual?

MR. RIGHT

Yesterday, Principal Palminteri told me that if I don't get my debate team into the Sectionals this year, then I'll loose out on getting tenure.

COACH KORNLBUTH

But you have to get tenure Nick. Then you can't get clipped, it's the bulletproof Vest that Tupac never had. His play about him bombed on Broadway by the way.

MR. RIGHT

Tupac, what an American original. You had to love his in your face style and poetic magnetism. And nobody was cooler and more menacing rapping topless. He really did wear his heart and tatoo art on his sleeve.

COACH KORNLBUTH

I once read that Janet Jackson insisted that he wear a condom before their love scene in Poetic Justice.

MR. RIGHT

You'd think she'd give Tupac the benefit of the doubt. He wasn't the **brother** that slept around with his pet monkey.

COACH KORNLBUTH

So what's your new plan of attack Mr. Right? You have to fight for your right to tenure Nick, so you'll have more time to finish that great Italian American Novel, Don't Tell Dad. I still love that title by the way.

MR. RIGHT

You mean the dark family dramedy about one brother that burns out while the other fades into meaningless obscurity. These days, I can't tell the two brothers apart.

COACH KORNLBUTH

You always talked about teaching the real **US** History once you reached tenure, because then you wouldn't have to play it safe anymore. Well why not unleash that real **American History Nick** now? Instead of going through the motions like you've been doing after all these years.

(MORE)

COACH KORNBLUTH (CONT'D)

Now is the time to take those big cuts with some real menace behind it, even if you lose grip of your infamous brainstorming bat like a less fearsome Dave Winfield.

MR. RIGHT

That baseball reference is older than Yiddish.

COACH KORNBLUTH

Well, it's time to kick it old school my friend. It's time to show your class the real meaning of crushing it, like a Yankee slugger of old.

MR. RIGHT

I appreciate the pump up speech bud. Now I remember why I let you coach **my** girls in basketball after all.

COACH KORNBLUTH

Do you still plan on sending them to John Starks MVP basketball Camp this summer? I think it makes sense for them because they can work on their jump shot there, which will allow them to space the floor better and create more room away from those butch lesbo defenders that love to bang away on them down low in the **post** any chance they get.

MR. RIGHT

You're not allowed to coach my kids anymore.

COACH KORNBLUTH

What, I'm just looking after your daughters best interests, especially now that your **go-to-rack** protector Big Martha is suspended next season for defending their honor in the high school cafeteria. And like the Wizard of Westwood John Wooden once said: "Failing to prepare, is preparing to fail."

MR. RIGHT

Maybe, I'll incorporate a little free flow in my class today like Jay-Z. After all, he never **loses**.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM-MOMENTS LATER (D3)

Mr. Right struts around on his desk with his brainstorming bat in hand before addressing his 9th grade US history class.

MR. RIGHT

Did you know that 75% of you wouldn't be eligible for military service because you're either too fat or too tweaked on Adderral, even though one normally cancels out the other?

(MORE)

MR. RIGHT (CONT'D)

I wish my wife was still on Adderral, then she'd be back to her pre-marriage, college raver weight.

The class laughs and loosens up.

MR. RIGHT (CONT'D)

Who did a better version of The Star-Spangled banner Whitney Houston or Jimi Hendrix?

KID ONE

She's the singer that died of an overdose right?

MR. RIGHT

Yes, she died from a Crack Cocaine overdose to be exact. It's a tragedy. In her prime, she could hit a higher octave than Justin Bieber if Kim Kardashian ever stepped on his balls.

The class laughs again.

MICHAEL

I don't know anything about Whitney Houston but my dad played me the Woodstock album as a kid, that has the Jimi Hendrix version of The Star-Spangled banner on it, which gives me the chills just thinking about it. You guys have to here it, Jimi makes the guitar sound like an aerial bomb raid.

MR. RIGHT

Michael is correct. War is a big part of our country's history, so it was very fitting for Jimi to incorporate that political statement into his power hippie rendition of the Star-Spangled Banner, which was a political protest against our immoral involvement with Vietnam at the time. So class, what's your political protest going to be? Will you protest for **immigration reform** by insisting on putting away all of your **X-Box** games in place of your parent's undocumented hired **help**?

MICHAEL

Is class going to be like this more often?

MR. RIGHT

It is, welcome to the **American History Nick Experience**. By the end of this year, one of you is going to become my next **Bill Hicks**, that will lead our debate team back to championship glory.

KID TWO

Who is Bill Hicks?

MR. RIGHT

Another callosal failure of our American educational system.

Mr. Right sighs.

MR. RIGHT (CONT'D)

Bill Hicks was a legendary comedian in the spirit of Lenny Bruce before him, that was a mind expander, a boundary pusher and comedic truth bomb hurler of the most relentless order. My old debate teacher turned me on to his politicized stylings that questioned everything you guys are spoon fed by the media and at school. That man taught me to be a critical thinker and incredibly adept bull-shit detector, so in life, I'd be doing the selling, not the other way around.

KID THREE

So are we going to start watching stand-up comedy in class? I can just do that in the bathroom on my i-Phone.

MR. RIGHT

No, were going to have lively debate every day in class, and if you don't have the balls to participate every class, then you get an automatic F.

KID FOUR

That's not right, Mr. Right?

MR. RIGHT

I'll give you guys choices to debate from every week. You can thank me later. This class will give you the confidence to express your own ideas that have real flavor to them. You guys are New Yorkers which should be a cool badge of honor that you carry with you no matter where you go. And New Yorkers pride themselves on their ability to bust balls and argue with the best of them without being completely bite-less, such as our southern underlings like Jeff Foxworthy.

KID FIVE

Who is Jeff Foxworthy?

MR. RIGHT

He's a multimillionaire comic that makes me want to kill myself. Now it's time to tap into some hometown revolutionary spirit, right here in **Westchester County**. Did you know that George Washington did victory laps on horseback, bareback along the muddled roads of the Bronx River before he set up the first presidential Man Cave ever recorded in Mount Vernon, Virginia?

KID THREE

What cool stuff could George Washington have in his Man Cave before the Internet?

MR. RIGHT

What cool stuff didn't George have in his Man Cave? The First Presidents mansion on the hill also had his own farm where he brewed his own cider and barreled his own rye whiskey with hemp harvested throughout. Plus, in his first ever presidential Man Cave, George hid all of his old porn clippings because once he retired, he wanted to pleasure himself whenever he wanted and didn't want to wait for his wife Martha Washington to take another Revolutionary War to get undressed.

The class laughs.

KID SIX

Can we get kicked out of school for listening to this?

MR. RIGHT

No, but I get can fired for it if you share the content of these lectures to your alleged friends on Facebook or parents which are stalking you on there as well. But if you like what you hear, I can promise more material like this to come. Just keep social media out of our classroom debates, so there's no paper trail that could ruin the boldest, most life enriching education you'll ever receive.

BOY STUDENT SIX

But why should we keep our mouths shut? What's in it for us?

MR. RIGHT

Look, all this constant debate will do in class will give you boys the skills to hit on any girl you want without having a panic attack in the process. I will mold you into men and none of you kids will ever contemplate knocking yourself off like the kid from Dead Poets Society, who later played the doctor that always got dumped on by House on Fox.

GIRL STUDENT

What's in it for the girl students?

MR. RIGHT

I'll make sure you that you become debate machines that terminate any memory of what false hope that transparent, career opportunist, Hillary Clinton had to offer.

The girls in the classroom clap up a storm.

MR. RIGHT (CONT'D)

I'll take that as an alright, alright, Mr. Right.

(MORE)

MR. RIGHT (CONT'D)

Now understand, that the old, non-interactive, sugar coated US history teacher curriculum that I taught you before, will now be thrown officially overboard.

Mr. Right goes over to Michael and grabs his book and chucks it out the window. The class goes nuts.

MR. RIGHT (CONT'D)

Who's next?

Mr. Right grabs another history book from Boy Student 6 and throws into the trash. He then throws a match on the history book thrown in the trash and sets it on fire. Mr. Right does the Jimi Hendrix move from Monterrey Pop Festival where he gets down on his knees and wiggles his fingers on both hands as he conjures up the flames. The class hollers with approval.

MR. RIGHT (CONT'D)

Hey Michael, grab me that flower pot on the windowsill and put out this **fire of lies** for me.

Michael grabs the flowers and pours the watered down soil on top of the fire which puts it out. Mr. Right stands back up.

MR. RIGHT (CONT'D)

Now it's time class to create some kick ass **US History** of our own. Like the great Tupac used to rap: Come with me, Hail Mary.

MICHAEL

Isn't a Hail Mary a last minute desperation move in Football, with barely no time left on the clock?

MR. RIGHT

At least kids today still watch Football. Yeah Michael it is, but a Hail Mary is also a Catholic prayer, not that any of you Jewish kids would know anything about that. Next class, will debate whether you think Jewish kids should be allowed to enter military service after they get Bar Mitzvahed. After all, that's when the eyes of your Jewish God deem you men right?

MICHAEL

Can you teach us how to fight Mr. Right like a real deal Italian from Yonkers?

MR. RIGHT

That's outside of my jurisdiction. But I'll train you to be a killer on the debate mike like my trainer, Coach Aiello before me. I'll fulfill my end of the bargain, as long as you bring your A game to class every week.

MICHAEL

How will I do that?

MR. RIGHT.

Be fearless, always swing for the fences and believe in the power of soul. Because like Jimi Hendrix wailed on the **Band of Gypsies**, "With the power of soul, anything is possible."

MICHAEL

What if I don't have any soul?

MR. RIGHT

You got soul, or else you couldn't hear Jimi. And I know, because I can hear **Jimi**, and I hear your train coming Michael, class **dismissed**.

CUT TO:

INT. BIG PUSSES RESTAURANT-NIGHT (D3)

Uncle Bobby and Mr. Right finish their espresso.

MR. RIGHT

So what's the big announcement Bobby?

UNCLE BOBBY

I can't believe you made a big deal about me ordering us the Chicken Parm for 2.

MR. RIGHT

This is my Fathers Day gift, that you gave to me.

(MORE)

MR. RIGHT (CONT'D)

The only time you share a Fathers Day gift is when siblings buy a combined gift for their father.

UNCLE BOBBY

I was doing you a favor big bro. There's no way your wife would ever agree to split a Chicken Parm for 2 with you, especially when it's not even free-range.

MR. RIGHT

So now you're doing me a favor? You do realize that when you get married Bobby, it becomes harder and harder to make declarations of independence, especially when twin daughters come soon after. Ordering what I want to get at a restaurant is the last taste of independence that **marriage** offers me. And you think you were doing me a favor by robing me of my one last freedom?

UNCLE BOBBY

When you're right, you're right, Mr. Right, I apologize. When you're married, I also assume that fancy hair salons are the only accepted places where exotic Eastern European woman can get your head wet and massage you up top, guilt free. Make sure you remind me to get you a gift certificate for one of those fancy hair salons in the city for Fathers Day next year.

MR. RIGHT

Once again, I appreciate you rubbing in your random new puss pouncing existence Bobby. I miss the days when I used to get regular texts from you about you passing another HIV Test, while I was at home thinking: My twin girls still **co-sleep**, which makes you feel poor when your bedroom only has enough room for a Queen.

UNCLE BOBBY

Calm down big bro. Your twin girls adore you and they couldn't have turned out better, they're your greatest creations yet.

MR. RIGHT

Thanks Bobby, it has gotten to a point, where I want those girls to have a good reason to look up to me as their king again, now that they've outgrown their, I love daddy, no matter what phase.

UNCLE BOBBY

Well, I'm back home now to find an Angel Investor in Manhattan to invest in my new killer app, **FoodieFriend4Life**. It's like Foursquare for NY foodies that want to share dishes like Chicken Parm for 2 with someone else in their neighborhood for lunch or dinner, that isn't their significant other who would never share that dish with them in the first place.

MR. RIGHT

Not bad Bobby, that idea could have some legs after all. That reminds me, while were on the subject of thick thighs? Have you spoken to Rosie since High School? Have you ever caught her checking out your LinkedIn Profile or anything like that?

UNCLE BOBBY

You mean the pleasantly plump Rosie that slipped away because of you?

NICK

How did I make her slip away?

UNCLE BOBBY

You called Rosie, a whole lot of chins and made me ashamed to call her my girlfriend in High School. You said she was a second rate booty call at best.

NICK

I didn't make Rosie slip away. If she slipped away, it's because she always had a buttery bagel egg and cheese in one hand or the other.

Uncle Bobby jumps across the table and tackles Mr. Right to the ground.

Before they have time to throw punches, Vincent Pastore otherwise known as **Big Pussy** from the Sopranos breaks it up.

BIG PUSS

I hate to break up a fight that should've happened twenty years ago, but that gift certificate you just gave me is only for fifty dollars.

Uncle Bobby and Mr. Right are on the floor with the vase of flowers spilled all over them.

UNCLE BOBBY

How much **lower** can I go?

MR. RIGHT

We should stop by the old house and wish dad a happy Fathers Day together. Don't worry, I have a gift that we can give him as a combined one for old times sake.

UNCLE BOBBY

Now you have no problem **splitting**.

CUT TO:

INT. NICK AND BOBBY'S OLD FAMILY HOME IN YONKERS-EVENING

Mr. Right and Uncle Bobby shoot some hoop in the driveway of their childhood Yonkers home. Their father, Mr. Defensive is dropped off in a limo.

UNCLE BOBBY

No chaperone tonight pops?

MR DEFENSIVE

I thought I told you I wanted you out of here after my power nap.

Mr. Right gives his Dad a bear-hug.

MR. RIGHT

Lighten up pops. We haven't seen Bobby in three years. And he's not nearly as jumpy anymore. And he looks great again. Don't you think?

MR. DEFENSIVE

Why are you so chipper? Did your wife leave you for good?

MR. RIGHT

It's Fathers Day weekend pops and we both got you a combined gift for old times sake.

MR. DEFENSIVE

So you just got the gift for me then.

Mr. Right gives his Dad a picture of the brothers together from the 7th grade. In this photo, we see the two young brothers wearing nothing but their Yankee Pinstripe boxers while flopping on the ground from getting hosed down by their dad as their Mom sits on a folding chair to the side, pointing at their girlish reactive behavior, in hysterics.

MR. RIGHT

The first time we got drunk and cleaned out your liquor cabinet, you told Nick and I to take a long bath in the **Bronx River** to cure our hangover. Remember that pops?

UNCLE BOBBY

Yeah, you told us that Mickey Mantle and Babe Ruth were able to cure their hangovers for home games by bathing in the Bronx River, because it was the Bronx Bombers **secret fountain of youth.**

MR. DEFENSIVE

For weeks, we stunk worse than Steve Balboni's nut sack, after a Double Header in July, despite you spraying us down with the hose which made mom laugh out a lung in the process.

Mr. Defensive holds the photo closer to him.

MR. DEFENSIVE

(reflective)

What a smile your mom had. She busted your balls and thought any kids you'd produce would be special needs ones like yourselves, but you boys certainly made her laugh. I miss that sound most of all.

Mr. Right and Uncle Bobby hug their Dad from both sides.

MR. RIGHT
 Happy Fathers Day pops.
 Isn't it great to be with your two
 sons again?

UNCLE BOBBY
 Yeah, we were worth the
 aggravation, weren't we pops?

MR. DEFENSIVE
 You boys are still a waste of Gaba-
 Goo. I'll be right back.

Mr. Defensive starts to head in the house.

MR. RIGHT
 What's going on pops?

MR. DEFENSIVE
 I'm going inside to grab a drink to
 see if you boys cleaned out the
 liquor cabinet for old times sake.

Mr. Defensive heads in the house. Mr. Right's wife Summer
 drives into the driveway and stops. She opens the car window.
 Mr. Right hunches over to talk with her.

MR. RIGHT
 What brings you here babe?

SUMMER O'LEARY
 I came by to see if your father
 will take you in.

The backseat windows open. Jessica and Melissa pop their
 heads out of the window.

JESSICA AND MELISSA
 Were here to wish Grandpa a happy
 Fathers Day dad. Hi Uncle Bobby!

UNCLE BOBBY
 Hi girls, O'leary and Daughters are
 in the house.

Uncle Bobby picks up the basketball.

UNCLE BOBBY (CONT'D)
 Who's going to show off their
 golden touch from way downtown
 first?

The twins exit the car.

MELLISSA

I'll go first Uncle Bobby.

Uncle Bobby passes Mellissa the ball. Melissa shoots a long range jump shot that clanks off the side rim. Mr. Right gives Uncle Bobby a menacing stare.

MR. RIGHT

Not a single word.

JESSICA

I'm going to track down Grandpa.

Jessica heads to the back of the house which overlooks the lush green hugging Bronx River. Her grandpa Mr. Defensive, holds his drink in one hand and the picture of his dead wife and two hosed down sons in the other. Mr. Defensive gets misty while standing over his balcony deck that overlooks the Bronx River where there is a mini-waterfall flowing that triggers more waves of sadness over his deceased wife that died three years ago.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I knew I'd find you here Grandpa.

Grandpa wipes away his tears.

MR. DEFENSIVE

Jessica!

JESSICA

It's me Grandpa, you could always tell us apart.

Jessica's twin sister Melissa appears and joins her sister to greet their favorite Grandpa.

MELLISSA

Happy Fathers Day Grandpa!

MR. DEFENSIVE

Have I ever told you girls that I love you more than my own **burn-out boys?**

MELLISSA

All the time Grandpa. But that's just because were that much more full of promise.

JESSIA

Plus, Dad and Uncle Bobby get their **star power** from you, so they're bound to sparkle like the good old USA again. And how burnt out can they be when they light up our world like no other?

MR. DEFENSIVE

They're a still a waste of Gaba-Goo.

The Star Spangled Banner/4th of July Reprise by classic rock legend Boston blasts.

END OF SHOW