

1. THE LAID-OFF STOCKBROKER

TITLE: THE LAID-OFF STOCKBROKER
SKETCH TYPE: Individual Character/Theme
CHARACTERS: Peter, Charlene, Wiggling Juan, Hard Harry
WRITTEN BY: Benjamin J. Ligeri

(OPEN ON: CONSERVATIVE UPPER CLASS COUPLE SITTING AT KITCHEN TABLE. PETER, W/ HANDS ON HEAD IN GRIEF, SITS NEXT TO ANXIOUS WIFE CHARLENE -- A PHONE SITS ON TABLE)

CHARLENE

Oh Peter, I can't believe Goldman Sachs laid you off. After all those clients you brought them??

PETER

I know Charlene. I can't either.

(HE SHAKES HEAD DISMALLY, THEN THE PHONE RINGS & HE ANSWERS)

PETER

Hello? Oh hi Gene...
(whispers to wife)
It's Smith Barney.
(back into phone)
Oh no, I understand. Yup. Alright.
(hangs up, dejected)
Sorry, Dear. They can't do it.

CHARLENE

What? Why not?? You're the best broker around!

PETER

It has nothing to do with that, Charlene. I told you, it's a bear market. Gene couldn't hire me no matter how much he wanted to.

(SHE HANGS HEAD, HE REACHES OVER & RUBS THE BACK OF HER NECK)

PETER

Don't worry, Dear. We're not high and dry yet. I did get another offer, you know. Although, it is kind of a step down.

CHARLENE

Oh, Honey, that's okay. What is it?

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PETER

Well, it's with a porn site, Dear.

CHARLENE

A porn site?? Peter, you're joking?

PETER

I told you it was a step down. But, I figured it was either that or starve my wife and kids.

(HE LEANS OVER & PECKS HER CHEEK - SHE RELAXES & SMILES)

CHARLENE

Oh, Peter, that's so considerate of you.. So, what are you going to be doing for them? Balance sheets? Technical analysis? At least you're not gonna being taking your clothes off.

(SHE POKES HIM & CHUCKLES, HE WEARS A TROUBLED LOOK)

CHARLENE

Peter..? Peter?? What is it??

PETER

Well.. O-K, I guess I should just come clean. Orite now, the way Tony explained it to me--

CHARLENE

Tony? Who's Tony?

PETER

Oh, he's my new boss over at 'ArmyCock.com'--

CHARLENE

ARMY WHAT?? A QUEER porn site?!

PETER

Homosexual porn, Dear. Homo-sexual. And let's not start throwing out labels just because were a little upset.

CHARLENE

I'm sorry, Honey. You're right. So, what did Tony say?

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PETER

Well, the way I understood it anyway, is that I will be getting partially nude.

CHARLENE

WHAT?!! PETER, YOU'RE A BROKER!!

PETER

Just, partially, Dear.

CHARLENE

HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND?!!

PETER

Charlene. My goodness, at least hear me out. This isn't easy for me either, you know?

CHARLENE

Fine.. I'll hear you out, Peter!

PETER

And don't forget, you're the one who liquidated Disney to formica the kitchen. Okay, well what Tony Tongs told me, is that when I'm not handling Earnings Statements, he'd like me to participate a little--

(SHE SLAMS TABLE & JUMPS UP)

CHARLENE

WHAT?! NO?! PETER?! NO! NO! NO!

PETER

UNBELIEVABLE!! I TELL YOU I'M GONNA LET A BUNCH OF GAY MEN IMPALE ME, JUST SO I CAN PUT FOOD ON THE TABLE, AND THIS IS THE THANKS I GET?!

CHARLENE

IMPALE YOU?! WHAT IN GOD'S NAME DOES THAT MEAN?!

PETER

Nothing, it's just company jargon. Now look, Sweetie. This is a very professional conglomerate. They're wall-to-wall with safeguards.

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PETER (cont'd)

They do monthly testing, and get this: They pair you with the same two guys for every shoot.

CHARLENE

What do you mean, they pair you with the same two guys, Peter?--

(PETER CONTINUES TO TALK OVER HER WHILE AVERTING HIS EYES)

PETER

And to be honest with you, I don't know what you're so upset about--

CHARLENE

PETER?--

PETER

All I have to do is bend over a chair and Sammy Sac will take care of the rest--

CHARLENE

WHAT?!! YOU'RE GONNA LET SOME DEGENERATE TOUCH YOU, PETER?!! ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR GODDAMN MIND?!!

PETER

Unbelievable.. For your information, Dear, Sammy Sac is not a degenerate, he's one of the most respected adult actors in the business, with an MFA in Voice Over Narration' and a--

(THE PHONE RINGS)

CHARLENE

PETER, I AM WARNING YOU! I WILL DIVORCE YOU IF YOU TAKE THAT JOB!

PETER

Shhhh. Let me get this. Hopefully it's Waterhouse calling back to save me from this porn gig. -- Hello? -- I was wrong, it's not Waterhouse.

(sudden exuberance)

Hey, Tony Tongs! What do you mean it's JUST an after party?! Yes, of course I'll be there! HELL YEAH! What? Oh, who cares if I get paid!

CHARLENE

You already started working there?!

PETER

Hold on a sec, T. Yeah, yeah it's the old lady.

(rolls eyes, covers phone)

No, Charlene, I haven't started working there yet. But every company has an interview regiment. Including Goldman Sachs, Dear.

(back into phone)

Sorry, Tonsey! No, that's fine--

CHARLENE

You son of a bitch! That's it! I WANT A DIVORCE!!

(CHARLENE SMASHES A TOASTER OVEN & STARTS THROWING THINGS)

PETER

Okay, great. I'm just gonna have to grind harder at work now. But fine, if that's what you want--

(into phone, chuckling w/
playful defensiveness)

No Tonz, not the leapfrog! Please?? It was just a cheap toaster oven.

(solemnly to wife)

See what you did. They're probably gonna have me over a knee for that. And I DON'T MEAN figuratively.

(SHE BREAKS DOWN INTO TEARS, BURIES FACE IN HANDS, & SLUMPS BACK DOWN IN CHAIR. HE REACHES OVER & STROKES HER SHOULDER)

PETER

No, I'm still hear Tongsey--
(high-pitched, excited)

Hey, is that Baby Jay in the background?! HEY BABY JAY!! -- OK, well then tell him I said hi. Oh, and ask him what that position was again. Oh come on?? You remember?? He had my feet in the air?? No, no, not 'The Spoon'. I do that with my wife. No, the one where he's standing, yeah, and carrying me at the waist with my legs around him. Oh really? They just call it that??

(whispers to wife)

'Standing And Carrying Position'?

(re: her sobbing shriek)

(MORE)

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PETER (cont'd)

I know, that's what I said. It's just like it is. No varnish at all.

(back into phone)

Shut up! Paulie Python said that?! No, no, I don't have a problem trying out the 'Cross Legged Mutant' with him, I'm just taken aback that he asked me to. NO! Don't you tell him that! In fact..

(glowing w/ devious pride)

Tell him I've been working on a few moves of my own. Particularly the 'Rear Entry Astride' Cassanova Cobra was imparting on me at lunch.

(flirtatious play anger)

YEAH, YOU TELL HIM THAT!!

(frowns, bites knuckles)

Yeah, yeah, I know. But God, it makes me want to early bird in their tomorrow. I know hours are tight. But how 'bout off the clock? OK, GREAT-- What's that? Oh yeah, I know his name's not Cassanova Cobra. So, I gave it to him. Chris Cobra's so bland. It doesn't do him justice at all. Oh yeah? Well, if you gotta problem with that, why don't we just settle this in the dungeon? Okay, I'm gonna hold you to that. Alright, Taste Of Tongsey. See ya tomorrow, bright and early.

(PETER HANGS UP WHILE CHUCKLING, THEN NOTICES WIFE COLLAPSED FACE DOWN ON TABLE -- HE STANDS UP & MASSAGES HER SHOULDERS AS SHE MUTTERS "GROANS")

PETER

Sweeetie, I know it's tough, but we'll get through this. I promise. It's just a transitional period--

(PHONE RINGS, HE ANSWERS)

PETER

Hello? Yes, this is Peter Mills? Oh, Merril Lynch. Hey, how are ya guys? VP of Finance you say? Hmmmm...? Naaah, I think I'm all set. That's right! And you tell Mr. Lynch I said so! Oh, you're Mr. Lynch? Well, let's just say I found something a little better. NO, SCREW YOU!! Yeah, whatever. Good luck with the biz, PAL! SAYANORA!!

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(HE SLAMS PHONE ON HOOK, SHE MOANS HELPLESSLY INTO TABLE & PATTERS HER FEET IN AGONY, HE RESUMES RUBBING HER SHOULDERS)

PETER

Come on, Dear. You don't want to see your husband go to work for those desperados, do you..? Look, maybe if I tell you why I really got laid-off from Goldman Sachs, you'll start to see where I'm coming from.. Okay, well let's just say that when my biggest account came in unannounced. That's right! UNANNOUNCED! To go over his stupid Commodities Portfolio. There was a *little* Goldman VP by the name of Peter, showing a Yale finance intern the ins and outs of vibrating anal beads.

(re: Charlene yelps)

Yeah, they frown on that.

(re: she yelps again)

That's what I said. Christ, what happened to warnings?

(KNOCKING AT DOOR IS HEARD, PETER CASUALLY WAVES HIS ARM)

PETER

Oh, come on in guys. I'm almost ready.

(ENTER WIGGLING JUAN & HARD HARRY, SHIRTLESS W/ GRIMY TRENCH COATS OVER -- THEIR SPEECH IS "GUTTERAL")

PETER

Charlene, Wiggling Juan and Hard Harry. Hard Harry and Wiggling Juan, Charlene. Honey, my new co-workers.

WIGGLING JUAN

Hey, Man. We thought we'd do a little prep work?

PETER

Of course. Duh. Why do you think I cleaned out the bedroom?

HARD HARRY

What's with her? She looks down.

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PETER

(rolls eyes "the usual")
New job. You know how it is. She'll
be on her feet in no time.

WIGGLING JUAN

Aww, shoot. I do know, Man. When I
left JP Morgan, the wife was the
same way. Now she wouldn't let me
go back if I begged her.

PETER

Really?? See that, Dear?
(raises brow at 'Juan')
Hey, Wiggles. You don't think..?

WIGGLING JUAN

Sure, I'll bring my wife over next
time. The ladies can do their
thing.
(elbows Peter & chuckles)
And we can do our thing.. Okay, so
are we ready?

PETER

I'm ready! Are YOU READY?!
Huh-huh-huh guys? Huh-huh?

(PETER GRABS THEM, RUBS THEIR BELLIES & BEAR HUGS THEM)

HARD HARRY

Orite, let's do it..

PETER & JUAN & HARRY

(singing w/ a "semi-beat")
Let's do it hard / Let's do it fast
/ Let's do it wild and naughty /
And let's make it LAST!

HARD HARRY

For the camera!

(THEY CHUCKLE, HARRY HOLDS UP A CHEAP CAMCORDER, CHARLENE
FAINTS & FALLS OFF TABLE ONTO FLOOR, PETER TURNS SERIOUS &
STARTS HELPING CHARLENE UP WHILE TALKING)

PETER

Hold on a sec.. Hold on.. I'm okay
with hard, fast, wild and naughty,
and making it last. And I'm okay
with rehearsals on film. But what
I'm NOT okay with, is that sack of
gadgets you call a camera!

(MORE)

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9. THE LAID-OFF STOCKBROKER

PETER (cont'd)

Christ, that looks like something
I'd film little Janey's ballet
lessons on.

(PETER LETS GO OF CHARLENE, SHE DROPS WITH A THUD, THEN HE
GRABS A BROADCAST CAMERA OUT OF KITCHEN CABINET)

PETER

Now, gentlemen. Let's go to work.

(OUT)