

Bob
A Life in Five Acts

by
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CHARACTERS

BOB - from infant to old man.
Possibly of a multiracial background. If handsome,
unconventionally so. If not handsome, his personality adds
something charismatic.
Energy, Optimism, Open, Active.

THE CHORUS

Two men and two women. The chorus is, ideally, of
unspecified but diverse cultural backgrounds. American.

The chorus will play themselves as well as every character
in the play, aside from BOB. (See end of play for a
possible breakdown of roles for each chorus member).

The chorus is dispassionate (perhaps humorously grave) but
eloquent. The characters they assume are vivid, bright,
sharp, distinct. Even if they only have one line, there is
pathos, history, pain.

SETTING

All over the United States of America, interiors and
exteriors. Plus one scene in Mexico. The play often
changes rapidly from location to location and the shifts
are quick. The speed of the changes is important and part
of the ride of the play. My hunch is that the stagecraft in
the play is exposed for being what it is.

TIME

From the birth to the death of Bob.

THE ACTS

Act 1 - How Bob was born, abandoned, raised by a fast food
employee, discovers his dream, and almost dies.

Act 2 - How Bob does not die, comes of age at a rest stop,
pursues his dream, falls in love and has his heart broken.

Act 3 - How Bob pursues his dream across America, gets
chased out of many towns, meets an important man, and turns
his back on everything he believed.

Act 4 – How Bob has a turn of luck, becomes a new man, achieves a false dream, meets an important woman and is redeemed.

Act 5 – The Rest.

MUSIC

Yes. Underscoring. Maybe a live musician. Maybe the chorus plays music.

I think there are short interludes of music or dance, maybe live, in between each act.

MOOD

Epic, cinematic, a whirlwind, a ride.

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ACT 1

(The CHORUS enters.)

ALL CHORUS

Bob. A life in five acts.

CHORUS ONE

Act 1.

CHORUS TWO

How Bob is born, abandoned, raised by a fast food employee, discovers his dream, and almost dies.

(A sterile fast-food restaurant bathroom.

CHORUS THREE assumes the character of HELEN. She is sweating, crying, breathing heavy, legs wide.)

CHORUS ONE

It is said that Bob was born on Valentine's Day in the bathroom of a White Castle Restaurant in Louisville, Kentucky. It is said that Bob's birthmother, whose name was Helen, was feeling particularly lonely and depressed on this holiday and felt that only a certain cuisine would soothe her ache.

CHORUS TWO

It is said that Helen was unaware of the Valentine's Day tradition of the usually more subdued restaurant to adorn their tables with candles and cloths and other romantic miscellany and that the restaurant would be packed with couples flaunting their couplehood.

CHORUS FOUR

Nor was Helen aware of how severe her physiological reaction would be to witnessing this vast scene of public love until, after eating much faster than she intended, she rushed into the bathroom, pushed to urinate and her wombic fluids erupted onto the bathroom floor.

(Wombic fluids erupt out of HELEN)

CHORUS ONE

Nor was she aware how quickly labor could be sometimes until five minutes after her water broke, Bob would emerge quickly and fiercely from her magic chamber.

(A pop. BABY BOB flies out of HELEN, umbilical cord attached.)

CHORUS TWO

Nor did she expect the emotional response she would have to this birth...a progression from joy to relief to memories to regret to fear to terror to anger to hatred to wanting absolutely nothing to do with what had just emerged.

(HELEN pulls out a knife.)

CHORUS FOUR

She *did* remember the small sign posted outside the restaurant below the "Meal Deal" poster: The blue outline of a house, silhouette of an infant sitting in large comforting hands, "Safe Place" written in multiple languages below.

At that moment, Helen made a decision that would ultimately affect thousands of lives.

(HELEN takes the umbilical cord, cuts it with the knife.)

CHORUS TWO

It is said that this was the only advice Helen could think to give her newborn son.

HELEN

Good luck.

(HELEN runs off.)

CHORUS FOUR

This is what Bob did when he was alone.

(BOB assesses the situation.)

BOB

BWAHHH!

(JEANINE, a White Castle Employee, enters the bathroom.)

JEANINE

Oh my.

CHORUS THREE

Her name was Jeanine. This is how Jeanine saved Bob.

(Lights Shift.

By the counter.

JEANINE, holding BOB, reads corporate instructions on a piece of paper.)

JEANINE

(reading)

Step one: Retrieve baby/child and take him/her/it to a neutral yet safe space behind the service counter.

(JEANINE moves)

Do not stand near fryers.

(JEANINE moves again)

Step two: Determine if parent or guardian is still on the property.

(JEANINE pulls counter)

Attention Valentine's Day guests. We hope you are all enjoying your romantic meals. If there is anyone in the restaurant who may have left a personal item in the bathroom, would you please come to the counter at this time?

(JEANINE waits)

Step three: Should no-one claim baby/child, immediately phone the police, child protective services, and the corporate legal crisis line.

Under no circumstances should you look in to the baby's eyes and fall in love with it. Do not fall in love with the baby.

(JEANINE lowers the paper.

JEANINE tries to not look at BOB.

JEANINE looks at BOB.

JEANINE falls in love with BOB.)

CHORUS FOUR

This is why Jeanine decided to raise Bob as her own.

(JEANINE driving, BOB in a bundle next to her.)

JEANINE

I was finishing up my Sunday night dinner at the Bamboo Wok. I don't know how authentic or healthy it is but I like the flavors. I'd been working my way through the menu for about a year. Each week, I would have a new entrée in order of appearance. I'd finally made it to the "Noodles slash Rice" section after several months of Lamb and I felt like I was entering a new era in my life.

When the waiter delivered the check and cookie, the fortune inside seemed different. The paper looked shiny, almost golden, the ink darker, more insistent.

FORTUNE COOKIE VOICE — (CHORUS TWO)

"You will be the mother to a great great man."

JEANINE

The fortunes I usually get are a little more vague than that. But this felt intentional. Like someone was watching me. From inside the cookie.

FORTUNE COOKIE VOICE - (CHORUS TWO)

"You will be the mother to a great great man."

JEANINE

It made me smile. I thought "well, cool, Jeanine, maybe the future isn't only selling tiny burgers and having Asian food once a week." And then my stomach started to twitch, felt like I was gonna be sick. I started sweating, breathing heavy. And I thought Oh my god, it's happening already. I stood up from my table and shouted "I'm gonna be the mother to a great great man!"

Next thing I knew I woke up in a hospital bed. At first I thought I'd conceived my great man immaculate till the nurse told me that I'd almost died at the restaurant. That I had a severe reaction to the gluten in Asian-noodles slash rice that messed up my insides so much that I would never be able to make a "Great Great Man" the regular way.

I don't really care for fortunes very much anymore. But, funny, you know, there you are. There you are.

I must be just a weird noise in your ear. You little moving thing.

I will give you food and shelter. I will educate you. I will make sure that becoming President of the United States remains a possibility.

Even if it kills me, I will make you a great great man.

(SHIFT.)

CHORUS FOUR

This is how Bob got his name.

(JEANINE'S house.

BONNIE, JEANINE'S friend, is there.
JEANINE is playing with BOB. BONNIE
stares at JEANINE. BOB is examining.)

BONNIE

You don't look exhausted.

JEANINE

I'm not exhausted, Bonnie.

BONNIE

Trust me. In a few days you will be exhausted for the rest of your life.

JEANINE

He sleeps through the night.

BONNIE

Since when?

JEANINE

Since I got him five days ago.

BONNIE

I read that babies who sleep through the night often have learning disabilities. It was in Newsweek.

BOB

Ghshablah.

JEANINE

What should I name him?

BONNIE

You don't have a name for him yet?

JEANINE

It's not like I got to plan ahead for this.

(BONNIE starts to cry)

JEANINE

Bonnie?

BONNIE

Are you sure you can do this?

JEANINE

I think so.

BONNIE

The choices you make right now will determine a life of joy or a life of pain.

BOB

Ooo.

JEANINE

It's just a name, Bonnie.

BONNIE

THE NAME IS EVERYTHING, JEANINE!

First impressions, schoolyard happiness, entire futures depend on the name. I read that in Newsweek too.

This is a child's future. THINK OF THE FUTURE.

JEANINE

You're getting a little angry, Bonnie.

BONNIE

I was given the wrong name!

Someone asks "what's your name?" and I say "Bonnie" and people think something's wrong with me 'cause I don't seem very "Bonnie-like." I'm suspect from the getgo and that ripples and ripples, a chain reaction against my favor and look at me now.

If I wasn't "Bonnie" I'd be a different person. I'd have a better life. I wouldn't want to die.

Chester.

(BONNIE does a flourish with her hands.
Exits.)

JEANINE

What do you think? If you could be called anything in the world, what would it be?

BOB

Bwahhhhhhhhhhhb.

(Beat.)

JEANINE

What was that?

BABY BOB

Argh baplbbsstss urgglmmmmmmmm...bwaahhbb

JEANINE

Did you just say-

BABY BOB

Bwaahb.

JEANINE

Bob? Bob. Bob. Bob.

BABY BOB

Bwahb.

(JEANINE looks out -
a thought to the future)

CHORUS

(THEY EACH TAKE ALTERNATING LINES)

2: Welcome our newest student, Bob.

3: Hello there, Bob, I suppose you want a lollipop again.

4: Can I stay over at Bob's?

2: What a beautiful painting, Bob

3: A-plus again Bob

4: You were just incredible at Recess, Bob

2: Bob the way you play Hockey, I don't know what to feel

3: Kiss me Bob
 4: Here, take this special chair, Bob
 2: Bob you can be anything you want
 3: Be a historian, Bob
 4: Be an artist, Bob
 2: Cure, Bob. Cure the sick
 3: Kiss me again Bob
 4: Bob can you lead us
 2: Where do you think we should put the Palm Tree, Bob?
 3: Bob, kiss us both at the same time
 4: I love you Bob
 2: I love You Bob
 3: Bob must be stopped.

JEANINE

Bob. Your name is Bob.

BABY BOB

Bwahb.

(A banging on the door)

CONNOR

Open up, Jeanine!

CHORUS FOUR

This is why Jeanine decided to leave town with Bob.

JEANINE

That's the police, Bob.

(A bang)

CONNOR

Jeanine!

JEANINE

It's open!

Stay quiet, Bob.

BABY BOB

Bwahb.

JEANINE

Stay quiet.

(JEANINE hides BOB in a grocery bag.)

CONNOR, a police officer, enters.)

CONNOR

Jeanine.

JEANINE

Connor.

BABY BOB

Bwahb.

CONNOR

Been a long time.

JEANINE

Seen you around.

CONNOR

It's been a long time.

(the pain of their history is felt)

JEANINE

How can I help you, Connor?

CONNOR

You still working at the White Castle?

JEANINE

You know I still work there.

CONNOR

Anything weird happen the last few days?

JEANINE

Something weird happens every day. Our lighting has a way of pushing people over the edge.

CONNOR

We got a call at the station today.

JEANINE

Well, good for you.

CONNOR

Some woman.

JEANINE

Of course it was a woman.

CONNOR

Crying. Didn't say her name. Just asked if "He was OK."

JEANINE

Who?

CONNOR

She wouldn't say. Said she "had to do it," that "if I knew the whole story" blah de blah and I had to interrupt: "Ma'am, what you are talking about?" She said "White Castle" and hung up.

JEANINE

How odd.

CONNOR

Anyone leave an infant at the White Castle on Valentines Day?

BOB

Bwahb.

JEANINE

Not to my recollection.

CONNOR

You've always had a great memory.

JEANINE

Don't butter me, Connor.

CONNOR

I'm just saying you have a tendency of not forgetting any and all things that happen.

JEANINE

I like to learn from my mistakes.

(Beat.)

CONNOR

I've seen you at the Bamboo Wok.

JEANINE

Don't.

Eating alone every week.

CONNOR

I enjoy self-dining.

JEANINE

Maybe I can join you sometime.

CONNOR

Connor, thank you for your diligent policework but alas, I do not recollect anyone leaving a Bob at my place of employment.

JEANINE

A what?

CONNOR

Bob.

BOB

A baby.

JEANINE

You said Bob.

CONNOR

I meant a Baby.

JEANINE

Bobby.

BOB

Who's Bob?

CONNOR

(BOB pokes his head out)

It's someone I'm seeing. His name is Bob.

JEANINE

(Beat.)

I don't believe it.

CONNOR

I fell in love with him the moment I saw him.

JEANINE

CONNOR
What does Bob do?

BOB
Bob Do. Do Bob Bob.

JEANINE
He is a great great man.

BOB
Gray. Man.

CONNOR
I guess it was a mistake to come here.

(CONNOR almost exits, turns)

CONNOR
I want you back Jeanine. I want another chance.

JEANINE
You had your chance, Connor.

(beat)

CONNOR
If you see anything at work-

JEANINE
Nothing would overjoy me more.

(CONNOR almost exits, turns)

CONNOR
One day, Jeanine Bordeaux, I will prove myself to you.

(CONNOR turns to exit)

CHORUS THREE
This is why Connor had to prove himself.

(CONNOR and GUNTHER ROY at a BAR.)

CONNOR
I hooked up with this other girl at prom. Jeanine was my date. I thought we were going to get married. And then I

hooked up with this other girl. And Jeanine didn't take me back.

And now I fight crime. I do good, fix problems, bring people to justice.

I do this for her. If Jeanine doesn't take me back, I will die heartbroken. But at least I'll have done some good deeds along the way.

(BACK at JEANINE's)

BOB

Bwahb. Proo Mah Salf.

JEANINE

We can't stay here, Bob.

CHORUS FOUR

It is said that Jeanine collected the few belongings she felt to be essential, including a pillowcase filled with her life savings and left her home forever to raise Bob in her beige Chevy Malibu.

This is the road trip of Bob and Jeanine.

(A "road trip" that spans 12 years.
The CHORUS assists.)

JEANINE

That is the sky.
That's a tree. Black walnut.
That's a dead goat.
That's a fire. You'll want to be careful with that.

(White Castle)

That's where I worked.

(Las Vegas)

That's where they play roulette

(A religious sign asking where you will
spend eternity)

That's a good question

(Bamboo Wok)

Don't eat there.

That's a farmer.

That's someone who delivers things to people.

That one's crazy.

And that one's evil.

(the Grand Canyon)

JEANINE

This is the Grand Canyon, Bob.

BOB

Woah.

JEANINE

It was carved by the Colorado River over millions of years.
And it's still changing.

(the rest are shown as well)

As are those rocky mountains, those mesas, this coastline.
The ground beneath us is undergoing constant change, Bob.

BOB

Erosion.

(a house in South Carolina)

JEANINE

And it was here that they would rest, but only for a few
hours. Danger was always close. Nineteen times Ms. Tubman
made this journey. That's what you do when things aren't
right, Bob.

BOB

Railroad.

(New Mexico)

JEANINE

And it was here that Mr. Oppenheimer dropped his experiment
from a wooden tower and fission ensued. One event can
change the world, Bob.

BOB

Chain Reaction.

(the first Wal-Mart)

JEANINE

And it was here that Mr. Walton opened the first stores
that ushered in a new type of shopping experience. But he
still always drove the same old truck, Bob.

BOB

Entrepreneur.

(Mt. Rushmore)

JEANINE

-And even though Lincoln was killed at a play, the decisions he made would change the course of our Nation. One man can change everything.

BOB

So if I do something amazing, someone else will carve my face onto a mountain?

JEANINE

There are lots of factors involved when getting put on a mountain. Politics. Popularity. Your face. A lot of achievements go completely unrecognized, not even on a plaque.

BOB

What's a plaque?

(THEY look at a plaque)

JEANINE

It's a marker, Bob. To pay tribute to some great act or person.

BOB

(rubbing fingers over letters)

"In Memory of Great Sculptor Gutzon Borglum." It's beautiful.

JEANINE

And they last forever.

BOB

I want to be on a plaque some day.

JEANINE

Well, you can be, Bob.

BOB

In Memory of Bob, the man who rescued a town from destruction!

Bob, the great entertainer and tamer of beasts.

Bob, the man who invented a blanket you can wear!

JEANINE

You better keep a piece of paper handy to write all your ideas down.

BOB

I've got some paper in my pocket!

JEANINE

You can do anything you want with your life, Bob.

BOB

You should be on a plaque, Mom.

JEANINE

Oh, Bob, that's, well, that's the nicest thing anyone has ever-

BOB

Let's go.

JEANINE

We don't always have to be in such a rush.

BOB

But Mom, if I am to become great, there is so much I have to learn and see!

(the montage goes into overdrive. BOB's energy remains high. The trip is killing JEANINE.)

BOB AND JEANINE

B: Birthplaces!
J: Battlegrounds
B: Big cities!
J: Empty Stretches
B: Public Parks
J: Private Islands
B: Man Made Lakes
J: Hoover Dams
B: Holy Sites
J: Corn Palaces
B: Dinosaur Bones
J: Swinger Camps
B: Monuments
J: Junkyards
B: Luxury Homes

J: Trailer Parks
B: Ham and Cheese Omelets
J: Coffee
B: More Ham and Cheese Omelets
J: Indigestion
B: Fudge
J: Ibuprofen.
B: Art and Science
J: Wow that is hurting-
B: History and Civics
J: Can't quite-
B: Beauty and Truth-
J: catch my breath-

BOB

Knowledge and Experience!

JEANINE

(in pain)

Too much to experience.

CHORUS THREE

It is said that Bob and Jeanine journeyed across the country for twelve years and four months. Until one day, in the city of Chicago, this is why they parted ways.

(Chicago. BOB is 12. JEANINE is ill.)

BOB

C'mon the museum closes at four so we need to-

JEANINE

I can't seem catch my breath, Bob.

BOB

They're not gonna let us in!

JEANINE

Maybe we can go tomorrow.

BOB

No, I want to see the canvasses now. The brush strokes with which Grant Wood captured the gothic soul of an elderly couple, the splatters of Pollock that drip anguish and liquor, the flowers of O'Keefe that evoke the beauty of nature and vaginas at the same time.

JEANINE

My, Bob, you soak everything up like a roll of Bounty.

BOB

Moving from place to place, collecting visitor guides and souvenir spoons, learning trigonometry as we eat ham and cheese omelets...I love everything we do together, Mom.

JEANINE

I'm not your real mother, Bob.

BOB

What?

JEANINE

You were left at the White Castle. I wasn't supposed to take you. But then I looked into your eyes.

BOB

You did?

JEANINE

Most people don't grow up in Malibus. They don't drive around the country with all their money in a pillowcase.

BOB

That's because we're special.

JEANINE

You, Bob, are a special special boy.

BOB

You're making me blush.

(JEANINE collapses.)

BOB

Are you OK?

JEANINE

There's a bit of money left in the bag, Bob. You're going to have to use it wisely.

BOB

You're soaking wet.

JEANINE

Keep an eye out for danger and advantage-takers. Don't skimp on oil changes for the Malibu. And always wear your undies.

BOB

What is happening right now?

JEANINE

I'm dying, Bob.

BOB

No you're not.

JEANINE

My liver is pressing out, cracking my ribs. It's getting harder to breathe. I want to blame those Bamboo Wok Noodles that combo cursed and blessed me years ago but I think it just happened. You know how things just happen.

BOB

I'll call an ambulance.

JEANINE

Don't.

BOB

Ambulance!

JEANINE

It's too late, Bob.

BOB

Phineas Gage survived a Metal Rod through his head. Lance Armstrong survived cancer to win the Tour de France. Dean Martin Lived till he was 78.

JEANINE

Oh Bob.

BOB

I want to save you so bad.

JEANINE

Look at you trying to do something. You're twelve years old and you're already a Man.

BOB

I don't want to be.

JEANINE

There is a life of happiness out there if you pursue it, Bob.

BOB

Not without you.

JEANINE

Well in a second, Bob, I'm going to breathe my last breath and then I'm going slump over and my body may twitch but I'll be gone. My heat will drain, but if you hug me it'll drain into you. After that happens, I want you light me on fire. Gather some flammables, lay me on top, and set me on fire.

BOB

I'm going get on the plaque for the both of us, Mom.

JEANINE

It's Jeanine. I love you, Bob.

BOB

I love you too, Jeanine.

JEANINE

Good luck.

(BOB hugs JEANINE.

JEANINE dies.

BOB puts JEANINE down. He gathers a few sticks and newspaper other burning supplies, and puts them under Jeanine.

BOB lights a match, drops it on the ground.

A police siren.

BOB and CONNOR who is now a Chicago Policeman, at an interrogation table.)

CHORUS FOUR

This is how Bob avoided prison.

CONNOR

You do realize it's illegal to cremate someone on the steps of the Art Institute of Chicago.

BOB

It's what she wanted.

CONNOR

There are concerns. About pollution. Asthma.

BOB

I don't care so long as she's everywhere.

CONNOR

And now we can't do an autopsy. We'll never get to know what caused her death.

BOB

She said some things just happen.

CONNOR

That's not good enough for the paperwork. Was she dead before you lit her on fire?

BOB

YES!

CONNOR

OK OK. It's required we ask that.

BOB

I don't know what it's going to be like without her.

CONNOR

It's going to suck, probably.

There's going to be a lot of people you lose in your life. Some die. Some move away. Some you just say the wrong thing to. You'll have those days. When you'll be so sad, praying you could just see her even for an instant before she vanishes into a puff of smoke.

BOB

Do you have any more Kleenex?

(CONNOR gives a Kleenex to BOB)

CONNOR

Well, since there's no-one to claim you, we may have to put you in prison till this all gets straightened out.

BOB

I don't want to go there.

CONNOR

It's a prison for kids, so it's not so gloomy.

BOB

No. I have to learn about airports tomorrow!

CONNOR

You don't have a choice.

BOB

I have a lot of great things to do with my life!

CONNOR

Well, you're not allowed to do that. Not till your eighteen, uh, what is your name?

BOB

Bob. My name is Bob.

OTHER CHORUS

(whisper)

Bob!

CONNOR

Why does that name haunt me?

BOB

It was my first word.

CONNOR

Where were you born?

BOB

In a White Castle.

OTHER CHORUS

(whisper, unsuccessfully in unison)

White Castle.

CONNOR

What was the name of the woman you just burnt?

BOB

Jeanine. Her name was Jeanine.

(CONNOR drops his pen.)

CONNOR

Oh my. Oh my oh my oh my.

BOB

You dropped your pen.

(CONNOR gets on one knee, pulls out a ring)

CONNOR

I was going to give this to her the next time I saw her. I've had this in my pocket for eleven years. I said "Connor, even if you're in a bathroom stall mid-tinkle and you see her, get on your knees ASAP and beg her to come back."

(CONNOR grabs BOB's hand, perhaps kissing the soot of Jeanine in BOB's hand.)

Oh my sweet Slider Highness...I'm sorry for being selfish and stupid. I'm sorry for making you so sad on the day you looked the prettiest.

(CONNOR Gives BOB the ring.)

BOB

This would have looked beautiful on her finger.

CONNOR

Keep it somewhere safe. It's a dangerous world out there. Keep it in your undies.

I think I'm going to go back to the museum and, just breathe awhile. Good Luck, Bob.

(CONNOR exits. BOB is alone.)

BOB

Hello?

(BOB looks at the ring. He puts it in his undies and steps outdoors into the cold Chicago air.)

BOB

You're on your own, Bob.

On West Monroe St. Chicago.

(a gust of wind)

The "Windy City."

Home of the White Sox, late night sketch comedy, and the "fresheezie": a hot dog wrapped in bacon and filled with American cheese...a meal that is delightful and cruel at the same time.

At the Alamo, the Texans were outnumbered, but they were able to fight off the Mexican Army twice before they all got killed.

In the Sierra Nevada, trapped by snow and bad teamwork, the Donner Party withstood bitter cold and the sour taste of human flesh for seven of them to survive and reach the state of California.

"You can do anything you want with your life." So said Jeanine Bordeaux the safest driver and best breakfast companion ever. And today I'm going to get in our Malibu that should be parked right here and...

(A CITIZEN walks by)

Excuse me, BusinessPerson, have you seen a Malibu that was parked here?

(The CITIZEN ignores BOB. Another CITIZEN runs by, avoiding eye contact)

Hello there, Forlorn Woman, did you happen to see what happened to a Malibu that was here?

(A CITIZEN walks by, the pillowcase slung over his/her back and scurries off.)

There was a pillowcase with wet kittens on tugboats under the passenger seat...

(BOB takes a step. His shoe breaks.)

BOB
My shoe.

(HELEN, Bob's birthmother and now a thief, runs in with her KNIFE.)

HELEN
Give me your shirt!

BOB
What?

HELEN
Give me your shirt before I cut your face! NOW!

(BOB removes his shirt, gives to HELEN)

BOB
What are you doing with my shirt?

HELEN
Are you wearing underwear?

BOB
That's private.

HELEN
ARE YOU WEARING UNDERWEAR?

BOB
I always do!

HELEN
Then give me your pants.

BOB
Jeanine bought me these pants at the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. Please my name is Bob and-

HELEN
WELL MY NAME IS HELEN!

CHORUS
(whispering)
Helen.

HELEN

GIVE ME YOUR ROCK AND ROLL PANTS AND YOU'LL LIVE ANOTHER
DAY ON THIS CURS-ED EARTH.

(BOB removes his pants, gives to HELEN.

HELEN looks into BOB's eyes. An echo.)

HELEN

If only you knew what has driven me to this..

Good luck.

(HELEN runs off.)

BOB

Good luck.

(BOB walks against the wind, exits.

BLACKOUT

END OF ACT 1)