

The Professor ...
Who Stabbed My
Funnybone

By Alan Holman

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The Stabby Professor

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Gary

middle-aged professor who carries some extra weight around his waist.

Rinaldo

butler who speaks with an accent from anywhere in Britain.

Lonnie

Young blonde woman who isn't Alan's type.

Alan

brilliant actor/writer

Gina

secretary

Waitress

waitress

Stephan

old neurologist

Anton

young neurologist

The Stabby Professor

GARY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

PROFESSOR TESTINY GARY sleeps on his bed, completely under a blanket, in this unreasonably disorganized apartment -- a radio plays. An upside-down hamper is beside his bed. A mirror stands beside the closet. A door leads outside.

RINALDO, the British Butler with a thick yellow beard, enters.

GARY wakes up, reaches his hand out of the blanket, to turn off the radio.

RINALDO

Get up, fat-ass.

GARY

Rinaldo!

The Stabby Professor

RINALDO

Here as always.

GARY

I figured it out!

RINALDO

Perhaps it's only gas.

GARY

The mystery! You did it!
You're the butler! The
butler did it! You're
guilty!

RINALDO

Of what?

GARY

Being a nosy jerk.

RINALDO

Whatever. Anyhow, would it
kill you to ask Gina for a
date?

GARY

Yes, besides: a professor
of English should not be

The Stabby Professor

seen dating his secretary.

RINALDO rubs his beard.

RINALDO

How many professors of English have secretaries? Most professors of English don't have their own secretaries, so why not date her? It's not against the law, unless it's illegal to date people whom are under your hire ... and it probably is. Regardless, go out with her. Start a family!

GARY

I don't want a family; I came from one.

RINALDO

A film! May I suggest taking her out to a film?

GARY

No.

RINALDO

The Stabby Professor

Pikachu's Unexpected Adventure 7 opens tonight, and it has a story that I am sure would appeal to you.

GARY

What's it about?

RINALDO

Oh, I don't know - ninety minutes, two hours -- something about a football player, I think -- but it will show you the consequences of not asking out the woman you love; the guy in the movie had a sad ending.

GARY

Don't spoil it!

RINALDO

For God's sake sir, you're fifty-two years old, and you have yet to ever go on a date!

GARY

The Stabby Professor

Go make me coffee.

RINALDO

Make it yourself.

GARY

You're the only butler I've ever had who doesn't do things for me.

RINALDO

I am the only butler you have ever had. If it were not for the companionship which I voluntarily provide for you, and the private conferences which we have; in which you ramble on to me monotonously, and redundantly, about your shortcomings, you would have lost your sanity years ago! Having put up with all of that, I am the only person who knows what is best for you, Gary. Now get off of your duff, quit dodging life, and get your own damned coffee!

The Stabby Professor

GARY hops out of bed, fully dressed.

GARY

Okay, fine. You know, I'd fire you, but I'd miss you.

RINALDO

You wore your suit to bed again.

GARY

It's my new way of dressing. I shower before bed, and I sleep in a new suit each night; that way, when I wake up late, I don't have to worry about dressing before I leave. And lately it's always the case that I'm late to rise since you've been turning off the damned radio before I get a chance to wake up! Not to mention not making the coffee -- and when you do make the coffee, you don't make it strong

The Stabby Professor

enough; it's useless! I've got to take my leave of you now, Rinaldo. Thanks for waking me up... this time.

GARY almost exits.

RINALDO

Wait right here.

GARY

What is it now?

RINALDO exits, into the closet.

GARY

Welcome to day 19, 356 of my life.

RINALDO "comes out of the closet", wearing a tacky green hat, which he puts onto GARY's head.

RINALDO

I know this will look fabulous on you!

GARY looks at his reflection in the mirror.

The Stabby Professor

GARY

A suited professional,
wearing a childish party-
hat -- how absurd!

RINALDO

It's a good hat! Please
wear it today. I like it.
Gina will like...

GARY

I'll wear it to work. But
only because it won't make
a difference whether I'm
wearing it to work or not.

GARY exits.

RINALDO

Yay, I say, if I may...
eating hay... on a cold
day... while children
play... laughing all the
way, HO HO HO! HAH!

The Stabby Professor

LONNIE'S OFFICE - MORNING

LONNIE is a ditzy young blonde girl.

LONNIE interviews a nice young man named **ALAN**.

LONNIE

So, are you familiar with what we do here?

ALAN

Well, the advertisement said to come here for an opportunity to learn about...marketing skills, and stuff... Can you elaborate on that?

LONNIE

You know what? This is getting boring. Let's continue this interview downstairs, at the coffee-shop.

ALAN

Sure.
(aside)

The Stabby Professor

As we stood up, she began to sing. Why? I'll never know.

LONNIE

(singing to herself)
"Some days I just look around/And wait for you to come around/And that's why I am now around/You who are" ... Hey, Alan, I need a word that doesn't rhyme with around.

ALAN

Cat? Steve?

LONNIE

Spectacular suggestion! I know you are going to click with this job.

LONNIE exits.

ALAN exits.

**GARY'S OFFICE, ENGLISH
DEPARTMENT - MORNING**

The Stabby Professor

GARY's secretary, **GINA RICHARDS**, sits at her desk, drinking coffee. By the door is a hat-rack.

GINA

And he is late again...

GARY enters.

GINA

Good morning, Professor Gary.

GARY

(tipping his shiny green party-hat to her)
And a mighty fine morning it is, Gina!

GINA

So very expressive, you are. And so very late, you are. Almost daily. Are you sure you have enough time to plan your lectures for this morning?

GARY

Time is on my side. When

The Stabby Professor

do I have to be in that place where I babble on and on about Babylon?

GINA

Thirteen minutes ago. Minus what your class is used to, so you're five minutes early.

GARY

Time is not on my side. But no worries: I have a back-up plan.

GINA

So what's your plan?

GARY

Guess.

GINA

Do you want me to dig out one of your surprise quizzes?

GARY

You read my mind! And I thought only Rinaldo could

The Stabby Professor

read my mind...

GINA

Who's Rinaldo?

GARY

He wants me to... YOU'RE
FIRED!!!

GINA

I NEED THIS JOB!

GINA almost cries.

GARY

(laughing heartily)
JUST KIDDING!! Oh, the
look on your face:
Priceless! Just dig up one
of the surprise quizzes.

GINA

(reluctantly)
And which unit are we on?

GARY

Beowulf. Dig up one of the
quizzes on Beowulf.

GINA

The Stabby Professor

Okay.

GARY

Admit it: you love me.

GINA

(grabs a file from her desk)

Here it is.

(hands the file to GARY)

I hated that book.

GARY

(looks over the file)

Thank you. Everything is in order. One more thing I must do is get rid of this horrible hat.

GINA

What hat?

GARY throws the hat at a hat-rack, and his reaction depends on the outcome of the throw.

GINA

Is that some kind of a new dance?

The Stabby Professor

GARY

What? Ah, yes it is, dear.

GINA

Very graceful. Oh, and about calling me "dear", it gives me a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach ... no, worse -- it makes me feel cold and dead when you act affectionate towards me, so please, for the love of god, quit trying to flirt.

(aside)

If he's planning to ask me to the Year Ender Bender, I'm going to castrate him.

COFFEE-SHOP - MORNING

LONNIE and **ALAN** sit here, drinking coffee, and eating bear claws.

ALAN laughs at his bear claw.

LONNIE

The Stabby Professor

What are you laughing about?

ALAN

Um, Bear Claw ... Uh, I don't even know your name, and you're buying me a bear claw! - you ... scourge of the seven seas!

LONNIE

Oh. I'm Lonnie. I'm... How about if I tell you what our marketing firm markets... Uh, I'll explain what we do, to you, during an on the job orientation -- just you and me, Alan -- and that orientation will be tomorrow. Very early.

GARY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

GARY eats dinner on the upside-down hamper which is beside his bed. **RINALDO** sits on the other side of the hamper.

The Stabby Professor

GARY

Ah, the finer things in life.

RINALDO

The FINER things, sir?

GARY

A butler, a secretary.
Yeah, I've got it all! I'm
the cool.

RINALDO

Why'd you make this crap?
I'm a freaking butler, so
you should have let ME
cook! I would have made a
wonderful feast for you.

GARY

Your cooking is flavorless.
You boil the flavor out of
everything. You are true
to your homeland.

RINALDO

Suit yourself.

The Stabby Professor

GARY

Well, I wouldn't have YOU
suit me.

RINALDO

(standing up)
Take Gina to the Year Ender
Bender.

GARY

That's an affair for the
students, Rinaldo. I
wouldn't go to that.

RINALDO

Gina would love it. Many
professors do go to the
Year Ender Bender, you
know. It's not just for
the students.

GARY

I'm putting my foot down!
It's out of the question.

RINALDO

Your foot, sir?

GARY

The Stabby Professor

My foot.

RINALDO

Show her some love, Gary.
We both know you've got a
lot of love to give.

GARY

The notion of bringing her
to a dance populated with
inebriated adolescents, is
an ABSURD NOTION! -- I'll
have nothing to do with it.

RINALDO

You know you want to.

GARY

Yes, but it just seems
wrong. Everything you
suggest seems wrong.

RINALDO

She's not your student.
She's your secretary. Ask
her. Ask and you shall
receive.

The Stabby Professor

They're interrupted by knocks on the door.

RINALDO

I'll get it.

GARY

That's out of the question.

RINALDO

I'm the FREAKING butler!

GARY

I'm getting the door. I'm on a diet, so prepare that feast for me, and leave me alone with the visitor.

RINALDO

As you say.

Professor Gary waddles toward the door, and admits two lab-coat-wearing visitors: **ANTON LACE**, and **STEPHEN HARDING**.

GARY

Welcome to my humble abode.

The Stabby Professor

ANTON

Doesn't smell very humble.
Or like an abode. More
like a foreboding smell.
Forebode.
(laughs)
Forebode.

STEPHAN

I believe what my tactless
assistant is trying to say,
sir, is that your house
smells like human fecal
matter.

GARY

The butler hasn't cleaned
it yet, but I assure you
it's usually quite humble.

ANTON

Butler!?!

GARY

Avert your gaze in that

The Stabby Professor

direction for a moment?

GARY points at **RINALDO**.

RINALDO

They can't see me.

RINALDO enters the closet.

GARY

Now avert your gaze towards me. I am Gary. James Bond.

STEPHAN

Professor Testiny Gary?
Did I say that first name correctly? Forgive my friend; he's ... a student.

ANTON

Forgive me? For what?
You're the one who said his place smells like crap.

STEPHAN

I said fecal matter.

The Stabby Professor

ANTON

Waste.

GARY

You pronounced my name superbly. I usually just go by the name Gary, though. It serves both as a first AND a last name!! And I'll never forgive your student friend. As far as I'm concerned, he's dead to me.

ANTON

I'm sorry.

GARY

No, you're not. I can tell.

ANTON

How?

GARY

I've got a fourth sense for that sort of thing.

The Stabby Professor

STEPHAN

Testi..ny. That's an interesting first name.

ANTON

You know, I've got a cousin, down in Florence, whose name is Florence. Get it: Florence from Florence? Well, I think it's funny. It's VERY funny! Maybe not "ha-ha" funny, but come-on? It's a good conversation starter, isn't it?

STEPHAN

No.

GARY

Shut up, you two. Who are you, and what do you want from me?

STEPHAN

(laughing)
Forgive our intrusion. I'm Dr. Stephan Harding, and

The Stabby Professor

this is Doctor Anton Lace.

ANTON waves.

GARY

I've met Anton Lace before,
the schmuck.

ANTON

We've met?

GARY

Yes. We've met. Oh how
we've met. Don't you
remember, boy?

ANTON

No, I don't.

GARY

Well, needless to say:
we've met, and I hated you.

ANTON

Why did you hate me?

GARY

Because I can't help but

The Stabby Professor

hate people who forget
about meeting me, you
forgetful jerk.

ANTON

Don't call me names.

STEPHAN

I call him Skippy.

ANTON

That's private!

GARY

I hate Skippy.

ANTON

You've never met Skippy!

GARY

Your assistant is calling
me a liar.

STEPHAN kicks **ANTON**'s mid-
section. **ANTON** falls over.

STEPHAN

Stay down.

The Stabby Professor

ANTON

I didn't think you'd actually kick me! Couldn't you do a fake kick?

STEPHAN

You ask too many questions, Skippy.

STEPHAN kicks **ANTON**'s mid-section again.

GARY

That looks like fun.

STEPHAN

Be my guest.

GARY

My pleasure.

GARY kicks **STEPHAN**'s mid-section.

STEPHAN

The Stabby Professor

Ow! My mid-section!

GARY

From this point on: I shall only address Stephan Harding.

STEPHAN

That's me!

GARY

Yes. Enough with the pleasantries. Why are you here?

ANTON

Yes. Enough with the pleasantries.

ANTON gets up.

STEPHAN

One more pleasantry.

STEPHAN kicks **ANTON**'s mid-section. **ANTON** falls over.

The Stabby Professor

GARY

How goes?

STEPHAN

I've witnessed you lecture on campus, so I imagine you have a doctorate as well?

GARY

Doc-to-rate. Cho-co-late. What's the difference? Please take a seat, but don't really take it, because that's stealing. If you're here to steal something, I'll find you!

They all sit.

STEPHAN

So tell me Professor. Are you interested in science?

GARY

I'm extremely interested in science. Would you like to hear my ultimate Theory of the Universe?

The Stabby Professor

STEPHAN

No.

GARY

Who asked you?

STEPHAN

You did.

GARY

I believe that the Universe is shaped like a breast.

STEPHAN

No, it's not - cosmologist Rees discovered it's shaped like a pancake.

GARY

Really?

ANTON

Yeah, and further down the rabbit hole is quantum theory which, from our third dimension limited perspective, can't be ...

The Stabby Professor

GARY

Do you bastards know what you've just done? You've just turned my universe upside down, you bastards. Now everything's different, and I don't know what to believe. Get out of my house. Get out of my city. Go down the brain drain!

STEPHAN

No. I'm the head of head-research.

ANTON

We are gathering up test subjects for an experimental post-mortem procedure, thus we just want to know if you'd be interested in donating your body to science.

The Stabby Professor

GARY

Sure. Where do I sign?
I've always wanted to be a
USEFUL cadaver. What's the
catch? Now you reply, "THE
CATCH IS: YOU'RE GOING TO
DIE!!!"

(laughs)

That would be a riot...

ANTON

Well, first of all, we'd
like to describe the
procedure to you. It's a
procedure, which we will
only do to applicants who
die in the next five-years.
Full funeral and burial
arrangements are
supplied... for a price.

STEPHAN

Very expensive. Even more
expensive than if you
weren't taking part in our

The Stabby Professor

project. We call it kick-backs, because we'll be kicking-back, under the hot, hot sun.

GARY

Explain nothing to me. I'll sign for it. I'm insane. I'll sign anything.

STEPHAN

We need to explain it to you because of certain moral and ethical issues surrounding our area of research.

GARY

And which area of research is that?

ANTON

Stem cell research.

GARY

But that's useless now. They found a way to give skin cells the same traits and uses in 2007.

The Stabby Professor

STEPHAN

Exactly why our research is controversial.

GARY

I see. You're mad scientists.

ANTON

Yes.

STEPHAN

Legally, you have to sign an agreement stating that we've properly explained, and you understand ...

GARY

Explain no procedure to me. I won't understand even the basics. Just show me where to sign.

ANTON

It will only be done to applicants who die within the next five years.

GARY

The Stabby Professor

(conspiratorially)
I won't tell if you don't.

ANTON

What do you mean by that?

GARY

Less formalities, more
forms.

STEPHEN hands forms to **GARY**.

STEPHAN

All right. Sign here,
please.

GARY signs the paper.

STEPHAN

And initial again,
here...and here... and
here... and ... I need your
phone number here. Great.
We're good to go.

STEPHAN shakes **GARY**'s hand, and
prepares to leave.

The Stabby Professor

GARY

See you.

STEPHAN

Tomorrow, we'll return for the money shot.

GARY

Huh? What?

ANTON

Apparently, we're done for now. However, if you'd like to know about the procedure...

GARY

That won't be happening tonight, guys. Good night.

STEPHAN

Thank you for giving yourself, uh, your cadaver, to scientific research.

GARY

My pleasure.

The Stabby Professor

STEPHAN

Oh no. The pleasure is all ours!

GARY

Bye now.

The doctors exit, and **GARY** slams the door as loud as he can.

GARY

(screaming)

AND STAY OUT!!! IF YOU
JERKY JERKS EVER COME BACK,
YOU'D DAMN WELL HAVE BETTER
FREAKING PHONED BEFOREHAND!
I HATE IT WHEN UNEXPECTED
GUESTS THINK THEY CAN COME
IN HERE AND TAKE UP MY
TIME! TIME IS MONEY,
LOSERS!

RINALDO enters...from the closet.

RINALDO

So who was that?

The Stabby Professor

GARY

Just some mad scientists.
They wanted me to donate my
body to science if I die in
the next five years. That
won't be happening. So
they're gone now.

RINALDO

What kind of science? -- I
ask, uninterested.

GARY

They're re-working pre-
existing theories, trying
to create the asymptotic
theory of trans-light speed
and temporal mode
alteration with
invitational Freudian-slip-
streamlining by re-using
their three
year old marketplace
graphological analysis of
canine Seinfeldian chronic-

The Stabby Professor

stress injected platonic
attractive strangers, in
well-structured, perfect
syntax; it should prove
exciting!

RINALDO

Really? What's that?

GARY

Malarkey.

RINALDO

So you didn't ask them what
they're doing?

GARY

Frankly, my good man. I
don't care!

RINALDO

Are you going to ask Gina
to the Year Ender Bender or
not?

GARY

I truly want to, Rinaldo.
But I won't. I don't have
the courage to ask her.

The Stabby Professor

RINALDO

You have the courage to donate your body to science, but you can't even ask a girl to a dance?

GARY

Yup.

COFFEE-SHOP - EVENING

GARY sits alone...not drinking anything.

GARY

Pikachu's Unexpected Adventure 7: That movie sucked. Of course, the only reason behind my harsh judgment of the film was my jealousy of the main character, the happy ending he experienced, and the paths he chose which I would have chose had I known, in my youth, what I know now about life: that constant learning can only lead to insane boredom. You try to make something

The Stabby Professor

of yourself, only to learn that having fun, and sharing your fun times with the people you love, are the only things that matter at all. I wish I would have had more fun ... and I wish I wouldn't have scared away too many fun people with my serious side before I learned to relax and have fun. I'd better watch out, or I might start talking to myself.

GINA enters, notices **GARY**, and almost exits. **GARY** notices **GINA**, and says...

GARY

Sit here, woman! I'm the man. You're the woman. Woman do what man say. Man say sit.

GINA

Okay, that's too sexist for me.

GARY

The Stabby Professor

Just sit down.

GINA reluctantly sits with **GARY**.

GINA

So why are you alone in a coffee shop?

GARY

I have my coffee. Coffee and I make good companions. I just saw THE movie.

GINA

I just enjoyed sexual congress with my fiancée.

GARY

I just saw Pikachu's Unexpected Adventure 7.

GINA

But that's a TV movie. It airs tomorrow. I'm going watch it tomorrow with my fiancée.

The Stabby Professor

GARY

Pikachu's Unexpected Adventure 7 was one of those movies that pushes your imagination over the edge, and your sanity, as if they expected me to return to normal after leaving the theater. Whatever normal is. I can't do that.

GINA

Theatre?! Pikachu's Unexpected Adventure 7 is a TV movie about an electric rodent having an adventure. It's not even popular, and it was NEVER in the cinema. It's being repeated tomorrow night on a cable channel. So why are you referring to it as if it's

The Stabby Professor

current?

GARY

Please leave me alone right now.

GINA

My pleasure!

She flees.

A **WAITRESS** approaches, and says...

WAITRESS

There's a fifteen minute time-limit for sitting without ordering anything. You wanna order something?

GARY

I'm a fifty-two year old virgin. I'm infatuated upon that woman who just left this shop. She's thirty-two years younger than I am!

WAITRESS

I don't know what it is,

The Stabby Professor

but your voice really annoys me.

GARY

Even spy novelist Ian Flemming -- serial author of the "Bond, James Bond" cannon -- who would insist the nomenclative subject of my introductory statement be made thusly: "Gary, Testiny Gary" -- would be impotent to commit even the least of his literate abilities towards the coaxing of a thousand words to place themselves in such a way for Flemming to claim truthfully and without prejudice that he's penned a tale so twisted as that which I'll share with you, my friend -- dearest waitress -- tonight, or whenever, during your personal perspective of time's complete collection, that you perceive that you're hearing these recollections. The film

The Stabby Professor

version of my esteemed
colleague Mr. Ian
Flemming's novel Casino
Royale ... uhh, I lost my
train of thought, but the
weirdest few days of my
life create a clear memory
which -- because the
experience is so unlike
anything I've encountered
either before it or after
it, barring anything more
interesting which might
occur after the creation of
this script of stage --
defeats all else in my mind
as the single-most
penetrating, protruding,
poisonous vine of unwelcome
neural ivy. And although I
predict you followed the
truthfully self-indulgent
juncture of contents from
the metaphoric arena
with this particular,
peculiar literate speech, I
can't predict that previous
sentence's potential
adverse result to your
schedule; therefore,

The Stabby Professor

forgiveness is not asked for; however I promise that selfish jaunt into the land of non economic verbiage to be well made up for within my compelling story, just you listen and stand attentive! The disappointing circle of my life's mundane events broke and straightened and connected to an unfamiliar highway which took me from where I'd been to the part invigorating, but mostly horrifying, land of the unconsidered. In my youth, escape from, and never return to, the mundane, was an often imagined, ideal scenario; however, when the curtains finally opened for that occurrence, I played the one role I'd never ambitioned to play -- an antagonist's role -- the role of that particular individual who puts youth in a locked room until it's ripe and robbed

The Stabby Professor

of all ambition -- evil incarnate -- an English Professor. Fresh out of years of study, this is the story of my first official steps on the long and winding -- sometimes dwindling -- road to a steak-eatery, on the side of that road, called tenure, a destination -- a road-house -- where I still haven't partook of life's juiciest steak. I was a strapping young ex-student ready for my first official students. It was an emergency, and I lived for danger. Thanks to a late-summer decision, the university retired their oldest teacher thereby catalyzing my adventure! Early in the morning, on that most popular of days, having just got a head-start by the establishing of a school-map in my brain, I entered the hallowed halls of education

The Stabby Professor

hours before anyone else,
precisely two hours before
dawn. I was awe-struck by
the most amazing sight in
my life: the sight my
professionalism,
because I had finally
became the figure of ...

WAITRESS

I'm going to have to ask
you to go out, sir.

GARY

You're right. I should ask
her to go out. Thank you,
blue sky firefly!

GARY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

GARY sleeps. **RINALDO** enters,
carrying a birthday cake.

RINALDO

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!!

GARY jumps out of bed.

GARY

You didn't have to be so

The Stabby Professor

loud!

RINALDO

You don't appreciate me.

GARY

I do appreciate you. I just wish you'd stop mothering me all the time.

RINALDO

After your mother died, someone had to start taking care of you emotionally. If only you would have gotten yourself a girlfriend, I wouldn't have to be here all the time.

GARY

But I'm so scared. I can't ask a girl out. There are too many strings attached to a normal relationship, too many great expectations.

RINALDO

If you'd stop nagging about your non-existent love-

The Stabby Professor

life, to your...

GARY

SHUT UP!!! I don't need anyone!!!

RINALDO

You need Gina.

GARY

I'd be a cradle robber!
She's twenty, and I'm
fifty-three; Today!!! It
just can't work out. And
besides, my infatuation
only began after you began
telling me that I should
need her.

RINALDO

She is the one you love;
it's so obvious.

The Stabby Professor

GARY

No -- she is the one YOU lust after. There is no love in any part of this equation. I've felt love for people, and my heart made me do GOOD things for them, not EVIL. I know a date isn't evil, but I also know your deeper plan.

RINALDO

She is twenty years old, and she has never had a boyfriend. You are fifty-three years old, and you have never had a girlfriend. You are both young at heart. Regardless of whether or not there is any actual love in the equation, both of you could use a good ol' fashioned make-out session. Now, get out there, ask her out, make something of that old professor's life, and get a

The Stabby Professor

date!

GARY

She has a fiancée.

Just as **GARY** lays down, someone
knocks on the door.

GARY

Rinaldo, assume the
position.

RINALDO enters the closet.

GARY stays on his bed, and
says...

GARY

COME IN!!! I'M TOO LAZY TO
ANSWER THE DOOR, SO JUST
LET YOURSELF IN!!!

ALAN and **LONNIE** enter.

The Stabby Professor

GARY

Hello, and welcome to day 19,358 of my life; my fifty-third birthday. It's all right. You can come into my bedroom. I'm a fully clothed university professor, laying down on his bed, and I won't bite. Join the party.

LONNIE

Hello. My name's Lonnie, and this is Alan. We'd like to speak to the cook of the house.

GARY

Well, I cook every day.

LONNIE

That's great! We're from Hector Marketing, representing Rutco Knives and Kitchenware Incorporated.

The Stabby Professor

ALAN

Uhh...we sell knives?
Lonnie, you didn't tell me
we sell knives.

LONNIE

If I would have told you
that, you wouldn't have
come out with me today, now
would you?

ALAN

Well, I need a job, and the
only other work in this
berg is at dumb
callcenters, and I'm still
recovering from a
callcenter job I had three
years
ago.

The Stabby Professor

GARY

Actually, I could use some knives! Today's your lucky day. Just wait in here. Feel free to sit on the bed. I'll be back to make a purchase ... in fifteen minutes... just after I extract a sample for some scientists.

GARY exits quickly.

ALAN and **LONNIE** sit on the bed.

ALAN

Fifteen minutes? Isn't that too long to wait? What if he changes his mind?

LONNIE

He MIGHT make a purchase, so we're staying right here...in his bedroom.

ALAN

The Stabby Professor

Whatever.

LONNIE

So Alan. Have you come up with any questions for me yet?

ALAN

Yeah. Why didn't you tell me we're selling knives?

LONNIE

I normally wouldn't have come on the field during an orientation, but during the interview, I felt that you showed the characteristics of a person who would be good for this position and I wanted to help.

ALAN

HOW'S THAT ANSWER MY QUESTION!?!

LONNIE

I'm one of the managers.

The Stabby Professor

ALAN

Impressive, but that still doesn't answer my question about this stupid commission-sales job.

LONNIE

It's not commission sales.

ALAN

Oh, then what is it?

LONNIE

Profit margin.

ALAN

How's that any different?

LONNIE

They told me it's different. I don't know. Anyway, I'm psyched about the opportunity to work with you!

ALAN

How much does this pay?

The Stabby Professor

LONNIE

It's a good job. You can make a lot of money if you click with the job. And I have clicked with this job.

ALAN

We're sitting on a stranger's bed -- is that part of your job description?

LONNIE

He's been gone for quite a while. I want to have lunch soon. Want to eat out?

ALAN

What?

LONNIE

My mom packed us sandwiches.

ALAN

Your mom?

The Stabby Professor

LONNIE

Yeah. She's cool. She's my best friend.

ALAN

You're a complicated character.

LONNIE

This is getting boring. Do you mind if I sing?

ALAN

Whatever.

The Stabby Professor

LONNIE

This is a song I made up a few minutes ago. I think it fits the mood.

(singing)

"Already, I fear my heart is yours/ You stole it from the moment we met/ How can I tell you that I need you in my life?/ I've been alone for much too long/ Do you hear me when I make my plea?/ Already, I fear my heart is yours/ You stole it from the moment we met/ Give me just one chance to make you a happy man/ I've never felt like this before/ How can I get through to you?/ Don't you see what I really want?/ Don't you see what I really need?/ I can give you everything a man could ever want, honey/ I really want you 'cause I need a man/ I really want you 'cause I need a man/ I really want

The Stabby Professor

you I need a man/ I really
want you I need a man/ I
really want you I need a
man."

ALAN

Pretty good lyrics.

LONNIE

It's unprofessional for me
to tell you what I'm about
to tell you, but I've
learned that I've got to
have courage to get what I
want in life.

Pause.

LONNIE

You're hot.
(falling into Alan's arms)
Do you work out?

ALAN pushes her off of him.

ALAN

He's probably listening to
all of this.

LONNIE

The Stabby Professor

Who?

ALAN

He'll be back shortly,
unless he left. He
probably left. I'll bet he
left. Make your sale, and
then we'll have lunch, and
we'll discuss our next
course of action.

LONNIE

You're taking charge. I
like that.

RINALDO enters.

LONNIE

Finally. Someone's here!
I'm Lonnie. This is Alan.
How are you doing today?

RINALDO

(amazed)
You can see me?

LONNIE

Yes, I can!

LONNIE shakes **RINALDO's** hand.

The Stabby Professor

ALAN

Who are you talking to?

LONNIE

Him!

(pointing at Rinaldo)

Can he see you, or are you another one?

RINALDO

Another one, what?

ALAN

Who are you talking to, Lonnie? Have you taken something?

LONNIE

Um, Alan. Keep a secret, kay? I see imaginary people.

RINALDO looks amazed. Alan looks confused.

RINALDO

You see me? How is that possible?

The Stabby Professor

ALAN

You're a crackpot, Lonnie.

RINALDO

Is Gary aware of the fact that you can see me? Or are YOU ANOTHER of his imaginary friends?

LONNIE

Will he be back soon?

ALAN

The imaginary person? The customer? Who, what, where, when, why ... What are you talking about, Lonnie!?!

RINALDO

Gary was the only person who could see me. Until now. How are you seeing me?

The Stabby Professor

ALAN

Why are you standing there,
and not answering any
questions?! Are you
insane, Lonnie? Should I
get a doctor for you?

LONNIE

All right! Everybody!
Quiet! Okay, Alan...

RINALDO

Rinaldo.

LONNIE

Alan, AND Rinaldo. This
should explain everything.

ALAN

Rinaldo? Who's that? Is
Rinaldo a fantasy?

LONNIE

Shut up, and let me explain
what's going on!

The Stabby Professor

ALAN

Good. Please explain.
Tell me about the colors?
Did anything melt away? I
want details in Haiku; does
that word amuse you: haiku?
Come here, Haiku! Good
dog. How high are you?
What's your high-q, IQ get
it!? How high cue are you?

LONNIE

I saw her, Alan.

ALAN

Huh? What? What do you
mean?

LONNIE

The girl you imagine. She
looks pretty. I saw her
walk beside us when we were
back at the office.

ALAN

But that was in my head.
How did you know that?
You're a psychic? Cosmic.

The Stabby Professor

Have I taken something?

LONNIE

No one's trippin'. No one's taken anything.

ALAN

I have, but are you a psychic or something?

LONNIE

Yes. Sort of. I'm a genie.

ALAN

Kind of...I dream of Jeannie? Light brown hair...in your case: blonde, though, and all that spiel?

RINALDO

A genie?

ALAN

A genie? So now that you've seen ... umm ... If you've actually seen her, then what does she look like?

The Stabby Professor

LONNIE

She's shorter than you.
She called herself a
blonde, but I think her
hair's more brown than
blonde.

ALAN

I do too.

RINALDO

I get it. Since you see
imaginary friends, you
grant wishes to imaginary
friends, because since
genies are imaginary, they
can only grant wishes to
people who are also
imaginary, right?

LONNIE

Yup.

RINALDO

I need some time to think
of a wish.

LONNIE

The Stabby Professor

Alan, you're even crazier than I am.

ALAN

What? If you're a genie, then grant this wish: I wish you'd explain what's going on in that cute head of yours.

LONNIE

As the butler said, I can only grant wishes to imaginary friends.

ALAN

Butler? I don't understand. I'm not your butler!

LONNIE

La la lala.

RINALDO

I know what I want.

LONNIE

Hold that thought, butler.

ALAN

The Stabby Professor

What butler!?!

LONNIE

Gary's imaginary friend is his butler. The butler's name is Rinaldo, and he is standing before me, and he is about to make a wish.

ALAN

Okay, sounds good. I'll leave the room now. I'm planning on urinating, which is more than you needed to know. When I get back, I'm expecting you to be sane, and normal... And we won't ever speak of this genie nonsense... ever again...crackpot.

ALAN exits, quickly.

LONNIE sits on the bed, sad.

RINALDO

I know what I want to wish.

The Stabby Professor

LONNIE

If I had a wish, it'd be that you would have announced that you're imaginary before I made a fool of myself in front of Alan, but situations like these can never be predicted. He thinks I'm insane. Make your wish.

RINALDO

If it's any consolation, let it be known that I am shocked as well.

LONNIE

Make your wish.

RINALDO

Do I get two more?

LONNIE

You may or may not get two more. Wish and find out.

RINALDO

I WANT TO BE REAL!!!

The Stabby Professor

LONNIE

Oh, the tragic flaw; your reality will invalidate any further wishes; it will make them null and void.

RINALDO

I'm going to be real?

LONNIE

Yes, once I finish the paperwork, you'll be real! It should take about three days to process.

RINALDO

What will Gary think? Will HE be MY imaginary friend?

LONNIE

That depends on the lifestyle you design around your personality.

RINALDO

I'm so excited! In three days, I'll be real!

The Stabby Professor

ALAN enters.

ALAN

You don't wanna know what I just walked-in on. Anyway, are you sane yet, Lonnie?

LONNIE

Nothing a few drinks can't cure, Alan.

ALAN

Good idea -- I'll need some too.

LONNIE

I thought you said you didn't drink.

ALAN

I say a lot of things. Anyway, you obviously made up that genie story to cover up something.

GARY enters, carrying a loaded wallet.

The Stabby Professor

GARY

Sorry to keep you two waiting. But I'll have you know a little secret: I never turn down a salesperson on their first visit to my house. I'm a little bit eccentric that way. Here are three thousand dollars, and my business card. The card will tell you my address and contact information, and the three thousand dollars is for random items from your catalogue. Well, you guys can take about a hundred of it. Now go away. I'm expecting a lot of random merchandise from your company, to be at my door, by dinner time tonight. If I get it tomorrow, then you guys can keep none of the money. By the way, I have surveillance equipment set-up. If you gyp me, I've got

The Stabby Professor

your faces.

LONNIE

Wow. This has never happened before.

GARY

SCRAM! GET ME KNIVES TO CUT MY ...uhh... DINNER!!!
Yes, mwah hah hah. Dinner is what I'll cut...HAH
HAHHAH!!!

LONNIE

You betcha!

LONNIE takes the money, and exits with **ALAN**.

RINALDO enters from the closet.

RINALDO

Why did you do that?

GARY

I could use some more knives.

The Stabby Professor

RINALDO

But you don't know that company. They might not give you any knives at all. Heck, those people might be more of your imaginings, in which case, the money is on the floor, and now we'll never find it!

GARY

What's your point?

RINALDO

My point is: They were either human, or a soy-based alternative.

GARY

Have faith.

RINALDO

Look who is talking? You do not have any faith! You can't even ask a girl out!

GARY

I will ask her out today.

The Stabby Professor

RINALDO

YES!!!

GARY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

RINALDO and **GARY** sit around the upside-down hamper, eating.

RINALDO

Yet again, you did not ask her out. You are a failed attempt at a human being.

GARY

Don't rub it in! If I had three wishes, the first one would be for my knives to get here.

RINALDO

It's funny you would mention that. I mean, that's not a bad thing; it's just weird.

GARY

Oh, well what would you wish?

The Stabby Professor

RINALDO

Of course, I'd wish to be.

GARY

To be? To be real?

RINALDO

To be, or not to be?
That's the question.
Anyhow, I'd wish to be
real.

GARY

Look on the bright side,
Rinaldo: you're not a six-
foot rabbit! I need to use
the potty.

GARY exits.

RINALDO

I didn't need to know that.

GARY enters.

GARY

You know everything else.
Why not that?

The Stabby Professor

RINALDO

Touché.

GARY exits.

GARY

(off screen)

Ah! They've arrived! -- in the bathroom? I can't wait to open those, to see my birthday presents; A.K.A., my precious knives -- in the bathroom?

RINALDO

I do not think that he paid any attention to the fact that a knife handle is protruding from one of the bottom boxes. Actually, I have control of his brain, and I noticed the protruding handle, which he'll pick up right now, and unknowingly stab himself with...

(makes a stabbing motion across his face)

The Stabby Professor

...making sure that he did not notice it. I need to play such tricks on him. Sometimes, I will give him food, which he will eat and then he realizes that it was not real food, and he eats more food. It's fun, and I need to do it. Also, sometimes I turn the alarm clock off, he stops hearing it, and I tell him the news. It's great. I find it fun. And now, I need to hurt him. Why? Just because... because... because... I'd better watch out, or I'll begin talking to myself.

GARY enters with a slashed face, carrying a bloody Rutco knife, which he places on the table.

RINALDO picks up the bloody knife, and walks behind Gary.

The Stabby Professor

RINALDO

I've got to do something
over here for a second.
Pay no attention to me.

GARY eats -- blood drips from
his face, into the food which he
eats.

RINALDO makes slashing motions
near, but not on, Gary's already
bleeding face.

RINALDO

I am cutting your face.

GARY

Wh-oww!
(screaming)
How did you do that!?! I
thought you couldn't give
me pain!

RINALDO

I can give you pain. And I
will give you more pain if
you do not ask her out.

The Stabby Professor

GARY

(frightened)

Yeah, yeah, yeah ... I know your devious plot; it's bloody obvious! You want me to copulate with Gina.

RINALDO

Or else, I will cut you again, harder, deeper, more painfully. I might even kill you.

GARY

...bandages...

GARY exits.

RINALDO

Welcome to day negative three, of MY life.

GARY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

GARY sleeps on his bed. **RINALDO** stands above **GARY**, holding a knife right in front of **GARY's**

The Stabby Professor

sleeping eyes.

RINALDO

I've been waiting hours for
this moment.

Pause.

RINALDO

I've been waiting hours for
this moment.

Pause.

RINALDO

I've been waiting hours for
this moment.

Pause.

RINALDO

I've been waiting hours for
this moment.

Pause.

RINALDO

I've been waiting hours for
this moment.

The Stabby Professor

Pause.

RINALDO

I've been waiting hours for
you to...

(screaming)

...WAKE UP ALREADY!!!

GARY wakes up, crosses his eyes
to focus on the knife, yelps,
and rolls off the bed.

RINALDO

Ask her out today, you
pitiful ...uhh...DAMN!!! I
waited too long, so I
forgot my line! DAMN!

Wearing only his jacket, and
boxer shorts, **GARY** exits
quickly.

RINALDO

Welcome to day negative
two, of my life.

RINALDO lays down, and goes to
sleep.

The Stabby Professor

**GARY'S OFFICE, UNIVERSITY OF
SASKATCHEWAN - MORNING**

Secretary **GINA RICHARDS** is fixing her nails, while talking on the telephone.

GINA

(to phone)

Today is the day when I give Gary my two-weeks notice that I am quitting. This oughta teach him to stop asking me to work overtime on holiday Sundays, doing nothing. I gotta go. I hear him coming.

GINA hangs-up the phone.

GARY enters, wearing a jacket and boxer shorts.

GARY

Oh, Gina. I'm glad to see you.

The Stabby Professor

GINA

Are those boxers?!

GARY

I have something to give
you.

The lights go out.

GINA screams.

The lights go on -- **GARY** holds a
knife, and **GINA** lays dead, and
bloody.

GARY

Where am I? What have I
done?

GARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

GARY stands here, alone, holding
a knife against his own chest.

RINALDO

(off screen)

I am extremely disappointed
with you, Gary.

The Stabby Professor

GARY

But I DID what you wanted,
you bloodthirsty bastard!

RINALDO

(off screen)
I loved Gina. You killed
her. Now I'm going to
avenge her death.

GARY

You did not love her. Love
involves care. Damn it!
It was you! You were doing
those things to her! - not
me!

RINALDO

(off screen)
Who's in control here?

GARY stabs the knife into his
own chest.

GARY

You... killed... me...?

RINALDO

The Stabby Professor

Exactly. The butler did it!

GARY falls over, dead.

WAITING ROOM, HOSPITAL - MORNING

A middle-aged woman named **YOLANDE** sits in a hospital waiting room.

YOLANDE

What kind of God would do this to me? What kind of God would allow such things to happen? What kind of God would kill my brother Testiny, on the exact same day when I bring him his late birthday present: a toaster. Dear Lord, why the hell did you let this happen?

ANTON enters.

ANTON

Your brother has been revived. It's a miracle.

The Stabby Professor

YOLANDE

That's great! Wow. He was dead for a whole three hours. I wonder if he saw the afterlife? How was he revived?

ANTON

It was blind luck, you old hag.

YOLANDE

Blind luck? How? Explain.

ANTON

No, you old hag.

YOLANDE

Oh, come on! I can make it worth your while. It'll be a treat if you tell me how he was revived.

The Stabby Professor

ANTON

No thank you, you old hag. I'll explain anyway. You see, here's how it happened: Days ago, the internationally renowned Neurologist Dr. Stephan Harding and myself, asked your brother if he wanted to donate his body to science; specifically an experimental post-mortem stem cell procedure which would help science better understand the uses of nondescript progenitor stem cells. Basically, we implanted the stem cells into a region around the brain. It was our original hypothesis that the cells would aid in the preservation of the decomposing brain. What we found was a complete miracle.

YOLANDE

The Stabby Professor

I don't get it.

ANTON

What's there to get? It's quite simple when you realize the two variables, which lead us to the miracle. First variable: We found out that he had a brain-tumor the size of a golf-ball; we were surprised that it went unnoticed before the procedure. The tumor was still growing after death, thriving on the second variable, which may have caused hallucinations. So the second variable was basically the fact that his brain chemistry was similar to that displayed in cases of schizophrenia. We were extremely surprised by that. Anyway, those variables lead us to discover that the implanted stem-cells thrived under those conditions, and the stem cells displayed an

The Stabby Professor

instinct pattern, which was probably due to the... Anyway, the stem cells invaded the tumor. The tumor stopped growing. And as the tumor died, he started breathing again, after three and a half hours of being dead.

YOLANDE

I tried to understand all of that medical mumbo-jumbo, but I failed. So he was dead for three hours?

ANTON

Yeah.

YOLANDE

Wow. Can I see Gary?

ANTON

His loud snoring is unbearable. I'll call you when he wakes up.

YOLANDE

Can I get your number?

The Stabby Professor

ANTON

No, you old hag.

OPERATING ROOM, HOSPITAL - NIGHT

GARY sleeps on a hospital bed as **STEPHEN HARDING** and **ANTON LACE** run tests on him.

ANTON

It was a dark and stormy night. Gary's only visitor was his sister, Yolande. I wish he would have been awake to see her. But I'm glad his snoring stopped.

STEPHAN

So what did you tell the sister about how her brother was revived?

ANTON

Oh, I improvised some crap about stem-cells and such. The old hag was so impressed she wanted to date me!

STEPHAN

The Stabby Professor

But we're dating.

ANTON

No, we're not.

STEPHAN

I thought we, you and I,
had a thing...

ANTON

That was an experiment. We
agreed not to include our
emotions, remember?

STEPHAN

Does that mean we're
breaking up?

ANTON

I'm sorry. I'm afraid we
were never together.

STEPHAN

You mean: All that time,
you were USING me!?

ANTON

(nods)
'Fraid so.

The Stabby Professor

STEPHAN

I want that water bottle back; the one we shared on that long walk down the east side! And I want that tiny photograph back; the one I gave you as a memento. And I want to insult you with condescending metaphors, such as: You're nothing but an unspeakable excuse for rancid dog meat, you friendless excuse for sticky pustulence!

ANTON

Oh yeah. Well, two can play the metaphor game: You're an idiot!

STEPHAN

You're a violent excuse for defective rodent droppings. I've been waiting to use that line on you for years... You can't possibly beat that one, buddy.

ANTON

The Stabby Professor

Let me try: You're a ...
You... Ah! I got one!
You're nothing but a
mentally deficient clump of
malignant stomach acid.
See, years of medical
school has given the grist
for many new, exciting,
wordy metaphors!

STEPHAN

This means metaphor war,
you diaper! You boring
collection of crummy old
moldy crumbs!

ANTON and **STEPHEN** don't notice
that **GARY** wakes up, and sits up.

ANTON

Okay. My pleasure. Prepare
yourself for war, thou
fawning, half-faced canker-
blossom. I took a four-
month course in
Shakespearean insults from
Professor Gary.

Annoyed, **GARY** lays down, and
smothers himself with a pillow.

The Stabby Professor

STEPHAN

The very same Professor
Gary who is laying on that
bed?

ANTON

That very bootless, common-
kissing cutpurse, you
canker on the face of
humanity.

STEPHAN

If I wouldn't have
specialized with neurology,
I might understand
Shakespeare, but I don't,
and I have no idea what
you're touting, you dumpy
mound of infected warts!

ANTON

Thou infectious, raw-boned
harpy. I don't care if you
can't understand me. I
never understood you! I
cheated on tests in your
class, and my closeness
with you was a pretense to

The Stabby Professor

get a good grade, but I don't care about grades anymore. The university can take away my grades, and I don't care, since I just realized that neurology isn't my calling; instead, I am going to be a comedian, and write funny things, because neurology is boring drivel, and I don't want to become a specialist who knows nothing but his craft, like you, thou vain, fool-hardy braggart!!

GARY sits up, and waves, trying to get the doctors' attention, but to no avail. The doctors continue with their juvenile insult game, without noticing any of Gary's movements.

STEPHAN

Yes. It's true. I did throw away my life by becoming a specialist. I never found true love. I never became a kick-boxer.

The Stabby Professor

The doctors pause, as if time stopped.

GARY

(screaming)
I GIVE UP!!!

RINALDO enters.

RINALDO

It's time for the old
switcheroo, so bye bye
birdie!

GARY exits.

RINALDO lays on the bed.

The doctors un-pause.

ANTON

Kick-boxer?

The Stabby Professor

STEPHAN

Kick-boxing was my dream.
(fakes a few moves)
I threw it away because of
the promised cash in the
neurology profession. I am
rich, but I'd trade it all
for the chance to compete,
just once, as a world class
kick-boxer.

ANTON

You suck, Thou craven, ill-
nurtured hugger-mugger.

STEPHAN

I think I'm beginning to
understand Shakespeare...

RINALDO sits up!

STEPHAN

He's awake! This is truly
amazing! So beaker number
three was the correct
choice after all...

The Stabby Professor

RINALDO

The butler DID IT!

ANTON

Gary. You're talking in a British accent.

STEPHAN

Good call, Anton.

ANTON

Thanks. You know, I quit neurology.

STEPHAN

What will you do?

ANTON

COMEDY!

STEPHAN

I'll be your biggest heckler.

COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

ANTON stands in front of a brick wall, holding a microphone, telling jokes to an audience.

The Stabby Professor

ANTON

Good morning, everyone. Oh hell, I mean good night. Well, it must be morning somewhere in the world.

DR. STEPHAN HARDING ENTERS, wearing a pink shirt, and corduroy pants. He is drunk. He flops onto a chair.

STEPHAN

Blah, blah, blah.

Often, Stephan's heckling will cause the audience to laugh more than **ANTON**'s jokes will.

ANTON

My name is Doctor Anton Lace. I used to be a neurologist, and now I'm a comedian.

STEPHAN

Now I'm a comedian...

The Stabby Professor

ANTON

I woke up one morning, more keenly aware than ever, I was a doctor, and I said, screw this, let me tell jokes, so here I am.

STEPHAN

Yay.

ANTON

Being a doctor is just plain hard work. The hardest part is around the ninth hole.

There is no response from the audience.

STEPHAN takes a sip from his beer.

ANTON

Being a doctor means you need to be able to walk long distances. Is this on? (Tapping the microphone)
That too was a golf

The Stabby Professor

reference.

STEPHAN

You suck!

The audience laughs.

ANTON

As a doctor, I saw a lot of horrible sights, and I had to find ways to cope with them, so I made jokes to get me through the long, hard days.

STEPHAN

Boo!

ANTON

I went to e-bay to buy Pokémon for my son.

STEPHAN

You don't have a son!

ANTON

Pokémon; what is that?
Sounds to me like a

The Stabby Professor

Japanese gay bar.

STEPHAN

You would know.

ANTON

Sir, please allow me to
begin my set.

STEPHAN

No. It's the end.

STEPHAN approaches **ANTON**, and
kicks **ANTON**'s mid-section.

THE END