

MR. DADDY-O'S NEIGHBORHOOD

WRITTEN BY

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by Adam Martin

INT. DADDY-O'S PLACE

MR. DADDY-O enters wearing black, bolo shades, cool beard, white shoes. He sits down on a bench to change his shoes. Daddy-o speaks in a real cool, way out voice, while slipping into a pair of black shoes.

MR. DADDY-O

It's a beautiful day in the
neighborhood, a beautiful day in this
neighborhood. Would you be mine?
Could you be mine? Won't you be my
neighbor?

Daddy-o pulls out a pair of bongos.

MR. DADDY-O

(continuing)

Hi there, dogs and cats. And welcome
to Mr. Daddy-O's neighborhood. Where
the grass is greener, and the rhythm
is meaner. And now, it's time to
unwind, into a dimension of another
kind. A poem. I call it Ice Cream.

Daddy-o sits down on a carpet in the center of the room.

Ice Cream.

Creamy.

Dreamy.

Steamy.

Ssssss.

Big white truck.

Ten cents a suck.

Summer sky.

Eskimo Pie.

Fifty licks.

Pixie Sticks.

Thanks for the dime, dad.

Someone KNOCKS at the door.

DADDY-O

Someone's rappin' on my chamber door.

Daddy-O answers the door. We SEE FLEETWOOD, the scraggly longhair dope dealer.

DADDY-O

Hot Damn. It's Fleetwood.

FLEETWOOD

(pissed)

Your knife. . . is in. . . my dog.

DADDY-O

Hey? What gives cat? My knife's next to my shoes, where I always keep it.

Daddy-O picks up a small box and takes off the lid. He turns it over. Love beads fall out. But, no knife. Fleetwood grabs Daddy-O by the collar.

FLEETWOOD

I see love beads! But, I don't see no knife!

DADDY-O

Hey, man. I ain't got nuthin' against your dog.

FLEETWOOD

Well, someone does.

DADDY-O

Hey, like there's kids watchin' the program. Dig?

FLEETWOOD

I think the guy that killed my dog, is the same guy I sold those mushrooms to.

DADDY-O

Zooma zoom. What shrooms?

FLEETWOOD

The shrooms you sold me. They're no good, dude. I sold some to this dude, and then I took some myself. Waited an hour. Nothing melted. I looked in the mirror, and my face wasn't melting, man. Sixty bucks, and my face wasn't melting!

DADDY-O

Okay, Fleety. Okay. But, I didn't sell you the shit man. It was the puppets, man. It was the puppets.

FLEETWOOD

Where are the puppets?

DADDY-O

Make-Believe street.

FLEETWOOD

Take me there. Now, dude.

DADDY-O

Like, yow, man. Your wish is my command. Now, close your eyes and count to five, and I'll take you to the puppet's jive.

Fleetwood covers his eyes and counts to five, while Daddy-O gets behind a partition and puts on two puppets. Fleetwood finishes counting, turns around and sees the puppets.

FLEETWOOD

Hay, man. You sold me some bad shit.
I want my money back.

DADDY-O

(different voice)

Sorry about that Fleetwood. But, I
can't get your money back. You see
times have been tough here on Make-
Believe Street, and we had to spend
your money on food and clothing for
the other puppets. . .

Fleetwood pulls back the partition, exposing Daddy-O.

FLEETWOOD

So, it's you!

Fleetwood grabs Daddy-O. CRASH! He hurls him into some boxes. CRASH! He
hurls him into a plant. CRASH! He hurls him over a table.

FLEETWOOD

(continuing)

You're dead meat, daddy-O.

KELLY THE PIRATE enters with a few of his buddies.

KELLY

Ahoy, me hearties!

DADDY-O

Who are you, man?

KELLY

Har! I be Kelly The Pirate, the most
rootinest, tootinest, cahootinest
bucaneer that ever sailed the
seven seas, and these are my swabs!

SCOTT

Hoist the missinmast! Batton down the
hatches!

BJ

But, I did batton down the hatches.

ALL EXCEPT BJ

Well, batton 'em down again! We'll
teach those hatches!

GIL

Your goose is cooked, Daddy-O! We're
takin' over your show! Lock, stock, and
barrel! Har! Har! Har!

KELLY

Television is no place for the likes
of you, me hearty! We seafarin' men
feel your show has no reedeming
educational quality to boot!

SCOTT

It's time for a whole new format!
We'll have no more of this
be-devilin' talk about drugs that
alter the mind!

DADDY-O

And like, what kind of format do
you suggest?

BJ

Format? The only format for us
is pillagin' and plunderin'! Buried
treasure and a bottle of rum!

GIL

Aye! Peg legs! A drunken harlot!
And a parrot on your shoulder! A
pirate's life for me!

ALL PIRATES

Har! Har! Har! Har!

KELLY

See you in hell, Daddy-O!

Kelly and the others stab Daddy-O with their swords as Fleetwood joins in. Daddy-O falls to the ground, wounded. Suddenly, BLAM! Big JOHN MACLANE barges in and mows down Fleetwood and Kelly's band of knaves.

DADDY-O

Hot diggety damn!

MACLANE

Hot diggety damn is right. I'm big John Maclane. Have you seen my movie, Die Hard? Huh, have ya? I was a mean son of a bitch in that picture. Have ya seen the sequel? Die Hard Two? Well, in that picture, I'm even meaner. I'll blow you through the back wall of the theater.

DADDY-O

Hey, Johnny. Refrain. Refrain. Go down the drain. This show is supposed to be mellow.

MACLANE

I just blew away some dude, and you're tellin' me to be mellow?!

DADDY-O

There's little kids watchin' man.

MACLANE

Oh, yeah? Well guess who's watchin' you. Every drug lord from Fashion Island to South Coast Plaza. Everyone knows about your bad shrooms Daddy-O. If I were you, I'd get the hell out of town. . . Duck!

Thug 1 rushes in. BLAM! Maclane blows him away. The guy flies into some boxes. Four more thugs rush in. BLAM! John blows them all away as they fall into props, knocking them over.

DADDY-O

Abba Zabba!

MACLANE

Abba Zabba is right!

DADDY-O

Characters on TV have become so violent. If the .writers hadn't created us, this would never have went down. Guess I'd better retire, and join up with a choir.

MACLANE

Or you could be in my next film.
Die Hardest. Here's the plot. . .

Maclane explains the plot to Daddy-O as the two exit.

FADE TO BLACK