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DRAFT 3

PERFORMANCE DRAFT FOR

CAVEAT\*

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SCENE ONE

ONE COMMON DENOMINATOR

*A Rehab facility. BUGSY  
stands.*

BUGSY

Am I a danger to myself or others?  
I don't, I don't think so. I mean,  
maybe. I don't **want** to hurt anyone  
- I don't **mean** to. It just keeps  
happening. Like, I don't fantasize  
about harming myself or anyone  
else. It's more an inevitability  
it'll happen.

*(Offstage voice,  
indistinguishable.)*

BUGSY

What? What's up, doc? I don't know,  
because I keep hurting people. My  
friends. Since the show ended it's  
just been a downward spiral. And  
their cavalcade of problems,  
Coyote's passing. There is one  
common denominator. It's me. I put  
us in this looney bin.

*(Silhouetted rabbit ears above  
BUGSY'S head.)*

*(End scene.)*

SCENE TWO

GUILTY, ALL COUNTS

*DUCKY and BUGSY in the day room.*

DUCKY

Hey, did you see the TV this morning.

BUGSY

No, I was reading. They said screens in the morning are bad for your head.

DUCKY

Then why'd they put our TV time in the morning?

BUGSY

Maybe they want us to make the right choice.

DUCKY

By offering us something that negatively effects our mental health? They wouldn't do that, we're supposed to get better here.

BUGSY

I don't think you get better until you start making choices to.

DUCKY

Whatever. I watch TV in the morning and I'm fine. And I learn what's going on in the world before you.

BUGSY

Oh. I guess that's why it makes you depressed. Why do you ask?

DUCKY

Verdict came out on Frenchy. Guilty, all counts.

BUGSY

No fucking way.

DUCKY

Way. He's gonna serve time.

BUGSY

Did they subpoena The Brothers?

DUCKY

Nah. Once the first two ladies said it happened to them, they dropped his ass hard. Something about they never saw anything concerning about his "hapless romantics."

BUGSY

Yeah, but you could smell it.

DUCKY

But it's over, he's done.

BUGSY

You ever feel... Anything about it?

DUCKY

Yes, I have feelings about it, disgust mostly.

BUGSY

No, I mean... Do you ever feel bad about... not doing much.

DUCKY

I don't ruin people's lives over rumors.

BUGSY

Apparently they weren't.

DUCKY

Hey, we didn't know that. She wanted him to face the consequences, she had to make that call. She did. He did. And nobody's lookin' at us anymore. This is a good thing.

BUGSY

Then why do I still feel guilty?

DUCKY

'Cause you hate yourself, Bugsy. We did the right thing. Nobody wants what they do in the bedroom put out for the whole world to see, you should know that better than anyone.

BUGSY

Ouch.

*(PIGGY enters.)*

PIGGY

Hey guys, wh-what are you doing?

DUCKY

*Bwha-bwha-bwah-bhwat are you doing?*

PIGGY

Fuck you, man.

DUCKY

*Fwuh-fwuh-fwuh...*

BUGSY

Ignore him, Piggy. You sound much better.

PIGGY

Thank you, it's easier since the show has ended, not having to draw it all out.

DUCKY

Come off it, like anyone woulda hired you to do anything but shut up you stuttering swine.

PIGGY

Real rich coming from a m-m-minority hire.

BUGSY

Easy.

DUCKY

You're real tough in here, aren't you? One second out there I'd have an apple in your mouth and stick up your ass.

PIGGY

You'd love to stick it up my ass wouldn't you?

BUGSY

Who died and gave you some balls?

PIGGY

It's part of my therapy-p-plan.

(MORE)

PIGGY (CONT'D)

Confidence. And standing up to bullies.

BUGSY

Good for you.

PIGGY

We'll all be in crafts if you're free after snack.

Bugsy.

*Duh-Duh-Duh* Dick.

*(PIGGY exits.)*

DUCKY

That porked pussy would plan his day around snacks.

BUGSY

Hey, do you have to be an asshole all the time or can you take breaks? I know they said you're depressed but-

DUCKY

Depressed? I'm not depressed, I'm delightful. I'm deliriously happy-go-goddamned-lucky. Hell, I'm daffy.

*(DUCKY exits.)*

BUGSY

You know, no one ever believes me when I say this, I didn't start this for the money. I just liked making people laugh, and I loved watching my friends - they made me laugh. ~~My eyes were never like oversized dollar signs when this got started.~~ This was ~~just~~ a path to share us with the world and The Brothers could help us do that. I didn't know the world could be so rough. The world doesn't want you giving anything unless it's worth taking. I didn't know. I think The Brother's knew - just didn't care.

*(End scene.)*

SCENE THREE

A TORNADO BY THE TAIL

*The Crafts Table. PIGGY and  
DUCKY color, SYL rests his  
eyes.*

PIGGY  
What're you working on?

SYL  
Quiet.

PIGGY  
*(Softer)*  
Wh-what're you working on?

DUCKY  
It's a Nevada landscape, I'm gonna  
paste it on the wall and see if  
anyone runs into it.

PIGGY  
That's not very funny. Ya wanna  
know w-what I'm working on?

DUCKY  
Not really.

PIGGY  
Oh.

SYL  
Shut up. I'm tryin' to rest my  
eyes.

DUCKY  
Go to your room then. We're  
doodling.

SYL  
I can't go to my room, they got me  
next to that tweetin' bird, won't  
shut the fuck up. All day, all  
night that yellow nuisance sings.

DUCKY  
Does she take requests?

SYL  
If I could get my hands on that  
little caged canary I'd rip that  
birdie in half.

PIGGY

Can we please stray from the violence?

SYL

You don't hear her?

DUCKY

We all hear her, let the little thing sing.

PIGGY

I sorta like it.

SYL

Well you ain't right next to her.

DUCKY

Have you told Bugsy?

*(BUGSY enters.)*

BUGSY

Told Bugsy what?

SYL

That goddamn bird won't stop singin' in my ear all night.

BUGSY

What am I supposed to do about it?

SYL

Tell her to shut up! Or help me get a different room, far away.

BUGSY

Listen, Syl - I ain't your boss anymore. In here, we're all in the same boat.

SYL

Suffering... Fine, gimme some quiet then, ya do that?

BUGSY

Sure thing...  
Whatcha working on?

*(SYL crosses somewhere quieter.)*



DUCKY  
It's a Nevada landscape.

BUGSY  
If I find that pasted on the wall,  
you and I are gonna have words.

DUCKY  
You're all no fuckin' fun anymore.

PIGGY  
Dy-D'ya wanna see what I drew?

BUGSY  
Sure, buddy.

*(PIGGY proudly showcases a  
disturbing charcoal smear with  
red-eyes and gnarled teeth.)*

PIGGY  
*(Cheerily)*  
It's my inner turmoil.

DUCKY  
Jumpin' Jesus.

BUGSY  
That's nice... Do you wanna talk  
about anything?

PIGGY  
*(Still cheery)*  
No.

BUGSY  
*(To DUCKY)*  
Keep an eye on that one, he's  
cracking.

DUCKY  
Sure thing.

VOICE  
INTAKE!

*(A tornado erupts into the  
room being corralled by  
orderlies.)*

DEVIL  
BBBBBWWWWA BACK UP! DON'T TOUCH ME!  
BBBWAAAAA YOU DON'T KNOW ME MAN -

(MORE)

DEVIL (CONT'D)

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT I'VE BEEN  
THROUGH! I'LL FUCK YOU UP IF  
GOT'STA, I DON'T WANT'STA!  
BBWEEAAAA! YOU DON'T KNOW ME,  
EVERYONE KNOWS ME, THEY THINK THEY  
KNOWS ME! THEY DON'T KNOW ME!

VOICE  
GIMME A SEDATIVE!

DEVIL  
Nah, man I'm cool - we don't need  
all that.

*(They inject DEVIL with a  
sedative.)*

DEVIL  
YEOW! MOTHERFUCKERS I'LL  
BLACKABLACKABLOW BLOW YOU TO HELL  
FOR THAaa-- Thaaat... You  
knowwhothehellIam...

*(He falls out and they cart  
him away.)*

SYL  
Is that who I think that was?

DUCKY  
They just booty-juiced the Crystal  
Meth Devil himself.

SYL  
I'm never gettin' any fuckin' quiet  
in here.

*(SYL exits.)*

BUGSY  
I can't believe they got T in here.

DUCKY  
The real question is what did T get  
in here. God, I wanna be there when  
they shake him by the ankles -  
gonna look like Crystal Christmas  
in Connecticut. Hey, Piggy say  
that.

PIGGY  
Ch-chr-ch --

BUGSY  
Piggy, you don't have to say that.

PIGGY  
Thanks.

DUCKY  
No fuckin' fun anymore.

*(DUCKY exits.)*

PIGGY  
D'ya wanna hear what I w-was  
thinkin' about when I drew this?

BUGSY  
Yes, but lemme handle this first.

PIGGY  
Sure thing, Bugsy.

*(PIGGY exits. BUGSY stands  
alone.)*

BUGSY  
How the hell'd they get a tornado  
like you in here?

*(THE HUNTER enters unseen.)*

THE HUNTER  
Grab 'em by the tail.

BUGSY  
Oh, hey. I didn't...

*(THE HUNTER strokes BUGSY.)*

THE HUNTER  
Hi, soft bunny.

BUGSY  
Pretty sure the "no touching" thing  
is pretty heavily enforced.

THE HUNTER  
That's just for you looneys. I can  
touch your bunny ears all day long,  
they're awful soft.

BUGSY  
We're done with the crafts if you  
wanna clean up.

THE HUNTER

That's okay, did you like using my art supplies? Did you make a pretty picture?

BUGSY

Totally.

THE HUNTER

Y'know how ya know they're mine?

BUGSY

Lemme guess, they put your name on the --

THE HUNTER

*(Holding Elmer's Glue)*

They put my name on the Glue!

BUGSY

Wow, it get funnier every time.

THE HUNTER

Y'wanna smell?

BUGSY

Uh... Better not.

THE HUNTER

C'mere soft bunny, give it a whiff and you can stay in here with me.

BUGSY

Huffin' glue ain't really part of my release plan, but knock yourself out, Elmer.

*(THE HUNTER laughs, then becomes stern.)*

THE HUNTER

Come here.

BUGSY

I --

THE HUNTER

Now.

*(BUGSY starts to step forward when DUCKY enters.)*

DUCKY

Bugs, phone.

BUGSY

Gotta go.

THE HUNTER

Bye-bye, soft bunny.  
Do you wanna color more, Ducky?

DUCKY

Fuckin' freak.

*(Transition to a phone hanging  
off the hook.)*

BUGSY

Ever get the feeling he should be  
wearin' the grippy socks instead of  
us?

DUCKY

There are no sane people here, sane  
people don't wanna work with us.

*(DUCKY exits.)*

*(BUGSY picks up the phone.)*

BUGSY

Eh, what's up?  
Yeah he just made it in. I don't  
think he's too happy about it.  
How're you holding up? It's been  
insane, right? No I can say that,  
I'm in here - you can't. You really  
can't say that. I'll talk to 'em  
about the visiting list tomorrow, I  
got handle the newest Looney today.  
Okay. You too, Lola. Bye.

*(SYL enters.)*

SYL

She ask about me?

BUGSY

Mind your business, Cat.

SYL

Just asking. Still dealin' with all  
that, lover boy?

BUGSY

Can we walk about this another time? I gotta handle gettin' T acclimated today.

SYL

That's what I wanted to talk to you about. With that Tornado in here with us, quiet will no longer exist. They put him down and I kindly, graciously ask you don't wake him up. That will kill the quiet and you will be the killer and I'll be awake forever. One day, B, that's all I ask.

BUGSY

What if he freaks out?

SYL

Then by all means, control the situation like you gotta do. But in the meantime, let a sleeping Devil lie. A favor to an old friend?

BUGSY

What do I do instead?

SYL

Read a book, fill a joke journal, go to bed. It's the only semblance of control you're gonna get here.

BUGSY

Okay one day of quiet, but if he wakes up --

SYL

Conversations over, Buggy Boy -- I'm going to bed.

*(Transition)*

*NIGHT ONE. THE BIRD SINGS, SYL WATCHES WITH BLEARY EYES. BUGSY LAYS TO SLEEP. HE DREAMS OF THINGS BEFORE...*

SCENE FOUR

THE TIMES ARE CHANGING

*The Brother's Writer's Room.  
PIGGY and SYL sit around a  
table, DUCKY leads the  
meeting.*

DUCKY

Okay, we can't wait any longer  
let's get this writer's room going,  
he'll catch up.

SYL

So what I'm thinkin' is an anvil  
falls on his head and when he takes  
it off he's like an accordion.

DUCKY

Yeah, no that was funny - forty  
years ago. Think forward, people.  
Who's the Michael Jordan of this  
generation, who are people looking  
at cause it ain't fuckin' us.

PIGGY

Marvin does a Twitch stream that's  
viewing well.

DUCKY

What the fuck's a Twitch?

*(BUGSY enters.)*

BUGSY

Sorry I'm late.

DUCKY

Yeah, you are. There's a note on  
your desk from The Brothers.

BUGSY

Thanks. How's the write night  
going?

SYL

Poorly.

PIGGY

We needuh-a Twitch.

DUCKY

I don't... Do you twitch?

BUGSY

Nah, that was always T's thing.

*(He walks into his office,  
sets down his things and reads  
the note.)*

PIGGY

Think about what people are  
watching, short form content.

SYL

Our Tunes are too long?

PIGGY

Precisely, which to piggyback - aha  
- to save time perhaps we introduce  
my more re-refined speech.

DUCKY

Fuck that, the stutter is  
hilarious.

PIGGY

But the t-times are changing, Duck.

DUCKY

You drop the stutter when Bunny  
drops the drag routine.

PIGGY

Maybe that's not a bad thing!

SYL

*(Punching his knuckles  
like a boxer)*

*Ding-ding*

DUCKY

Oh yeah, you pork fried fuck? You  
wanna change a comedy institution  
we've been building for a hundred  
fucking years? That's what you  
want?

PIGGY

I didn't say that.

DUCKY

You kinda did. I think you're  
getting too comfortable, from now  
on I want you talking right.



PIGGY

Talking right?

DUCKY

Correctly. The way we write Porky.

PIGGY

That's ri-ridiculous.

DUCKY

Okay. Get out, good luck at the job fair.

PIGGY

Duck, please.

DUCKY

I'm sorry what? I didn't quite hear ya?

PIGGY

*Buh-buh-buh I'm sorry.*

DUCKY

Much better. Now, Syl what was this accordion idea again?

*(BUGSY enters, ghostly white, clutching the letter.)*

SYL

It's... You okay, Bugsy?

BUGSY

The Roadrunner is dead.

PIGGY

Oh my... guh-guh-guh-God.

DUCKY

Who's the Coyote gonna chase?

BUGSY

No one. He's dead, too.

DUCKY

That's despicable.

*(End Scene.)*