

<That's All Folks>

by

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INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wiry MILES (Early 40s) wearing thick glasses and a faded Porky Pig t-shirt leans forward in his chair, watching GREG closely. Stocky GREG (Early 40s) reclines on the couch nearby, resting his tree-stump legs on the coffee table in front of him. Both have been drinking.

MILES
Skeletor, Tundra, and Bugs Bunny.

GREG
Are you kidding?

MILES
Deadly serious. Go.

GREG
Okay, kill Skeletor. Obviously.

MILES
Obviously.

GREG
Fuck Tundra? I guess? Who the fuck is Tundra?

MILES
One of the Herculoids.

GREG
What?

MILES
The *Herculoids*. It was a Hanna Barbara cartoon that aired from '67-69. Tundra was a ten-legged space rhinoceros.

GREG
So, I fuck a space rhinoceros?

MILES
It appears so. Bold Choice.

GREG
Okay. And then, yeah, marry Bugs. But he's got to wear the viking hat from--

MILES
"What's Opera, Doc?" 1957.

GREG
 You know, the Saturday Morning
 Jeopardy routine can get pretty
 old, man.

MILES
 I know.

GREG
 So, when is Sally getting here?

MILES
 She's running late again.
 (pointing to beer
 bottle)
 Can I get you another one?

GREG
 I'm already a little ... would it
 be cool if I crashed here
 tonight?

MILES
 Yeah, of course.

MILES stands, collects several empty beer bottles from
 the coffee table, and steps into the kitchen.

GREG
 (projected)
 Thanks, man. Do you want me to
 boot up the PlayStation?

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN

MILES pulls two more beers from the fridge, then notices
 a cell phone on the counter.

MILES
 Hey, you left your--

MILES trails off and slowly turns the phone to read it.
 Close up on his face as his jaw tightens.

GREG
 (Projected from other
 room)
 What?
 (beat)
 Miles, you say something?

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM

MILES returns, placing two sweaty bottles of beer on the

coffee table. His face is flushed and he leans forward eagerly.

GREG
Hey, did you say something?

MILES
Nothing important. One more round!

GREG
Jesus, Miles. I know you love this game, but seriously! Fine. Madonna, Barack Obama, and--

MILES
No, no. I want to go again. Last time, I promise.

GREG
Fine, whatever.

MILES
Alright. Superman, George Jetson, and Sally Whitaker.

GREG freezes mid-sip. His wary eyes turn toward MILES as he removes the bottle from his lips. While GREG struggles to respond, MILES takes a long swig of his beer. His expression is blithe and relaxed. A long beat.

MILES
Well, come on!

GREG
(Stammering)
Miles, I don't--

MILES
What? This is an easy one! C'mon!

GREG
This is weird, man. I think I'm done.

MILES
Whoa, whoa. You said we could play one more time.

GREG
Dude, seriously. I don't know what you're doing, but it's not cool.

MILES

I tell you what. I'll get the ball rolling.

MILES pulls out a kitchen knife he had tucked in the back of his pants and slams it on the coffee table. GREG recoils.

MILES

"Kill" is a gimme, right? It's gotta be Superman. I mean, it wouldn't be easy. He's the man of steel. But when you think about it, he'd probably *insist* you kill him to spare George and Sally. George is a father, after all. Think of poor Elroy. And noble sacrifice or not, you're not gonna kill Sally. So, sorry, Lois. Your boy's gotta go.

GREG

Look, man. I don't know what you think--

MILES

Now "marry" ... that's a stumper, right? Because George and Sally are both married. But then, laws would probably evolve over time. And Jane seems pretty open-minded. I mean, is polygamy any more shocking than a talking dog?

GREG

Miles, stop.

MILES

And marrying the wife of your best friend seems a little ... I don't know. It seems a little skeezy, right? So, I think you marry George. Yeah, that seems right.

GREG

Wait, do you think Sally and I--?

MILES

(expression sours)

I guess that brings us to "fuck".

GREG

Listen, man. I don't know what

you think you know about me and
Sally, but I never laid a finger
on her.

MILES tosses GREG's phone onto the coffee table,
overturning GREG's beer. Sally's distorted text preview
is visible beneath the spilled beer and foam. It reads:
"Tell him you have to leave early. Waiting 4U"

MILES
(Matter-of-factly)
Sure you didn't. You know why I
love cartoons so much?

MILES takes the knife, scraping it across the surface of
the table as he stands up. GREG recoils, unable to get to
his feet.

GREG
(Terrified)
Jesus, Miles! Just put that down,
okay? Seriously, just put it down
and--

MILES
They're simple morality plays.
Autobots. Decepticons. He-Man.
Skeletor. Everything makes sense.
We need that sometimes, you know?
Simplicity. Routine. Constancy.
Something you can depend on.

MILES approaches Greg from around the coffee table. GREG
scoots frantically to the other side of the couch.

GREG
Listen to me! I'm your friend.
I'm your friend!

MILES
And yet, Greg. And yet ...

In the foreground, MILES stands over a cowering GREG. In
the background, VIV (5) appears in the hallway, hair in
pig-tails, wearing an over-sized t-shirt featuring
PLANKTON from SpongeBob SquarePants. Her face betrays
concern and confusion.

VIV
Daddy?

MILES's eyes widen with shame and terror. The knife falls
from his hand. GREG seizes the opportunity, heaving
himself off the couch and scrambling out the door.

MILES
(Mortified)
I'm ... uh. Did you need
something, hun?

VIV, still unsettled, points over her shoulder to the tv
in her room. Cartoon credits roll on the screen.

VIV
It's over.

CUT TO BLACK

THE END