

Acme Allergy

By

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The Wile E. Coyote is hosting a dinner for his graduation from Anger Management classes. He's hosting a dinner and invites friends, family and his famed enemy the Road Runner. The Road Runner arrives late and, while ordering food, details that he has a food allergy. The Wile E. Coyote unravels emotionally throughout the rest of the scene.

INT. RESTAURANT

Wile E Coyote: Thank you all so much for coming tonight- it's been a long road since I started Anger Management three years ago. I've had great support from my friends and family- many of whom are here tonight, and you deserve some acknowledgement. My wife who stood by me the whole way, Chuck Jones- the man who created me and talked me off the ledge many times, and... (looking around perplexed) huh I guess he's not here yet... anyway- I'm glad I can finally say I'm back to the old Wil-

Enter Road Runner in a huff

Road Runner (slurring): Sorry I'm late I had a... thing.. oh yeah meep meep or whatever.

Coyote: Are... are you hammered?

Runner (still slurring): I had a few drinks over at the nest.. what are ya gonna do? Drop an anvil on me? (laughs like Joe Pesci in Goodfellas)

ENT. WAITER

Runner: Garcon can I get a Schlitz-- and a bottle of your finest bubbly for my new buddy here?

Coyote: Oh- thanks man you don't have to-

Runner: Yeah go ahead and put it on the Coyote tab. Alright so where were we?

Coyote: Well as I was saying... I'm finally back to being myself. Especially thanks-

COYOTE IS INTERRUPTED BY THE SOUND OF SOMEONE TRYING TO LIGHT A LIGHTER. RUNNER LIGHTS UP CIGARETTE INDOORS.

Runner: Oh Sorry- you want one?

Coyote: No... anyway I especially want to thank Doctor Rachel Evers who guided me along this journey.

ENT. DOCTOR EVERS

Dr. Evers: Thank you Wile, but really you guided the journey yourself, I remember the day you-

Runner: KISS.

Evers: Excuse me?

Runner: I want you two to kiss-

ENT. WAITER WITH CHAMPAGNE

RUNNER GRABS BOTTLE AND RAISES IT HIGH

Runner: To the happy couple!

RUNNER TAKES BIG SWIG OF CHAMPAGNE FROM THE BOTTLE AND HICCUPS. COYOTE IS GETTING FURIOUS.

Coyote(looking at the menu): Road Runner why don't you sit down so we can order some food?

ENT. WAITER

Can we do three pizzas, an order of nachos, a few orders of fries, some shrimp cocktail, uh-

Runner: Hold on- I can't have shrimp.

COYOTE IS ABOUT READY TO BURST

Coyote: What do you mean you can't

have shrimp?

Runner: I have this really bad shell fish allergy.

COYOTE HEARS THIS AND SLOWLY TURNS HIS HEAD AND LOOKS AT ROAD RUNNER

Coyote: You're allergic to shell fish?

Runner: Yep.

Coyote: Is this a new thing that you grew into?

Runner: Nope. I've had it my whole life.

Coyote: Chuck... you never thought about mentioning this?

CHUCK JONES (CREATOR OF WILE E COYOTE AND ROAD RUNNER) IS SITTING AT THE TABLE AND SHRUGS

COYOTE REALIZES THIS IS THE WAY HE SHOULD'VE BEEN ATTACKING ROAD RUNNER ALL ALONG

Coyote(laughing through): But it's not that bad right?

Runner: No no one of those puppies and (makes sound and throat cutting motion) for good old R squared over here.

ROAD RUNNER CHUCKLES AND CONTINUES TO DRINK. COYOTE STARTS TWITCHING AND IS GETTING READY TO BURST.

Runner: Could we also get some bread for the table? As long as it's gluten free of course

COYOTE BURSTS OUT. GRIPS ROAD RUNNER BY THE SHIRT

Coyote: God dammit! You listen here you son of a bitch. All of those years of jumping off cliffs, painting holes that you could go through but for some reason I STILL CANT, and flying off in rockets that never work, and all I had to do was put clam juice in your bird

feed?!

Runner: Well I-

Coyote: I've spent weeks in intensive care, years getting psychiatric help, hearing that damn sound over and over again in my head (yelling) MEEP MEEP. MEEP MEEP. What even is that?! Birds don't make that sound! At least Tweety chirped!

ENT. WAITER CARRYING A SHRIMP COCKTAIL FOR ANOTHER TABLE. COYOTE JUMPS UP AND TAKES A SHRIMP AND JUMPS ON THE ROAD RUNNER.

Coyote: EAT IT! EAT IT YOU SON OF A BITCH.

PEOPLE START PULLING THE COYOTE OFF OF THE ROAD RUNNER. THEY CARRY HIM AWAY HAS HE LAUGHS HYSTERICALLY.

Runner: That was intense huh? Well I guess I won't get to give him his gift.

ROAD RUNNER HOLDS UP A PICTURE OF THE BOTH OF THEM.

FADE TO BLACK