

**ANNE LUNA**

(A THREE ACT COMEDY)

by Anthony L. Mariani

Contact: Anthony L. Mariani  
14810 Ridgewood Drive  
Little Rock, AR 72211  
Marianifilms@gmail.com



© All rights reserved. 2019

## **THE CAST OF CHARACTERS**

**ANNE LUNA: 20's** A young Hollywood starlet, who has been in and out of trouble with the law for her reckless behavior. She has had numerous DWI's and has gotten into more than a few public scraps, which has gained her fame but has sent her career into a downward spiral.

**IAN 20's** – Anne's British, ex-boyfriend. He started his career as a contestant on MTV's The Real world. So, he only goes by his first name. Since then his fifteen minutes of fame has ended.

**TRES HARRISON: 30's** an infamous paparazzi photographer and reporter, who will do anything to get the scoop on the competition. He thrives off selling the dirt of others.

**DOLLY PORTER: 30's** Anne's personal assistant. She has been by Anne's side on every public meltdown. She is loyal to a fault; however, she is starting to grow tired of Anne's antics and is wavering on leaving her for another client.

**KOTTER HAYES. 40's** the producer of a syndicated Hollywood gossip show "SWIPE". Both he and the show has an integrity problem, having been caught staging stories and manufacturing fake Hollywood feuds for to grab the quick headlines.

## ACT I

### Scene 1

The lights fade up on the living room of a lavish hip home in the Hollywood Hills. It has a large plush couch, a stylish table new to a large window, with a view of the sun setting on the city of Hollywood below. A partial wall separating the living room from the kitchen. With a window in the wall looking into the kitchen with three bar stools on the living room side of that window. On a wall that leads towards the bedrooms, is a fully stocked wet bar, sandwiched between two giant movie posters of Anne's hits. "The Indecent Stepdaughter" "Confessions of a teenage Instagram girl." The sound of a car squealing up the driveway and stopping abruptly outside. You hear a car door open and high heels walking up to the front door. The door swings open and Anne Luna stumbles inside, drunk out of her mind still carrying a fifth of vodka in her hand.

ANNE LUNA

Alexa, play music!

Alexa answers back, "What kind of music, Anne?"

ANNE LUNA

Alexa, something that fucking rocks!

In one stroke the living room lights go dark and pink neon lights illuminate the walls of the Hollywood home. The pink lights pulsate to the music which is something like the band: Local H's (Bound for the floor.) Anne takes a swig off the vodka bottle set it down on her bar and starts to wildly, slam dance across the room and back out the front door. Anne returns backing through the front door dragging a large unconscious man dressed in a suit and large rabbit helmet head. She dumps his body in the middle of her living room and then stumbles around in the house search for her cell phone. When she finds it on the bar next to her vodka bottle, she picks up the phone and shouts out.

ANNE LUNA

Alexa, Shut the fuck up!

The music keeps playing she screams instructions once more.

ANNE LUNA

Alexa, stop playing music.

The music suddenly stops the lights change as the pink lights turn off and the regular house lights turn on. Drunk and confused by the bright lights changing, Anne tries to dial her phone. She dials it and holds it up to her ear. A phone starts to ring in the audience three times then stops. Anne looks at her phone and then redials it! Once again a cell phone ring in the audience, a spotlight hits Dolly Porter, who is climbing over people in their seats with her cell phone in her hand and exits onto the theatre's isle.

DOLLY PORTER

Anne!

ANNE LUNA

Dolly! Thank god! Come quick!

DOLLY PORTER  
(Whispering)

Anne! I can't I'm in New York!

ANNE LUNA

New York?

DOLLY PORTER  
(Whispering)

Anne, I told you I was taking my parents to a Broadway Show this weekend.

ANNE LUNA

Broadway! But Dolly I hit a rabbit.

DOLLY PORTER  
(Whispering)

In your car?

Anne walks over and stands above the sprawled-out body with a rabbit head, laying the floor.

ANNE LUNA

Yes, I hit it with my car. I think it's dead.

DOLLY PORTER  
(Whispering)

Where is it now?

ANNE LUNA

I dragged it into the living room.

DOLLY PORTER

(Whispering)

Well, just leave it out back. The gardener will dispose of it on Monday.

ANNE LUNA

But you don't understand; It's a male rabbit.

DOLLY PORTER

(Whispering)

He won't care if it's male or female. I just hope it doesn't start reeking before, Monday.

ANNE LUNA

No! Molly it's a MALE rabbit.

Anne runs over to the body holds up her cell phone and takes a selfie with the body. She then sends it to Dolly. Dolly's phone dings and she looks at the text.

DOLLY PORTER

Oh My God, Anne! That's a male rabbit! (Beat) Is he still alive?

ANNE LUNA

I don't know. What do I do?

Anne walks back to the bar picks up a pack of cigarettes and a lighter. She pops one out of the package and fires it up.

DOLLY PORTER

Check and see if he is still alive!

Anne walks back over to the body; she slowly starts to kneel and to tries to gather her courage to check his vital signals. Then she panics and pulls away and stands up.

ANNE LUNA

I can't! I'm scared!

DOLLY PORTER

You have to check Anne!

Anne cocks one leg back in gives the body a swift kick. The rabbit man lets out a moan inside the rabbit helmet head and rolls over.

ANNE LUNA

The rabbits is alive!

DOLLY PORTER

Oh, thank God! Listen to me Anne; I'll be on tonight's red-eye, back to LA! Keep the rabbit alive and keep him there until I get to your house. Understand! Don't let the Rabbit Man leave!

ANNE LUNA

Got It! Don't let the Rabbit Man leave!

DOLLY PORTER

I've got to get back to the play. Anne! You can do this! Text me if his condition changes. Bye.

Blackout on Dolly as she exits.

ANNE LUNA

Dolly? Dolly? Bye.

Anne hangs up the phone and looks down at the rabbit man. She puts out her cigarette in an ashtray on the coffee table and stoops back down by the Rabbit man.

ANNE LUNA

Rabbit Man? Rabbit Man can you hear me?

She rolls his body back over.

ANNE LUNA

Rabbit Man?

She pulls the rabbit helmet off the man's head. A handsome man, Tres Harrison dazed like a stunned rabbit.

ANNE LUNA

Oh, Rabbit Man! You're cute!

TRES HARRISON

Who are you?

ANNE LUNA

Don't you know who I'm?

TRES HARRISON

No?

ANNE LUNA

That's refreshing. I'm Anne.

TRES HARRISON

Where am I?

ANNE LUNA

You had an accident. I brought you to my house. Who are you?

Tres feels his head.

TRES HARRISON

I...I don't know.

ANNE LUNA

Don't you remember your name?

TRES HARRISON

No. I can't. What happened to me?

ANNE LUNA

What about a wallet? Do you have a driver's license on you?

Tres tries to stand up but is a little dizzy and sits on the couch. He feels around all his pockets.

TRES HARRISON

All I have is this.

Out of one of his pockets, he pulls out the pieces of a smashed cell phone.

ANNE LUNA

Oh, Shit! Is that your phone.

TRES HARRISON

I guess so.

He places the pieces of the cell phone on the coffee table.

ANNE LUNA

Think hard! What was the last thing you remember?

TRES HARRISON

Bright lights.

ANNE LUNA

Oh my God, did you have a near death experience?

TRES HARRISON

No, Headlights.

ANNE LUNA

Oh.

TRES HARRISON

But I can't make out the car.

ANNE LUNA

Good! I mean, good! Now forget about the car, what do you remember before the car?

TRES HARRISON

It's fuzzy.

ANNE LUNA

Try. What do you see?

TRES HARRISON

It's orange but Fuzzy.

ANNE LUNA

Try harder, focus, use your vision and focus on the orange. What is the orange?

TRES HARRISON

Carrots!

ANNE LUNA

Carrots?

TRES HARRISON

Carrots are orange, and good for your vision! Can I have some carrots?

ANNE LUNA

We're talking about your memory, not your vision.

TRES HARRISON

When you said, "use your vision and focus" I used my memory and I remembered Carrots are good for your vision. See, I remembered something.

ANNE LUNA

What the fuck are you talking about? I was asking you the last thing you remembered before you saw the headlights.

TRES HARRISON

What headlights?

ANNE LUNA

Jesus! I need a drink! Want a drink Rabbit Man?

TRES HARRISON

Rabbit Man?

ANNE LUNA

I don't know what else to call you. What do you want me to call you? You don't know your name Rabbit Man, and I don't know what to call you!

Anne walks back over to the bar. Tres follows her like a lost dog.

TRES HARRISON

How about you give me a name, but not Rabbit Man.

ANNE LUNA

How about Ian?

TRES HARRISON

Ian? Why Ian?

Anne sorts through the bottles on the bar and takes stock of what liquor she has left.

ANNE LUNA

Because you are starting to annoy me like some British guy named, Ian.

TRES HARRISON

I kind of like that name. Ian.

ANNE LUNA

God, you would! Well, then Ian, do you want a drink?

She pours some booze from different bottles into a shaker and adds some ice.

TRES HARRISON

I'm not sure.

ANNE LUNA

Well, I'm having one. Ever have a Mohito?

TRES HARRISON

I don't think so.

ANNE LUNA

Good because I'm out of Mint. But let me shake this thing up, and you will try the most amazing drink! I call it an Anneito!

She shakes the shaker like a pro and then pours two drinks of a pink cocktail. She hands one to Tres.

ANNE LUNA

Cheers!

Anne clinks her glass against Tres's glass and sips her drink. Tres give an inquisitive sniff and the takes a sip.

TRES HARRISON

This is good!

ANNE LUNA

If there is one thing old Anne is good at my boy, it's making a good drink. (Beat) So, Ian, I guess you're going to be spending the night here. That is until we find out just who you are.

She takes another sip of her drink.

TRES HARRISON

I don't want to cause you any trouble.

ANNE LUNA

Don't be an idiot, Ian! (She Laughs) I like saying that! (Beat) Your staying here tonight.

TRES HARRISON

As long as you think it's okay.

ANNE LUNA

Actually, I will enjoy your company. It's been kind of a lonely week for me up here.

TRES HARRISON

Why don't you get out of here then if it's so lonely for you?

ANNE LUNA

I wish it was that easy. I was planning on going out tonight. With it being Halloween and I could blend in.

TRES HARRISON

Blend in?

Anne points up at her movie posters.

ANNE LUNA

I'm an actress. Some say I'm famous. Others Infamous.

TRES HARRISON

A film Star?

ANNE LUNA

Really TV. These were the only films I've been in.

She points up to her movie posters bookending her bar.

TRES HARRISON

That's amazing! A TV star has saved me.

ANNE LUNA

Saved! (She laughs)

TRES HARRISON

No, Saved. Thank you.

Tres leans over and gives her a soft kiss on her cheek. Anne is startled by the tender gesture. Then embarrassed she turns away from him.

ANNE LUNA

You a good kisser, Rabbit Man. Thank you.

TRES HARRISON

You mean, Ian?

ANNE LUNA

I don't want to call you that anymore. (Beat) You hungry?

She turns and walks over to the kitchen.

TRES HARRISON

Why not? I liked, Ian.

ANNE LUNA

That was actually, a silly joke of mine. (Beat) Ian is my ex-boyfriend.

TRES HARRISON

Oh.

ANNE LUNA

Sorry, it was not that funny of a joke. He was the one who broke-up, the fuckhead! (Beat) So I guess the joke, is on me.

TRES HARRISON

Call me Rabbit Man then.

Anne leans over and kisses him on the cheek.

ANNE LUNA

Your sweet, Rabbit Man.

Anne's cell phone starts the ring. She turns and walks away from Tres, walking back into the living room and picks it up off the coffee table and answers it.

ANNE LUNA

Hi, Dolly. Happy Halloween!

A light fades up on Dolly standing the theatre Isle.

DOLLY PORTER

Are you okay?

ANNE LUNA

Yes, everything is fine. I'm just here with Rabbit Man.

DOLLY PORTER

Rabbit Man? You haven't fingered out who he is?

ANNE LUNA

No, No I haven't (Beat)

Anne walks into the kitchen and whispers in the phone.

ANNE LUNA

He can't remember his name. No wallet, cell phone is broken.

DOLLY PORTER

Damn! Well, amnesia may be a good thing. I mean if this ever goes to court.

ANNE LUNA

It won't.

DOLLY PORTER

How do you know?

ANNE LUNA

He's nice. I think I can trust him.

DOLLY PORTER

You said the same thing about Ian.

ANNE LUNA

I told you never to say his name to me again!

DOLLY PORTER

I'm sorry, you said the same thing about that Cocksucker!

ANNE LUNA

That's better! (Beat) I know Dolly, but this is different. He's cute.

DOLLY PORTER

Oh my God Anne, I better not walk in on you two fucking like...like rabbits.

ANNE LUNA

Molly, sometimes I don't know where you get that foul mouth. Besides, it's not like that. He is just sweet.

DOLLY PORTER

I'm sorry Anne. I'm just worried. None of us know who this guy is. He could be a murderer for all we know.

ANNE LUNA

I don't think you need to worry about that.

DOLLY PORTER

Well, I got my plane ticket. With luck, in LA traffic, I should get to your house by Eight AM.

ANNE LUNA

I'll be okay until then.

DOLLY PORTER

You sure?

ANNE LUNA

Everything will be fine. (Beat) Happy Halloween.

DOLLY PORTER

Happy Halloween.

They both hang up their cell phones, blackout on Dolly. Anne walks back into the living room, where Tres is sipping his drink looking out at her view over Hollywood.

TRES HARRISON  
Tonight's Halloween?

ANNE LUNA  
I sure the hope it is.

TRES HARRISON  
What do you mean?

ANNE LUNA  
You were dressed in a Bunny Helmet and wearing a suit when I found you. I sure the hell hope it's Halloween or your one weird fucker.

TRES HARRISON  
Do you always do that?

ANNE LUNA  
Do what?

TRES HARRISON  
Curse that much when you talk?

ANNE LUNA  
Sorry, yeah lousy habit. When I'm stressed, I have a mouth like a nasty sailor.

TRES HARRISON  
Why are you so stressed?

ANNE LUNA  
It's a long story Rabbit Man.

TRES HARRISON  
Well, we have all night.

ANNE LUNA  
Maybe later Rabbit Man. (Beat) I'm getting hungry. You, Hungary?

TRES HARRISON  
Yeah, I can eat a little.

ANNE LUNA

Good, Because I can't cook shit. Can you cook, Rabbit Man?

TRES HARRISON

I usually just eat carrots. (Beat) That was a joke.

ANNE LUNA

It was lame. I'm really not kidding. I can't cook shit. My assistant Molly usually has stuff prepared for me.

TRES HARRISON

Well, let me see what you have in the fridge, and I'll see if I can remember how to make something.

## ACT I

### Scene 2

They walk into the kitchen, and through the kitchen bar window you can see Tres open the refrigerator door.

TRES HARRISON

My God! What's with all the Pedialyte?

ANNE LUNA

Oh, that. It's good for hangovers. Ian ordered us a case.

TRES HARRISON

Let's see what else you have, here. Some aged, very nasty looking cheese. Will pass on that. Some eggs, the date on them seems okay. Some apricot jam. Butter and some whip cream.

ANNE LUNA

The whipped cream, again Ian.

TRES HARRISON

I don't want to know. (Beat) Well, it looks like I can make you an amazing desert omelet.

ANNE LUNA

Do you know how to make an amazing dessert omelet?

TRES HARRISON

Are you kidding, I learned from Rudi Stanish, "The Omelet King." (Beat) Oh my god, I remembered something!

She pulls out her cell phone and Googles Rudi Stanish.

ANNE LUNA

Let me google him. (Beat) Rudolph B. Stanish, "The Omelet King" He, made omelets for JFK's inaugural breakfast. Omelets for Princess Diana, Whoopi Goldberg and Tennessee Williams, Leonard Bernstein and Marilyn Monroe. Wow! Do you remember how you knew him?

TRES HARRISON

I just remember him staying at my home when I was a child. Each morning he would teach me how to cook a different omelet. (Beat) Do you have any sugar?

ANNE LUNA

By the coffee maker. Tell me more about him. Maybe it will trigger your memory.

TRES HARRISON

Well, the first thing he taught me was to crack and separate an egg. Let me show you. I need two small bowls.

Anne pulls two small cereal bowls out of the cupboard.

TRES HARRISON

Thank you, Madame. I remember his mother was a great influence on him. He would say each morning, "My mother told me to always refer to the lady of the house as Madame. "She said that 'Yes, Madame' is always the best response." I have always kept those habits. So, this is how you crack an egg.

Anne watches him and how he holds the egg and crack is on the side of the bowl.

TRES HARRISON

For this Omelet, we need to separate the eggs. See. You slowly pass the yolk from shell to shell, like passing it between two cups. Let the egg whites spill out into the bowl. See. Now you try it.

ANNE LUNA

Me?

TRES HARRISON

Yes, you! Pretend I'm, Rudi Stanish and your Marilyn Monroe.

Anne seductively takes the egg from Tres's hand. She then bats her eyes at him and changes her voice to be all breathy like Marilyn Monroe.

ANNE LUNA

So, do I hold it like this Mr. Stanish?

TRES HARRISON

Yes, but call me Rudi.

ANNE LUNA

Whatever you say, Rudi the Rabbit. However, My Daddy always told me to address the man of the house as Mr.

TRES HARRISON

Just, separate the egg.

She continues as Marilyn Monroe.

ANNE LUNA

Yes, Mr. Stanish. I mean yes, Rudi. I mean Daddy.

Anne follows Tre's instructions, and entirely separate the egg in the bowl.

TRES HARRISON

That's a good, Marilyn.

She stops Marilyn's voice.

ANNE LUNA

Thanks, I always wanted to play her. Now, what's next?

TRES HARRISON

So, we got the egg whites in one bowl and the yokes in the other. Do you have a whisk?

ANNE LUNA

A what?

TRES HARRISON

A whisk?

ANNE LUNA

One of those wiry things?

TRES HARRISON

Yes!

Anne pulls open some kitchen drawers and pulls out a whisk.

ANNE LUNA

Her you go. Daddy.

She hands him the whisk and kisses him on the cheek.

TRES HARRISON

I thought you stopped the Marylin.

ANNE LUNA

I did. I've never had a man cook for me before. It's kind of sexy.

Tres blushes and goes back to the cooking lesson.

TRES HARRISON

Next, you toss a pinch of sugar into the eggs whites and use the whisk until fluffy.

Tres whisk the bowl of egg whites with the sugar.

ANNE LUNA

Mmm, fluffy.

TRES HARRISON

Yes, fluffy. (Beat) Then, you fold in the egg yolks.

ANNE LUNA

Mmm, folding in.

TRES HARRISON

Then pour it into the pan. (Beat) Mmm, pour it into the pan.

Tres pours the egg mix into an omelet pan.

ANNE LUNA

Not, sexy.

TRES HARRISON

Then, cook the bottom.

Tres checks the bottom of the omelet. Anne shakes her ass.

ANNE LUNA

Mmm, hot bottom.

Tres then places the pan in the broiler on the kitchen bar.

TRES HARRISON

Then broil the top, until brown.

ANNE LUNA

Again, not sexy.

TRES HARRISON

Then add a little apricot jam, let it get a little hot.

Tres, he pulls out the pan and spoons some apricot jam onto the top of the omelet.

ANNE LUNA

Mmm, a little hot.

Tres slides the omelet out of the pan and onto a plate.

TRES HARRISON

Get me a shot of Rum!

ANNE LUNA

A shot of Run! Now your talking! Very hot.

TRES HARRISON

It's for your omelet. Get a lighter too.

ANNE LUNA

Woo, very hot!

TRES HARRISON

Now, here you go. Stand back.

Tres pours the shot on top of the omelet and sets is on fire. It ignites into a blue flame. It slowly burns down.

ANNE LUNA

Oh my God! That's awesome!

Anne grabs the plate and a fork and runs into the living room with the omelet.

TRES HARRISON

Wait! Wait! (Beat) The whip cream. Bon Appetit!

Tres runs into the living room and squirts some whipped cream on top of the omelet.

ANNE LUNA

Damn! Rabbit man! That's one good omelet!

TRES HARRISON

Yes, Madame.

She uses her fork to feed Tres a bite of the omelet.

ANNE LUNA

How did you remember all that? None of that jogged your brain?

She take another bite of the omelet.

TRES HARRISON

No, Madame.

ANNE LUNA

It's Anne, Rabbit Man.

TRES HARRISON

Yes, Anne.

She feeds him the last bite of the omelet.

ANNE LUNA

So, what are we going to do tonight Rabbit Man?

TRES HARRISON

What do you mean?

She sets the plate on the coffee table.

ANNE LUNA

It's Halloween!

TRES HARRISON

What do you normally do on Halloween?

ANNE LUNA

I don't think you could handle my normal Halloween routine.

TRES HARRISON

Well what do you want to do?

ANNE LUNA

Well this might sound stupid. I want us to dress up.

TRES HARRISON

I have dressed up, I'm rabbit man.

ANNE LUNA

No, here look!

Anne runs over near the bar and out of two shopping bags pulls out a cowboy and cowgirl costume.

ANNE LUNA

I bought these for me and Ian before we broke up. I want us to dress up in them.

TRES HARRISON

A cowboy?

ANNE LUNA

And cowgirl! Look you should see my ass in these daisy dukes, chaps and boots.

TRES HARRISON

Then what do we do once we dress up?

ANNE LUNA

Take some selfies.

TRES HARRISON

Selfies? Oh no.

ANNE LUNA

Please? I have to post something for my fans.

TRES HARRISON

I'll take a photo of you, but I'm not dressing up for one.

ANNE LUNA

Why not? It will be fun.

TRES HARRISON

Because I have no idea who I'm. You don't want to take a selfie with me.

ANNE LUNA

Yes, I do.

TRES HARRISON

You know nothing about me. I know nothing about me.

ANNE LUNA

I know you make a kick ass omelet!

TRES HARRISON

Yeah, but I could be a bad person. Someone wanted by the law or the IRS. Worst yet I could be married. Now, how would that look with me taking a photo with you.

ANNE LUNA

I don't see a ring on your finger Rabbit Man, and I've tough of that. Here.

Anne runs back over to the shopping bag and pulls out a mask.

TRES HARRISON

A mask?

ANNE LUNA

Yes, you can be the lone ranger. It will add some intrigue to the photo.

TRES HARRISON

Intrigue?

ANNE LUNA

I want to show my fans that I have moved on with my life.

TRES HARRISON

And?

ANNE LUNA

And show that fuckhead Ian, he has easily been replaced.

TRES HARRISON

You sure you want to do that?

ANNE LUNA

Come on! It's Halloween! It will be fun!

She hands him the mask.

TRES HARRISON

It's been noted that you have a funny sense of fun.

ANNE LUNA

Then you will do it?

TRES HARRISON

If I can wear the mask, yes.

Tres tires on the mask.

ANNE LUNA

I'm beginning to adore you Rabbit man. I'm going to go change. Here is the rest of your costume.

She hands him his costume.

TRES HARRISON

Are you sure you want to do this?

She struts away as she exits into the bedroom.

ANNE LUNA

I'll be back in a few looking for my cowboy.

Tres takes off the mask and walks to the hallway and makes sure Anne is really gone. Then he walks over to the couch and grabs his suit jacket. He picks it up and digs in the front breast pocket. He pulls out another cell phone and then starts to quickly take photos with it. He photos the bar and then the kitchen and the empty omelet dish. Tres runs over to the rabbit head laying on the floor, he takes a quick picture of it. Next, he steps back and takes a wide shot of the whole family room. He runs back over to his suit jacket and returns the phone to his breast pocket. He then grabs his cowboy costume and runs into the kitchen and starts to change into it. He keeps checking through the window at the kitchen bar to see if Anne is coming. He gets his pants on when Anne comes strutting back into the living room. She is a low cut pair of daisy duke jeans and chaps with pink frills on them. She has a very pink shirt with red rhinestones jewels on it, that is tied off into a midriff. She struts in her pink and white cowboy boots carrying her cell phone attached to a selfie stick.

ANNE LUNA

Alexa, play a yippee ki-yay, cowboy song!

Alexa replies, "yes, Anne." Alexa plays something like Atomic Dog. The lights dim, the pink wall lights fade up and pulse with the song. Anne starts to dance her way around the room taking photos with her selfie stick.

ANNE LUNA

Where's my masked, rabbit man?

Tres enters from the kitchen dressed in jeans chaps and a red and white plaid shirt and mask on.

TRES HARRISON

Anne. You look amazing!

ANNE LUNA

Aren't you sweet a buckaroo. I must say there is something sexy about a masked man.

TRES HARRISON

"I'm your Huckleberry."

ANNE LUNA

Huckleberry?

TRES HARRISON

Yeah, Tombstone.

ANNE LUNA

Never saw it. I did see *Three Billboards*. Is that a western? I was up for the role of the daughter in that film. You know the one that gets murdered. God, I would have loved to have been murdered.

TRES HARRISON

No, *Three Billboards*, is not a western. "I'm your Huckleberry." Val Kilmer. Tombstone. Doc Holiday?

ANNE LUNA

I don't get you, Rabbit man. You can't remember your name but you can cook an omelet and quote weird western movies.

TRES HARRISON

I thought you wanted to take some selfies?

ANNE LUNA

YES! Here over here by the bar. Alexa, Music off!

The music stops but she still dances to the bar and Tres follows. She flips up her selfie stick and snaps a photo of them. She checks the photo.

ANNE LUNA

Oh My God, Rabbit man! Can you smile? I said you could wear the mask, but you can't look dead!

TRES HARRISON

Sorry, I like taking pictures, but I don't like being in them.

ANNE LUNA

There you go again. You sure you don't know your name?

TRES HARRISON

It's just a gut feeling. No, I don't know my name.

ANNE LUNA

Come closer.

TRES HARRISON

What?

ANNE LUNA

Come closer to me, you're my date, come here!

She pulls him closer to her. She poses in the camera and turns and sticks her ass out.

ANNE LUNA

Now, grab my ass.

TRES HARRISON

What?

ANNE LUNA

Grab my ass, it won't bite you! Grab my ass!

Tres slides closer and puts his arm behind her and garbs her ass. He smiles when he squeezes it.

ANNE LUNA

See, I've never had a man grab my ass and it not put a smile on his face.

She checks the photo on her cell phone.

ANNE LUNA

Oh my god, can you put a smile on that face?

The go back to the same pose, but this time Anne grinds on him. She snaps another photo.

ANNE LUNA

See, perfect! Now here take one like it's a stick up.

She turns her back to him and raises her arms and the selfie stick up in the air, about them looking down.

ANNE LUNA

Now look up and make your hand like a gun, and stick it in my back. Yeah that's it. Hold on.

She sets the selfie between her legs and then unbuttons another button on her blouse. She then raises the camera back up into the air.

ANNE LUNA

Ok, now look up, that's Perfect!

She snaps a few photos.

TRES HARRISON

Ok you had your little photo shoot. I'm done.

He turns and starts to walk back towards the kitchen. Anne runs and jumps on his back.

ANNE LUNA

Yippee Ki-Yay!

She rides Tres piggy back and shouts out like a bronco bucking a horse, and holds out her selfie sticks and takes a few photos.

TRES HARRISON

I said, I was done!

Tres spins her around and plops her on the couch.

ANNE LUNA

Jesus, Cowboy. I was just trying to have some fun.

TRES HARRISON

I just don't like having my picture taken.

ANNE LUNA

You can remember that too, but not your name?

TRES HARRISON

It's instant, not memory. I can feel it in my gut that I don't like it.

ANNE LUNA

Okay, I can relate to that. I won't take anymore photos of you.

TRES HARRISON

Thank you.

ANNE LUNA

What am I going to do with you rabbit man?

Anne gets up off the couch and starts walking around looking down on her phone posting photo with messages with them on her Instagram account.

TRES HARRISON

What are you doing?

ANNE LUNA

Posting them on my Instagram. Look we already got six hundred and thirty nine, likes.

TRES HARRISON

I just told you that I didn't like my photo taken!

ANNE LUNA

You knew I was going to post these! My god what are you worried about. Look at all these comments. "Who's that mask man?" "New stud in your stable?" "Can I help break that buck?" The ladies love you!

TRES HARRISON

This is crazy. I have no idea if I'm married. Do you know what kind of damage you could be doing to my life right now?

ANNE LUNA

No, ring Rabbit Man. You're wearing a mask. If you were married, trust me your wife would be beating down my door.

Pounding starts at her front door. Then the doorbell rings multiple times, followed by my pounding at the door.

## ACT I

### Scene 3

Ian in his English accent yelling.

IAN

(Off Stage)

Anne! I know you're in there! Anne! Let me in!

He pounds at the door some more.

TRES HARRISON

Who's that?

The pounding stops and then the door handle starts to jiggle.

ANNE LUNA

It's Ian. My ex-boyfriend.

IAN

(Off Stage)

I can't believe you already changed the locks!

Anne runs over to the front door and shouts back at Ian.

ANNE LUNA

Dolly had it done. She was right! Your too big of a hot head to trust! You don't live here anymore Ian! Now Get off my property!

Ian, tall, thin, pale skinned, dressed in his LA hip hop attire opens the back sliding glass door and continues the argument.

IAN

Oh, but you can trust this Masked man? Who the hell are you mate?

TRES HARRISON

Rabbit Man.

IAN

Rabbit man, what is that? You some kind of DJ?

Anne, laughs!

ANNE LUNA

Yeah, Ian. He is a DJ and he can spin a lot better then you ever could.

Anne walks over hand puts her arms around Tres and hangs all over him. Ian gets jealous and raises his hands up in a fighter's stance.

IAN

That's it! Let's go, RABBIT MAN!

Ian gets all pro wrestler crazy faced.

TRES HARRISON

Cool down, Mate! I'm not a DJ, Spinderella!

IAN

Spinderella! It's on Rabbit Man!

Ian starts to work his way around the room like an old fashion pugilist. His arms raised high and ready to strike. He chases Tres who back peddles behind the couch and is using it as a barrier between the two of them.

TRES HARRISON

Hey, Man. I'm not here to fight anyone.

ANNE LUNA

Ian, Stop! You will hurt him!

IAN

Damn, right! I'll kick his cowboy ass!

ANNE LUNA

Ian, you don't understand!

IAN

Who is he Anne?

ANNE LUNA

I can't tell, You.

IAN

Who are you?

TRES HARRISON

I don't know.

Ian winds up and takes a swing at Tres who doggies it and moves to the other side of the couch.

ANNE LUNA

IAN! He is telling the truth!

IAN

What?

ANNE LUNA

I hit him with my car. He has no idea who he is.

Ian break out into loud laughter.

IAN

You are so fucked!

ANNE LUNA

I know.

TRES HARRISON

You hit me?

ANNE LUNA

Yeah, I hit you. I'm sorry.

IAN

No, really, yours so screwed, Anne. That Judge already suspended your license.

ANNE LUNA

I know, what are we going to do?

IAN

Rabbit man. Do you care that Anne was the one that hit you?

TRES HARRISON

I don't know?

ANNE LUNA

Come on? You were the one that stepped out of the bushes in a rabbit head! What the hell was I supposed to do?

TRES HARRISON

Well, I guess, I could be partly to blame.

IAN

If you get your memory back. Will you really care about any of this?

TRES HARRISON

Well, if I found out my real name. Yes, that would be great.

ANNE LUNA

What if he can't remember his name? What do we do then Ian?

IAN

I'm not sure.

ANNE LUNA

You could say that you were driving the car.

IAN

Me? OH No! You're not dragging my name into this.

ANNE LUNA

Dragging Names! UGH! You make me so damn mad!

Anne starts chasing after Ian swinging at him he ducks and dives bearing escaping her waft.

ANNE LUNA

You got a lot of nerve! Lil Luna T-shirts, Lil Luna Coffee mugs, Lil Luna lids. You put my name on all sorts of crap.

IAN

And they were selling baby.

ANNE LUNA

I told you I didn't want to be Lil Luna, I wanted to be Lil Anne.

IAN

It was taken! Anne Winters, already has that handle!

ANNE LUNA

UGH! I told you never to mention her name again!

TRES HARRISON

Look I'll remember my name if you two would just shut the hell up!

Everyone freezes and a long pause while Tres rubs his skull.

IAN

Well?

TRES HARRISON

I don't remember.

ANNE LUNA

I'm so screwed.

IAN

Yeah, you are, and I'm done getting caught up in your messes.

ANNE LUNA

Like dating me was such a bitch.

IAN

The Sun Set Boulevard incident. The Sana Monica Boulevard incident. The Venice Boulevard incident. Not to mention later that night on Abbot Kinney,

ANNE LUNA

Rollerbladers have the right of way!

IAN

Not when you're that plastered in public! For the last three years that's been my life. Taking care of drunk Anne. Well you're not skating out of this one with my help.

ANNE LUNA

You ate it up! You loved the publicly. There is no such thing as bad publicly.

IAN

Your wrong Anne. There comes a time when you're no longer good for an image. Dumping you was the best thing that ever happened to me.

ANNE LUNA

Then what are you doing over here?

IAN

I don't know. I'm done chasing Hollywood whores.

A long uncomfortable pause as Anne starts to cry. Tres sees her crying and gets mad, he jumps over the couch and grabs hold of Ian swings him around hand cold cocks him in the face. The punch sends Ian flying back into the couch. Ian holds his nose with both hand and its dripping blood.

IAN

I think you broke my nose!

TRES HARRISON

I'm going to break more than your nose if you don't get the hell out of here now!

Tres moves after Ian who scoots off the couch and runs to the front door. In a panic he fumbles with the unlocking the door to escape.

TRES HARRISON

You leave, and you never come back! Anne does not need a little mole for a boyfriend! She has a Rabbit Man!

Tres runs faster at Ian, who unlocks the door and sprints away.  
Tres stands on the front door and laughs as he watches Ian run.  
Then walks back inside and locks the door behind him.

ANNE LUNA

You were Incredible!

TRES HARRISON

It was just a little rabbit punch.

ANNE LUNA

That was so Hot!

Anne runs across the room and jumps up and straddles Tres kissing him spinning him around they fall onto the couch.

TRES HARRISON

Anne.

ANNE LUNA

Rabbit man.

TRES HARRISON

Anne.

ANNE LUNA

Let's fuck like rabbits.

The Lights fade as Anne and Tres kiss and grind on each other.  
The only a beam of moonlight shines through the window overlooking Hollywood, the moonbeams light falling on the Rabbit Head on the living room floor.

## ACT I

### Scene 4

Daylight starts to break, and you can see a warm morning glow on the Hollywood Hills trough Anne's living room window. The lights continue to slowly rise as Anne and Tres are still on the couch naked under a blanket. Anne laying on top of Tres.

ANNE LUNA

You Awake?

I'm now. TRES HARRISON

What you thinking about? ANNE LUNA

Sleep. TRES HARRISON

No really? ANNE LUNA

I get it. What are you thinking about? TRES HARRISON

How I always wanted to wake up in this room and watch the sun rise. ANNE LUNA

Is the sun rising already? TRES HARRISON

That was an amazing night. ANNE LUNA

I'm going to be sore for a week. TRES HARRISON

Anne starts to hope her fingers down the side of Tres's body slowly working his way to his crotch.

Here comes Perter Cotton Tail, hopping down the bunny trail! ANNE LUNA

Oh, Anne, come on I'm tired. TRES HARRISON

A little Moring sex will wake you up. ANNE LUNA

Anne, I'm warn out. There is only so much a man can do on an omelet and Pedialyte. TRES HARRISON

Not even a little hoppy hop? ANNE LUNA

TRES HARRISON

The only hop I want, is I-hop.

Anne sits up and pulls the blanket around her.

TRES HARRISON

What are you doing?

ANNE LUNA

My man is hungry. I'm going to hop in the shower and then run down the hill and get you some breakfast.

TRES HARRISON

Why don't you just use a food delivery app?

ANNE LUNA

I can't.

TRES HARRISON

Why?

Tres grabs a throw blanket from the top of the couch. Anne gets up and warps the other blanket around her.

ANNE LUNA

Ian. (Beat) There is a place down the hill that makes a great chicken and bacon biscuit. It's no Omelet, but it will hit the spot. Just let me get ready.

TRES HARRISON

Do you always shower to run down the hill?

ANNE LUNA

Honey, this is Hollywood, I shower if taking out my garbage.

She pick up Tres's boxers on the floor and tosses them to him.

TRES HARRISON

I'll start us some coffee brewing.

Anne with the blanket still wrapped around her exist off to bedroom. Tres slips on his boxers under the blanket and then stands up and tip toes of the hallway that leads towards the bedroom. He hears the shower start running. He then runs back of to his suit jacket and removes the cell phone from the breast pocket. He dials a number on the phone. Once more a cellphone

starts to ring in the audience. A spotlight hits one of the side isles and laying against the theatre's side wall, like he was sitting up against a bed's headboard is Kotter Hayes. He is dressed in a short silk Japanese kimono robe. Kotter answers the phone.

KOTTER HAYES

Hello Tres? Where were you last night man, you missed a hell of a party.

TRES HARRISON

Kotter, it worked!

KOTTER HAYES

What are you talking about? What worked?

TRES HARRISON

The Trojan Rabbit!

KOTTER HAYES

The Trojan Rabbit? You mean the "Trojan Rabbit"?

TRES HARRISON

Yes, I mean the "Trojan Rabbit".

KOTTER HAYES

We're talking Anne Luna, right?

TRES HARRISON

Check her Instagram account.

Kotter looks down at his phone and flips over and checks her Instagram account.

TRES HARRISON

Who is that masked man?

KOTTER HAYES

Fucking Hell! The Trojan Rabbit. (Beat) She hasn't got a clue?

TRES HARRISON

Not at all, she thinks I have amnesia.

KOTTER HAYES

Damn your good! This is big, Tres. I mean really big! We could scoop Extra, TMZ, all those mother fuckers. You can put Swipe TV on the map.

TRES HARRISON

Kotter, it gets even better. Guess who showed up here last night? (Beat) Ian.

KOTTER HAYES

No! Did you get photos?

TRES HARRISON

No, but I think I broke his nose. You should get someone over to his apartment see if you can any photos. I'm sure he is going to look like a racoon.

KOTTER HAYES

I'll get Slocombe, over there. He's good with a camera. What about you, you need anything?

TRES HARRISON

No. Just an exit plan.

KOTTER HAYES

You have wheels?

TRES HARRISON

No.

KOTTER HAYES

I'll stick by my phone. You need a ride and I'll pick you up.

TRES HARRISON

Ok, Look I better go. She has no idea I have this phone.

KOTTER HAYES

Tres, you're such a snake. I'm proud of you.

TRES HARRISON

Awe, Kotter, I'm touched.

KOTTER HAYES

Fucking "Trojan Rabbit".

They both hang up their phones. Tres slips his back into his jacket pocket when he hears the front door knob start to jiggle.

ACT I

Scene 5

The door opens, and Dolly runs quickly with a pink feathered boa wrapped around her head to disguise her identity. She see Tres in his boxers as she wraps the boa.

DOLLY PORTER

Oh, I'm sorry.

Tres steps into his suit trousers and zips them up.

TRES HARRISON

Who are you?

DOLLY PORTER

I'm Dolly Porter, Anne's assistant.

TRES HARRISON

I'm.

DOLLY PORTER

Oh, I know who you are.

TRES HARRISON

You do?

There is an uncomfortable pause as Dolly looks him over and then nods.

DOLLY PORTER

Yes, I know exactly who you are. (Beat) You're the Rabbit Man.

Tres walks over and picks up his dress shirt and Suit Jacket.

TRES HARRISON

That's right. What's with the pink boa?

DOLLY PORTER

Hide my identity from the paparazzi, (BEAT) Where's Anne?

Anne, enters in a pink fussy robe, drying her hair with a towel.

ANNE LUNA

Molly, you're here. I guess you met.

DOLLY PORTER

The Rabbit Man, yes, we have met.

Anne looks at Tres and points down her hall to the bedroom.

ANNE LUNA

The showers free if you want to jump in.

TRES HARRISON

Sounds, good. Nice meeting you Dolly.

Tres exits into the bedroom.

ANNE LUNA

So, what do you think about him?

Dolly places her pointer finger before her mouth!

DOLLY PORTER

Shhh!

Dolly than runs over to the hall and listens. The shower water starts up in the bathroom. Then she runs back over to Anne's side.

DOLLY PORTER

Do you know who that is?

ANNE LUNA

Rabbit Man.

DOLLY PORTER

His real name is Tres Harrison.

ANNE LUNA

You know him?

DOLLY PORTER

Anne, Tres Harrison. (Beat) The Sun Set Boulevard incident. He works for that little weasel Kotter Hayes, over at Swipe TV.

ANNE LUNA

Shit, Swipe TV.

DOLLY PORTER

And he has no idea of his real identity?

ANNE LUNA

No, he can't remember a thing.

DOLLY PORTER

You sure Anne? We got to be a hundred percent sure if we're going to play this right.

ANNE LUNA

Well, he did remember some weird stuff.

DOLLY PORTER

Like what?

ANNE LUNA

How to cook an omelet.

DOLLY PORTER

An omelet? Oh, I don't like the sound of that.

ANNE LUNA

You think he's faking the memory lose?

DOLLY PORTER

Swipe TV is known for sneaky shit like this, Anne, we have to be very careful.

ANNE LUNA

Dolly.

DOLLY PORTER

What?

ANNE LUNA

I slept with him last night.

DOLLY PORTER

Christ Anne, what was the last thing I said to you? You two had to go ahead and fuck like rabbits.

ANNE LUNA

I couldn't help myself, he punched Ian in the nose and It was such a big turn on.

DOLLY PORTER

You mean Ian was over here?

Anne nods yes.

DOLLY PORTER

Oh, Anne.

ANNE LUNA

Dolly what are we going to do?

DOLLY PORTER

You need to act normal. You can't let him know, we know, who he is.

ANNE LUNA

I can do that.

DOLLY PORTER

Then you have to see if he has amnesia or not.

ANNE LUNA

How do I, do that?

DOLLY PORTER

I don't know yet.

ANNE LUNA

What's if he really dose have Amnesia. What do we do then?

DOLLY PORTER

In that case we need to figure out how to make him realizes his true Identity without him realizing he has the scoop of a lifetime.

ANNE LUNA

Dolly I'm scarred.

DOLLY PORTER

Don't be. I know how to deal with the paparazzi.

The sound of the shower water turns off.

ANNE LUNA

The shower stopped. I need to run down the hill and get us some breakfast.

Molly walk to the front door and starts to wrap the pink boa around her head.

DOLLY PORTER

I'll run down the hill. You stay here with Tres. See if you can get Rabbit Man to come out of his hole.

ANNE LUNA

Dolly don't leave me with him.

DOLLY PORTER

Anne, you have to act normal. Like your career depended on it. Because, Anne it really does.

Dolly exits. Anne walks over to the bar and pours herself a shot. She slams the drink down her throat, and sets the empty shot glass on the bar.

ACT I

Scene 6

Anne then sits on the couch and start to swipe away at her cell phone when Tres comes in from the bedroom hallway drying his hair with a towel.

ANNE LUNA

Did you have a good shower?

TRES HARRISON

I thought you were running down the hill for breakfast?

ANNE LUNA

I sent Dolly down the hill.

TRES HARRISON

That shower is amazing! Five showerheads hitting you from all sides.

ANNE LUNA

Yeah, I like a good blast in the morning, it can really wake you up.

Tres walks over to grab his shirt which is laying on the couch near Anne. He leans over to kiss her, and she turns her head away.

ANNE LUNA

Did that shower jog your memory?

TRES HARRISON

My head does feel a little clearer.

Tres slips on his shirt.

ANNE LUNA

I've been googling memory loss.

TRES HARRISON

Oh yeah, what did you find out?

ANNE LUNA

Oh, I've found out lots of things.

TRES HARRISON

What kind of things?

ANNE LUNA

Just little bits of information here and there. I did find a very interesting listing of questions to regain memories.

TRES HARRISON

What kind of questions?

ANNE LUNA

Sit down. Let's try them out on, you.

Tres sits on the couch next to her. Anne reads from her phone.

TRES HARRISON

Okay, shoot away.

ANNE LUNA

Oh, I'd love to. Here you go Question One. Uno. What is your favorite memory?

TRES HARRISON

Well that's easy. Waking up on the couch this morning with you.

ANNE LUNA

No! Before today?

TRES HARRISON

Dancing with you last night.

ANNE LUNA

Look, think back. Before we met. What is your favorite memory?

Tres pauses and thinks back in his life.

TRES HARRISON

I really can't think of anything.

ANNE LUNA

Really? Nothing? No trips to the zoo, the beach, or first flight on an air plane?

TRES HARRISON

Nothing. What's your favorite memory?

ANNE LUNA

This test is for you, not me.

TRES HARRISON

Well if you tell me a story maybe something will jog my memory.

ANNE LUNA

You want me to tell story about me life?

TRES HARRISON

Yes, what's your favorite memory?

ANNE LUNA

Well, for me that's an easy memory to choose, I was four.

TRES HARRISON

You remember things from when you were four?

ANNE LUNA

Remember? I will never forget it. I was four, in a little pink rain coat. It was raining that day, But not hard. It was just misting. It was a little cold, my dad held my hand as we walked. His hand was warm. We walked down to the edge of the pond at the city park. When we got the edge, my dad pulled out a bag full white bread that has been ripped into little pieces. He held the bag out and I stuck my little hand inside, grabbed a hand full of bread and tossed it out into the pond. From beneath a weeping willow a family of geese started swimming toward me. I reached into the bag and tossed them the bread crumbs.

TRES HARRISON

That's it? That's your memory?

ANNE LUNA

My dad handed me the bag of bread and walked back to a park bench and watched me. I walked around the edge of the pond without a care in the world. Walking in the misting rain and tossing bread out to the geese. When the bread was all gone I walked back to my dad who was still on the park bench. I showed him the empty bag. He did not respond. I called out to him and he did not respond. I grabbed his hand it was no longer warm but ice cold. He had a heart attack right there on that park bench.

TRES HARRISON

I'm sorry. I didn't know.

ANNE LUNA

When I go back to my home town. I don't visit his grave. I visit the park bench. It's still there in that same spot. There is still a family of geese that live under that weeping willow tree. Time stops there for me. (Beat) Did any of that spark a memory?

TRES HARRISON

I'm sorry, no.

ANNE LUNA

Well, let's move on to the next question. Question, two, Dos. What's your favorite food?

TRES HARRISON

Well that one is easy.

ANNE LUNA

Yes, an Omelet.

TRES HARRISON

You, really think this is going to work? What's your favorite food?

ANNE LUNA

Well, contrary to your previous findings it's not Pedialyte.

TRES HARRISON

What is it then?

ANNE LUNA

You know what I really like? A nice slice of thin pizza, peperoni. Thin but has a thick crusted edge, so you can hold on to it. There is this place on Abbot Kinney that make it like that.

TRES HARRISON

I like pizza.

ANNE LUNA

You do? See, can you remember the last time you had a slice?

TRES HARRISON

Yes, the cheese burned the roof of my mouth.

ANNE LUNA

And then?

TRES HARRISON

I washed it down with a coke.

ANNE LUNA

Where were you when this happened?

TRES HARRISON

I don't know.

ANNE LUNA

Think.

TRES HARRISON

I can't remember.

ANNE LUNA

You sure?

TRES HARRISON

Yes.

ANNE LUNA

Let's move on to the next question. Question, number TRES!

Anne snaps her head to see if Tres reacts to hearing his name called out. He just looks at her with a blank expression. So, she calls it out again.

ANNE LUNA

TRES!

Still no expression.

ANNE LUNA

Question, number TRES! What was your favorite pet?

TRES HARRISON

Favorite Pet?

ANNE LUNA

Yes, favorite pet, Question, TRES.

TRES HARRISON

I don't think I had a pet.

ANNE LUNA

Come on everyone has had a bet. Even if it was just a bug, a frog, or a gold fish.

TRES HARRISON

I can't remember ever having one. (Beat) What about you? Did you have a favorite pet?

ANNE LUNA

Yeah I did. Harrison.

TRES HARRISON

Harrison? That's a funny name. What kind of pet was Harrison?

ANNE LUNA

A snake.

TRES HARRISON

A snake?

ANNE LUNA

A big fat slimy snake. A boa constrictor.

TRES HARRISON

A boa constrictor?

ANNE LUNA

Yes, Harrison the boa constrictor.

TRES HARRISON

What happened to him?

ANNE LUNA

Well, after my father died, times kind of got hard. I lived with my mother in this trailer park. It was the cheapest rent she could find. My momma tended to leave me alone at nights. You know when she would spend the night out with one of her gentlemen friends. I was always feeding Harrison. He got quite big. Then, one night a terrible storm stirred up out of nowhere. The wind was howling, and the rain was coming down sideways blowing hard against the side of our trailer. I got scared and crawled under the bed with Harrison. I heard a Snap and then the crash. A giant tree had snapped in two and crashed down on our trailer. I tried to crawl out, but I was pinned under the bed. I reached and stretched my body trying to grab hold of some debris to pull my pinned leg loose. However, it was no use. I laded there with the cold rain splashing on me and closed my eyes and prayed. Then I felt him. Harrison started to wrap himself around my arm with his tail and then slithered the rest of his body over to the partially clasped wall of my bedroom. He wrapped the other end of his body around the door knob and then began to pull. He pulled hard and slowly my leg was pulled loose from beneath the tree and collapsed bed. I laded there in the rain and Harrison curled up near me. I started to hear an echo, I opened my eyes and saw red and blue flashing lights. It was the sheriff who was the first responder on the scene. He walked up and through the debris of our trailer he saw me and then saw Harrison. He drew his gun and shot Harrison, dead.

That's how Harrison died?

TRES HARRISON

Yep, the snake was shot cold dead.

ANNE LUNA

That's terrible.

TRES HARRISON

I never had a pet again.

ANNE LUNA

Anna's phone start to ring. She answers it. The Lights come up in on a side isle of the theatre and Dolly is standing next to some yellow police caution tape.

Anne? Anne is that you?

DOLLY PORTER

Yes, Dolly what's going on?

ANNE LUNA

Oh, thank God!

DOLLY PORTER

Where are you?

ANNE LUNA

I'm at a police road block at the bottom of the hill. They won't let me come up because my ID dose not match your address.

DOLLY PORTER

A road block? What's going on?

ANNE LUNA

They won't tell me. I was so worried something had happened at the house.

DOLLY PORTER

Everything is fine here.

ANNE LUNA

Are you sure? I wonder what this roadblock is about.

DOLLY PORTER

ANNE LUNA

Hey, Rabbit Man. Dolly is stuck at a police road block at the bottom of the hill. They won't tell her what's going on. Can you go outside and check around and make sure everything is okay?

TRES HARRISON

I'd love the fresh air. Might clear my head a little, be back in a few hops.

Tres exits out the back sliding door and walks around the other side of the house.

ANNE LUNA

Ok, he's gone.

DOLLY PORTER

Are you really ok?

ANNE LUNA

Yes, I'm fine.

DOLLY PORTER

Have you figured it out? Is he faking it?

ANNE LUNA

I can't tell Dolly. I gave him a memory question quiz that I googled. I counted the questions off in Spanish. When I got to question three and Tres, he did not flinch a muscle. I tried it a few times. No response to his name.

DOLLY PORTER

Well, be careful what you say around him. You don't want it to come back to haunt you.

Anne Laughs.

ANNE LUNA

I've been making up stories all morning. If he prints any of it, we will sue his ass for slander.

DOLLY PORTER

That's my girl!

ANNE LUNA

Nobody fucks with Anne Luna!

DOLLY PORTER

I'm going to do a little digging around here. See what I can find out.

ANNE LUNA

I'm going to do a little more digging too.

DOLLY PORTER

Careful Anne. Don't tip him off.

ANNE LUNA

I would be more worried about him, Dolly. Because before this day is over I'm going to peel that fake skin off the snake they call Tres Harrison.

BLACKOUT

INTERMISSION