

# The SeÑOR LORO Show



Written

by

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**COLD OPEN**

[NOTE: "Backstage segments": FILM. Sketches and "Live, before studio audience" sections: VIDEO.]

**INT. SOUNDSTAGE - EVENING**

Bleachers full of AUDIENCE CHATTERS in darkness, happily awaiting the fun!

AUDIENCE MEMBER

Latino puppets? Even freakin' Muppets  
got the boot! Puhlease, Hispanic shows  
never last. Network's like: Adios!

AUDIENCE MEMBER #2

Lucky if they don't get deported.

**INT. BACKSTAGE - BEHIND AUDIENCE BLEACHERS - CONTINUOUS**

BLUEBOX, a blue puppet alien, walks by with his headset, we follow him.

BLUEBOX  
(*blaccent; rants  
sarcastically*)

We met, Ned? This Bluebox. I'm a alien  
immigrant workin' non-union on this  
shit show! You gonna ask ME where that  
JIVE TURKEY is? Ninja -- he's  
repeating after somebody, squawking,  
laying a eeeeeegg, who knows?

He rushes past CONCHITA, a big headed, slanty-eyed Latina 'puppet-telenovela' actress standing behind the bleachers. She's primped by SAM PANCAKE, her gay costumer, pins in his mouth. He tries to say things, but she steamrolls him with her domineering Sofia Vergara-adjacent voice:

CONCHITA

Stop mumbling with those pins in your  
mouth. This is *America*, speak *Spanish*!

MARIO MARIPOSA, an effeminate male butterfly with a wobbly voice rushes in!

MARIO

CONCHITA! Conchita! I'm going to get  
depor --

CONCHITA **SLAPS** HIM HARD!

MARIO (CONT'D)

*Oh, pickles!* (he spits out white bits)  
You slapped a couple of my toothcaps  
off!

CONCHITA

Get your **chit** together Mario,  
butterflies don't have no teeth!

MARIO

Those must have been Tic-Tacs.

Sam makes a move to talk.

CONCHITA

Chatap! Jou Crazy? Why you working  
THIS chitty puppet chow? Mario, you're  
gonna get found out if you're on TV!  
(to Sam:) OW! TOO TIGHT, ESTUPIDO!

Sam rolls his eyes. FOLLOW Bluebox as he walks by.

BLUEBOX

THAT'S IT. I'm startin' this show.

That red coward better --

MORTIMER WEASEL, upscale, sounds like FRASIER, scurries past.

MORTIMER WEASEL

Go ahead, set him up for failure.

RONALDO, square headed person puppet looks & deep Spanish accented voice of an arrogant, Latino 'telenovela' star.

RONALDO

Bluesocks, does my tie make me look

gay?... *Do-Re-Mi-Fa-So-Laaaa.*

SCHMEDLEY, a fat boy puppet ambles by placing a squealing vintage crooner's microphone before Ronaldo.

SCHMEDLEY

No, the hand up your ass does though.

BLUEBOX

And in 3 ... 2 ... 1!

RONALDO  
(looking around)

Quuuéééééééééé? Where is Señor Loro?

**INT. THE RAFTERS OVERLOOKING THE STAGE - CONTINUOUS**

SEÑOR LORO, a big hyperventilating red, Cuban-accented parrot with a mustache, perches on metal beams. A brown, paper bag FANDANGO puppet approaches him.

FANDANGO PUPPET

Señor Loro, wondering if I could  
audition --

Loro grabs the puppet to his beak and breathes deep as it SCREAMS, EXPANDING & CONTRACTING. Loro's eyes are wide! He catches his breath, then lets go. The bag scuttles away!

SEÑOR LORO

Sorry, you're outta work, Fandango  
puppet. Might as well be good for  
something, no? ... *Que nervioso estoy!*

He sticks his beak into a bag marked: "Cannabis Seeds" and eats.

SEÑOR LORO (CONT'D)

Binge eating. Ugh. *Terrible!*

SEÑOR LORO'S POV FROM ABOVE - THE PUPPET BAND STARTS UP!

A HUMAN AUDIENCE WRANGLER signals the audience to CHEER!

SEÑOR LORO (CONT'D)

Oh no.

LOOKING DOWN FROM HIS BIRD'S EYE VIEW -- a soundstage studio with a large sitcom audience, and before them, a vast green screen cyc wall.

SEÑOR LORO (CONT'D)

Okay, here goes --

JIB SHOT FROM THIS HIGH ANGLE FOLLOWS SEÑOR LORO as he flies down from the rafters, trying to control his speed, but --

SEÑOR LORO (CONT'D)

Wooooowwww! Wooooowwww! Ay-Ay-AYYYY!

**CRASHES CENTERSTAGE** INSTEAD!

ANGLE - TELEVISION CAMERA'S POV - HE RISES INTO A MEDIUM SHOT. HIS HEAD SWOONS IN CIRCLES, EYES ROLLING AROUND in his head as he rights himself.

**AUDIENCE LAUGHS!**

SMASH TO BLACK.

ACT ONE

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

**LORO CRIES INTO HIS WING: ALL THE PUPPETS** slowly emerge from backstage, put their arms around Señor Loro in a colorful, caring tableau before the green screen. AUDIENCE MEMBERS check each other, worried for him.

SEÑOR LORO

I worked so hard on sticking that  
landing! Escaped freakin' Fidel  
Castro, did everything they taught me  
at Parrot Jungle in Miami. Said to  
myself: "I will build a *show*, and I  
will make *Netflix* pay for it!"

SCHMEDLEY

Listen, Free Range, I'm a prepubescent  
millennial who's overweight and snarky  
because my wealthy dad sells out to  
big pharma.

A talking marijuana plant.

MARY JUANA

I'm *high right now*... Wait. What's  
going on? Where're my seedlings?

CONCHITA

*Take it from an illegal cleaning lady*  
*with big dreams*, Señor Loro. These  
people expect us to act turnt. That's  
why we're stupid puppets.

RONALDO

This is what the audience finds most  
amusing, no? *Titeres* making mistakes.

CONCHITA

Puppets going mental, physical  
beatings. It's as old as Punch y Judy.

CONCHITA PUNCHES RONALDO! **AUDIENCE LAUGHS & CHEERS.**

CONCHITA (CONT'D)

See?

NAKED BOB, older dude, raspy voice. AUDIENCE GASPS & POINTS:

NAKED BOB

Laughter happens for many reasons.  
Take my *dick*, for example.

SCHMEDLEY

No, thanks.

NAKED BOB

Audiences like to gasp at my *ding-el-*  
*ing* & *cojones* ensconced within their  
cottony bed of finely cornrowed pubes.

RONALDO

Yes, let's take it Bob. And remove it  
from view, for the love of Puppet God.

MORTIMER WEASEL

Keep it in your pants, *Naked Bob*.

NAKED BOB

What pants?

BLUEBOX

Loro, get on with it, before our  
budget's blown on your played out  
nervous meltdown.

ANGLE - ALFONSO, a grey rat puppet, chomping a cigar.

ALFONSO

We'll join you for the theme song.  
Just set us up.

They jaunt away.

SEÑOR LORO  
(sniffling)

*Ay, okay, me siento mejor.* I feel  
better everyone, *gracias* for the love!  
Plus, the cannabis seeds I ate are  
juuuuust kicking in...

His eyes whirl around in his head.

MARY JUANA

My CHILDREN!

BLUEBOX  
(on headset, filtered)

Okay, we're doing the opening for real  
this time. Cue MUSIC and GO!

**GRAPHIC MUSICAL INTRO/TITLES SEQUENCE** INTERCUT WITH A  
SIMULTANEOUS **LIVE PERFORMANCE!**

RONALDO (V.O.)

Y AHORA, BROADCASTING FROM INSIDE A  
BIG BLUE CHUNK OF ROCK & AGUA,  
ROTATING AROUND A GIANT DIRT BALL *DE*  
*FUEGO!* IT'S THE SEÑOR LORO SHOW!

SCHMEDLEY

(sings)

*Los Titeres are funny, Los Titeres are  
fake! Los Titeres are puppets, That  
walk around awake!*

MONTAGE: The story in CARICATURE of Señor Loro as Fidel Castro's ex-pet parrot. He leaves Castro's bird cage, stows away on a ship to Miami. It sinks and the immigrants get eaten by sharks; he shrugs and flies the rest of the way.

SCHMEDLEY (CONT'D)

*So, Turn on the Salsa, 'Cause Life's a  
Fiesta, Grab hold of your Mama,  
Remember to laugh! Latinos love Loro --*

MONTAGE: Loro bounds around South Beach gathering Conchita, Ronaldo, Naked Bob, Mary Juana, Mario Mariposa and the rest of the puppet crew, who gather and ship themselves in boxes to Hollywood.

SEÑOR LORO

*And yes, we're taking over!*

A map shows their journey from Florida to California, the imagery turns into night in the city.

SCHMEDLEY

*Los Titeres are funny, Los Titeres are  
Gay, They'll ask you for some money,  
And then they'll run away.*

INTERCUT: THE NAMES & FACES OF THE PUPPET CAST with their respective puppeteer(s) seen somewhere in the design.

SCHMEDLEY (CONT'D)

*So turn on the Salsa, Cause Life's a  
Fiesta! Forget all the drama, Get  
ready for some gags! Los Titeres are  
wacky, Los Titeres are queer.*

(MORE)

SCHMEDLEY (CONT'D)

*They never dress in khaki. They're  
singing's kinda tacky. They're smoking  
up Tobac-ee. They're lacin' it with  
Crack-yy! Thank Goodness, They're  
Heeeeeeeeere!*

A SHINY NIGHTTIME CITYSCAPE is rolled on! THEME SONG ENDS AS the puppets get in a CLEVER TABLEAU! Above them, the title: "THE SEÑOR LORO SHOW", **explodes like a piñata**, with letters flying AT THE CAMERA!

SMASH CUT TO:

**EXT. AIRPORT - "NAKED BOB UBER DRIVER" - DAY**

An "UBER BLACK" luxury car picks up AN ACTOR wearing shades. It's **BRIAN BAUMGARTNER** ("Kevin" from *THE OFFICE* on NBC).

INT. CAR - DAY

BRIAN throws his luggage in the car.

NAKED BOB

Throw it all back there. You can ride  
up here with me.

BRIAN BAUMGARTNER

Oh, great, because I get dizzy in the  
back sea-- hey, dude, you're naked.

NAKED BOB

Yeah, I'm only wearing my seat belt  
because it's the law.

BRIAN BAUMGARTNER

Never mind. Isn't there some law  
against driving naked?

NAKED BOB

I'm nude, not naked. There's a difference. Nude is classy, like at an art gallery.

**HONKS** FROM BEHIND!

BRIAN BAUMGARTNER

I'll risk blowing chunks.

BRIAN jumps in the back seat.

NAKED BOB

I seen you in THE OFFICE, that old NBC sitcom? I chuckled. Lifted me up.

BRIAN BAUMGARTNER

I was afraid of that.

NAKED BOB

Whatchudoin' now as a has-been actor?

BRIAN BAUMGARTNER

This shit.

BRIAN takes off his JACKET.

NAKED BOB

Hey -- hey -- what are you doing?

BRIAN BAUMGARTNER

Taking off my jacket.

NAKED BOB

Hey, I don't roll that way -- so, maybe it's better if you keep your clothes on.

BRIAN: TAKE to the CAMERA. AUDIENCE LAUGHTER. MUSICAL STING.

CUT TO:

**INT. GREENSCREEN STAGE - "INTRODUCING NED'S HEAD" - NIGHT**

Señor Loro addresses the TITTING LIVE AUDIENCE:

SEÑOR LORO

*Hola everyone, our guest star esta*  
*running a little late, but en el*  
*meantime we present someone with a bad*  
*case of: EAR WORMS.*

He walks off. MUSICAL STING.

DISSOLVE TO:

ILLUSTRATED CUE CARD LIT WITH A SPOTLIGHT, OR SHORT ANIMATED SKETCH INTRO: **"INSIDE NED'S HEAD"**

A SMALL bedroom slides in, the green screen outside the windows dissolves to a sky blue.

**INT. MINIATURE BEDROOM - MORNING**

Early morning sun rises outside the window. Steady breathing underneath bed sheets, as we ZOOM CLOSER into the little set. Under the sheets, a meticulously crafted miniature puppet sleeps. ALARM CLOCK READS 7:00 AM. BZZZZZZ! NED, a bald, orange puppet man, about twice the size of a Doozer, with a foam head and bushy eyebrows for eyes, sits up and stretches awake.

GRUFF MAN VOICE (V.O.)

Ned, you're such an asshole.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Always on time to your job, so boring.

He slides his foot off the bed.

TEENAGER'S VOICE (V.O.)

Dude's sssooo ugly, braw.

Sets get moved in and out around Ned, creating the illusion that he walks into his bathroom.

**INT. BATHROOM - MORNING - CONTINUOUS**

ANGLE - NED looks at himself in the mirror.

GRUFF MAN VOICE (V.O.)

Ned, your hair's falling out. Your  
nose is too big. You don't even part  
your hair like a real person.

Ned brushes his teeth.

TEENAGER'S VOICE (V.O.)

Got jacked up teeth, Ned.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

You're bald, Ned. And not sexy bald.

Ned's pajamas fly off, underneath he's wearing a suit.

THE SET ARTFULLY MOVES AND ANOTHER MINIATURE SLIDES IN:

**EXT. GAS STATION - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

Ned pumps gas into his old, black 1920's Rolls-Royce.

GRUFF MAN VOICE (V.O.)

What a shitty hearse. Maybe if you had  
a red sports car, chicks would be into  
you. Probably not.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Don't expect to get a girlfriend with  
*this* clunker.

TEENAGER'S VOICE (V.O.)

Such an imbecile, gas is cheaper  
across the street!

Ned glances across the street and sees a sign that reads:  
"HEY, DUMBASS, CHEAPER GAS!". He drops his head in woe.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Ned, what would you do without us  
voices in your head to steer you right  
from wrong?

TEENAGER'S VOICE (V.O.)

Ned, you're alive, *but you're dead.*

Ned notices a YOGA STUDIO across the street. He hops in his car and drives over.

**EXT. YOGA STUDIO - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

A SKINNY GURU INDIAN GUY with a friendly face walks out, wearing an interesting turban and long white beard, gesturing him in.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Trying new things always leads to  
failure and folly, Ned.

NED and the INDIAN talk in MUSICAL NOTES, like adults in *Charlie Brown* cartoons.

TEENAGER'S VOICE (V.O.)

YOGA? What a waste of Time! You're  
such a waste of timer!

GRUFF MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

He's after your money with all that  
hooey, Ned. Don't be a fool... Uh, too  
late.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Women do not care for a Yoga Body.

THE MUSIC CHANGES to an Indian sounding, meditative melody.  
THE SET CHANGES.

**INT. YOGA STUDIO - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

INDIAN GURU gestures Ned to sit... He sits cross-legged and meditates. Guru indicates breathing. Ned immitates him.

CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY -- THEN **TILTS DOWN** to **REVEAL**: THE PUPPETEER who plays Ned, below, holding his rods. He is alarmed and unsure of how to react.

PULL BACK FURTHER TO REVEAL: THE THREE ACTORS who are THE VOICES in Ned's head! They break the camera's 4th wall by looking directly into it, spooked, LIKE DEER CAUGHT IN HEADLIGHTS PANICKED. Frightened by the light shining on them, they self-consciously scamper away.

CAMERA PANS SLOWLY past LIVE AUDIENCE REACTIONS, to Ned's nervous and awkward puppeteer. Then up his arm to:

NED -- who for once -- appears restful.

TWO SHOT: NED & THE GURU meditating. He opens his eyes, which part his bushy black eyebrows to reveal two twinkling OBSIDIAN PEEPERS.

NED LOOKS AT THE GURU, at peace.

DRAWING INTO A CLOSE-UP of Ned, who for the first time --  
-- SMILES.

**AUDIENCE APPLAUSE!**

FADE OUT.

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWOINT. SEÑOR LORO'S OFFICE - DAY

Homey and wooden, all of Señor Loro's awards, diplomas, and pictures of him with luminaries are generously posted over the walls, all of them clearly *Photoshopped*. A sturdy black leather swivel chair -- all built to scale for him. Señor Loro talks into an old style phone.

SEÑOR LORO

What do you mean stuck on the 405?

Listen to me, I need that Guest Star

Now! I told you, take LaBrea!

Señor Loro hangs up, looks down at a list. It reads: 1. OPEN EL SHOW 2. MAKE SURE GUEST STAR ARRIVED 3. IF BOTH FAIL, USE DRAWER... Señor Loro opens the drawer. A small black hand gun. He picks it up and puts it to his head. A KNOCK at the door. Loro puts the gun back in the drawer.

SEÑOR LORO (CONT'D)

*Entre, por favor!*

**ASHTON KUTCHER** OPENS THE DOOR. **AUDIENCE APPLAUSE!**

ASHTON KUTCHER

Oh my God, it's you! Señor Loro! Got  
*un momento?*

SEÑOR LORO

QUÉ? *Of course* I have a moment for the  
star of THAT 70'S SHOW! Huge fan. Your  
pleasure to meet me!

ASHTON KUTCHER

Honored. Just wanted to stop by and  
add my voice to the chorus of moral  
support.

SEÑOR LORO

A chorus? That'll break our budget!

ASHTON KUTCHER

No, no. Everyone's been saying great things about your show in the press and the ratings aren't even in!

SEÑOR LORO  
(blinks blankly)

Really? I thought ratings were discontinued because Neilsen doesn't count ethnic people and Netflix doesn't give a flying fu --

ASHTON KUTCHER

I talked to everyone about this variety show and people are psyched to act in an adult puppet show. Plus, with Trump as prez, immigrants are in right now -- and hilarious!

SEÑOR LORO

Even our contract is funny, cause what we pay is a joke.

ASHTON KUTCHER

Just to work with "Los Titeres", celebs like me'll work for free. Who just won an Oscar a few years ago? A Mexican. For what? Birdman.

SEÑOR LORO

Wow, you're right! I'm a bird, man!...  
I can't believe we're so hot right  
now!

ASHTON KUTCHER

Yup, that's the word on Sesame Street,  
so get excited! HBO might be into it!

SEÑOR LORO

Well I'll be a tarred, feathered and  
punked! You've just put the wind  
beneath my wings, *amigo*!

ASHTON KUTCHER

I gotta run, Netflix just texted me.

SEÑOR LORO

Thanks for the moral boost, Wilmer  
Valderrama! You know, you don't look  
Latino.

ASHTON walks out of the office.

**INT. HALLYWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

Conchita, Ronaldo, Mary Juana, Mortimer Weasel, Alfonso and  
Schmedley are there. The latter with stacks of cash in hand.

CONCHITA

Alright, Schmedley.

Schmedley hands the ASHTON a stack of Benjamins.

ASHTON KUTCHER

Nice doing business with you pathetic  
hacks. Shit's gonna get cancelled so  
fast, your heads are gonna spin.

A FEW PUPPETS with SPINNING HEADS walk past.

RONALDO

Our heads spin anyway.

ASHTON does a sad TAKE to the CAMERA, AUDIENCE LAUGHS. He walks off counting his cash --

**INT. SEÑOR LORO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Señor Loro talks to a fake Emmy he's holding.

SEÑOR LORO

One day, I will own you and you won't  
be plastic.

FRANTIC DOOR KNOCK! MARIO WALKS IN, OUT OF BREATH.

SEÑOR LORO (CONT'D)

Breathe, Mario. Breathe!

MARIO

I have no lungs! Señor Loro? I'm gonna  
get deported! Help! *Auxilio!*

SEÑOR LORO

*Ay Díos Mio!*

HE FAINTS, EYES WHIRRING IN HIS HEAD, WITH A **THUMP!** ...  
Mario's cellphone **DINGS!** He pulls it out and SNAPS a WIDE  
ANGLE pic of LORO splayed out on the ground.

MARIO

Hola Twitter. This is my boss fainting  
when I told him I'm getting deported!

Mario does a bouncy walk out of Loro's office. FOLLOW MARIO:

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

Engrossed in Tweeting, he walks down the hallway and YELLS  
half-heartedly, glancing around:

MARIO

Help! *Auxilio! Donde esta* that stupid

P.A.? ... Señor Loro fainted again!

A BIG GAY BEAR make-up artist turns to Mario from the make-up chairs, and shrugs as he also looks for the P.A.

MARIO (CONT'D)

(typing)

To the Orange Troll harassing me:

*#YouCanKissMySanctuaryCity'sCulo!*

BEAR

Give hurrerr the tea and ssseeend that

*Tweet, girl.*

Satisfied with himself and reaffirmed, MARIO sends the Tweet: **BLOOOP!** ... The bear hugs him till he can't breathe.

CUT TO:

ILLUSTRATED CUE CARD LIT WITH A SPOTLIGHT, OR SHORT ANIMATED SKETCH INTRO: "**CLUB BLESSING**"

**INT. GAY CLUB - NIGHT**

GAY GUYS & GIRLS DANCING. Out of the crowd of dancing puppets **NEIL PATRICK HARRIS** & his husband **DAVID BURTKA** emerge.  
**AUDIENCE APPLAUSE!**

NEIL

It's gotta be someone unique we're  
both into.

DAVID

Neil, we have completely opposite  
tastes because opposites attract,  
remember?

NEIL

David, do you wanna save this gay marriage or what? We have to find something magical, special, with no strings attached.

DAVID

That's right. No marionettes... It's gonna take a miracle, but okay, okay, I'll go along with it... I don't see anyone who --

DANCE MUSIC RAMPS UP. Out of a PUFF of SMOKE and RAINBOW COLORED LIGHTS appears a **PUPPET UNICORN**, dancing gaily.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Oh, my God, NEIL. You seein' this?

NEIL

With that *horn*? I'm totally interested.

DAVID

I'm horned up already.

They LAUGH, and high five, then make out. They approach the Unicorn, dancing. They talk over the music:

NEIL

Hi! I'm Neil and this is David! What's your name?

UNICORN

Unicornelius.

NEIL

Wow. Pretty Cool.

DAVID

Original. Yeah, has a ring to it.

UNICORN

You guys a couple?

NEIL

DAVID

No.

Yes.

UNICORN (CONT'D)

What?

NEIL

DAVID

Yes.

No.

NEIL

I mean, we're open.

UNICORN

Oh, I see, "open marriage".

DAVID

You?

UNICORN

I usually impale couples like  
yourselves, but I'm going through a  
monogamy phase right now. Not really  
horny.

NEIL

(noting unicorn's horn)

I beg to differ.

UNICORN

Thanks.

DAVID

We're just trying to keep our thing  
fresh. Looking for that unique,  
singular, magical, mythical being  
that'll attract us both long enough  
for a quick fun fling, yet not  
threaten our relationship.

NEIL

We think you are so sexy.

UNICORN

Oh, you mean sex? I meant literally  
impaling. I only do sex with Elves.  
And not the Keebler kind, the Lord of  
the Rings kind.

NEIL

I guess we'll move on.

UNICORN

What a blessing.

NEIL

No need to be rude.

UNICORN

Oh, no, a blessing of unicorns just  
walked into the bar. Sure you heard of  
a school of fish, a gaggle of gays?  
Well this is a blessing of unicorns.

SIX SEXY, MUSCULAR PUPPET UNICORNS LOOK AROUND.

NEIL

Blessing indeed!

DAVID

Neil, I think we're in Luck!

UNICORN

They're all straight.

MUSCLE UNICORNS 'GAY DANCE' UNDER A MIRRORED BALL TO **TECHNO**.

OFF NEIL & DAVID'S deflated glances to each other --

**AUDIENCE LAUGHTER & APPLAUSE.**

FADE OUT.

ACT THREE

INT. SEÑOR LORO'S OFFICE - DAY

In CRASH Conchita & Ronaldo.

CONCHITA

Hey, Señor Loco? We want raises!

SEÑOR LORO

The show hasn't even started making  
*dinero* yet.

Mary Juana glides in with Mortimer Weasel.

MARY JUANA

Two wishes: Help me get federally  
legalized and get Naked Bob to stop  
reeking of patchouli and ball sweat.

Schmedley waddles in. They CROWD AROUND LORO ominously. MORE PUPPETS AMASS! Schmedley presses up close to Señor Loro. All of them are backing him against the wall.

SEÑOR LORO'S POV - FISHEYE LENS

SCHMEDLEY

Mister Loro, I propose to buy this sad  
sack operation with my daddy's  
corporate cash. We'll make this train  
wreck show into one big Schmedley's  
Schocolates infomercial!

Señor Loro slowly opens the desk drawer again. LORO'S POV, LOOKING UP - THEY ALL YELL, lights get ominous, as Señor Loro trembles.

Horror lighting. A ROOM FULL of Puppets YELLING what they want from Señor Loro! Backed up against the wall, Señor Loro reaches into a drawer with his wing, grabs the GUN and POINTS IT AT THEM! THEY GRUMBLE, RAISING THEIR ARMS!

Señor Loro WHIPS the gun around, TURNING IT ON HIMSELF! THEY GASP!

SEÑOR LORO

That's it! I'll blow my own brains out! Then, no show! Gimme one good reason you'd gang up on me like this!

RONALDO

Actually, it's uh, because this is --

CONCHITA

This is *el episodio piloto*, *estupido!*

All of us have to get discreetly introduced, create conflicts, y wind up where we started! *Gracias por nada!*

WIDE SHOT - ALL THE PUPPETS, disappointedly GRUMBLE, and exit. Señor Loro breathes a sigh of relief and SQUIRTS water from the gun at Mary Juana, who's last on his/her way out.

MARY JUANA

Really? *Agua?* You just ruined my high, Buzzkiller. Warning: this comedy show of yours gets any darker, it's gonna get *shot by the po-po!*

SEÑOR LORO

Get out!

MARY JUANA

*Gracias gay por the agua*, I was a parched hermaphrodite... Smoke ya *laaaayyyter!*

SEÑOR LORO

*FUERA!* Talking marijuana plants, ay-ay-  
ay!

Ambles over, YELLS OUT HIS OFFICE DOOR as puppets walk by.

SEÑOR LORO (CONT'D)

I should just pull a *Game of Thrones*,  
and get rid of all your asses!

SLAMS his DOOR SHUT!

SEÑOR LORO (CONT'D)

Like I'm afraid today's guest star's  
been! Ay Díos, Mio! Where the hell is  
he and that dumb production guy *con mi*  
*cafésito Cubano?*

CUT TO:

**INT. UBER CAR - DAY**

BRIAN fans himself with a newspaper, boiling hot.

BRIAN BAUMGARTNER

Doesn't this car have A/C?

NAKED BOB

Busted. That's how come we got this  
clunker for so cheap.

BRIAN BAUMGARTNER

Must've been a steal.

NAKED BOB

Stole it from my grandmother.

BRIAN BAUMGARTNER

That's horrible.

NAKED BOB

She don't care. She's decomposing as  
we speak.

He SLAMS ON THE BREAKS. Brian hits his head.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - CAR JAM - DAY**

Before them: A SEA OF BREAK LIGHTS.

**INT. UBER CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

Car rocks forward.

BRIAN BAUMGARTNER

Heeeeeyyyy! I'm nauseous back here!

NAKED BOB

T.F.N.R. -- Traffic For No Reason.

BRIAN BAUMGARTNER

We ever gonna get to your damn studio?

NAKED BOB

WAZE app says we'll get there in a few  
days.

BREAKS! Again BRIAN is BATTERED AROUND the back seat.

BRIAN BAUMGARTNER

Whiplash!

Brian brings his head into view.

NAKED BOB

No Prob... Emergency neck brace!

Bob presses a button on his front console. A TRAP DOOR OPENS  
ABOVE BRIAN'S HEAD. A neck brace **POPS HIM ON THE HEAD AS IT  
DROPS, KNOCKING HIM DOWN!** Bob seems unconcerned.

SMASH CUT TO:

ILLUSTRATED CUE CARD LIT WITH A SPOTLIGHT, OR SHORT ANIMATED  
SKETCH INTRO: **"SMOKE 'EM!"**

**INT. MARIJUANA DISPENSARY IN A BLACK VOID**

GLASS PIPES appear from below as the SHOT WIDENS to REVEAL A DREAM-LIKE, COLORFUL MARIJUANA DISPENSARY with bongos, pipes and assorted paraphernalia. On a table by the window of the crowded store, we CLOSE IN ON: THREE PLANTS shaking and shimmying to the SOUND of a 1960's HIPPIE VIBES TUNE. They turn around and we REVEAL: THEY'RE MARIJUANA PLANTS with PUPPET FACES: SMOKEY (chubby surfer), DEWEY (skinny nerd) flanking MARY JUANA (sexy hermaphrodite, working a *Spanish meets Brazilian* drawl).

SMOKEY

Mary Juana and Dewey, me likey smokin'  
'em.

DEWEY

I prefer to eat, myself, Smokey.  
Digestin' em fucks you up nooice!

MARY JUANA

Get your heads outta your grasses,  
buds, and vaporize.

SMOKEY

Smokey likey to light 'em up old  
school.

MARY JUANA

Gets to the point where I do it so  
much, I don't even get high anymore.

DEWEY

Nice and fresh, Mary.

MARY JUANA

Show me the jar, Dewey.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL THE JAR. POUNDING AT THE GLASS INSIDE are: **JUSTIN BIEBER**, **SETH ROGEN** and **ASHTON KUTCHER**... Mary Juana picks up a cricket-sized JUSTIN BIEBER and pops him in a vaporizing contraption.

JUSTIN

Ooh Baby, you don't wanna smoke me!

AaaaahhhH!

Mary flicks it on and he is instantly INCINERATED as the GIANT MARY JUANA PLANT takes a deep toke from a black rubber hose. She exhales the vapor trails of Justin Bieber.

MARY JUANA

Totally not high. Weak shiiiiieeett.

SMOKEY

No real dankness. Just a lot of noise  
in your head when you smoke Bieber.

MARY JUANA

I like to hear them scream when they  
fry. Gimme the pre-incineration  
screams of Gloria Estefan, and a side  
yelping of Charlie Cheen any day!

Plants LAUGH, as SMOKEY lights up a rolled-up, screaming person.

SMOKEY

Ahhhhhh -- wacky tobackee. Congress  
should be required to inhale.

He exhales at US. SMOKE FILLS THE SCREEN.

**INT. STUDIO GREEN ROOM**

PULL BACK FROM A SMOKE-FILLED SCREEN MONITOR finding Mary Juana, sitting with **SNOOP DOGG & ENTOURAGE**, in a smoky room, token'. **AUDIENCE APPLAUSE!**

SNOOP DOGG

Momma Mary Juana, that joint funk'd me  
uuuup!

MARY JUANA

Now you know how I feel.

Mind tripped by the story, they all nod 'yes'.

SNOOP DOGG

This some next level spliff shizzle

right there, yo!

POV of the TV - OFF THEIR EYES PEELED ON US:

CUT TO:

**INT. HALLWAY - BACKSTAGE - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

A FEMALE SHADOW walks up to a door marked with a golden star and a sign that reads "CONCHITA". IT KNOCKS. Conchita's door opens on its own. CONCHITA's putting on make-up before a vanity mirror with her back to us. **EVA LONGORIA** STEPS in to **AUDIENCE APPLAUSE!**

EVA LONGORIA

Ten seconds, yo.

CONCHITA launches her hairbrush at EVA, who ducks. It CRACKS THE CAMERA LENS.

ANGLE - in front of the make up mirror.

CONCHITA

Yo me llamo Conchita, *mocosa*, which  
means booger-nose *en Español!*

She saunters to the DOOR.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)

When I asked for good help, I meant  
Octavia Spencer! She doesn't waste  
time with shit. Send me the P.A. If  
you find him.

SLAMS THE DOOR ON EVA's stunned face.

**INT. CONCHITA'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Ronaldo standing at another side of the dressing room, paces nervously, looking at his lines.

CONCHITA

Ronaldo, confront that chicken! Tell him we are not making enough *dinero*!

RONALDO

*Pero* Conchita, we don't even know our lines.

CONCHITA

Whatever -- I'm a great improviser.

DOOR KNOCK.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)

QUÉ? Go away, Eva Longoria!

**EXT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

SCHMEDLEY

You were on ten seconds ago.

**INT. CONCHITA'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

CONCHITA

Tell them to roll it!

Schmedley opens the door, holding a clipboard.

SCHMEDLEY

Ronaldo's gotta introduce!

He runs away.

CONCHITA

Get out there, Ronaldo, and get outta my way!

They both get JAMMED IN THE DOOR FRAME trying to run out!

**INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

FOLLOW CONCHITA as she breaks free and does a MAD DASH through the LABYRINTHINE hallways backstage, breathing heavily.

**INT. HALLWAYS - DAY**

Hallways are filled with sight gags: Puppets are -- for no good reason -- in her way: A TURTLE trips her as he waddles by, Conchita's make-up artist SAM PANCAKE adds finishing touches on the go.

As Conchita RUNS by, we 'SCREECH TO A STOP' BEFORE OUR OLD FASHIONED SQUARE MIKE: Ronaldo runs into FRAME, completely out of breath, gags, reaches for the MIKE, takes a deep breath in and intones his silkiest, calmest baritone:

RONALDO

Y AHORA CON USTEDES... LA TITERE-

NOVELA MAS POPULAR DE LOS TITERES:

***EL AMOR DE CONCHITA Y RONALDO!***

CUT TO:

**INT. GREENSCREEN - DAY**

Conchita huffs and pratfalls her way on stage, managing to stand in silhouette for a moment before the greenscreen cyc wall, as it turns to blue.

**INT. LATIN SOAP OPERA LIVING ROOM - DAY**

THE AUDIENCE WAITS IN SILHOUETTE. Pieces of furniture slide in as lights come up, and the stage behind her fades into a kitschy Latin soap opera living room set.

LIGHTS UP ON: Conchita stands HOLDING A MARTINI, WHICH SHE SWISHES AROUND, SPILLING & SLOSHING randomly.

RONALDO and EVA dressed in a sexy MAID uniform, fall out of a closet, kissing to **AUDIENCE LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE.**

CONCHITA turns around. They immediately change poses. He lights and brandishes a Cuban cigar. EVA feather dusts.

CONCHITA

*Ronaldo! Hijo de Puta! You have the*

*COJONES to show up Here?*

MUSICAL STING: *INTRIGUE*.

RONALDO

Conchita!

CONCHITA

After what you did to me and my  
family? *All* of that cocaine?

MUSICAL STING: *DRAMA*.

RONALDO

Conchita!

CONCHITA

You should be ashamed to drag around  
those chenille balls and that felt tip  
*pinga*.

RONALDO

Conchita, control yourself!

CONCHITA

This show is rated R, motherf--!

CONCHITA launches the MARTINI at him. It SHATTERS on the floor!

CONCHITA (CONT'D)

My Mother told me not to marry you,  
too rich, too plastic, too fake!

Ronaldo, you aren't *real*!

She turns around, facing away from him and cries dramatically. MUSIC: *DRAMATIC STRINGS*... Ronaldo takes this as a moment to make out with the maid.

RONALDO

Conchita, I love you.

CONCHITA

I know.

She spins around to them. The maid is back to dusting. Ronaldo turns and runs to Conchita to the sound of HARP MUSIC in faux SLOW MOTION created by the puppeteers. They meet!

RONALDO

Conchita -- I -- I have always loved  
you, inside and out.

He holds her by the shoulders, sometimes grabbing her side boob. She shoos his hand away.

RONALDO (CONT'D)

I love the inner hand that moves you,  
your METALLIC, HIGH PITCHED CAR ALARM  
of a voice -- Conchita, I am yours!

CONCHITA

I know.

RONALDO

You know all this?

CONCHITA

I know what you're porking the MAID  
behind my back, you BASTARDO!

She SLAPS him and STOMPS on his FOOT, runs to the door.

RONALDO

Ow! Conchita, but what about your  
mother's inheritance? I get half!

MUSIC: *DRAMATIC STING.*

CONCHITA

I'll see you in court!

RONALDO

Quééééééé?????!

CONCHITA turns to the MAID.

CONCHITA

Ever heard of BUJERÍA?

Conchita pulls out a voodoo doll of the maid and CRACKS it's neck! The MAID's neck SPASMS, and she falls to the floor with a THUMP.

RONALDO

What have you done, Conchita?!

DRAMATIC MUSIC STING: THE MAID lies MOTIONLESS.

CONCHITA

No, RONALDO, it's: What am I about to

DO TO YOU?

Conchita raises her arms into frame, scissors placed delicately under the rather large balls of a Ronaldo voodoo DOLL! MUSIC: *DRAMATIC STING!* **AUDIENCE LAUGHS!**

SEÑOR LORO  
(backstage, looking on:)

This is too much: CUT!

CONCHITA SNIPS HIS BALLS. RONALDO FEELS IT!

RONALDO

Ay, DIOS MIO -- AAAAArrrgghhhhh!

He faints: CRASHES ON THE FLOOR!

CONCHITA

*That's* for enjoying the kissing with  
that trollop!

EVA LONGORIA

Hey, I'm a legitimate actress! C'mon,  
lean in, bitch! I was on *The Simpsons!*

CONCHITA

Actress? Please, I've seen more legit  
facial expressions at Chuck E.

Cheese's Pizza Time Theatre.

EVA SLAPS CONCHITA and STORMS OFF.

CONCHITA (CONT'D)

AY! I'm gonna get my cousin Yoyi to  
mess you up, *puta!*

RISING INTO FRAME FROM BELOW.

RONALDO

Isn't your cousin Yoyi in jail?

CONCHITA

Yeah, but he's a schitzophrenic with  
Turrets! He'll go apeshit with the  
Twitter slut shaming! And as for you!

She punches him in the gut -- he goes down again.

PAN ACROSS **AUDIENCE APPLAUSE**, at the end of which is a little  
puppet stage. Behind it's parted red curtains stand two  
classic puppet characters: PUNCH & JUDY, HAPPILY CLAPPING AS  
WELL!

JUDY then grabs a stick and WHACKS PUNCH over the head  
several times till he goes down. **AUDIENCE LAUGHS.**

FADE OUT.

**TAG**

**EXT. STUDIO ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

A limo drives up to the entrance.

NAKED BOB

That's it! We're here, Superstar.

From the back seat, an exhausted BRIAN BAUMGARTNER peers over, wearing a ridiculous neck brace.

BRIAN BAUMGARTNER

Finally...

NAKED BOB

Yeah, now take off the neck brace, man  
up, and go in there and break a leg!

**INT. GREEN SCREEN - NIGHT**

The LIVE **AUDIENCE TITTERS**. All the puppets are on stage, behind an apologetic Señor Loro, including our human CELEBRITIES. From the side of the stage NAKED BOB runs on:

SEÑOR LORO

Ladies y Gentlemen, *por favor* avert  
your eyes from Naked Bob's *pipi*  
flopping aimlessly on stage!

NAKED BOB whispers into Señor Loro's ear.

SEÑOR LORO (CONT'D)

Please welcome our D-List CELEBRITY

GUEST STAR, MISTER BRIAN BAUMGARTNER!

Pushed on, a confused BRIAN walks in to MUSICAL FANFARE and **APPLAUSE**! He smiles, waves to the audience, and opens his mouth to speak:

SEÑOR LORO (CONT'D)

HASTA LUEGO from all the TITERES on:

**THE SEÑOR LORO SHOW!**

**AUDIENCE LAUGHS!** A LIVE BAND PLAYS a JAZZY VERSION OF THE THEME SONG. **AUDIENCE APPLAUSE & CHEERS!**

**CREDITS ROLL** over BRIAN looking confused with the cast around him, deciding to put the neck brace back on, and go strangle NAKED BOB!

TWO POLICE OFFICERS push a handcuffed MARIO MARIPOSA across the stage.

MARIO

Help! *Auxilio!*

SEÑOR LORO

Immigration hauling you away, Mario?

MARIO

I started a *War of Titter* con Donald

Trump! Help! *Auxilio!*

The AUDIENCE STANDS from their seats on risers and walks over, mixing and mingling with the PUPPETS and CELEBS in candid shots, hugging and snapping selfies. FOLLOW BLUEBOX as he walks by on his headset.

BLUEBOX

Alright, I'm callin' cut -- y'all go

home! This some bullshit.

PAST HIM, TO FOLLOW --

**INT. BACK CORNER OF A BLEACHER - DAY**

LOW ANGLE - SEÑOR LORO approaches the backstage, area and spots something below.

SEÑOR LORO

There you are, P.A.! You did horrible

job today! *Bad. Malo! Muy mal trabajo!*

*Do better! ...*

Sitting in a little desk with a miniature coffee cup and piles of wee papers is: **NED!**

*SEÑOR LORO (CONT'D)*

Pero we love you because you're cheap  
puppet labor so take these two dollars  
y come back *mañana!*

P.A.'s POV - Loro throws a couple of dollars at the CAMERA.

NED grabs the dollars and rolls them up into a mini-backpack. Standing up, he turns to a rack beside him holding his coat and hat and puts them on.

SEÑOR LORO walks off exasperated, muttering nonsense to himself. Ned shrugs.

NED'S MINIATURE CAR SET gets wheeled over to him, and we PULL BACK TO SEE his puppeteer put Ned in the car, and manipulate Ned to toss his belongings in the back seat.

Behind the car is a handcrafted painting of a beautiful, sunny day on a canvas rolled in a loop. Puppeteers scroll it behind the buggy giving the illusion of movement.

As the camera MOVES IN, ONCE AGAIN FRAMING ONLY NED, NOW IN HIS CAR with THE TRAVELING BACKGROUND IN MOTION, he turns his face to US, opens his bushy eyebrows revealing two beady black eyes.

NED WINKS and SMILES as he drives the buggy along happily.

WE PULL BACK for the curious viewer and for a few moments REVEAL the PUPPETEERS AT WORK.

FADE OUT.

**END OF SHOW**