

The Last Laugh

By

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INT. RALPH'S LAFF SHACK COMEDY CLUB - EVENING

A dirty bar hall. Neon lights. A REPORTER BABBLES on a TV. MYLAR (30s) stands before a microphone in a silver suit. Grim expression on his face. A FAT PATRON drops a beer bottle. SMASH. Everyone sits in stunned silence. Mylar glares.

MYLAR

You chuckle-heads hear what I said? The President said 97 minutes. Git home and hug your families!

Patrons stampede towards the exit. The room's cleared in seconds. Overturned tables - and silence.

MYLAR

Well, that was fun.

A NOISE behind him. Mylar spots DONNIE (20s) on stage. Thin and despondent. A crumpled show-bill in his hand.

MYLAR

Who the blue balls are you?

DONNIE

Uh, Donnie Tuska. From Patchogue?  
You hired me as a follow-up gig. After  
Busty Barbie's Magic Act.

MYLAR

Oh. New guy. Show's cancelled onna count  
of apocalypse. Scram the hell home.

DONNIE

I got no family. This was supposed to be  
my break.

MYLAR

For fuck's sake...

Donnie's lower lip trembles. Mylar's face twists in annoyance - then gives way to sympathy. He hands Donnie the microphone. He jumps off the stage, into a chair.

MYLAR

Fine. Your show. Gimme what ya got.

Donnie smiles - surprised. He clutches the microphone.

DONNIE

...Nice crowd we got here.

MYLAR

Chop chop on the delivery. The end of the world's on its way. Word of advice. Stay topical. Seinfeld jokes are mega lame.

DONNIE

Current? Um, guess I'm not killing it tonight. Unlike Asteroids I could name.

Mylar cracks a tiny smile. A reaction noticed by Donnie.

DONNIE

Speaking of names, what's the deal with KT-1887? How uncreative can you be? You wanna call something a bomb, how about 'Adam Sandler'? Or 'Mall Cop 15?'

Mylar SNICKERS, then glances at TV. Scenes of devastation in the street. A tear rolls down his face.

DONNIE

And "Ass-teroid"? A blast that'll wipe out life as we know it? Sounds like a Rosanne Barr fart to me!

Mylar LAUGHS and CLAPS his hands. Wipes the tear away.

DONNIE

Can you imagine what Facebook looks like right now? Pictures of everyone's last meal. And what about those selfies? It's the ultimate photo bomb!

Mylar stares at his watch. 50 minutes and counting. He looks Donnie over. The kid's nervous, but at least he's distracted. Mylar SIGHS. Sits back and CHUGS a beer.

MYLAR

Keep the funnies going, kid. You and me, we got allllll night..

EXT. RALPH'S LAFF SHACK COMEDY CLUB

The door's open. Donnie's voice echoes into the night.

DONNIE

...can you imagine the sex tapes getting uploaded? Shit's gonna get realll funky!

Mylar BELLY LAUGHS. Donnie's attentive audience of one...