

LAST WEEK'S LATE NIGHTS LIVE

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CHARACTERS

Saint Genesis

Karen Knox

Judy Ranshaw

Voice Over

SETTING

The present.

A late night talk show set. Similar to Jimmy Fallon's set, the background should be a skyline of model buildings, preferably built of cardboard.

During Genesis's monologue, feel free to project images in the back which illustrate the topics he touches on, in the style of a late-night monologue.

Lights up on a late-night talk show set. Insanely upbeat piped-in talk show music plays, canned audience applause comes from speakers located behind the audience.

VOICE OVER

Welllllcommmmmeeee... to Last Week's Late Nights Live with your host... the one, the only, the incomparable, indestructible, the horrific, the wonderful, the terrifying, the beautiful and the eternal SAINT GENESIUS

SAINT GENESIUS runs onstage with an athletic, healthy jog. He is Jimmy Fallon, Seth Meyers, Stephen Colbert and Hell Itself rolled into one.

SAINT GENESIUS

Welcome, WELCOME, to Last Week's Late Nights Live! I'm your host Saint, but you can call be Gene. How we doing out there?

Canned audience applause.

Come on, I said HOW WE DOING OUT THERE?

Exactly the same canned audience applause.

I CAN'T HEAR YOU!

A pained, piercing and VERY LOUD screeching noise emanates from the back of the audience. Gene has no reaction.

That's more like it! Welcome to Last Week's Late Nights Live! Because last week's late nights will always live on. Now, as you *might* know, this past week we have had a whole lot... of late

nights.

Unprecedented wind and FIRE has ravaged the midwest for THREE days straight. Oh, what's that... oh it's been three weeks? Sorry guys, my bad it's just, the midwest's so polite they didn't let us know until recently!

Canned laughter.

But in all seriousness, the fires have reached unprecedented highs and show no sign of backing down... And you know what that means- flights from NYC to LAX are delayed!!!

Canned laughter.

The government has declined to admit that this is a natural disaster, stating instead that foreign agents in SOUTH AMERICA started these fires as a protest against the United State's refusal to stop stealing water and food from foreign countries - wait, I'm sorry, did I say stealing? I meant, ummm... long-term borrowing.

Gene winks at the audience. Canned laughter.

That's the term they've been using, long-term borrowing - uhhh, sorry Mr. Policeman, I wasn't *stealing* the woman's handbag, I was simply *borrowing* it!!!

Canned laughter.

Except in this situation the handbag
contains all our food and water and the
woman is all other nations.

Canned laughter.

But there's been some good news this
week... for starters, rates of teen lung
cancer have been making a sharp
decrease! Since the ban on smoking
street waste has been passed, teens
have stopped getting high off trash and
focusing on making change that lasts...

Teen activists have been taking to the
streets in protest of the government's
inaction on the fires, with several
young people slowly bleeding out on the
steps of the capitol in hopes it will
spark change.

It will be a strange experience for all
of us to walk into a classroom and *not*
have it smell like burning trash, but
it looks like the kids have already
found another way to slowly and
painfully end their own lives!

Canned laughter.

And, other than that it's news as
always - boiling temperatures, child
mortality, and a thriving economy! But
we've got a GREAT show for you tonight!
First up, some comedy from
up-and-coming glamorous singing
comedienne Karen Knox!!!

Canned applause begins.

And after that... a little lady of pop
who has been making heads turn, misses
Judy Ranshawwwwww!!!!

Canned applause continues.

We'll be right back after this break!

*ALL LIGHTS TURN OFF, all sound cuts off, and Gene lies on the
ground, breathing steadily for 15 seconds.*

*ALL LIGHTS COME BACK ON, and Gene jumps right back up as if
nothing happened. Upbeat music begins playing.*

SAINT GENESIUS

Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to
introduce a very funny and very
glamorous woman of style... Karen Knox!

*Karen Knox enters. A grand piano is wheeled out behind her and a
microphone on a stand is placed in front of her. She is ancient
and has long, undulating blonde hair. She wears a feather
trimmed dressing gown and silk slip dress, and is holding 10-20
martini glasses at various levels of fullness.*

*A piano begins to play a slow, mournful jazz tune. The following
song is performed as if it is riddled with punchlines.*

KAREN KNOX (*Singing*)

How will I ever know what's right or
wrong?
How will I know what notes to sing
where in each song?
When the world's gone and turned on its
head...

How can I be moral and upstanding and
good?

When nobody will tell me what I
shouldn't and I should?
Oh! the world's gone and turned on its
head...

My sister told me to be kind to all who
you meet,
But my sister ended up selling trash on
the street
My mama taught me murder's bad and
lovin' is swell-
But then my daddy killed her, told me
to go to hell!
And my daddy was rich and my momma was
poor
So I guess there's no way to know for
sure!

Canned laughter.

KAREN KNOX (*Cont.*)

How will we ever know what's right or
wrong?
How will we know what notes to sing
where in each song?
When the world's gone and turned on its
head...

How can I be moral and upstanding and
good?
When nobody will tell me what I
shouldn't and I should?
Oh! the world's gone and turned on its
head...

I used to think the government should
solve every problem solvable
But then I realized helping everyone
was impossible

If you help one person, you gotta hurt
another
So there is no way for us all to
coexist with each other
Give up! Start over! Give up while you
can!
A constant stream of pain is the fate
of all man!

Canned laughter.

When I... Gave up!! That's when I became
free.
When I... Gave up!! And only focused on
me!!!
When I... Gave up!!! And resigned myself
to a *PAINED REALITY!!!*
That's when... things started... Looking up
for me!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

BIG canned laughter.

Oh, I know I'll never know what's right
or wrong!
I'm terrible at singing and I hate all
songs!
And the world's gonna keep turning on
its head...

Why be upstanding? Or moral? Or good?
You never will be, so you never should!
Let the world... keep turning on it's
head!

*Terrible, loud, rising laughter engulfs the audience. Canned
laughter layered on canned laughter, applause on applause, until
the speaker maxes out and starts breaking and making terrible
feedback noises.*

Karen Knox is accepting the praise of the audience with open arms.

Gene bullets up from his chair, pushes Karen to the ground and grabs the microphone. The applause cuts out immediately. Gene lip syncs to the following text, the sound of which becomes increasingly warbled:

VOICE OVER

I let you laugh. I let you laugh. I let
you laugh and laugh and laugh.
Eternally I will let you laugh. If you
laugh hard enough you will close your
eyes.

Silence.

SAINT GENESIUS

We'll be right back after this break!

ALL LIGHTS TURN OFF, all sound cuts off, and Gene lies on the ground.

Karen stares at him for a moment, and then gathers her things and exits the stage, coming into the audience. She looks around confused, as if she cannot see anyone there. She then exits through the back of the house.

ALL LIGHTS TURN ON and Gene jumps back up as if nothing happened. Upbeat music begins playing.

SAINT GENESIUS

And now, the moment you've all been
waiting for... our favorite cynical pop
star, the hottest celebrity on the
ticket right now, fresh off the release
of her album

He holds up a copy of the record on his desk. He reads the title from the record.

SAINT GENESIUS

"Death is all we know and all we will ever know, to be brave is to be helpless, let all which you fear engulf you and in so be reborn"... this album has been topping all the charts, give a big warm welcome to JUDY RANSHAWWWWWW!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Upbeat music becomes louder.

JUDY RANSHAW is wearing a huge shapeless black mass and has long oily black hair obscuring her face. She is carried on by a large hulking figure that throws her into the guest's seat opposite Gene's.

Applause begins, and lasts for a long time. Too long. Almost two minutes, maybe. Suddenly, Judy stirs and rolls over to her side, and the applause cuts out immediately. Judy throws up behind her chair, and the applause starts up again. Judy rolls back into her seat, facing away from Gene. Her face is completely obscured by a tangled mass of hair.

SAINT GENESIUS

So, little lady, your music has been topping the charts. Despite it's cynical subject matter and the fact that is is comprised of mainly discordant and painful noises, the public seems to adore it. What do you think is the secret to your success?

Judy lights a match and raises it in front of her. Gene waits patiently, watching it closely. The flame reaches Judy's fingers and Gene blows it out.

Canned laughter.

SAINT GENESIUS

Good response. You've also become something of a *fashion* icon lately, known to wear everything from barbed wire to wire hangers to wires with actual electrical currents running through them - how do you withstand the paralyzing pain these outfits put you through?

Judy light a match and raises it in front of her. Gene patiently waits, watching it. The flame reaches Judy's fingers and Gene blows it out.

Canned applause.

SAINT GENESIUS

Hmmm. Good answer. Now finally, if you don't mind me asking - is there a special boyfriend in your life who you'd like to shout out on national TV?

Judy stirs so her hair falls away from her face, and we see it is the face of a young, young child's. She opens her mouth and a pained, piercing and VERY LOUD screeching noise emanates, the same one as before.

Suddenly, the cardboard skyline of the set catches fire behind them.

ALL LIGHTS TURN OFF, and Judy and Gene are illuminated by the fire.

VOICE OVER

I let you laugh.

The fire goes out.

END OF PLAY