

"THE LAST LAUGH"

By Ky Jowers

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. GAY COMEDY CLUB- EVENING

Performing on a tattered and beaten wooden stage, ALLANA GEORGE saunters around a stool and microphone.

This early 40s bumper-to-bumper bulldyke wears a torn-up TSU hat backwards, a half-assed pressed button down, and a pair of ripped-to-shreds black jeans.

LAUGHTER and A SONG SIMILAR TO CONTENT BY BO BURNHAM overhead.

Allana pulls out MONSTROUS PURPLE DILDO. She works the prop to death. Scorning the stool, christening the mic stand.

AUDIENCE, a mixed crowd of mostly queer women, laughs with her.

RIVER GEORGE, Allanas late 30s hyper-femme, dressed to the nines in all black, glares from the gaudy bar. Irritation across her features.

She sets down her barren glass of beer and trudges off before the set ends. Allana does not detect her scarcity over the cheers.

EXT. A DAINTY COTTAGE- THREE AM

Allana descends from her beat-up, archaic Subaru. Bumper stickers shield the blemishes and scrapes from an exorbitant load of previous incidents.

Clutching her weed-stained tote bag, she saunters to the front door, turns the handle, it's locked. She draws out her keys and unlocks the door.

INT. MINIMALIST BEDROOM- THREE AM

River, wrapped in a large college hoodie and pantless, curled up on the bed, face wrenched in bitterness. She fiddles with a SILVER WEDDING BAND.

Allana pulls out the DILDO, places it on the nightstand, and plops onto the bed in sweat-stained clothes. She pulls River to face her. Rivers' grimace confirms not impressed.

ALLANA

Did you hear that crowd tonight?
They adored the whole thing with
the stool... god, I miss prop work.

RIVER

You're fucking delusional.

ALLANA

What? Weren't you there? They
loved it.

RIVER

Are you kidding me? You talked
about me like I'm some miserable
slut. Just some... glory hole or
something.

ALLANA

River- River, it was a gag. People
relished in it. It's not like I
went out there sharing your name.
Just some raunchy stories. People
love that sort of thing.

RIVER

Oh, so that makes it better?

ALLANA

Well-

RIVER

-Suddenly, because there is no
name attached to your wife, the
world has no clue who I am.
Allana, people were texting me,
asking if I could try "squirting
their fires away"-

ALLANA

-That's actually pretty good-

RIVER

-I could lose my job over this.

ALLANA

Don't be like that. It's comedy.
You're not some kind of victim. If
anything, you're more of a star
than I am! I don't have anyone
reaching out to me like that.

Face twists into disgust, River turns away.

RIVER
Get out.

ALLANA
What?

RIVER
Get. Out.

ALLANA
You can't be serious right now-

RIVER
Get out of my fucking room!

Allana shoots up, goes to say something, but stops, turns, and leaves the room.

INT. ARCHAIC SUBARU- THREE AM

Throwing her bag into the passenger seat, Allana huffs and leans her seat back all the way, something so natural it could be routine.

She turns on the choppy radio, A SONG SIMILAR TO SHIT BY BO BURNHAM cuts in and out. She falls asleep.

INT. RUNDOWN DINER- EARLY MORNING

Exhausted, picking at eggs and sipping shitty coffee, Allana sits across from JUSTIN MOORNE.

He, a late 40s sleeze bag in an overpriced suit and a fake Rolex, her manager. The Crusted over table slathered in different papers... and his hand grips hers.

JUSTIN
You, princess, are just
demolishin' out there.

ALLANA
Thanks man...

JUSTIN
The set about you and your wife
hit so well with the crowd last
night that I expect the same kinda
response tonight. Understood?

ALLANA

You sure? It's not often that I repeat sets so close together-

JUSTIN

-Oh, I'm sure. Plus, I don't think I'd mind seein' you try those positions on stage. Maybe convince your wife to join ya and I might be able to get a few more shows booked.

ALLANA

Are you serious?

JUSTIN

Get 'er up there, and then we'll see.

He chugs the coffee on her side, back to his papers.

INT. GAY COMEDY CLUB- EVENING

Allana works the stage, the same set from the night before. Same MONSTROUS PURPLE DILDO in her hands, she disrespects the stool and mic. Same poses.

The audience unenthusiastic. No laughter, no cheering. Some talk over the set. Some laugh at her in a "who does she even think she is" type of way.

Clear tables appear with each passing moment. The club eventually empty aside from one patron.

River, perched at the same spot at the bar. Her SILVER WEDDING BAND twirls between her fingers. The furrow in her brow, a clear decision made.

She struts up to Allana, assesses her up and down, then shoves something into her arms.

River lets out a QUIET, EXHAUSTED LAUGH.

Allana stumbles backwards, opens her palm to a SILVER WEDDING BAND. She turns her head to search and River has disappeared. Her wife gone.

ALLANA

Shit. shit shit SHIT SHIT SHIT.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT 1