
The air in the Laff Shack is thicker than the cheap cigar smoke.
LAFF SHACK
EXIT
LAPH'S SHACK
THE LAST LAUGH
RALPH'S LAFF SHACK - 97 MINUTES TO IMPACT
BY J.E. CLARKE
SMASH!
You chuckle-heads hear what I just said? The President wasn't joking.
Ninety-seven minutes until an armageddon pan-cake flattens us all.
Git home. Hug your families. Hell, French 'em real good... just for me!
EXIT
EXIT
EXIT


SHACK
SHACK
Well, that was a hell of a closing set. Guess we won't be doing an encore.
Who the hell are you?
Uh, Donnie Tuska. From Patchogue? You hired me as the follow-up after Busty Barbie's Magic Act.
The New Guy. Right. Look, kid, show's cancelled on account of the literal Apocalypse. Scram home.
I don't have family to go to. This... this was supposed to be my big break.


Fine. It's your show, kid. Give me everything you've got.
CRICKET...
CRICKET...
SHACK
CRICKET...
CRICKET...
...Nice crowd we got here tonight.
CRICKET...
Chop chop on the delivery, Son. We're on a deadline. Word of advice? Stay topical. Seinfeld jokes are for people with a future.
Current? Um... guess I'm not exactly killing it tonight? Unlike certain asteroids I could name...


Speaking of names, KT-1978? That's the best NASA could do? You wanna call something a bomb, call it 'Adam Sandler's Jack and Jill'!
And 'Ass-teroid'? A blast that wipes out all life? Sounds more like a Roseanne Barr fart to me!
SNICKER
The kid's actually got it. Too bad there's no one left to hear it.
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Can you imagine Facebook right now? Everyone posting pictures of their literal last meal. The ultimate photo bomb!
CLAP CLAP