

MIDNIGHT!!! INFOMERCIALS

by Timothy Starnes

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Midnight Infomercials

By

Timothy D. Starnes

Cast of Characters

<u>The Person in the Chair:</u>	Versatile part for any age or gender.
<u>Judge One:</u>	Versatile part for any age or gender.
<u>Judge Two:</u>	Versatile part for any age or gender.
<u>Contestant:</u>	Versatile part for any age or gender.
<u>Worker:</u>	Versatile part for any age or gender.
<u>Foreman (Offstage Voice):</u>	Versatile part for any age or gender.
<u>Scientist:</u>	Versatile part for any age or gender.
<u>Bookie (Offstage Voice):</u>	Portrayed by Foreman.
<u>Runner:</u>	Portrayed by Contestant.
<u>Anchor One:</u>	Portrayed by Judge One.
<u>Anchor Two:</u>	Portrayed by Judge Two.

ACT I

A sleeping person sits in a recliner to stage left, angled to see all of the action on the stage, a remote in their hand.

The sound of television static and muzak as the stage is set for SCENE ONE: "I DIDN'T KNOW THAT IS A THING!?"

SCENE ONE:

"I Didn't Know That is a Thing!?"

The stage is set with a judge's table where two judges sit, stage right, and an ironing board, stage left, where someone in athletic attire methodically irons. The two judges stare enthusiastically, watching the unfolding action.

JUDGE ONE:

Now we move into the second quarter of the extreme ironing championship.

JUDGE TWO:

So far we've seen a lot of wrinkled T-shirts and a lot of burned dreams.

The sound of crashing.

JUDGE ONE:

And contestant number three has just wiped out!

A contestant stumbles in from offstage left, a giant comical burn mark on their forehead, throwing a balled up, burned sheet at the judges.

JUDGE TWO:

Unfortunately, it seems like you won't be taking home a medal this year.

Judge two holds up the burned sheet, blowing some ashes off of it and poking his face through the burn hole.

JUDGE ONE:

What do you have to say to our audience watching at home?

CONTESTANT:

Just call first aid...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

2.

JUDGE TWO:

Unlike you winning this event, that is something we can do!

JUDGE TWO

Time for our next ad placement!

JUDGE TWO:

Just one second contestant, for a word from our sponsor!

CONTESTANT:

It wouldn't happen to be an urgent care, would it?

The two judges, their false television smiles on in preparation for the spot glance at the contestant.

JUDGES ONE AND TWO:

No.

The two shifty judges pull out various dubious spray bottles from underneath their table, holding them out toward the audience.

JUDGE ONE:

Just check out ForeignMedicalSchoolMD Incorporated's line of products here, good for:

JUDGE TWO:

Joint pain and stiffness!

CONTESTANT:

I've got it.

JUDGE TWO:

Muscular tenderness and inflammation!

CONTESTANT:

I've got it.

JUDGE TWO:

Dry, cracked skin!

CONTESTANT:

I've got it.

JUDGE ONE:

Then maybe you are a winner, after all!

JUDGE TWO:

ForeignMedicalSchoolMD Incorporated can help fix you up!

(CONTINUED)

CONTESTANT:

I need it.

Judge two blows a whistle and the contestant is escorted out through the audience by an EMT, but not before they snatch a product from the table and start spraying it on.

JUDGE ONE:

And there they go, through the grandstands - talk about a walk of shame after ruining some sheets!

CONTESTANT:

(As they're being shoved out of the theater by the EMT)
Is this stuff supposed to smell like fabric softener and burn?

The judges look at each other, then pull a box out from underneath the table. It is labeled "Competition Supplies" - they then pull out a second, labeled "First Aid" - they look at each other, then offstage.

JUDGE ONE:

Is the camera still on the live feed?

JUDGE TWO:

Do we have liability insurance?

They both turn back to the audience, then knock the box off of the table comically, sending bottles flying.

JUDGES ONE AND TWO:

Let's check in with the studio!

JUDGE ONE:

Wait a second, that was the right bottle.

Blackout. The sound of television static and muzak as the stage is set for ONE AND A HALF: "THE SNOOZE BUTTON."

SCENE ONE AND A HALF:

"The Snooze Button."

VOICEOVER:

The following is a paid advertisement for No-Time-For-Life's Musical Collection.

A group of people holding instruments walk onstage. They begin blaring/playing nonsense noises as loudly as they can, getting progressively closer as the person won't wake up. As they get close the person startles and stirs, but doesn't wake up.

They continue playing, getting closer and closer.

The person startles and wakes, the group runs offstage.

PERSON IN THE CHAIR:

Holy hell, I was having a nightmare that I was being forced to listen to Grandma's cassette tapes! No more soda for me before bed.

The person in the chair settles back down into the chair.

PERSON IN THE CHAIR:

-or before sleeping anywhere, for that matter.

The person in the chair goes back to sleep.

blackout. The sound of television static and muzak as the stage is set for SCENE TWO: "BUILDING THE FUTURE."

SCENE TWO:

"Building the Future"

A construction worker labors center-stage, laying brick by brick, clearly beginning to get a little worn down by the entire process. He sits on the wall facing the audience, but the foreman calls from offstage.

FOREMAN (OFFSTAGE):

If you don't get up, we'll just have to build you into that wall, this project has to be done by the end of today!

WORKER:

I'm not sure if I'm going to be able to finish it-

FOREMAN (OFFSTAGE):

Well then you'd better pack some snacks, because you're going to be living inside of that wall!

The worker looks to the audience with a grimace.

(CONTINUED)