

I Think It Would Be Fun To Run A Newspaper

By

Anthony Wood

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tony@smokingmonkey.net

MUSIC: RAGTIME PIANO.

LIGHTS UP: POOLS OF WHITE AND RED.

Sitting center stage is THE NARRATOR. He is a bent, decrepit old man. His suit is dusty and worn. He wears small wire sunglasses and an old top hat. He pantomimes playing the piano. He stops playing. The music ends abruptly. He looks out to the audience.

NARRATOR

(Southern Cajun accent.)

Evenin' folks. It's my great pleasure to welcome y'all to the city of New Orleans. Also known as The Big Easy, The Crescent City, The Alabaster Pie Plate and God's Red Hot Suppository. This here is Bourbon Street, 1937. The avenue is strewn with the city's finest bordello's. And right here is my favorite, a high quality, classy establishment called Miss Kitty's Parisian Flirt and Squirt. Why, shucks, there's Miss Kitty right now...

There is screaming and arguing coming from offstage and MISS KITTY and a CUSTOMER enter. He has her by the arm.

MISS KITTY

Get your dirty, filthy, stinking paws off of me!

CUSTOMER

(in 30's movie speak.)

Nobody laughs at me, you understand?! You cheap tramp! Nobody!

MISS KITTY

How could I not laugh, you pitiful little man!

She spits at him. He pulls a knife from his jacket.

CUSTOMER

You want to laugh, you stupid whore? Laugh at this!

He brings the knife up to her face. She screams. The Narrator steps in front of them, his back to the audience. He holds up his hand with his palm open and yells...

NARRATOR

Stop!

Miss Kitty and the Customer freeze. The Narrator turns to the audience, smiling.

NARRATOR

Didn't know I could stop time, did you?

He looks at his palm, confused.

NARRATOR

Matter of fact, neither did I. Any-hoo, I thought I'd take this moment to fill y'all in on a couple of tid-bits. One; the word Bordello is actually Italian. Translated from the word borsello or borsellino. It was originally used to describe a kind of bovine rectal thermometer. Two; I wanted to let y'all know that Miss Kitty is in no danger whatsoever. The hero of this tale is ready to make his entrance. But lets back things up a tad.

He waves his hand and exits. Miss Kitty and the Customer talk and walk backwards (ala the Dwarf from Twin Peaks) going back a couple of lines, till she sucks back her initial spit.

MISS KITTY

How could I not laugh, you pitiful little man!

She spits at him. He pulls a knife from his jacket.

CUSTOMER

You want to laugh, you stupid whore? Laugh at this!

He brings the knife up to her face. She screams. ORSON WELLES enters. He is very young, early twenties. He wears a suit and smokes a pipe.

ORSON WELLES

I wouldn't do that if I were you, my good man.

MISS KITTY

(relief upon seeing him.)
Orson...

ORSON WELLES

Miss Kitty.

CUSTOMER

(threatening.)

Back off, friend, or you'll get
some of the same.

ORSON WELLES

I think if you proceed with this
course of action it will end
badly...for you. And you're not my
friend.

CUSTOMER

So who are you? A cop? A pimp? Some
paid mercenary looking for blood?
Well come closer and you'll get
some, believe you me.

ORSON WELLES

Quite the contrary. I'm Orson
Welles. And I direct plays...in New
York.

The Customer turns white as a sheet in fear. He trembles,
dropping the knife.

CUSTOMER

No...no...oh, my dear lord, no!
AHHHHHHHHH!

He runs from the stage, screaming. Orson Welles picks up his
knife and looks out over the audience, wistfully.

ORSON WELLES

Ah, the power of the theatre.

Miss Kitty is calm now. She acts sultry and seductive as she
speaks to Orson Welles.

MISS KITTY

So, Mister Welles...you're back.

ORSON WELLES

I am.

MISS KITTY

Was your production a success?

ORSON WELLES

It was, thanks to you.

MISS KITTY

An all negro version of MacBeth. I
knew it couldn't miss.

ORSON WELLES

Well, I thought my idea wasn't bad.

MISS KITTY

(laughing)

Oh come now, an all midget version
of Medea set to music?

ORSON WELLES

(embarrassed.)

Well...maybe tweak it a little,
here and there.

MISS KITTY

So what brings you back?

ORSON WELLES

I'm moving on, Kitty. Away from the
theatre. I want to explore this new
medium called radio.

MISS KITTY

Radio?

ORSON WELLES

And I have the perfect idea.
Picture this; the earth is being
invaded by chimpanzees riding
surfboards, and they--

MISS KITTY

--Martians.

ORSON WELLES

What?

MISS KITTY

Martians, in spaceships.

ORSON WELLES

(inspired.)

Say, that is good. And we let
everyone know that it's just a
radio drama--

MISS KITTY

You tell no one.

She sidles up to him. He puts his arm around her.

MISS KITTY

You make the entire country believe they're victims of an alien invasion. It will cause panic and furor and scandal. Afterward your name will be on the lips of every single, red blooded American radio listener.

He holds her close.

ORSON WELLES

Oh Kitty, what would I do without you? You complete my thoughts and dreams. You're my...my...

MISS KITTY

Muse?

ORSON WELLES

(confused.)

I--wait...what did you--?

MISS KITTY

(also confused.)

What?

ORSON WELLES

Moose?

MISS KITTY

What?

ORSON WELLES

Did you say Moose?

MISS KITTY

No, Muse. *MUSE*.

ORSON WELLES

Oh *MUSE*. Right...right.

MISS KITTY

(sultry)

Well, now that I've helped you out, how about you come upstairs and supply little old me with some of your inspiration.

She puts her hand on his crotch. He look down. A pause. Then--

ORSON WELLES
You're touching my penis.

MISS KITTY
Yes.

LIGHTS OUT

They exit.

LIGHTS UP

on stage is a NEWSPAPER GUY. He shouts.

NEWSPAPER GUY
Extra! Extra! Read all about it!
Wunderkind radio man fools country!
People believe alien
invasion! Dozens of ignorant
Midwesterners kill themselves!
Newspaper Guy can't stop shouting!
Losing what's left of his sanity!
Seeks therapy!

He exits. The Narrator enters. He seems somewhat younger and a bit more energetic than before.

NARRATOR
Well, here we are. Two years later.
Mister Welles' Martian show was a
huge success. And, in that time,
Miss Kitty has accepted the salty
love goo of over two hundred and
seventy-three burgeoning coitus
clients into her flesh tunnel of
sin.

He checks his pocket watch.

NARRATOR
Ooh, time for a julep.

He exits and the lights chage. Miss Kitty is on stage. Orson Welles enters. He is a bit more haggard and less youthful.

ORSON WELLES
Kitty...

MISS KITTY
Hello Orson. What brings you back
to the Alabaster Pie Plate?

ORSON WELLES

A new project, Kitty. The Martian broadcast was such a success, they want me in Hollywood now. Movies, Kitty. The big time.

MISS KITTY

And you need my help?

ORSON WELLES

I have the germ of an idea, but I can't break through.

MISS KITTY

Speak to me, Orson.

ORSON WELLES

I want to tell the story of the rise and fall of a billionaire surfboard manufacturer who trains chimpanzees to--

MISS KITTY

Newspaper man.

ORSON WELLES

What?

MISS KITTY

A billionaire newspaper man. He turns a small paper into the most popular publication in the world. He can buy and sell anyone at any time, but he can't find true happiness. The happiness he only felt as a small boy. And we follow a lone reporter as he tries to find the meaning of the dying man's last word...

ORSON WELLES

(confused. hesitant.)

Sss...surfboa--

MISS KITTY

--Rosebud.

ORSON WELLES

Rosebud! Yes, of course! It's brilliant, Kitty! And we'll call it...Chimp Surfer?

MISS KITTY
 (wearily.)
 Citizen Kane.

He goes to her and holds her from behind.

ORSON WELLES
 Oh, Kitty. You're so good to me. I
 don't know where I'd be without
 you.

MISS KITTY
 Why don't you stay with me, Orson?
 You could write your movies and I
 could make you soup and mend your
 shirts and give you a Wet Venetian
 Backflip once in a while. We belong
 together, can't you see?

ORSON WELLES
 There's nothing I'd like more,
 Kitty, but...out in Hollywood there
 are producers and directors
 and...and I think I got a really
 good shot at doing it with Rita
 Hayworth, so--

MISS KITTY
 Oh.

ORSON WELLES
 Right. So.

She steps away from him, visibly put off.

MISS KITTY
 Well, then, by all means.

ORSON WELLES
 Is that a problem?

MISS KITTY
 (coldly.)
 No, no, why would it be a problem?
 I mean...

ORSON WELLES
 Because I don't have to.

MISS KITTY
 No, no, go ahead.

ORSON WELLES

Well not if you're going to be
mad--

MISS KITTY

I'm not mad...I'm not. Go put it to
Rita Hayworth. Go.

ORSON WELLES

(exiting.)

Well it's not going to be any fun
now.

He exits.

MISS KITTY

(to herself.)

Go have your fun, Mr. Orson Welles.
But don't expect anymore
inspiration from me.

LIGHTS OUT

She exits.

LIGHTS UP

On stage is a RADIO REPORTER. He holds a huge microphone. He
speaks into it as he looks out into the audience.

RADIO REPORTER

So we're here at the biggest movie
event of the year, ladies and
gentlemen. The monster hit "Citizen
Kane." And here comes the film's
writer, director and star, Mister
Orson Welles.

Orson Welles enters. He smiles and waves at the audience
like he's on the red carpet at a film premiere.

RADIO REPORTER

Mr. Welles. A word sir?

ORSON WELLES

Yes, my pleasure.

RADIO REPORTER

Mr. Welles, how can you explain the
enormity of this film? Everyone
from the youngest teens to the

(MORE)

RADIO REPORTER
oldest codgers are lining up to see
it.

ORSON WELLES
Well, I guess it's just a measure
of my genius.

RADIO REPORTER
And how do you come up with such
inspiring and ingenious ideas?

ORSON WELLES
It's just a gift. Something I was
born with. A talent passed down
from the gods, you might say.

RADIO REPORTER
And what can we expect from your
next venture?

ORSON WELLES
Well, I can't really divulge too
much, but let's just say it might
involve water sports and trained
bonobos.

Orson Welles exits. The TV Reporter turns to the audience.

RADIO REPORTER
Orson Welles, ladies and gentlemen.
A man who, at only twenty-five
years of age, has created one of
the most important and influential
films of all time. A movie that
makes most of us in the industry
want to shit ourselves and commit
suicide. This is Darwin Novello
signing off.

LIGHTS OUT.

The Radio Reporter exits.

LIGHTS UP.

The Narrator stands on stage. He is much younger now. Barely
in middle age. His clothes are much cleaner and more dapper.

NARRATOR

Well, here it is 1957. Though most of Bourbon Street has changed, The Parisian Flirt and Squirt is still thriving. And Miss Kitty has become quite successful by patenting some of her more popular erotic contortions. There's The Steamboat Willy, The Crackerjack Prize, Nixon's Toothbrush, The Soggy Corn Flake and, of course, that old chestnut The Hamster Fiesta. Mr. Orson Welles, on the other hand, let's just say he has not fared well in the creative limelight. A long string of very unsuccessful films have about moved him into cinema obscurity. Right next to Fatty Arbuckle and the Ritz Brothers. But let's not waste time listening to my lips a-flappin'. Let's watch.

The Narrator exits. Miss Kitty stands on stage looking more youthful and vibrant than ever. Orson Welles enters. he is fat, sweating and smoking a cigar. He breathes heavily and does not look well.

ORSON WELLES

Kitty.

MISS KITTY

Orson...you're looking obese and unhealthy. What brings you by our little sex chalet?

ORSON WELLES

Cut the small talk. I need your help, Kitty.

MISS KITTY

Really?

ORSON WELLES

My career is in the crapper, you know that. I need one more idea, Kitty. One more inspiration to put me back on top...please.

MISS KITTY

Well. All right. But this is the last time.

ORSON WELLES
Last time. I swear.

MISS KITTY
So?

ORSON WELLES
Okay, so I've had this one idea
that I think could be brilliant.

MISS KITTY
It doesn't involve surfboards or
chimpanzees, does it?

ORSON WELLES
(pausing. embarrassed.)
Uhhh...no?

MISS KITTY
It's a murder mystery that takes
place over the border in a small
Mexican town.

ORSON WELLES
(brightening.)
Yes...

MISS KITTY
You'll play the murderer. A power
mad sheriff who has control of the
whole town. Everyone is under his
thumb. He is fat and evil and
disgusting.

ORSON WELLES
All right...

MISS KITTY
And only one man can stop him. A
brave Mexican detective who has the
guts to face the murdering sheriff
man-to-man. And he will be played
by...

ORSON WELLES
Yes?

MISS KITTY
Charleton Heston.

ORSON WELLES
What?

MISS KITTY
You heard me.

ORSON WELLES
You're shitting me...Moses? You
want Moses to play a Mexican?

MISS KITTY
He's a brilliant actor.

ORSON WELLES
He's the same. Line 'em up; Moses,
Ben Hur, El Cid, he's just a
Midwestern doofus with a strong
chin.

MISS KITTY
Okay, okay, I thought you wanted my
advice. But I can see--

ORSON WELLES
Okay. Fine...Charelton Heston.

MISS KITTY
You won't regret it.

ORSON WELLES
Thank you, Kitty.

There is a pause.

ORSON WELLES
So...while I'm here, did you want
to...?

MISS KITTY
What, sex?

ORSON WELLES
Well...

MISS KITTY
No. God, no. Not even drugged and
blindfolded. No.

Orson Welles exits.

LIGHTS OUT

Miss Kitty exits.

LIGHTS UP

There is a TV Reporter on stage. He sits on a chair like he's giving a news report. He speaks to the audience.

TV REPORTER

"Touch of Evil" is the last nail in the coffin in the career of onetime boy genius Orson Welles. What was once an ambitious young artist full of life and promise has now become an obese, sweaty and repulsive shadow of the genius that gave us "War of the Worlds" and "Citizen Kane." And Charleton Heston's absurd performance as a Mexican was like listening to a drowning athsmatic with a mouth full of Brussel Sprouts. Don't worry Speedy Gonzales, your job is safe. Now let's go to the White House where Chubby Checkers is teaching President Eisenhower to do The Twist.

LIGHTS DOWN

The TV Reporter exits.

LIGHTS UP.

Orson Welles sits on stage. Hugely fat. Grey beard. Cigar between his fingers. He looks drunk and stares lazily into the audience.

ORSON WELLES

This bright, sweet touch of sunshine is only available in a bottle. A bottle with the label reading "From the Vinyards of Earnest and Julio Gallo." A place where they love to say "We will sell no wine before it's time."

He slumps in the chair, exhausted. The Narrator and Miss Kitty enter. They look young and healthy.

NARRATOR

My, my, my how the mighty have
fallen. It's a pity, isn't it Miss
Kitty?

MISS KITTY

Sad...So very sad.

Orson Welles looks up at the two of them. He is old and
weak.

ORSON WELLES

Kitty...

He looks at the Narrator.

ORSON WELLES

You...you're the--

NARRATOR

The narrator of this little tale,
mm-hm.

ORSON WELLES

But you're so...so young. Both of
you...so young.

NARRATOR

Well there is another tale people
like to tell about New Orleans.
It's about a mystical group of
people who steal the very life away
from normal folks in order to give
themselves eternal youth.

ORSON WELLES

You mean...vampires?

NARRATOR

I ain't talkin' about surfin'
chimpanzees.

ORSON WELLES

(pointing to the Narrator.)
Still...a good idea.

Orson Welles gives his last breath and slumps in the chair,
dead.

NARRATOR

Well, that's that.

The Narrator and Miss Kitty start to exit.

MISS KITTY

You know, this whole story would
make a good movie.

NARRATOR

Who would you get to direct it?

MISS KITTY

Oh, some young, talented genius, I
suppose.

NARRATOR

I love ironic endings, don't you?

They exit.

THE END