

SNL SKITS

by David J. Mills

Pregnancy Test

A young couple in their twenties is seated around an oval table in the kitchen such that we can only see them from the chest up. They are having breakfast. The man is eating but stops when he notices that the woman is clearly agitated and not eating her cereal.

MAN: What's wrong dear? You're not eating your Lucky Charms. Aren't they magically delicious?

WOMAN: (in a monotone voice) They're fine.

MAN: Something's wrong. You're not talking.

WOMAN: I don't know. I ...I feel different.

MAN: Different? What do you mean?

WOMAN: I don't feel like myself.

MAN: Who do you feel like?

She frowns at him.

WOMAN: "That's not what I mean. I wonder if..."

MAN: If what?

WOMAN: If, you know, if I might be pregnant.

MAN: Pregnant!

She smiles weakly.

MAN: Did you talk to your doctor about this?

WOMAN: No.

MAN: But you feel like something's different.

WOMAN: Uh-huh.

MAN: Don't you want to go see the doctor?

She shakes her head.

WOMAN: I'm scared to.

MAN: Well, what about one of those home pregnancy tests? If you are pregnant, it tells you how far along you are.

WOMAN: That's a good idea. Didn't we get some of those a while back?

MAN: Yeah, I think we did.

WOMAN: Should I take one?

MAN: I think you should. Isn't that the first thing people do? I mean, if they suspect they might be...

WOMAN: I guess so.

MAN: I know where they are. I'll get one.

He gets up and leaves the room. The stage goes black momentarily, then brightens again with both sitting back at the table, with the test in front of them.

MAN: Well, we've done it.

WOMAN: Yep.

They sigh together.

WOMAN: Is it ready yet?

MAN: (Peering at the test) Oh, my God. It's done.

He picks up the test.

MAN: Are you ready?

She reaches over and holds his hand.

WOMAN: I'm ready.

He picks up the test and looks at it, then an excited smile crosses his face.

MAN: We're pregnant! You're pregnant! It says 31 weeks!

She stands, revealing a huge baby bump.

WOMAN: Oh, my God! We're going to have a baby!

END

Stalled in the Past

A group of four (two men, two women) clothed in futuristic clothes carrying archeological excavation tools from the year 3025 are standing outside a demolished and neglected public washroom within the ruins of New York City. They also carry electronic devices to record their findings. The captain is addressing the other three members of the team. Their name tags read Captain Commander, SUM1, ANY1 and BEE4.

CAPTAIN: This looks like the ancient site Illinois Johnson recently discovered. He claims to have dated some of the ruins as nearly a thousand years old, dating back to the early 21st century. Now remember team, it is our job to try to uncover as much information about this ancient people as possible since so much was lost in the devastation 700 years ago. We do know that they were very advanced and intellectual, at the peak of their scientific and philosophical achievement before the devastation. Alright team. Let's see if we can find anything of value that will tell us more about these people and maybe help in recovering some of the many achievements of their time.

SUM1: *(Pointing to a large door laying on a pile of rubble)* Here, Captain. This appears to be the entrance to the site Professor Johnson told us about.

CAPTAIN: Yes, it does. Let's have a closer look.

ANY1: There seems to be something written on the door, but it's very worn.

The captain takes out a special spray and covers the area. In a couple of seconds, they are able to read `Throne Room`.

BEE4: Does that say Throne Room?

CAPTAIN: Yes, it does. Now as we know from our ancient history lessons, the throne referred to the exalted seat of a country's monarch – a king or a queen.

SUM1: Look, Captain! Inside! *(He points to the remains of several toilets.)* There are several of these exalted seats!

CAPTAIN: Indeed, there are. What do you make of it SUM1? ANY1?

SUM1: *(After pondering the situation a moment)* Well, if there were so many seats here, this may have been a kind of conference room where many kings and queens gathered to discuss matters of great import.

CAPTAIN: Very good.

Meanwhile, the others have entered the ruined washroom and are looking for anything of value.

ANY1: *(Excited)* There's something else over here! On the wall by this particular ...throne.

The others rush over and the Captain peers at the newly discovered message on the wall with his examiner.

CAPTAIN: I think I can just make it out. It says "The most important things in life are number one and number two." Hmm.

BEE4: Is that it? Is that all it says?

CAPTAIN: I'm afraid that's it. Apparently the two most important things to these people were for some reason not specified here, or have been lost over time.

ANY1: Maybe the author was interrupted.

CAPTAIN: Could be. We can only speculate on how intellectually insightful those two observations might have been.

SUM1: Such a shame we only have part of such a great message.

The team continues to wander among the toilets looking for clues to the ancient people. Then BEE4 cries out and summons the others over.

BEE4: Right here! Another message!

CAPTAIN: Can you read it?

BEE4: I think so. *(She peers closely, wearing special glasses)* Yes. It says "For a good time call Tracy 555-1234".

ANY1: But what does it mean?

CAPTAIN: Ideas, ANY1?

ANY1 ponders and shakes his head.

SUM1: *(After some serious thought)* Perhaps Tracy was one of those healing professionals that were so prominent at the time. A therapist, or a spiritual advisor.

CAPTAIN: Good. That's quite possible. Any other thoughts BEE4 we move on?

BEE4: Well, if we focus on the "time" aspect of the message, Tracy could be some kind of time management guru. A kind of efficiency expert or specialist who helps you use your time to better advantage.

CAPTAIN: Again, quite possible.

SUM1: This Tracy sounds very talented. For her contact information to appear in such a prestigious place. I'll bet a lot of people wanted to call her and get what she had to offer.

The others nod in agreement.

ANY1: Captain! There's something over here!

She points to a couple of crudely drawn figures on the wall near a toilet. It features a woman bending over with a huge smile on her face while a man, equally ecstatic, leans over her obviously making love to her.

CAPTAIN: *(Approaches and peers at the image)* What have we here? My, my. What do you make of this BEE4?

BEE4: Well, sir. As we know, these people were extremely intelligent and had a keen sense of invention and discovery. No doubt the female figure bending over has uncovered something of great interest or value. Look at the expression on her face! She is clearly filled with excitement.

SUM1: *(Also now peering at the image)* Yes, obviously full of euphoria! And the second figure – the male – is so intently curious, he is bending over her for a closer look.

CAPTAIN: Uh-huh. Very good. He is clearly just as excited. But there is nothing there to see. Once again, whatever had caught their keen minds has now been lost. We will never know what it was that got them so excited.

ANY1: So what might we conclude from all these observations, Captain?

CAPTAIN: Unfortunately, all the messages we have uncovered have been either incomplete or cryptic. We are going to have to report that we were not able to provide any further details on the regular or irregular activities of these people. Regrettably, they had to go and were not able to tell us what they held inside. Let`s go back and make our report to Illinois.

SUM1: *(Dancing frantically and holding his genitals)* Is there a washroom we could use on the way back?

END

FLOOD CONTROL

Scene opens on a group of people piling sandbags along a roadway preparing for a flood.

FIRST WORKER: (*Wiping his brow*) I hope this is going to be enough. It's supposed to be quite a flood.

SECOND WORKER: We don't have much time. They say it's coming any minute.

THIRD WORKER: All we can do is keep piling these sandbags and hope it holds the water. Are there any more sandbags? I sure hope we have enough.

Amy Shumer appears amid applause and addresses the workers.

AMY: Hi guys. Preparing for a flood?

FIRST WORKER: Oh yeah. There's a big one coming.

AMY: (*Looking over the sandbags they are piling*) Well, it's that time of the year, isn't it? Are you sure you guys have the right size sandbags?

SECOND WORKER: Wait. There are different sizes?

AMY: Of course. (*She pulls down a flow chart showing different size sandbags.*) There are actually five different sizes. It all has to do with the kind of flow you're expecting.

THIRD WORKER: Well, what size do you think we should be using?

AMY: It depends on what stage you're at. Is this the first day of the flood? Also, you'll want to know what kind of floods you've had before. Are you expecting a heavy gush, or a slow steady stream?

FIRST WORKER: Last time, it was really heavy. Hard to control. We couldn't go anywhere. Couldn't risk it leaking on us. Had to just hunker down and plug it up the best we could.

AMY: Sounds like you need the extra absorbent bags. At least for the first rush. After that, you'll need to monitor it closely since it can change daily. When it eases off a little, you can switch to the regular size. Oh, and don't forget. Be prepared on the final days because sometimes just when you think it's over, you get another flash flood!

SECOND WORKER: Thanks a lot, Amy!

THIRD WORKER: Oh, no! Here it comes! Let's get those big ass bags over here pronto. We're going to need as many as we can get.

AMY: Good luck, guys. I gotta run.

Scene closes as Amy leaves and the workers hurriedly throw on more sandbags as the rush of water hits the other side.

COLICGONE (A Commercial parody)

A mother is holding a colicky baby, frantically trying to soothe her as her husband puts his arm around her and tries to amuse the child.

VOICEOVER: Is your baby suffering from colic? Introducing “colicgone”, the innovative new drug specifically designed for infants suffering from severe colic. One tablet daily crushed up and mixed in with their pabulum can reduce symptoms by up to 30%!

We see the father opening a jar of prescription pills, crushing one and feeding it to the baby with their pabulum.

VOICEOVER: Possible side effects of colicgone may include hair loss (we see that the baby is bald), sleeplessness (we see bleary-eyed parents awake with their baby in the middle of the night), weight gain (father is lifting baby and noticing how heavy she’s become), vomiting (baby vomits after eating), memory loss (baby repeatedly picks up something unpleasant and puts it in her mouth), sudden irregularity (parents realize they need to change the baby’s diaper again), increased appetite (baby is stuffing herself with pabulum), slurred speech (baby gurgles incoherently), lack of coordination (baby tries to stand and falls on her bum), sudden mood swings (baby suddenly becomes angry and bangs her spoon on the table and wails), diarrhea (parent begins to pick up baby as a liquid oozes out of her diaper) and suicidal tendencies (baby is standing on the back of the couch trying to climb on to a book shelf).

VOICEOVER: Colicgone should not be taken if your baby is consuming alcohol or operating heavy machinery. Ask your doctor if colicgone is right for your baby. Stop taking colicgone if all of these side effects persist for more than six months, if signs of addiction occur, or if your baby goes into a coma.

PIRACY

Scene opens on old sailing vessel of centuries ago with the captain and crew on the upper deck.

“Oh, to be going home after all this time,” says the captain to his first mate. “Tis a glorious feeling.”

“Aye, after three long years,” another sailor says. “I can’t wait to see my wife and my two-year old son.”

“Aye, it’ll be a grand time for sure.”

Someone rushes up to them and cries, “Captain! Captain! Pirates on the starboard side!”

“Pirates, eh? Uh, is that the left or the right side, Franklin? I can never get that straight.”

“The right, Captain.”

“Well, man. Full steam ahead. Let’s outrun these nasty pillagers.”

There is a commotion further down the boat.

“I’m afraid we can’t outrun them, Captain. When I said they was starboard, I meant they were literally at the side of the ship.”

“Zounds, man. This is a fine pickle.”

Pirates appear brandishing cutlasses. The lead pirate steps forward and points his cutlass at the captain.

“Ye be the captain of this ‘ere ship?”

“Aye, aye. That I am.”

“Hand over all your booty.”

The first mate steps forward to address him.

“I’m sorry mate but we don’t got no women on board.”

The pirate is momentarily puzzled.

“Just a lot of sea men,” he adds.

The pirate recovers and jabs his cutlass in the direction of the first mate.

“What’s that bilge?”

Another sailor steps forward.

“Captain, let me help. I speak pirate. He means nonsense. What’s that nonsense.”

“Belay that talk!” shouts the pirate.

“He means...”

“I get it, Benson.”

“Give us yer valuables!” shouts the pirate. “Gar! Yer gold, yer silver, yer rum.”

The captain steps forward.

“Sorry, matey but our stores are empty. We’re almost done our long voyage and we’re on our way home. We have nothing. Our mission was to deliver goods and now we are done, we are heading back home, with nothing.”

“Nothing?”

“Nothing.”

“Well, shiver me timbers.”

Benson, the sailor who speaks pirate, steps forward.

“That’s an expression of-“

“Oh, shut up, Benson.”

“Right-ho.” He steps back.

The captain addresses the head pirate.

“Aye, it’s true we have nothing for ye. I can give ye nothing but my sea men. But my sea men are the best. All are excellent swimmers.”

“Avast! Enough talk of sea men!”

He turns and addresses his fellow pirates. “Search the ship!”

As the other pirates disappear, he turns back to the crew.

“As for ye, unless ye want to feed the fishes, get ye all to the back of the ship.”

“There’s a stern warning,” comments the first mate as he and the others co-operate.

They disappear as the head pirate curses his luck. Facing the captain again, he tells him to tie up the first mate and the rest of the crew.

The other pirates return with one calling out, “The holds are empty. It is true what the rascallions say.”

“There must be something of value on this ship. Something we can pillage.”

As he ponders, he hears music creeping from below deck.

“What is that sound?!”

“Music,” the captain replies.

The head pirate listens for a moment.

“Ho, shiver me timbers. Tis pleasant enough. What think you men?”

They nod agreement. “Aye.”

“Alright, then. We will take their music.”

“No!” cries the first mate. “It’s our only pleasure, after food, alcohol, gambling and masturbation.”

The head pirate stands steadfast.

“I’m Long John Bronze! If I want something, I take it. Savvy?”

“Cruel, cruel men,” sobs the first mate.

“Stop yer sniffing. I can’t stand to see a man cry. We will take yer music. There’s no other way.”

One of the other pirates tugs his sleeve and whispers in his ear.

“What’s that, Quinlan?” The head pirate nods. “Yes, yes. I suppose we could do that.”

“Do what?” asks the first mate.

“There is another way. Instead of pilfering your music, we will make copies of it for ourselves. You will get to keep the original music.”

“But that’s illegal! You can’t do that! Besides, we paid for this music. Why should you have it for free? You are ripping us off!”

“Why should you care? You get to keep your music. Arr, do you want us to actually steal it instead?”

“But you *are* stealing the music. Just in a different way.”

“Is not the music of the whales in the sea and the birds in the sky free to all?”

“But our music is different. People have laboured over the composition and production. Songwriters and artists need to be compensated for their work.”

“Do they not charge outrageous prices for people to hear their music live?”

“Well, yes, but that’s mostly Ticketmaster...”

“Heave to! Enough! Do you not realize we are pirates? Come, men. Let us download the music and be off.”

They leave and go to the lower deck.

The captain watches them go then calls out, “Are you sure you wouldn’t rather have my seamen?”