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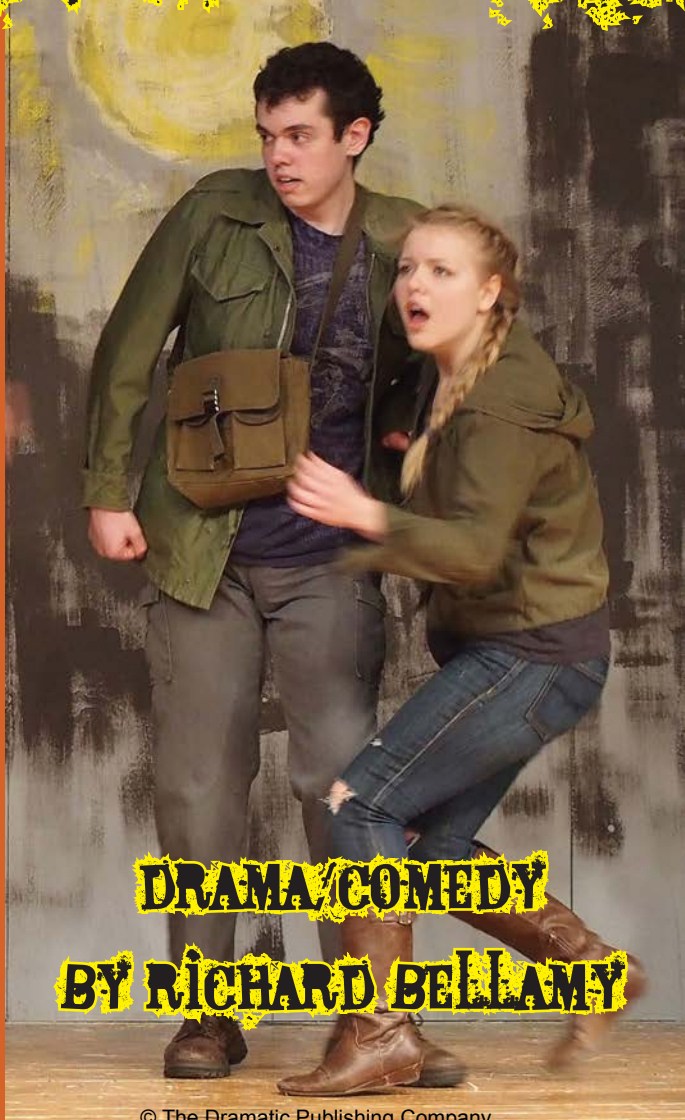
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Dramatic Publishing

APOCALYPSE



DRAMA / COMEDY

BY RICHARD BELLAMY

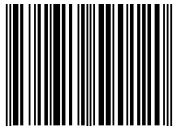
APOCALYPSE

Drama/Comedy. By Richard Bellamy. Cast: 7m., 8w., 3 either gender. Doubling and extras possible. All Mabeline “Mabes” Collins can think about is going to prom with Sam Finnick, lacrosse star. Her bookworm sister, Serena, immersed in a steady diet of post-apocalyptic young-adult fiction, predicts the end of the world, but the only cataclysm Mabes can envision is Sam not inviting her to the big event! Then it happens! News of a vast alien aircraft in orbit! Panic in the streets! A plague of zombie-vampire hybrids breaks out, and Mabes’ house becomes packed with refugees—among them Sam (who has asked her to prom); Sam’s survivalist father, Ben; the school chess nerd, Charles Wiggin (who seems to be in love with Mabes); and the psycho Meyer twins, Alice and Cassie. Many months later, Mabes is no longer a shallow teenager attached to her iPhone. As a member of a survivalist group called Undaunted, she must struggle against cannibals, zombie-vamps and a mutant mountain lion—as well as the Insurgents, a rival survivalist band that includes Charles Wiggin—the guy she might really love. With its blend of action, comedy and serious drama, *Apocalypse* offers young actors a wide range of dramatic opportunities and a chance to parody popular young-adult novels such as *The Hunger Games* and *Divergent*. *Area staging. Approximate running time: 90 minutes. Code: AL3.*

Cape Cod Academy, Osterville, Mass., featuring James Schofield and Lydia Dick.

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Apocalypse

By

RICHARD BELLAMY



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Apocalypse was first presented at Cape Cod Academy in Osterville, Mass., in February 2014 with the following cast:

Serena Collins	Mariah Van Sciver
Mabeline “Mabes” Collins.....	Lydia Dick
Leo Collins.....	Andrew Whittle
Veronica Collins.....	Kim Keating
Edward Collins.....	Zach Tousignant
Sam Finnick	Alex Monto
Ben Finnick.....	Jack Hanesian
Beatrice Wiggin	Molly Murphy
Jasper Wiggin.....	Philip Zhao
Charles Wiggin.....	James Schofield
Evan Wiggin.....	Dennis Lu
Cora Meyer	Jing Zheng
Lavender Meyer	Melissa Groman
Alice Meyer	Olivia Noonan
Cassie Meyer.....	Emi Sai
Voice of Newscaster/ Dr. Fremdeliebe.....	Richard Bellamy
Mutant Mountain Lion.....	Gary Bo
Zombie-Vampires and Aliens.....	Gary Bo, Ryan Edmonds, Angelina Wang, Tina Wang

Direction	Richard Bellamy
Makeup	Molly Murphy, Jing Zheng
Stage Managers/ Lights.....	Sarah Ouyang, Tina Wang
Poster Art	Jason Fachada
Art Consultants	Jan Rapp, Gretchen Tanzer
Technical Assistant.....	Mike Nolf
Publicity	Lawrence Brown

Apocalypse

CHARACTERS

Cast: 7m., 8w., 2 either gender. Total cast of about 20, depending on number of extras. In order of appearance:

SERENA COLLINS: 14. Avid reader of post-apocalyptic young adult fiction.

MABELINE “MABES” COLLINS: 17. Typical high-school senior; dreams of going to prom with Sam Finnick.

LEO COLLINS: 11. Serena and Mabels’ gifted little brother; loves his Legos.

VERONICA COLLINS: 42. Your typical Disney Channel sitcom power mom: sarcastic; high on life and shopping.

EDWARD COLLINS: 45. Your typical optimistic, easy-going dad; doesn’t even know how to check the oil in his own Hummer.

SAM FINNICK: 17. Popular teenage guy; lacrosse hero.

BEN FINNICK: 42. Sam’s dad; survivalist; member of a gun club.

BEATRICE WIGGIN: 45. Charles’ mother; author of popular children’s books; plays the cello.

JASPER WIGGIN: 46. Beatrice’s brilliant husband; professor of physics.

CHARLES WIGGIN: 17. School nerd; chess club and science fair champ; loves Mabels.

EVAN WIGGIN: 12. The Wiggins’ adopted son from China.

CORA MEYER: 43. Artsy, hippie, Wiccan mother of Alice and Cassie.

LAVENDER MEYER: 42. Cora’s artsy, hippie, Wiccan partner.

ALICE MEYER: 16. Artsy, psycho, goth teenage girl.
CASSIE MEYER: 16. Alice's artsy, psycho, goth twin sister.
VOICE OF NEWSCASTER and VOICE OF DR.
FREMDELIEBE, a scientist: Live or recorded voices.
MUTANT MOUNTAIN LION: A mutant mountain lion.
EXTRA ZOMBIE-VAMPIRES: Zombie-vampire hybrids.
EXTRA SURVIVALISTS/ ALIENS: Optional.

SETTING

ACT I: The Collins home: dining and living area during a single night.

ACT II: A post-asteroid winter wasteland during a single day.

PLACE: A suburban area somewhere in the United States.

TIME: The present day.

PRODUCTION NOTES

Apocalypse is easy to stage. It is designed for uninterrupted action with only one major movement of props after Act I during an intermission—or a musical interlude if continuous action is preferred. Act I takes place entirely in the Collins dining and living area. Act II takes place in a post-apocalyptic wasteland. The look of the zombie-vampires and the mutant mountain lion costume are great opportunities for makeup artists and costume designers.

Apocalypse

ACT I

SETTING: *The Collins' dining room and living area are fashionably furnished. A dining room table stands C, with three chairs along the upstage side of the table and a chair at each end. DR are two chairs and a small side table with magazines and a remote control on top of it. DL is an armchair. Upstage against the middle of the backdrop stands a cabinet with shelves. Along with household ornaments, it holds a Risk game and a box of Legos.*

AT RISE: *SERENA COLLINS enters from UL. Carrying a school backpack, she is a typical 14-year-old American teen.*

(She sets down her backpack near the middle of the table. She takes out a book: The Hunger Games. She places it squarely, obsessive-compulsively, on the table.

SERENA goes off R and comes back with a glass of milk and plate of cookies. She sets the milk and cookies down precisely to the right and left of the book, sits down and opens the book with a long sigh of complete relief. She reads. She turns a page, takes a neat nibble of a cookie and takes a small sip of milk.

Shoulder bag over one shoulder; MABELINE "MABES" COLLINS, looking down at her cellphone, enters from UL. MABES is a typical American high-school senior. Preferably, her hair is long and straight and hanging freely.

NOTE: *The tone for the delivery of lines throughout most of ACT I should be like a Disney Channel sitcom, over the top and timed for the laugh track.)*

MABES (*to herself*). Yeah, right, Emma, you can gloat all you want. Of course, Josh invited you to prom. You've only been going out together for two years. And what's this here? "TOO BAD SAM DOESN'T KNOW YOU EXIST." Oh, he knows I exist. I always let him share my math homework when he's in trouble. I taped a Valentine's Day card on his locker. Well, I didn't sign my name, but he knows my handwriting. After all the notes I've doodled on the margins of his history notes, he has to know my handwriting! He has to know I exist. (*Dramatically.*) Sam Finnick has to ask me to prom or I'll just die!

(*All this time, SERENA has been trying to read, but now she looks up, distracted.*)

SERENA. Tell me, Mabes. Are you just talking to yourself like you usually do because you're totally insane, or are you talking to me? Because if you're talking to me, I'm not listening. I'm reading.

MABES (*turning; just noticing her sister*). Serena! How did you get here so fast?

SERENA. I took the shortcut. Also, I didn't hang out at my locker gossiping with my friends, and I didn't walk past the lacrosse field and spy on Sam Finnick practicing.

MABES (*unsettled that SERENA knows*). I wasn't spying on Sam. He saw me watching him.

SERENA. Don't you think he'll think that's kinda creepy?

MABES. Oh, I don't know. All those guys like to be watched. (*Grabbing SERENA's book.*) What are you reading now?

SERENA (*grabbing it back*). *The Hunger Games*.

MABES. I thought you've read that book at least 20 times.

SERENA. Twenty-two times. I'm picking up on the nuances of the prose.

MABES. Listen to you! “The nuances of the prose.” You sound pretty insane yourself. What’s your thing with all this post-apocalyptic fiction you read?

SERENA. Dystopian and post-apocalyptic survival novels express feelings of doom and gloom as a result of 9/11, terrorism and the economic crunch. Because of all this, we fear a larger disaster, and we wonder how we would act in a situation like that.

MABES. Serena, you’re so weird!

SERENA. I like to be prepared.

MABES (*mocking*). You mean you’re preparing for the apocalypse? As if that will ever happen!

SERENA. The way we’re going, something’s gotta give. Look at how cars pollute the air we breathe, and chemicals in the earth harm the food we eat. I saw a movie in biology class, and it showed how they inject chickens with hormones so that their breasts are so heavy they can’t even walk! The globe is warming, the ozone layer is depleting and the poor, defenseless honeybees are disappearing! Look at how we rely on technology for all that we do and how we need vast stores of energy to run that technology! One day, everything’s gonna fall apart. The end of the world as we know it!

MABES. The only thing that can cause the end of the world as we know it is if Sam Finnick doesn’t ask me to prom.

SERENA (*laughing*). Well, get ready for the apocalypse, Mabes. Maybe you should read up on some survival tips.

(Setting her shoulder bag on the floor; MABES sits on the chair to the right of SERENA and checks her cellphone.)

MABES. God, how I hate Emma Balch.

SERENA. I thought she was your best friend.

MABES. Sometimes you hate your best friend, but you wouldn't know that because you're a little brainiac outcast who doesn't have a social life.

SERENA. I have a very rich and textured inner life.

MABES (*mocking*). Sounds awesome!

(MABES takes out her physics book and slams it on the table.)

SERENA. It's impossible to enjoy a little peace and quiet around here. I just heard Mom's car. Get ready for the invasion.

(An 11-year-old boy, LEO COLLINS, enters from UL. Walking stiffly, he crosses behind SERENA and MABES, dropping his bookbag with a loud thump.)

LEO. Oh my God, I had to go really bad BEFORE Mom said, "Oh, just ONE errand," which of course means five or six errands, and we stopped at Starbucks but the restroom was out of order, so I've got a little emergency to take care of!

SERENA. Thanks for sharing, Leo.

(He goes off R. Pause. He shouts from offstage.)

LEO (*dramatically*). Thaaaaaaaaaank God!

(The sound of a flushing toilet. LEO returns from UR.)

LEO (*cont'd*). THAT ... FELT ... SO ... GOOD!

MABES. How was your day at THE SPECIAL SCHOOL FOR THE UPWARDLY MOBILE AND SOCIALLY IN-EPT? Invent any new technology?

LEO. Just an APP I sold for six figures.

MABES. Really?

LEO. Just kidding.

SERENA (*laughing*). Sis, you're so gullible.

(LEO goes to a shelf and gets his box of Legos. He sits at the UL chair and starts to put Lego pieces together.)

SERENA (*cont'd*). Want a cookie?

LEO. No, thanks.

SERENA. Geniuses don't get hungry?

LEO. No, androids don't eat cookies.

MABES. Androids?

(VERONICA COLLINS, laden with shopping bags from various stores, bursts in from UL. VERONICA is your typical shrill-voiced Disney Channel-sitcom mom, beaming with energy.)

VERONICA. It was a mob scene at the mall! I'm sorry, Leo. Did you make it to the potty, honey?

LEO. In fact, Mom, I didn't.

VERONICA. Oh, my God! Leo!

SERENA. Mom, you're as gullible as Mabes!

VERONICA. How are my best girls?

(SERENA is trying to read as her mother pecks her on the cheek. VERONICA goes to kiss MABES, but she pulls away.)

VERONICA (*cont'd*). Oh, dear, it's so hard when your little chickadees have to grow up.

MABES (*wincing*). Chickadees?

VERONICA. How was school? Serena?

SERENA (*glumly*). So ... challenging.

VERONICA. Mabes?

MABES. If Sam Finnick doesn't ask me to prom, I'm going to beat him to death with a lacrosse stick!

LEO. Cool! I wanna see that.

VERONICA. Mabeline Collins!

MABES (*irritably*). Mabes! Just Mabes!

(*VERONICA puts her hand on MABES' forehead.*)

VERONICA. Mabes, are you coming down with something?

MABES. I'm just a little wound up is all.

SERENA. She says that if Sam doesn't ask her to prom, it'll be like the end of the world, but if she read any books, she'd know there's no comparison.

VERONICA (*empathetically*). Oh, Mabesy! You put such store in that Sam Finnick, but there are a lot of fish in the sea. It's not the end of the world!

MABES. Uh, Mom. You're not making this easy.

VERONICA (*a quick comeback*). Have you tried the low-cut top I bought you at Forever 21?

MABES. Mo-om!

VERONICA (*sweetly*). Well, can I make you some hot chocolate with mini marshmallows floating in it?

MABES (*accepting her mother's attempts*). No, thanks, Mom. That's all right.

VERONICA. Well, let me get these bags out of the way and I'll get dinner going. Actually, it's kind of late, so I thought we'd order out. We could order your favorite pizza, Mabes.

MABES. That's all right, Mom. I don't feel much like eating. Could I go over to Emma's after dinner so I can help her search for a prom dress?

VERONICA. Not tonight, honey. You have that big physics test tomorrow, don't you?

MABES. I've already studied.

VERONICA (*voice trailing as she goes off R*). Well, I don't know, honey. It's a school night, and you know the rules about school nights, and you could always study a little bit more ...

(SERENA sticks her nose in her book, and LEO works on a Lego construction.)

LEO *(sardonically)*. Yes, Mabes. You know how challenging you find physics, unlike people with genetically superior brains.

(MABES points at LEO's Lego construction.)

MABES *(dryly)*. Oh, don't worry, Leo. I know quite a bit about physics. I know, for example, that if I took that Lego construction and stuck it up ...

SERENA *(dramatically)*. My siblings are always fighting!

LEO *(considering the Lego construction)*. Ouch!

(MABES throws down her cellphone.)

MABES. No more texting! It just gets me in a bad mood.

(MABES takes her journal and a pen out of her shoulder bag.)

SERENA *(over her book)*. That's good, Mabes. Calm yourself down with a little DEAR DIARY time.

MABES. It's a JOURNAL!

SERENA. Oh.

(MABES writes in her journal.)

MABES *(reading aloud as she writes)*. "It's the end of the world, and I get no sympathy. I think I'll run away from home and join a circus. At least I'll get more respect from the chimpanzees."

LEO *(unconvincingly)*. I respect you, Mabes, despite your intellectual inferiority.

MABES. Shut up!

(MABES writes; SERENA reads; LEO builds an alien space craft and pretends it's traveling through space.)

SERENA. I hear Dad driving up.

(LEO holds up his Lego spacecraft. He imitates a scene à la 2001: A Space Odyssey.)

LEO. “Open the garage door, please, HAL.” “I’m sorry, Edward. I’m afraid I can’t do that.”

(EDWARD COLLINS rushes in, dress shirt hanging out.)

EDWARD *(roughing up LEO’s hair)*. How’s my little genius? *(Kissing MABES on her head.)* And my beauty queen? *(Standing over SERENA.)* And my, and my, and my, uh ...

(He takes SERENA’s book and looks at the title.)

EDWARD *(cont’d)*. You must have this memorized by now!

SERENA. I do! At least I know how to read.

EDWARD. I read ... *Sports Illustrated*.

LEO. I thought that was mostly photographs of models in very tiny swim suits.

EDWARD. So nice to be home! Where’s your mother?

MABES. Putting her latest purchases away.

EDWARD. No worries about the bad economy. As long as your mother’s contributing to the cash flow, we’re good!

(EDWARD goes UR and turns to the kids.)

EDWARD *(cont’d, finger on lips)*. Shhhhhh!

(He creeps off R. We hear VERONICA screech offstage.)

VERONICA *(off)*. Oh, Eddie, you scared the life out of me! No, no, no! Not the vampire kiss! Eeeeeeeeeeeek!

MABES *(reading as she writes)*. “My life is one embarrassment after another.”

(EDWARD enters from R.)

EDWARD *(dramatically)*. Fortified by my wife's passionate kisses, I embark upon an expedition to procure Oriental cuisine for our delightful evening repast. I shall return in ... 10 minutes.

(VERONICA enters from R, wiping her mouth, rubbing her neck and straightening her hair.)

MABES *(reading as she writes)*. "Day by day, my parents drift farther and farther from sanity."

VERONICA *(taking a deep breath to recover)*. Your father!

MABES *(totally serious)*. He's not my father!

VERONICA. What?

SERENA. Mom takes the bait once again.

MABES. Mom, you're just as gullible as I am.

VERONICA. Help me set the table, girls.

SERENA. Yeah, let the boy genius make a Nobel Prize-winning Lego construction.

(SERENA puts a bookmark in her book and gets up. MABES, looking down at her cellphone, puts her textbook and journal in her bag and gets up. She follows SERENA to the cabinet upstage. They get napkins, cups, plates and utensils and set the table.)

VERONICA. How are things with my girls?

SERENA. Just fine, Mom.

MABES. If Sam Finnick doesn't ask me to prom, I'm going to join the French Foreign Legion.

VERONICA *(considering)*. It seems to me that Sam needs a nudge in the right direction, perhaps a very forceful nudge.

MABES. Emma and I staged this little thing at lunch. We sat near Sam and his friends, and I made a point of saying, very loudly, that I didn't have a date for prom. It was kind of obvious.

VERONICA (*sardonically*). Perhaps not obvious enough. Some boys need a metaphorical knock on the head with a sledge hammer.

(VERONICA and the girls finish setting the table. The girls sit at their places. SERENA gets back to her book; MABES scrolls through her cellphone. EDWARD enters from L with a large brown paper bag.)

EDWARD. I have returned!

VERONICA. That was fast.

EDWARD. The Peking Pagoda is very fast.

(EDWARD goes off R and comes back with a bottle of beer. He sits at the UR head of the table. VERONICA goes off R and comes back with a tray of bowls. She sets a bowl on each plate and sits at the other end of the table UL. They eat from their bowls.)

EDWARD (*cont'd*). Well, now, let's share our accomplishments.

VERONICA. I think I've got buyers for the old Crocker property.

EDWARD. Oh, you mean, the one with the beautiful backyard that turns into a swamp every time it rains?

LEO. Yeah, that's the one. When we stopped there on the way home from school yesterday, I think I saw an alligator sunning itself by the pool.

VERONICA. But it's a beautiful house. Great for children.

LEO. Which is great for the alligator.

EDWARD. Well, congratulations. What about you, Leo? Anything to celebrate?

LEO. I'm a finalist in the math competition.

EDWARD. Wonderful! Serena?

SERENA. I got an A on my *Romeo and Juliet* essay.

EDWARD. Mabels?

MABES. Nothing to celebrate. I'm a complete failure, and I don't have a date for prom. I think I'll leave the country and join a monastery in the Himalayas, but if I can go over to Emma's tonight, I'll change my mind and stay.

VERONICA (*to EDWARD*). I told her she couldn't.

EDWARD. Couldn't what? Leave the country and join a monastery in the Himalayas? I don't see anything wrong with that.

VERONICA (*seriously*). No, I meant go over to Emma's house tonight.

EDWARD. Oh, right. Sorry, Mables, it's a school night.

VERONICA. And you have a big physics test tomorrow.

MABES (*sweetly*). I've studied my brains out already. I need to restore my brain cells by helping Emma search websites for gowns and hairstyles and maybe take a break by posting a video of her cat doing somersaults. I won't be home late.

EDWARD. Well, I guess it's all right.

VERONICA. Eddie, you're much too easy.

EDWARD. It's either that or the monastery!

(MABES looks down at her cellphone and reads a text message.)

MABES (*excited*). Forget the monastery. Forget Emma's! Abort mission! I just got a text from Sam Finnick! He wants to come over HERE, and he wants me to help him study for the physics test! Can he? Can he?

EDWARD. Well, I guess that's fine.

MABES (*texting*). Great! I'll text him.

VERONICA (*getting up*). I'll get the sledge hammer!

MABES. Don't you dare embarrass me!

VERONICA. Don't worry. We won't embarrass you.