

# END OF THE WORLD

The Y2K Adventure

A Two-Act Comedy

By  
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### **STORY OF PLAY**

It is New Year's Eve, 1999, in Montana. Because of the predicted Y2K disasters, the Johnsons are well prepared and eager to start their new lives. They are hopefully awaiting other survivalists to join them in their bunker. However, the others, including the haughty and well-bred Langfords and the common, run-of-the-mill hillbilly Hick family, are not exactly what the Johnsons had expected. Add two uninvited and unseen conspiracy survivalists, and you have a mix of nuts who think the world has ended. Rather than disaster, this adventure turns out to be comedy explosion!

Running time approximately 85 minutes.

**CAST OF CHARACTERS**  
(6 m, 6 w)

**JIM JOHNSON:** Easy-going, off-center owner of bunker.  
**HELEN JOHNSON:** Jim's dedicated and dutiful wife.  
**ROBBIE JOHNSON:** Their level-headed 16-year-old son.  
**GOMER HICK:** Father of the hillbilly clan.  
**MABEL JEAN HICK:** Gomer's wife, friendly but backward.  
**GOOBER HICK:** Their slow yet loyal son.  
**MAGGIE MAE HICK:** Their daughter in search of a husband.  
**MONTAGUE LANGFORD:** Rich New England blue blood.  
**MARIGOLD LANGFORD:** Snob who is out of her element.  
**CHARLOTTE LANGFORD:** Their level-headed, 16-year-old daughter.  
**WALTER ROCK:** A paranoid, cowardly conspiracy survivalist.  
**ROXIE ROCK:** Walter's easily led and mousy wife.

**Synopsis of Scenes**

Act I

Scene 1: Late afternoon on New Year's Eve, 1999, outside the Johnson family's cave bunker in Montana.  
Scene 2: Minutes later inside the main room of the bunker.  
Scene 3: A few minutes later.  
Scene 4: An hour later.

Act II

Scene 1: The next morning.  
Scene 2: Late at night, one week later.  
Scene 3: Late evening, the next day.  
Scene 4: One morning, three days later.  
Scene 5: Two a.m., the next morning.  
Scene 6: Around midnight, three days later.  
Scene 7: The next morning.

## **SET DESIGN**

Boulders and bushes placed DS can be used as the outside of the mountain for Scene 1. Inside of bunker should have two entrances - one that leads outside and the other that goes back into the mountain. Shelves on the back wall can be lined with cans of food (empty or full). In several locations have boxes stacked and marked, including several boxes stacked high with toilet paper and covered with a tarp. Furniture should include (2) inflatable chairs, a couch, an end table, a table w/four chairs, a radio and a television. The cave walls can be achieved by dipping plastic bags in black, white, and gray paints and dabbing them on the walls.

## **PROPS**

Three lawn chairs	Flashlights
Four old suitcases	Two backpacks
Clipboard	McDonald's bags
Magazine	Bath towel
Arm sling	Crutch
Ace bandages	Large bandages

## **SOUND EFFECTS**

Static sounds  
Clock ticking  
Fireworks  
Pots and pans  
Breaking dishes

**ACT I**  
**Scene 1**

*(AT RISE: Five o'clock in the afternoon on New Year's Eve, 1999. The JOHNSONS are walking down the aisle carrying lawn chairs, flashlights and wearing winter coats. They are walking to their bunker where they will await the arrival of other survivalists.)*

JIM: Hurry along, Helen, we don't want to look unorganized when our guests arrive.

HELEN: Coming, dear, coming!

ROBBIE: What guests, Dad? No one answered your ads.

HELEN: Robbie, don't be such a pessimist. Your father always knows what he's doing.

ROBBIE: Pessimist? Dad's the one preparing for Armageddon.

HELEN: Robbie, you don't second-guess your father.

JIM: That's all right, Helen, I'll handle this. Let's all have a seat, shall we? *(THEY open their chairs and sit down.)* First of all, son, a pessimist is someone who sees the negative side of life, and I don't.

ROBBIE: Ah, Dad, what do you call your predicting the end of the world – an optimist's view of better things to come?

HELEN: Robbie!

JIM: *(Laughs.)* Son, you're only sixteen and I know you're worried about the impending loss of mankind as we know it. But look on the bright side, you will witness the dawn of a new age.

ROBBIE: Darn it, Dad, I'm not worried.

HELEN: Hold on there, mister. There's no place in our new world for a Mr. Potty Mouth, now is there?

ROBBIE: No, ma'am.

HELEN: Well, what do we say to Mr. Potty Mouth?

ROBBIE: Mother, please.

HELEN: What do we say?

ROBBIE: *(Sighs.)* Mr. Potty Mouth go away, in this house you cannot stay.

HELEN: Much better.

JIM: Helen, if there were rewards for mother-of-the-year, you would surely win every time.

HELEN: Oh, Jim, you're just saying that.

JIM: Oh, no, I'm not. There isn't another woman in Montana that could touch your apron.

HELEN: Oh, pshaw.

JIM: Look at your mother, Robbie. Take a good, long look. There is the future mother of the world's new society.

HELEN: Oh, Jim.

ROBBIE: Dad, with all due respect, I don't think there's going to be a need for a new society.

JIM: Son, the Good Book and the psychic hotline don't lie. Why do you think I spent thousands of dollars to advertise for people to join us?

ROBBIE: But the response you got was from the news media who mocked you. "Thank you very much, evening news guys, for ruining my social life." And two leftover hippies from the sixties who turned us down when they found out we were a drug-free society. And there is nothing in the Good Book about Y2K.

JIM: Oh, but there is. You just have to know how to read between the lines.

ROBBIE: Since when did you become an expert?

JIM: I've been taking lessons off the internet. Have faith, son. Remember the famous saying: "If you build it they will come."

ROBBIE: But that was a movie.

HELEN: And a fine one it was. I still don't know why they chose Iowa though. Montana would have been much better.

JIM: Isn't that the truth.

ROBBIE: I'm not going to change your minds, am I?

JIM: Son, son, son. When the bombs start falling and the water, electric and gas doesn't flow, you'll thank me.

ROBBIE: But --

HELEN: Don't forget the chaos that will follow.

ROBBIE: But --

JIM: Food shortages, fallout, anarchy!

ROBBIE: But --

HELEN: And the gangs. Roving bands of big, strong, and I'm thinking very mean men here.

JIM: Oh, they'll be mean all right, Helen. Picture it, Robbie. A world full of professional wrestlers turned rogue. No more wrestling federations keeping them in check.

ROBBIE: But, Dad, wrestling is fake.

HELEN: Bite your tongue! Who is filling your head with such nonsense?

JIM: It's the times, Helen, it's the times. Perhaps the impending doom is nature's way of saying, "The millennium is here, let the cleansing begin!" But enough of being Gloomy Guses. It's now five o'clock New Year's Eve, 1999. Let us join hands and await those of the new society.

ROBBIE: No one's going to show, Dad.

JIM: Yes, they will.

ROBBIE: No, they won't.

JIM: Yes, they will.

ROBBIE: No, they won't.

JIM: Will.

ROBBIE: Won't.

HELEN: *(Firm.)* Zip it, Robbie!

*(Both HELEN and JIM look straight ahead with big smiles. To signify the passing of hours the LIGHTS go down and up and the SOUND of a clock ticking can be heard. Each time the lights come up the JOHNSONS will be in different positions with different looks on their faces. Slowly they show doubt until the lights come up the sixth time and they are asleep. Coming down the aisle we see the HICK family carrying suitcases.)*

GOMER: *(Hollering.)* Anyone abouts? We be the Hick family come a'callin!

*(HELEN wakes up.)*

GOMER: Hayloo!

HELEN: Jim! Jim, wake up. I hear someone!

JIM: What?

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