

ETIAM

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SCENE 1: The News

"Attention. This is a national emergency."

"Attention. C'est une urgence nationale."

"Chūi. Koreha..."

"una emergencia nacional."

"We interrupt the regularly scheduled program to bring you this important message."

"Wir unterbrechen..."

"uliga banghaehada..."

"denne viktige meldingen"

"This just in. News from..."

"NASA"

"Roscosmos"

"CNSA"

"The European Space Agency"

"Mag God jou barmhartig wees."

"It seems a large meteor..."

"bol'shoy kosmicheskiy kamen'..."

"un astéroïde est..."

"...is heading towards earth. Sources predict it's impact will be detrimental."

"no sobreviviremos a su impacto"

"We are truly sorry, but..."

"Wǒmen jiànyì nín yǔ qīnrén gòngdù shíguāng."

"Es gibt keinen anderen Weg, dies auszudrücken."

"We have 48 hours before the meteor is estimated to hit."

"This is the end of the world."

SCENE 2

MUM enters during the end of the news sequence and turns off the TV.

MUM: That bloody TV! I told him, I told him we need a new TV, but no, no. *(mocking)* "Irene why don't we save up for the conservatory we've always wanted, aye it'll be crackin'." Well, guess what, Joe? You can shove your conservatory up your a-

The girl sits up awoken by MUM. It's ISLA.

MUM: *(acting as if the previous event hasn't occurred)* Isla. Hi honey, how you doin'?

ISLA: Aren't you gonna ask why I was sleeping on the couch?

MUM: No it's alright, you do you. *(in realisation)* Why were you sleepin' on the couch?

ISLA: No reason.

MUM: Were you down here looking for your phone again?

ISLA: No, I-

MUM: Because I've already told you it's locked away in a place you'll never find it.

ISLA: I know, mum.

MUM: You'll never find it... ever...ever.

ISLA rolls her eyes.

MUM: Haw you! Stop with that cheek.

ISLA: I didn't say anything.

MUM: I know you didn't "say anything". It's the face. It's all in the face, you see. Did I ever tell you that story about how Nicole Ferguson once rolled her eyes that hard they got stuck? True story. So, what had happened was Nicole got told off by Mr Watson in third year, and what did she do? She rolled her eyes and *(clicks)* they got stuck. Had to go to the hospital and everything. From then on, we called her Nicole the Prophet because she looked like she was looking into a crystal ball and prophesizing the future. You know what I mean. Like- *(acting out being like a prophet, Professor Trelawney vibes)*

ISLA: *(fed up)* MUM! You're doing it again.

MUM: Doing what?

ISLA: Talking sh-*(realizing she's in front of her mother)* gibberish.

MUM: Shibberish? Aye, I'll shibberish you.

(beat)

ISLA: Please can I get my phone back?

MUM: Hmmmmm. No.

ISLA: I just don't understand why we need to do this whole 'phone detox' shite.

MUM: Language!

ISLA: I'm being serious, it's a load of rubbish man.

MUM: It's not. I read on Facebook that if you stay on your phone for too long you'll get cancer. 'Cos of the 4G? It gets right under your skin and into your cells and the next thing you know you've got an IV pumping through your veins and your hair is falling out.

ISLA: I don't think that's how it works, mum...

MUM: Also, studies have shown that the radiation emitted from your phone can cause you to grow extra fingers! I trust this info Isla. Facebook has all the answers you know, that's how Julia Atkinson's daughter found out she had a UTI.

ISLA: Well, why don't you let me use Facebook? On my phone. So that I can figure out if I have a UT/

MUM: Have you got a UTI!?

ISLA: What? No, of course I don't have a UTI.

MUM: Okay.

ISLA: Okay?

MUM: Well, isn't it about time for you to head off to school?

ISLA: What's the time? *(goes to reach for her phone)* Mum. Time. Please.

MUM: Jesus jonny macaroni it's 8:30 already.

ISLA: Shibberish.

MUM: Hurry up and get changed and be on your way. There's five pounds in your bag.

ISLA walks off stage, she gets changed.

ISLA: *(From offstage)* Mum?! Where's my black jumper?

MUM looks down at herself, she's wearing the jumper underneath her dressing gown, she attempts to get it off.

ISLA: Mum?!

MUM: I'm not too sure darlin', maybe it's in the wash?

ISLA: I swear that jumper goes missing like every week.

MUM: Yeah me too, how strange.

ISLA re-enters and sees MUM in the middle of getting the jumper off.

ISLA: Mum!

MUM: It's not what it looks like.

ISLA: Yes, it is. You keep stealing my black jumper because you accidentally donated yours to Garvin Cross Parish Church's annual Rag Bag.

MUM: Ok, so what if it is yours? It's way too big for you anyway.

ISLA: It's a stylistic choice!

MUM: You know what, you can have your jumper! *(she takes the jumper off, which takes a comically long time. She throws it to ISLA, she catches it)*

ISLA: THANKYOU.

MUM: YOU'RE WELCOME.

ISLA: BYE.

MUM: BYE.

(They quit the hostile act and hug. MUM kisses her on the forehead. ISLA leaves. MUM waits a moment, looking at the door.)

MUM: *(mocking her)* Stylistic choice.

(She turns to the front and reaches into her pocket slyly, she pulls out her phone and begins scrolling. Triumphant. Then she realises something and her face drops.)

SCENE 3

We hear crying coming from inside the bath.

REO: *(from offstage)* Twix?!

REO enters, looking around.

REO: Twix? I know you're in here, Twi/

She vomits. Composes herself. TWIX pops his head out from the bath.

TWIX: You ok?

REO: I'm good. I think the real question is, are you ok? *(she climbs into the bath with him)* You're thinking about him again.

TWIX: The roaches.

REO: Where?

TWIX: No. There's no... but who's gonna kill the roaches? Now that Xavier is gone.

REO: I'll do it.

TWIX: It's not the same. You just trap them under a glass and chuck them out the back door.

REO: I don't like squishing them.

TWIX: But what if they come back?

REO: They won't. *(pause)* We should tell Jesus.

TWIX: She can't kill roaches.

REO: No, tell her that Xavier is gone. We've got no food left. We can't be by ourselves anymore, it's not safe.

TWIX: I want to stay here. It smells like him.

REO: It smells like bleach. I miss him too, you know.

TWIX: I know.

REO: But I'm hungry.

TWIX: Me too.

REO: So.. *(she grabs his arm and pulls him up out of the bath)* Let's go to the church! Come on?!

TWIX: Ok, ok..

They go to leave, when TWIX spots a roach.

TWIX: Roach!

REO goes to pick it up, but changes her mind last minute and stands on it.

TWIX: Reo...

REO: Let's go.

SCENE 4

(Lights up. A science classroom. Desolate apart from a few pupils.)

CHLOE: ...so then he said that if I had the gaff then he'd get the drink.

MARTIN: Mm-hm.

CHLOE: But I just can't decide whether to have the gaff or not because last time my parents were away, my house totally got trashed and I got in so much trouble when they got back.

MARTIN: Mh-hm.

CHLOE: Remember that? Rubbish everywhere, sick on the floor...

MARTIN: Mh-hm.

CHLOE: ..someone stole the dog...

MARTIN: Chloe, please shut up! Can't you see I'm busy?

CHLOE: Are you being cheeky?

MARTIN: No, I just, *(sighs)* I'm trying to finish my presentation.

(CHLOE rolls here eyes and goes to her seat)

PAT: Haw Chloe, have you done your presentation?

CHLOE: No, but you know what I have done...?

MARTIN: His Dad.

(they both turn to look at him and attack him with various verbal assaults. "What the heck Martin why would you even say that" "You know I hardly ever see my dad like actual wtaf man" "Yeno this is why no one likes you" etc)

CHLOE: I was going to say that I've only gone and smashed my phone, haven't I? Three months until my next upgrade. Ragin'.

PAT: Aww my thoughts and prayers.

MARTIN: Probably better off unplugging, Chloe. You do realise the government listens in to all of your phone calls? Hacks your socials too. That's why I only use my phone for Reddit and Subway Surfers.

CHLOE: What?

ISLA enters, the homework completed in her hands.

CHLOE: Isla! Hi. Please tell me you finished our presentation?

ISLA: I did... Did you do your half?

CHLOE: Sorry. I was totally going to do it but my phone smashed.

MARTIN: The presentations were to be done on powerpoint, you didn't need a phone.

CHLOE: I will literally drop-kick you, Martin.

ISLA: It's chill, don't worry about it.

MRS HENRY: *(entering)* Alrighty cla... *(notices there's no one here)* Where is everybody?

CHLOE: Dunno Miss. Nobody showed up. Surely there's not enough people here to do the presentations...

MRS HENRY: Nice try, Chloe. Your human nature presentations will go ahead as planned despite the lack of effort from your peers. Perhaps yourself and Miss Griffio would like to go first?

(ISLA and CHLOE look at each other and sigh before walking to the front of the class to do their inevitably disastrous presentation. Before they get the chance to start, two first years enter with a can of hairspray and a lighter. They are wild. MRS HENRY tries to rein them in, shouting things like "Stop," "What are you doing?" "This is extremely dangerous" etc etc, but he is ignored. Meanwhile, ISLA, CHLOE, PAT and MARTIN are just glad to get out of their presentations and watch gleefully.)

FIRST YEAR 1: This is for failing my human anatomy test last term! *(they spray MR HENRY with the hairspray and he screams, causing ISLA and CHLOE to come in between them.)*

CHLOE: No offence but like what are you doing?

FIRST YEAR 2: Whatever we want, man!

FIRST YEAR 1: ANARCHY!!!

ISLA: Can someone explain to me what is happening right now?

FIRST YEAR 1: AHHHHHHH

FIRST YEAR 2: Haven't you seen the news? This is doomsday, man!

CHLOE: What?

FIRST 1: There's this big fat rock... like in space... and

MARTIN: The moon...?

FIRST YEAR 1: No but it's like, gonna hit us. Like the dinosaurs, ya know?

CHLOE: We don't know.

FIRST YEAR 1: Check your phones!

(they all look at each other)

CHLOE: I smashed my phone.

ISLA: My mum took mine off me.

MARTIN: Erm, I don't conform to the social/

CHLOE: Martin, no one cares. Pat?

PAT: I mean I've only got ma wee android/

CHLOE: Ew nevermind.

MRS HENRY: QUIET! Can either one of you *please* explain what is going on here?

FIRST YEAR 1: Well, Miss, look for yourself. It's all over the news.

(MRS HENRY looks at the phone, searching for news articles.)

ISLA: What does it say?

MRS HENRY: Just give me a minute.

(She reads some more.)

ISLA: Mrs Henry?

MRS HENRY: It's true. "Colossal Asteroid Estimated To Hit Earth In 48 Hours. NASA predicts 0% survival rate."

MARTIN: Are you reading that from the sun? Because that is not a reliable source.

MRS HENRY: No, it's everywhere. Look.

(they crowd around the phone. Stunned silence.)

ISLA: Oh my god.

PAT: What the fuck, man.

CHLOE: So when they say 0%...

MARTIN: They mean we're gonna die, Chloe. This can't be happening. I'm too young to die!

MRS HENRY: I have children at home! My wife!

(the first years grab the phone and smash it)

FIRST YEAR 1: This is it, people. I feel great. I can do whatever I want!

MARTIN: I need some air. *(he leaves)*

PAT: *(rips off his school shirt)* Right, I'm off.

MRS HENRY: Class isn't over, you can't just/

PAT: It's the end of the world! You think I'm sticking around for Higher Biology? I'm away to loot Greggs. You want anything?

(variations of "No" "We're good." from CHLOE and ISLA)

CHLOE: *(shouting off to PAT)* Tomorrow, 5pm, my house. *(an epiphany)* I am so having a gaff. *(notices ISLA)* You should totally come, Isla! It's a thank you present for carrying our presentation on your back.

ISLA: I'll think about it...

CHLOE: You better. Bye Miss!

(CHLOE leaves. ISLA is left alone with her teacher. She helps MRS HENRY off the ground. He's crying, ISLA is not.)

MRS HENRY: You don't seem very phased by all of this.

ISLA: I... I don't think I'm surprised. I was kind of expecting it, in a way.

MRS HENRY: Everyone you know and love will be dead in a couple of hours. *(she crumbles)*

ISLA: *(in an attempt to console her)* Well... it was either gonna be this, or yellowstone, or climate change, or Trump. To be honest, I think a meteor is the most merciful of options. *(MRS HENRY cries some more.)* If it's any consolation Mrs Henry, you were always my favourite teacher.

MRS HENRY: And you weren't too bad yourself, Ingrid.

ISLA: Isla.

MRS HENRY: Right.

SCENE 5: Death

I want a raise of hands, who here is afraid of death? (*waits for the audience's response*) Yup, me too. Depressing, I know, but I think you'll find that most people are. It's the one thing we humans have no control over - our mortality is our biggest flaw. The thought creeps up on you, lurking. Present, but often ignored.

"One day, you and everyone you care about will die." Haha.

But really, it isn't as bad. Usually it's painless, heightened in the movies for dramatic effect. It's like falling into a much-needed nap.

Perhaps it's the thought that you'd be leaving your friends and family to fend for themselves once you pass that scares you. In which case, you'll be happy to hear that on average the grieving process only lasts a maximum of two years. During which, 20% of women, and 60% of men who've lost their spouses, get re-married. Talk about building a bridge and getting over it.

And then there's the added pressure of a ticking time bomb. The need to squash all of your life accomplishments into an eighty year lifespan. We drive ourselves mad with bucket lists. "I'm gonna go skydiving!" "I'm gonna swim with dolphins!" "I'm gonna go to Disneyland!" As if they would give our lives more value.

(*beat*)

So, if death is inevitable, inconsequential, and ultimately easy, why are we so frightened of it? It's the way the world works. It's *meant* to happen. (*sung*) It's the circle of life. Or at least we think it is. It's unsettling to think that life is anything but circular.

What if when we die, we *are* thrown into a fiery pit of eternal suffering. Or alternatively, walk through those pearly gates you've heard so much about. What if we are reincarnated as little birds, destined to watch over your old family from the window sill. What if we transcend into the fourth dimension and become omnipotent beings? What if you're still conscious, even in your death, and can feel yourself being cremated? What if it's nothing?

(*beat*)

We'll never know. The scariest part of death is that you will never know what it is. What happens when we die is the one thing humans have absolutely no information on. And what do we do when there's nothing? We create something. And we cling to it with our lives.

SCENE 6

A run-down church. There is a large pile of rubbish taking up the majority of the stage. JESUS sits on top of it. She wears a makeshift crown made of old crisp packets.

A montage. An ensemble of feral children gather on stage. Their clothes are raggedy and they are visibly unclean. There is a can of spaghetti hoops centre stage and everyone is staring at it. They all fight for it, ruthlessly, like animals. The can ends up bursting open.

JESUS: Enough!

REO and TWIX enter. REO helps break up the fight and eventually everyone has calmed down.

PAGE: Reo.

JESUS: *(notices them)* Guests! To what do I owe the pleasure?

COOP: Talk English, Jesus.

REO: It's Xavier. He's... he won't wake up.

JESUS: I'm sorry.

REO: We've got no food left.

PAGE: Us too.

TWIX: What do we do, Jesus?

JESUS: I think... I'm afraid that *(points towards the spaghetti hoops)* was the last of our canned goods.

(general distress from the ensemble)

JESUS: But it's fine! It's good, I have everything under control. *(she reaches for her books)*

COOP: What's the big plan then? Because we're hungry.

REO: And we won't find food in those stories of yours.

JESUS: What do you suggest, Reo?

REO: I dunno, Xavier always manages to get us some scraps from The Collective. Can we not/

JESUS: As if they would give anything to us!

REO: They might if we have something to trade.

JESUS: They won't! *(flipping through books)*

REO: So what do we/

JESUS: Eden!

COOP: What?

JESUS: Eden! We need to go to Eden.

TWIX: What's Eden?

JESUS: It's a place not far from here. It has all the food we could eat.

COOP: Spam?

JESUS: Spam, spaghetti hoops, beans, super noodles. You name it.

(everyone is impressed)

JESUS: And there is medicine! They'll probably be able to fix your eyes, Page. And your arm, Coop. No need for that stupid sling anymore.

COOP: Really?

JESUS: Truly.

PAGE: *(skeptical)* Why didn't you tell us about this sooner?

JESUS: I don't quite know how to get there yet, but I'm sure I'll be able to find a way in my stories. Just give me a minute.

(she disappears into the pile of rubbish)

TWIX: Isn't this great, Reo? We're saved!

REO: I don't know...

TWIX: You're the one who dragged me here in the first place. This is good for us.

REO: I don't trust....

TWIX: Eden...?

REO: No, Jesus.

TWIX: It's what Xavier would want.

REO: Xavier would want us to be safe.

TWIX: Well Eden might...

REO: Eden “might.” That’s the point. “Might” isn’t “is.”

TWIX: What?

REO: Look what happened to Coop! We can’t take our chances. There is no-one out there that’s going to help us!

(the doors open and in walks SAUCHIE. She wears a fairy costume, draped in fairy lights. Everyone stares, speechless.)

COOP: INTRUDER!

(They all back off in fear. Blow out candles etc. They have plans for scavengers.)

PAGE: Who are you? What are you doing here?

SAUCHIE: I... Need help. Lost.

COOP: You won’t find help here.

TWIX: Yeah, we have no supplies left.

REO: Twix don’t tell them that!

TWIX: Why? We don’t.

REO: She could be dangerous.

SAUCHIE: Not dangerous, promise. *(Falls out of exhaustion)*

TWIX: Is she...?

REO: *(approaches)* She’s still breathing.

COOP: Should we eat her?

REO/TWIX: No!

PAGE: We can’t afford another mouth to feed.

TWIX: But... Eden/

SAUCHIE: *(stirring)* Eden?

TWIX: You know about Eden?

SAUCHIE: *(nods)*

TWIX: Do you think you could show us the way?

SAUCHIE: I..

REO: Get her some water.

TWIX: To Eden? Do you think you could show us the way to Eden?

SAUCHIE: *(nods)*

REO: It's real?

TWIX: Jesus is gonna be so pleased to meet you! I'm Twix by the way, this is my sister.

REO: Reo.

SAUCHIE: Sister...?

REO: We have the same parents. And we were born on the same day. Actually, a lot of us round here were born on the same day.

SAUCHIE: Parents...

COOP: None of us lot have 'em. Lost 'em over the years to illness and the like. Some starved out. Gave all their food to us. That's why Jesus took us in.

TWIX: This is Coop. She nearly got her arm torn off last week trying to get us extra blankets from the Collective.

COOP: Should have seen the other guy. Hello. *(salutes)*

TWIX: And this is Page, his eyes don't work because he got in an acc/

PAGE: Page can talk for himself, thank you. No funny business, right?

REO: Give her a break, Page. She's harmless.

PAGE: Nice to meet you. *(he holds out his hand, Sauchie sniffs it, apprehensive.)*

TWIX: Jesus is our leader. The one who told us about Eden? She is in charge because she's the only one who can read. She named all of us, actually. Her favourite story is called "The Bible." She talks about it a lot.

COOP: Jesus! We've got something for you!

JESUS emerges from the pile of rubbish. She is taken aback by the sight of SAUCHIE.

JESUS: What did I tell you about interrupting my....you! Who let her in here?

TWIX: She knows the way to Eden!

JESUS: What?

TWIX: She's going to help us.

JESUS: Is this true?

(SAUCHIE looks at JESUS)

TWIX: She doesn't have much words.

JESUS: You know Eden?

SAUCHIE: I...

REO: She needs rest.

JESUS: She needs food! We all do! *(forcefully)* Can you lead the way?

SAUCHIE: Yes.

JESUS: Excellent! We should get a group together.

TWIX: I'll go!

REO: Then I'm coming too.

JESUS: We can't all go at once, that would attract too much attention. I'll stay. *(everyone reacts like she's a coward)* Someone's gotta protect the den from scavengers!

PAGE: I'll come.

REO: You don't need to...

PAGE: I'm bored of hearing the same sounds and feeling the same things. Plus, I'm starving.

COOP: I'm coming too.

PAGE: You'll slow us down.

COOP: And you won't?

PAGE: Say that again!

COOP: Jesus, tell him. I'm the best fighter here.

PAGE: *(in reference to broken arm)* Clearly.

(COOP squares up)

JESUS: Coop's going too.

COOP: Ha!

JESUS: Thank you so much... I didn't catch your name?

SAUCHIE: I can't remember.

TWIX: You should name her, Jesus.

JESUS: Alright. From here on out, your name shall be... *(she rummages through her rubbish pile, until she finds a broken old street sign. "Sauchiehall Street")* Saw... Sew... Sauchie. Your name is Sauchie.

REO: Welcome aboard, Sauchie.

PAGE: And if we don't find Eden? What happens then?

JESUS: We can always come back and try again?

(no one is convinced)

JESUS: I don't know.

SCENE 7

MUM: *(on the phone)* Kellyanne. KELLYANNE. It's madness I'm telling you it's absolute... Shelley up the street got broken into and everything! Somebody smashed all the windows in at Asda. People are stealing TVs and microwaves. Which is a bit pointless really, you won't even get a chance to use them. Have you... have... have you got plenty of toilet roll, Irene?

(ISLA enters, dishevelled)

MUM: Isla! Honey, lock the door behind you, quick. Are you ok? Where have you been? I've been trying to get a hold of you for/

ISLA: Maybe if I had my phone/

MUM: That's not funny, Isla. I thought you'd... I was worried sick. Are you ok?

ISLA: I'm fine, I just/

MUM: And what about everyone in school, are they/

ISLA: They're fine. Hardly anyone was in. Martin, Pat, Chloe Copland's... having a gaff.

MUM: I just can't believe this. Can you believe this? A meteor. My nerves have... and it's that thing where you feel like you're having a nightmare but you can't shake yourself awake no matter how hard... And I did the shopping just yesterday and now all of that food is going to go to waste. Or get blown to bits/

ISLA: I doubt it'll get blown to bits.

MUM: Because we don't have time to eat it all! We don't have time! 48 hours and then god knows what!

ISLA: Mum, it's alright, calm down.

MUM: I won't calm... How are you calm? Isla aren't you just devastated?

ISLA: Of course I am! I'm so gutted, mum, I'm heartbroken. That I'll never get to go to prom, or have a sixth year holiday. Or fall in love or start a family. You're what, like 50?

MUM: Eh, I'm only 42/

ISLA: Think of all the things you've done in your life from when you were seventeen to now. Moment after moment. And I won't get that, Mum. It's being ripped away from me. Stolen. And there's nothing I can do. So there's no point in grieving over the inevitable.

(beat)

MUM: Do you want a cup of tea?

ISLA: Sorry..

MUM: Something stronger? What about a... G and T?

ISLA: I'm underage.

MUM: Suppose it doesn't really matter now. *(gasps)* I'm gonna crack open the bottle of Moet your Aunt Jackie got me for my fortieth.

(she goes off to get it. ISLA, exasperated, reaches for the remote and turns on the TV. A chaotic news report - via voice over - says "...mass hysteria settles in as news of the meteor spreads. We urge everyone to stay inside their homes and await further instructions from... hey! Give that back!" Followed by a crowd screaming and protesting. She turns down the volume.)

ISLA: So what do we do? Sit and wait?

(reenters with the Moet, and a new perspective.)

MUM: You should go.

ISLA: Go where?

MUM: To Chloe Copland's gaff.

ISLA: Are you joking?

MUM: No. Why not?

ISLA: I'm staying here with you, mum.

MUM: Think about all of the millions of moments you've had with me. Go make some new ones while you still can.

ISLA: I don't want to.

MUM: Yes, you do. Admit it.

ISLA: Well, what will you do?

MUM: I'm going to see my own mum.

ISLA: Gran? But she's in the home.

MUM: Meh. I'll break her out. Go all Shawshank Redemption on the early bird special.

ISLA: Isn't that like, illegal?

MUM: Isla, in case you haven't noticed, the law has kinda gone out the window at the moment. *(she grabs the remote and turns up the volume on the TV)* People are wreaking havoc on the streets.

ISLA: No repercussions, no consequences.

MUM: So... *(she turns the TV off)* I'll give you lift.

ISLA: Mum...

MUM: *(finishes off the drink, and winces)* It's no worth the money.

ISLA: Are you sure?

MUM: I'm sure. I want this for you, Isla.

ISLA: *(considers)* Ok. I'll do it. I'll go.

MUM: That's my girl. You're gonna party like it's 1999! I can help you get ready if you like. Oh! You can wear my wedding dress!

SCENE 8: Evolution

This little thing: (*holds up an image of the axolotl*) the ambystoma mexicanum, otherwise known as the axolotl, is a neotenic salamander.

Essentially, that means that they get to adulthood without going through metamorphosis. (*the audience isn't getting it.*)

They still keep all of the things that characterise them as being in a larval state? (*they still aren't getting it*) Basically, their balls don't drop and they can still have babies, like they aren't even late bloomers yeno they're just, late.

They keep the things that make them look like children. But...

It is possible...

It's really hard...

But possible...

...in an absolute precise setting, the axolotl can be given just enough iodine or thyroid hormones to trigger a change within them, to undergo metamorphosis turning them into animals that much more resemble tiger salamanders. (*holds up an image of the tiger salamander*)

Their skin gets thicker.

Their tails become more rounded.

And their balls finally drop!

A new species, if you will. That can only mate with their other metamorphosized counterparts.

Now I'm just saying, and I'm *only just* saying.

But what if that happened to us? What if humans could metamorphosize like that?

Radiation can do wonders, especially from an extremely unprecedented flying object hurtling through space with goodness knows what attached to it.

It hits the main food source and boom! Without even realising it, that radiation is feeding into our systems.

And somehow it's precise enough to alter our biological chemistry inside the safe tank of a womb.

Thus creating a new species. Evolution has occurred. It isn't survival of the fittest, it's survival of the newest.

SCENE 9

(they have reached some sort of abandoned building)

REO: This will work.

PAGE: Someone's been here before us. Fire's still warm. They must have just left.

COOP: How can we be sure they won't come back?

REO: *(considers this for a moment)* We need to rest.

TWIX: Yeah, my legs are going to fall off.

REO: Sauchie, do you recognise this?

SAUCHIE ignores her. REO gives up and goes to sit. TWIX and PAGE sit too.

COOP: *(to SAUCHIE)* You're glowing. You're on fire. *(she goes to touch the fairy lights but she flinches away)* Sorry.

SAUCHIE: Fine.

COOP: You've been here before, haven't you?

SAUCHIE: *(notices something.)*

COOP: Did something happen?

SAUCHIE: *(freaks out)*

COOP: It's ok, you don't need to tell me.

SAUCHIE: Touch.

COOP: What?

(she unwraps the lights from her body and moulds them into a ball, offering them to COOP. She takes them and they hold onto the lights together, flickering them on and off, mesmerised by their glow.)

PAGE: I'm sorry.

REO: What?

PAGE: About your Dad.

REO: ...?

PAGE: Xavier.

REO: You don't need to be sorry.

PAGE: I know, but...

REO: You don't need to say anything, actually.

PAGE: Ok. *(beat)* How's Twix been?

REO: He's very... Twix-like.

PAGE: I can imagine. I haven't seen him at the church in a while. Or you for that matter.

REO: *(shrugs)* Didn't feel like it.

PAGE: Because of me?

REO: Not everything is about you, Page.

PAGE: I know... I... *(needs a distraction)* It's pretty in here.

REO: You can't see, silly.

PAGE: I can't see, but I know.

REO: The hunger's messing with your brain.

PAGE: Is that so?

REO: It's messing with mine.

(beat)

PAGE: Do you think that's actually possible?

REO: What?

PAGE: What Twix said earlier. Do you think your legs could actually fall off?

REO: I mean, they feel like they could.

PAGE: Maybe it's like newts, when you pick them up and their tails fall off.

REO: That doesn't make sense. We need legs to walk.

PAGE: No, I'd carry you. If you had no legs. I'd carry you.

REO: Shut up.

PAGE: I could carry you now.

(PAGE goes to pick her up. Suddenly REO turns on him, growling in his face. He retaliates, growling back. COOP and SAUCHIE catch onto this, and they are all making strange, animalistic sounds, like wolves in a pack. REO bites PAGE on the hand.)

PAGE: Ow.

REO: Sorry. Show me your hand.

PAGE: Is it bleeding?

REO: If I said no, would it make you feel better?

(they hold eye contact for a beat. REO breaks it off.)

REO: Erm, Twix?

TWIX: Over here.

(she joins him)

REO: What are you doing?

TWIX: Just thinking. *(beat)* Reo? So if Eden can heal Coop's hand, and Page see... maybe... it could make Xavier wake up?

REO: I don't think that's how it works, Twix. He's too tired.

TWIX: But how do we know if we don't/

REO: Our mother didn't wake up.

TWIX: ...Ingrid...

REO: She was too tired to even meet us. She was too tired to even breathe.

TWIX: It's not fair.

REO: Are you cold? We could start up that fire.

TWIX: I'm ok.

PAGE: We should probably get to sleep. I'll keep watch.

REO: Very funny. *(upon standing up, she winces and clutches her stomach)*

TWIX: What's wrong?

REO: Nothing... I just... feel a bit sick.

COOP: Sleep it off.

TWIX: Tomorrow's a new day.

SCENE 10: Fight or Fk**

When something is about to happen.

When we know we're in a disruption.

When we know we could get hurt...

Our bodies kick into fight or flight mode.

And this isn't unique to humans. Pretty much all living creatures have this strange defense mechanism.

It's our brains trying to keep us alive.

But what happens when our brains know we won't survive?

When the odds of us living are 0%.

Well, this is rare as most animals don't have a sense of impending doom.

Except us.

Humans have unfortunately developed an awareness of how inescapable death is..

You'd think this would mean that we would all come together and share one last moment of humanity, but that is not the case.

You see, humans also have a sense of individuality.

A need to feel special.

A craving for attention.

And urge to leave a mark on the world.

That means that fleeing is not an option.

We are gonna make as many connections as possible when we are faced with the end of the world. We are gonna feel as much as we can

We are gonna hate.

We will kill and fight and rob and rape because we're really fucking angry that our lives are being taken away.

But we will also love.

We'll confess and kiss and make our firsts our lasts and act on those primal instincts, because no one has told us how to do it.

Because for the first time our feelings don't have consequences

It's a bit more like fight or fuck.

SCENE 11

A crowded party at CHLOE's house. Music plays loudly. People dance, drink, smoke and do all sorts of drugs. ISLA enters nervously.

CHLOE: You came! *(she throws herself into a hug. It's clear she is wasted.)*

ISLA: Yeah. I wasn't planning on it but Mum went to visit Gran and I've never been to a party before so I figured it was now or/

CHLOE: Yeah, yeah, isn't this insane?

ISLA: Insane. How many people are here do you reckon?

CHLOE: Two, three hundred?

ISLA: Chloe, where are your parents?

CHLOE: My mums in the Bahamas with my step-dad and my FANNY OF A LITTLE BROTHER, Ben.

ISLA: They just went on holiday without you?

CHLOE: Oh, I wasn't invited. And now I'll never see them again... so...

ISLA: I'm so sorry.

CHLOE: Nah it's fine. I've always fancied burning this house to the ground.

ISLA: What?

(PAT emerges from the crowd)

PAT: Ready to go again? *(To Chloe)*

ISLA: Tell me you've not?

CHLOE: Yolo!

ISLA: CHOE STOP!

CHLOE: There's people shagging in every corner of this house.

ISLA: Gross.

CHLOE: Islaaaaa this is passion we're talking about! I've got my hole off three people already and it's only nine o'clock.

ISLA: Chloe! Did you even like, use protection?

CHLOE: There's no need! That's the best part. I can shag all I won't and I won't end up a teenage mother. It's like a reverse immaculate conception.

ISLA: That doesn't/

CHLOE: *(suddenly cold)* Isla can I like, get you a drink or something? You really need to loosen up. *(she passes her a bottle of Vodka)*

ISLA: Where's your toilet? I need to pee.

CHLOE: Second door to your right.

(ISLA goes to leave)

CHLOE: *(calling after her)* Good luck getting in there. Every. Corner. I'm telling you.

A bathroom. There is a sink, a mirror and a bath. ISLA enters and shuts the door. She looks at herself in the mirror.

ISLA: Jesus. *(she looks at the bottle in her hand)* Just do it. Just... *(she takes a swig and coughs)*

ETHAN: *(pops up from inside the bath)* Vile, isn't it?

(ISLA screams, so ETHAN screams, ISLA hits him in the face with the vodka bottle. Somehow it stays intact.)

ETHAN: Fu-, what was that for?

ISLA: Sorry sorry you just... gave me a fright is all.

ETHAN: My nose, is it bleeding?

ISLA: If I said no, would it make you feel better? *(he groans)* Here... *(she passes him a roll of toilet paper)*

ETHAN: Thanks. *(beat. He nurses his nose with the paper)* If you don't mind, I think I'm gonna tell my friends I got in a fist-fight. With a big strong guy. Called...

ISLA: Glenn? *(referencing Vodka)*

ETHAN smiles.

ISLA: Where are your friends anyway? Down the plug-hole?

ETHAN: Nah. Last time I checked they were in Chloe's shed, sniffing paint. Thought I'd leave that shit-show before someone OD'd on Dulux.

ISLA: Why the bath?

ETHAN: Dunno. I do all my best thinking in the bath. Just wanted a wee minute to myself.

ISLA: Is that my que to leave?

ETHAN: No no no no, I didn't mean it like that. I/

They laugh.

ISLA: You don't go to Garvin Cross, do you? I've never seen you about. What's your name, anyway?

ETHAN: Erm... *(he thinks)* Xavier?

ISLA: Are you sure?

ETHAN: No. I've always wanted to be called Xavier. Figured now was my chance. And you are...?

ISLA: I...*(is going to say Isla, but changes her mind)* ...ngrid.

ETHAN: Ingrid?

ISLA: That was rubbish, sorry. Can I choose another one?

ETHAN: Nope. Ingrid it is.

ISLA: Screw you.

(there's a knock at the door. It's PAT. He's had too many sausage rolls.)

ISLA: Hello?

PAT: Isla? It's Pat. Let me in, I'm gonnae whitey!!

(ISLA and ETHAN look at each other. Neither of them want to deal with this. They jump up and barricade the door together.)

ISLA: I think the door's jammed, sorry Pat.

PAT: Oh noo *(he wanders away)*

(they wait to hear him leave and burst out laughing)

ETHAN: I feel bad. We should check he's ok.

ISLA: Yeah... *(she goes to the door and tries to unlock it.)* Erm... Xavier?

ETHAN: That's my name, don't wear it out.

ISLA: It's stuck

SCENE 12

SAUCHIE enters, followed by TWIX. COOP is behind them, hitting a large stick off the ground as she walks. REO and PAGE are chatting to each other behind.

TWIX: Are we almost here?

SAUCHIE: Almost...

TWIX: Do you recognise this? How much longer do you reckon until... Sauchie? Sauchie?

(COOP is making noise with the stick)

TWIX: Shhhh. *(COOP only gets louder)* Sauchie can you... show us... Coop!

COOP: Calm down. What, you scared? *(goes in with stick, TWIX flinches, which makes SAUCHIE and COOP laugh. SAUCHIE doesn't stop laughing throughout the entire scene)*

PAGE: What you laughing for?

COOP: What?

PAGE: You know what he's like.

TWIX: *(visibly upset)* What does that mean?

COOP: Relax , we're only joking around.

PAGE: Yeah? Well I don't think it's very funny!

(COOP rolls her eyes.)

PAGE: Oi! Don't roll your eyes at me!

(COOP is bewildered)

COOP: I didn't/

TWIX: "You know what he's like" what does that mean?!

COOP: Stay out of this, Twix.

TWIX: Nooo! I'm staying in this.

REO: Twix, don't/

TWIX: Get her to stop! *(to SAUCHIE)* Stop laughing at me!

SAUCHIE: *(covering ears)* Loud!

COOP: Leave her alone!

TWIX: I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

PAGE: Don't you apologise, Twix. She's gonna hurt someone badly, the way she's flinging that stick about.

REO: Stop it.

COOP: Oh, you mean like this? *(goes to poke PAGE with the stick, PAGE grabs it, they wrestle back and forth with it.)*

REO: STOP! STOP IT! I... *(she winces in pain and clutches her stomach. SAUCHIE stops laughing.)*

TWIX: You ok, Reo?

REO: My stomach... it hurts.

(PAGE rushes to her side)

PAGE: How bad?

REO: Really really bad.

TWIX: You look fine to me.

REO: I'm not.

PAGE: How far is it until Eden, Sauchie?

SAUCHIE: Not far.

REO: I don't know if I can wait that long! *(she doubles over in pain)*

PAGE: Can I have a look?

(he places his hands on her stomach for a moment, and feels something, shocked. REO brushes him off.)

REO: I feel a bit better I think. Let's keep moving before I'm sick again.

TWIX: You were sick? Again?

REO: A while back. I didn't want anyone to worry.

PAGE: Reo, I need to tell you something and I want you to promise you won't panic.

REO: No promises. What is it?

PAGE: I think there's something... moving in there.

REO: In where?

PAGE: In you.

REO: What? *(she places her hands on her lower stomach and waits for a moment. Everyone crowds around her. She feels something and screams.)* GET IT OUT GET IT OUT GET IT OUT!

COOP: I wanna feel it!

REO: DON'T TOUCH ME! NO ONE TOUCH ME.

PAGE: Calm down Reo, it's probably just something you ate.

TWIX: That's not it. We haven't eaten for ages.

SAUCHIE: Roach?

PAGE: It's possible one crawled into your mouth while sleeping...

REO: AAAAAAHHHH

PAGE: It's ok, Reo just breathe. *(he holds her hand and they breathe together. In. Out. In. Out.)* Did you just pee on me?

REO: No I didn't. Did I? *(another shot of pain)*

PAGE: This is bad. This is really bad. I've never seen anything like this before.

TWIX: Erm.... Sauchie! Do you think we'll be able to get medicine to help her in Eden?

SAUCHIE: I suppose.

PAGE: Can you walk? *(To REO)*

REO: I... *(in pain)*

TWIX: What's wrong with her?

REO: *(heavy breathing)*

PAGE: I'll stay here with Reo, you lot go to Eden.

TWIX: What? No, we can't just leave you here.

PAGE: Get the medicine and come back to this spot.

TWIX: Fine then, I'll stay with Reo and you go with Coop and Sauchie.

PAGE: No, you won't be any use here, you know what you're like.

TWIX: LIKE WHAT? What does that mean?

PAGE: It means you can't handle yourself. Let alone Reo when she's...

REO: AAAAHHH

PAGE: ...like that. The best thing you can do is get help.

TWIX: Reo, I/

PAGE: *(to all of them)* Go. GO HURRY UP.

COOP: Come on, Twix!

PAGE: *(stroking her hair)* Reo. You're gonna be alright. Reo. I'm so sorry.

SCENE 13: The Library of Alexandria

You know what bothers me?

Have you ever heard of The Library of Alexandria?

Well, for everyone who doesn't know, the Library of Alexandria was this massive library that was believed to have been founded around 400 BC, until it was burnt down in 48BC. Now, this wasn't just any library. This was the largest archive of all time, with scrolls coming from all over the world. It is estimated that this library had over half a million documents, dating back hundreds of years, thousands by now. But it was burned down so none of that information is relevant to us today.

Imagine it was. Think of how different the world would be if we had the scrolls that documented the beginning of human civilization. Like, this library wasn't just filled with the agendas of old emperors, there would've been maps of early Africa and evidence of animals that are long extinct. For all we know the blueprints for the pyramids Giza were in there. But we don't know. That museum of history, art and culture was burnt to the ground by god knows who. All of the information of the world as they knew it was in there. Like Google! The Library of Alexandria was today's equivalent to Google. Say someone destroyed all of the museums and turned off the world's internet forever. Pretty much every written instruction, every book and atlas gone forever. How would we know anything? How would we learn? Surgeons would have to learn by word, students would just have to hope that their teachers aren't like, racially biased or anything because they can't exactly fact check. Like, sex would sort of just be like a rumour, where you vaguely know what's going on but each person you ask gives you a slightly different answer. And slowly you'd begin to see everything change. Traditions are sort thrown out of the window because you have to rely on others to tell you the truth, and we, as humans, clearly aren't very good at that.

I mean, that's what happened in ancient Egypt. After the library was burned down slowly everything began to change. Only four years later, Julius Cesar was killed, and in about seventy years christianity was born. In just over a century the roman empire that had built the library to begin with, had fallen. The destruction of all that information gave society a fresh start. A new beginning of education and creation. It was out with the old ways and time to come up with some new ideas, time to re-explore the world with modern eyes. I'm not saying that The library should've been burned but had it not been, without the ruining of all that information, the world would not be what it is today.

SCENE 14

ISLA and ETHAN are still in the bath. They pass the vodka between each other as they talk.

ISLA: We should play a game.

ETHAN: What kinda game?

ISLA: Like a getting-to-know-each-other game. Ever played twenty questions?

ETHAN: I don't think so.

ISLA: Basically, I get to ask you twenty questions, and you me. No questions are off limit and you need to answer them one hundred percent truthfully. *(pause)* Or don't. I'll never know either way, "Xavier."

ETHAN: Alright. You're on. Ask away.

ISLA: Ummm... what's your favourite colour?

ETHAN: Is that seriously the best you can come up with?

ISLA: You put me on the spot!

ETHAN: Green. Lime-y green.

ISLA: Cool. *(pause)* Your turn.

ETHAN: Well, I'm eighteen, so... how old are you?

ISLA: Thirteen.

ETHAN looks horrified. Perhaps chokes on some vodka.

ISLA: Joking, joking. I'll be eighteen in August. Or I guess I won't, because... Wow. I'm never going to turn eighteen. Weird.

ETHAN: God, you had me panicked there. Thought I was gonna get done-in.

ISLA: Done-in for what, exactly?

ETHAN: I uh... nevermind.

ISLA: Ok I got one. Favourite song?

ETHAN: "Hotel California," the Eagles. You?

ISLA: "Bohemian Rhapsody."

ETHAN: *(groans)*

ISLA: What?

ETHAN: Don't you think it's a little... overplayed?

ISLA: Umm, no? It's epic!

ETHAN: Well I guess we'll have to agree to disagree.

ISLA: We're gonna meet Freddie Mercury in heaven and he's gonna have heard this whole conversation and it's going to be really awkward on your part.

ETHAN: Not a problem "Ingrid", Glenn here is my one-way ticket straight to hell.

(they laugh)

ISLA: Do you believe in an afterlife?

ETHAN: I don't know. I suppose I've never really had to think about it until now. Take it you do then?

ISLA: Nope.

ETHAN: Really?

ISLA: I think in approximately *(checks watch)* three hours and twenty-one minutes we'll all be put in a really nice, dreamless, sleep. That we'll never wake up from. Ever.

(silence)

ETHAN: Haha what question are we on?

ISLA: Four each, I think. If you count what you just said.

ETHAN: Right. Quick-fire round.

ISLA: Agreed. Cats or dogs?

ETHAN: Both. Any siblings?

ISLA: Just me and my mum. You?

ETHAN: Got an older brother. Bit of a prick, not gonna lie. Favourite food?

ISLA: I could eat pasta the rest of my life and I would die happy. *(she realises what she has just said)*
Too soon?

ETHAN: Nah. What's one thing you wish you could have done before the end of the world?

ISLA: Honestly? I just wanted to be an adult. Pay taxes and bills and complain about the weather. Get married and have a big fat wedding that'll probably put us in debt for a couple of years, but it was worth it.

ETHAN: Kids of your own...?

ISLA: No no. I can't have kids. It'd kill me. I would adopt though. Would've. *(looking to change the subject)* Tell me a secret, Xavier. What is something you've never told anyone?

ETHAN: I... nah, I can't.

ISLA: Noooo you need to, it's the rules.

ETHAN: It's really embarrassing.

ISLA: Ok, now I need to know.

ETHAN: So basically, this one time at Scout Camp, I uh, really needed to pee, and I/

ISLA: ...and you pissed yourself?

ETHAN: Not quite, I uh... got my dick stuck in an Evian Water bottle.

ISLA bursts out laughing.

ISLA: What the hell?! What did you do?

ETHAN: There was nothing I could do! I just tried my best to cover it with my rucksack and told the councilors my mum phoned and I had to go home.

ISLA: That is amazing. That might be the funniest thing I've ever heard.

ETHAN: Right, now you.

ISLA: I don't think I can top that!

ETHAN: It's only fair. Ingrid, what's something you've never told anyone?

ISLA: Well it's not exactly wanking into a water bottle at Brownie Camp, but... *(she pauses)* The door.

ETHAN: What about it?

ISLA: It's not actually stuck. I lied.

ETHAN: Why?

ISLA: I wanted you to myself

SCENE 15: Food

(During the following dialogue, we see JESUS and the rest of the church. They lie around, malnourished, exhausted. JESUS eats the can of spaghetti hoops from earlier. She's fucked it.)

Did you know that we produce enough food annually to feed 10 billion people? Ten. Billion. As there are around 7.6 billion people on this earth, this is more than enough. And yet people still die of hunger. How is that possible? How does that work?

Perhaps because globally, thirty to forty percent of all food is wasted. Chucked in the bin, to rot. Picture this - you go to the supermarket to do your weekly shop. You're hungry. (Not truly hungry, you've never felt that before, but you're peckish.) Maybe you missed breakfast or something, I don't know. You're browsing the isles upon isles of colourful calories, marketed frivolously. Oh look! It's half off on the bananas! Buy one get one free for a loaf of bread. And those donuts are looking lovely. Before you know it, your trolley is mountainous and your receipt stretches down to your toes. You hurry home and fill your fridge to the brim, excited for the meals to come.

But life gets in the way, doesn't it? A friend invites you out for brunch, you pick up a meal deal on your way to work, you decide to treat yourself to a chinese. So, the bananas go brown. The bread becomes spotted with mould. And the donuts remain forgotten in the back of the cupboard for months, feeding no-one but a small family of mice.

And I'm not here to shame you. Hell, I do the same. Indulgence has become a part of human nature. We have all become victims to capitalism, under which, there is no ethical consumption. Or at least that's what you tell yourself so you can sleep at night.

But we cannot deny that the line between a "want" and a "need" has blurred. Not just with food, with all human resources. Combine this with fear. The "just in case" purchases. When humans feel threatened, they stockpile. Like chipmunks, hoarding food to prepare for the winter. If everyone felt threatened, food, clean water, petrol, clothing, would run out like *(snaps)* that.

Mahatma Gandhi once said "The Earth provides enough to satisfy every man's need, but not every man's greed."

SCENE 16

TWIX: Careful careful careful.

SAUCHIE: What is it?

COOP: It's flooded. The entire area is just flooded.

TWIX: We can swim.

(COOP almost laughs)

TWIX: Or maybe we can make a raft, or/

COOP: Sauchie, can you swim?

SAUCHIE: Swim?

COOP: Keep afloat in the water.

SAUCHIE: Suppose.

COOP: Then it's sorted.

TWIX: Coop...

COOP: I'll be right where you left me. Just go.

TWIX: Sauchie are you sure this is the only way to/

SAUCHIE: Eden is over the water.

COOP: *(to TWIX)* Go. Reo is back there, getting sicker and sicker. And you're just standing here.

SAUCHIE: *(the penny drops)* NO.

COOP: Please, Sauchie.

SAUCHIE: *(growls)*

COOP: You'll be ok. Come on, you don't wanna be stuck here with me. Go.

(SAUCHIE unwraps herself from the fairy lights again. She gives them to COOP, a parting gift, wraps it around her hand.)

TWIX: We'll come back for you.

COOP: Yeah, you better!

TWIX: We'll come back with medicine, and we'll fix your hand and Page will be able to see and Reo will get better and we'll bring back plenty of food for Jesus and the rest and all will be good. And Xavier will wake up and... and...

COOP: Go.

(They give one final look towards COOP, who salutes them, smiling a sad smile.)

TWIX: Hold your breath.

(TWIX and SAUCHIE walk into the water)

SCENE 17

ISLA: Have you ever been in love?

ETHAN: Nope.

ISLA: Me neither.

ETHAN: I don't think people can fall in love at our age. Not properly.

ISLA: Exactly. We haven't matured yet. Emotionally, I mean. Physically... *(she glances at the door and thinks of the couples probably shagging outside it)* ...that's a different story.

ETHAN: Typical. It's the literal armageddon and what are our peers doing? Contracting STIs.

ISLA: Xavierrrr! This is passion we're talking about!

ETHAN: And...?

ISLA: And it's a bit of fun.

(beat)

ETHAN: Are you a virgin?

ISLA: Wow.

ETHAN: What?

ISLA: You were doing so well.

ETHAN: You said no questions were off limits! Plus there's nothing stopping you from lying.

ISLA: Virginity is a social, patriarchal construct.

ETHAN: So... I take that as a yes?

(she hits him on the arm)

ISLA: I'll have you know I'm not.

ETHAN: Cool.

(pause)

ISLA: So...

ETHAN: So...

ISLA: Are you? The Evian bottle doesn't count, by the way.

ETHAN: I'm not.

ISLA: Cool.

ETHAN: Ok. Who's turn is it?

ISLA: Yours, I believe.

ETHAN: Alright, erm... What are you most passionate about?

ISLA: Lots of things.

ETHAN: You can only pick one.

ISLA: Animals. I wanted to study biology. And not that wishy-washy veterinary stuff. I wanted to go somewhere exotic, like Africa or Australia, and study the wild animals, and write articles for like, National Geographic or something.

ETHAN: That sounds really cool, Ingrid.

ISLA: You know you're the first person to tell me that? *(pause)* What are your passions?

ETHAN: Well, I applied to Uni for engineering, but...

ISLA: ...but?

ETHAN: I have no interest in engineering at all. I was only doing it to please my dad. And now I'm realising that I've wasted my life getting the grades and doing that UCAS rubbish when I didn't want to. Come to think of it, *(releasing as he says it)* I don't think I've ever done anything *for me*. And now it's too late.

ISLA: It's not too late. You've got *(checks her watch)* an hour and forty minutes to do whatever you want to do.

(pause)

ISLA: I don't get it. The door's not jammed. You can leave.

ETHAN: I wanted to stay.

ISLA: Ok, I have a question. Have you/

ETHAN: Easy tiger, it's my turn. Favourite film?

ISLA: "Amelie" Now, have you lied on any of these questions?

ETHAN: Yeah.

ISLA: Same.

ETHAN: Which/

ISLA: I'll leave that for you to decide. Are you scared? To die.

ETHAN: A bit.

ISLA: Me too.

(beat)

ETHAN: My turn. Can I kiss you?

ISLA: Do you really need to ask?

ETHAN: Well, not really but I thought since the game/

(they kiss.)

SCENE 18

Chloe's party. Some time has passed. The meteor is about to hit. We see ISLA and ETHAN at various stages of undress. They count down for the meteor's impact, New Year's Eve style, "10, 9, 8..." When they reach one, nothing happens. They look around confused.

SCENE 19: The Meteor

66 million years ago, an asteroid with an explosive yield estimated at over 100 trillion tons of TNT crashed off the coast of Mexico. The impact penetrated the Earth's crust to a depth of several miles, gouging a massive crater and vaporizing thousands of miles of land. The event set off a chain of global catastrophes that wiped out 80 percent of life on Earth—including most of the dinosaurs. This should have been the end of the world, but it wasn't.

Evolution occurred, and just when things seemed to be taking a turn for the better, the planet tilted a bit too far North. The Milankovitch Cycle. And half the earth became a frozen waste land. Survival was scarce. Until the ice melted.

Humans lived in semi-peace for another few thousand years, continuing to evolve and develop their societies. Then a pandemic swept Europe, killing around a third of the population between 1346 and 1353. The Black Death however, like all viruses, eventually died out.

The Laki volcano in Iceland erupted in 1783, spewing out lava for a full eight months afterwards. The casualties from the initial explosion combined with the drought and famine it brought is estimated to have killed around six million people.

World War I resulted in thousands of young men being sent to their slaughter, along with countless civilians being caught in the crossfire.

During which the Spanish Flu was silently killing those remaining.

But humans survived just enough for another War to erupt in the 1940's.

In the sixties we were convinced a nuclear war would seal our untimely fate. Then again in 1983. Then again in 1995.

(beat)

There are countless times when the world should have ended. When humans should have gone extinct, and a new animal should have topped the food chain.

But we kept beating the odds.

Using our near-death experiences to further develop as a sentient species.

Humans are, in that sense, quite spectacular.

Humans are also shit.

For with every creation, there is ruin.

And every victory, there is war.

(beat)

The meteor that missed wasn't the end of the world.

The world ended when Trump set foot in office.

When the UK left the European Union.

When a pair of planes crashing into the twin towers became a catalyst for an ongoing war in the middle east.

The world ended when the Aids crisis became an excuse for bigotry.

When the police put Martha P Johnson's death down as a suicide

The world ends a bit more with every black person killed at the hands of racial injustice.

With every microaggression.

With every stereotype.

The world ended when women were persistently denied the vote at the turn of the century.

When we decided to pillage and colonise land that wasn't our own.

And then lie about it throughout history.

Every disabled person, outcast.

Every jewish person kept a slave in Egypt.

When the poor became poorer and the rich became richer.

And we let it happen.

We stood idly by.

The world started to end when humans learned to talk. To stand. To grab and to build.

When we invented boots, and decided we were too big for them.

A meteor would dent the ground and vaporise the soil. But it couldn't destroy the economy. Or wreck the ecosystems. Or exploit the vulnerable.

We did that to ourselves.

SCENE 20

We have reached a clearing. What used to be a street, now deserted and abandoned. There is a beaten up street sign.

TWIX enters, SAUCHIE on his back. They are both drenched, in oily, dirty water. They are exhausted. TWIX collapses to the floor and SAUCHIE topples to the ground.

SAUCHIE: We made it.

TWIX raises his head to look at her. It takes a great amount of effort.

SAUCHIE: We're here. Eden.

She points towards the old street sign. What once read "Dead End" now, with the letters scratched and faded, almost reads "e d En ." SAUCHIE and TWIX look at each other.

TWIX: Oh.

Blackout.

END OF PLAY