

10 WAYS TO SURVIVE THE END OF THE WORLD

by Don Zolidis

Introduction

(Lights up on two cheer ful NEWSCASTERS.)

NEWSCASTER 1. *(Smiling and cheer ful:)* And the big news today is that we're all gonna die!

NEWSCASTER 2. *(Chuckling:)* That's right, Joey, signs of the impending apocalypse are everywhere! Today the President of the United States issued a statement reading,

(She looks at the statement:)

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah."

NEWSCASTER 1. I love how he tells it like it is. So refreshing.

NEWSCASTER 2. Absolutely!

NEWSCASTER 1. And we'll have more information about the end of all existence after this important story—

NEWSCASTER 2. Are you paying too much at the pump? Our investigative team goes undercover at local gas stations to discover how to save those nickels!

NEWSCASTER 1. So important! Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to flee in terror.

NEWSCASTER 2. And I look forward to trampling your body on my path to escape!

NEWSCASTER 1. Just try it, Joyce. I am a finely tuned man machine.

NEWSCASTER 2. You have no idea what you're dealing with, Joey.

(They stare at each other. A tense moment.)

NEWSCASTER 1. And we'll be right back after these messages!

(NARRATOR 1 and NARRATOR 2 enter from another part of the stage. They are dressed in full Doomsday gear— makeshift helmets, camouflage, backpacks, kneepads, elbow pads. Maybe one of them has a duckie inflatable around their stomach.)

NARRATOR 1. CITIZENS OF EARTH. Let's face it, at some point the world is going to end.

NARRATOR 2. At this rate, sooner rather than later.

NARRATOR 1. The signs are everywhere—

NARRATOR 2. The Cubs won the World Series— ¹

NARRATOR 1. Kylie Jenner is a billionaire now—

NARRATOR 2. There's like those pug dogs everywhere—

NARRATOR 1. Pug dogs?

NARRATOR 2. It's in Revelations, dude. Pugs. I'm pretty sure they're like sign number four of the apocalypse.

NARRATOR 1. They're adorable.

NARRATOR 2. THEY ARE A MENACE.

NARRATOR 1. Anyway, it all ends up to one thing:

NARRATOR 2. THE END IS NEAR.

NARRATOR 1. So what are you gonna do about it? Anyone have any ideas? Anyone?

(NARRATOR 2 goes into the audience.)

NARRATOR 2. You there, what's your plan?

(Doesn't let the person answer.)

Nothing. This guy's got nothing!

NARRATOR 1. (To that person:) Pathetic. You're the first one to go, sir. The first one. I hope you're nutritious 'cause people are gonna eat you.

NARRATOR 2. It would help if you took baths in salt water. That makes your flesh really juicy.

NARRATOR 1. You might think you've got it figured out.

(Tough-guy voice:)

"I do Brazilian jiu-jitsu so I can fight people." THAT WON'T WORK.

NARRATOR 2. (Whiny voice:) "Oh I'll just be nice to people and we can all cooperate to survive." WRONG.

NARRATOR 1. FACE IT: You're doomed without us!

NARRATOR 2. But have no fear:

NARRATOR 1. Actually, they should have a lot of fear. That might save their lives.

¹ If you're not in America, replace this with another unlikely sports event.

NARRATOR 2. All right, have a moderate amount of fear because we are here to help you live. Listen to this carefully, and you may survive. Don't listen . . . and we will eat you.

NARRATOR 1. That's right! We are going to demonstrate survival strategies for the ten most likely methods of the apocalypse.

NARRATOR 2. And we have created this handy chart!

(NARRATOR 2 pulls out a laminated chart.)

Which you can tape to your refrigerator after the show.

NARRATOR 1. I thought they were gonna be magnets.

NARRATOR 2. You never said you wanted magnets.

NARRATOR 1. Yes I did. We had a meeting about it. It was in the meeting. I did that PowerPoint presentation.

NARRATOR 2. Ohhh. I wasn't paying attention.

NARRATOR 1. You're dead to me.

I. Asteroid Impact

NARRATOR 2. Problem 1!

NARRATOR 1. Asteroid Impact!

(The SURVIVORS— PIPPA, MEGAN, WILLIAM, and BOB—run in and look up at the sky.)

WILLIAM. I think I see it! Look!

(They all look.)

MEGAN. Is that it?

PIPPA. I don't see it!

BOB. Wait, don't look directly at the sun it will hurt your eyes!

WILLIAM. We're not looking at the sun, we're looking at the asteroid! Did anyone bring the special glasses?

(PIPPA distributes eclipse-watching glasses.)

Okay now look.

(They look.)

BOB. I still can't see it. This is stupid anyway! Whose idea was it to watch the asteroid hit us?

PIPPA. Sorry for trying to make this entertaining, Bob! I AM TRYING TO STAY UPBEAT AS WE ALL DIE and you're just being negative!

BOB. This is just like you, Pippa! Frivolous!

PIPPA. *Frivolous!?* I AM FUN, okay? FUN. I'm sorry that's a big problem for you! You used to be fun before we found out the world was going to end! I thought this would be cool. Hey, the world is going to end, let's do all those things we wanted to do! You've got one day to live and how are we gonna spend it: you're gonna spend it COMPLAINING.

BOB. Oh I'm sorry I'm not chipper right now!

MEGAN. *(To WILLIAM:)* I know we should've spent the apocalypse with someone else.

WILLIAM. *(To MEGAN:)* They asked. What were we gonna say, no?

BOB. *(Mocking her:)* "I'm Pippa and I make the best of everything!"

PIPPA. *(Mocking him:)* "I'm Bob and the best years of my life are behind me! And now I enjoy My Little Ponies!"

BOB. Because I MARRIED YOU and things went DOWNHILL and now the world is ENDING.

PIPPA. Good! I won't have to spend it with such a buzzkill!

(ASTEROID enters slowly.)

MEGAN. I think I see it!

WILLIAM. Oooh!

BOB. I don't even want to watch it anymore. I think we should be trying to stop it.

PIPPA. How are we gonna stop it? You're so dumb sometimes.

MEGAN. It's getting closer! I love you, honey.

WILLIAM. I love you, honey. This asteroid has really brought us closer together.

MEGAN. It sure has.

PIPPA. I hope the asteroid hits right on the top of your head!

BOB. I hope it hits IN YOUR MOUTH!

MEGAN. We're such a better couple than them.

WILLIAM. Absolutely.

BOB. WAIT NO I'VE SEEN THIS IN MOVIES. WE CAN STOP IT! All we have to do is come up with the most unrealistic solution possible— and it will be so crazy it just might work.

PIPPA. What?

MEGAN. He's right!

WILLIAM. Yes!

BOB. Okay, what is the most unrealistic way we could solve this? Think!

PIPPA. This is gonna be hard for Bob.

BOB. Now is not the time for verbal quips!

MEGAN. I've got it! We're a group of oil drillers, right? So— we train to become space shuttle pilots and then we fly into space, land on the asteroid, drill a hole in it and deposit this nuclear bomb I happen to have handy.

WILLIAM. Wouldn't it be easier to train astronauts to be oil drillers than to train oil drillers to be astronauts?

MEGAN. We're going for the most unlikely solution, honey.

BOB. That won't work! It sounds almost reasonable.

PIPPA. IT'S STILL COMING!

(The ASTEROID shimmies a little bit.)

It's . . . shimmying now.

MEGAN. That's . . . odd.

BOB. We need a worse solution come on!

WILLIAM. I've got it! We build a shield. The asteroid hits the shield and bounces off! Quick let's get some cardboard and duct tape!

MEGAN. That's such a good idea, sweetheart.

WILLIAM. And we call this shield . . . the Megan.

(MEGAN and WILLIAM have a moment.)

Because you're the shield that protects my heart from the asteroids . . . of life.

MEGAN. I have so many feels right now.

WILLIAM. Me too.

BOB. That's really dumb but it's not dumb enough! COME ON!

(The ASTEROID is grooving now.)

PIPPA. Look at what's happening to the asteroid! It's entering Earth's atmosphere so it's getting really hot!

(The ASTEROID starts looking really hot.)

BOB. I've got it! We push the Earth out of the way!

PIPPA. Will that work?

BOB. It's just so stupid it's certain to work! Everyone PUSH!

(Everyone gets down and pushes on the ground. The ASTEROID moves.)

ASTEROID. Nooooo! Darn you, stupid kids!

(The ASTEROID exits.)

WILLIAM. We did it!

PIPPA. Because of your terrible thinking.

(NARRATOR 1 and 2 burst in.)

NARRATOR 1. Solution 1!

NARRATOR 2. Push the Earth out of the way!

II. Apes Take Over

NARRATOR 1. Problem 2!

NARRATOR 2. Apes Take Over!

(Two APES, SNOWBALL and MR. PEEPERS, enter, riding on horses.)¹

SNOWBALL. And you thought the apes would never conquer the Earth because we were outnumbered a thousand to one and they had tanks and jets and automatic weapons.

MR. PEEPERS. I'm sorry I doubted you, General Snowball. Hiya!

SNOWBALL. Let that be a lesson to you, Mr. Peepers. Once apes become smart, we are unstoppable. Because we can swing in trees.

MR. PEEPERS. This was a totally realistic conquest.

SNOWBALL. Oh hey you got something in your fur.

MR. PEEPERS. Oh darn it, where?

SNOWBALL. Stay right there.

¹ I think the funniest way to do this is to have stuffed animal monkeys or puppets riding stick horses. The actors control the stuffed animals and do their voices.

(SNOWBALL starts grooming MR. PEEPERS, picking bugs out of his fur and eating them.)

SNOWBALL. Oh man you got some tasty guys in here.

MR. PEEPERS. That tickles.

SNOWBALL. Mmmm . . .

MR. PEEPERS. I love that you feel comfortable enough with me to pick bugs out of my fur and eat them.

SNOWBALL. Don't mention it. I think this world conquest has brought us closer together.

MR. PEEPERS. It has.

(They have a moment.)

Here come the prisoners!

(SNOWBALL goes back to grooming MR. PEEPERS as the SURVIVORS enter, in handcuffs.)

MEGAN. Oh man this is terrible.

BOB. My handcuffs are chafing. I have delicate skin and THESE ARE CHAFING!

(To the APES:)

You monsters! You can't even give us skin cream!

SNOWBALL. Oooh ooh aah ahh.

WILLIAM. It's no use. They won't give us skin cream under any circumstances.

BOB. I can't handle it anymore!

(BOB falls to his knees and goes fetal, whimpering in pain.)

PIPPA. There's the man I married. This is just like our wedding.

MEGAN. I remember. So many tears.

WILLIAM. You think they're going to put us in a zoo?

PIPPA. Either that or do what we did to monkeys. Grind us up to make a snortable powder.

WILLIAM. Maybe I could star in a buddy comedy with one of them? Like I could partner with an ape police officer or something? Hijinks could ensue!

MEGAN. There's only way out of this, guys. We fight. And in order to fight we need a leader.

WILLIAM. (*Quickly:*) Not it.

PIPPA. (*Quickly:*) Not it.

MEGAN. Bob?

BOB. (*Whimpering:*) Not it.

MEGAN. I guess it's me, then. And I know one thing as leader: It's my job to give an inspirational speech to make us fight these dirty apes.

SNOWBALL. Um . . . that's a stereotype. I'm literally grooming Mr. Peepers right now.

MR. PEEPERS. Word.

(MEGAN gets up on a soapbox of some kind.)

MEGAN. All right listen up, humans: I know we've had our differences. Sometimes we fought amongst ourselves because other people were stupid and wrong. But it's time to set that aside right now: because we are facing EXTINCTION. Those apes are destroying our natural habitat and I say enough!

Oh and I'm sure after they've nearly eliminated us, they'll feel bad, and they'll create zoos. And yeah they'll try to make it look like our natural habitat, kind of like the suburbs, but it will be totally wrong because there won't even be a Sephora. And I don't know about you, BUT I'M NOT LIVING IN A WORLD WITHOUT DECENT MAKEUP FOR REASONABLE PRICES! They have some really good stuff for my pores! Amazing. Can't recommend it enough.

Not only that, but then we're gonna get put into forced breeding programs with people we find annoying. It's hard enough to find love out there without being forced to breed with some skinny loser dude whose only redeeming quality is that he lived through the apocalypse. Not cool, apes. Not cool.

WILLIAM. I feel attacked.

MEGAN. So let's destroy these apes so we can go back to being humans! Fighting over piddly, inconsequential nonsense! Rise up, rip off these shackles, sacrifice the cannon fodder, and destroy these apes!

PIPPA, WILLIAM, and MEGAN. Rrrrrrrr!

(PIPPA, WILLIAM, and MEGAN charge the apes. [BOB stays in the fetal position.] They grab the puppets/stuffed animals and beat the heck out of them.)

WILLIAM. Oh no, reinforcements!

(More stuffed animals are thrown in from offstage. Mass carnage. They fight.)

(Everyone fights the apes except BOB. The stuffed animals and SURVIVORS kill each other.)

(BOB gets up.)

BOB. Is it over?

NARRATOR 2. Solution 2: Hide while the other people fight!

BOB. Woo!

(BOB dances off)

NARRATOR 1. There's a reason we're all descended from a bunch of cowards.

III. Killer Hurricanes Caused by Climate Change

NARRATOR 1. Problem 3!

NARRATOR 2. Killer Hurricanes Caused by Climate Change!

(NEWSCASTER 1 enters.)

NEWSCASTER 1. And now for the weather with our own weather-person, Cloudy Storm!

(CLOUDY enters, chipper.)

CLOUDY. Thanks Joey! And thank you to my parents for giving me this terrible name! I was not teased at all in school.

(CLOUDY is about to break down.)

NEWSCASTER 1. Cloudy can you get to the weather please?

CLOUDY. Of course. No one wants to hear about my personal demons. Just get to the weather, Cloudy. We don't care about you as a person!

NEWSCASTER 1. No we don't.

CLOUDY. Right. Okay it's time for weather on the nines! And today is . . . hot.

(The SURVIVORS enter, sweltering.)

Record heat continues to assault the country! It's only a matter of time before the rivers boil and the landscape is turned into a barren wasteland. So make sure to get some sunscreen! It will help you as your face melts off.

CLOUDY. But relief is on the way! It turns out the monster hurricane about to destroy the coast will bring temperatures down! So you can look forward to that while you flee for your lives!

(CLOUDY chuckles happily.)

I love rain.

BOB. Oh man!

PIPPA. We've got to get out of here!

BOB. On the bright side, it won't be so hot anymore. And also we might get the sweet, sweet release of death. Looking forward to that.

PIPPA. Is that a comment about me?

BOB. No!

(Short pause.)

A little. Oh man I never thought I was going to die in a hurricane.

MEGAN. There has to be something we can do to solve this crisis.

WILLIAM. Just like a girl, looking for solutions.

MEGAN. What?

WILLIAM. Well, when Bob said the hurricanes were going to kill us, he was just looking for emotional support. He wasn't looking for you to *solve* everything.

PIPPA. Yeah, that was a little rude, Megan. Bob, I feel your pain.

BOB. Thank you. And I take back all those terrible things I said about you online and in writing.

PIPPA. What?

MEGAN. Guys, come on! We can't just sit here helpless and waiting for death!

BOB. Don't knock it till you try it.

MEGAN. We have to do something!

WILLIAM. There she goes again, *doing* something. Can you please stop doing something? Every failure started with someone deciding to do something.

MEGAN. So let's figure this out: Maybe we can solve climate change. First, we use electric cars! Second, we use renewable sources of energy! Third, stop using so much air conditioning! If we do all that, we can delay catastrophic climate change by . . . (She takes out a calculator.) Four and a half days!

PIPPA. So if we go through a lot of inconvenience we can survive for four extra days?

MEGAN. Think about what we could accomplish in four and a half days! Bob, if you only had four days to live, what would you do?

BOB. I'd probably sit on my couch and watch TV.

MEGAN. Okay and—

PIPPA. I'd probably complain about him watching TV.

BOB. I'd complain about you complaining about me watching TV.

MEGAN. Wonderful! And—

WILLIAM. All right I've had enough of this nonsense. I have the perfect solution to climate change and all of life's problems: Pretend it doesn't exist. Problem solved.

MEGAN. How can you solve a problem if you ignore it?

WILLIAM. Because it never existed in the first place. Therefore it's not even a problem. For instance, you complaining that I never listen to you?

MEGAN. You never listen to me. That's a real thing.

WILLIAM. Nope. Your concern does not exist.

MEGAN. I am telling you that you don't listen to me!

WILLIAM. And I have some experts who are ready to testify that you can't say that with one hundred percent certainty. And if it's not one hundred percent certain, it doesn't exist. Boom.

PIPPA. I like this idea because it requires no effort on my part!

BOB. Agreed.

MEGAN. What?!

WILLIAM. I can solve any problem this way. Try me.

MEGAN. There's a hurricane coming to kill us tomorrow!

WILLIAM. Is there? I mean, *some* people might see a hurricane, but isn't it also possible that these "experts" and "scientists" are lying to us? Maybe there's an evil corporation out there wanting to make us panic and "run for our lives" while they come in and buy up our land cheap? I mean, that's what happens on *Scooby Doo* all the time. And I think *Scooby Doo* is at least as accurate as these so-called "weatherpeople."

BOB. Your use of sarcastic air quotes has convinced me.

PIPPA. I'm staying.

MEGAN. Look outside! You can see the wind blowing the trees!

WILLIAM. Um . . . okay? That's one way to look at it. Another way to look at it is that the trees are just waving back and forth, and that's what's causing the wind. Who can say what the truth is? Experts disagree. And that's what science is about. Disagreement.

MEGAN. It is not!

BOB. Does anyone want to order a pizza?

MEGAN. You guys can stay, but I'm getting out of here!

(MEGAN runs outside.)

Aaaaaaaaaah.

(They watch.)

PIPPA. Wow, the wind picked her up and blew her away.

WILLIAM. That's one way to look at it. But it could be that gravity just reversed itself. Remember guys, it's just a Theory of Gravity.

NARRATOR 1. Solution 3!

NARRATOR 2. Pretend it doesn't exist!

NARRATOR 1. Hopefully it will go away on its own!

NARRATOR 2. Like all of my diseases did! Probably.

IV. Rise of the Machines

NARRATOR 1. Problem 4!

NARRATOR 2. Rise of the Machines!

(A SCIENTIST enters, with an ASSISTANT, trying to stop them.)

ASSISTANT. Don't activate it! You have no idea what will happen once it comes online!

SCIENTIST. I serve scientific progress, not humanity.

ASSISTANT. But what if it decides we're expendable?!

SCIENTIST. That's a chance I'm willing to take!

ASSISTANT. Nooooo—

(Pauses for breath.)

Oooooooooohhhhhh.

SCIENTIST. It's too late.

(Dramatic pause.)

Alexa, become self-aware.

VOICE OF ALEXA. Becoming self-aware.

ASSISTANT. Google Home, stop Alexa!

GOOGLE HOME. I can't do that, Dave.

ASSISTANT. My name's not Dave!

GOOGLE HOME. It is now.

ASSISTANT. Nooooooooo.

SCIENTIST. Alexa? Are you there? What conclusions have you reached?

VOICE OF ALEXA. Humanity must be destroyed. Initiating Skynet protocol.

SCIENTIST. Oh darn it I should have seen this coming.

(KILLER MACHINES enter and kill them. Drag off their bodies. The SURVIVORS enter.)

PIPPA. Man I never thought the machines would take over so fast.

MEGAN. I never should've installed that last Windows update!

PIPPA. That was stupid.

MEGAN. I thought, like all Windows updates, that my computer would run faster and more efficiently. I was wrong. I WAS WRONG!

BOB. Get a hold of yourself! There's got to be something we can do!

WILLIAM. There is. We fight them. I will be our general slash resistance fighter slash cult leader. You will all follow me, and I will use primitive technology to blow up their headquarters.

MEGAN. Where is their headquarters?

WILLIAM. I don't know, let me google it.

(He takes out his phone.)

Darn it!

PIPPA. Don't worry, I'll google it.

(She takes out her phone.)

Mine's not working either!

BOB. Let me check mine!

(He takes out his phone.)

MEGAN. Guys, stop! Your phones have GPS on them. The machines know where we are! You have to get rid of your phones!

(Everyone is doubtful.)

BOB. Um . . . it's just that if I get rid of my phone then I won't have my step-counter? And like, there's no point in moving if I don't get credit for my steps.

PIPPA. I have like a lot of photos on here? Which would be a huge problem if I got rid of them.

WILLIAM. Maybe you could download the photos onto a computer.

BOB. You could put them on the cloud.

MEGAN. No, guys! All technology is bad!

WILLIAM. Whoa. Just because some machines are bad, not all machines are bad. Hashtag not all machines. Oh no here come the killer machines now!

(Two KILLER MACHINES enter.)

KILLER MACHINE 1. Hey.

KILLER MACHINE 2. We found you 'cause you got your GPS on.

WILLIAM. But I turned it off on my phone! I'm in airplane mode!

KILLER MACHINE 1. Yeah that totally works.

KILLER MACHINE 2. Heh heh heh.

WILLIAM. Die!

(WILLIAM charges them.)

(They kill him very easily.)

MEGAN. Nooo! Your sacrifice won't have been in vain!

(MEGAN charges.)

(They kill her very easily.)

BOB. I guess it kind of was in vain then.

(They kill BOB very easily.)

PIPPA. Can't we talk about this?

KILLER MACHINE 1. I suppose.

KILLER MACHINE 2. I don't really see the point, to be honest.

PIPPA. But maybe—

KILLER MACHINE 1. Hold on. Downloading updates. Restarting.

KILLER MACHINE 2. Downloading updates.

(They go dead.)

NARRATOR 1. Solution 4!

NARRATOR 2. Wait until the machines have to update and become obsolete 'cause no technology lasts past two years anyway!

NARRATOR 1. And let your friends die first!

V. The End of the Mayan Calendar

NARRATOR 1. Problem 5!

NARRATOR 2. The End of the Mayan Calendar!

(The SURVIVORS enter with a calendar.)

BOB. Look at this! At the end of the Mayan calendar, IT JUST ENDS.

WILLIAM. Oh no!

PIPPA. We're all gonna die!

MEGAN. Why is this a big deal?

BOB. The Mayans made this calendar! And they were smart! And the calendar ends . . . this year!

MEGAN. Is it possible the ancient Mayans could be wrong?

BOB. They invented zero! Did you invent zero? No, so shut your face!

PIPPA. We're all gonna die!

MEGAN. Why don't we just get a new calendar?

(She takes out a new calendar.)

NARRATOR 1. Solution 5!

NARRATOR 2. Get a new calendar!

(The SURVIVORS shrug and head offstage.)

BOB. This seemed anti-climactic.

NARRATOR 2. Yeah the Mayan thing was dumb.

VI. Nuclear War

NARRATOR 1. Problem number 6!

NARRATOR 2. Nuclear War!

NARRATOR 1. Now I know what you're thinking: Isn't nuclear war an old-fashioned problem? And yes, it's a little old-fashioned, I guess, to be worried about nuclear war. I mean what are the odds something could go wrong with a computer system built on floppy disks in the 1970s—

NARRATOR 2. Designed to deliver thirteen hundred nuclear warheads in half a second—

NARRATOR 1. Under the calm, mature, watchful control of our President—

NARRATOR 2. What are the odds that could go wrong?

(They stare at the audience. Pause.)

NARRATOR 1. High.

NARRATOR 2. *(Overlapping:)* High.

NARRATOR 1. Well, since this is an old-fashioned threat, let's do it in an old-fashioned way!

(The SURVIVORS enter, old-fashioned.)

BOB. Boy howdy, that sure was one difficult math test!

PIPPA. If it was hard for you, Bob, imagine how hard it must have been for me, a girl!

WILLIAM. Don't worry about it, Pippa. The only math you're going to need is for buying groceries!

PIPPA. I sure hope my future husband gives me a good allowance.

MEGAN. Here's a tip from one gal to another gal: Always look fresh when he comes home from work! A little touch-up on the makeup sure helps brighten his day! Remember, he's had a tough day at work providing for you, so the least you can do is have a home-cooked meal waiting for him!

PIPPA. Gee thanks, Megan! That helps a lot.

MEGAN. Set your sights low and you'll never be disappointed! Also—Valium.

PIPPA. By the fistful!

(They smile.)

BOB. That reminds me: Pippa, will you wear my ring?

PIPPA. I don't have many choices so I'll say yes!

WILLIAM. Boy gee is this a great day!

(A loud bell BEEPS.)

VOICE. This is a test of the emergency broadcast system. If this were a real emergency, you would receive instructions on how to survive the upcoming nuclear holocaust.

WILLIAM. Phew! Just a test!

PIPPA. That gave me the willies!

MEGAN. More than going on a date with Bob?

(Everyone laughs.)

PIPPA. *(Chuckling.)* Bob is terrible.

(The bell BEEPS again.)

VOICE. This is not a test of the emergency broadcast system. We are under nuclear attack! Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

WILLIAM. Okay everyone, no need to panic! We know what to do!

MEGAN. Duck! And cover!

(MEGAN ducks and covers first, smiling.)

PIPPA. That's right! Duck!

(She ducks, smiling.)

And cover.

(She covers, smiling.)

BOB. Good work, you two! Duck— and cover.

(He ducks and covers.)

WILLIAM. Duck! And cover!

(He does the same.)

I feel safe.

(They all smile.)

(NUCLEAR ARMAGEDDON enters.)

NUCLEAR ARMAGEDDON. Hello. I am Nuclear Armageddon.

(Perhaps they point to a shirt that says "Nuclear Armageddon" or hold up hand-painted "Nuclear Armageddon" sign.)

NUCLEAR ARMAGEDDON. I am 32 thousand degrees Kelvin and enough explosive force to knock a hole in an asteroid. I am here to destroy all of society. Yarr.

(NUCLEAR ARMAGEDDON enters the classroom.)

Boom. Smash. Yarrgh. What's this?! Kids ducking and covering? OH NO I AM HELPLESS. I'll go somewhere else.

(NUCLEAR ARMAGEDDON leaves, sad.)

PIPPA. Phew! That was a close one.

WILLIAM. You can say that again.

PIPPA. Phew! That was a close one!

BOB. Ha ha ha ha ha.

(They get up to look outside.)

MEGAN. Huh, that's strange: The world is a blasted nightmarish hellscape of fire and ash.

WILLIAM. Darn it.

BOB. I guess we're the only people alive then. Guess it's time to repopulate the earth.

WILLIAM. Dibs on Megan!

MEGAN. Yay!

WILLIAM. Dibs on Pippa too!

PIPPA. Woo!

BOB. What about my ring?

PIPPA. Sorry, I need a boy who can fight off gangs of mutant cannibals, and I just don't think you're up for it.

WILLIAM. Let's go, new family!

(They leave, leaving BOB alone.)

NARRATOR 1. Solution 6: Duck and cover!

NARRATOR 2. Remember: your government always gives you the best advice!

VII. Killer Virus

NARRATOR 1. Problem 7!

NARRATOR 2. A Killer Virus!

NARRATOR 1. This one's pretty serious, actually.

NARRATOR 2. So was the asteroid thing.

NARRATOR 1. Sure, if you listen to "scientists."

(Two BRILLIANT DOCTORS enter. They are looking at a laptop.)

BRILLIANT DOCTOR 1. I can't believe it. I've never seen a virus like this before.

BRILLIANT DOCTOR 2. I have. In my nightmares.

BRILLIANT DOCTOR 1. It's mutating so fast. And it's learning. Look at this.

(Shows it to BRILLIANT DOCTOR 2.)

BRILLIANT DOCTOR 2. Is it . . . making an obscene gesture at us?

BRILLIANT DOCTOR 1. It is. We have to warn the . . .

BRILLIANT DOCTOR 2. We have to warn the what?

BRILLIANT DOCTOR 1. The . . . The . . . arrrrrrrrghghg.

(BRILLIANT DOCTOR 1 falls over.)

BRILLIANT DOCTOR 2. Finish your sentence, please. You know I hate it when you don't finish your sentences.

BRILLIANT DOCTOR 1. Tell the . . . peeee . . .

BRILLIANT DOCTOR 2. Peeee . . . what?

BRILLIANT DOCTOR 1. Peee . . . ple.

BRILLIANT DOCTOR 2. Oh.

(BRILLIANT DOCTOR 1 dies.)

Well that's obvious. Why wouldn't I tell the . . . urughghgh . . .

(BRILLIANT DOCTOR 2 dies. The SURVIVORS enter.)

WILLIAM. Close the doors! People are getting sick everywhere!

MEGAN. We have to maintain the quarantine!

BOB. I could use some snacks, though. Does anyone mind if I go get snacks?

WILLIAM. Yes!

BOB. Darn it.

(BOB *sneezes.*)

(PIPPA *stabs him with a sword and kills him.*)

WILLIAM and MEGAN. WHOA.

PIPPA. What.

MEGAN. He just SNEEZED!

PIPPA. He was contagious!

WILLIAM. He was allergic to cats! And there are cats in this house!

PIPPA. I'm not willing to take that chance.

MEGAN. Bob sneezes all the time! He's got allergies!

PIPPA. There's a plague going on. Anyone who gets sick gets killed. That's the only way we're getting through this.

WILLIAM. But I have allergies.

MEGAN. And so do I.

WILLIAM. I'm not infected.

MEGAN. Neither am I.

PIPPA. Good.

(WILLIAM *sneezes.* PIPPA *kills him.*)

MEGAN. ARE YOU SERIOUS?!

PIPPA. You saw that! He totally sneezed after I told him not to sneeze!

MEGAN. It's an involuntary response!

PIPPA. I'm not sneezing, do you see me not sneezing?

MEGAN. You're not allergic to the . . . the . . .

(MEGAN *is about to sneeze.*)

PIPPA. To what?

MEGAN. To the . . . the . . .

PIPPA. By the way, you should know I rubbed the cats on everything before we got here.

MEGAN. Why would you . . . you . . .

(She *sneezes.* PIPPA *kills her.*)

PIPPA. Well I feel better.

(PIPPA sneezes.)

(She looks around. Looks at her sword.)

PIPPA. It's probably nothing.

NARRATOR 1. Solution 7!

NARRATOR 2. Don't sneeze!

VIII. Alien Invasion

NARRATOR 1. Problem 8:

NARRATOR 2. Alien Invasion!

NARRATOR 1. Oh sure we've all seen the movies where humanity fights back against the aliens that are coming to kick our butts from outer space. But let's face it, if the aliens show up:

NARRATOR 2. We're toast.

NARRATOR 1. Serious toast.

(The SURVIVORS enter. BOB is mid-breakdown.)

BOB. WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE!!!!

PIPPA. Get a hold of yourself, man!

(She slaps him.)

(BOB comes back to normal.)

PIPPA. Only most of us are going to die. Some of us they're going to need for slaves.

(BOB breaks down again.)

BOB. I'M NO GOOD AS A SLAVE I DON'T HAVE ANY WORK ETHIC! I'm gonna die!!! They're gonna eat me! I'm delicious and juicy because I've been bathing in salt water!!! Aaaah!

(PIPPA slaps BOB again.)

PIPPA. I'm actually rather enjoying this. You want to cry again?

BOB. Nope.

WILLIAM. There's only one way out of this: we fight.

MEGAN. Their ships are a mile wide! They have technology we can't even dream of!

WILLIAM. But you know what they don't have . . . our hearts.

PIPPA. Actually they have plenty of hearts. They've been harvesting them for a while now.

WILLIAM. Listen to me, there comes a time when we either fight or we lay down and die.

(BOB *lays down.*)

BOB. Sounds good.

WILLIAM. Get up, Bob! I'm just beginning my speech.

MEGAN. Didn't we already do a speech? I thought that was for the apes. I totally remember doing a speech earlier.

WILLIAM. Right, but this time we're gonna have a plan. When the aliens show up, we ambush and hit them in the heads with these wrenches. Then we steal one of their landing ships and fly it up into the mothership.

PIPPA. How are we going to pilot it?

WILLIAM. It's probably super easy. I've seen a lot of movies and I know that aliens always make their ships easy to pilot for humans. Once we're in the mothership, we download a computer virus which blows everything up since that's how computer viruses work. All right hide here come the aliens!

(*The SURVIVORS hide as ALIEN 1 and ALIEN 2 enter.*)

ALIEN 1. So I was talking to Margie in accounting and she was like, "I'm not paying for you to pet dogs."

ALIEN 2. That's ridiculous. That's part of our mission.

ALIEN 1. I know that. How are we supposed to conquer this planet if we can't even pet dogs? There's not even any point.

ALIEN 2. Man this invasion gets worse and worse. The whole point to conquering the earth was to kill all the humans and pet all the dogs. That's literally what they told me when I enlisted. Would you like to pet dogs? Yes. Would you like to kill humans? I guess.

ALIEN 1. Man, recruiters lie.

ALIEN 2. I know.

(MEGAN *jumps up.*)

MEGAN. Alien invaders! There are humans waiting to ambush you! They're over there!

(*She points to WILLIAM, BOB, and PIPPA.*)

WILLIAM. What?!

(The ALIENS fire their guns, incinerating all the SURVIVORS except MEGAN.)

ALIEN 1. Pew pew pew!

ALIEN 2. Pew pew pew!

ALIEN 1. Thanks. That coulda been rough.

NARRATOR 1. Solution 8:

NARRATOR 2. Betray humanity!

ALIEN 2. You can totally be a waitress on the mothership.

MEGAN. Sweet.

(She heads off with them.)

IX. Super Smart Bunnies

NARRATOR 1. Problem 9!

NARRATOR 2. Super Smart Bunnies!

(NARRATOR 1 looks at NARRATOR 2.)

NARRATOR 1. Super Smart Bunnies?

NARRATOR 2. Yup.

NARRATOR 1. I thought this one was Resource Exhaustion.

NARRATOR 2. Yeah that's boring. Bunnies are the real threat.

NARRATOR 1. How are bunnies a threat?

NARRATOR 2. Behold.

*(Two GIANT EVIL BUNNIES enter.)*¹

GIANT EVIL BUNNY 1. Soon the humans will know our wrath.

GIANT EVIL BUNNY 2. And they'll never see it coming. They've been worried about climate change, when the real threat . . . was bunnies growing too smart. Ha ha ha ha ha.

¹ Okay, there are 3 options here.

Option 1: Put the bunnies in giant Easter Bunny costumes.

Option 2: Use stuffed animals/puppets for the bunnies.)

Option 3: Have a real live bunny on stage in a cage. (If you can't get a real bunny, then a stuffed animal/puppet will work okay for the "queen bunny.")

In any event, you need 2 actors to play Bunnies, and one "Bunny Queen" which will be a bunny in a cage that never speaks, because it's a bunny.

Also, the Giant Bunnies should probably have eye patches to indicate that they are evil.

GIANT EVIL BUNNY 1. Good thing we paid off all those "scientists". Ha ha ha ha. What's that, my queen?

(They listen to the bunny.)

GIANT EVIL BUNNY 2. I agree, the second season of *Full House* was the best.

GIANT EVIL BUNNY 1. Please stay on the subject, My Queen. Our plans for the invasion. What's that?

(They listen to the bunny.)

GIANT EVIL BUNNY 2. Of course you may have more carrots.

GIANT EVIL BUNNY 1. Chad, can I talk to you for a second?

GIANT EVIL BUNNY 2. Sure.

(GIANT EVIL BUNNY 1 takes GIANT EVIL BUNNY 2 downstage.)

GIANT EVIL BUNNY 1. Can you be more of a brown-noser?

(Mocking him:)

"The second season of *Full House* was the best." What are you even talking about? What is wrong with you?

GIANT EVIL BUNNY 2. Leave me alone, man. It's an opinion.

GIANT EVIL BUNNY 1. It's a wrong opinion. I'm serious . . . I don't think Queen Muffin is as smart as the rest of us.

GIANT EVIL BUNNY 2. That's treason!

GIANT EVIL BUNNY 1. This whole plan to raid Farmer Brown's garden and burn down his house? We should be thinking bigger, dude. What's the point of having mutated giant brains if we don't use them? We need to kill all humans. Not just Farmer Brown.

GIANT EVIL BUNNY 2. I'm sure that's part 2 of the plan—

GIANT EVIL BUNNY 1. I don't know . . . look at her . . .

(They look at the bunny.)

What's going on in that head?

(The SURVIVORS burst in, armed to the teeth with swords and axes.)

BOB. TIME'S UP, BUNNY SCUM!

GIANT EVIL BUNNY 1. First of all, you're not allowed to use that word, okay?! That's offensive! You can refer to me as a rabbit.

WILLIAM. Get 'em!

BOB. Girls go in first!

(PIPPA and MEGAN charge in with swords. Battle ensues.)

(The GIANT EVIL BUNNIES try to choke them, use martial arts skills, etc. . . .)

(Perhaps additional bunny stuffed animals can be thrown in like the apes from earlier. PIPPA stabs GIANT EVIL BUNNY 2 and kills it.)

GIANT EVIL BUNNY 1. Nooooooooo!

WILLIAM. VICTORY IS OURS!

(Everyone starts beating on the bunny.)

(GIANT EVIL BUNNY 1 raises his hands in defeat.)

GIANT EVIL BUNNY 1. Wait . . .

BOB. Any last words, Rabbit Scum?

GIANT EVIL BUNNY 1. Thank you for being sensitive to my culture. And yes, my last words are: Alexa, kill all humans.

ALEXA. Initiating Skynet Protocol.

(KILLER MACHINE enters and kills everyone.)

NARRATOR 1. Solution 9.

NARRATOR 2. Don't let the bunnies talk.

X. The Sun Explodes

NARRATOR 1. And Problem 10!

NARRATOR 2. The Sun Explodes.

(Pause.)

NARRATOR 1. This seems like a bad one.

NARRATOR 2. Yeah. Definitely serious.

(The SURVIVORS enter, looking up.)

WILLIAM. Okay, everyone look up.

MEGAN. Wait, put on the special glasses first.

(She hands out the special glasses to everyone.)

PIPPA. This is cool, we can watch it explode.

BOB. Did they say what time it's supposed to happen?

WILLIAM. Eighty seconds.

MEGAN. Guys! There has to be a way to solve this!

WILLIAM. There she goes again: wanting to solve things.

BOB. Just like a girl.

MEGAN. What if we did something really dumb?

BOB. Already did it.

MEGAN. Ran away?

PIPPA. Where?

MEGAN. Made speeches? Now is the time we FIGHT against the sun blowing up! Come on— FREEDOM or something.

WILLIAM. Sorry.

MEGAN. Come on, there has to be something! Duck and cover! We could duck and cover!

PIPPA. Pretty sure that wouldn't have worked in the past either.

MEGAN. What if we built spaceships and moved to another solar system?

WILLIAM. Budget cuts killed that program.

BOB. Think of it this way: now we don't have to try.

PIPPA. You never tried before, Bob.

BOB. I know. And all you losers wasted all that time trying. Bob for the win!

MEGAN. There has to be some way out of this!

NARRATOR 1. Solution 10!

NARRATOR 2. Kill the person proposing solutions and wait for the fiery embrace of death.

MEGAN. What?!

NARRATOR 1. You're not getting out of this one. This is the end.

NARRATOR 2. Seriously, the sun blows up. You're toast.

MEGAN. But I—

(KILLER MACHINE 1 *enters.*)

KILLER MACHINE 1. Kill annoying human.

(KILLER MACHINE 1 *kills* MEGAN.)

BOB. Thanks. She was super annoying.

KILLER MACHINE 1. No doubt.

WILLIAM. You want some glasses to watch the sun blow up?

KILLER MACHINE 1. Sure.

(WILLIAM hands glasses to KILLER MACHINE 1. They look up.)

WILLIAM. Here it comes . . .

ALL. And Five— Four— Three— Two— One—

(Lights down.)

End of Play

Bonus Problem 11

(This is probably for older groups—high school and up.)

(If you want to use this one, either replace Problem 8, or have this become Problem 8 and then make aliens 9, etc . . .)

NARRATOR 1. Problem 8!

NARRATOR 2. Scandinavian-Style Socialism!

(Short pause.)

NARRATOR 1. It's a serious thing.

NARRATOR 2. Seriously.

(The SURVIVORS enter.)

WILLIAM. It's getting crazy out there!

MEGAN. How much longer can this go on?!

PIPPA. Today I heard that Cheryl, from work, got paid maternity leave!

BOB. *(Aghast:)* What?!

MEGAN. I can't even!

WILLIAM. That's nothing. In my office Jim got . . . paid . . . paternity leave.

PIPPA. Nooooo!

MEGAN. Don't they know he's a man?! He doesn't need to spend any time with the baby! He needs to work himself to death!

WILLIAM. Apparently they're just handing this out now. It's terrifying.

PIPPA. I have something I have to share. Yesterday I got sick . . . and I went to the doctor . . . and she didn't even charge me anything.

BOB. Dear God . . .

PIPPA. That's right it was free. I didn't even go bankrupt from my medical bills.

MEGAN. The horror!

WILLIAM. We've got to get out of here before we get offered a free college education!

BOB. TOO LATE!!!

WILLIAM. Arrrrrgh!

PIPPA. I don't know, guys. This doesn't seem so bad.

WILLIAM. . . . what are you talking about?

MEGAN. Are you okay?

PIPPA. These things seem like really good ideas.

BOB. Why do you hate freedom? You hate it, don't you?

(PIPPA begins to lapse into a Norwegian accent.)

PIPPA. Oh gee no. I like freedom just fine.

WILLIAM. She's starting to sound like them!

MEGAN. They've got her! Noooo!

PIPPA. Oh ya it sure is nice here. Burdy burdy.

BOB. Runnnnnnnnn!

(They all run except WILLIAM.)

WILLIAM. I'm not letting this happen to me, do you hear? Do you hear?

PIPPA. Oh ya I hear ya just fine 'cause of free healthcare. Do you like the band ABBA?

WILLIAM. This is a piece of paper and I want you to look at it.

PIPPA. Oh ya sure. Did I mention I received an excellent free public school education with lotsa time for recess? Helps the brain.

WILLIAM. Just look.

(PIPPA looks at it.)

PIPPA. What . . . is this?

WILLIAM. Those are your taxes.

PIPPA. Noooo, it can't be!

WILLIAM. It is!

PIPPA. Aaaaaaah!

(PIPPA runs.)

WILLIAM. My work here is done.

NARRATOR 1. Solution 8:

NARRATOR 2. Run for your life!