

FOOD TRUCK PLANET

Written by

Brian R. McLane

A Post Apocalyptic Rock Musical

340 Seville O Delray Beach, FL 33446  
(347) 922-8500

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

SONNY "THE SAINT" (MOB BOSS, 40S-50S, RUGGED, BATTLE-WORN, YET COMMANDING)

Sonny is a man built from fire and steel, a former kingpin turned reluctant leader in the wasteland. His chiseled face, worn by years of war and betrayal, is framed by a thick, salt-and-pepper beard, his sharp green eyes cold as a loaded gun. He moves with the confidence of a man who once had the world at his feet and the wariness of one who lost it all. His battered leather duster, riddled with bullet holes and knife slashes, carries the weight of his past. A faded cross tattoo peeks from under his collar—a symbol of faith long abandoned, but never quite forgotten. He speaks in a low, measured tone, every word a promise or a threat.

LUCIA (SONNY'S DAUGHTER, 15-16, WIRY, DEFIANT, YET HOPEFUL)

Lucia is all sharp edges and stubborn resilience, a girl forced to grow up in the shadow of violence. Her dark hair, hastily tied into a messy braid, constantly slips loose, framing her piercing brown eyes that see more than she lets on. She wears an oversized apron over a worn leather jacket, combat boots scuffed from countless escapes and battles. Her hands, always stained with flour, grease, or blood, clutch a silver locket—the last memory of her mother. Fiercely loyal to Sonny but unafraid to challenge him, she moves fast, talks faster, and stands her ground even when she shouldn't.

CAIN (THE PROPHET, SLEW HIS BROTHER, APPEARS LATE 40S-50S, BROODING YET MAGNETIC)

Cain is a figure out of legend, his presence alone enough to shift the tides of any encounter. His weathered face, lined with regret and ancient sins, carries the burden of a man who has walked through every hell and back. A faint, glowing sigil burns on his forehead, an eternal brand of his crime. Draped in a tattered cloak, his broad frame is imposing, yet there is something weary in the way he moves, as if the weight of centuries bends his shoulders. His deep, resonant voice speaks in riddles and warnings, his words lingering like an omen long after he's gone.

MR. LUCKY (A HIGH-RANKING DEMON, APPEARS LATE 40S-50S, EFFORTLESSLY CHARMING YET UNNERVINGLY DANGEROUS)

Mr. Lucky is a nightmare dressed in elegance, his pristine white suit never catching a speck of dust, no matter how much blood is spilled around him. His slicked-back salt-and-pepper hair remains untouched by the chaos, and the deep scar running across his cheek only adds to his unsettling charm. His black eyes shimmer with amusement, as if he already knows the ending to every story but enjoys watching people struggle anyway. A silver coin flicks effortlessly between his fingers, always landing in his favor. He doesn't raise his voice—he doesn't need to. Every deal he makes is a noose waiting to tighten.

PATTY CAKE (QUEEN OF THE JUST DESERTS, EARLY 30S, SULTRY BUT HARDENED, DARKLY GLAMOROUS WITH A STEEL SPINE)

Patty Cake struts through the world like she owns it, a vision of post-apocalyptic glamor wrapped in sharp steel. Her faded pink waitress dress, torn and patched, is cinched tight over her combat boots and fishnet stockings. A cracked name tag reading Sweet Revenge sits above a blood-streaked apron, pockets filled with more than just kitchen tools. Her dark hair, pinned with mismatched diner cutlery, is styled in messy victory rolls, streaked with ash and grease. Her voice is smooth as honey, dripping with either charm or venom, depending on who's listening. She doesn't offer second chances—just the house special, served cold.

BIG TONE (HEAD OF THE JERK POSSE, LATE 30S-40S, MASSIVE, INTIMIDATING, YET KIND-HEARTED)

Big Tone is a human wall, towering over most with a build that looks forged in a scrapyard and tempered in fire. His dark skin bears the remnants of old burns and gang tattoos, scars of a past that never quite leaves him. A thick salt-and-pepper beard and shaved head add to his quiet but powerful presence. He wears a patched-up mechanic's jumpsuit with the sleeves torn off, exposing arms thick enough to bend metal. His deep, rumbling voice is steady and reassuring—until it isn't. He's the kind of man you want watching your back, but never standing against you.

MAD MAXINE JONES (LEADER OF THE BUTCHIES, EARLY 40S, SMALL BUT LETHAL, PURE KINETIC ENERGY WRAPPED IN MADNESS)

Mad Maxine is a five-foot-three storm of chaos, her wiry frame packed with an unrelenting, restless energy.

Her jet-black hair, streaked with electric red, is tangled and wild, framing a sharp, angular face and a grin full of gold-capped teeth. One eye is sharp green, the other a cloudy white, an unanswered mystery daring anyone to ask. She wears a shredded leather jacket over scarred arms, her fingerless gloves stained with grease, ash, and something darker. Her machete, Mercy, hangs from her hip, its name a cruel joke. She doesn't walk—she prowls, always hunting, always hungry.

ROCCO (MAD MAXINE'S LIEUTENANT, EARLY 30S, LEAN, FAST, UNPREDICTABLE)

Rocco is the Butchies' second-in-command, a wiry, twitchy ball of nervous energy always teetering between laughter and violence. His face is a roadmap of old fights—scars crisscrossing his cheek, a broken nose that never quite set right. His short, messy hair sticks up in wild angles, and his dark eyes dart like a man always looking for the next thrill—or the next threat. He wears a sleeveless biker vest covered in neon spray paint, the Butchies' insignia crudely scrawled across the back. He's quick with a knife, quicker with a joke, and deadliest when he stops talking.

TOUGHS (3 GOONS, VARIOUS AGES, ALL MUSCLE, NO MERCY)

The Toughs are faceless enforcers, built like brick walls and about as expressive. Scarred knuckles, thick necks, and cold, dead stares—they don't speak unless necessary, and even then, it's usually with their fists. Dressed in patched-up armor, scavenged from whatever poor souls crossed them before, they move as a unit, shadows of their boss's will. They may not be the smartest, but they don't have to be. They just follow orders, and orders usually mean pain.

WOMAN (WITH TWO HUNGRY KIDS, MID-30S, GAUNT, DESPERATE, YET UNBROKEN)

The Woman carries the exhaustion of a thousand sleepless nights in her hollow eyes, her thin frame wrapped in layers of patched-up clothing more suited for survival than comfort. Her face, once soft, is now lined with desperation, but there's still fire in her gaze, a stubbornness that hasn't been broken yet. Her two children cling to her, wide-eyed and silent, their small faces streaked with dirt. She stands with the posture of someone who has begged before, who has learned to keep pride and survival balanced on the same fragile thread.

**LIST OF SONGS**Act 1 - Scene 1

Bad Boy Shuffle  
Salvation Road  
Leaving Chicago

Act 1 - Scene 2

No News Is Good News  
Pleasure and Pain  
All For One  
Talk About It  
Bathed In Blood

Act 2 - Scene 1

You Got What I Need  
Blown Away  
Final Destination  
Salvation Road (Reprise - A Capella)

Act 2 - Scene 2

Boulevard  
Moshi Moshi  
Don't Wait til Tomorrow  
The Real Thing

**ACT I SCENE 1**

**SETTING:** A bombed-out truck stop just off the crumbling highway outside Chicago, 2035. The skeletal remains of gas pumps jut from the cracked pavement, their hoses hanging limp like dead vines. A faded, bullet-riddled sign reads "Last Stop Gas & Deli", its neon long burned out. Smoke rises from distant wreckage, and the faint smell of burnt rubber lingers in the air.

**LIGHTING:** A harsh white spotlight snaps onto an armored food truck parked center stage—"La Cucina Nostra" scrawled hastily across its side in spray paint. The truck's metal exterior is dented and rusted, its once-bright paint job dulled by grime and war. The contrast between the truck's bright illumination and the surrounding dim, flickering orange stage lighting creates an ominous glow, casting deep shadows over the ragtag crowd.

**SOUND:** Wind howls, rattling the few remaining glass shards in nearby windows. Distant, sporadic gunfire echoes through the ruins. A muffled radio transmission crackles from inside the food truck, barely audible—half a song, half static. The occasional metal clank of a can being kicked or a boot stomping through gravel breaks the uneasy quiet.

**BACKGROUND MUSIC:** A low, distorted hum underscores the scene, occasionally broken by the faint melody of an old Italian folk song playing from within the truck, eerily out of place in the wasteland.

**SET DESIGN:** A food truck sits center stage, with metal plates welded over bullet holes. The serving window is propped open, revealing a smoky, dimly lit interior. A hand-painted menu board hangs askew, listing meals priced in bullets, batteries, and medicine.

A ragged mix of people—some haggling over dented cans, others crouched near makeshift fires. Kids chase each other with sticks, their laughter a fragile echo of the old world.

A handful of armed men and women, lounging near the truck. Their rifles hang lazily at their sides, but their eyes never stop scanning. Their body language suggests this is routine—just another day surviving the end of the world.

**CHARACTER ENTRY CUE:** The wind dies for a brief moment. A heavy bootstep crunches against the gravel—then another. From stage left, a lone figure steps into the light, shadow stretching long behind them.

**SCENE 1: THE PRICE OF MERCY**

The world is quieter than it should be. Not peaceful—just hollow. Fires smolder in the distance, shadows stretch long across abandoned streets. A group of hungry kids watches from the edges, wary, hopeful, and desperate. The La Cucina Nostra food truck hums idly, its once-bright colors dulled by dust and soot. Sonny the Saint leans out the truck window, a meat cleaver resting nearby on the counter. His apron is stained, his knuckles calloused, but his eyes? His eyes are sharp. Beside him stands his daughter, Lucia, her angelic presence a stark contrast to the grit around her.

SONNY

"This ain't right. Kids picking through scraps like rats, grown men ready to knife each other over a half-eaten loaf. Used to be rules, y'know? A line. But now?"

(Spits on the ground)

"Now, there's no line. Just desperation."

LUCIA

(Softly, placing a hand on his arm)

"Papa..."

SONNY

(Pulling away slightly, voice edged)

"Don't. I know what you're gonna say. But this—this is worse, Lucia. Much worse."

LUCIA

(Firm but gentle)

"Papa, you're not in that world anymore."

SONNY

(Laughs dryly, shaking his head)

"No. I'm not."

(MORE)

SONNY (CONT'D)

But that world makes more sense  
than this one."

(Turns to her, voice low,  
measured)

"Back then? We left civilians  
alone—if we could help it. You  
didn't touch families, you didn't  
drag in people who weren't part of  
the life.

(recalls)

We dealt with crooks, hustlers,  
lowlifes—guys who had it coming,  
mostly because they got desperate."

(He exhales, eyes fixed on  
the hungry kids)

"But now? Everyone's desperate."

(His jaw tightens, a  
flicker of something  
haunted in his gaze)

"You don't get it, Bambina. Before,  
you could see trouble coming a mile  
away. Now? It's everywhere. No  
rules, no lines—just hungry, scared  
people, turning on each other  
because they don't see another  
way."

(Turns to her, voice  
softer but no less firm)

"And until humanity comes back to  
its senses, it's my job to keep you  
safe. No matter what."

Lucia watches him, eyes full of something deeper than just  
concern. She grips his hand instead, a silent understanding  
between them.

LUCIA

(Smirking, arms crossed)

"There it is again. That far-off,  
dreamy look. What is it this time?  
Beachfront mansion? Winning the  
lottery? Or are you just picturing  
yourself on some deserted island,  
away from all responsibility?"



SONNY

(Grinning, flipping a  
pancake)

"Oh, you know me too well. It was  
the island. Just me, a hammock, and  
an ice-cold beer. No food trucks,  
no scavengers, no—"

LUCIA

(Interrupting)

"—no annoying daughter questioning  
your life choices?"

SONNY

(Pointing the spatula at  
her)

"Exactly. Peace and quiet. Maybe  
even some fancy island music  
playing in the background."

LUCIA

"Yeah, you in a hammock, getting  
sunburned like a lobster. Real  
peaceful."

(Teasing)

"Maybe you do belong on an island.  
No one can judge you there."

SONNY

(Smirking)

"Yeah, just me and my coconut best  
friend. I'll name him... Tony."

LUCIA

"Of course. You always gotta have a  
Big Tone in your life."

The sound of shuffling footsteps approaches. A woman and her  
two kids step hesitantly toward the truck.

SONNY

(Eyeing the woman  
clutching two kids)

"Oh, look! It's Mother Teresa and  
her two little angels.

(MORE)

SONNY (CONT'D)

What can I get ya? Soup kitchen's closed, sweetheart."

FEMALE CUSTOMER

(Holding up a small gold cross, voice trembling) )

"Please... my kids haven't had meat in months."

SONNY

(Snorts, leaning back dramatically)

"Meat? Oh, sure, let me just check my magical unicorn fridge."

He shouts over his shoulder to Lucia.

"Hey, Lucia! Do we still have filet mignon and unicorn steaks?"

LUCIA

(Stopping, looking at him unimpressed) )

"Papa, stop!"

SONNY

(Innocent)

"What? I'm just saying..."

LUCIA

(Cutting him off, gesturing toward the woman.)

"She's desperate. Look at her. Look at her kids."

SONNY

(Grumbling) )

"Desperate doesn't put gas in the tank, Ragazza."

LUCIA

(Pleading, stepping closer to him)

"We have enough to spare. Just this once."

SONNY

(Not happy)

"She's offering a cross. What am I supposed to do with that? Pray for more supplies?"

LUCIA

(Firmly)

"Maybe it's not about what she's offering. Maybe it's about what we can give."

Sonny stares at his daughter, her words cutting through his gruff exterior. He exhales heavily and leans back into the truck, rummaging around. The clatter of jars and boxes fills the air as he searches.

After a moment, he pulls out a dusty salami and a loaf of bread.

SONNY

(Muttering, handing the food over)

"Fine. But don't think this makes me a charity case."

He shoves the food into the woman's hands, waving off the cross.

SONNY (CONT'D)

"Keep it. Feed your kids. But next time, bring me something useful. Like a working coffee machine. Or a therapist."

The woman's eyes fill with tears as she clutches the food and hurries off. Lucia watches her go, then turns back to Sonny.

LUCIA

(Smiling softly)

"See? That wasn't so hard."

SONNY

(Grumbling)

"Yeah, yeah. That's why they call me 'Il Santo'."

LUCIA

(Teasing)

"You're a saint, Papa."

SONNY

(Scowling) )

"BASTA!"

The stage transforms. The background fades into darkness as large screens or a projection system comes to life, displaying a sweeping aerial view of a truck stop bathed in the warm hues of late afternoon. The engine's roar fades into the distance as the scene focuses on a rocky cliff overlooking the stop.

LIGHTING CUE: A golden spotlight isolates Michael, standing at the edge of the stage, silhouetted against the projected landscape of the truck stop below. Across from him, MR. LUCKY - Late 40s to early 50s, around 5'10", slim build (approximately 150 lbs). He has spiky, bleached-blond hair, a punk-inspired look with a mischievous grin, and piercing, expressive eyes. His wiry frame and energetic movements give him an air of perpetual motion, as if he's always on the verge of starting trouble—or finishing it.

MR. LUCKY saunters across the stage towards another figure with his back to the audience.

It is CAIN - in his late 30s to early 40s, though his presence carries the weight of millennia. Around 6'2", lean but strong (approximately 180 lbs). He has rugged features with a chiseled jawline, deep-set eyes that seem to see through time, and long, dark hair streaked with faint silver, tied back loosely. His attire is simple yet timeless—earth-toned robes or a worn duster coat, suggesting a wandering soul. Cain exudes an aura of quiet authority, a man burdened by his past but resolute in his purpose.

MR. LUCKY leans casually against an abstract rock form suggested by minimalist set pieces, his features accentuated by an ominous red light that mirrors the fiery glow on the screens.

They both appear to be looking at a valley below, as people run for their lives.

## SCENE 1B: THE WAR OF WORDS

The firelight flickers against the ruins, casting long shadows. Cain stands tall, arms crossed, exuding celestial confidence. Mr. Lucky leans against a jagged rock, snacking on pretzels, smirking. The battlefield stretches below them, a world caught in the balance between despair and hope.

MR. LUCKY

(Smirking, crunching on a pretzel.)

"Your Salami Saint's got flair, Cain. I like him. Real salt-of-the-earth type. You know, if the earth were cured meat and a little past its expiration date."

CAIN

(Calmly, arms crossed.)

"Even in chaos, good persists."

MR. LUCKY

(Mock gasping, clutching his chest.)

"Oh, 'good persists.' How poetic. Let me write that down in my Cain's Greatest Hits of Overplayed Optimism book. Volume 437, if I'm counting correctly. Seriously, Cain, you need some new material."  
(Grins, licking salt from his fingers.)

"'Even in chaos'? Chaos is the entire show! And might I say, this season? Chef's kiss."

CAIN

(Steps forward, glancing down at the world below, his tone even but laced with steel.)

"It is not a show, Lucky. It is the choice of souls, ever turning toward the light."

(Tilts his head slightly, voice dipping.)

(MORE)

CAIN (CONT'D)

"You remember the light, don't you—before you started hanging upside down?"

MR. LUCKY

(Eyes flash, but he grins.)

"Oh, we're doing that tonight? Little trip down memory lane? Fine. Let's talk about the light—so blinding, so unfairly exclusive."

(Spreads arms, mock grandeur.)

"Forgive me for preferring a kingdom where anyone can rule, not just the favored sons."

CAIN

(Chuckles, shaking his head.)

"Oh yes, your kingdom. Where you sit on a throne of bones, your crown melted from the screams of the damned. Very democratic."

(Leans in slightly.)

"Tell me, does the heat ever get to you? Or did you just develop a fondness for the smell of sulfur?"

MR. LUCKY

(Tutting, wagging a finger.)

"Ah, Cain. Always so smug, so certain. But look down there."

(Gestures toward the world below.)

"Your 'light turners' are screaming obscenities at their GPS while fighting over who gets the last can of beans."

CAIN

(Smirking slightly.)

"And yet, even in their desperation, they find strength. They help one another."

MR. LUCKY

(Snorts, pointing below.)

"Help? That guy in the red pickup just stole someone's parking spot and flipped them off! That's your great beacon of humanity? Honestly, it's like watching a season finale where no one read the script. Deliciously chaotic."

A dim, fiery glow frames Mr. Lucky as he saunters to the edge of the cliff, tossing his empty snack bag into the wind.

MR. LUCKY (CONT'D)

(Grinning.)

"You're watching the wrong story, Cain. They're mine now. They belong to me—whether they know it or not."

CAIN

(Slightly firmer, yet calm.)

"They belong to no one but themselves, Lucky. It is never too late for them to choose another path."

(Glancing at him, amused.)

"Or is that what rattles you? That no matter how much you scheme, you never own them? That they can walk away?"

MR. LUCKY

(Pretending to gag.)

"Ugh, you're going to make me choke on my pretzels. 'Another path'? Oh, Cain, you always see light where there's none. Most of these people already chose—and it wasn't forgiveness."

CAIN

(Sighs, gaze steady.)

"Petty tricks. You amuse yourself with inconveniences while ignoring the grander design."

(Smirks slightly.)

(MORE)

CAIN (CONT'D)

"But then again, foresight was never your strength, was it? What was it you said, right before the Fall? 'This will work, trust me.'"

MR. LUCKY

(Grin falters for just a moment before recovering.)

"Oh, there's no ignoring the grander design, Cain. I'm enhancing it! Apocalypse omens, whispers of doom—it's all very on-brand for me. When the world finally comes crashing down, I'll throw a party. You're invited, of course. Bring your harp."

CAIN

(Smiling faintly, unshaken.)

"The story is written, Lucky. But the final act belongs to God."

MR. LUCKY

(Pauses, then with mock cheer.)

"Keep telling yourself that. Meanwhile, I'll be here... with the winning team."

Cain and Mr. Lucky hold each other's gaze—two forces locked in an eternal war, neither yielding, neither relenting. The fire between them burns, and the world below turns on its axis, every soul making its choice.

MUSIC CUE: "BAD BOY SHUFFLE"

MR. LUCKY launches into a devilishly funky tune, dancing along the edge of the cliff as Cain watches.



**SONG 1: BAD BOY SHUFFLE (MR. LUCKY)**

MR. LUCKY (CONT'D)

VERSE

Everybody's looking for a sign  
But it's too late you're out of time  
No one cared, no one believed but now you do

And once you realized  
The look of terror in your eyes  
Is all I need for all the work I've done on you

CHORUS

Oh I... Got a surprise for you  
(do the bad boy shuffle)  
And there's... Nothing that you can do  
(do the bad boy shuffle)

VAMP

VERSE 2

The predicament we're in, is a tough one  
It can't be undone  
We gotta hold on to the end  
(hold on to the end)  
And I've got a trick or two  
Up my sleeve for all of you  
Time to decide If you're my enemy or friend

The elect are up and gone  
But at least you're not alone  
You should be happy  
These are not the worst of times  
If you're trying to forget  
It's no use, you'll regret  
You should've listened  
But instead ignored the signs

CHORUS (repeat 2x)

CAIN can't hide his enjoyment of MR. LUCKY'S song. And answers with a song of his own.

MR. LUCKY (CONT'D)

(Bowing dramatically.)

"And that, dear CAIN, is how it's done.

(MORE)

MR. LUCKY (CONT'D)

A little rhythm, a little rebellion—irresistible, really. You should see the way they move when I play."

CAIN

(Steady, unimpressed.)

"Oh, I saw. They move, alright. Like moths to a flame—dancing toward their own destruction."

MR. LUCKY

(Clicking his tongue.)

"Destruction? No, no. Liberation. I gave them a song they could feel—one that doesn't chain them to some dusty old rules. Admit it, even you tapped a foot."

CAIN

(Smirks, shakes his head.)

"I don't tap for you, Lucky."  
(Takes a step forward, the fire reflecting in his eyes.)

"But you've had your turn. Now it's mine."

MR. LUCKY

(Spreading his arms, mock-inviting.)

"By all means. Give me your best sermon in song form. Let's see if it moves the heavens like mine did."

CAIN

(Eyes narrowing slightly.)

"You mistake movement for meaning. You mistake noise for truth. Your song was easy—it tells them what they want to hear, what makes them comfortable in the dark."

(Steps forward, voice firm, glowing faintly.)

"But I'm not here for comfort. I'm here for conviction."

MR. LUCKY

(Chuckling.)

"Conviction? Oh, Cain, they're tired. They don't want struggle—they want release. My song is freedom. Yours? Just another chain wrapped in a pretty melody."

CAIN

(Smirking, shaking his head.)

"Freedom? You wouldn't know the meaning of it. You call it freedom, but it's just a leash with a longer chain."

(Lifting his gaze,  
standing taller.)

"They need more than a song to stumble to in the dark. They need a road to follow."

(Beat. A deep breath.  
Then, softly—)

"They need salvation."

MUSIC CUE: SALVATION ROAD

CAIN (CONT'D)

(steadfast)

Forgiveness is stronger than despair, Lucky. Even now, hope burns brighter than you realize.

**SONG 2: SALVATION ROAD (CAIN)**

## VERSE 1

We're in a wasteland, Sinking in quicksand  
 The end is coming Loud and fast  
 The wicked they died, Victims of their Pride  
 At least the rest of us Still have a chance  
 Cause there's a feeling that I get  
 Some Memories I just can't forget  
 The wrongs I can't seem to get right  
 Urges I try so hard to fight  
 I suffer each and every day  
 Can't stand the sight of my own face  
 Nowhere to hide nowhere to run  
 Thank God the war's already won

I'm going Down... Searching for

## CHORUS

Salvation Road  
 We all got a Long way to go  
 The time has come to  
 Renew our minds  
 It's gonna get  
 better with time  
 I Promise You

## VERSE 2

The things I've longed for  
 Ideals I've fought for  
 Just like your love It's slipped away  
 I've heard the good news  
 Love is faithful and it's true  
 The rest of it don't Matter anyway  
 At night I'd find myself alone  
 My demons made themselves at home  
 My lusts would win out every time  
 I thought for sure, must be a sign  
 There was nowhere left to go  
 Against the flesh go toe to toe  
 Please Someone save me from myself  
 I need a savior no one else

I'm going Down... Searching for

## CHORUS 2x

(Promise You)

CAIN ends the song by slowly lifting up his hand, Points at  
 MR. LUCKY)

CAIN (CONT'D)

(smiling)

Well?

MR. LUCKY tilts his head, studying CAIN for a moment before letting out a low laugh. The two lock eyes, the tension between them as sharp as the wasteland winds. Below, chaos continues to unfold as the sounds of engines and shouting echo upward.

MR. LUCKY

Hmmmmmm.... Not bad I suppose.

CAIN

(his light brightening slightly as he steps forward)

I knew there was still a spark of what you once were.

MR. LUCKY

(pauses for a beat, his grin faltering, but quickly recovers)

Oh, don't go getting sentimental on me, Cain. You know I can't resist a good speech, but save it for someone who's still on your roster.

CAIN

(turning back toward the edge of the cliff, looking out over the truck stop)

The roster grows, Lucky. One kind act, one moment of selflessness, even in the smallest of places. That is what you can never unmake.

MR. LUCKY

(rolling his eyes, tossing the empty snack bag over his shoulder)

And you wonder why I stick around. You're my favorite entertainment.

(MORE)

MR. LUCKY (CONT'D)  
(something catching his  
eye)

Oh look!

SONNY (MONOLOGUE):

You know, Lucia... the older I get,  
the shorter the time feels to  
accept one simple truth.

(He exhales deeply, his  
voice carrying both  
frustration and wisdom.)

Change doesn't ask permission. It  
doesn't knock on your door with a  
smile and a box of cannoli. No... it  
kicks it down, sets fire to your  
kitchen, and laughs while you try  
to salvage the sauce.

(He grips his cleaver  
tightly, his gaze  
hardening.)

I used to think I could outlast it,  
outrun it, maybe even outsmart it.  
But the truth? I can't. You can't...  
no one can.

(He looks toward the  
truck, where LUCIA is  
about to climb into the  
driver's seat.)

The world keeps moving, and all you  
can do is decide whether you're  
gonna move with it... or let it bury  
you.

MUSIC CUE: LEAVING CHICAGO

The opening chords of "Leaving Chicago" begin to play. SONNY  
starts singing as the truck rumbles to life.

**SONG 3: LEAVING CHICAGO (SONNY)**

## VERSE 1

When I look around you  
Everything I once knew  
Seems like it died so long ago  
Just like that the world changed  
No way to dull the pain  
I guess I'll be moving on  
Gonna climb a mountain  
Looking for that fountain of youth  
With a target on my back  
Head into the unknown  
Gonna sing a new song  
And get there with my soul intact

## BRIDGE:

And if I find my way back home  
You can tell everyone  
That I tried to change  
I'm coming like a freight train

## CHORUS:

LEAVING CHICAGO (4x)

## VERSE 2

I used to have plenty  
now I'm Running on empty  
See I, Never realized what I had  
Now I got nothing  
Just a lot of suffering  
When it goes from good to bad

I'm tired of the fighting  
Gonna make things right, yeah  
The shame's the hardest part  
There's always circumstances  
Need another chance, yeah  
Need your love to fill my heart

## BRIDGE (repeat)

## CHORUS (repeat and out chords)

As the song ends, another mortar strikes nearby. SONNY grips the wheel, shouting to the crew.

## SONNY:

Hold on! We're getting out of here!

The truck engines roar to life as they speed away. SONNY adjusts his apron one last time, his eyes filled with determination as the screen fades to black.

The roar of truck engines fills the air as they prepare to leave, the sound building as if the ground itself is trembling.

The music swells again—a dark, pulsating rhythm. The projection shifts, clouds swirling ominously over the truck stop as Mr. Lucky reclines smugly and Cain stands resolute. The lights dim, leaving only their outlines before fading entirely to black.

LIGHTING CUE: The lights dim as the haunting melody of the song echoes one last time, fading into the darkness. The stage transitions to an ominous red glow as the silhouettes of Mr. Lucky and Cain appear once more, framed by the swirling projection of smoke and fire.

MR. LUCKY

(reclining smugly, his  
grin sharper than ever)

"You've got to hand it to him,  
Cain. The man's got flair."

CAIN

(calmly, stepping into the  
light)

"Hope persists, Lucky. Even when  
the odds are stacked against it."

MR. LUCKY

(snickering)

"Oh, save the sermon. Let's see how  
long he can keep the act together."

LIGHTING CUE: The stage dims further, leaving only the faint outlines of their figures against the backdrop of chaos. The scene ends in total darkness as the sound of distant explosions fades.



ACT 1 - SCENE 2 - FIRE AND ASH

Lighting: A dim fire flickers weakly at the center of a cracked street. Lightning splits the sky in violent flashes, momentarily revealing skeletal remains of crumbling buildings and rusting vehicles. Shadows stretch and writhe like specters across the desolation.

Sound: The wind howls through shattered windows, carrying faint metallic groans and distant echoes of screams. Occasionally, the earth shudders beneath them—a low, ominous rumble, as if the city itself is mourning.

FX Cues: The fire pops and fizzes erratically, spitting sparks into the cold air. In the distance, embers drift like dying stars, remnants of a firestorm long past.

PATTY CAKE doesn't flinch. She casually dusts flour from her lap and arches a single, unimpressed brow.

PATTY CAKE

"Ah. The cavalry. Praise the Lord and pass the canned goods. I was beginning to think we'd have to face the rapture with nothing but a dented can of regret and Big Tone's boundless optimism."

BIG TONE lets out a low, rumbling chuckle, the kind that carries warmth but also the weight of a man who's read the fine print on every prosperity gospel and still knows where his bread is buttered.

BIG TONE

(eyeing the provisions  
with a theatrical sigh)

"We got enough for dinner... if we define 'dinner' loosely and 'providence' even looser."

PATTY CAKE

(smoothing her apron,  
voice dripping with faux  
sincerity)

"Oh, but darling, scarcity is what  
fuels creativity!

(MORE)

PATTY CAKE (CONT'D)

Why, some of my best dishes were inspired by deprivation, desperation, and deep-seated resentment."

BIG TONE leans back, arms crossed, expression unreadable. The firelight carves deep shadows across his face.

BIG TONE

"That why you always cook with a grudge?"

PATTY CAKE

(winking)

"No, that's why my food is unforgettable."

A gust of wind kicks up, sending embers swirling like restless saints on their way to glory. The silence stretches between them, comfortable, familiar. And then—

BIG TONE

(suddenly serious, gaze locked on the fire)

"You ever wonder if we're feeding the right people?"

Patty Cake doesn't answer immediately. Instead, she reaches for the dented can of soup, turning it slowly in her hands, as if weighing more than just its contents.

PATTY CAKE

(softly)

"You mean, should we be feeding the ones we left behind instead?"

BIG TONE exhales, deep and slow.

BIG TONE

"I mean, what if we're just keeping the wrong ones alive?"

The wind moans again, as if joining the conversation. A distant thunderclap punctuates the thought. A flickering bulb inside one of the food trucks struggles to stay lit—like faith tested in the darkest hour, like a mustard seed clinging to a crack in the pavement.

Patty Cake sets the can down. For the first time, her easy charm falters—just for a second.

PATTY CAKE

"That's a dangerous thing to ask, Tone."

BIG TONE nods, once.

BIG TONE

"Yeah. But we're already living in dangerous times. And I got a feeling it's only gonna get worse."

Another pause. The fire spits sparks, indifferent.

Patty Cake smirks, shaking her head before looking over at the truck. Her voice drops to something softer, something almost nostalgic.

PATTY CAKE

"You know what we need, Tone? A reminder. Something to shake off the dust, set our souls right."

BIG TONE raises an eyebrow, already knowing where this is going. He rolls his shoulders, cracking his neck like a man about to do some holy work.

BIG TONE

"Oh, you mean a sermon in the key of reggae?"

MUSIC CUE: NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS:

PATTY CAKE

"I mean, if Moses parted the Red Sea, surely you can part the silence."

Big Tone grins wide, his teeth gleaming in the firelight. He taps his hands against his knees, finding a rhythm deep in his bones, something older than trouble and stronger than fear. He hums low, a heartbeat set to music, and then—

**SONG 4: NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS (BIG TONE)**

## VERSE 1

I saw the headlines in the paper just this morning when I  
took the train to work that had derailed the night before  
Telling me  
not to think about the strikers not to think about escape  
from island of Manhattan undergoing transformation  
Telling me

## CHORUS

No, news is good news. No, news is good. Good good good.  
No news is good news no, news is good. Good good good  
news.

## VERSE 2

Schools in disarray and education has to pay There's not a  
citizen who knows where his income tax money goes  
Telling me not to think about pollution not to try and  
find solutions not to worry all the time about the rising  
violent crime

## CHORUS (Repeat 2x)

SOLO (Saxophone Player emerges from crowd)

## CHORUS OUT

No, news is good news. No, news is good. Good good good.  
No news is good news  
no, news is good. Good good good news.

## BIG TONE

(Leaning forward, voice  
thoughtful, steady)

"You know, back home, my grandmother used to say, 'A hungry belly makes a sharp mind, but a full one makes a dull heart.' I never understood it when I was young. Thought she was just trying to keep me from eating the last piece of dumpling. But now? Now I get it."

He picks up a stick and pokes at the fire, watching the embers shift and flare.

## BIG TONE (CONT'D)

(softly)

"Funny thing about hunger, though—it'll remind you what matters. Maybe that's why we're still here. Maybe this whole mess ain't the end. Maybe it's just the fast before the feast."

He looks up at Patty, waiting. The fire crackles between them. The rhythm of the song builds, steady and patient.

LIGHTING: The fire dims slightly, casting shadows across Patty's face as she stands and begins pacing near the flames.

## PATTY CAKE

(quietly at first, then  
building in intensity)

"Good news doesn't exist anymore, Tone. It hasn't for a long time. We just didn't want to admit it. Every warning, every chance to fix things—we ignored them. Why? Because our penis that became mankind didn't go down... probably because it rarely went up."

## BIG TONE

(smirking, shaking his  
head)

"So that's the great downfall of civilization? Man's inability to rise to the occasion?"

PATTY CAKE  
(scoffs, waving a hand)

"Oh, don't be so literal, Tone. You know what I mean. War? Climate change? Economic collapse? We pretended they weren't our problems. We'd sit at our screens, scroll through pictures of people's brunch plates, and say, 'Not my circus, not my monkeys.' But it was always our circus. We just couldn't see it for all the elephants in the room."

Big Tone leans forward, elbows on his knees, voice low and firm. The steady drumbeat grows more pronounced, building tension.

BIG TONE

"You think we ever had a chance?"

PATTY CAKE  
(pauses, voice softer)

"That's the funny thing. I'm not sure we ever did."

BIG TONE

"And by that you mean..."

PATTY CAKE

"Well, if you look around, look at what's happened... It's almost like it was all unavoidable. People everywhere—well, most people—just want to live in peace, love one another. I truly believe that. But as a whole, as the human race, we..." (looking around) "...we were fatally flawed."

Patty stops pacing, looking at him for a long moment. Then, softly—

PATTY CAKE

"We just thought we were too clever for consequences. And here we are, trying to make sense of this new reality."

PATTY CAKE

(whispering)

"It's over... isn't it?"

BIG TONE

"I don't know.

(beat)

Maybe in the next life."

She pauses, staring into the flames, her voice softening. The music sways, an easy lull, as if carrying the weight of what was left unsaid.

PATTY CAKE

"Next life?"

BIG TONE

"Heaven."

PATTY CAKE

"Heaven? That would imply that there's a God. What God would do this?"

BIG TONE

"Well, I believe in God."

PATTY CAKE

(blinking in disbelief,  
then scoffs)

"Oh sure, Tone, and I believe in calorie-free cheesecake. Just because we want something to be true doesn't mean it actually makes sense."

BIG TONE

"You can go down through history and say, 'Why did this happen? Why did that happen?'"

PATTY CAKE

(throwing up her hands)

"Right, because nothing says 'divine plan' like plagues, world wars, and my last three relationships!"

BIG TONE

(beat)

"Look, I know it's hard to wrap your mind around. you gotta have little faith.

She looks at him, trying to understand his stubborn faith.

BIG TONE (CONT'D)

PATTY CAKE

(laughs, shaking her head)

"And we're being watched right? Judged. Sort of like a celestial game show, is that it?"

BIG TONE

"I don't know if I'd put it quite like that. But we all get a chance. A lifetime of victories and failures, on and on and on... but eventually, the show's over-kind of like this."

(looks around)

"All the family and friends, and people and places—the older you get, the more isolated you are. Until—there's no one. Nothing."

He puts his hand on her shoulder.

"Patty—it would have happened to you anyway. Instead of a wasteland, in a hospital bed—or worse. And no one can help you."

"Ultimately, everyone winds up alone, and God decides what He's going to do with you. But we gave Him a hell of a mess to work with, didn't we?"

(softly, but certain)

"Maybe.

Or maybe He knew we'd burn it down and build something better.

(beat)

(MORE)



BIG TONE (CONT'D)

"You just have to have a little  
faith. It's gonna be alright.

Patty studies him.

PATTY CAKE

(resigned)

"Optimist."

BIG TONE

(theorizes)

This is some kind of a test. A  
proving ground. There's good  
there's bad, love and hate,  
pleasure and pain...

MUSIC CUE: PLEASURE AND PAIN

PATTY CAKE

(eyes closing, letting it  
take her)

"Pleasure and Pain..."

BIG TONE

"For now that's all there is to the  
fire."

PATTY CAKE

Well that's alright.... It's gonna  
be alright."

**SONG 5: PLEASURE AND PAIN**

## VERSE 1

Hey you, yeah, you,  
It's not hard to guess what's on your mind.  
You're searching, yeah, you're searching,  
But you're still blind.

## B SECTION

You better stop,  
Look at all the times we've been here before.  
I never thought you were sincere.  
(Hey, hey, hey)  
It's been a long time, boy, I've loved you every day.  
(Hey, hey, hey)  
But it's the loneliness I feel.

## CHORUS (4x)

I feel the pleasure and the pain.

## VERSE 2

There's no reason, to get angry.  
Understanding what love's about.  
It's not easy easy but Lord,  
to work it out.  
There has to be a solution  
And I want to show you that I care  
There are 2 sides to a coin  
but you're not there

## B SECTION (repeat)

## CHORUS OUT

(The song fades into silence as a faint rustling is heard from the shadows. Patty raises her knife instinctively.)

A crackling ember pops from the fire, landing near Patty's boot. She doesn't flinch, but her head jerks slightly, her gaze snapping toward the darkness beyond the camp's edge. A shiver runs through the air, the kind that raises the hairs on the back of your neck. The night suddenly feels a little too quiet.

She straightens, eyes narrowing. A distant sound—faint but deliberate—filters through the ruins. Footsteps. Slow, measured. The kind made by people who don't care if they're heard. Patty's fingers twitch toward the knife at her waist, instinct driving her before thought catches up.

PATTY CAKE (low, to Big Tone) "Tell me you heard that." Big Tone doesn't speak, but his posture shifts. He reaches for his own knife, fingers wrapping around the handle like it's an old friend. Another sound—a crunch of gravel, closer this time. The Butchies stir, their hands drifting to their weapons, eyes darting toward the unseen intruders. MAD MAXINE JONES and the BUTCHIES Arrive.

STAGE DIRECTIONS: A gust of wind kicks up embers from the fire, swirling them into the dark. The rhythmic pulse of distant footsteps echoes against the ruins. A moment later, the crunch of boots on loose gravel becomes unmistakable. MAD MAXINE JONES steps into the firelight, her cleaver slung over her shoulder, her piercing gaze cutting through the glow.

Behind her, THE BUTCHIES spread out like a pack of wolves, their weapons—a chaotic blend of knives, clubs, and repurposed industrial tools—catching the flickering light. Their leather and denim uniforms, scarred and stitched with battle-worn pride, signal that they are survivors who refuse to be erased. The air hums with the kind of tension that only precedes either a deal... or a fight.

MAD MAXINE JONES  
(grinning, but there's  
nothing warm about it)

"Did I really just walk into a  
theological debate about your  
failed love life? "

MAD MAXINE JONES is a wiry powerhouse with sharp reflexes and a sharper tongue, Maxine is as deadly as they come. Her lean, sinewy frame conceals a strength and endurance that has earned her a fearsome reputation. A Black woman in her late 30s, her buzzed hair and piercing eyes make her presence commanding.

Despite her hardened exterior, there's a glimmer of humanity buried beneath, a remnant of who she was before the world went mad.

THE BUTCHIES are a tight-knit, unapologetically fierce LGBTQ gang, a blend of punk rock energy and unrelenting survival instinct. Their ranks are led by rugged, androgynous warriors who embody strength and defiance, their aesthetic a mash-up of leather, denim, and battle scars.

Mad Maxine steps into the firelight, a quiver of makeshift weapons slung over her shoulder.

MAD MAXINE JONES

(grinning)

"Well, if it isn't Patty Cake and her strumming sidekick. Got room for a few more?"

Patty directs Big Tone to be ready to get his weapon.

MAD MAXINE JONES

I especially like the part about the penis...

(shaking her head)

World would be better off without them.

"Wherever there's free salmon, we like to drop by."

BIG TONE

(puts away his blade)

"Still leading a cult I see."

MAD MAXINE JONES

(mocking)

"You say cult like it's a bad thing."

PATTY CAKE

(impatient)

Alright let's get on with it. What do you want?

MAD MAXINE JONES

(shrugs)

Same thing. Offer you our protection. More than protection, really an alliance. You cook for us, we protect you.

BIG TONE

(defiant)

We don't need no protection. Especially from your band of freaks.

MAD MAXINE stops a particularly nasty brute from attacking.

ROCCO - Good-looking with dark features, standing at 6'2" and weighing around 210 lbs - doesn't like the insult. His imposing physique is contrasted by his choice of attire: a bold, fitted dress that somehow suits his confident demeanor.

Big Tone doesn't budge. Patty is nervous.

MAD MAXINE JONES

(sly)

"Is it, Tone? Because last time, you ran like a scared little boy. Remember? Opening the door, completely naked, standing there in all your glory with a member of modest size at best.

(stares)

"I mean if you're going to pray about anything you should pray about that!"

BIG TONE

(walking away)

"At least people can stand next to me without choking."

Insult returned as the Butchies erupt into laughter. Tone flushes slightly but grins.

BIG TONE

(leaning back with a smirk)

"So stay over there. Besides, I wouldn't want you to get too close.

(MORE)

## BIG TONE (CONT'D)

You might suddenly switch  
teams—you'd ruin the batting  
average over there."

MUSIC CUE - ALL FOR ONE (MAD MAXINE JONES)

MAD MAXINE JONES

(winking)

"Yeah, sure. Keep telling yourself  
that, slugger. Everyone loves a  
good benchwarmer."

(Mad Maxine launches into her anthem, her voice commanding  
and theatrical. The Butchies harmonize with chaotic  
enthusiasm.)

**SONG 6: ALL FOR ONE (MAD MAXINE JONES)**

## VERSE 1

So here we are girls Roaming once again  
On a planet once ruled Mostly by men  
And then the world shook one thousand years  
Which is all that it took To realize their fears  
Nothing left to fight for Who knows what is next  
Go in the out door Take whatever's left  
Gonna go marauding I need to be fed  
Nothing left to do Nothing to be said

## CHORUS

So Get yourself up And Heed the Call  
It's All for 1 and 1 for All  
Size don't matter We like 'em all  
Because it's All for 1 and 1 for All  
If you've got breasts And don't have balls  
It's All for 1 and 1 for All  
But every single man We'll kill them all  
It's All for 1 and 1 for All

## VERSE 2

This shout out goes to you The heavenly departed  
You'll have to wait for us now We're only getting started  
We're bad we're CIS We're mighty pissed  
Just so there's no mistaking  
Give us what we want or else Every Bone we're breaking  
So be it written Be it known The BUTCHIES hate Testosterone  
So come with us Don't be alone  
If you're a man You will atone  
Come on let's go Let's have some fun  
Especially when You've got a gun  
Your guilt and shame It weighs a ton  
So let it go Or start to run

## CHORUS (repeat)

The fire flares brightly as the Butchies stomp and cheer, their laughter echoing into the night.

STAGE DIRECTIONS: The Butchies finish their raucous performance, stomping and cheering around the fire. Mad Maxine stands tall, her bow and quiver noticeably resting on her shoulder.

Big Tone strums an off-key chord, trying to cut through the chaos.

BIG TONE

(grinning)

"Well, Maxine, as much as I love hearing about your... unique hiring practices, I think Patty's made it pretty clear we're not joining the Butchies."

MAD MAXINE

(mocking, leaning closer to Tone)

"That's a shame, Tone. You'd look great in one of our dresses. Rocco here could even give you some tips."

ROCCO

(grinning, flexing)

"It's all about confidence. And duct tape."

PATTY

(stepping between Tone and Maxine)

"Enough. You've made your pitch, Maxine. We're not interested. So why don't you and your crew head back to... wherever free salmon is being served?"

MAD MAXINE

(grinning wickedly)

"Salmon's a delicacy, Patty. Just like you. But fine. We'll leave. For now. But don't get too comfortable. This city doesn't belong to you. It belongs to those of us willing to take it."



With a sharp whistle, Maxine signals the Butchies to retreat. They disappear into the shadows, their laughter fading into the night.

STAGE DIRECTION: The Butchies exchange knowing glances before falling back into the darkness, their presence evaporating into the ruins like smoke on the wind. Maxine lingers a moment longer, her gaze locked onto Patty and Big Tone, a flicker of respect behind her smirk. Then, with a casual roll of her shoulders, she turns and vanishes into the night.

The fire crackles uneasily as Patty and Big Tone watch the shadows for signs of the Butchies' return. For a long moment, silence settles between them, thick as the smoke curling from the embers.

PATTY CAKE  
(exhaling, rolling her  
shoulders)

"You know, for a gang of leather-clad murder queens, they sure know how to make an exit."

BIG TONE  
(grunting, rubbing his  
jaw)

"Yeah, but I'd rather they keep walking than decide they need a midnight snack."

PATTY CAKE  
(chuckling, finally  
lowering her knife)

"Right? I was starting to feel like we were the special of the day. 'End Times Stew: made with two smart-asses and a pinch of regret.'"

BIG TONE  
(grinning, shaking his  
head)

"Could use some seasoning, but I'd eat it."

PATTY CAKE  
(mock horror)

"You have zero standards."

BIG TONE

(shrugging)

"End of the world, Patty.  
Sometimes, you just take what you  
can get."

STAGE DIRECTIONS: Before Patty can respond, the sound of shuffling footsteps echoes from the darkness. She stiffens instantly, her knife rising once more, her eyes scanning the black void beyond the firelight.

PATTY CAKE

(raising her knife)

"Stay back! I'm not in the mood for  
games tonight."

PATTY

(tense)

"Stay back! I'm not in the mood for  
games tonight."

Two figures step cautiously into the firelight: Sonny and Lucia, weary and covered in dust. Sonny raises his hands in surrender.

SONNY

"Whoa, easy! We're not Butchies.  
Just looking for a place to rest."

PATTY

(narrowing her eyes)

"Nobody just 'rests' anymore. What  
do you want?"

LUCIA

(stepping forward, her  
voice steady but tired)

"We're from Chicago. The Cucina  
Nostra food truck... or what's left  
of it. We've been running for  
weeks."

BIG TONE

(lowering his guitar  
blade, squinting at them)

"Running from what? Bad reviews?"

SONNY

(deadpan)

"Something like that. Except instead of Karen complaining about undercooked fries, it's a roving gang of lunatics with chainsaws."

PATTY

(still suspicious)

"How do we know you're not here to steal from us?"

LUCIA

(earnestly)

"Steal what? You think we want your powdered sugar? We're just trying to survive. Same as you."

BIG TONE

(leaning back, grinning)

"Relax, Patty. They're not Butchies, and they're not here for our sugar. Plus, I like their vibe. A little 'end-of-the-world chic.'"

SONNY

(shrugging)

"We do what we can. But hey, if you've got any sugar left over, I wouldn't mind borrowing a cup. Could really go for some post-apocalyptic pancakes."

Lucia elbows Sonny, muttering something about "not being helpful." Patty eyes them warily before slowly lowering her knife.

PATTY

"Fine. You can stay. But don't make me regret it."

As the group settles, a steady tap... tap... tap... of approaching footsteps drifts from the darkness. A figure steps into the firelight—Cain the Wanderer. His long, tattered coat moves with the wind, a relic of countless journeys. But it's his strikingly green, well-worn leather boots that draw the eye, an eccentric contrast to his otherwise timeworn appearance.

PATTY

(pissed)

"At this rate, I should start a menu. 'Welcome to Patty's Apocalypse Café—where the fire's warm, the company's questionable, and new arrivals wander in like we're the last supper service on Earth!'"

BIG TONE

(grinning)

"Quite the footwear my friend. Who'd you get those off of, a drunken leprechaun?"

CAIN looks down at his boots and adjusts his coat.

"Mock if you will, but these boots have crossed mountains, deserts, and rivers where lesser soles have crumbled. I suspect yours, on the other hand, have barely survived a short stroll between bad decisions."

BIG TONE stands.

PATTY

(crossing her arms)

"What do you want?"

CAIN

(stepping closer, his tone measured)

"Just warmth and a little company. Every fire tells a story, and I'm here to listen. Or, if you prefer... share a tune."

BIG TONE

"You a bard or something? Because let me tell you, we've already got one musician here, and frankly, that's one more than we need."

CAIN

(bows his head slightly)

"Name's Cain. Cain the Wanderer, if you like a little drama with your introductions. And a bard? Sure. Let's go with that. Sounds better than 'man who's been following you.'"

SONNY

(not happy)

"Following us? You realize that's not the kind of thing people take kindly to, right?"

CAIN

"Would it have been better if I just walked up and knocked?"

PATTY

"Depends. Were you planning on bringing a pie?"

SONNY

(not amused)

"So what, you've been watching us? How long?"

CAIN exhales, glancing at the fire before meeting SONNY'S gaze.

"Long enough to know you weren't exactly moving with a plan. And long enough to know you could use another pair of hands—especially with the Butchies prowling around like rabid dogs."

BIG TONE

(grunting, rubbing his jaw)

"Can't argue there. They've been running wild lately, and they ain't the type to leave folks be just because they ask nicely."

PATTY

(eyeing CAIN)

"And we're supposed to just take your word that you're here to help?"

(MORE)

PATTY (CONT'D)

Because trust me, I've met plenty of people who talk real pretty before they stab you in the back."

CAIN

(holding up his hands, not me)

"I get it. You don't trust me. I wouldn't either. But take a look around—this world isn't built for loners anymore. Strength in numbers, right? And if you don't mind me saying, you lot don't look like you can afford to be picky about allies."

SONNY

(still leary)

"I don't like it, but... you're not wrong. With the Butchies out there, we need numbers, not just nerves."

BIG TONE leans back and considers the newcomer.

"Alright, "Wanderer". You can stick around. But let's get one thing straight—if you turn out to be trouble, we'll handle it. Quick."

CAIN

"Fair enough. But let's hope I'm more useful than troublesome."

PATTY

"Great. Another mouth to feed. Just what I wanted."

BIG TONE

"Look at it this way, Patty—if he's a bard, maybe he can sing for his supper."

MUSIC CUE - TALK ABOUT IT

Cain pulls out a harmonica, turning it over in his hands but doesn't play it just yet. Instead, he hums briefly, his voice gravelly yet smooth, worn by time but still rich with melody. Then, he begins to sing.

**SONG 7 - TALK ABOUT IT (CAIN)**

## VERSE 1

Pour the world from a bottle,  
A mixture of passion and hate.  
Isn't love just a judgment  
Of emotions that sweep us away?

## B SECTION

You better stop,  
You're not the only one who thought all hope was lost.  
(Hey, hey, hey)  
But then the answers soon appeared.

## CHORUS

We can talk about it.  
We can talk about it, I said.  
We can get together.  
We can get together, my friend.

## VERSE 2

You ask for grace and mercy,  
But your motives are unclear.  
Are you here to join the party?  
Or just eat our last beer?

## Chorus (Repeat)

The song ends as the fire burns brighter for a moment,  
casting warm light over the group. Cain steps back, his  
harmonica glinting in the firelight.

BIG TONE  
(clapping lightly)

"Not bad Robin Hood. Maybe you'll  
be in the big talent show."

CAIN  
(chuckling softly)

"Thanks, but I prefer my audience  
small. Less chance of getting  
eaten."

STAGE DIRECTIONS: The fire crackles, uneasy, shadows stretching and twisting like restless spirits. A hush falls over the group, the weight of the night pressing down like an omen. Then—a slow, deliberate clap breaks the silence, echoing through the emptiness beyond the fire's reach.

A figure emerges from the blackness, striding toward the fire with a swagger that borders on theatrical. MR. LUCKY, his presence impossible to ignore, moves like a man who's seen the worst of the world and decided to laugh in its face. His wild, untamed hair, jagged grin, and sharp, knowing eyes give him the air of a punk prophet. His dust-streaked pinstriped vest and long, weathered coat hang loose over his wiry frame, while his crooked, cocky stance screams trouble.

He throws his arms wide, his voice cutting through the night like a blade dipped in honey.

MR. LUCKY

(grinning, voice rich with amusement, dripping with sarcasm)"Well, well, well! If it isn't the last supper club. And here I was, thinking I'd have to crash this little gathering. But look at this—" (scanning the group, clicking his tongue, eyes dancing with mischief) "—the gang's all here!"

BIG TONE

(leaning back, unimpressed, arms crossed)"Oh, fantastic. Just what we needed—another smooth talker wandering in like he's got an invitation."

PATTY

(groaning, rubbing her temples)"I swear, I'm putting up a sign. 'No strays. No speeches. Bring your own food.'"

SONNY

(stepping forward, jaw tight)"Who the hell are you?"



MR. LUCKY

(mock offense, placing a hand on his chest, smirk never faltering)"Now, now, let's not be hasty. Name's Lucky. Mr. Lucky, if you want to keep it civil. Though some folks say my luck is... shall we say, selective?" (he chuckles, adjusting his coat with a gloved hand) "Me? I say luck is just another word for knowing when to leave the table."

CAIN

(arms crossed, smirking knowingly)"Still selling that old line, Lucky? Thought you would've traded it in for something more original by now."

BIG TONE

(looking between them, catching on quickly)"Hold up—you two know each other?"

SONNY

(glaring at Cain)"You didn't mention that."

CAIN

(shrugging, unbothered)"Didn't seem relevant. Until now."

MR. LUCKY

(grinning wider, clearly enjoying the moment)"Oh, it's relevant, alright. Cain and I go way back. Different roads, same mess. And from what I heard, you fine folks are in the market for strength in numbers. Lucky for you, I'm a man of opportunity."

PATTY

(deadpan, arms crossed)"Lucky for you, we're not in the mood for more surprises."

BIG TONE

(narrowing his eyes, tone even)

"So why show up, Lucky? You got something we need, or do you just like making an entrance?"

MR. LUCKY  
 (his smirk deepening,  
 voice dropping lower,  
 more knowing)

"Oh, I've got something. News. And trust me, you want to hear it."

A sudden rustling from the opposite side of the fire makes the group stiffen. Boots crunch on loose gravel. Another voice, low, dangerous, and unmistakably amused, cuts through the tension.

MAD MAXINE JONES  
 (stepping into the  
 firelight, backed by  
 ROCCO, a dagger at the  
 ready)

"Now that's funny, 'cause I was about to say the same damn thing."

STAGE DIRECTIONS: Maxine strides in from the opposite direction, forcing the group to turn. Behind her, ROCCO, looming and unshaken, stands like a wall of muscle and bad intentions. The Butchies hover in the shadows, their presence a silent, unspoken threat.

The fire blazes between them all—every major player now standing in the circle, the weight of fate pressing in.

SONNY

(clenching his fists, voice edged with frustration)"Perfect. The whole damn world, right here at our fire. So tell me—" (scanning Maxine, Lucky, and Rocco) "—which one of you is about to tell us we're all doomed?"

MR. LUCKY  
 (grinning, tilting his  
 head, eyes glinting with  
 mischief and something  
 darker underneath)

"Oh, my friend, doomed is such a strong word."

MR. LUCKY'S smirk flickers for just a second, revealing a sliver of something sharp, something real beneath the performance.

"Let's just say... the game's about to change."

MAD MAXINE

(eyes sliding toward  
lucia, voice smooth,  
teasing)

"Speaking of change... i don't  
suppose you'd be willing to trade?"

MAD MAXINE'S smirk widens, predatory as she lets her gaze  
linger on LUCIA.

SONNY

(stepping in front of  
Lucia instantly, voice  
low and dangerous)

"Not in this lifetime."

MUSICAL CUE - BATHED IN BLOOD (MR. LUCKY)

MR. LUCKY

(chuckling, shaking his  
head, amused at the  
tension)

"Now, now—let's not get  
territorial. We're all friends  
here... for now."

MAD MAXINE

(grinning at Sonny,  
clearly enjoying his  
anger)

"Relax, Daddy-O. Just making  
conversation."

**SONG 8: "BATHED IN BLOOD"**

VERSE 1

Here  
we  
are In the Middle of Nowhere  
Almost everyone is dead But we just don't care  
Ain't no doubt it Was a time bomb  
I think I read about it In the Book of Psalms  
Or maybe it was the Revelation  
Doesn't really matter we're here for the duration of time  
until the rapture, but until then your soul has been captured

Try and tell me something that I don't know  
Thrashing in a cage until the big show  
You had your chance so don't you complain  
Only those who take a risk can drink the champagne  
Thinking that you're slick but you're outta luck  
Don't ask me a favor I don't give F...  
Even now you won't repent and you're outta time  
So buckle up kids cause your souls are mine

B PART (3 GIRLS TRY TO IMAGINE THE DEMONS AWAY)

I can't stop Thinking about (Oooh)  
Things I can't Live without (NO!)  
Not a day Passes by (Yea Right)  
That I don't Stop wondering (All lies)  
I'm no ordinary man (Oooh)  
Everyday I Do the best I can (NO!)  
It won't be enough (Yea Right)  
This life is hard Having faith is tough (All lies)

CHORUS 2x

Everyday I need your love  
Hosannah Bathed in the blood  
All dressed up You're dead in sin  
John 3:16 now You're forgiven

VERSE 2

Allow me to assess the situation  
Clearly you're unable to avoid temptation  
Better not mistake me for a ramjet  
Because you took the mark and I don't forget  
Another fallen soul you're a keeper  
I ain't letting go Cause I'm the grim reaper Of this planet  
So, don't remind me But if I'm not mistaken  
your mine for eternity

Wild world I've had a good run  
But I'm almost out of time And my work's not done  
There's nothing I can think of More sublime  
Than you being my slave Until the end of time  
So let me conclude by quoting facts  
Not Matthew Mark, Luke, John, or the book of acts  
It's simple, either yes or no  
You either trust him or me Now I've got to go

B SECTION (repeat)

CHORUS (repeat out)

The fire burns low, its light flickering against the cracked pavement. Shadows stretch across the abandoned lot, distorting the figures standing within them. MR. LUCKY and MAXINE are at the center, their voices intertwined in eerie harmony as they finish the final chorus of "Bathed in Blood." Their grins are wide, their faces cast in shifting darkness. The rest—SONNY, CAIN, BIG TONE, and PATTY CAKE—watch, tense, as the last note fades into the night air.

Silence...

MR. LUCKY  
(smoothing his suit, voice  
silky and knowing)

Ain't music just... cleansing?

MAD MAXINE  
(tilting her head, eyes  
gleaming)

"Mmm-hmm. Almost like a baptism."

CAIN  
(level, unshaken)

"That was a funeral."

Lucky lets out a low chuckle, shaking his head.

MR. LUCKY  
Cain, Cain, Cain... still actin' like  
you're holdin' the pen on how this  
story ends.

BIG TONE

(snorting, folding his  
arms)

We still here, ain't we?

MR. LUCKY  
(grinning wider, his voice  
dripping with amusement)  
Oh, you're here. For now. But  
you're standing in the middle of a  
storm, boys. You think you made it  
through? Nah. You're just in the  
eye.

(He steps forward, just  
enough to make the  
firelight catch the cold  
glint in his eyes.)

MR. LUCKY (CONT'D)

And I promise you... the worst of it ain't even hit yet.

(A shiver runs through the group, though no one wants to be the first to admit it.)

PATTY CAKE (soft, but firm)

We've heard your sermons, Lucky. You got anything new to say, or are we done here?

(Lucky chuckles again—slow, deliberate, like a man savoring the moment. Maxine leans in toward Sonny, her voice sweet as sugar.)

MAXINE

Baby boy, you ever stop to wonder... what if we ain't the bad guys?

SONNY (STEADY, MEETING HER GAZE)

No.

(A sharp silence.)

MAXINE (LAUGHING, SHAKING HER HEAD)

Hoo, you're just like him.

(She nods toward Cain.

Sonny doesn't move.)

MAXINE (soft, almost regretful)

You know how that's gonna end, don't you?

SONNY (VOICE LOW, UNWAVERING)

Yeah.

Another heavy pause. Then, Lucky straightens his tie, dusts off his lapel, and exhales like a man who's decided to be merciful.

MR. LUCKY

"Alright. You wanna keep runnin'? Go ahead. You wanna play house in this broken little world? Fine."

(His grin sharpens, his voice dropping just enough to make the fire seem colder.)

MR. LUCKY (CONT'D)  
 (But the fire follows.)

A long moment. Then, just like that, Lucky turns, walking back into the darkness. Maxine follows, throwing one last smirk over her shoulder before vanishing into the night. ROCCO and THE THREE TOUGHS hesitate for a second, staring Sonny down, before trailing after them.

The fire crackles. The night stretches wide and empty.

PATTY CAKE  
 (exhaling, shaking off a  
 chill)  
 "I don't like this."

BIG TONE  
 (running a hand over his  
 face)

Yeah? Well, I don't like broccoli,  
 but that don't stop people from  
 puttin' it on my plate.

Cain steps closer to the fire, staring at the embers, his expression unreadable.

PATTY  
 (gruffly to CAIN)

"You've got some explaining to do."

Cain smirks, but his eyes are locked on Mr. Lucky as the scene fades to black.

The fire follows.

He exhales, then looks at Sonny. A silent understanding passes between them. No turning back. No running. The choice was made long before tonight.

SONNY  
 (resolute, steady)  
 "Then we move."

The others nod. No hesitation. The fire burns lower as they step into the night together, their silhouettes disappearing into the darkness as the head toward whatever comes next.

Lights out.