

SCRIPT TITLE

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# FOOD TRUCK PLANET

## 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 a past he's left behind, but never fully erased. 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 WANDERER, 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 burdens, carries the weight of a man who has walked through every storm and back. A faint, glowing sigil burns on his forehead, a mark of his past struggles. Draped in a tattered cloak, his broad frame is imposing, yet there is something weary in the way he moves, as if time itself bends his shoulders. His deep, resonant voice speaks in riddles and warnings, his words lingering like an echo of forgotten truths.

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

Mr. Lucky is a nightmare clad in elegance, his pristine white suit never catching a speck of dust, no matter the chaos. His slicked-back salt-and-pepper hair remains untouched by ruin, and the deep scar across his cheek only enhances his unsettling charm. His black eyes shimmer with amusement, as if he's already deduced the punchline to every grim tale. A silver coin flicks between his fingers with effortless grace, always landing in his favour. He speaks with a polished, British drawl—dry, sardonic, and laced with menace—every deal a trap wrapped in velvet.

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

Patty Cake strides through the wasteland as if it's her personal fiefdom, a vision of post-apocalyptic glamour with a backbone of steel. Her faded pink waitress dress, torn and patched, is cinched tight over combat boots and fishnet stockings. A cracked name tag reading Sweet Revenge sits above a blood-streaked apron, pockets brimming with more than kitchen tools. Her dark hair, pinned with mismatched cutlery, is styled in messy victory rolls, streaked with ash and grease. Her voice is smooth as clotted cream, dripping with charm or venom in equal measure, delivered with a crisp, British wit that cuts like a sabre.

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 forged in a scrapyard and tempered in fire. His dark skin bears remnants of old burns and gang tattoos, scars of a past that never quite fades. 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 you want at your back, never 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 unrelenting 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 enigma daring anyone to ask.

She wears a shredded leather jacket over scarred arms, her fingerless gloves stained with grease, ash, and darker things. Her machete, Mercy, hangs from her hip, its name a cruel jest. 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 teetering between laughter and violence. His face is a roadmap of old fights—scars crisscrossing his cheek, a broken nose never set right. His short, messy hair sticks up in wild angles, and his dark eyes dart like a man seeking the next thrill—or threat. He wears a sleeveless biker vest covered in neon spray paint, the Butchies' insignia scrawled across the back. Quick with a knife, quicker with a quip, deadliest when silent.

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 speak little, usually with fists. Dressed in patched-up armor scavenged from past foes, they move as a unit, shadows of their boss's will. Not the brightest, but they don't need to be—just obedient, and obedience means 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 patched-up layers more for survival than comfort. Her face, once soft, is now lined with desperation, but a stubborn fire lingers in her gaze. Her two children cling to her, wide-eyed and silent, their small faces streaked with dirt. She stands with the posture of someone who's begged before, balancing pride and survival on a 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. Skeletal remains of gas pumps jut from cracked pavement, hoses limp like dead vines. A faded, bullet-riddled sign reads "Last Stop Gas & Deli", its neon long burned out. Smoke rises from distant wreckage, the faint smell of burnt rubber lingering.

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

**SOUND:** Wind howls, rattling glass shards in nearby windows. Distant, sporadic gunfire echoes through the ruins. A muffled radio transmission crackles from the truck—half song, half static. Metal clanks break the quiet as cans are kicked or boots stomp gravel.

**BACKGROUND MUSIC:** A low, distorted hum underscores the scene, broken by faint strains of an old Italian folk song from the truck, eerily out of place.

**SET DESIGN:** The food truck sits center stage, metal plates welded over bullet holes. The serving window is propped open, revealing a smoky interior. A hand-painted menu board hangs askew, listing meals priced in bullets, batteries, and medicine. A ragged mix of people haggle over dented cans or crouch near fires. Kids chase each other with sticks, their laughter fragile. Armed men and women lounge near the truck, rifles lax but eyes scanning—routine survival.

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

**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 across abandoned streets. Hungry kids watch from the edges, wary, hopeful, desperate. The La Cucina Nostra food truck hums, its colors dulled by dust and soot. Sonny the Saint leans out the window, a meat cleaver resting nearby. His apron is stained, knuckles calloused, eyes sharp. Beside him stands Lucia, her youthful spark contrasting the surrounding grit.

SONNY

"This ain't right. Kids digging through scraps like rats, grown men ready to gut each other over stale bread. Used to be rules, y'know? A code. Now?"

(Spits on the ground)

"Just survival."

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. Way worse."

LUCIA

(Firm but gentle)

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

SONNY

(Laughs dryly, shaking his head)

"No. I ain't. But that world made sense. This one?"

(Turns to her, voice low)

"Back then, we left the innocent alone—when we could. Didn't drag in folks who didn't sign up. Crooks, hustlers, desperate types who crossed a line—that's who we handled."

(Exhales, eyes on the kids)

"Now? Everyone's desperate. Trouble's everywhere—no rules, just scared people turning on each other 'cause hope's gone."

(Turns to her, softer)

"Until some decency comes back, it's my job to keep you safe. Whatever it takes."

Lucia watches him, eyes deep with more than concern. She grips his hand, a silent bond.

LUCIA

(Smirking, arms crossed)  
 "There it is again—that dreamy look. What's it this time? Beach house? Lotto win? Or you just picturing some island getaway from this mess?"

SONNY

(Grinning, flipping a pancake)  
 "You know me too well. Island. Me, a hammock, cold beer. No trucks, no scavengers, no—"

LUCIA

(Interrupting)  
 "—no annoying daughter asking questions?"

SONNY

(Pointing the spatula at her)  
 "Exactly. Peace. Quiet. Maybe some island tunes in the background."

LUCIA

"Yeah, you in a hammock, burnt like a lobster. Real peaceful."  
 (Teasing)  
 "Maybe an island's where you belong—no one to judge you there."

SONNY

(Smirking)  
 "Just me and my coconut pal. Call him Tony."

LUCIA

"Of course. Gotta have a Big Tone wherever you go."

Shuffling footsteps approach. A woman and her two kids step hesitantly toward the truck.

SONNY

(Eyeing the woman clutching two kids)  
 "Look at this—a weary traveler and her shadows. What can I get ya? Kitchen's low, sweetheart."



WOMAN

(Holding up a gold pendant, voice trembling)  
 "Please... my kids haven't had meat in months."

SONNY

(Snorts, leaning back)  
 "Meat? Sure, let me check my magic stash."  
 (Shouts over his shoulder)  
 "Hey, Lucia! We got any filet mignon or unicorn steaks left?"

LUCIA

(Stopping, unimpressed)  
 "Papa, quit it!"

SONNY

(Innocent)  
 "What? Just sayin'..."

LUCIA

(Cutting him off, gesturing to the woman)  
 "She's desperate. Look at her. Look at those kids."

SONNY

(Grumbling)  
 "Desperate don't fuel the tank, kid."

LUCIA

(Pleading, stepping closer)  
 "We've got enough to spare. Just this once."

SONNY

(Not happy)  
 "She's got a trinket. What am I supposed to do with that? Wish for more grub?"

LUCIA

(Firmly)  
 "Maybe it's not about what she's got. Maybe it's about what we can give."

Sonny stares at her, her words slicing through his gruff shell.

He exhales hard, leans into the truck, rummaging with clatters of jars and boxes. After a moment, he pulls out a dusty salami and a loaf.

SONNY  
 (Muttering, handing it  
 over)  
 "Fine. But don't call me a saint  
 for it."

He shoves the food into her hands, waving off the pendant.

SONNY (CONT'D)  
 "Keep it. Feed your kids. Next  
 time, bring something useful—like a  
 coffee maker or a way outta here."

The woman's eyes well up as she clutches the food and hurries off. Lucia watches, then turns to Sonny.

LUCIA  
 (Smiling softly)  
 "See? Wasn't so tough."

SONNY  
 (Grumbling)  
 "Yeah, yeah. That's why they call  
 me 'Il Santo'."

LUCIA  
 (Teasing)  
 "You're a legend, Papa."

SONNY  
 (Scowling)  
 "Enough!"

The stage shifts. The background fades to dark as screens flare to life, showing a sweeping aerial view of the truck stop in late afternoon hues. The engine's roar fades as the scene moves to a rocky cliff overlooking the stop.

LIGHTING CUE: A golden spotlight isolates Cain at the stage's edge, silhouetted against the projected truck stop below. Across from him, MR. LUCKY—late 40s to early 50s, 5'10", slim (150 lbs), spiky bleached-blond hair, punk-inspired with a mischievous grin and piercing eyes—saunters forward, wiry and restless.

MR. LUCKY moves toward CAIN—late 30s to early 40s, 6'2", lean but strong (180 lbs), rugged with a chiseled jaw, deep-set eyes, and long, dark hair streaked with silver, tied loosely. His earth-toned robes suggest a timeless wanderer, exuding quiet authority.

MR. LUCKY leans against a minimalist rock form, his features lit by an ominous red glow mirroring the screens. They gaze at a valley below, people fleeing in chaos.

SCENE 1B: THE WAR OF WORDS

Firelight flickers against ruins, casting long shadows. Cain stands tall, arms crossed, radiating quiet strength. Mr. Lucky lounges against a jagged rock, nibbling pretzels with a smirk, the picture of British insouciance. The battlefield sprawls below, teetering between despair and hope.

MR. LUCKY

(Smirking, crunching a pretzel with theatrical flair)

"Your Salami Saint's got a certain je ne sais quoi, Cain. Quite the earthy type—rather like a pork pie past its prime, wouldn't you say?"

CAIN

(Calmly, arms crossed)

"Even in chaos, goodness holds on."

MR. LUCKY

(Mock gasping, clutching his chest)

"'Goodness holds on.' How frightfully poetic. I must jot that down in my ledger of Cain's Dreary Platitudes—volume 437, if memory serves. Do come up with some fresh material, old chap."

(Grins, licking salt from his fingers)

"'Even in chaos'? Chaos is the game, my dear! And this season's vintage? Simply divine."

CAIN

(Steps forward, glancing below, tone steady)

"It's not a game, Lucky. It's people choosing paths, reaching for something better."

(Tilts his head)

"You remember better—before you took to the shadows?"

MR. LUCKY

(Eyes flash, but he grins)

"Oh, are we strolling down memory lane tonight? Very well—let's discuss 'better.' So rigid, so frightfully unfair."

(Spreads arms with mock grandeur)

"Pardon me for preferring a realm where any Tom, Dick, or Harry can climb, not just the anointed few."

CAIN

(Chuckles, shaking his head)

"Your realm—sitting atop a heap of ruin, crowned with broken lives. Real open-minded."

(Leans in)

"Does the weight ever tire you, or do you just enjoy the whiff of ash?"

MR. LUCKY

(Tutting, wagging a finger)

"Ah, Cain, ever the smug blighter. But cast your peepers downward."

(Gestures below)

"Your noble 'pathfinders' are squabbling over scraps like guests at a ghastly buffet."

CAIN

(Smirking slightly)

"And yet, even desperate, they find strength. Help each other."

MR. LUCKY

(Snorts, pointing)

"Help? That chap in the red pickup just nicked a spot and cursed like a docker! That's your shining humanity? It's a ruddy farce—deliciously so."

A dim, fiery glow frames Mr. Lucky as he saunters to the cliff's edge, tossing his empty snack bag into the wind with a flick of aristocratic disdain.

MR. LUCKY (CONT'D)

(Grinning)

"You're watching the wrong tale, Cain. They're mine now—whether they've twigged it or not."

CAIN

(Firmer, calm)

"They belong to themselves, Lucky. It's never too late to turn toward something more."

(Glancing at him, amused)

"Or does that irk you—that they can still walk away despite your meddling?"

MR. LUCKY

(Pretending to gag)

"Ugh, you'll have me choking on my pretzels with that 'something more' rot. You see light where there's naught but gloom—most of these sods chose, and it wasn't hope."

CAIN

(Sighs, gaze steady)

"Petty tricks. You amuse yourself with chaos while missing the bigger picture."

(Smirks)

"Seeing ahead was never your forte, was it? 'This'll work, trust me,' you said once."

MR. LUCKY

(Grin falters briefly, then recovers)

"No missing the big picture here—I'm bloody well shaping it! Doom's whispers, endgame vibes—all my style. When it crashes, I'll host a soiree. Bring your harmonica, do."

CAIN

(Smiling faintly)

"The story's set, Lucky. The last move ain't yours."

MR. LUCKY

(Pauses, then with mock cheer)

(MORE)

MR. LUCKY (CONT'D)

"Keep telling yourself that, old  
bean. I'll be here, sipping victory  
with the winning lot."

Cain and Mr. Lucky lock eyes—two forces in eternal clash,  
unyielding. The fire burns between them, the world below  
spinning as souls choose.

MUSIC CUE: "BAD BOY SHUFFLE"

MR. LUCKY launches into a devilishly funky tune, dancing  
along the cliff's edge with a swagger Cain watches  
impassively.

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

## VERSE 1

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 a flicker of enjoyment at MR. LUCKY'S song  
 and responds with his own.

## MR. LUCKY

(Bowing dramatically)

"And that, dear Cain, is how it's  
 done. A dash of rhythm, a pinch of  
 rebellion—irresistible, really. You  
 should see the peasants sway when I  
 play."

CAIN

(Steady, unimpressed)

"Oh, I saw. They sway alright—like moths to a flame, heading for a crisp end."

MR. LUCKY

(Clicking his tongue)

"End? Perish the thought. Freedom, old boy! I gave them a tune to feel, unshackled from dreary chains. Admit it—you tapped a foot."

CAIN

(Smirks, shakes his head)

"I don't tap for you, Lucky."

(Steps forward, fire in his eyes)

"You've had your turn. Now it's mine."

MR. LUCKY

(Spreading arms, mock-inviting)

"By all means, regale us with your finest ditty. Let's see if it rattles the heavens like mine."

CAIN

(Eyes narrowing)

"You mistake noise for meaning. Your song's easy—feeds their wants, keeps 'em cozy in the dark."

(Steps forward, voice firm)

"I'm not here for cozy. I'm here for truth."

MR. LUCKY

(Chuckling)

"Truth? Oh, Cain, they're knackered! They crave release, not struggle. My song's liberty—yours is just a burden with a beat."

CAIN

(Smirking)

"Liberty? You wouldn't know it if it bit you. You call it freedom—it's a leash with extra slack."

(Lifts his gaze, standing taller)

(MORE)



CAIN (CONT'D)

"They need more than a beat to  
stumble through. They need a way  
forward."

(Beat. Deep breath.

Softly-)

"They need a chance to start over."

MUSIC CUE: SALVATION ROAD

CAIN

(steadfast)

"Renewal outlasts despair, Lucky.  
Hope's still burning brighter than  
you reckon."

**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 by raising a hand,  
 pointing at MR. LUCKY with calm  
 defiance.

CAIN

(Smiling)

"Well?"

MR. LUCKY tilts his head, studying CAIN before letting out a low laugh, tension sharp as the wind below. Chaos unfolds as engines roar and shouts echo upward.

MR. LUCKY

"Hmm... Not utterly deplorable, I suppose."

CAIN

(Light brightening as he steps forward)

"I knew there was still a spark of your old self in there."

MR. LUCKY

(Pauses, grin faltering, then recovers)

"Oh, don't get maudlin on me, Cain. I can't resist a stirring speech, but save it for the punters still buying your line."

CAIN

(Turning to the cliff's edge, gazing over the truck stop)

"That side's growing, Lucky. One kind act, one moment of care—even in the smallest corners. You can't undo that."

MR. LUCKY

(Rolling his eyes, tossing the snack bag over his shoulder)

"And you wonder why I linger. You're my favourite melodrama."

(Something catches his eye)

"Oh, do look!"

SONNY:

"You know, Lucia... the older I get, the less time I got to face one hard truth."

(Exhales deeply, voice heavy)

"Change don't ask permission. Don't knock with a smile and a gift. Nah—it crashes in, burns it all down, and laughs while you're picking up the pieces."

(Grips his cleaver tight)

"Thought I could outlast it, outrun it, outsmart it. Truth is, I can't. You can't. Nobody can."

(Looks to the truck where LUCIA climbs in)

"World keeps spinning. You decide if you spin with it—or let it crush you."

MUSIC CUE: LEAVING CHICAGO

The opening chords play as SONNY sings, the truck rumbling 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)

A mortar strikes nearby as the song ends. SONNY grips the wheel, shouting.

SONNY

"Hold on! We're outta here!"

The truck engines roar as they speed off. SONNY adjusts his apron, eyes set, screen fading to black. The roar builds, ground trembling.

The music swells—dark, pulsing. The projection shifts, clouds swirling over the truck stop as Mr. Lucky reclines smugly and Cain stands firm. Lights dim, their outlines fading to black.

LIGHTING CUE: Lights dim as the song's haunting echo fades. The stage shifts to an ominous red glow, silhouettes of Mr. Lucky and Cain framed by swirling smoke and fire.

MR. LUCKY

(Reclining, grin sharp)  
"You've got to hand it to him,  
Cain. The man's got a certain  
flair—crude, but effective."

CAIN

(Calmly, stepping into  
light)  
"Hope endures, Lucky. Even against  
the odds."

MR. LUCKY

(Snickering)  
"Oh, spare me the sermon. Let's see  
how long he keeps his trousers up  
in this mess."

LIGHTING CUE: Stage dims further, faint outlines against chaos. Scene ends in darkness as distant explosions fade.

**ACT 1 - SCENE 2 - FIRE AND ASH**

LIGHTING: A dim fire flickers at a cracked street's center. Lightning splits the sky, revealing skeletal buildings and rusted vehicles. Shadows writhe across the desolation.

SOUND: Wind howls through shattered windows, carrying metallic groans and distant screams. The earth rumbles faintly, mourning.

FX CUES: Fire pops and fizzes, spitting sparks. Embers drift like dying stars in the distance.

PATTY CAKE doesn't flinch, casually dusting flour from her lap with the air of a lady brushing crumbs from a tea gown, arching a brow in mild disdain.

PATTY CAKE

(With dry British wit)

"Ah, the cavalry arrives. Huzzah for the scraps—I was beginning to fear we'd meet our end with naught but a dented tin of regret and Big Tone's insufferable cheer."

BIG TONE chuckles low and warm, a sound carrying the weight of a man who's weathered too many promises.

BIG TONE

(Eyeing provisions with a sigh)

"Enough for dinner—if we stretch 'dinner' thin and 'luck' thinner."

PATTY CAKE

(Smoothing her apron with faux sincerity)

"Oh, but darling, scarcity is the muse of the soul! Some of my finest concoctions sprang from hunger, grit, and a soupçon of spite."

BIG TONE leans back, arms crossed, face shadowed by firelight.

BIG TONE

"That why your cooking's always got a grudge?"

PATTY CAKE

(Winking, voice smooth)  
 "No, dear boy, that's why it  
 lingers on the palate—like a  
 particularly persistent guest."

Wind kicks up, swirling embers. Silence stretches, familiar.  
 Then—

BIG TONE

(Serious, eyes on the  
 fire)  
 "You ever wonder if we're feeding  
 the right folks?"

Patty Cake pauses, turning a dented soup can in her hands,  
 weighing more than its contents.

PATTY CAKE

(Softly, with a hint of  
 irony)  
 "You mean, ought we to be serving  
 the poor sods we left in the dust?"

BIG TONE exhales slow.

BIG TONE

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

Wind moans, thunder punctuates. A truck bulb flickers, hope  
 clinging to ruin.

PATTY CAKE

(Arching a brow)  
 "That's a dashed risky question,  
 Tone. One might need a stiff gin  
 after that."

BIG TONE nods once.

BIG TONE

"Yeah. Times are risky already. And  
 it's gonna get worse."

Fire spits sparks. Patty smirks, shaking her head, voice  
 softening.

PATTY CAKE

"You know what we need, Tone? A  
 jolly good jolt—something to shake  
 the ashes off and set us straight."



BIG TONE raises an eyebrow, sensing her drift, cracking his neck.

BIG TONE

"You mean a tune to lift the load?"

MUSIC CUE: NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS

PATTY CAKE

(With a sly smile)

"Indeed—if the old bards could  
shift tides, surely you can shift  
this dreary quiet."

Big Tone grins, teeth gleaming, tapping his knees to a rhythm deep as bone. He hums, 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 under-  
 going transformation - Telling me

CHORUS

No, news is good news  
 No news is good good good news  
 No, news is good news  
 No news is good good good good

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)

A saxophone Player emerges from crowd for the solo

CHORUS OUT

BIG TONE

(Leaning forward,  
 thoughtful)

"Back home, my grandma said, 'A  
 hungry belly sharpens your mind,  
 full one dulls your heart.' Didn't  
 get it as a kid—thought she just  
 didn't want me hogging the last  
 bite. Now? Makes sense."

He pokes the fire, embers flaring.

BIG TONE (CONT'D)

(Softly)

"Hunger wakes you up to what  
 matters.

(MORE)

## BIG TONE (CONT'D)

Maybe that's why we're still  
here—maybe this ain't the end, just  
the lean before the feast."

He looks at Patty, waiting. Fire crackles. Rhythm builds.

LIGHTING: Fire dims, shadows crossing Patty's face as she paces near the flames.

## PATTY CAKE

(Quietly, then rising)

"Good news? Vanished ages ago,  
Tone. We simply refused to clock  
it. Every warning, every chance to  
turn the ship—we ignored them. Why?  
Because we fancied ourselves  
invincible, too busy chasing our  
own tails."

## BIG TONE

(Smirking)

"So that's it? We tripped over our  
own feet?"

## PATTY CAKE

(Scoffs, waving a hand)

"Oh, don't be so literal, dear boy.  
You know what I mean—war, ruin,  
collapse. We acted like it wasn't  
our mess. Stared at screens,  
drooled over someone's lunch, said,  
'Not my problem.' But it was  
ours—always was. Too blinded by our  
own noise to see."

BIG TONE leans forward, voice low, drumbeat rising.

## BIG TONE

"You think we ever had a shot?"

## PATTY CAKE

(Pauses, softer)

"That's the amusing bit—I'm not  
certain we did."

## BIG TONE

"And that means..."

## PATTY CAKE

(Glancing around, dryly)

"Look at this shambles—it's as if  
the whole blasted thing was doomed  
to topple.

(MORE)

PATTY CAKE (CONT'D)

Most folks just want to live, care  
for each other—I believe that. But  
us, as a lot? Couldn't keep the  
china intact."

Patty stops, eyeing him, then softly—

PATTY CAKE (CONT'D)

"We thought we were too clever to  
fall. And here we are, rummaging  
through the wreckage like  
scavenging toffs."

PATTY CAKE (CONT'D)

(Whispering)

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

BIG TONE

"Dunno."

(Beat)

"Maybe there's something after."

PATTY CAKE

(Arching a brow)

"After?"

BIG TONE

"Something beyond this."

PATTY CAKE

(With a wry smile)

"Beyond? That implies a point to  
this farce. What sort of point  
leaves us in such a pickle?"

BIG TONE

"Think there's a thread."

PATTY CAKE

(Scoffs)

"Oh, splendid, Tone. Next you'll  
say there's a decent claret  
waiting—just because we fancy it  
doesn't make it so."

BIG TONE

"You can look back—'Why this? Why  
that?'"

PATTY CAKE

(Throwing up her hands)  
 "Indeed—nothing screams 'grand design' like one calamity after another and my last three dreadful decisions!"

BIG TONE

(Beat)  
 "Hard to see, sure. You just need a spark to hold onto."

She peers at him, grasping at his stubborn hope.

PATTY CAKE

(Laughs dryly)  
 "And we're being watched, judged—like some cosmic ledger, is that it?"

BIG TONE

"Not quite. We all get a run-ups, downs, round and round. Eventually, it's you, alone with what you've done."

(Looks around)

"People, places—fades the older you get. Till nothing's left."

(He rests a hand on her shoulder.)

"Patty—it'd have happened anyway. In a bed, or worse. Ain't no stopping it."

(beat)

"Everyone ends up solo, facing what's next. Left a hell of a mess, didn't we?"

He takes a moment to let it sink in.

BIG TONE (CONT'D)

"Maybe. Or maybe we broke it to build something new."

(Beat)

"Just need a bit of hope. It'll be alright."

Patty studies him.

PATTY CAKE

(Resigned, with a smirk)  
 "Ever the optimist, you tiresome oaf."

BIG TONE  
"There's good, bad, love, hate,  
pleasure, pain..."

MUSIC CUE: PLEASURE AND PAIN

PATTY CAKE  
(Eyes closing, letting it  
wash over)  
"Pleasure and pain, indeed..."

BIG TONE  
"That's all there is to the  
fire—for now."

PATTY CAKE  
(With a faint smile)  
"Well, that's tolerable enough.  
It'll do."

**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  
 Vanity is all around you  
 And your head is filling up with lies  
 You've come to the end of yourself  
 With open eyes...

## 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)

## SOLO

## CHORUS REPEAT &amp; OUT

Song fades as rustling sounds from shadows. Patty raises her knife.

An ember pops, landing near Patty's boot. She doesn't flinch, head jerking to the dark beyond. The air shivers, night too quiet.

She straightens, eyes narrowing. Footsteps—slow, deliberate—filter through. Patty's fingers twitch to her knife.

PATTY CAKE (CONT'D)

(Low, with a hint of  
disdain)

"Do tell me you heard that, Tone,  
or am I simply imagining things  
like a governess with the vapours?"

Big Tone shifts, hand on his knife like an old friend. Gravel crunches closer.

MAD MAXINE JONES and the BUTCHIES Arrive

STAGE DIRECTIONS: Wind kicks up embers. Footsteps pulse against ruins. MAD MAXINE JONES steps into firelight, cleaver slung over her shoulder, gaze cutting through. THE BUTCHIES spread out—wolves with knives, clubs, tools—leather and denim scarred with pride. Tension hums—deal or fight.

MAD MAXINE JONES

(Grinning)

"Did I just walk into a sob story  
about your love life? Y'all need a  
tissue or a slug of somethin'  
stronger?"

MAD MAXINE JONES—a wiry Black woman in her late 30s, buzzed hair, piercing eyes—conceals strength in her lean frame, a remnant of humanity beneath the hardness.

THE BUTCHIES—fierce, punk-energy LGBTQ gang, rugged warriors in leather and denim, battle-scarred.

Maxine steps in, quiver of weapons on her shoulder.

MAD MAXINE JONES (CONT'D)

(Grinning)

"Well, if it ain't Patty Cake and  
her strummin' sidekick. Room for a  
few more at this shindig?"

Patty signals Big Tone to ready his weapon.

MAD MAXINE JONES (CONT'D)

"Heard that bit about the  
pecker—world'd be better off  
without 'em."

"Where there's free eats, we show up."

BIG TONE

(Puts blade away)

"Still running a crew, huh?"



MAD MAXINE JONES

(Mock offense)

"You say 'crew' like it's a dirty word."

PATTY CAKE

(Impatient, with a crisp edge)

"Oh, do get on with it, Maxine. What's your game this time? Or are we to endure another tiresome pitch?"

MAD MAXINE JONES

(Shrugs)

"Same deal—protection, alliance. You cook, we guard your dainty backsides."

BIG TONE

(Defiant)

"We don't need your protection—'specially not from your wild bunch."

Maxine stops a brute—ROCCO, 6'2", 210 lbs, dark features, in a bold dress—from lunging.

Big Tone stands firm. Patty tenses.

MAD MAXINE JONES

(Sly)

"That so, Tone? Last time, you ran like a scared kid—door wide open, buck naked, struttin' a piece that wouldn't scare a mouse."

(Stares)

"If you're wishin' for somethin', wish bigger than that!"

BIG TONE

(Walking away)

"At least folks can stand near me without gagging."

Butchies erupt in laughter. Tone flushes but grins.

BIG TONE (CONT'D)

(Leaning back)

"Stay over there—I'd hate for you to catch a whiff and defect."

MUSIC CUE - ALL FOR ONE (MAD MAXINE JONES)

MAD MAXINE JONES

(Winking)

"Yeah, sure. Keep dreamin',  
slugger. Everyone loves a  
benchwarmer."

Maxine launches into her anthem, voice commanding. Butchies harmonize with chaotic glee.

**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  
 Two 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 and  
 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 AND OUT)

Fire flares as Butchies stomp and cheer, laughter echoing.

STAGE DIRECTIONS: Butchies finish, stomping around the fire. Maxine stands tall, bow and quiver on her shoulder.

Big Tone strums an off-key chord.

BIG TONE

(Grinning)

"Well, Maxine, much as I love your recruitment spiel, Patty's made it clear we ain't joining your merry band."

MAD MAXINE JONES

(Mocking, leaning closer)

"Shame, Tone. You'd rock one of our dresses. Rocco could give you pointers."

ROCCO

(Grinning, flexing)

"It's all confidence—and duct tape."

PATTY CAKE

(Stepping between, voice sharp)

"Enough of this rot. You've made your offer, Maxine—we're not biting. So why not toddle off to wherever the salmon's swimming free?"

MAD MAXINE JONES

(Grinning wickedly)

"Salmon's a treat, Patty—like you. But fine, we'll go. For now. This city's ours for the takin', though—don't get too comfy."

With a sharp whistle, Maxine signals retreat. Butchies vanish into shadows, laughter fading.

STAGE DIRECTION: Butchies slip away like smoke. Maxine lingers, gaze on Patty and Big Tone, a flicker of respect in her smirk, then turns and vanishes.

Fire crackles as Patty and Big Tone watch for their return. Silence settles, thick.

PATTY CAKE

(Exhaling, rolling shoulders)

(MORE)

PATTY CAKE (CONT'D)

"Well, for a gaggle of leather-clad ruffians, they do know how to make a theatrical exit."

BIG TONE

(Grunting, rubbing jaw)  
"Yeah, but I'd rather they keep walkin' than come back for a midnight snack."

PATTY CAKE

(Chucking, lowering knife)  
"Quite. I was beginning to feel like the entrée—'Doomsday Stew: two sharp-tongued fools with a dash of regret.'"

BIG TONE

(Grinning)  
"Needs seasoning, but I'd eat it."

PATTY CAKE

(Mock horror)  
"Your standards are positively subterranean."

BIG TONE

(Shrugging)  
"End of the world, Patty. You take what's on the table."

STAGE DIRECTIONS: Before Patty can retort, shuffling echoes from the dark. She stiffens, knife rising, eyes scanning.

PATTY CAKE

(Raising knife, crisp)  
"Stay back, you blighters! I'm not in the mood for tomfoolery tonight."

Two figures step into firelight: Sonny and Lucia, weary, dust-covered. Sonny raises hands.

SONNY

"Whoa, easy! We're not Butchies—just need a spot to crash."

PATTY CAKE

(Narrowing eyes)  
"No one 'crashes' anymore, dear man. What's your game?"

LUCIA

(Steady but tired)

"We're from Chicago. Cucina Nostra truck—or what's left. Been running for weeks."

BIG TONE

(Lowering blade,  
squinting)

"Running from what? Bad reviews?"

SONNY

(Deadpan)

"Something like that—'cept it's lunatics with chainsaws, not picky eaters."

PATTY CAKE

(Suspicious)

"And how do I know you're not here to pinch my last scone's worth of supplies?"

LUCIA

(Earnestly)

"Pinch what? Your sugar dust? We're surviving—same as you."

BIG TONE

(Leaning back, grinning)

"Relax, Patty. They ain't Butchies, and they don't want your sugar. Got a cool vibe—end-of-the-world chic."

SONNY

(Shrugging)

"We manage. But if you've got spare sugar, I'd borrow a cup—post-apocalypse pancakes sound good."

Lucia elbows him, muttering about helping. Patty eyes them, lowering her knife slowly.

PATTY CAKE

(With a sigh)

"Fine. You may linger—but don't make me rue this generosity."

A steady tap... tap... tap... of footsteps drifts from the dark. Cain steps into firelight, tattered coat swaying, green leather boots catching the eye—an odd contrast to his weary frame.

PATTY CAKE (CONT'D)

(Peeved)

"Oh, splendid. At this rate, I'll need a guest list for 'Patty's Apocalypse Salon'—warm fire, dubious company, and every Tom, Dick, and Harry wandering in like it's open house!"

BIG TONE

(Grinning)

"Nice boots, man. Who'd you swipe those from—a leprechaun on a bender?"

CAIN adjusts his coat, eyeing his boots.

CAIN

"Mock if you must—they've crossed mountains, deserts, rivers where lesser soles crumbled. Yours, I'd guess, barely made it past the last bar."

BIG TONE stands.

PATTY CAKE

(Crossing arms, crisp)

"What do you want, you emerald-footed enigma?"

CAIN

(Stepping closer,  
measured)

"Just warmth and company. Every fire's got a story—I'm here to listen, or share a tune if you'd rather."

BIG TONE

"You a bard or somethin'? We got one musician already—more'n we need."

CAIN

(Bows head slightly)

"Name's Cain—Cain the Wanderer, if you like flair. Bard? Sure. Beats 'guy who's been tailing you.'"

SONNY

(Not happy)

"Tailing us? That's not somethin' folks take kindly to."

CAIN

"Would knocking have been better?"

PATTY CAKE

(With a smirk)

"Only if you'd brought a decent claret—or a pie, at the very least."

SONNY

(Not amused)

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

CAIN exhales, glancing at the fire.

CAIN

"Long enough to know you're movin' without a plan—and could use another hand with the Butchies prowling like rabid dogs."

BIG TONE

(Grunting)

"Can't argue that—they're wild lately, don't leave folks alone just 'cause you ask nice."

PATTY CAKE

(Eyeing CAIN)

"And we're to trust you're here to assist? I've met too many silver-tongued rogues who turn coat faster than a debutante drops a dull suitor."

CAIN

(Hands up)

"Fair—I wouldn't trust me either. But this world ain't for loners anymore. Strength in numbers—and you don't look like you can spare allies."

SONNY

(Wary)

"Don't like it, but you're right. With Butchies out there, we need bodies, not just guts."

BIG TONE leans back, sizing Cain up.



BIG TONE

"Alright, 'Wanderer.' Stick  
around—but if you're trouble, we'll  
sort it fast."

CAIN

"Fair. Hope I'm more use than  
hassle."

PATTY CAKE

(Dryly)

"Marvellous. Another mouth to  
feed—just what I longed for."

BIG TONE

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

MUSIC CUE - TALK ABOUT IT

Cain pulls out a harmonica, turning it over, humming gravelly  
yet smooth, then sings.

**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?  
 Seas are overflowing The Temperature keeps going UP, it  
 doesn't take much to see Light from the Sun  
 Keeps shining on  
 With the fallout raining down on me

## 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  
 Nothing left do yea Nothing more to say I can't make  
 decisions for you But you need to start today It's a no win  
 situation Get on your knees and pray When things go wrong  
 You'll suffer strong  
 And God will make a way

## CHORUS (REPEAT AND OUT)

Fire brightens as the song ends, Cain stepping back,  
 harmonica glinting.

## BIG TONE

(Clapping lightly)  
 "Not bad, man. Maybe you'll make  
 the talent show."

## CAIN

(Chuckling softly)  
 "Thanks, but I like small  
 crowds—less chance of being  
 dinner."

STAGE DIRECTIONS: Fire crackles, shadows twisting. A hush  
 falls, night heavy. A slow clap breaks the silence from  
 beyond.

MR. LUCKY strides in, swagger theatrical, presence  
 undeniable—wild hair, jagged grin, sharp eyes, dust-streaked  
 vest and coat loose over his frame.

He throws arms wide, voice cutting through like a blade in silk.

MR. LUCKY

(Grinning, rich with sarcasm)

"Well, well, well! If it isn't the last supper club—positively biblical, minus the decent wine. Thought I'd have to gatecrash, but here we all are!"

BIG TONE

(Leaning back, unimpressed)

"Great—another smooth-talker strollin' in like he's invited."

PATTY CAKE

(Groaning, rubbing temples)

"I swear, I'll erect a sign: 'No strays, no speeches, bring your own blasted scones.'"

SONNY

(Stepping forward, jaw tight)

"Who the hell are you?"

MR. LUCKY

(Mock offense, hand on chest)

"Now, now, let's not be hasty. Name's Lucky—Mr. Lucky, if we're keeping it civil. Some say my luck's selective—rather a charming trait, no? I call it knowing when to leave the table with the pot."

(Chuckling, adjusting coat)

CAIN

(Arms crossed, smirking)

"Still peddling that tired line, Lucky? Thought you'd have swapped it for something with a bit more dash by now."

BIG TONE

(Looking between them)

"Hold up—you two know each other?"

SONNY

(Glaring at Cain)

"You didn't mention that."

CAIN

(Shrugging)

"Didn't seem worth it. Till now."

MR. LUCKY

(Grinning wider)

"Oh, it's worth it, alright. Cain and I are old chums—different paths, same beastly mess. And I hear you lot are after strength in numbers. Lucky for you, I'm a man of opportunity."

PATTY CAKE

(Deadpan)

"Lucky for you, we're fresh out of patience for surprises."

BIG TONE

(Narrowing eyes)

"So why're you here, Lucky? Got somethin' we need, or just love a grand entrance?"

MR. LUCKY

(Smirk deepening, voice lowering)

"Oh, I've got something—tidings, my dears. And trust me, you'll want to lend an ear."

Rustling from the fire's far side stiffens the group. Boots crunch gravel. A low, dangerous voice cuts through, amused.

MAD MAXINE JONES

(Stepping in, backed by ROCCO, dagger ready)

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

STAGE DIRECTIONS: Maxine strides from the opposite side, forcing a turn. ROCCO looms behind, a wall of muscle and menace. Butchies hover in shadows, a silent threat.

Fire blazes—every player in the circle, fate pressing in.

SONNY

(Clenching fists, frustrated)

(MORE)

SONNY (CONT'D)

"Perfect—the whole damn world at our fire. So who's gonna tell us we're screwed?"

MR. LUCKY

(Grinning, tilting head)

"Oh, my dear man, 'screwed' is such a vulgar term."

(His smirk flickers, a sharp edge beneath)

"Let's just say... the game's about to shift rather splendidly."

MAD MAXINE

(Eyes on Lucia, voice teasing)

"Speakin' of shifts... how about a trade?"

Her grin turns predatory, lingering on LUCIA.

SONNY

(Stepping in front, low and dangerous)

"Not in this lifetime."

MUSIC CUE - BATHED IN BLOOD (MR. LUCKY)

MR. LUCKY

(Chucking, shaking head)

"Now, now—no need for territorial huffing. We're all mates here... for the moment."

MAD MAXINE

(Grinning at Sonny)

"Chill, Daddy-O—just shootin' the breeze."

**SONG 8: BATHED IN BLOOD (MR. LUCKY)**

## 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 SECTION

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

(SONG CONTINUES NEXT PAGE)

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)

Fire dims, light flickering. MR. LUCKY and MAXINE finish in eerie harmony, grins wide, faces shadowed. SONNY, CAIN, BIG TONE, and PATTY watch, tense, as the note fades.

Silence...

MR. LUCKY

(Smoothing suit, silky)  
 "Isn't music just the most  
 cleansing tonic?"

MAD MAXINE

(Tilting head, eyes  
 gleaming)  
 "Yeah—like a reckoning with a  
 beat."

CAIN

(Level, unshaken)  
 "That was a warning."

MR. LUCKY chuckles low.

MR. LUCKY

"Cain, dear boy, still playing the  
 oracle of how this ends."

BIG TONE

(Snorting)  
 "We're still here, ain't we?"

MR. LUCKY

(Grinning wider)  
 "Oh, indeed—for the nonce. But  
 you're in a storm's eye, chaps.  
 Think you've weathered it? Hardly.  
 Just the calm before the deluge."  
 (Steps forward, eyes  
 glinting)  
 "And I assure you—the worst is yet  
 to come, with a flourish."  
 (Group shivers, none  
 admitting it)

PATTY CAKE

(Soft, firm)

"We've heard your dreary forecasts, Lucky. Got anything novel, or are we done with this tedium?"

(Lucky chuckles—slow, savoring. Maxine leans toward Sonny, voice sugary)

MAXINE

"You ever wonder, big guy... what if we ain't the bad ones?"

SONNY

(Steady, meeting her gaze)

"Nope."

(Sharp silence)

MAXINE

(Laughing)

"Hoo, you're just like him."

(Nods to Cain)

"You know how that ends, right?"

SONNY

(Voice low)

"Yeah."

Pause. Lucky straightens his tie, dusts his lapel, exhaling like a man granting a favor.

MR. LUCKY

"Very well—run if you must, play house in this shattered little world. Jolly good."

(Grin sharpens, voice dropping)

"But the storm's brewing, my dears."

Lucky turns, strolling into darkness. Maxine follows, tossing a smirk over her shoulder. ROCCO and TOUGHS linger, staring Sonny down, then trail off.

Fire crackles. Night stretches empty.

PATTY CAKE

(Exhaling, shaking off chill)

"I don't much care for this—at all."



BIG TONE

(Running hand over face)

"Yeah? I don't like broccoli, but  
it keeps showin' up on my plate."

Cain steps closer, staring at embers, unreadable.

PATTY CAKE

(Gruffly to CAIN)

"You've some explaining to do, you  
cryptic sod."

Cain smirks, eyes on Mr. Lucky as the scene fades.

Storm's coming.

He exhales, looks at Sonny—a silent pact. No turning back.

SONNY

(Resolute)

"Then we move."

They nod, fire dimming as they step into night, silhouettes  
fading toward the next fight.

Lights out.