

FOOD TRUCK PLANET

Written by

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A Post Apocalyptic Rock Musical

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

SONNY THE SAINT (Mob Boss)

LUCIA (Sonny's Daughter)

CAIN (The Prophet Slew His Brother)

MR. LUCKY (A High Ranking Demon)

PATTY CAKE (Queen of The Just Deserts)

BIG TONE (Head of The Jerk Posse)

MAD MAXINE JONES (Leader of The Butchies)

ROCCO (Mad Maxine's Lieutenant)

TOUGHS (3 Goons)

WOMAN (With 2 hungry kids)

LIST OF SONGSAct 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

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 1A: 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 "

Mr. Lucky begins to sing, his voice smooth and sinister.
Maxine joins in, her voice raw and commanding.

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.

CHORUS

Every day I need your love,
Hosanna, 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
It's a wild world, I've had a good run
Now I'm almost out of time, and my work's not done

Chorus (Repeat)

The song ends with Lucky and Maxine grinning as the fire dims slightly, casting their faces in shadow.

STAGE DIRECTIONS: The fire burns low as silence settles over the group. Patty turns to Cain, her expression hard.

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.

ACT II - SCENE 1**STAGE DIRECTIONS:**

The stage is dimly lit in muted grays and oranges, evoking a scorched wasteland. Jagged scrap piles form the background, and a rusted caravan sits center stage. The faint sound of a whistling wind underscores the silence. Occasionally, the caravan door swings slightly open with a metallic creak, adding to the desolation. SONNY THE SAINT and LUCIA crouch near the caravan, sorting through debris for anything edible. A small, overly stubborn pigeon pecks noisily at a tin can in the corner.

LIGHTING DIRECTIONS: A warm, dim spotlight isolates SONNY and LUCIA.

SOUND CUE: A faint wind hum grows as the scene begins.

LUCIA

(breaking the silence,
holding up a dented,
label-less can)

"Papa, this isn't living! Scraping
mold off beans isn't a
lifestyle—it's a dare!"

SONNY

(focused on sorting
plants, muttering without
looking up)

"This is real, Lucia. Real is
staying alive. Gourmet dining went
extinct with the Internet."

LUCIA

(standing abruptly,
crossing her arms)

"You mean everything else is too
dangerous for me. You don't trust
me to survive out there."

She huffs dramatically, stepping over an old tire and nearly tripping. She catches herself and glares at Sonny, frustration simmering.

SONNY

(finally looking up, his
voice calm but firm)

"It's not trust. It's love. Love's
the only thing I got left to give
you in this world, Lucia. Love
means keeping you alive."

LUCIA

(exasperated)

"No, Papa. Love means letting me
live, not just survive! Look
around—this is nothing but waiting
to die!"

She gestures dramatically at the barren wasteland. In her
frustration, she kicks an old oil drum, which lets out a
comically loud metallic echo. The pigeon startles and flaps
away, only to immediately return with an indignant coo.

SONNY

(watching her with a tinge
of sadness)

"You think out there's better? You
think it's some grand adventure?
Out there, it's wolves with teeth
sharper than your dreams."

LUCIA

(with fire in her voice)

"At least wolves fight for what
they want. You taught me to fight,
didn't you? Or was that just a game
to keep me busy while you made all
my choices for me?"

Sonny stands slowly, setting down the wilted plants he was
sorting. He's calm, but there's a storm in his eyes.

SONNY

"I taught you to fight so you'd
live. You think I taught you so you
could waltz out there and get eaten
alive? The only thing out there is
death, Lucia. And I
won't—can't—lose you to it."

LUCIA
(stepping closer, her
voice trembling with
frustration and pain)

"Maybe you already have. "You don't see me, Papa. You see a little girl you need to protect. But I'm not her anymore."

Her words land like a punch. Sonny falters, his fists clenching at his sides. Before he can respond, the distant sound of stomping and raucous laughter cuts through the air.

LIGHTING DIRECTIONS: Red-orange floods the stage, casting jagged shadows.

SOUND CUE: The stomping grows louder, underscored by a deep bass rumble.

STAGE DIRECTIONS: MAD MAXINE JONES and the BUTCHIES appear stage left, their silhouettes jagged and menacing in the flickering light. The BUTCHIES stomp in unison, their boots hitting the ground like a war drum. MAXINE strides forward, every step calculated and commanding.)

MAD MAXINE JONES
(grinning sharply as she
circles SONNY and
LUCIA):)

"Well, well, if it isn't Sonny the Saint, the patron saint of scraps and misplaced hope. I see you're still hoarding treasures. What is that?" (mock squinting at the broken carrot) "A relic from the golden age of farming?"

The BUTCHIES erupt into synchronized laughter. One of them mock-bows to the carrot as if it were royalty. Another pretends to take a bite of air, overacting a gagging sound. MAXINE grins, reveling in their chaos.

SONNY
(stepping in front of
LUCIA protectively)

"You want something, Maxine? Take it and leave."

MAD MAXINE JONES

(mocking)

"Oh, Sonny, don't be so rude. We came all this way just to see you! And what do you offer us? A limp carrot and a bad attitude. Shame."

She turns her attention to LUCIA, her grin widening.

(Maxine's eyes narrow as she sizes up Lucia, her grin widening. She takes a slow step forward, her boots crunching against the barren ground, drawing all attention to her.)

Maxine (mocking, with exaggerated politeness):

"But who's this? Not your usual plus-one, Sonny. Did you upgrade? What's your name, sweetheart?"

Lucia (defiant, standing tall despite the fear in her voice):

"None of your business."

(The air seems to shift. Maxine stops mid-step, her grin freezing. A few Butchies exchange looks, sensing the tension. After a beat, Maxine erupts into a laugh—sharp, almost mechanical.)

Maxine (spinning to face her gang, her voice dripping with sarcasm):

"None of my business? Did you hear that? None of my business! This little firecracker thinks she can mouth off to Mad Maxine Jones!"

(The Butchies explode into laughter, stomping and clapping in rhythm like a twisted drumline. One of them starts a chant of "MAXINE! MAXINE!" which spreads through the group. The stomping grows louder, more frenzied, like the buildup to an execution.)

Lighting Cue: The fiery red-orange deepens, casting jagged shadows that stretch menacingly across the stage.

Maxine (milking the moment, raising her hands like a conductor orchestrating chaos):

"Let me get this straight. You've got this guy—" (gestures to Sonny with a dramatic sweep) "—Saint Sonny the Scrap King, the guy who's been running scared since the world went to hell. And you think you can just stand there and tell me to back off?"

(She lowers her arms, her grin gone. Her tone hardens, turning ice-cold.)

Maxine (to Lucia, dangerously quiet):

"You know, I could let that slide. But here's the thing, kid—you don't get to talk to me like that. Not unless you're ready to deal with the consequences."

Lucia (not backing down, though her voice trembles):

"I'm not afraid of you."

(The Butchies gasp collectively, some muttering "Oh, no she didn't!" under their breath. Maxine freezes again, her jaw tightening, her fingers flexing like claws.)

Maxine (deadpan, after a beat):

"Not afraid of me?"

(She takes a slow, deliberate step toward Lucia, the energy of the Butchies shifting from excitement to eerie silence.)

Maxine (leaning in close, her voice low and venomous):

"Sweetheart, let me tell you something about fear. Fear keeps you alive. Fear reminds you that you're human. And you? You don't look scared enough."

(She straightens abruptly, spinning on her heel to face Sonny, her rage boiling over.)

Maxine (yelling, her voice echoing across the stage):

"And you! What kind of father are you, letting her talk like that? Do you even teach her what survival means, or are you too busy playing hero in your pathetic little wasteland kingdom?"

Sonny (stepping forward, his voice calm but firm):

"You leave her out of this, Maxine. She's got more guts than you and your whole gang combined."

Maxine (snapping, her voice escalating into a roar):

"Guts? You want to talk about guts, Saint Sonny? Let's see if she's got the guts to watch me take you apart!"

(She pulls her blade in one fluid motion, holding it up to catch the flickering red light. The Butchies erupt into a wild frenzy, stomping and jeering, their bloodlust palpable.)

Maxine points the blade at Sonny, her eyes blazing with fury.)

Maxine (to Lucia, her voice dripping with venom):

"You better say goodbye to Daddy, kid. By the time I'm done, you'll be wishing you never crossed me."

(She lunges toward Sonny, launching into a brutal attack as the Butchies chant her name like a war cry. The fight begins with ferocious energy, setting the stage for the battle to come.)

MAD MAXINE JONES (CONT'D)

(circling)

I've never liked you.

SONNY

(confident, polishing his
cleaver)

Good, that means I'm doing
something right.

MAXINE raises her hands slowly, commanding the chaos. Smoke machines hiss, sending tendrils of fog curling around the Butchies' feet. The stage lighting shifts to pulsing red and purple, creating an otherworldly, hypnotic glow. MAXINE steps into the spotlight, her grin turning sharp and dangerous as she launches into her song.

MUSIC CUE - YOU GOT WHAT I NEED (MAD MAXINE JONES)

SONG 9 - YOU GOT WHAT I NEED (MAD MAXINE JONES)

VERSE 1:

Hallelujah Praise his name
 Cross or Star They're all the same
 For years I wandered Far and wide
 Until the global Genocide
 How wrong things went Who would believe
 They tried to kill us Don't forget it
 Now we're here With what remains
 Earth will never be the same
 It's what it is Like it or not
 Mess with me You will get shot
 I don't have the time to play
 Around with you So make my day
 Now give it up I won't ask twice
 These bitches here? I'm the nice one
 Start the count Then you'll see
 Why no one Ever fucks with me

The Butchies stomp loudly as Maxine continues to circle Sonny and Lucia like a predator ready to strike.

The Butchies fall into perfect rhythm, stomping and clapping in sync. Their movements create a rising tension, primal and electric.)

CHORUS:

You got what I need—oh, yeah!
 Want so bad to believe.
 You got what I need, need that righteous speed.
 You got what I need, you got to set me free.

VERSE 2

It's not enough I still want more
 It's what the hell I'm fighting for
 My wants and needs So thinly veiled
 The sweetest things Now taste stale
 You asked me to Take off my shirt
 What the hell It couldn't hurt
 I have a hard time Saying no
 the reason why I can't let go
 It's what I want That life's about
 Too bad I've learned To do without
 Can't figure out What's wrong with me
 If only I Could be set free
 So say a prayer and Put me down
 Cause I'm Not Heaven But hell bound
 Oh How I wish That wasn't so
 So tell me something I don't know

CHORUS (repeat 2x)

MAXINE lunges at Sonny, and their brutal fight begins. Maxine's wild aggression contrasts with Sonny's focused defense, but it's clear Sonny is tiring.)

Lucia screams for them to stop, but the battle grows fiercer, ending with Maxine victorious and Sonny disarmed. Maxine points her blade at Sonny, prepared to strike, but Lucia steps forward.

LUCIA

"Stop! I'll go with you—just don't hurt him!"

SONNY

(struggling to his feet,
his voice raw and
desperate)

"Maxine, please. She's my daughter. Take anything else you want, but let her go."

Maxine pauses mid-step, her back turned to him. She tilts her head slightly, as if considering his plea. The Butchies snicker and exchange glances, sensing her amusement.

MAD MAXINE JONES

(slowly turning, her grin
widening)

"Oh, Sonny. You really think you're in a position to negotiate? Look at you—on your knees, bleeding out, begging me for mercy."

She steps closer to Lucia, draping a possessive arm over her shoulders. Lucia flinches but doesn't pull away, her eyes darting between her father and Maxine, torn.

SONNY

(pleading, his voice
cracking)

"Lucia, look at me. Please, baby, don't do this. You don't belong with her—you belong here, with me."

MAD MAXINE JONES

(mocking, addressing Sonny
but smirking at Lucia)

"Belong with you?"
(MORE)

MAD MAXINE JONES (CONT'D)

In that rusty tin can, scavenging
for scraps while waiting for the
world to finish you off? Oh no,
Sonny. She's made her choice."

Maxine gestures to the Butchies, who erupt in a victorious
cheer, their stomping shaking the stage.

SONNY

(desperate, trying to
crawl closer)

"You don't understand. She's all
I've got. Please... I'll do
anything—just give her back!"

Maxine steps forward, towering over Sonny. Her grin sharpens,
her voice dripping with sadistic pleasure.

MAD MAXINE JONES

"Anything? Oh, Sonny, this isn't
about what you can do. This is
about her. And right now, she's
mine. Isn't that right, Lucia?"

She turns to Lucia, who hesitates, her lips trembling. Sonny
reaches out a trembling hand toward her.

LUCIA

(barely a whisper, tears
streaming)

"Papa... I—I can't."

MUSIC CUE - BLOWN AWAY (SONNY)

The stage dims, isolating Sonny in a cold blue spotlight. He
begins singing directly to the darkness where Lucia
disappeared.

SONG 10 - BLOWN AWAY (SONNY)

Verse 1:

You see this face, the same it's always been,
 Since you came into the world.
 My love for you, more than I've ever known,
 You were and are my baby girl.

Yet now, you want to leave me for another.
 Don't you see, you're killing me?
 Because I refuse to think that this is you talking.
 I ask myself: How could this be?

CHORUS:

Just one more chance—I love you,
 Don't make me go away.
 Please understand, don't do this,
 I will be blown away.

The lights flicker between cold blues and faint reds,
 amplifying Sonny's anguish as the fight with Maxine winds
 down. Sonny is the loser.

Verse 2:

And so it seems, your mind's made up.
 Is there no room left in your heart?
 For all I've done, no other way,
 In which I could still play a part.

The choice is clear—it's us or them.
 But if you want to live a lie...
 So be it, because I swear,
 Without your love, I'd rather die.

CHORUS (repeat 2x)

Sonny collapses fully, his outstretched hand trembling in the
 air before falling to the ground. Maxine chuckles, pulling
 Lucia further into her ranks as the Butchies surround them in
 celebration.

MAD MAXINE JONES

(to Sonny, over the noise
 of the Butchies)

"Don't worry, Saint Sonny. I'll
 take real good care of her."

Maxine throws her head back in laughter as she leads Lucia
 offstage, the Butchies following.

STAGE DIRECTIONS: The stage is dimly lit, cast in cold, muted grays. SONNY lies unconscious downstage left, slumped against debris. The light on him is dim and faintly flickering, evoking the flicker of life barely holding on. The rest of the stage is in shadow.

LIGHTING CUE (Opening Transition):

A single faint spotlight on SONNY, barely illuminating his form.

The light flickers as if struggling to stay lit, symbolizing his tenuous grip on hope and life.

As CAIN, PATTY CAKE, and BIG TONE enter from stage right, the stage begins to brighten gradually with cool green and earthy tones, representing the first light of dawn. Their movement and voices pull the focus to them.

SOUND CUE: A low, eerie wind grows softer as faint rustling and footsteps take over, marking their arrival.

CAIN, PATTY CAKE, and BIG TONE enter from stage right, carrying makeshift foraging tools. The light around them brightens slightly, contrasting with the dim spotlight still faintly holding on SONNY.

PATTY CAKE
(kneeling, holding up a
small bundle of leaves)

"Dandelion greens. Not exactly a
feast, but it's food."

BIG TONE
(grimacing)

"Got crickets. Nothing says
'breakfast' like bugs."

He tosses crickets into a rusty bucket with a faint clink.

CAIN
(plucking blackberries)

"Blackberries. And under those
rocks—snails. Bugs, weeds, and
grace. Welcome to survival."

The faintest golden glow begins to warm the edges of the stage, as if morning is beginning to break.

PATTY CAKE
 (suddenly freezing,
 alarmed)

"Wait! Over there—someone's hurt!"

LIGHTING CUE: The light on SONNY steadies and brightens slightly, revealing his slumped form.

The group rushes toward him, their footsteps quick but careful.

LIGHTING CUE: As they reach SONNY, the cold gray light fades completely, replaced by the early greens and golds of dawn. The spotlight on SONNY merges with their light, signifying their presence as a lifeline.

PATTY CAKE kneels beside SONNY, shaking him gently.

PATTY CAKE (CONT'D)

"Sonny? Sonny, can you hear me?."

Nothing.

BIG TONE
 (leaning in dramatically)

"Can you feel me near you?"

SONNY groans softly, then slowly opens one eye, his expression deadpan and unimpressed.

SONNY
 (hoarse)

"Now I feel like I'm dying twice"

BIG TONE smirks and backs off as PATTY CAKE rolls her eyes.

PATTY CAKE
 (softly, but firmly)

"Come on, Sonny. Tell us what happened."

It's coming back to him.

SONNY
 (grief)

"They took her. Maxine and The Butchies... they took my daughter."

His voice breaks, and he slams his fist into the ground.

SONNY (CONT'D)

"I fought them. I tried. But The
Butchies... they were too strong. I
couldn't stop them. I let her down.
(sobs)

My baby..."

A heavy silence follows. The group looks at him with a mix of
pity and determination.

PATTY CAKE stares at SONNY, her expression shifting from
concern to deep shame. Her voice is barely above a whisper.

PATTY CAKE

(it's beginning to dawn on
her)

"This is us, isn't it? Broken,
bruised... and so far from anything
good. From anything real."
(beat, looking at Cain)

It's never going to end is it?
You... something about you...

(She looks away, her voice cracking.)

PATTY CAKE (CONT'D)

"I spent my whole life chasing
things that didn't matter—money,
men, control. And it left me empty.
Filthy. I thought I was too far
gone for anyone to save me."

She glances at CAIN, tears streaming down her face.

PATTY CAKE (CONT'D)

(screaming)

GO ON!!! TELL US!! STOP PLAYING
WITH US!

CAIN steps away but doesn't take his eyes off Patty.

CAIN

(nodding)

Go on... you've got it.

PATTY CAKE

(realizing)

"But He was there, wasn't He? Even when I couldn't see Him. Even when I hated myself, He was there."

A moment.

SONNY

(puzzled)

What the fu...
(to BIG TONE)

Do you understand any of this?

CAIN is focused on Patty. He's going to deal with her first.

CAIN

(nods, his voice gentle
but firm)

"He's always there Patty. His grace doesn't wait for you to be ready. It meets you where you are."
(beat, then to SONNY)

"Sonny, I know you're hurting. I know the pain feels like it's too much to bear. But before you can help Lucia, you have to get right with God."

Cain just rang the bell.

SONNY

(looking up, his voice low
and bitter)

"Don't. Don't talk about her like you know what this feels like."

CAIN

(with quiet empathy)

"I don't claim to know your pain, Sonny. But I've known loss. I've known what it feels like to watch someone slip away because of my own failure. I see it in your eyes because I've seen it in my own reflection."

SONNY

(drags himself up, his
voice rising):)

"Don't you stand there and talk to me like you understand! You don't know what it's like to hold your own flesh and blood in your arms, to promise her you'd keep her safe, and then have her ripped away because you weren't strong enough!"

He slowly moves toward Cain.

SONNY (CONT'D)

"I fought them! I bled for her! And now you want to stand here and talk to me about reflection? About failure? Where was your God when she needed Him? Where was He when I was left bleeding in the dirt?"

CAIN

(his tone calm,
unwavering)

"He was right by your side, Sonny."

SONNY

(spinning to face him, his
voice filled with anger)

"Don't give me that! I was there! I was the one fighting! I was the one bleeding! Don't tell me He was there, too!"

CAIN

(stepping forward, lightly
poking Sonny in the
chest)

"Or You'd.... Be.... Dead..."

Sonny loses it. But before he can strike Cain with his cleaver Big Tone stops him. The struggle is brief, but Sonny in his weakened state is no match for Big Tone.

CAIN (CONT'D)

(undeterred)

"And Lucia wouldn't have anyone to rescue her."

Like a lightbulb went off.

LIGHTING CUE: Soft golden spotlight on Sonny and Cain.

CAIN (CONT'D)

"You've been fighting alone your whole life, Sonny. That's not what God wanted for you. That's what you chose."

SONNY

(stunned)

"You're saying this is my fault?"

CAIN

(with gentle conviction)

"It's not your fault, Sonny. But it's not His, either. God doesn't leave us. Even when we walk away, even when we blame Him, He stays. He's been with you through every step of this, whether you saw Him or not."

Sonny stares at Cain, trembling.

SONNY

(surrendering)

"You don't know me..."

Big Tone and Patty step backwards.

CAIN

(he's got him)

"I know more than you think. I know what it's like to lose everything, to carry the weight of guilt and failure so heavy it feels like it'll crush you. I know because I've carried it for longer than you can imagine."

The weight of Cain's words hangs in the air as Sonny's anger falters. Patty Cake and Big Tone look on, their expressions a mix of concern and quiet understanding. Cain steps closer, kneeling to meet Sonny's gaze.

CAIN (CONT'D)

(moves in)

"You think He wasn't there? He was there. And He's here now. How do I know? Because I was there."

Patty Cake, Big Tone, and Sonny freeze, exchanging puzzled glances. What the hell did he just say??

The silence stretches awkwardly.

PATTY CAKE

(breaking the silence,
squinting at Cain)

"Wait... what do you mean, you were there? Like... metaphorically? Or..."

BIG TONE

(frowning)

"Yeah, are you about to tell us you're Methuselah or something? Because I don't know if I'm ready for that."

CAIN

(exhaling deeply, his
expression a mix of
weariness and resolve)

"No. I'm Cain. As in, Cain.

They look at each other as it's dawning on them this is something supernatural.

CAIN (CONT'D)

I killed my brother and was cursed to walk this earth until God saw fit to give me a second chance."

The group collectively stares at him, their eyes wide, processing the bombshell.

PATTY CAKE

(half-laughing in
disbelief)

"So, like, you're that Cain? From the Bible? The guy with the mark?"

CAIN

(nodding)

"Yes. The same. And believe me,
it's not something I'm proud of."

Patty Cake opens her mouth to respond but closes it again,
speechless.

Big Tone whistles low, clearly stunned.

Sonny remains quiet, at first.

SONNY

(pointing)

Okay. Where's the camera?
(stomps around)

Where's the F'ing CAMERA!!!!

CAIN

(softly, returning his
focus to Sonny)

"But that's not the point, Sonny.
The point is, I've seen what
happens when we turn away from Him.
I've seen what happens when we let
pride and anger consume us. And
I've seen what happens when we
surrender. When we let Him in."

Sonny exhales shakily, his trembling hands clenching and
unclenching. Cain kneels closer, his voice reverent now.

CAIN (CONT'D)

"I was there when He hung on that
cross, Sonny. I saw Him bleed for
all of us—Lucia included. The
soldier pierced His side to confirm
He was already dead. The spear
ruptured the pericardial sac—the
membrane around His heart. That's
what caused the mixture of blood
and water to pour out."

Sonny's breath catches, his expression shifting slightly as
Cain's words sink in.

Big Tone sits on a rock and takes some crickets out of his
bucket and starts eating them like popcorn. His eyes
transfixed.

CAIN (CONT'D)

"Do you know what that means? The blood and water symbolize the total gift of Christ. His love. His sacrifice. They're the fruitfulness of what He gave for us. And do you know what they foreshadow?"

Sonny shakes his head faintly, his voice barely a whisper.

SONNY

"No... what?"

Patty sits joins Big Tone and, not taking her eyes off Cain and Sonny, grabs some crickets out of his bucket as if they're at a movie.

CAIN

(with quiet awe)

"The resurrection. They're a reminder of God's love and mercy. His promise that even when you think it's over, there's a way back. A way forward. Sonny, He bled for her too. Just like He bled for you, for me, for all of us."

SONNY'S trembling intensifies, and he collapses to his knees, sobbing.

PATTY and BIG TONE exchange a glance before kneeling beside him, placing comforting hands on his shoulders. Cain steps back, allowing the moment to settle.

SONNY tears are flowing freely.

SONNY

I don't know what to do.

There is silence. A pin drops.

MUSIC CUE - SALVATION ROAD (A CAPELLA)

CAIN starts it.

SONG 11 - SALVATION ROAD (A CAPELLA - GROUP 4 PT HARMONY)

CAIN

"Salvation Road..."

PATTY

"We all got a, long way to go..."

BIG TONE

"The time has come to, renew our
minds"

SONNY

It's gonna get, better with time

They start clapping and break into 4 part harmony.

After several repetitions, the group gets quiet, the harmony fades... SONNY exhales deeply, his tears turning into quiet resolve.

LIGHTING CUE: A warm golden hue washes over the stage as the harmony of "Salvation Road" fades, signaling a shift in mood.

SOUND CUE: A quiet, steady wind sound begins to build, symbolizing the call to action.

SONNY exhales deeply, his tears subsiding into quiet resolve. He looks up at the group, his voice raw but steady.

SONNY (CONT'D)

"No clue what it means to trust Him. But... I'm willing to take a leap of faith."

MUSIC CUE: FINAL DESTINATION (PATTY CAKE & GROUP)

CAIN

(smiling)

"I couldn't have said it better myself."

PATTY CAKE

(clapping her hands once)

"Then what are we waiting for?"

SONG 12 - FINAL DESTINATION (PATTY CAKE & GROUP)

VERSE 1

I searched forever And found you
Come up for air, Now I'm brand new
All that I knew was upended
I put Love first, And surrendered
(The men as the Supremes - "Be on my side")
Ain't no doubt about it
I can't go a day without it
Wasted time for so long
Now the wait is over and done
Yea, I know He loves me
No one else can set my heart free
From this situation
Going on a love vacation.

CHORUS

Alright, Now I'm free
'Cause The Power of Love Is calling me.
I once was blind, But now I see
That The Power of Love Has set me free.

VERSE 2

I quit my useless complaining
My faith in You now sustains me
To vanity, I say goodbye, 'Cause
I'm on a spiritual high
I'm a new creation
Don't need fear, don't want temptation
You're the one I dream of
Putting on the armor of Love
Go in through the out door
It's your love I'm living for, yea
Final destination
Going on a love vacation

CHORUS (repeat 2x - music continues)

SOUND CUE: As the music continues to play, the 4 ready themselves for what lays ahead.

CAIN

"We got this. One step at a time.
And right now, the next step is
clear—we get Lucia back."

BIG TONE

"And take out The Butchies while
we're at it. They've had this
coming for a long time."

PATTY CAKE

"But it's not just about the fight.
It's about saving her."

SONNY

(nodding, his voice
steady)

"And in this case, a good ass-
whuppin."

The group exchanges determined looks. Cain crouches near a scattered set of tracks on the ground, his voice thoughtful.

SOUND CUE: Music Fades

CAIN

(looking into the
distance)

"Their tracks head north. They're
heading to the Apostle Islands."

PATTY CAKE

Where? Why?

BIG TONE

"That place is practically
impossible to reach. Why not just
hole up somewhere closer?"

Cain crouches near the tracks, examining them. He looks up, his expression somber but resolute.

CAIN

"It makes perfect sense—if you're someone like Maxine. Those islands aren't just a destination. They're a legend."

PATTY CAKE

(frowning)

"A legend?"

CAIN

(nodding)

"Before the collapse, people talked about them as a sanctuary. Fertile land, fresh water, renewable power—isolated, self-sustaining. But it wasn't just the resources. The islands were rumored to hold something even greater. Something ancient."

The group leans in slightly, their curiosity piqued.

Big Tone is about to go for more crickets.

SONNY

(stopping him)

Not again with the crickets.

PATTY CAKE

"Ancient? Like what?"

CAIN

(his voice lowering)

"The Fountain of Living Water."

The group reacts with a mix of confusion and disbelief. Big Tone lets out a skeptical snort.

BIG TONE

"Fountain of Living Water? You're telling me Maxine's after some fairy tale?"

CAIN

"It's no fairy tale. It's said to be a source of divine power—water that heals, that restores, that gives eternal life. In the wrong hands, it could be twisted into a weapon. And Maxine... she's heard the stories. She believes it's there, hidden in those islands. If she finds it, nothing will stop her."

SONNY

Pass the bugs.

PATTY CAKE

(wide-eyed)

"But... is it real? Is it actually there?"

CAIN

(meeting her gaze, his voice steady)

"Only God knows. But Maxine believes it's real, and that's enough. If she reaches those islands, she'll tear them apart to find it. And if she can't? She'll still have the sanctuary. Either way, she wins."

The group exchanges uneasy glances. Patty Cake hugs her arms to herself, shivering slightly despite the warmth of the dawn.

PATTY CAKE

"And Lucia? What does she want with her?"

CAIN

(his tone darkening)

"Lucia holds the key to unlocking it."

Sonny, standing off to the side, clenches his fists. His voice is low, almost trembling.

SONNY

"My angel?"

CAIN

"And if she gets there first?"
(meeting Sonny's gaze):)

"Then she'll dig in. And once she's entrenched, getting Lucia out—or stopping Maxine—will be almost impossible. We can't let that happen, Sonny. We need to move now."

BIG TONE

(determined)

"Then what are we waiting for?
Let's get to the Trucks!"

The weight of the task ahead clear in their expressions.

CAIN

"This isn't the end. This is just the beginning. Let's find The Butchies, get Lucia back, and show them what happens when light refuses to yield to darkness."

They nod in agreement, and hurriedly exit.

Lighting Cue: Darkness as the group exits.

ACT 2, SCENE 2

STAGE SET-UP: The stage opens to reveal the jagged, windswept shores of the Apostle Islands—a stark and forbidding landscape. Large rocks lie scattered across the terrain, partially veiled in a restless mist that swirls with an eerie rhythm. The icy waters shimmer faintly beneath the spectral glow of headlights from parked trucks. At the center of the scene, a campfire burns with a defiant, crimson glow, its flickering light casting jagged shadows across the rugged cliffs.

The Butchies skulk at the edges of the stage, sharpening weapons and exchanging low, muttered conversations. Nearby, three tough-looking gang members, loud and brash, swagger toward the fire where Lucia sits. Her posture is upright, her gaze steely—a figure of defiance amidst looming danger.

LIGHTING:

A dim, cold blue light envelopes the stage, emphasizing the desolation and tension of the scene.

The campfire's glowing embers provide a sharp contrast, its flickering light creating elongated, menacing shadows.

SOUND:

The relentless crashing of waves fades into subdued murmurs, punctuated by the mocking laughter of the gang members.

Mad Maxine strides onto the stage, her presence electric with anger and command. She drags Lucia by the arm, roughly thrusting her toward the fire.

MAD MAXINE:

"You've been skating on thin ice, princess, and I'm done giving you second chances. I offered you choices—good ones—but you spit in my face like I'm some kind of joke."

She pauses, casting a glance over her shoulder at the gang members, who watch eagerly.

MAD MAXINE JONES

"Let's see if these fine gentlemen can educate you. Maybe they'll help you figure out how the world actually works."

Lucia's posture remains defiant, her gaze meeting Maxine's with an unflinching resolve. Maxine sneers, her patience clearly waning. With a dismissive wave, she turns to leave.

MAD MAXINE JONES (CONT'D)

"She's all yours, boys. Don't say I didn't warn her."

She vanishes into the shadows, leaving Lucia to face the gang members as they close in.

Lucia Faces Three Toughs

TOUGH 1

"Well, well, look at this. Little Miss High-and-Mighty thinks she's too good for us."

TOUGH 2

"Bet you're regretting all that sass now. Fancy words won't keep you warm out here, sweetheart."

TOUGH 3

"Don't worry, princess. We'll make sure you learn the ropes—nice and easy."

Lucia's hand moves slowly to her garter, her expression unreadable. When she speaks, her voice cuts through the air, sharp and deliberate.

LUCIA

"Let me guess. You think you're going to scare me? Push me around? Make me 'earn my place'?"

TOUGH 1

"Something like that. What're you gonna do about it?"

Without hesitation, Lucia produces a knife from her garter. The blade catches the firelight, its sharp edge gleaming as an unmistakable warning. The men falter, their bravado visibly shaken.

LUCIA

"I'm going to do what I've always done. Survive."

She steps forward, her gaze locked onto Tough #1. He stumbles back instinctively, bumping into Tough #2, who scrambles to steady himself.

TOUGH 2

"Alright, alright. No need to get stabby."

TOUGH 3

"Relax, doll. We were just messing around."

LUCIA

"Good. Then sit down. Shut up. And maybe you'll learn something."

The gang members exchange sheepish glances before hesitantly sitting near the fire. Lucia places the knife in her lap, her grip firm as she surveys them with unwavering authority. After a tense pause, she begins to sing, her voice low and steady, gradually swelling with emotion.

MUSIC CUE - "BOULEVARD"

(As Lucia sings, the fire grows brighter, its light casting dramatic shadows that stretch and flicker. The gang members are transfixed, their earlier mockery replaced by a quiet awe.)

SONG 13: BOULEVARD (LUCIA)

INTRODUCTION:

There is a place where - Not everything is as it seems
 You can't escape, the - Boulevard of Broken Dreams

So... Let's go there.

VERSE 1:

Let's talk about it
 I'm addicted to love
 Won't give up, can't quit
 I've been warned from above
 I always fall short
 When I go by the book
 Leaving me depressed, yeah
 But I guess that's the hook

Gonna do what I want
 That's do what I do.
 And if you got what I need
 I'll do it to you
 I'm neither cold or hot
 Let me back in your mouth
 Take a piece of my heart
 My mansion your house

INTRODUCTION (Repeat):

VERSE 2

On the boulevard, yeah
 So crooked and wide
 When I come up for air
 I can say that I tried.
 I can't live by your rules.
 It's time you let go.
 We're beyond redemption
 Just another freak show

No tears to cry
 Gave up your only son
 You gotta live and let die
 I'm not the only one, yeah
 Don't ask I won't tell
 Save me from myself
 Can't last much longer
 On a fast track to Hell

INTRODUCTION (repeat)

CHORUS (Repeat):

As Lucia's song concludes, the fire crackles softly. The men exchange glances, their bravado entirely gone. Finally, Tough #3 nods grudgingly.

TOUGH 3

"Alright, I'll admit it. You've got some pipes."

TOUGH 2

"Yeah. Didn't think you had it in you."

TOUGH 1

"Next time, maybe warn a guy before pulling knives and singing ballads."

LUCIA

"Next time, stay out of my face."

The men laugh nervously as they back away, retreating to the edges of the stage. The tension remains palpable as Mad Maxine storms back onstage, her expression thunderous.

MAD MAXINE JONES

"Enough! What do you think this is—a talent show? We're already behind schedule!"

She snaps her fingers, summoning the Butchies from the shadows. They step forward with grim efficiency, surrounding Lucia.

MAD MAXINE JONES (CONT'D)

"Grab her. We've wasted enough time."

Lucia struggles as the Butchies seize her, her defiance undiminished. Maxine smirks, leaning in to deliver her final words.

MAD MAXINE JONES (CONT'D)

"You've got fire, princess. But fire burns out eventually. Let's go."

The Butchies drag Lucia offstage, her silhouette framed by the fire's glow until she disappears into the shadows. The scene ends, leaving the audience with a sense of impending conflict.

Exterior Cliffs: Rugged, windswept, illuminated by dim, silvery moonlight. Jagged rocks scatter the terrain.

Cave Interior: The glowing Fountain of Living Water dominates the center. Stalactites hang from above, shimmering with the fountain's pulsing golden light.

LIGHTING CUE:

Exterior: Subtle silver moonlight, accented by faint glimmers of the fountain's glow spilling out of the cave entrance.

Cave Interior: The fountain radiates golden light, which pulses with emotion. During tense moments, shadows ripple across the walls. MR. LUCKY's crimson aura flickers like fire, contrasting the fountain's glow.

SOUND DESIGN:

Ambient: Low, rhythmic hum from the fountain, accompanied by distant crashing waves.

Conflict: The hum grows ominous, rising in pitch during confrontations, underscored by faint rumbling.

Scene Opens: Approaching the Cave

CAIN, SONNY, PATTY CAKE, and BIG TONE enter cautiously, their eyes scanning the shadows ahead. SONNY grips his cleaver tightly, his breathing heavy.

SONNY

(whispering)

"She's in there. Lucia's in there.
I can feel it."

BIG TONE

(uneasy)

"Okay, but let's not turn this into
a one-man rescue mission. We need a
plan."

PATTY CAKE

(pointing toward the cave
entrance)

(MORE)

PATTY CAKE (CONT'D)

"There! That's her. And Maxine's got her!"

Silhouetted against the glowing cave entrance, LUCIA stands beside MAD MAXINE, who grips her arm tightly. SONNY freezes at the sight of his daughter. Without hesitation, he charges forward.

SONNY

(yelling)

"Lucia!"

MAD MAXINE yanks LUCIA closer, pressing a blade to her throat. The group halts just outside the cave entrance.

MAD MAXINE

(mocking)

"One more step, Sonny, and your little girl gets to see what her neck looks like on the inside."

LUCIA

(struggles, her face defiant despite her fear)

SONNY

(furious, raising his cleaver)

CAIN steps in front of SONNY, his golden aura glowing faintly but firmly.

CAIN

(calmly)

"Sonny, stop. This isn't the way."

PATTY CAKE

(pleading)

"Sonny, don't give her what she wants. Think!"

SONNY hesitates, his cleaver trembling. MAD MAXINE smirks.

MAD MAXINE JONES

"Smart friends, Sonny. Too bad smarts won't save her."

From the shadows, MR. LUCKY strides into view, clapping slowly. His crimson aura flickers faintly, his grin sharp.

MR. LUCKY
(cheerfully)

"Now, now, let's not get all
Shakespearean tragedy here. No need
for bloodshed. We're all friends,
aren't we?"

He gestures toward MAD MAXINE, his tone light but commanding.

MR. LUCKY (CONT'D)

"Maxine, relax. Let the girl
breathe."

Reluctantly, MAXINE lowers the blade but keeps her grip on
LUCIA. MR. LUCKY turns to SONNY and the group, spreading his
arms theatrically.

MR. LUCKY (CONT'D)

"See? No harm, no foul. Let's keep
this civil."

CAIN steps forward, his golden aura intensifying as he locks
eyes with MR. LUCKY.

CAIN
(firmly)

"Let her go. Now."

MR. LUCKY
(mocking)

"Oh, you must be Cain. The
wandering prophet. Always so
righteous, always so... predictable."

He steps closer, his crimson aura flaring.

MR. LUCKY (CONT'D)

"But tell me, Cain—what's your
plan? Save the girl? Defeat the
devil? Ride off into the sunset?
Cute."

CAIN steps forward, his golden aura glowing brighter.

CAIN
(calm but piercing)

"You've already lost, Lucifer."

The group gasps. The Butchies exchange uneasy glances, stepping back slightly.

MR. LUCKY

(grinning)

"Oh, I'm sorry—what did you just call me? Lucifer? The Morning Star? The Adversary? Please, I prefer something more modern."

He spreads his arms, his crimson aura flaring dramatically.

MR. LUCKY (CONT'D)

"Mr. Lucky. Has a nice ring to it, doesn't it?"

The Butchies recoil. MAD MAXINE glares at him, her voice rising with anger.

MAD MAXINE

"You lied to us. You lied to me."

MUSIC CUE - MOSHI MOSHI

MR. LUCKY

(laughing)

"I gave you what you wanted. Power. Control. Freedom. Don't blame me if you didn't read the fine print."

LIGHTING CUE: The stage erupts with chaotic energy as his crimson aura flares violently, clashing with the fountain's golden light.)

SONG 14: MOSHI MOSHI (MR. LUCKY)

MR. LUCKY begins his punk-rock anthem, a chaotic burst of energy. The stage erupts with red strobes and swirling shadows. The Butchies, drawn in by the rebellious energy, sway and nod along as the tension heightens.

VERSE 1

And just, like, that,
The canary killed the cat.
On the shores, they'll find,
His blood turned to wine.
And the bird, has flown, away,
But the cat, will have, his day

B SECTION

There isn't a crime, That I didn't commit,
But at least I'm not A hypocrite
We all gotta die, But before I'll confess,
I had nothing to do, With this bloody mess
My soul is on fire, And it's turning to ash
On a funeral pyre, Take my last breath
As will you,
At least you'll be there too

CHORUS (2x)

LET'S MOSHI MOSHI!
(Can't take it)
(Can't break it)
(Can't make it)
(It's not the end of the world!)

VERSE 2

Now don't be surprised
It's your ways, I despise
A house built on sand,
Like the boys, in, the band.
All hope, is gone,
But the song goes on and on and on.

B Section 2

It doesn't make sense, That I'm still around.
I'm as high as that bird, But I never came down.
So feast your eyes, You can plainly see,
That I've got it all, And you can be like me.
But if I come down, That levee will break,
And without a sound, I'll accept my fate.
Boo, Fucking, Hoo,
At least you'll be there too.

CHORUS REPEAT OUT

As the song crescendos, the crimson aura flares violently, clashing with Cain's golden light. The stage is an explosion of energy and chaos, leading into the climactic battle.

The music fades as MR. LUCKY launches himself at CAIN. The two clash in a burst of red and gold energy, their auras colliding like fire and sunlight. The Butchies scatter to the edges of the stage, watching in stunned silence. MAD MAXINE loosens her grip on LUCIA, who runs into SONNY's arms.

SONNY

(holding LUCIA tightly)

"I've got you, baby. You're safe now."

LUCIA

(tearfully)

"I knew you'd come for me, Dad. I knew it."

She clings to him as the golden light around CAIN intensifies, overwhelming MR. LUCKY's crimson aura.

With one final burst of energy, CAIN strikes MR. LUCKY down, sending him screaming into a fiery abyss. The stage plunges into darkness, save for the golden glow of the fountain.)

The scene transitions to the Fountain of Living Water.

The set shifts to reveal its centerpiece: a glowing, crystalline pool surrounded by jagged rocks. Stalactites glisten above, reflecting the fountain's golden light that pulses rhythmically, as if alive. A low, reverberating hum fills the air, accentuated by the faint trickle of water cascading into the pool.

The group stands at the edge of the fountain, their expressions ranging from awe to trepidation. The golden glow washes over their faces, illuminating the tension and hope in their eyes.

PATTY CAKE

(hesitant, her voice
barely above a whisper)

"Is this really it? The water that changes everything?"

CAIN

(calmly, yet with an intensity that cuts through the silence) "It is. And it's waiting."

Lucia steps forward first, her movements deliberate but filled with quiet determination. She kneels beside the fountain, staring into the water as if it holds all the answers she's been searching for.

Her hands hover above the surface before she finally dips them in. The golden light brightens instantly, surrounding her in a soft halo. She gasps softly, her breath catching as the transformation begins.

LUCIA

(in wonder, her voice trembling)

"I... I feel it. It's real."

Sonny follows, his expression a mixture of relief and humility. He kneels beside his daughter, placing his hand on hers. Together, they are bathed in the light, which seems to grow warmer, more luminous.

SONNY

(his voice thick with emotion)

"I've waited for this moment... my whole life."

The glow around them pulses gently before receding, leaving them bathed in its residual warmth. They step back, their faces serene but resolute. The group watches in silence until all eyes turn to Mad Maxine.

Maxine stands apart, her arms crossed defensively. Her tough exterior wavers as her gaze fixes on the fountain. She shakes her head, trying to suppress the vulnerability creeping into her expression. Cain steps toward her, his presence steady and grounding.)

CAIN

(gently, yet with unmistakable authority)

"It's time, Maxine. Stop running."

Maxine's jaw tightens. She looks away, the weight of his words pressing down on her.

After a long pause, she exhales shakily and steps forward, her movements hesitant but deliberate. She kneels by the fountain, her hands trembling as they touch the water. The glow immediately intensifies, wrapping around her like an embrace.

MAD MAXINE

(her voice breaking, raw
with emotion)

"I don't deserve this... but I need
it."

Tears stream down her face as the light pulses brighter, then slowly dims. She remains kneeling, her head bowed, the transformation settling deep within her.

LIGHTING CUE: Spotlight on a glowing, crystalline pool surrounded by jagged rocks. Stalactites glisten above, reflecting the fountain's golden light that pulses rhythmically, as if alive.

SOUND DESIGN: A low, reverberating hum fills the air, accentuated by the faint trickle of water cascading into the pool.

The group moves to the edge of the fountain, their expressions ranging from awe to trepidation. The golden glow washes over their faces, illuminating the tension and hope in their eyes.

PATTY CAKE

(hesitant, her voice
barely above a whisper)

"Is this really it? The water that
changes everything?"

CAIN

(calmly, with steady
conviction)

"It is. The physical act of being
submerged in water symbolizes
rebirth because water is
universally seen as a source of
life and renewal."

(makes sure everyone's
still with him)

"It represents the cycle of death
and rebirth.

(MORE)

CAIN (CONT'D)

By going 'under' the water, you symbolically die to your old self and emerge 'new' on the other side, much like being born from a mother's womb."

LUCIA

(nodding thoughtfully)

"A fresh start... that's what we've all been searching for."

Lucia steps forward first, her movements deliberate but filled with quiet determination.

She kneels beside the fountain, staring into the water as if it holds all the answers she's been searching for. Her hands hover above the surface before she finally dips them in.

The golden light brightens instantly, surrounding her in a soft halo. She gasps softly, her breath catching as the transformation begins.

LUCIA (CONT'D)

(in wonder, her voice trembling)

"I... I feel it. It's real."

Sonny follows, his expression a mixture of relief and humility.

He kneels beside his daughter, placing his hand on hers.

Together, they are bathed in the light, which seems to grow warmer, more luminous.

SONNY

(his voice thick with emotion)

"I've waited for this moment... my whole life."

LIGHTING CUE: The glow around them pulses gently before receding, leaving them bathed in its residual warmth.

STAGE DIRECTIONS: They step back, their faces serene but resolute. The group watches in silence until all eyes turn to Mad Maxine.)

Maxine stands apart. Her tough exterior wavers as her gaze fixes on the fountain. She shakes her head, trying to suppress the vulnerability creeping into her expression.

Cain steps toward her, his presence steady and grounding.)

CAIN:
(gently, yet with
unmistakable authority)

"It's time, Maxine. Stop running."

Maxine's jaw tightens. Her gaze shifts to the group and then back to the fountain.

STAGE DIRECTIONS: She exhales shakily and takes a step forward.

The group watches in silence as she kneels by the edge of the water, her hands trembling as they meet the surface.

LIGHTING CUE: The golden light envelops her, growing stronger as Maxine's shoulders shake with quiet sobs.)

MAD MAXINE
(softly, almost to
herself)

"I don't deserve this... but I'm so
tired of fighting."

LIGHTING CUE: The light around her intensifies briefly, then softens into a steady glow.

STAGE DIRECTIONS: She rises slowly, her face streaked with tears but visibly lighter. Sonny steps forward, his voice breaking the silence with a steady, deliberate tone.

SONNY
(Center Stage Now)

"Now is the time, Don't wait for
tomorrow."

AC/DC Guitar Chords.

SONG 15: DON'T WAIT FOR TOMORROW (SONNY)

VERSE 1

Now I got a feeling
 Love isn't blind, But your wires are crossed
 Your wounds aren't healing
 You're out of your mind, In the Land of the Lost
 It's time that you listen
 And put to bed the life you lead
 And ask for forgiveness
 Once you surrender, You'll finally be free."

(The chorus builds, the group's harmonies blending seamlessly as the fountain glows brighter.)

Group (singing)
 Now is the time
 Don't wait for tomorrow
 Now is the time
 Don't wait for tomorrow"

The music transitions into a half-intro as Cain steps forward, his voice cutting through with gravitas.

CAIN

(singing)

The time is near
 The time is short

VERSE 2

The time is here
 Ain't it a shame, the world Has come to an end.
 There's nothing to fear
 What happens next, You might not comprehend.
 It's now or it's never
 You're hot or cold, With a decision to make
 On the wings of forever
 Your last destination, And your soul is at stake

BRIDGE

We've been falling
 All you need is just a little faith
 Your fate it calls you
 But the debt for all your sin's been paid.
 All (singing): "Now is the time...
 To get honest with yourself.
 Love isn't blind..."
 The Lord has chosen you... Yeah, He's chosen you, and you, and YOU!"

GUITAR SOLO AND CHORUS OUT

LIGHTING CUE: The fountain's light pulses rhythmically, then begins to fade as the song concludes.

STAGE DIRECTIONS: The group stands in silence, bathed in the afterglow of their shared transformation.

Patty Cake approaches next, her eyes glistening with unshed tears.

PATTY CAKE

(softly, almost to herself)

"I feel it now... I finally feel it.
No more pretending. No more lies."

She kneels beside Maxine, her hands trembling as they meet the water. The glow envelopes her, soft and warm, as if answering an unspoken question.

PATTY CAKE (CONT'D)

(in awe, her voice
steadying as she speaks)

"I've always wanted to believe... and
now I do."

The glow around her intensifies briefly before fading into a gentle shimmer. She rises, her face alight with quiet strength.

Big Tone lingers at the edge, his arms crossed and his expression skeptical yet contemplative.

BIG TONE:

(with a smirk, trying to
mask his inner conflict)

"I'm good. Don't need no water to
know where I stand."

Cain turns to him, his golden aura faint but present.

CAIN

(calmly, but with a hint
of challenge)

"I'd do it... just to make sure."

Big Tone chuckles dryly, his smirk widening.

BIG TONE:

"Look who's talking."

Despite his words, a flicker of understanding passes between them. Big Tone steps back, allowing the moment to settle.

BIG TONE
(grinning wryly)

"It feels like... It feels like....
(beat)

"Mescaline!"

CAIN
(with a quiet smile)

"I didn't hear that."

LIGHTING CUE: The golden light from the fountain swells one final time, enveloping the group.

SOUND DESIGN: The hum of the fountain grows softer, and a profound silence descends. Patty steps forward, her gaze sweeping over the group.

PATTY CAKE
(her voice clear, yet
reflective)

"It's not just about the water.
It's about letting go... of
everything fake. Everything that
holds us back."

She looks to the fountain one last time, her expression resolute. The transformation has unlocked something within her, something genuine and untethered.

PATTY CAKE (CONT'D)
(firmly, almost to
herself)

"No more lies. No more pretending.
It's time to live for what's real."

MUSIC CUE - THE REAL THING

The group nods in agreement, their faces unified in determination. Patty takes a deep breath and begins to sing "The Real Thing," her voice carrying the raw emotion of someone who has finally found clarity.

SONG 16: THE REAL THING (PATTY CAKE)

VERSE 1

You always play me for a fool,
 Everything is always about you.
 There's nothing I can say that's not been said,
 Spending time with you's like being dead.
 Nothing left to talk about,
 Take your things and get the hell out.
 I can't stand another day,
 So for the last time, let me explain:

CHORUS (w/ Lucia & Group)

I'm one of a kind
 Stop wasting my time
 I just want the real thing, baby
 We used to be friends
 But we've come to the end
 I just want the real thing, baby

VERSE 2

I know you're in shock Cause I hocked your rock
 Don't bother coming back Cause I
 changed the locks To my heart
 You'll never love me again
 Someday I'll be ready But I don't know when
 At first I got mad When I heard the truth
 But you solved my problem Cause I know we're through
 There's an emptiness, Deep down inside
 And a sadness From which I cannot hide
 You're a liar and a cheat Kill rob and steal
 But you can't have me Cause I need the real thing
 Why is love so hard to find?
 I guess I'll try again In another life

CHORUS (repeat)

BREAKDOWN

Like an angel with wings So hard to find
 Just one of those things I must have lost my mind
 Cause you talk the talk But you can't walk the walk
 We've finally had enough And now it's our time

Chorus (Repeat out - Group)

As the final chords ring out, the golden light from the fountain intensifies, flooding the stage with warmth.

The group gathers around MAXINE, helping her to her feet. The atmosphere is one of unity and redemption.

LIGHTING CUE: The fountain glows brighter before gradually fading to darkness.

SOUND DESIGN: The sound of gentle waves fills the silence as the curtain falls.

(End of Act 2, Scene 2.)