

THE FINAL DAY

A 10-minute play by Dennis Corcoran

CAST

MAN	Adult, older than woman. Body type not relevant.
WOMAN	Young adult, trim, attractive. A business woman.
SECOND WOMAN	Similar to but different from 1st Woman

SCENE

Man, in what was once business attire – dress slacks, dress shirt, dress shoes – sitting on a rubble heap reminiscent of scenes of bombed out cities during WWII. His clothes are torn, filthy, burned in spots. His hair is disheveled. His face and hands are dirty. He's hot, sweaty. He sits with head in hands, elbows on knees, despondent, dazed.

Woman, dressed in business attire, very clean, trim and neat, walks along what had been a street in front of what had been a building which are now all rubble on which the man sits. She is carrying a leather briefcase and is wearing a hat to match her skirt and jacket. She is young, attractive.

WOMAN

[Enters stage left. Looks at MAN. Walks past him a few steps. Stops, turns, clears her throat. Waits a moment, then speaks.]

What happened here?

MAN

[Looks up. Disbelief, says nothing]

WOMAN

What's wrong with you? *[long pause, looking at MAN]* Answer me! *[long pause - no answer]* Hey! *[long pause – yells, exasperated]* Hey!!!

MAN

[MAN stares at WOMAN, then speaks] Who are you? *[beat]* Where did you come from? *[beat]* Where have you been? *[beat]* Look ... look around you ...! *[gesturing to the rubble all around them]* What's wrong with me!? Huh. What's wrong with you ...!

[long beat]

WOMAN

[confused, worried] Where are all the people?

MAN

There aren't any other people ... *[despondent, almost desperate]* ... no other people.

WOMAN

[shocked, frightened] What happened?

MAN

I don't know ... *[very long beat]*

WOMAN

[looking at man, inspecting him] Are you OK?

MAN

I don't know ...

WOMAN

Are you bleeding?

MAN

No ...

WOMAN

[disapproving tone of voice and manner] You're dirty ... really dirty.

MAN

[looking at himself – as though for the 1st time] Yeah ... ?

WOMAN

And your clothes ... your shoes ...

MAN

[agitated, angry tone and manner] And my street ... my city ... *[voice beginning to break]* ... my people ... my life ... *[very long beat. Man sits sullen, dejected, head in hands, elbows on knees]*

WOMAN

I'm lonely ... *[beat – nothing from man]* I'm hungry ... *[beat – still nothing]*
I'm thirsty ... *[beat – still nothing]* Don't just sit there ...! Speak! ... Move! ... Do something! ...HELP ME! *[still nothing from man. She cries]*

MAN

[man raises head again, looks at her] Tears?

WOMAN

Yes ... tears ... *[sarcastically]* Is that alright with you?

MAN

I don't care ...

WOMAN

[in a mocking tone] I don't care ...

MAN

What do you want from me ...?

WOMAN

An answer ...

MAN

Well, there aren't any answers ...

WOMAN

But ... there's only you ... and me ... and ... and ... all this *[motioning toward rubble]*

MAN

Right ... *[long beat, then in accommodating tone]* Sit down ... if you want.

WOMAN

Thank you. *[she sits, trying not to muss her clothing]*

MAN

[long beat] Didn't you hear the bombs?

WOMAN

[shock evident] The bombs ...?

MAN

You didn't hear the bombs ...? Where have you been ...? *[long beat]* You didn't know the city was destroyed ... ? *[long beat]* All the people - dead ... ?

WOMAN

[fright, near panic] All the people ... dead? *[fear, disbelief]* Are you sure?

MAN

Look ... look around you ... Like I told you before ...!

WOMAN

[she looks, finally “seeing” the catastrophe all around them, she cries]

MAN

More tears ... *[shakes head - very long beat]*

Seriously ... where were you? Your clothes are spotless ... you're spotless. You act like nothing's happened ... out for a stroll, like it's a lovely spring day ... *[beat – she still sobs]* Where have you been?

WOMAN

I don't know ...

[She continues to sob, begins getting dirt on her clothes, hands, face]

MAN

[very long beat] My house was here

WOMAN

I'm so sorry ... *[long beat, then in a worried tone]* And, and ... your family?

MAN

I don't have a family ... thank God ... I was married a couple of years ago ... *[long pause – looking around at the rubble]* ... And I thought that was bad ... *[he stands]*

WOMAN

What will we do ...?

MAN

We? What will **WE** do ...?

WOMAN

[Jolted by his tone] I'm sorry ... but ... but ... *[in lower tone]* ... I'm sorry *[pause]*

MAN

No ... I'm sorry ... I didn't mean to hurt you ...

WOMAN

[crying softly – long pause]

MAN

You thirsty ...?

WOMAN

Oh, yes ... so thirsty ... so, so thirsty *[long pause]* And afraid ... mostly afraid ... *[long pause]* What **WILL** we do now?

MAN

[looks at her -pause] I don't know ... *[long pause]* I'm going to stay here ... sit here ... wait ... for ... for, I don't know. *[He sits, head in hands, elbows on knees, long pause]*

WOMAN

[She puts briefcase down ... clothes now dirty ... dirt, dust on her face, hands. She folds arms across her knees pulled tightly up to her chest. Lays head on arms.]

SECOND MAN

[Enters SL. Looks at them. Walks past, stops, turns, clears his throat, waits a moment, then speaks]

What happened here ...?

MAN AND WOMAN

[Look up, disbelief. They say nothing]

SECOND WOMAN

What's wrong with you? *[long pause. Looks at the two]* Answer me! *[long pause. No answer]* Hey! *[long pause]* Hey!

END OF PLAY