

'AFTERMATHS'

A narrative comedy about three hopeless teenagers
who survive a global disaster

by

Adrian Ellis

Adrian Ellis

adrian_ellis@mac.com

www.adrianellis.co.uk

mob: 07876 667919

tel: 020 8783 0471

North Cottage

6 High Street

Hampton

Middx TW12 2SJ

SCENE 1: LIBRARY

BONEY (A FAT TEENAGER), NIGEL (A NERDY TEENAGER) AND ZIG (A TEENAGER) ARE ASLEEP IN THE CORNER OF A SCHOOL LIBRARY.

THEY WAKE UP.

BONEY:
Oh, I feel awful.

ZIG:
God...

NIGEL:
Uhhhh...

BONEY:
Woah. We *all* fell asleep?

ZIG:
Oh man, I've drooled.

BONEY:
Ah, no, that was me.

ZIG:
Shit!

NIGEL:
Hey, listen.

BONEY:
To what?

NIGEL:
Nothing. It's completely quiet.

ZIG:
Bollocks, school's finished! School's finished and I'm still in the bleeding library!

NIGEL:
It's two-thirty.

ZIG:
School finished at two-thirty and I *missed* it?

NIGEL:
School doesn't finish for an hour.

HE LOOKS AROUND.

Something's wrong.

BONEY:
Yeah. Our school's completely quiet. It's never quiet, except when the police come.

NIGEL WALKS ACROSS TO THE WINDOW.

NIGEL:
Oh god.

BONEY:
What?

NIGEL:
Come over here.

ZIG:
What's up?

NIGEL:
Look outside, at the people.

BONEY:
Where?

NIGEL:

What do you mean, where? They're all over the place. Them! (PAUSE) and them! (PAUSE), The ones on the ground, Boney, the ones face down?

BONEY:

Oh yeah.

ZIG:

Shit. They're dead.

BONEY:

They can't be dead; they're young.

NIGEL:

Look, there's no blood. They must be all asleep.

ZIG:

During P.E? I know it's rounders but even then!

BONEY:

We were asleep.

NIGEL:

But we've woken up.

ZIG:

It's a disaster movie. We're in a disaster movie.

NIGEL:

No, this is real.

ZIG SLAPS NIGEL.

Ow!

ZIG:

Shit. It *is* real. Well, for you. Man, someone's got to go out there and do mouth to mouth, or kick 'em; (LOOKS AT BONEY) someone fat.

BONEY:

What? Why me?

ZIG:

'Cos you'll die soon anyway.

BONEY:

What?

ZIG:

Think about it, Boney. Fat guys *always* die in disaster movies. At least you'll have done noble stuff.

BONEY:

No way, *you* go out there.

ZIG:

Sod that. They've been zapped by something powerful. Shit, Wilkins is face down on the grass. He has allergies.

NIGEL:

They *could* all be asleep. Probably not. How about we stay here until it's all over?

ZIG:

In the library? After *school*? There'd have to be a global plague to keep me in this dump.
(PAUSE) Shit.

(SILENCE)

BONEY:

So now what?

NIGEL:

A global disaster. Everyone's died in the whole world except us.

ZIG:

This is *bad*. I was going to get an iPhone 4S this weekend.

NIGEL:

That's what you're thinking about?

BONEY:

Of course I am! Do you know how long I've been waiting for that? I can still get one.

NIGEL:

But there'll be no one to phone.

ZIG:

It's a *smart-phone*. It can do more than just make phone calls.

BONEY:

Stuff the smart-phones! There's been a disaster, a plague!

BONEY WALKS AROUND THE
LIBRARY ROOM RANDOMLY.

We'll need guns.

NIGEL:

We don't have guns.

BONEY:

But *everyone* has guns when the world falls apart.

NIGEL:

This is London, Boney. No one has guns unless they live in Tooting or Peckham.

BONEY:

Let's go to Tooting.

ZIG:

No! Shit, guys, you're not thinking straight. We can't go to Tooting.

BONEY:

Why?

ZIG:

Because *that's* where the people with guns will be. They'll be pissed off, hungry and Foot Locker will be closed.

BONEY:

Oh, yeah.

NIGEL:

If they're not dead.

BONEY:

Or plagued.

ZIG:

Oh man, the *zombies* will have the guns? Shit.

BONEY:

Their aim will be crap.

NIGEL:

And they won't be able to reload.

ZIG:

That's what *you two* think. Maybe, maybe it'll be a really weird plague where the infected can *do stuff*, like shoot straight.

BONEY:

Oh yeah, right, be serious.

ZIG:

Anything's possible, man. You don't understand what *really* goes on. There are secret bases with hi-tech stuff on Dartmoor and (PAUSE) what's that big, boring rockery?

NIGEL:

Stonehenge?

ZIG:

Yeah. Secret bases in those places. Wherever you find big stones in this country, they're doing bad experiments. M.I.6. military *druids*, man. I read all about it (PAUSE), well, my bruv told me. Bloody druids, they've done sacrifices for thousands of years and now they've made a plague.

NIGEL:

This is looking very unwholesome. We need to make a plan. We'll have to go out and find food and basic equipment, bandages and compasses and... space rations.

BONEY:

Out there? Are you nuts? There's *plague* out there, or fallout, or maybe aliens with plague; a zombie E.T. Oh shit, I never even *liked* E.T. He was so ugly. His neck stretched! How much worse could he get?

(CONT...)

(CONT)

Fiona thought he was cute and I was ugly.
Where's the justice in the world? My arse is
cuter than his face and she still wanted to
cuddle him!

NIGEL:

You're blabbering.

BONEY:

I'm scared. It's a global disaster.

NIGEL:

We've only seen bodies in our school grounds.

BONEY:

So, it's a global *Croydon* disaster!

NIGEL:

We need to investigate. There's people on the
ground. They're asleep (PAUSE) or dead. So
it's a gas, or a deadly ray, or a fast acting
disease.

BONEY:

Or all three.

ZIG:

Shit! What are you? The Horseman of the
Apocalypse?

NIGEL:

They're not moving and it's the middle of
games! They must be dead! (PAUSE) Wait,
maybe it's like the Midwich Cuckoos?

ZIG:

What's *that*?

NIGEL:

In the Midwich Cuckoos aliens knocked out a village and planted their own young in the wombs of the women. (PAUSE) It was a black and white movie.

ZIG:

Well it ain't gonna be that. Black and white? That's *fifty years* ago. Aliens are advanced, you idiot. They'll have moved on. (PAUSE) It's definitely Zombies.

BONEY:

What? Why?

ZIG:

This is zombie shit, man. It always starts with people feeling ill and falling over, then they get up and bite off peoples' heads.

NIGEL:

But they're lying down.

ZIG:

It's a trap. It's a zombie minefield. One false move out there and you've lost your ankles. Damn, there's got to be survivors. There are always survivors in the movies; fit birds and fat guys who catch the plague when no one's looking.

BONEY:

Fat guys don't die first!

NIGEL:

Well, um, fat people can develop excess immune responses to viral infections.

ZIG:

It's obvious! They all die because no one wants the human race to be fathered by lard-asses!

NIGEL:

There could be epigenetic issues.

BONEY:

But *I'm* alive and pipe-cleaner Roberts out there, face down in the sandpit, *he's* dead.

ZIG:

Well, (PAUSE) you ain't fat enough.

BONEY:

No!

ZIG:

So, it proves my point.

(SILENCE)

BONEY:

Guys, I'm hungry.

ZIG:

You're hungry?

BONEY:

I always get hungry when I'm scared.

ZIG:

Zombies get hungry. Zombies are always hungry.

BONEY:

So? I just said I was hungry. I didn't say 'brains'.

ZIG:

How are you feeling?

BONEY:

All right. Well, I've got a headache.

ZIG:

Shit!

ZIG GRABS A STOOL.

BONEY:

What are you doing? (PAUSE) Hey, get off!

ZIG:

You're a zombie, man. You've turned into a fucking zombie!

BONEY:

I'm not a zombie you dick-head! I've got a headache. I haven't had Red Bull for two hours!

ZIG:

Stop fighting me, man! I'll use my shiatsu!

BONEY:

What's that?

NIGEL:

It's a massage technique.

BONEY:

You're going to rub me?

ZIG:

For Christ's sake, *whatever*, man, shiatsu, ju-jitsu, sudoku, just don't move!

NIGEL:

Zombies. Dead people, rotting people. That's bad. That's really unhygienic. Where are my wet-wipes?

BONEY:

Nigel, back me up!

NIGEL:

Um, well,

ZIG:

Don't get in the way, Nigel, he's going. Look at his spots! Smell him! Underneath all that Lynx, he stinks.

NIGEL:

Yes, but he's always like that.

ZIG:

But he's got the smell of the *dead*. That's not B.O., that's the stench of evil! Shit, he'll try and bite us. Tie him down!

NIGEL:

No, I'd rather not! I don't want to get bitten. It would hurt *and* I'd die. What would my mum say?

ZIG:

We've got to chop his head off.

BONEY:

No! You can't *do* that! I don't want to die!

ZIG:

Get ready, Boney. I don't want to kill you, man but things are bad. We're on the edge here man, we're in *no man's land*!

(CONT...)

(CONT)

Everybody's dead, they're all dead because of IVF aliens and zombie plagues and druids! We're all that's left; me and you two losers so I've got to make it. I'm going to survive and make the next generation all by myself and *you can't stop that!*

BONEY:

Don't do it! (SOB) I haven't had sex yet! I'll die a virgin! I'll go to dead virgin Hell where I'll be surrounded by nerds and six-year-olds!

NIGEL:

Zig! Don't kill him!

ZIG:

Don't be the bloody scientist in this! They die too!

NIGEL:

Let's test him.

ZIG PAUSES.

ZIG:

How?

NIGEL:

Cut him.

ZIG:

Cut him?

NIGEL:

If he bleeds, we'll know he's alive.

ZIG:

Yeah. (PAUSE) Boney, stop sniffing.

BONEY:

I've got a cold. (PAUSE) No, maybe I don't. No, I do. Oh shit.

NIGEL:

If we make our way to the nurse's office, we can borrow a sterile scalpel... (LOOKS DOWN)
You brought a *knife* to the library?

ZIG:

Shit can kick off anywhere, man.

NIGEL:

But...we're in the *history* section.

BONEY:

Have you stopped trying to kill me? Because I need the loo.

ZIG:

Yeah, sure, go for it.

BONEY:

Okay. When I come back, are you going to?...
Ow! (PAUSE) That hurt!

NIGEL:

Show us your thumb.

ZIG:

Don't put it in your mouth!

BONEY:

I *wasn't* going to...

NIGEL:

That *is* blood.

BONEY:

It hurts! Can I lift it above my heart?

ZIG:

No!

NIGEL:

It's blobbing out.

ZIG:

Yeah, but it's not pumping out. Blood pumps out. I've seen all three Blade movies. That's just oozing, like toothpaste or shampoo.

(PAUSE) He's dead. The fucker's one of them.

BONEY:

I'm not dead!

BONEY FARTS.

NIGEL:

Oooh, that's bad.

ZIG:

God, man, you're already rotting!

BONEY:

I'm *not*. I'm scared and I want the toilet. I'm not dead. I feel fine, apart from the headache, and I need a wee. Zombies don't wee. Have you ever seen a zombie wee?

NIGEL:

Perhaps we should make a bigger cut.

ZIG:

Yeah. We need to chop off part of him.

BONEY:

What?

NIGEL:

Well, I wasn't really thinking of...

ZIG:

How do they do it in films?

NIGEL:

Um, garden tools, usually, or a machine shop.
A garage?

ZIG:

And we're in a library! Shit, they're no good for
anything!

BONEY:

Look, guys, I can't be a zombie because... I'm
talking to you. Zombies don't say anything
apart from 'brains'.

ZIG:

Good point from the zombie. Christ, dead *and*
clever. That's really evil. But wait, (PAUSE)
zombies *can* say 'brains'. That means they *can*
say things. It's motivation, that's what it is.
Zombies say words if they're really important,
like my little brother who only says 'poo' and
'frosties'.

BONEY:

What?

ZIG:

See, his talk is going. His brain's melting.

NIGEL:

Okay (PAUSE) Um, so we've got to think of a
word that's really unimportant to him and if he
says it, he's alive?

ZIG:

Yeah. (PAUSE) Say 'mathematics'.

BONEY:

What?

ZIG:

Don't melt on us!

BONEY:

Sorry! Okay, okay (PAUSE) Mathematics.

NIGEL:

Say 'pension plan'.

BONEY:

Pension plan.

ZIG:

Shit. Maybe he *is* alive?

NIGEL:

He could just be repeating stuff like a parrot.

ZIG:

Yeah. Don't say 'mathematics'

(SILENCE)

ZIG:

He's alive, or deaf, or living dead.

(FOOTSTEPS)

ZIG:

Sod it. Now what?

NIGEL:

Is it zombies?

ZIG:

How do I know? I don't have a frigging zombie radar! Listen. (PAUSE) That's foot dragging.

NIGEL:

We're teenagers. Everyone drags their feet!

(FOOTSTEPS GETTING LOUDER)

NIGEL:

It's coming closer. (PAUSE) Those are heels.

BONEY:

Oh no, *transvestite* zombies!

ZIG:

No you idiot, it's a girl.

(FOOTSTEPS PAUSE)

NIGEL:

She's stopped.

ZIG:

Shit. A girl. There's a girl alive out there. God, I hope she's fit.

NIGEL:

She might be a zombie.

ZIG:

Well, she ain't a lesbian. Those are definitely heels.

BONEY:

She might be a living dead fit bird. Woah.

ZIG:

That's *bad*. The only woman in the world left alive is a zombie? That's serious shit.

BONEY:

No, we could gag her.

NIGEL:

What?

BONEY:

So she doesn't bite.

ZIG:

What are you talking about, Boney?

BONEY:

Well, if she's a zombie, then she won't be picky. I mean, compared to zombies, we'll all look pretty buff, won't we?

ZIG:

I look buff already. You're the fat, smelly dead dude.

BONEY:

I'm *not* dead. My deodorant broke down, that's *all!*

NIGEL:

Boney, you're saying that if she's a zombie, she'll be happy to (PAUSE) put out?

BONEY:

Yeah.

NIGEL:

But... with a *zombie*?

BONEY:

Nigel, I'll have *scored*.

ZIG:

That does *not* count, man.

BONEY:

Why?

ZIG:

Sex with a zombie? She's *dead*. It'll be like necro-fill-ya. You'll go from a fat virgin to a fat sick virgin pervert. Man, that's Jeremy Kyle material.

BONEY:

Okay. (PAUSE) Maybe she's not fully dead. Maybe zombification is a slow process. She might have lost most of her mind but not her body. (PAUSE) Oh man, this is great! I stand a chance. This global catastrophe thing is kick-ass!

(FOOTSTEPS APPROACH)

NIGEL:

She's coming!

ZIG:

Grab something.

BONEY:

Yeah.

ZIG:

We've got to be prepared for anything...
(PAUSE) Not the flowers!

BONEY:

Sorry.

ZIG:

Find something *violent*.

BONEY:

Yeah, okay.

ZIG:

What are you doing with that *book*? I said something violent!

NIGEL:

It's Jane's Guide to Military Aircraft.

BONEY:

Wait! What if we kill her and she *is* alive... was alive?

ZIG:

Shit. We'd have killed the last bird in the world. We've got to choose between getting sex and maybe our heads getting bitten off or neither.

NIGEL:

Neither?

(WEAPONS FALL TO THE FLOOR)

NIGEL:

I guess not.

(DOOR OPENS)

TANYA:

Hello?

NIGEL:

Tanya.

TANYA:

God.

NIGEL:

You're alive. You're moving and alive and breathing, I think, although I'm not looking at your chest. (PAUSE) Hi.

ZIG:

You look *real* good, babe. I like the way you've done (PAUSE) your hips.

TANYA:

Keep away from me.

SHE CLUTCHES HER HEAD.

NIGEL:
Are you okay?

ZIG:
You want some nursing better? (PAUSE) Hey,
where are you going? We can come with you!

TANYA RUNS OUT.

ZIG:
Shit. She's alive.

NIGEL:
She's got a headache.

ZIG:
Oh, yeah. (PAUSE) Damn, she's infected!

BONEY:
Yes!

NIGEL:
But women do get headaches *a lot*.

ZIG:
Yeah, true, so she *is* alive. She's alive *and*
she's really fit and she's got to choose between
me and you two. Oh yes, I am the *man*!

ZIG FOLLOWS TANYA OUT. BONEY
AND NIGEL FOLLOW ON BEHIND.

THE THREE OF THEM WALK INTO
THE CORRIDOR. TANYA IS UP
AHEAD.

TANYA:
Don't go near me!

ZIG:

Sure, babe, we'll just doing our own thing, hanging out. Being cool, you know, in this apocalypse.

TANYA:

You're coming closer!

ZIG:

Shit, girly, it's a corridor! It only goes one way!

TANYA WALKS THROUGH A
DOORWAY, SLAMMING THE DOOR
CLOSED BEHIND HER.

Tanya?

THE THREE GUYS RUN TO CATCH
HER UP.

NIGEL:

(LOW) I don't think she fancies you.

ZIG:

What do you know? When they're keen on you, they get all arsey and say they hate you. It's them getting excited.

ZIG OPENS THE DOOR AND WALKS
THROUGH.

ZIG:

Tanya?

NIGEL:

She's gone. She couldn't handle her excitement.

ZIG:

Tanya?

BONEY:

Woah, it's so quiet. This is un-natural, guys. I can heard birdsong!

ZIG:

Screw the birds, fatty, where's the (PAUSE) woman?

NIGEL:

The computer!

NIGEL WALKS BACK TO THE LIBRARY.

ZIG:

Where's he going?

BONEY:

Nigel? Where are you going? Nigel?

BONEY AND ZIG FOLLOW NIGEL.

SCENE 2: LIBRARY COMPUTER DESK.

ZIG:

The internet. Good plan!

NIGEL:

I think if we can check the internet, we can find out what's happening in the world, whether the incident is localised or part of a wider... What are you doing?

ZIG:

I'm checking my facebook page.

BONEY:

Everyone is *dead*, Boney. It's the end on the world!

ZIG:

Not on facebook. On facebook they're still alive and having a good time. (PAUSE) No one's posted anything. You'd think with someone important as this, they'd post something. Wikky's usually tweeting something or uploading a photo, although that's usually of what he's thrown up.

BONEY:

Wikky's dead.

NIGEL:

Is he?

BONEY:

I saw him in the playground. His face was covered so it must have rotted away.

NIGEL:

How did you know it was him?

BONEY:

No one else wears South Park 'T' shirts any more.

ZIG:

It *can't* be him. If he'd been zombified, he'd have *definitely* posted it on facebook; if he could work his phone...

BONEY:

He's dead. Jesus, they really are all dead. My parents, my sister, the guy in the newsagent.
(PAUSE) You'll have to update your friends list.

ZIG:

Shit, yeah. If it's the end of the world, I'll have, like, no friends on my friends' list. (PAUSE)
This is bad. Oh my god,

(SITS DOWN)

this *is* the end of the world.

(LOOKS AT THE OTHERS)

We're going to stick together, aren't we guys?

BONEY:

But you tried to kill me!

ZIG:

I was saving you, man. I was doing it for you.

BONEY:

I was nearly one of them out there. Have you seen my thumb?

NIGEL:

I think we need to stick together.

ZIG:

Yeah, the nerd's right. And we can make it. We've got the skills. Nigel knows stuff. Shit, all that crap he knows could be useful. It's like we were destined to survive together. His brains, me and a fat guy. That's ideal.

BONEY:

Is it?

ZIG:

Yeah, well, the food will run out eventually.

BONEY:

You're... going to eat me?

ZIG:

Not immediately. Jesus, don't look so weepy. We'd only do it when things got *really* bad. Shit, you make it sound like *I'm* the bad guy. No, we can do it. We can survive. The world may have ended but we're still strong. It'll be bad out there but it's not all bad. Think about it, we'll never ever have to have another maths lesson again (PAUSE). Christ, Nigel, don't look so disappointed.

NIGEL:

Sorry.

ZIG:

The three of us, sticking together through thick and thin. Just like in 'Alien'.

BONEY:

They all died.

ZIG:

I'm talking about the beginning. So, Nigel, what do we do?

NIGEL:

Um, I think the first thing we should do is work our way thoroughly through the school...

ZIG SPOTS SOMEONE THROUGH THE WINDOW.

ZIG:

Tanya? Tanya?

ZIG RUNS OUT THE ROOM.

BONEY:

Do we have to go with him?

NIGEL:

Well, we could fend off the zombies, or the plague victims, or the roving bands of looters by ourselves.

BONEY:

Nuts! This is terrible. Why didn't I die? Lucky buggers.

NIGEL:

Come on.

THEY HEAD TOWARDS THE DOOR.

Look, Boney, it won't be that bad. The power's still on so the vending machines will work.

BONEY:

Yeah, that's good.

NIGEL:

And I'll never eat you.

BONEY:

You wouldn't, would you? Thanks.

NIGEL:

That's okay. I'm a vegetarian.

BONEY:

Does that mean it's okay for me to eat you?

NIGEL:

No.

BONEY:

Oh. Hey ho.

THEY REACH THE DOORS.

Global disaster, here we come.

THEY LEAVE THE ROOM.