

Harry Harbinger's Night of Doom Sides

Character list:

MADISON (she/her): 35 years old; her wanderlust has been thwarted again and again by her deep-seated belief that the world's ending

EMILY (she/her): 52-57 years old; white southern conservative; Madison's mother

MAYA (she/her): 22-25 years old; Indian American; just married to Jacob

JACOB (he/him): 22-25 years old; just married to Maya

MARK (he/him): 45-50 years old; carries himself confidently

NED (he/him): 17 years old; works in the ride; way in over his head

Madison:

I've got to get out of here. (At EMILY's protest.) No, I don't mean this madhouse. (She gestures to the ride). I mean *this* madhouse. (She opens her arms wide to indicate the whole town or even state.) At first, I thought I just wanted to be this independent free bird, college student-type deal, you know, I'm gonna backpack across Europe and I'm gonna pretend that the whole world's my oyster or whatever and that I can end up anywhere and I can end up doing anything. But that's all just a big fucking lie every teenager ever tells themselves right before they get tired of the big open world and hightail it right back home where they find some stupid boring desk job and stew to death in the exact same way their parents did. Nothing ever changes. That whole thing. At least that's what I thought was happening to me. But I was wrong the whole time. It was you. It was you I needed to get away from, and it was you who forced me to stay. You've been like this anchor tied to my foot since the day I was born and the worst part is that you're so subtle about it. You just want me to come visit. Or you have an operation coming up, but don't worry about me, no need to interrupt your life to come check on me. Or you heard from some gossip at work that there's a job opening here. And maybe I should just try it out as a temporary thing while I look for a better job and bam! I'm living back here for months and then years and then probably the rest of my life. Are you so scared that I won't be there for you when you need me just because I'm not right next to you? Are you so worried that you won't have some doting daughter to wait on you in your old age, that you messed me up so badly that I would run away and never look back? Well, fuck you for not having any faith in me. Or are you just that scared that you'll die alone? Well, I guess you got what you wanted. We'll die together, alongside these idiotic zombie clowns.

So there it is. Ironically, you caused the damage – and I'm still here. I thought the whole world would always be out there, but clearly I was wrong. The whole world is this room, me, you, and the zombie clowns. You happy now?

Emily:

I was like you. Where do you think you got it from, your inability to sit still, your inability to do anything right? Well, after that I promised I would change. I wanted to leave you somewhere at first and get on with my life, but I couldn't help thinking that I'd spend the rest of it feeling like a monster if I did. So I said that I'd teach you to be as different from me as possible.

My biggest mistake was thinking too much. I assessed the risks of everything I did. I convinced myself that if I forgave him, there was a 100% chance he'd do it again. I told myself that if I trusted someone else, there'd be a 100% chance they'd do the same thing. I told myself that the second I left you, that would be the moment you'd need me most. And I told myself that if I got close to someone else, then I wouldn't have you anymore, then they would leave me, and I wouldn't have anybody. I told myself I wasn't already alone. I told myself you were all I had and all I'd ever have.

I didn't want you in my life, but I had you. My parents wouldn't talk to me, and your father disappeared off the face of the Earth, and I thought that the closest I could come to being a happy and successful person was if you became one.

Jacob:

I remember when I thought life would be easy, that you would fix everything. I believed all those stories about soulmates; I thought that the end of the rom-com was representative of the rest of those characters' lives. But you know what they don't show, what they're too scared to show, because what's the point of living if you can't have a little hope? – it's when the two realize that the world is fucking huge and that there's a ton of shit going on outside their little provincial town and that being together won't solve the world's problems and that being together won't save the fact that they feel like nothing more than tiny little spiders slowly drowning in a giant swirling sink that's actually the fucking ocean. This isn't high school anymore. Why did I think you would fix everything?

Mark:

Do you know what I wanted to be when I grew up? A superhero, like in the comics. My mom always told me that my dad was basically a superhero because he fought for democracy in Vietnam. But there were these kids at school – and I'm sure they were just repeating what their parents said, but they said that my dad wasn't a hero because he wasn't supposed to be in Vietnam in the first place. A lot of adults said it too, to my mom. She told me not to listen, but I was a little boy. It made me worried. I questioned all my favorite superheroes. I couldn't read the comics anymore. Then in college, I had no clue what I was doing. I just went to piss off my mom. I decided early on that I wanted to be a meteorologist because I liked the way the storms looked; I liked the way they could be so mesmerizing and so dangerous at the same time. I liked the way you couldn't reason with them or even fight back. But senior year, I went to this job fair and got to talking with this military recruiter. And when I said my dad was in the army, he told me there was a place for me too, with my expertise. And I wasn't going to do it, but I got real introspective that year; I couldn't stop thinking about my dad and about all those superheroes from long ago. So when I graduated, I enlisted. I told myself I was doing it for my dad and for my mom, but now I think I was really doing it for me. To prove something.

Dialogue:

EMILY

Seriously, Maddie, what the hell do you think you're doing?

MADISON

(Mockingly)

Language, mom.

EMILY

Well maybe now I can afford to stretch my wings a little?

MADISON

Yeah, maybe, if that's all you were stretching!

EMILY

Why do you care? I'm a grown woman and your mother.

MADISON

Exactly! It's because you're my- Wait, backtrack a moment. What you mean you can stretch your wings *now*?

EMILY

I mean, given the circumstances-

MADISON

It's not the purge, mom!

EMILY

What's that?

MADISON

Never mind.

EMILY

Don't be so dramatic. Besides, I have it all figured out. It's the rapture.

Really, really long beat.

Then MADISON just erupts into laughter.

EMILY

I'm not joking.

MADISON

What the fuck?

EMILY

Language. Or wait, maybe it doesn't matter.

MADISON

What the fuck are you talking about?

EMILY

I know you've read the Bible, honey.

MADISON

I know what the fucking rapture is, mom! Why would you think this is fucking it?

EMILY

I mean, we're trapped in here, and the internet doesn't work, and we haven't heard anything from outside.

MADISON

So?

EMILY

So it's not like it's the zombie apocalypse. That's just ludicrous.

MADISON

So's the fucking rapture!

EMILY

That's what I used to think, too.

MADISON

So where're the hordes of sinners running around outside?

EMILY

I mean, they could be out there./

MADISON

Yeah, tiptoeing around politely so you can fuck this stranger in peace.