

# THE SKY IS FALLING

By Patrick Gabridge

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## LIST OF CHARACTERS

(3 or 4 women)

SAMANTHA: 20s-30s

RICKI: 20s-30s, SAMANTHA's older sister

JILL: 30s-50s, SAMANTHA's guru

GRANNY: 60s, SAMANTHA's and RICKI's  
Grandma (It's a lot of fun to have this  
actress also play JILL.)

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**SETTING:** A bare stage with a few stage cubes will work just fine.

**AT RISE:** *SAMANTHA kneels, head bowed, center stage. Perhaps SHE has some sort of holy book open in front of her on the ground. SHE wears a hard hat. After a moment, JILL enters. SHE has an air of great holiness about her. SHE also wears a hard hat. At JILL's arrival, SAMANTHA bows even lower, almost flat on the ground, in supplication.*

JILL: Arise, my child.

SAMANTHA: Greetings, most holy mother, protector and guide. Ola pola mollola.

JILL: Jama haba banana.

SAMANTHA: Peace, always.

JILL: Peace. I called you here today because I have to let you know... Our faith is about to be rewarded.

SAMANTHA: I am ready.

JILL: After generations of waiting, the time has finally come. Our transports will arrive... tomorrow.

SAMANTHA: Tomorrow?

JILL: I wish that there had been more time to warn the congregation, but--

SAMANTHA: I know the Holy Book says that the day of reckoning and rapture will come soon, but I didn't really think that it meant... tomorrow.

JILL: Are you prepared?

SAMANTHA: I guess so. Almost. I will be. I will be. Tomorrow.

JILL: You'll be fine. We'll all be fine. Not many people have the chance to see a prophecy fulfilled. Let alone one like this. You will be at the core of a new human race. You must enter the mother ship with an open mind and a fresh heart. If you have any earthly business that must be resolved, now is the time. I know we were all supposed to have said our goodbyes when we entered the loving embrace of Ethu, but some farewells are harder than others.

SAMANTHA: I'm glad you understand.

JILL: Do you want me to come with you?

SAMANTHA: No. I'll be fine.

JILL: May God protect and speed you. Don't be late.

SAMANTHA: I don't suppose they'll wait.

JILL: Not an extra second.

*(JILL exits. Lights shift onto RICKI who crawls on stage with a shoe raised high in the air. SHE'S stalking a spider. SAMANTHA watches her.)*

RICKI: Low-life little spider. I ought to pull off a leg or two and send you to your buddies as a warning. It's wonderful, all the bugs you catch, the beautiful webs you weave, but not in my house. This is an arachnid-free zone. Maybe I'll just stick your body to the baseboard. Say goodbye, you little--

SAMANTHA: Don't. *(RICKI startles at the sound of SAMANTHA's voice, looks at her, then slams the shoe down on the spider.)*

RICKI: What are you doing here?

SAMANTHA: I needed to see you.

RICKI: Did you escape?

SAMANTHA: There's nothing to escape from. I'm with Her Holiness completely of my own free will.

RICKI: Suppose that should be some sort of a relief. Except that apparently you haven't so much as called me in more than two years, all of your own free will. Where's your robes?

SAMANTHA: They generated too much negative energy among the population. We felt it was important to do a better job of blending.

RICKI: And the hard hat?

SAMANTHA: The sky is falling.

RICKI: I never really thought of *Chicken Little* as a cult story, but I guess, if you think about it...

SAMANTHA: I know it all sounds stupid to you.

RICKI: Not just stupid. Crazy. Wacko. Idiotic. Weird. But that's fine, we all have our quirks. We don't necessarily build our entire lives around them, but we all have them.

SAMANTHA: This is important to me. I wish you would not belittle my choices.

RICKI: You're right. It's your life. Live it however you want. I apologize.

SAMANTHA: Apology accepted. *(An awkward silence. RICKI spots another spider.)*

RICKI: If you'll excuse me, I have spiders to smash. Son of a... *(looks around)* They're everywhere. Come to Ricki, Mr. Spider. Your days in my house have reached their end.

SAMANTHA: Please don't.

RICKI: You don't live here any more. You went off to join swami what's-her-name and eat rice and chant mantras. I am here. I take care of things. These are my spiders, and I don't want them. *(SHE slams down the shoe and exterminates another spider. SAMANTHA puts her hands together and says a prayer for the spider.)*

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SAMANTHA: Mider bider spalider, amen.

RICKI: It's just a spider.

SAMANTHA: The Goddess values all living things.

RICKI: Good for her. That's her job. They give me the creeps.

SAMANTHA: I came to say goodbye.

RICKI: You've been doing that since you were sixteen years old. I stay, you go, it's the natural order of things. Just like spiders in my house get squashed with my shoe.

SAMANTHA: That was the worst thing about Mom and Dad... Not getting to say goodbye.

RICKI: An instantaneous loss like that - it leaves a vacuum - and it sucks up everything. Everything good, every thing real, all the workings of your heart.

SAMANTHA: Don't you think you would have handled it better if they'd had a chance to, you know, say "Goodbye, don't worry about me." Something like that?

RICKI: Maybe.

SAMANTHA: Is Grandma here? I need to say goodbye to her, too.

RICKI: Granny! Samantha's here! (**GRANNY, an old woman using a walker or cane, enters. SHE smiles vaguely at SAMANTHA.**)

GRANNY: Who's this?

RICKI: It's Samantha.

GRANNY: I thought she shaved her head when she ran off and joined that cult. And they made her dress funny, too. What's that on your head? Did you hurt yourself? Are you all right? What happened to her head?

RICKI: The sky is falling.

SAMANTHA: It's a symbol of our need for vigilance and protection.

GRANNY: Protection against what?

SAMANTHA: The sky is falling.

GRANNY: Don't try to play tricks on me.

SAMANTHA: I came to say goodbye, Grandma.

GRANNY: What's she talking about?

RICKI: I have no idea.

GRANNY: Where are you going?

SAMANTHA: Away. Far away. And I can't come back.

GRANNY: Why not?

SAMANTHA: I'm going away with the Elect, on a spaceship, tomorrow.

GRANNY: On a spaceship. Did she just say she's going on a spaceship?

RICKI: Oh, jeeze.

GRANNY: I'm old, but I'm not stupid. What's the name of this boy? Why don't you just bring him by to meet us instead of telling crazy stories like this?

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SAMANTHA: It's not a crazy story. Well, maybe it is, but it's still true. And it doesn't really matter if you believe it. I just wanted you to know that I'll bring my memories of you with me, across the galaxy. I'll be fine and I don't want you to worry about me. **(SAMANTHA gives GRANNY a big hug, just about knocking her over.)**

GRANNY: Careful. I'm an old woman. I suppose you know what the heck you're doing, but I wish you wouldn't go. I don't have much time left here myself, and I wish I could spend more of it with you. At least, Ricki, she has always been here, but you... I don't even remember the last time I saw you. Can't you stay with us a little longer?

SAMANTHA: I wish I could. But it's not up to me.

GRANNY: A shame. You were a good child. You always had a sense about you, like somehow you could see beyond the surface, see underneath the disguises we use to hide ourselves. But if you have to go, you have to go. I always wished that I could go to the stars. Buck Rogers wasn't just for boys, you know. Stay here, I want to get you something for your trip. **(GRANNY exits.)**

SAMANTHA: How's she been?

RICKI: She's old. Sometimes I think a strong cold snap will kill her off. Other times I think she'll live to be a hundred.

SAMANTHA: Can you leave her by herself?

RICKI: Not for long.

SAMANTHA: Just for tonight. I wondered if you would... it's hard to say goodbye to everything, everyone. So hard. I wondered if you'd... if you'd think about coming with me, until I go.

RICKI: I can't just--**(GRANNY enters.)**

GRANNY: I'm fine. Just tell Mrs. Schwartz to check on me every once in a while. Go with your sister.

RICKI: But I really should stay with--

GRANNY: I'm not an infant. Don't use me as an excuse, one that you'll regret and resent. **(to SAMANTHA)** Now here-- **(SHE pulls some tin foil out of her pocket, takes off SAMANTHA's helmet, and carefully spreads the foil over her head, and replaces the hard hat.)** I don't know much about space aliens, but everything I've read and seen in the movies says that their little brain rays can't travel through the metal.

SAMANTHA: Thanks, Grandma.

GRANNY: I'm glad someone in this family is finally going to see the world. Even if it's not this one. Make sure you mind your manners-- you have an entire planet to represent. **(GRANNY exits.)**

SAMANTHA: Come help me say goodbye, to everything.

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