

Apocalypse with Extra Cheese

by

Val Tamer, Fiona Simpson & Marty McCaffrey

2015

CASS, the CEO of a company, stopwatch around her neck, is seated behind a paper strewn desk, filing her nails. There is a jar of coins beside her, a toaster and a bottle of water on the table. CASS talks on a phone.

CASS

Do you even know who I am? C-E-O of my OWN COMPANY. And you know who you are?

CASS

(breaks the file)

A nobody....You're not even fit to lick the bottom of my goddamn shoes after I've stepped into dog poop.

CASS throws the phone over the shoulder.

CASS

(speaking into an intercom)

Linda! Get me another mobile sent up, stat.

NICKI

Who was that?!

CASS

My grandmother. Wants me to go and visit her!

She puts her arms behind her head.

CASS

Doesn't she know that time is money?

She starts the stop watch

NICKI

You're joking, right? I mean you do know that today is... the...

NICKI looks disillusioned as she watches CASS playing with the coins. CASS hits the intercom on her desk again.

CASS

Linda! Bring me a low-calorie water, stat.

CASS waits, throwing a relaxed grin at NICKI, who folds her arms & returns her gaze impassively.

CASS  
 When I say low-calorie water, I mean *low-calorie*. Not those soda waters with their high-calorie minerals.

CASS hits the intercom again.

NICKI  
 Ma'am, I don't think that is a thing, low calorie water.

CASS  
 Everything is a thing. If it wasn't, we'd already have seized the market for it, wouldn't we?

NICKI  
 (Pushes the bottle towards her)  
 Ma'am, I think you can allow yourself "full-calorie water" today.

CASS  
 (Knocks bottle away)  
 Nonsense! Ha-ha-HA... LINDA!

NICKI  
 Ma'am! You still haven't set up the intercom.

NICKI holds up the cable, showing that the intercom and phone are not plugged into the socket. CASS looks at her.

NICKI  
 AND... you don't have a secretary.

CASS laughs dismissively but looks uncomfortable. She takes out a calculator and number crunches.

NICKI  
 Ma'am, when is the last time you watched the news? I know, you've told me before that-

CASS  
 I don't watch the news, because I want my products to be timeless!

CASS pulls out a poster from under the desk. It features herself in an art deco graphic design, with the words "*Timeless Products for Pointless Lives*". She compares herself to the picture.

NICKI

Yes, that. Ma'am, this....this is  
the last day on planet Earth.  
Apocalypse. Doomsday.

CASS

Doomsday-shoomsday. Just another  
official day off for all those work  
shy hippies!

CASS snaps her fingers in a very aggressive, peculiar way.  
NICKI immediately understands what she means, and moves  
behind her to massage her shoulders.

NICKI

Ma'am, today is everyone's last  
day. Didn't you notice we're the  
only ones left in the building? And  
it's only midday!

CASS

I don't need to notice anything, I  
am the goddamn building, and nobody  
leaves me for good.

NICKI

Everyone has gone home to spend the  
day with their loved ones.

NICKI looks out of the window and sighs.

NICKI

(quietly) And yet I came here.

CASS

But... we sell long-lasting  
household appliances.

NICKI

Don't you want to know why the  
world will end?

NICKI makes a move to turn on the TV. CASS stops her.

CASS

What, no, what a downer! I don't  
watch news for a reason, worries  
are bad for my complexion.

CASS gets a hand-mirror from her desk-drawer and checks her  
complexion, stroking a concerned hand over her cheeks and  
jaw.

CASS  
 Worries are for poets and hippies,  
 I only want solutions. Long-lasting  
 household appliances are the worst  
 business model in a time like this!

CASS kicks a product placed by the side of her desk.

NICKI  
 That... is... true.

NICKI looks out of the window again. She opens it and leans out slightly, looking down into the street below. Outside, the sounds of screaming, cheering, smashing and laughing (off-screen). Suddenly, a pizza splatters against the window.

NICKI  
 Ma'am? Maybe we should leave the  
 office. We could be doing anything  
 out there. Today is the day we can  
 do everything we ever dreamt of.

CASS is ignoring her. She is scrambling around her office, assembling a flipchart.

NICKI  
 Ma'am...

CASS  
 Quick, give me a pen!

NICKI  
 Ma'am! Let's steal cars, break into  
 shops, do drugs. Don't you have ANY  
 vices?

CASS  
 Vices?  
 (Pinches Nikki's cheek)

CASS  
 The only Vice in my life is you- my  
 Vice-President. Now... We can't let  
 the end of the world threaten our  
 company! We need more market value,  
 more synergy, a new business model!

NICKI  
 Well, I think what most people  
 would want now is time to spend  
 with loved ones.

NICKI sits down at the table, gets more comfortable. She takes her phone flicking through the pictures. CASS is roaming around, scribbling onto the flipchart.

CASS  
Tell me. What's trending right now?

NICKI  
(distraught)  
#Globalsuicide.

CASS  
Ew. They won't get anywhere in life with that kind of attitude. Except into a full-time job pushing daisies.

There is a knock on the office door. NICKI opens it. PIZZA Gal stands there, smiles nervously, holding a stack of pizza boxes.

CASS  
Hey, you! You, you, customer...  
Woah, are those PIZZAS? Get them the hell outta here, I can already feel the airborne calories wafting over!

NICKI  
Today, I've had a whole pizza for breakfast.

CASS  
(distraught) Pizza? Pizza is OUTSIDE of our food pyramid! Do you mean that you had some kind of pizza-flavoured meal substitute drink?

NICKI  
No! I mean I ATE a New York style pan pizza with a cheesy crust, goat cheese, feta cheese, cheddar cheese, blue cheese, all the cheeses.

At this point CASS is looking ill. She takes out a crappy mini fan and fans herself.

CASS  
I'm...going to assume I misunderstood you. Because if not... just what is your secret?

NICKI

It was worth the stomach cramps,  
nausea and oily sweat.

CASS

I've devoted my life to two things,  
Nicki.

Throws the fan over shoulder.

CASS

Making money and being at peak  
fitness at all times.

CASS

Pizza Gal, you know why?

PIZZA GAL

Erm.. no...

CASS

A CEO has to be like a lion. Always  
ready to pounce and sink their  
teeth into the ass of a gazelle.  
The gazelle is a metaphor for...

PIZZA GAL

Opportunities?

CASS

Bootylicious opportunities.

CASS sits down next to the big stack of pizza boxes,  
throwing stealthy glances towards them.

CASS

Even when I have only one day left  
and I can't possibly get fat within  
those few hours, we-

CASS is completely wrestling with herself... Impulsively,  
she opens the box & discovers it to be empty. Feverishly  
she's ripping open all of them. Napkins fall everywhere.

CASS

What the-? Hey punk, where's my  
pizza?!

CASS shakes the pizza Gal around a bit. She drops her down  
on the desk.

PIZZA GAL  
I'm more in the line of  
pharmaceuticals...

NICKI  
You're a drug dealer.

PIZZA GAL  
But I am also a pizza delivery Gal!  
Look I ironed the uniform and  
everything. Bro, I just wanna...

NICKI  
Fullfill your dream?

Cass starts eating a napkin. A quiet moment.

CASS  
And why are you here and not with  
your family or fulfilling YOUR  
dreams?

NICKI hesitates. CASS gets impatient.

NICKI  
Because... he killed them. My  
husband suffocated them while they  
slept... My two little girls.

PIZZA GAL  
Before the end could take them.

NICKI  
And then he did it to himself...  
leaving only me. Alone. Maybe it  
was on impulse, I don't know.

NICKI sits down, looking distraught. CASS seems absorbed in  
thought. PIZZA Gal hands NICKI a napkin, even though she's  
not crying. Suddenly, CASS has a revelation.

CASS  
Oh you're brilliant. Suicide kits!  
That's what we need to sell. God  
damn it I'd kiss your husband if  
the bastard wasn't already dead.

PIZZA GAL  
Ooh! You can already buy those,  
like EVERYWHERE.

CASS is enraged.

CASS

Alright! Sure! Do you have any alternative products to offer then?

PIZZA Gal grabs into her pockets and takes out a handful of pills.

PIZZA GAL

Well... I only have three kinds left. Just some stimulants, some suicide pills and a memory erasing drug. Real men-in-black shit.

CASS

(gasps softly) Ohh! VP, tell me, why are people afraid of dying?

NICKI

Because they'd lose everything they love?

CASS

Because they *know* about all the things they leave behind. The solution is simple: If you didn't remember all your earthly belongings,

PIZZA GAL

Favorite Foods,

CASS

Your house,

PIZZA GAL

Your scooter,

CASS

Your career,

PIZZA GAL

Your favorite cartoon,

CASS

Your ambition,

PIZZA GAL

Pizza

CASS

Your... you...

NICKI

Loved ones...

CASS

Those too. If we would sell a means to erase all your memories, there would be no fear of losing them, right? We grab the pills, repackage them in family-friendly designs, and then distribute them as the ultimate "Letting Go" drug.

PIZZA GAL

Awesome shit!

NICKI

Y-yeah, sure, that sounds like a... very... solid idea, Ma'am.

CASS

Come on, we'll grab our suitcases and make an old school door-to-door tour tonight. Are you with me?

NICKI hesitates, but then opens up to the idea.

NICKI

(proud, nostalgic) Make a profit out of the apocalypse?

CASS grabs one of the pills from PIZZA Gal, holding it towards the ceiling lamp to admire it.

CASS

(cheerful) Give me one of those stimulants, for celebration's sake! Look at me, indulging in a vice!

CASS swallows the pill.

PIZZA GAL

Oh, but that was a..

NICKI AND PIZZA GAL

Suicide pill!

An awkward silence falls over them. A moment passes. CASS drops dead. They need some time to adjust to that realization. NICKI collects herself.

NICKI

Enjoy your 'full-time job pushing daisies', Ma'am. You've always been

(MORE)

NICKI (cont'd)  
a workaholic. (to PIZZA Gal) Want a  
promotion, baby?

NICKI takes the stopwatch and puts it around her neck. She  
stops the watch and looks at the Pizza Guy.

NICKI  
So baby want a promotion!

PIZZA GAL  
Why yeah! This is so the best day  
ever.

NIKKI  
(She puts her finger to Pizza  
Gal's lips.)  
Remember. Time is money.

She starts the stop watch.

NIKKI  
What ideas have you got? What  
secret stashes do you know?

PIZZA GAL  
Why I got a lot of them, Ma'am.

NICKI  
Good! Because honey, it's the end  
of the world and we're gonna make a  
lot of money.

CASS's hand falls out from behind the desk and lands heavily  
on the floor, opening and spilling money out of her fingers.

Pizza falls from the window.