

The Good Housekeeping Guide
to the Coming Apocalypse, or
“Leave It To Revelations”

by Tim J. Lord’s Disciple

Tim J. Lord’s Disciple is represented
exclusively by:

Tim J. Lord
37-04 21 Ave, 2nd Floor
Astoria, NY 11105
917-628-3176
timjlord@yahoo.com

Characters:

Mom, *the mom*

Dad, *the dad*

Jilly, *the older sister*

Jimmy, *the younger brother*

Visions of the Coming Apocalypse, *all the other speaking roles*

Scene:

The house...

–its kitchen

–its hallway

–its upstairs hallway

–its kitchen

Time:

Tomorrow

Scene 1.

*Lights and laugh-track up on a “Leave It To
Beaver” breakfast.*

*MOM is at the counter making the kids’
lunches; DAD is reading the newspaper and
drinking his coffee. Sunlight falls gently
through the window above the kitchen sink,
playing gently on the nose of dog ROVER,
asleep at Dad’s feet.*

*It looks like today might actually turn out to
be really nice.*

Maybe.

Mom:

Jimmy! Jilly! Kids! Breakfast!

Dad:

Dear, it says here in the paper that business is good and the country is at peace and that Mr. President likes goldfish and warm fuzzy kittens.

Mom:

How lovely, dear.

Kids!

Oh there you are.

JIMMY & JILLY entering.

Jimmy:

Hi, Mom.

Jilly:

Hi, Mom.

Dad:

Good morning, my children.

Jilly:

Mornin’, Dad.

Jimmy:

Hiya, Dad.

Dad:

Ready for another day of educational bliss?

Jilly:
Daaaad...

Mom:
Now, Jilly, you know your father’s enthusiastic about education. You could learn something from him.

Dad:
Now, Dear. it’s okay. Jilly here is just asserting a little independence. That’s normal for a girl her age. Isn’t it, Jilly?

Jilly:
Daaaad...

Dad:
See, Dear.

Mom:
Oh, Dear. You must know everything.

Mom:
Now, Kids, be sure to eat up. Breakfast is the most important meal of the day.

Jimmy:
Sure, Mom.
Hey, Dad, can we play catch after school today?

Dad:
Yes, Son. I’d like that.

*DAD is reading again, bacon sizzles,
JIMMY & JILLY eat, and ROVER twitches
his nose, slightly tickled by the sunlight
playing gently on it.*

Everyone’s quite content.

*There is a loud thud followed by a tortured
cry from the attic.*

*JIMMY & JILLY freeze, look towards the
source of the sounds and back to their
parents.*

But everything’s...normal.

Jilly:
Hey, Mom? Dad?

Mom & Dad:
Yes, Jilly?

Jilly:
What was that?

Mom & Dad:
What was what?

Another thud. another tortured cry.

Jilly:
That.

Mom:
I didn't hear anything... exactly. Did you, Dear?

Dad:
Why... No! You, Son?

*The crying thing sounds like it's stomping
around now, dragging something horrible
behind it.*

Jimmy:
Um...yeah.

Dad:
Hm! Well, maybe I should check it out.

Mom:
Okay.

*DAD gets up and exits the kitchen. MOM
goes back to the sink, starting on the dishes.
JIMMY & JILLY stare after their father.*

DAD returns to the kitchen.

Dad:
Dear... Could you...

Mom:
Of course, Dear.

She hands him her rolling pin.

Dad:
And the...

Mom:
Of course, Dear.

She hands him a large carving knife.

Dad:
Thanks, Dear.

Mom:
You're welcome, Dear.

Dad:
Love you, Dear.

Mom:
Love you, Dear.

(beat)

(beat)

DAD exits.

*Silence except for the water cleaning the
messy off the plates.*

*Through the intervening floors of the house
and the brand new Sears-crafted HVAC
ducts we hear another thud, another
tortured cry—A battle cry from DAD
followed by a strange and ancient tongue
not heard on this earth since Cla-vèd the
Destroyer overthrew the Archangel
Mizikael.*

*Silence except for the water cleaning the
messy off the plates.*

DAD reenters the kitchen.

*He is very bloody but still sporting all his
limbs and digits.*

*He drops his “weapons” in the sink, kisses
MOM on the cheek as he says...*

Dad:

Well... I’m off to work.

Mom:

Have a great day, Dear.

Dad:

Kids...Make me proud today.

*He exits, Jimmy & JILLY staring after him.
A take between the two.*

Blackout.

Scene 2.

*The hallway outside the kitchen, behind the
front door. A place of many passings. Of
many comings...and goings.*

JIMMY runs in.

Jimmy:

I’m goin’ out to play, Mom!

Mom (from the kitchen):

Okay, Honey! Don’t forget your coat. It’s cold out.

*JIMMY goes to the closet and opens it.
Inside there is a little man who just might be
Terry Gilliam’s “Prophet” from
Monty Python’s Life of Brian.*

**The little man in the closet who just might be Terry Gilliam’s “Prophet”
from Monty Python’s Life of Brian:**

And lo! I saw the seventh grade unleashed by the seven angels blowing the seven horns
and with their seven hands they opened the seven report cards and there was woe and
misery all over the earth. I saw a new recess meet with heaven and earth and a whooping
such as was never before administered was meted out to the naughty masses who

The little man in the closet who just might be Terry Gilliam’s “Prophet”

from *Monty Python’s Life of Brian (cont’d)*:

received an “Unsatisfactory” in their gym class. A form rose up in necktie and power suit and on his head was marked the sign of the BEAST. I write it here for you now.

With permanent ink marker, THE LITTLE MAN IN THE CLOSET WHO JUST MIGHT BE TERRY GILLIAM’S “PROPHET” FROM MONTY PYTHON’S LIFE OF BRIAN draws three dollar signs on Jimmy’s forehead.

The little man in the closet who just might be Terry Gilliam’s “Prophet”

from *Monty Python’s Life of Brian*:

Beware him! Beware the beast who goes among you.

THE LITTLE MAN IN THE CLOSET WHO JUST MIGHT BE TERRY GILLIAM’S “PROPHET” FROM MONTY PYTHON’S LIFE OF BRIAN closes the closet door.

JIMMY doesn’t move.

The closet door opens. THE LITTLE MAN IN THE CLOSET WHO JUST MIGHT BE TERRY GILLIAM’S “PROPHET” FROM MONTY PYTHON’S LIFE OF BRIAN hands JIMMY his coat.

The little man in the closet who just might be Terry Gilliam’s “Prophet”

from *Monty Python’s Life of Brian*:

Don’t forget your coat. It’s cold out.

THE LITTLE MAN IN THE CLOSET WHO JUST MIGHT BE TERRY GILLIAM’S “PROPHET” FROM MONTY PYTHON’S LIFE OF BRIAN closes the closet door.

JIMMY does NOT go out to play.

Blackout.

Scene 3.

JILLY in the upstairs hallway. She eyes the trapdoor to the attic. It looms above her in the ceiling. There is a scratching from the other side.

Mom (from downstairs):

Jilly? How was was school?

Jilly:

Fine.

More scratching from above.

And a tap.

JILLY reaches up to grab the cord and release the trap when the trap falls open on its own. A little man on a little horse falls down in front of JILLY.

Jilly:

Who are you!

The Fifth and Littlest Horseman of the Apocalypse:

I’m the Fifth and Littlest Horseman of the Apocalypse.

Jilly:

Oh?

The Fifth and Littlest Horseman of the Apocalypse:

Yeah. How are you today, Jilly?

Jilly:

You—?

The Fifth and Littlest Horseman of the Apocalypse:

Of course. I may be the littlest and I may be the fifth, but I’m still a Horseman of the Apocalypse.

Jilly:

I didn’t know there were...

The Fifth and Littlest Horseman of the Apocalypse:

Five? No. Most people don’t. But that’s okay. There’s Black, White, Red, “Pale” and me...sort of an off-beige, greyie kind of color. The boys are into Famine, Power,

The Fifth and Littlest Horseman of the Apocalypse (cont'd):

Bloodshed, Plague—that sort of thing. I just sort of bring general discontentment. How do you feel right now?

Jilly:

Kind of disappointed.

The Fifth and Littlest Horseman of the Apocalypse:

See, that’s my doing.

(pause)

Jilly:

You do very nice work.

The Fifth and Littlest Horseman of the Apocalypse:

Thanks!

Jilly:

So is this end of the world? Is that why you’re here? In my house?

The Fifth and Littlest Horseman of the Apocalypse:

Well... No. Not really.

(pause)

Jilly:

Uh huh..... Are my parents at least a part of some cult or something?

The Fifth and Littlest Horseman of the Apocalypse:

Ah! Interesting you should ask that.....

.....but, no. They aren’t.

Jilly:

Then why are you here?

(pause)

The Fifth and Littlest Horseman of the Apocalypse:

I sort of got lost.

Actually...I think the other Horsemen purposely gave me bad directions. They like to play their pranks on me.

Jilly:

Oh sure.

Jilly cont’d):

Well, can you do something kinda scary, or something?

The Fifth and Littlest Horseman of the Apocalypse:

Yeah.

Gimme a sec.

(He clears his throat.)

‘And then the Lamb opened the seventh seal and silence covered the sky...

And all through heaven and earth there was much head scratching

and furrowing of brows

and checking of watches

and many “Harumph!’s”

and “If the world ends today I’ll miss Oprah!’s”.

And I saw that the seven angels who stood before God were well and truly bored.’

How’s that?

Where are you going?

I can do more.

Can you give me a boost back into the attic?

Blackout.

Scene 4.

The next morning. Same as before.

Mom:

Kids! Breakfast!

JIMMY & JILLY enter and sit.

MOM sets down plates for the children; they just look at the plates.

Mom:

Eggs, Dear?

Dad:

Yes, please!

Mom:

With or without the chicken?

Dad:

Hmmm... With the chicken, I think.

Mom:

I'll just get it started for you then.

MOM displays a live chicken and a cleaver. She holds it by the neck and chops its head off. She puts the chicken and its head on a plate and serves it to DAD.

Mom:

Is there a problem, Kids?

DAD holds the chicken above his mouth, drinking the blood pouring out of it.

Jimmy:

Mmm...no.

Jilly:

This bacon isn't cooked, Mom.

Mom:

I seeeee...

She returns to the counter.

Dad:

Aren't we lucky to have your mother cooking for us everyday?

*JILLY rolls her eyes.
DAD pops an egg out of the chicken carcass and sucks on it a bit before biting into it.
JIMMY yawns.
JILLY gets up, deposits her raw bacon on the counter and gets a banana.*

Jimmy:

Can I have some orange juice, Mom?

Mom:

Sure, Honey! Would you like some of this?

She pulls out a jar filled with pig's blood, goat's horns, eye of newt and toe of frog, fillet of a feney snake, etc.

Jimmy:
Nevermind.

He goes to the fridge and gets himself a glass of Tropicana Pure Premium® Orange Juice.

The thud from the attic again followed by the tortured cry, but now we recognize that it is THE FIFTH AND LITTLEST HORSEMAN OF THE APOCALYPSE attempting to free himself from the attic and hurting himself as he falls. We can distinctly hear him crying, “Up my trusty steed! Fly!” <thud> “Oh dang, that really hurts!”

Dad:
I wonder what that was! Maybe I should check it out?
What do you think?
Kids?

Jimmy:
If you wanna...

Mom:
I was at the grocery store the other day—and you know how crowded it is on Wednesdays— Well, there I am waiting to be checked out and this, this angel, with a fiery sword, descends and just starts cutting swaths through people—I mean, right in half!

(silence)

There is a honk from outside.

Jilly:
Well, that’s the bus we gotta go.

*JILLY & JIMMY exit.
MOM & DAD look at each other and away.*

(long silence)

Mom:
More coffee, Dear?

Dad:

Yes. I think so. Thank you.

Slow fade to black.

And they lived...ever after.

The End.