

BOMBASTIC BLUE

by

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Cast of characters:

Julie: 20s-30s, an “it” girl, often mistaken for dumb.

Fred: 40s-50s, white, that guy who shares too many political articles on Facebook.

Dolly: 30s-40s, black, a survivor.

Scene:

An underground bomb shelter.

Time:

The very, very near future.

*(The lights come up on a dimly lit underground bunker. A large door with an electronic keypad stands in the center of the upstage wall. Next to a pile of empty cans and water bottles, FRED sobs into his arms. JULIE sits, using a small compact mirror to apply bright blue lipstick.)*

JULIE

God, this shade is incredible.

*(There is no response from Fred.)*

There's a Marilyn Monroe quote that says, "Give a girl some lipstick and she'll literally conquer the world." It's so true.

*(FRED reaches over and grabs a bottle of vodka. He continues to drink throughout. She checks the bottom of the lipstick tube and laughs maniacally.)*

Oh my god. Fred, this shade of lipstick is "Bombastic Blue." Is that not the funniest thing you have ever heard? In college, I went to a "famous couples" themed party and it had a \$500 prize for best costume. You won't even guess who my date and I went as. I'll give you a hint-- they met by chance and only had a few days together before a massive tragedy. Guess.

*(There is no response from FRED.)*

Another hint: he died and she didn't. *(Beat)* Jack and Rose from "Titanic." Specifically Jack and Rose from the floating door scene. I found this lipstick online to really emphasize Rose's hypothermia. It was \$26, which seemed ridiculous, but my roommate said, "It's not the end of the world if you never wear it again." And here we are! The end of the world and I'm wearing it again! *(She begins laughing again.)* "BOMBastic Blue." In a bomb shelter. I am literally dying.

FRED

You *are* literally dying.

JULIE

We won the \$500, thanks for asking. And everyone dies. At least I'm going to look good when I go.

FRED

You don't look good. That lipstick is ridiculous.

JULIE

Last month I posted a selfie in this lipstick and it got over 4,000 likes. I was literally trending.

FRED

What?

JULIE

You're not that old, Fred. You know what Instagram is.

FRED

What Instagram *was*.

JULIE

You can't argue with my followers.

FRED

Your followers are dead.

JULIE

And the Oscar for leading actor in a drama goes to...

FRED

Their last earthly vision could have been of you looking like that.

JULIE

*(deeply touched)* That is so sweet.

*(FRED scoffs and begins to pace the room like a caged animal.)*

FRED

You're insane. We have to get out of here.

JULIE

I already gave you my suggestion.

FRED

I'm not opening the blast doors. The air could be toxic, they could be rolling around in tanks murdering survivors...

JULIE

...People could be wearing overalls. Ugh. They are so in right now and I don't understand it.

FRED

"In right now?" There is no "in." There is barely a "right now." You are infuriating.

JULIE

Well, give me the code to the door and I'll get out of your thinning hair.

FRED

I won't send you to your death.

JULIE

Okay, you say really nice things like that but then you don't act on them. Just a month ago you said, and I quote, "I wish we could melt into one person so we would never have to be apart."

FRED

Julie, don't. We only have six gallons of water left. We need to...

JULIE

You couldn't keep your hands off of me.

FRED

I'm sorry the end of the world killed my libido.

JULIE

You said you were going to leave her.

FRED

Everyone says they're going to leave their wife! It's cheating 101.

JULIE

I just don't understand how you wanted to be with me and now...

FRED

I wanted to be with you on my terms! I could use the excuse that my wife was coming home to get out of any situation.

JULIE

Is that what you did when I made you watch "Mamma Mia?"

FRED

Of course it is! That is a horrific movie! This bunker is not some sexual retreat. We are going to slowly die from dehydration.

JULIE

Why didn't you stock more water?

FRED

Because who thought that we would ever actually be here?

JULIE

Scientists? Political analysts? People who could read?

FRED

My god. We are the new dinosaurs. They thrived for 150 million years and then *boom!*— gone in the blink of an eye.

JULIE

*(rolling her eyes)* Here we go.

*(She stands up and starts doing cardio exercises.)*

FRED

They got the asteroid, we got the bombs. Now, if our military had been bigger...

JULIE

Ugh.

FRED

...we could have beaten Iran, Russia, China... God, it was in the news every day, right under the twelve articles about Kylie Jenner's yacht collection.

JULIE

*(still exercising)* What we were supposed to do? Put our lives on hold every time the President pissed someone off?

FRED

Anything except posting lipstick Twitters and Instagrammed stories.

JULIE

You sound like a 90-year old.

FRED

What did those selfies get you? Do you feel good about yourself?

JULIE

*(she stops exercising)* What did re-sharing political articles on Facebook get you? I lived my life as a social butterfly and you lived yours as a beige slice of Wonder Bread-- a cheating, mouth-breathing financial analyst. And guess what? We're both here. You and all of your friends ragging on my generation. Who do you think is responsible for our destruction? Certainly not the

millennials! Get over yourself. I enjoyed my life; can you say the same? *(A pregnant pause.)* And my followers are not all dead. The internet works now and then. I check in on Instagram.

FRED

*(horrified)* Did you say the internet works?

JULIE

It's an inconsistent thing. Like your affection!

FRED

OH MY GOD, Julie! We've been down here for almost two weeks and not once did you think to tell me you have a working phone?!

JULIE

Oh, I definitely thought about it. I told you before I thought there were survivors. I got three likes on a selfie I took of my ApocaLIPS.

FRED

Your what?

JULIE

That's what I'm calling this look. #ApocaLIPS.

*(FRED stares at her in fury for a few long moments and then lunges at her. They wrestle on the ground.)*

FRED

GIVE ME YOUR PHONE!

JULIE

I DON'T HAVE SERVICE RIGHT NOW.

FRED

WE HAVE TO CALL FOR HELP.

*(She pins him by sitting on top of him.)*

JULIE

Do you think I'm an idiot?! I've called 911 every time I could get through. I've tried every contact in my phone. Nothing. Let's just go out there and find other survivors!

FRED

We don't know what kind of toxins might be in the atmosphere!

JULIE

Your toxic masculinity will kill us both!

*(Suddenly there is a bang on the door. JULIE dismounts FRED.)*

DOLLY

*(offstage voice)* Please! Is there anyone in there? Hello?! Please!!

JULIE

Open it!

FRED

Are you crazy?! It could be one of them, fully armed and ready to gun us down.

JULIE

At least there is the potential for something good to be on the other side of that door! We're dying in here.

*(The banging continues as FRED stares at the door.)*

FRED

Damn it.

*(He runs to the door, enters the code on the keypad, and pulls it open. DOLLY falls onto the floor, landing on all fours. Her head is down and she is out of breath. FRED quickly shuts and locks the door.)*

DOLLY

Oh, thank god. Thank god.

FRED

Cough twice if you have been contaminated by toxins.

*(DOLLY lifts her head. She is wearing blue lipstick, the exact shade of JULIE's.)*

JULIE

Oh my god! You look incredible!