

# King of the Mutants

---

A Sci-Fi “B”-Play

by

**Alan David Perkins**

Copyright © 1992,  
by Alan D. Perkins  
Revision 6/13/94

## KING OF THE MUTANTS - CAST

### **THE HUMANS**

JOHN DRISSEL - Male, 30-ish. The last unmutated on earth.

KAREN - Female, 30-ish. The last unmutated woman. She later turns into a Mutant.

### **THE MUTANTS**

The Mutants are relatively normal, though I have allowed the full interpretation of how they are to be portrayed up to the individual director and costume designer. They should be slightly physically deformed, but only enough to signify to them that they are different. Female mutants are obviously smarter than male mutants, speaking more clearly and with more refined mannerisms.

BOB - The unofficial and original leader of the Mutants.

MORRIS - Large and extremely simple-minded Mutant sentry.

KIBBLER - The bitter former leader of the Mutants.

OLIS - Modern female Mutant.

FETTERLY - Female Mutant with some insecurities.

This play is basically setless. It was conceptualized to be done in a thrust or arena setting, but it can be adapted to any stage. There is no real set, with the exception of an occasional chair, bench or large rock. John's staff should be prominent, consisting of a large walking stick approximately 5½ feet high with a fake apple tied to the top that can be wired to light up.

**King of the Mutants** is not so much a take-off of old science fiction B-films but a homage and, like the old B-films, should take itself deadly seriously to the point of being melodramatic. Dramatic incidental music can be used between scenes.

Science Fiction really belongs on the stage, don't you think?

KING OF THE MUTANTS - I, prologue, 1

ACT 1, Prologue

(JOHN sleeps in a "throne" like chair, holding a book. He appears old with a long, grey beard and wears long robes. BOB enters.)

BOB

Your highness . . .

(JOHN stirs.)

BOB (cont'd)

Your highness. It is Bob.

JOHN

Hello, Bob. What is it?

BOB

Morris has died.

JOHN

I see. Any news of Kibbler?

BOB

Kibbler is not well. Long years in prison have taken their toll. He will die soon.

JOHN

Very well. Thank you, Bob.

(BOB turns to exit. He stops and turns back to JOHN.)

BOB

Your highness . . .

JOHN

Yes, Bob, what is it?

BOB

It is just that . . . well . . .

JOHN

Bob, you are my right hand and best friend. Do not fear me. What is on your mind?

KING OF THE MUTANTS - I, prologue, 2

BOB

It is that Morris has died. Does it not affect you? He was once your friend. He was once my friend. I feel much pain at his passing. We would talk often while he was in prison.

JOHN

Morris was a traitor. Kibbler was a dissenter. I had to make an example of them.

BOB

I miss Morris. You miss Karen, yes?

JOHN

Yes. No. I miss the idea of Karen. It is because of her that we are here. At times I actually wonder if she existed.

BOB

It is because of her that Morris and Kibbler were imprisoned. Karen was never yours. Morris and Kibbler were once dear friends. Now I am alone as you are.

JOHN

I did what I had to. Please leave me.

BOB

But, your highness . . .

JOHN

I feel the grief too, Bob. I feel the emptiness as well. Being king is not easy.

BOB

I understand. Will you be alright?

JOHN

I will be fine.

BOB

I will go.

JOHN

Bob?

BOB

Yes?

JOHN

It's been a long time, hasn't it?

KING OF THE MUTANTS - I, prologue, 3

BOB

Many years.

JOHN

Have I been a good king?

BOB

You ask me the same question every day.

JOHN

And?

BOB

You have given us many, many children. They are now making their own children. You have saved the planet.

JOHN

You haven't answered my question. Have I been a good king?

BOB

Well, some days "yes," some days "no." Some days you are bad, some days you are good. Mostly you are good.

JOHN

On the whole?

BOB

On the whole we would have died if you had not found us and taught us many things. But you are lonely.

JOHN

I'm always lonely, Bob. I never asked to be a survivor.

BOB

Nor did I.

JOHN

It was so long ago. I tried to make her understand, Bob. I really tried. She wouldn't listen. She was the last.

BOB

Not again.

JOHN

It was just after the war . . .

BOB

I must do something. Goodbye.

KING OF THE MUTANTS - I, prologue, 4

JOHN

The radiation had dissipated and we were free to go outdoors . . .

BOB

What have I done to have to listen to this again?

Fadeout.

SCENE 1

(KAREN lies on a bench, wearing sunglasses and listening to a Walkman. JOHN walks by. He looks much younger and is without his beard.)

JOHN

Uh . . . excuse me.

KAREN

(Startled) You again. I gotta go. 'Bye.

JOHN

Wait . . . wait a minute! I was wondering . . . well, I was kind of . . .

KAREN

Is this gonna take long? I got somewhere I gotta be.

JOHN

Huh? If there's someplace to go I want to hear about it. It's not like there are other people around.

KAREN

THERE ARE OTHER PEOPLE?!

JOHN

No! That's just it! There aren't any other people! Just you and me.

KAREN

So what do you want?

JOHN

Well, I was wondering, well, if you'd be interested in helping me re-populate the earth?

KAREN

Pardon me?

JOHN

Uh . . . dinner! Yes, dinner! Would you be interested in having dinner with me? Maybe?

KAREN

Look, it's been nice talking to you again, but I really gotta go.

JOHN

(Deflated) Oh, I understand.

KAREN

(A beat) What did you mean about re-populating the earth? Is that some kinda line?

JOHN

Do you remember back about, oh, 1989, when you moved into the building?

KAREN

That was a long time ago. I guess I remember . . . I guess.

JOHN

I asked you out to dinner, remember? And you said that you wouldn't go out with me even if I was the last man on earth. Remember now?

KAREN

Eighty-nine was a bad year. Recession, or something.

JOHN

Well, I have some bad news for you. I AM the last man on earth. It's me or nobody.

KAREN

It's a tough choice. Can I get back to you on it?

JOHN

What's to get back to?! Look, what's wrong with me? What have you got against me?

KAREN

Look, I'm sure you're a nice guy and all, but I don't like rushing things. I'm still getting over my old boyfriend and all -- even though he was a bastard, it still takes time.

JOHN

Well, don't take too much time. Choices are definitely limited and the human race is waiting for you to begin proliferating.

KAREN

I really have to go . . .

JOHN

Okay, you go about your business and in about twenty years or so when you wonder why the phone doesn't ring and that the mail doesn't come, and you haven't spoken

JOHN (cont'd)

in so long that you begin to wonder if you even have vocal chords; try to remember me.

KAREN

Okay, it's a deal. 'Bye now.

JOHN

Look Karen, there are some facts you're going to have to face. The war is over. Cities are destroyed. Billions are dead. Haven't you noticed the smell?

KAREN

Then how come our city's still here, and how come we're not dead? Huh, mister smarty?

JOHN

I can't figure out why out of all the people on earth WE survived. We were far enough away from a drop site to be spared from the blast but should have been cooked alive by the radiation.

KAREN

Then how come we're not cooked? If this radio-ation thing is so bad, why aren't we cooked?

JOHN

I wish I knew. I suppose we have some genetic abnormality that has allowed us to survive.

KAREN

Oh, now I'm abnormal. You're a real charmer.

JOHN

No, it's nothing like that. It's just that there must be something in our system that is allowing us to live with all the radiation in the air. I guess it makes us special. Natural selection was on our side.

KAREN

Well, it's been nice, Jeff . . .

JOHN

(Interrupting) I think it's time for you to accept the truth, as unnerving as it may seem. It's our responsibility to re-populate the world.

KAREN

I hate responsibility.

JOHN

I'm not surprised. But it's up to us. We have to do it. We may be the last of our species. Besides, all contraceptives have passed their shelf-life.

KAREN

Can't someone else do it? I really don't want to.

JOHN

Believe me, if I could find someone else I would, but you're the only one. You're mankind's only hope.

KAREN

Sorry, I gotta take a pass-a-deena on the offer, Jeff .  
. . .

JOHN

. . . John . . .

KAREN

. . . John. And your story was nice and all, but I just don't buy it.

JOHN

I wanted to save this for later, but look what I found.

(JOHN produces an apple.)

KAREN

An apple! (cooly) Where'd you get that?!

JOHN

I found it in a shelter during my trip. I guess this little guy is a survivor like us.

KAREN

Great! Let's eat!

JOHN

What, are you crazy?! This little baby's soaked up enough radiation to light up Broadway! Listen! It's humming! When it gets dark I can use this thing as a night-light.

KAREN

Got a knife?

JOHN

This will kill you! Eat it and you will die. Don't you understand? This apple is pure poison!



JOHN

I think you're missing the point. There are no other people. You are the only woman left on earth and I am the only man. We have no choice. It's our civic duty to re-populate the earth.

KAREN

Oh, please! Don't YOU start lecturing me about my biological clock.

JOHN

You don't understand. I'm leaving. Going away. I don't know when I'm coming back - IF I'm coming back. I was hoping you'd agree to work with me on this, but I see that you'll never understand. I have to find a survivor to re-populate the earth with, or at least have an intelligent conversation with.

KAREN

So, have a nice trip.

JOHN

You still don't get it . . .

KAREN

Look, I don't know what planet you beamed down from, but you're definitely a major turn-off. So take your depressing, nerdy self away and leave me alone. You have a lot of problems, Jeff, and I don't want to be a part of them. Now if you'll excuse me I have an appointment. And as far as dinner goes, I wouldn't have dinner with you if you were the last man on earth!

(KAREN storms off. JOHN pulls out the apple. Long pause as the lights go down the apple starts to glow.)

JOHN

Surprise.

Fadeout.

SCENE 2

(JOHN is seated. Beside him is a knapsack and he is leaning against a long walking stick with the glowing apple tied to the top. He pulls out a notebook and a pen and either talks to himself or with a voice-over.)

JOHN

Let's see. Travel Journal of John Drissel, Day number. . . . hmmm . . . . three, four, five. . . . day number one thousand, two hundred and fifty six of my new calendar since the new beginning. I think it's Thursday.

I have failed to write for a while -- since leaving what I think was California. The destruction left behind is amazing and, in some ways beautiful. Most of California has washed into the ocean. Any survivors would have to be REALLY good surfers.

I find myself talking out loud a lot. I must have recited every DOS batch file and sung every show tune I've ever known. When pressured into remembering so much you find out how little you actually know.

Food is still no problem as long as I stick to the cities. Thanks to electric gas pumps the last car I took only got me through Colorado before running out of it's last tank-full ever. It looks like I'm on foot till the next town.

Colorado was kind of depressing. What was once a haven for skiers is now just warm rock. And the Grand Canyon now houses a bubbling, steaming river. I stuck my foot in it and it almost ate my shoe.

I keep thinking of Karen. I feel kind of bad for her, being all alone and all. But, in her case, ignorance is truly bliss. I almost admire her capacity for denial. I guess that's her coping mechanism. I just can't get her out of my head! The look of her face, the curve of her neck, the sound of her voice, the smell of her perfume, the layers of her make up, the void of her mind . . . (shakes it off) Come on, John. Snap out of it. (scratches out what he just wrote)

JOHN (cont'd)

My apple has become my best friend, and you know, I actually think it possesses some sort of intelligence. It glows when I need it to, it hums when I hum, it listens to my rambling, it . . . who am I fooling. It's just an apple. An apple that won't die. Like me. Everybody I've ever known, everybody I'll never know, either dust or ground beef. Me? My hair isn't even falling out! It's almost as if my body likes all the radiation! I don't question these things any more. I don't question anything. For all I know I could be harboring a horrible tumor and not know it yet.

I think about work a lot. And why not? It's all I really know. It's responsible for my holing myself up in front of a stupid video display for most of my life instead of going out and living it. Well, that machine that has been such an integral part of mankind is now totally useless and I'm back to pen and paper. I feel like my life has been wasted on a useless pursuit. It forced me to be alone then and I'm alone as a result now. How was I to know? After all, it happened so suddenly.

I don't know if future generations will read this journal, or even if there will be future generations. Unless I find someone it's all in Karen's hands, meaning that the human race will probably die out with us. God, do I love her? No, I don't love her, I just think it's . . . well, I can learn to love her if she'll be willing to love me, which won't happen.

I figure by now I should be around where Pennsylvania used to be. Maybe I'll rename the states.

So, it's back to the trail after a lunch of (reads from label) "pineapple rings in a fructose syrup" and relaxing night under the stars. Tomorrow may hold the answers I'm looking for. Then again, it may just take me another day closer to . . . to her. I hope she'll be happy to see me.

Dear God, I pray that you will look down upon me, your last servant, and deliver . . . anybody. Just anybody.

Fadeout.

SCENE 3

(JOHN is wandering as he approaches MORRIS, who is standing motionless.)

JOHN

(Hysterical) Oh my God! Oh, thank God! I don't believe it! Hello! Hello! For Chrissake, speak to me! Hello . . .

MORRIS

HALT!

JOHN

Halt? Is that all you have to say? Halt?

MORRIS

No! Uh, what I mean to say is: HALT! WHO . . . uh . . . who . . .

JOHN

. . . goes there?

MORRIS

Yes, that is it. HALT! WHO GOES THERE?! Very good!

JOHN

I am a weary traveler who has been searching the land for five years in search of life! And I've found one! I've actually found a survivor! Oh, my name's John. What's yours?

MORRIS

Leave now, stranger, or die.

JOHN

Excuse me?

MORRIS

You must leave now! I do not want to have to give death to you! No.

JOHN

Let's drop this death bit. It's not making me very comfortable. I've come a long way and you're not being very hospitable.

MORRIS

I am much sorry. Please leave now.

JOHN

Forgive me for asking, but have you had any other visitors? I mean, you appear to be standing guard for something. Is there . . . is there something I shouldn't know about? Something worth standing guard over?

MORRIS

I am ordered to stand guard and keep away strangers.

JOHN

I take it you haven't been very busy.

MORRIS

You are first. I guard for long, long time and you are first so I forget what to say.

JOHN

So why all gung-ho to kill me when I'm the only person who's ever come this way? And who gave you these orders?

MORRIS

(Frustrated) Uh . . . I . . . Mmm . . . You ask too many questions, stranger. You must leave before I am forced to break your legs. Yes.

JOHN

No! I'm not leaving until I get some answers.

MORRIS

I am bad at answers. You ask another else for answers.

JOHN

Well, just point out someone else and I'll ask away.

MORRIS

Oooooh, you make me unhappy. BO-O-O-O-O-O-O-B! BOB, COME HERE! THERE IS PROBLEM!

(BOB enters and tries to comfort the upset MORRIS.)

BOB

What is it, Morris, that you call for me so loudly?

MORRIS

Here is stranger, Bob. He asks many questions. He makes me sad.

BOB

Oh, I see. Leave, stranger, or I shall be forced to give you death.

JOHN

Look, Bob is it? Look, Bob, I've been traveling for five years in search of life on this planet. This idiot here is the first living soul I've seen since I left and he's no help. How about you? Can you answer some questions for me?

BOB

Maybe, stranger. What is it you wish that to know?

JOHN

Oh, thank God! A reasonable person! Thank you! Thank you!

BOB

(Looks around) Who is this God person you are thanking?

JOHN

God? God is a deity I believe in. I'm thanking him for letting me find you.

BOB

I do not see him.

JOHN

You don't "see" a deity. You just know they exist.

BOB

I do not know of what you speak. I am Bob. I lead my people.

JOHN

People?! There are more of you?

BOB

Yes, there are more than I can count on both hands and feet, and the hands and feet of Morris.

JOHN

No round figures? Rough estimates?

BOB

I did know before. Now it is hard to remember.

JOHN

My name is John Drissel. I'm a computer programmer from the east.

BOB

Pleased to meet you, Johndrissel. I am Bob. I am from here.

MORRIS

Bob?

BOB

Yes, Morris. What you want?

MORRIS

I was told we give death to strangers.

BOB

Oh, you remind me now. Thank you, Morris. You are good friend. So, Johndrissel, tell me why I should give you death.

JOHN

Why you should . . . Well, Bob, I really can't give you any good reason why you should give me death.

BOB

No reason? Then it is settled. I shall have to give death to you now. Nice to be talking with you.

JOHN

Whoa! You asked if I could come up with a reason why you should "give death" to me. Since I couldn't come up with one, you have no reason to kill me, therefore you shouldn't kill me.

BOB

(Holding his head) Ooooooh, you twist what I say. You make my head hurt.

JOHN

Look, Bob, I'm just going on what you said.

BOB

Tell me. What I say?

JOHN

You asked me to come up with a reason why you should give death to me.

BOB

No! I ask for reason why I should NOT give death to you.

JOHN

No you didn't.

BOB

Yes! Did did did did did!

MORRIS

No, didn't.

BOB

Morris, do you speak truth?

JOHN

Morris speak truth . . . I mean, Morris speaks the truth. Listen to him. Thanks, Morris, I owe you.

BOB

Then I not death you. You are very wise. We need wise people.

JOHN

Thanks, Bob. I'm just glad I found you. So, where are all the other . . . uh . . . mutants?

BOB

Mutants? What is mutants?

JOHN

You. You and Morris are mutants . . . I guess. I assume that your other people are also mutants.

BOB

You tell me what is mutants!

JOHN

In layman's terms, a mutant is someone who has transformed to adapt. In your case the radiation must have done it.

BOB

Mutant. I like that. Thank this layman for me. You hear that, Morris, we are Mutants!

MORRIS

Mutants! I like that too! (noble tone of voice) I am a Mutant! (laughs loudly) Mutant mutant mutant!

BOB

Johndrissel, are you a mutant too?

JOHN

I guess I am, but not in the same way you are. I wasn't changed by the radiation, but it doesn't seem to effect me.

BOB

We are affected many, many way by green light.

JOHN

I can tell. Does everybody talk funny like you?

BOB

What you say, I talk funny? I no talk funny. Maybe Johndrissel's mother talk funny.

JOHN

Great. A race of Tontos. So, tell me about all you Mutants. Where are you from? How did you survive? Why . . . do you live in all those huts and crates down there when there are perfectly good houses everywhere?

BOB

Houses? Where are houses?

JOHN

Look! There are houses everywhere!

BOB

Oh! Those are houses!

MORRIS

Son of gun.

BOB

Morris, why you tell us live in street when houses everywhere?

MORRIS

I not tell you that. You tell you that.

BOB

Morris, helping you are not.

JOHN

It appears that the radiation has affected more than just your appearance.

BOB

Green light do much bad to us. When we leave island, we find it hard to think.

JOHN

Island? What island?

BOB

Island over there. We all from "The Isle of Three."

JOHN

The Isle of Three? Bob, what are you talking about?

BOB

Come, Johndrissel. I show you. Look across water. (points) Small island with big, white hills. That Isle of Three! We Mutants from there! That was home, but we had to leave because everything fall into green water.

JOHN

Isle of Three? My God, those are reactor cooling towers! You're from Three Mile Island! That explains everything! You used to work in a Nuclear Power Plant!

BOB

Yes! Yes! New Clear Powdered Plants! That is true! You are so wise, Johndrissel. You must stay and live with us!

JOHN

Considering my choices, Bob, that's not a bad idea. So, tell me more, like, how does it feel . . . being a mutant and all. Does your skin hurt?

BOB

No, but we are mean. We fighters. We kill and maim.

JOHN

Kill and maim, huh? Do any killing and maiming lately?

BOB

Is not laughing matter. We are barbarians.

JOHN

Oh? Tell me about your latest act of barbarism.

BOB

Well . . . uh . . . yesterday, there was fight in town.

JOHN

A fight, eh? How many died?

BOB

Was not that kind of fight.

JOHN

What kind of fight was it, a pillow fight?

BOB

No, but they yell loudly.

MORRIS

Woke many from sleep.

JOHN

Oooh. I'm really scared.

BOB

Okay, so we really not hurtful. But we are really ticked off all the time, though.

JOHN

Well, that's understandable . . . I mean, looking the way you do.

BOB

No, that not reason, though we not look like old pictures any more. No, we have other reason for being in all-the-time bad mood.

JOHN

Care to share it with me?

MORRIS

This was how fight start.

BOB

Our women are unhappy.

JOHN

I'm sorry to hear that, but that's just a fact of life. The women I knew were always that way.

BOB

No, this is real problem. All women unhappy and all men unhappy.

JOHN

Is there any way you can deliver a few more details? You're making no sense.

BOB

When green light come from sky, all men stop doing it right.

JOHN

You'll have to do better than that.

BOB

I know, I know. Is touchy subject. What once did two things now does one.

MORRIS

Our plumbing does not work right.

BOB

What once got stood now sits.

MORRIS

Women have no like of us.

JOHN

Can't get it up?

BOB

Tell everyone, why don't you!

JOHN

Can I assume that all of the men are . . . well . . .  
having the same problem?

BOB

Yes, yes, but we not like being reminded. Very touchy  
subject.

JOHN

So, what about the women? Are they infertile?

BOB

In-what-ile?

JOHN

Infertile. Unable to have children.

BOB

No one know for sure. It very frustrating. But they  
want to know all the time.

MORRIS

Do yours work?

BOB

Thank you, Morris. That real polite. Why not just ask  
Johndrissel to drop pants in public.

JOHN

It's okay, Bob. For your information, my plumbing is  
quite intact -- last time I checked.

MORRIS

It not just lie down when asked to stand?

JOHN

No, it stands all the time, if you must know. Well, every morning at least.

MORRIS

Even now?

JOHN

Get away!

BOB

Johndrissel! You must stay and lead our people!

JOHN

What, are you serious?

BOB

Yes, I am serious! You are wise and intact! You are what we need to reach victory!

JOHN

Victory? What kind of Victory?

BOB

I not know. It sound good, though, you think?

JOHN

King of the Mutants, eh? How do you think they'll take it? I mean, I'm a stranger. I don't know your ways and customs. Besides, I've never been the leader of anything.

BOB

If you can make women happy, you okay in everyone's book.

JOHN

Roughly how many women are we talking about?

BOB

Ask them. They will know. Morris, find Olis and Fetterly.

MORRIS

I go, Bob.

(MORRIS exits, SR. BOB points SL. MORRIS turns and exits SL.)

BOB

You have much wisdom you can share with us. You can put us in houses. You can keep us safe.

JOHN

Tell me, Bob, are all of the Mutants as smart as you?

BOB

Oh, no. I am the wisest of the Mutants. I was leader, but I want you to lead us. You will be our King!

(MORRIS returns with OLIS and FETTERLY.)

MORRIS

I find Olis and Fetterly, Bob.

BOB

Good! That was much quick!

MORRIS

They not were far.

BOB

I have news for all! Johndrissel is to be our king!

OLIS

King?

FETTERLY

Can he give us children?

BOB

Yes! Yes, he can make children!

JOHN

Yeah, but can you do your part?

FETTERLY

Allow me to try.

OLIS

Your highness, I am known as Olis. Will you make children with me now?

BOB

King Johndrissel will make children with all our Mutant women, will you not, Johndrissel?

OLIS

Mutant? What is a Mutant?

MORRIS

I try to tell you, we are all Mutants. That is what King Johndrissel says, so we are Mutants.

FETTERLY

I am happy to be a Mutant for you, my King. Let us make children now.

OLIS

We must tell all of our new King! All will be so happy! How fortunate that we found you, Johndrissel.

JOHN

Well, actually, I found you. You're the only survivors, you know. Well, there is another.

BOB

Can he make children with women too?

JOHN

No, he's a she. We have to find her.

BOB

There will be time for that later. First, you must make children for us!

JOHN

Look, Bob, I'm a little tired and hungry. I've been traveling for about five years. Can't this wait a few hours?

FETTERLY

May I go with you?

BOB

Fetterly, give it rest!

JOHN

Hey, it's okay with me.

OLIS

When it will be my turn?!

BOB

All women will turn soon. King Johndrissel wishes to rest now.

JOHN

You'll be next, I promise. Just let me get a little shut-eye. I'm exhausted.

FETTERLY

You will be more exhausted when I am through being finished.

JOHN

Am I dreaming or have I died and gone to heaven? I'm more popular than my cheese dip at the company's last Christmas party!

BOB

We must prepare feast for our new King! Bring the largest cans! Morris, gather all for a meeting tomorrow when the sun come up. We must tell all of Johndrissel. My king, is there anything you wish of us?

JOHN

Uh . . . no, but thank you, Bob. You've been a real pal.

FETTERLY

Come with me now to my hut. I will help you to rest.

JOHN

It sounds nice, but why don't we just go into one of those houses over there? There seems to be plenty of them.

FETTERLY

Those are houses? King Johndrissel, you are truly the wisest of the wise!

JOHN

I've definitely died and gone to heaven!

Blackout

SCENE 4

(KIBBLER moving objects  
around. MORRIS and OLIS  
arrive.)

KIBBLER

It took you long! I have been being ready for battle  
for a long, long time. I must know what is happening!

OLIS

You can see for yourself.

KIBBLER

You know I am not to be seen by Bob. If he sees me I  
will have to give death him. Besides, I must get ready  
for battle.

OLIS

The only battle is inside your small brain.

KIBBLER

I will rip out your throat.

MORRIS

We are sorry, Kibbler. A stranger did come here.

KIBBLER

A stranger?! We have never had stranger! Why did you  
not give him death?

MORRIS

Bob said not to.

KIBBLER

Bob is weak. So, what did Bob do if he did not give  
him death?

MORRIS

Bob did make him King of Mutants.

KIBBLER

Ah, King of Mutants. (a beat) Mutants? Who is  
Mutants?

MORRIS

Johndrissel say we are Mutants. He say green light  
changed us to be Mutants.

KIBBLER

Mutants. Hmm. I like that. I let it go. Okay, if Johndrissel says we Mutants, then we Mutants. Wait a minute! Who is Johndrissel?

OLIS

He is now our king!

KIBBLER

King? What is a king?

OLIS

Do you know nothing? King is like Bob, only more. King is like you were before, only more! Johndrissel is to be our new king!

KIBBLER

Ah, I remember nuking. It happen before island fall into green water. Big flash from sky . . .

OLIS

(Interrupting) No, dumb one. King. Johndrissel is to be our new king.

KIBBLER

New king? I not know we had old king.

OLIS

We have king now, and I think Johndrissel be a good king.

KIBBLER

And I say he be a BAD king.

MORRIS

How you know Johndrissel be a bad king?

KIBBLER

Because I am not king. If I am not king, all others bad kings.

OLIS

I think you are wrong. Johndrissel is very wise and very handsome.

KIBBLER

Olis, I forbid you to say such things about Johndrissel . . . Morris, what is handsome?

MORRIS

I hope you did know.

OLIS

But Johndrissel can give me children.

KIBBLER

From where?

OLIS

From inside him.

KIBBLER

No!

OLIS & MORRIS

Yes!

KIBBLER

Then it is settled. I must death King Johndrissel.

OLIS

You will do no such thing! If you death Johndrissel I will leave you forever, maybe longer.

KIBBLER

What is so great about Johndrissel? He already makes me sick, and I have not even met him!

MORRIS

Johndrissel is wise. He told us of houses and the Isle of Three.

KIBBLER

He knows of the Isle of Three!

MORRIS

Yes, and he knows of the Powdered Plants there. He knows very much.

KIBBLER

Ah, the Isle of Three. Our home. Home of the three great white hills that hum and glow when it is dark. How sad it was when all the grass and trees died and the hills started to burn. It was then we all had to jump into the bright green water and swim to here. It makes me so sad to remember.

(Long pause.)

OLIS

He makes children with me next!

KIBBLER

Enough! I have heard enough. I am not happy that we had a visitor and I am not happy that he is now our King. My friends, we must crush this king before he ruins life for all Mutants!

MORRIS

I do not think Johndrissel will ruin our lives. He showed us many things. He is very wise.

KIBBLER

"He is very wise, he is very wise." Oh, I am sick of hearing about how Johndrissel is so wise. If he is so wise, why did he come here?

MORRIS

Johndrissel say that there is no others. He say we are only survivors. Olis, what is "survivors?"

KIBBLER

First we Mutants, now we survivors! How can Johndrissel be a good king when he is always changing his mind?

OLIS

Don't know. We must ask Johndrissel. He is wise.

KIBBLER

I am wise. I must be King of the Mutants!

OLIS

I think your rocker is off. Johndrissel is better than any of us. He can give children and you cannot. You are not seeing clear.

KIBBLER

Morris, what is rocker?

MORRIS

Kibbler, you are my friend and I will help you to become leader, but Johndrissel is good and will be a good king. You should let him talk wisdom to you.

KIBBLER

I will talk death to him.

OLIS

Death, death, death. All you say is death. Why must you want people to die?

KIBBLER

I not know. All I can remember is on the Isle of Three. I told people what to do. I was almost like King! Then the ground open and we swim in water. Now it too hard to think.

MORRIS

Kibbler, we all sad we had to jump into green water, but Johndrissel say we are only people alive. Green water must have made us live. If we not jumped into water, we not be here now.

KIBBLER

No! It was Bob who said to jump and swim. I said to stay. If we were to stay, it not be hard to think! I still be like King!

OLIS

You be dust like all others. Bob made right decision for us and we all alive to thank him. Bob made good leader and Johndrissel make better King. Bob did right thing and you are mad.

KIBBLER

Olis, I don't know you sometimes. Who do you belong to, me or Bob or Johndrissel?

OLIS

I know that Johndrissel will be good king. He will make our lives happy and good. And I BELONG to me.

MORRIS

I am worried, Kibbler. I do not want to see Johndrissel hurt. I do not want to see Bob hurt. I do not want to see you hurt. I do not want to hurt.

KIBBLER

In order to break eggs you must make and omelet.

MORRIS

But I am happy with King Johndrissel.

OLIS

As am I.

KIBBLER

I am not happy. I feel that I have been turned on. I trust you two as my friends. How could you disagree on such an important thing such as my being King?

OLIS

I think your head is broken.

MORRIS

I think your head is broken, too.

KIBBLER

So, that is it? My head is broken? (starts feeling his head) I will see who's head is broken. When Johndrissel is not looking I will lead the Mutants against him and we will death him and I will be King!

OLIS

You will wind up dead yourself. Johndrissel is very powerful. He may have magic.

MORRIS

He carried a staff with a ball of light on the top. Maybe that was his magic staff from which he gets his wisdom?

OLIS

Maybe it allows him to make children!

KIBBLER

If this magic staff is so powerful then I must have it to be King. Morris, I want you to follow Johndrissel and tell me of his staff. Olis, I want you to stay away from him.

OLIS

Only when what was once stood will stand again.

KIBBLER

Olis, you know how remembering that makes me mad! Now I must fight someone.

OLIS

Then that is why I said it.

KIBBLER

Morris, you have your orders. I expect to know everything quickly.

MORRIS

Tomorrow Bob is to tell all that Johndrissel is our King. You will see.

KIBBLER

Yes, I will see. I hope that King Johndrissel is ready. I must have the magic staff, even if Johndrissel has to die for me to have it! Then I shall be King! (cackles maniacally)

Fadeout.

SCENE 5

(JOHN and BOB are walking.)

BOB

. . . so what you are saying to me is that I don't have to use rocks or my teeth anymore to open cans.

JOHN

That's right. There are plenty of these can openers around for everybody to have at least one.

BOB

Johndrissel, you are truly a genius! But will it take long to learn?

JOHN

No, and thank you, Bob, but I think I'm only a genius by your standards. Come to think of it, with the exception of me and Karen, yours are now the only standards.

BOB

Karen? What is Karen?

JOHN

Karen . . . is the only other survivor on earth.

BOB

Where is this Karen? Why is she not with you? You can give children. She should be honored.

JOHN

I get the feeling she doesn't like me very much. She wouldn't even have dinner with me.

BOB

Do not you worry, Johndrissel. Here there are many women to have dinner with. You will live long and happy here. Forget about this Karen.

JOHN

I can't, Bob. She . . . she means a lot to me, in a strange kind of way. Karen is, well, like this apple here. This apple represents something. It's the last survivor of a proud and noble species, just like me and Karen. I appreciate the opportunity to re-populate with you Mutants and all, but with Karen I have a chance of producing real, human children.

BOB

Our children will be good children!

JOHN

I know, I know. The point is, with Karen I can make a child different from all the ones I'll produce here. Ours will be one of a kind . . . another survivor of a lost species.

BOB

It is a sad tale, Johndrissel. But if this Karen does not wish to have dinner with you, why do you worry for her?

JOHN

I guess I know that she needs us. I know she's all alone now. She may not like it, but she needs to be with us. We have to go find her, assuming she's still alive.

BOB

It shall be your first act as King. There will be many proud Mutant warriors with strong teeth who will be pleased to help find this Karen.

JOHN

You really are an amazing people, Bob. Now, get back to the ceremony.

BOB

It will be very big. All will be there. I will tell them that you are now our King! It will then be your turn to talk to them.

JOHN

I . . . I'm kind of nervous. What should I say? What should I do?

BOB

Just be Johndrissel. Everything will be fine.

JOHN

Thanks again, Bob. If you don't mind, I kind of have a few things to do before I go on, okay?

BOB

That is fine. See you at the king-ing. Goodbye Johndrissel.

(BOB leaves. JOHN takes out his notebook and starts to write. Read aloud or as a voice-over.)

JOHN

Let's see . . . where was I?

Life among the Mutants is actually kind of fun. They don't understand a lot of things so I find myself educating them in almost every aspect of life; from opening cans to improving their living conditions. It's a mammoth undertaking, but hey -- I really don't have anything pressing to do!

I like these folks. Their almost child-like view on things is refreshing in some ways. Besides, I'm gonna be their King! What a kick in the pants! Not bad for a faceless computer programmer. Gosh, I'm still overwhelmed with finding life. I want . . . I want future generations to know, if they read this journal, how they started with a mixture of these delightful people and the last real human survivor. Future generations will know that their ancestors were noble adaptations of the human form . . . in a funny sort of way.

King of the Mutants. Sounds like one of those old Science Fiction movies.

I want Karen to share this. Therefore I've decided I have to make it my first major act as King to return to her and make her my queen. I'm sure I can get a bunch of volunteers to come with me. This town is getting pretty used up anyway. It's time they moved on.

(MORRIS enters quietly)

MORRIS

Your king-ness?

JOHN

Your highness.

MORRIS

I am? What does that mean?

JOHN

No, the expression isn't "your king-ness." It's "your highness."

MORRIS

I see that I have made you sad. I will go.

JOHN

No! Come! Come! I haven't seen much of you in the last few hours. Where've you been?

MORRIS

Who, me? I . . . I've been . . . I've been busy. Yes. I have been very busy.

JOHN

So, what can I do for you, Morris?

MORRIS

Me? Oh, I need nothing, your highness. I have come to. . . I come to tell you . . . to tell you I am glad you have come to be King.

JOHN

Thank you. I'm looking forward to it. I thank you folk for the honor.

MORRIS

Uh . . . Your highness . . . Would you . . . Could you tell me . . .

JOHN

Spit it out, Morris. I'll tell you anything you like.

(MORRIS spits and looks at it puzzled. Finally, he gets distracted and continues.)

MORRIS

Tell me of the magic staff you carry. Is it what gives you wisdom and make you able to give children?

JOHN

Magic staff? What magic staff?

MORRIS

Magic staff you carry with glowing ball on top. Over there.

JOHN

Oh! The apple! No, no. The apple isn't magic. It's just an apple that I found that's soaked up a lot of radiation, sort of like you Mutants.

MORRIS

Apple? What is apple?

JOHN

An apple is food -- a piece of fruit. People used to eat these. It's the last of it's kind, sort of like me. I like to carry it with me, well, kind of as an icon. It's really not magic.

MORRIS

I think it has magic. You have magic staff and you can make children. Magic makes you wise.

JOHN

No, I'm afraid not. There's no magic involved here.

MORRIS

Did Bob tell you of Kibbler?

JOHN

Who?

MORRIS

Kibbler, the angry one. All know of Kibbler. He was great leader, though he is now confused and pissed-off. He will want the magic staff.

JOHN

Oh, I see. You don't work for Kibbler, do you?

MORRIS

I work for Kibbler? NO! Nobody work for Kibbler . . . uh, I mean . . . I not work for Kibbler. What makes you think I work for Kibbler? I work for nobody. What is work?

JOHN

Oh, nothing. Don't get all worked up over it. What do you know about Kibbler?

MORRIS

Kibbler will not like you as King. Kibbler wants himself to be King. Kibbler will think that magic make you King.

JOHN

Oh? And how do you know this?

MORRIS

Kibbler tell me . . . uh, No! Kibbler not tell me. Kibbler tell me nothing. I not even see Kibbler today . . . uh . . . I not see Kibbler at all. What make you think I see Kibbler?

JOHN

Nothing, Morris. Just calm down. Everything will be okay. I promise.

MORRIS

I am happy to work for you and I am to always be at your service. I am sorry if I make you unhappy.

JOHN

You remind me of my little brother . . . when he was alive. I'm not mad at you. You can always ask me about anything. And if you see Kibbler, tell him we can work this out.

MORRIS

Okay, I tell him . . . if I see him. I not see him often, you know. I hardly know Kibbler.

JOHN

Yes, I know, I know. So, is that it?

MORRIS

Yes, that is it. Are you ready to be announced as our King?

JOHN

Tell Bob I'll be along in a minute.

MORRIS

Yes, your highness. I am at your service. Thank you, your highness.

JOHN

Oh, Morris. You're not very good at being a spy, are you.

MORRIS

I try harder next time.

(MORRIS exits.)

Fadeout.

SCENE 6

(JOHN, BOB, MORRIS, OLIS & FETTERLY are standing together. There is a sound of a murmuring crowd. BOB steps forward to address the crowd.)

BOB

Hello! Can everyone listen now to me! (the crowd gets quiet) As you know, I am Bob, your leader . . . yes, same as last time. Up to now we live quiet but lonely life. But today is new day and things change. I come to you this day to give news that is good! As of today we will all be to be known as Mutants!

(long pause/silence)

What is Mutants, you ask? Mutants is us! This new name and our new future is from a man who travels from far away to lead us. Fellow Mutants, it brings me large happiness to bring to you our new King!

(long pause/silence)

King? A King is man who will lead us! From lands far from here one other has traveled to find us and be our King. Johndrissel is very wise and will show us many things to make life good. Johndrissel is also with good plumbing. He is not only wise but he can give women children!

(women cheering)

It now please me to give you Johndrissel, King of the Mutants!

(Enormous cheering.)

JOHN

Uh . . . hello, my people. My name is John Drissel, and I am now your King.

(cheers)

Now, I don't want to intrude on your lives and I don't want to take anything away from my good friend Bob. I know he has been a good leader to you and it was his decision that I be your King. In return, I hereby appoint Bob to be my Head Chief of Staff and High Counselor of the Mutants. Bob will be my right-hand man and is answerable only to me. Step forward, Bob.

BOB

King Johndrissel, you do to me an honor.

JOHN

Do you understand your position?

BOB

No, but it is still an honor.

JOHN

Morris, step forward please. Morris, from now on you will be our Sergeant at Arms. It is your responsibility to keep control of the people. Law enforcement, punishment and implementation of laws and rules will be your job from now on. Understand?

MORRIS

No, not really your highness.

JOHN

Well . . . never mind. We'll work it out.

MORRIS

I am honored, your highness. I will serve to you well.

JOHN

Olis, step forward, please. Olis has the ability to think clearly and practically. Therefore I am appointing her to be Secretary of State.

OLIS

I am greatly honored, your highness.

BOB

Olis's first job is to make a list with all females so Johndrissel may have dinner with them!

(Great cheering.)

JOHN

Dinner?

BOB

Is that not how you make children?

JOHN

Uh . . . yes it is, Bob. It certainly is.

OLIS

Your highness, may I be first on the list?

JOHN

Well, since you're making the list, I don't see why not. All women will be contacted by Olis and scheduled for a personal appointment with me to, uh, have dinner. Now, Fetterly, will you step forward. Fetterly, you will be my personal assistant and secretary. You are responsible for coordinating my personal activities and

JOHN (cont'd)

keeping my life in order. I will expect you to be with me at all times.

FETTERLY

Oh! Your highness! It is an honor I shall enjoy.

JOHN

Now, loyal Mutants, there are issues we must address. Around us are houses and buildings capable of living in. Bob will personally take all of you around and help you settle into your new homes!

(cheers)

Next is the food issue. Morris will issue can openers to each Mutant and instruct you on finer methods of foraging. It's inevitable to say, however, that very soon we may have to leave this area if our food runs out.

(cheers)

Everyone will hit themselves on the head with sticks.

(numerous "bonks" and "ouches")

I thought so. This brings me to my main order of business. There is one other like myself who has survived the war. I will be organizing a journey to the east to claim her as your queen!

(cheers)

We will need many of you for our journey. It may take weeks to reach our destination, but as your King, I deem it necessary and therefore plans to depart will begin immediately!

(cheers)

BOB

LONG LIVE KING JOHNDRISEL!!! KING OF THE MUTANTS!!!!

BOB, MORRIS, OLIS & FETTERLY

LONG LIVE KING JOHNDRISEL!!! KING OF THE MUTANTS!!!

(The cheers continue through the crowd. JOHN raises his staff in triumph.)

Fadeout.

\* END OF ACT I \*