

Acting Edition

You Are Cordially Invited to the End of the World!

by Keiko Green

This sample is an excerpt of a
Concord Theatricals title.

Samples of Concord Theatricals titles
are for perusal and cannot be used for
performance or downloaded, printed,
and distributed in any way.

This sample may not reflect the version
of the play currently in print.

|| **SAMUEL FRENCH** ||

Copyright © 2026 by Keiko Green
All Rights Reserved

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO THE END OF THE WORLD! is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Commonwealth, including Canada, and all member countries of the Berne Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Works, the Universal Copyright Convention, and/or the World Trade Organization conforming to the Agreement on Trade Related Aspects of Intellectual Property Rights. All rights, including professional and amateur stage productions, recitation, lecturing, public reading, motion picture, radio broadcasting, television, online/digital production, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

ISBN 978-0-573-71224-1

www.concordtheatricals.com

www.concordtheatricals.co.uk

FOR PRODUCTION INQUIRIES

UNITED STATES AND CANADA

info@concordtheatricals.com

1-866-979-0447

UNITED KINGDOM AND EUROPE

licensing@concordtheatricals.co.uk

020-7054-7298

Each title is subject to availability from Concord Theatricals Corp., depending upon country of performance. Please be aware that *YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO THE END OF THE WORLD!* may not be licensed by Concord Theatricals Corp. in your territory. Professional and amateur producers should contact the nearest Concord Theatricals Corp. office or licensing partner to verify availability.

CAUTION: Professional and amateur producers are hereby warned that *YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO THE END OF THE WORLD!* is subject to a licensing fee. The purchase, renting, lending or use of this book does not constitute a license to perform this title(s), which license must be obtained from Concord Theatricals Corp. prior to any performance. Performance of this title(s) without a license is a violation of federal law and may subject the producer and/or presenter of such performances to civil penalties. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised to apply to the appropriate agent before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre. A licensing fee must be paid whether the title(s) is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged. Professional/Stock licensing fees are quoted upon application to Concord Theatricals Corp.

This work is published by Samuel French, an imprint of Concord Theatricals Corp.

No one shall make any changes in this title(s) for the purpose of production. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, scanned, uploaded, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, digital, photocopying, recording, videotaping, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher. No one shall share this title(s), or any part of this title(s), through any social media or file hosting websites.

For all inquiries regarding motion picture, television, online/digital and other media rights, please contact Concord Theatricals Corp.

MUSIC AND THIRD-PARTY MATERIALS USE NOTE

Licensees are solely responsible for obtaining formal written permission from copyright owners to use copyrighted music and/or other copyrighted third-party materials (e.g. artworks, logos) in the performance of this play and are strongly cautioned to do so. If no such permission is obtained by the licensee, then the licensee must use only original music and materials that the licensee owns and controls. Licensees are solely responsible and liable for clearances of all third-party copyrighted materials, including without limitation music, and shall indemnify the copyright owners of the play(s) and their licensing agent, Concord Theatricals Corp., against any costs, expenses, losses and liabilities arising from the use of such copyrighted third-party materials by licensees. For music, please contact the appropriate music licensing authority in your territory for the rights to any incidental music.

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

If you have obtained performance rights to this title, please refer to your licensing agreement for important billing and credit requirements.

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO THE END OF THE WORLD!

was commissioned by A Contemporary Theatre (John Langs, Artistic Director; Anita Shah, Managing Director) in Seattle, WA. It was originally workshopped and developed in the 2024 Pacific Playwrights Festival as part of The Lab@South Coast Repertory and originally produced by South Coast Repertory. The production was directed by Zi Alikhan; with set design by Adam Rigg; costume design by Lux Haac; lighting design by Barbara Samuels; sound design by Noel Nichols, UptownWorks; and projection design by Nicholas Hussong. The movement consultant was James Alsop and the production stage manager was Kathryn Davies. The cast was as follows:

M	River Gallo
GREG	Joel de la Fuente
VIV	Alysia Reiner
LILA & OTHERS	Anna LaMadrid
WILL & OTHERS	Rafael Goldstein
JANET & OTHERS	Sharon Omi

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO THE END OF THE WORLD!

was developed with the Eugene O'Neill Theater Center (Tiffani Gavin, Executive Director; Melia Bensussen, Artistic Director) in Waterford, CT, during the 2024 National Playwrights Conference.

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO THE END OF THE WORLD! was developed with the support of:

ACT Theatre, Amphibian Stage's SparkFest, Boston Court Pasadena's New Play Reading Festival, Ashland New Plays Festival, Second Stage's Next Stage Festival, and the Judith Champion Reading Series

CHARACTERS

M – They/them, 20. The star. Our MC. Swinging wildly between pissed, sweet, and mystical, maybe mythical. Sometimes in control of the narrative, sometimes being swept away by the story. M is an emerging drag performer moonlighting as a barback at the local hole-in-the-wall gay bar downtown.

GREG – He/him, 40s–50s. M’s father. The earth. Clumsily making his way through this world. A terminal diagnosis brings out a complicated core of wants and desires and regrets. He’s been stuck in an office with fluorescent lights overhead and has never felt much of a purpose...until now.

VIV – She/her, 40s–50s. M’s mother. The space between. Slightly neurotic and easy to get riled up, she wants with all her might to spend her last days with Greg, alone in a bed with M by their side. A bit of “I’d like to speak to the manager” energy. A bit of a ferocious tornado, ready to protect her family, wondering how the fuck she can fix this.

LILA – She/her, 20s–30s. Viv’s younger sister, a high-maintenance yoga gal who’s the center of her own universe. But she’s ride-or-die for family and can be a surprisingly great listener.

Also plays: **GRETA**: Part–Greta Thunberg, part–Peter Pan, part–screaming-teenage-girl-at-a-Taylor-Swift-concert, part–Angel of Death.

Also plays: **SHELLY, KATHY, ENSEMBLE A**

WILL – He/him, 20s–30s. Good-natured and well-meaning, but uncomfortable in social situations and too smart for his own good. M’s boyfriend.

Also plays: **TV NARRATOR, FRANK, KEV, ARMY GUY, BRAMBLE CAY MELOMYS, ENSEMBLE B**

JANET – She/her, 60s. Dealing with her wife’s cancer diagnosis – at times she lashes out, at times she is the best older sister you could ever hope for. Blue collar.

Also plays: **DR. THOMAS** – Greg’s doctor with a near-robotic, perhaps excessively cold bedside manner.

Also plays: **TOAD** – A now extinct Golden Toad. A kind of washed-up rock star, quick to sob.

Also plays: **DOORDASH GAL, SUZIE, ENSEMBLE C**

Casting note

I’ve always envisioned the Murphys as a mixed-race family. The cast should feel like it’s full of different colors, backgrounds, body shapes, etc. etc. etc.

SETTING

A suburb, somewhere in the U.S. But also a theater.

TIME

Late summer 2023 to early spring 2024. And M's show, sometime later.

AUTHOR'S NOTES

A slash within dialogue / indicates where the following line should overlap.

An unitalicized (word in parentheses) is spoken, sometimes whispered.

A [word in brackets] is not spoken at all.

Words in line with dialogue in bold and asterisks are acted out.

A line break

indicates a change in thought, tactic, or a reset. It doesn't necessarily indicate a pause.

ALL CAPS indicates an emotional intensity. It doesn't *necessarily* mean yelling.

Sometimes an asterisk * within a scene will delineate a new moment that is a continuation or counterpoint to the previous moment, but is technically the same scene.

This play is a comedy. We should play against the hopelessness of the situation until we can no longer avoid it. Then we should burst forward with hope again at the end. The play is active. The diagnosis strangely breathes new life into Greg. Viv is desperate for control. M's narration moments that feel particularly depressing, especially near the beginning, are actually the most exciting moments in the story because it's where the story is about to get good.

Also this play can and will be kind of cool (hopefully), but it's also dorky. We don't want it to feel exclusive, we should be inviting people in.

Whenever we can through the play, especially in moments of naturalism, we should get the sense that there is always music, performance, and art happening in M's head that we're only seeing little glimpses of until the BIG SHOW.

SPECIAL THANKS

Gavin Reub and the ACT Core Company.

For Barbara, Dave, and MJ Sieber.

PART 1

1.1 Introduction

(A small narrow beam of light shines down from the heavens. We see a face. It smiles. This is M.)

M. In the beginning there was nothing.

Or almost nothing!

Before the, you know, universe, there was just one single, teeny tiny, hot and dense point. A little spot.

And that fiery hot little spot, it had to make its own space.

Some of you know what that's like. I see you.

So this spot gathered up all its strength and desire, and initiated the expansion of space itself. And so, bang!

(Magic! The light expands a little, and we see M's whole body, in a sparkly, all-black pantsuit. Like a beautiful alien emcee!)

That's how it started, more or less!

(The light slowly expands further and further.)

Which is nice and cool and all but what I'm really here to tell you about – the whole reason why we're here, really – I am here to tell you about how the world died. So, let's get to it!

...

Wait. Shit. Oh my god, that sounds so depressing.
No, it'll be fun! I promise.

It will be mostly fun.

We begin at the end. The beginning of the end. Don't
overthink, let's just dive right in!

It's a big story that goes beyond our little town, past
the houses and the schools into the trees and the
mountains beyond

*(The **ENSEMBLE** starts to fill the stage, one by
one, populating the universe.)*

Past the volcanoes and the polar ice caps melting

And shooting way past all that into outer space

And way past that maybe into something that I don't
even know what to call

because I don't even know what it is. All the way out
there.

But

*(The **ENSEMBLE** starts to exit.)*

before it gets way way big, way beyond into the
whatever-you-call-it, it starts small. Like the way these
things always start.

A small room.

(Lights come up on a doctor's office.)

And just a few people.

*(**DR. THOMAS, GREG, and VIV** take their spots.)*

And an electric shock of information.

*(**M** exits like a shooting star.)*

1.2 Diagnosis

(DR. THOMAS sits at her desk, hands calmly resting on an open folder.)

(Across from her sits GREG, very still.)

(VIV wanders around the room like a fly buzzing around a bowl of rotten fruit.)

DR. THOMAS. I know it's a lot to take in.

VIV. No. I'm sorry. No. I'm just – I'm trying to grasp what you're saying to us, and

DR. THOMAS. Would you like me to repeat the –?

VIV. No, I heard you. But no warning or anything? Really? Just –

DR. THOMAS. I don't want to mince words.

VIV. You didn't.

DR. THOMAS. I want to be very clear when I give patients news like this because / it –

VIV. God forbid we have any hope, right? No sense in holding onto a morsel of positivity. Got to take that away.

(DR. THOMAS pushes a business card across the desk. GREG stares at it.)

DR. THOMAS. That's my direct line, so if questions come later, which they often do –

VIV. A million questions.

DR. THOMAS. – you can reach me there when you have the language for them.

(VIV snatches the card, reads it.)

VIV. And this is your cell number? You give your cell number out?

DR. THOMAS. It's my work phone.

VIV. Ah-hah.

DR. THOMAS. Which is a cell, which I carry.

VIV. Is that true, or is that just something you say?

DR. THOMAS. It's true.

How are you feeling?

VIV. Not great!

DR. THOMAS. I was talking to Greg.

VIV. Of course.

*(They look to **GREG**, who suddenly snaps awake.)*

GREG. Oh!

Oh. Yes, umm. I'm doing just

I'm not sure.

DR. THOMAS. Okay.

*(**VIV** sits down next to **GREG**, a hand on his arm.)*

GREG. I'm not sure I quite understand.

DR. THOMAS. Okay.

I can go through it again if you –

VIV. Do you have to? Use all those same words?

DR. THOMAS. Some people find it useful to record moments like this, so that later, when your head clears a little, you can go back and be sure that you didn't miss anything.

GREG. Okay.

That makes sense.

VIV. We can use my phone.

(VIV fishes around in her over-sized purse.)

I'm sorry, but I need you to look at it all again. The test results, the scans, the whatever. I'm sure you're great at your job, best schools and all that.

DR. THOMAS. Harvard, Yale, Harvard again.

VIV. But there must be some mistake. Greg's fine! – He ran a 5k in April.

He just lost some weight, just a little nausea, he has diabetes – Jesus,

WHERE'S MY FUCKING PHONE?!

(She freezes for a moment, forces some calm with a couple of deep breaths. She finds the phone.)

There it is! Right in the [pocket]

(VIV places the phone on the desk in front of them, then presses record on her voice memos.)

DR. THOMAS. Ready?

(VIV nods.)

So, yes. There's no denying that we are dealing with some bad news today.

1.3 Diagnosis 2

(The stage is blanketed in stars, constellations, the Milky Way. [It should give us both the sense that we are individually insignificant in this endless expanse of space but also – Damn! We are deeply significant, magical beings made up of stardust.])

(A faint orchestral hum of something beyond.)

DR. THOMAS. *(Voice-over.)* I want to acknowledge how sudden this must feel. So. Just to go through the steps: Your blood test came back, and there were some concerning levels that led to a referral to myself. I performed the tumor biopsy, and the tumor was just above five centimeters.

Which is

not good.

Once a tumor grows beyond three centimeters, we know we're looking at something particularly aggressive.

I can't give you a specific number. Even if I did, half of our patients live longer, and half of them don't quite make it that long.

But you are dying.

And we'll fight this as long as we can. But it's important for you and your family to prepare yourselves. Because it's happening. And it's very real.

Before we get into the specific treatment, I want to tell you a little about the various resources we offer here, including counseling and...

(The sound of something beyond rises until it's all we can hear, taking us all into the other side for just a moment.)

1.4 Viv & Greg Tell M

(The Murphy kitchen. That night.)

(GREG and VIV walk in, kick shoes off, toss keys on the counter, a little drunk and/or stoned.)

(They stand, steady themselves.)

VIV. You okay?

GREG. Yeah.

VIV. You sure?

GREG. Yeah, it's not life or death.

(The smallest beat.)

(They burst into laughter.)

VIV. *(Laughing.)* That's not funny!

GREG. *(Laughing.)* Then why are you laughing?!

VIV. *(Laughing.)* Because it was insensitive! And and
Whoo! Oh lord. Okay. Okay!

GREG. Okay!

VIV. We're doing this!

GREG. We can do this!

(They high-five, get pumped. They're a little toasty.)

God, I'm starving.

VIV. There's leftover over pizza in the –

GREG. Yes!

VIV. Wait, hold on. We've got to be careful about what you're putting in your body, right? Maybe you shouldn't be eating –

GREG. I haven't had an appetite like this in weeks. I'm eating pizza. We can worry about all this tomorrow. Tonight, we eat pizza.

And drink!

VIV. Let's drink!

GREG. You got it, baby.

(GREG pours some wine for them each into some mugs.)

VIV. Come on, more, more, faster, faster!

(They clink!)

(GREG looks at his mug.)

GREG. "World's Okay-est Dad."

VIV. That's you.

GREG. Mikey gave this to me.

VIV. M.

GREG. M. I liked "Mikey."

VIV. You have to try.

GREG. I *am* trying.

VIV. You have to try harder.

Why is your appetite back, do you think?

GREG. It's like – being sick feels better than being crazy?

VIV. What are we going to do?

GREG. Well, I don't know what you have planned for the next few years, but my schedule kind of cleared up –

VIV. When do we tell them? *How* do we tell them?

GREG. Tonight. And honestly.

VIV. Tonight.

GREG. Yeah!

VIV. You think that's the best idea.

GREG. Yeah! While we're in a celebrating mood.

VIV. Right right right. "How was work, honey? Your dad's dying! Take a party popper."

GREG. Oh god. This is all going to cost money.

VIV. I know.

GREG. A lot of money.

VIV. You don't have to worry about that part.

GREG. Of course I do, I can't leave you with tens of – no *hundreds* of thousands in debt.

Let you carry that, pass it onto Mikey.

VIV. M.

GREG. M.

VIV. Maybe a life insurance policy.

GREG. Honey, they're not covering someone with Stage Four cancer who just got a death sentence.

VIV. We'll figure something out. I'll rob a bank, remarry some old, wrinkly millionaire.

GREG. Yeah?

VIV. Yeah.

(They kiss.)

Why does that turn you on?

GREG. I don't know. I like when you talk all...

VIV. What?

GREG. Immoral.

VIV. Yeah?

GREG. Yeah.

(They kiss again. He picks her up, sits her down on the kitchen island. They kiss deeply, hands start to wander. As it starts to get hot and heavy –)

(M enters, wearing jeans, a sparkly tight shirt, eyeliner, a dust of glitter.)

M. OH MY GOD

VIV. OH MY GOD

GREG.

M.

GIVE US A SECOND

JESUS CHRIST

(M covers their eyes, exits.)

(The ADULTS rearrange their clothes. VIV hops off the kitchen island.)

VIV. Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god

GREG. You can come in now!

(M re-enters, still covering their eyes.)

GREG & VIV. HEEEEYYYYY!!

M. I can come back if you're doing something / weird.

VIV. We're not doing anything.

M. It looked like something.

GREG. Well we were, yes. But we aren't anymore.

(M uncovers their eyes.)

M. This is why I never come home.

VIV. Because your parents love each other?

M. Exactly.

(M heads through the kitchen.)

GREG. Where are you going?

M. It's two in the morning. I just got off work. It's late. I'm tired.

VIV. You should have a drink with us!

M. A drink.

GREG. Yeah!

M. I'm only twenty.

GREG. You drink. We're not stupid. Come. Sit. Sit with us.

M. Okay...

Isn't that the good stuff you were saving for -?

GREG. Yup.

(VIV grabs another mug. GREG pours wine.)

(M takes a sip, notices their PARENTS staring.)

M. Can I help you?

VIV. How was work, honey?

M. Fine. Loud. Sweaty.

GREG. You seeing anyone these days?

M. Umm

Why do you care?

VIV. We just want to know, we never know what's going on with you lately.

M. Okay. Umm. I don't really want to talk about it.
(*Relents.*) But maybe.

GREG. If you're seeing someone, I'd like to meet them,
that's all.

(**M** takes another sip. **GREG** and **VIV** stare.)

M. What's going on here?

VIV. Nothing.

GREG. Nothing!

M. Are you high or something?

GREG. No, of course not!

(**VIV** and **GREG** start laughing again.)

M. What?

VIV. Nothing.

GREG. (*Laughing.*) Nothing!

VIV. (*Laughing.*) It's not funny!

(**M** starts to laugh too.)

M. (*Laughing.*) What?! Tell me.

VIV. (*Laughing.*)

It's not funny!

GREG. (*Laughing.*)

I don't know why we're
laughing!

M. (*Laughing.*) Oh my god, just tell me!

GREG. (*Laughing.*) Okay, so I'm –

VIV. (*Laughing.*) Your dad is –

GREG. (*Laughing.*) I'm dying of cancer!

M. (*Laughing.*) What?

(They stop laughing.)

Wait, what?

GREG. *(Very serious.)* It's pancreatic.

VIV. *(Very serious.)* Stage Four.

M. Are you serious?

VIV. Very serious.

M. How long?

GREG. They won't give us a time, it's just –

VIV. Soon.

(Solemn beat.)

(VIV and GREG burst into laughter again.)

M. That's not funny.

GREG. *(Winding down.)* It's not.

VIV. *(Catching her breath.)* It's not funny at all.

GREG. It's –

VIV. – terrible.

M. What the hell is wrong with you.

GREG. Wait.

VIV. We're sorry!

(M grabs their stuff, storms out of the kitchen.)

GREG. I think

VIV. Uh-huh?

GREG. I think we really screwed that up.

VIV. Yeah.

GREG. We probably should have waited.

VIV. Yeah.

GREG. Didn't really feel like a celebration, did it?

VIV. Nope.

GREG. Huh.

(They stand, chewing on cold pieces of pizza. They down it with more wine. They look at each other.)

Fuck it.

(VIV hops up on the kitchen counter, and they pick up where they left off.)

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

Please visit our website to buy the full script, apply for a license to perform this show (if it's available), or to explore hundreds of similar titles.

www.concordtheatricals.com

www.concordtheatricals.co.uk

To be the first to know about new books, licensing releases, and anything theater-related, follow us on our social media channels.

@ConcordShows and **@ConcordUKShows** on Facebook, Twitter and Instagram.

concord
theatricals