



ANY

DAY

NOW

A Pre-Apocalyptic Family Drama

By

Nat Cassidy

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*One of  
These mornings  
I'm a-going away  
Any day now  
I'm going  
To heaven  
To stay.*

*I don't know  
How soon  
Maybe morning, night, or noon  
But I'm going  
To see the Father  
And by  
His side to stand.*

*There'll be no sorrow,  
No sadness  
Just only complete gladness  
But any day  
I know  
I know  
I'm going home.*

—Wagoner/Butler

## **CHARACTERS**

Penelope “Pen” Colby, *late 60s-early 70s*  
Adam Colby, *late 60s-early 70s, her husband*

Beverly Colby-Parker, *late 40s-early 50s, Pen’s older daughter*  
David Parker, *early 50s, Beverly’s husband*  
Jaqueline Colby Parker, *21, Beverly’s daughter*

April Colby, *late 40s, Pen’s younger daughter*  
Josh Powell, *40s, April’s husband*

Various newscasters, *voice-overs*

## **LOCATION**

The kitchen of the Colby residence. New London, Connecticut

## **TIME**

Present. Any day now.

## **A note to the actors:**

At its most elemental level, this is a play about shock. The shock of what’s happening never leaves these characters—everything that follows is a result of their attempts to make it to the next minute with their sanity intact. Though this is true of all acting, all the time, because of the fine line this script walks between satire, horror, and regular ol’ drama, it bears stating: the realities of the situation must be embraced at all times. In other words, never forget the reanimated elephant in the room.

## **Also note:**

“//” means begin the next line of dialogue.

For Mark  
This is what happens.

ANY DAY NOW was originally produced at Manhattan Theatre Source in New York City in January 2009, directed by the author and produced by Sarah Deavitt Ali and The Writers Forum. Production Stage Manager was Laura Schlachtmeyer, Set Designer was Jason Bolen, Sound Designer was Ien DeNio, Lighting Designer was Lauren Parrish, Graphic Designer was Chris Santa Maria, and Video Designer was Ben Sinclair. The production opened with the following cast:

Pen.....Waltrudis Buck  
Adam.....Anthony Spaldo  
Beverly.....Paige Allen  
April.....Elyse Mirto  
Josh.....Arthur Aulisi  
David.....Tim Ewing  
Jackie.....Anna O'Donoghue

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"Neatly off-kilter ... Cassidy packages his supernatural theme with such naturalistic aplomb that he evokes David Lynch ... Jaw-dropping .... Splendid ... Full of surprises and rewards ... Any Day Now is further evidence of Cassidy's talent and intelligence as a playwright and director."

– Martin Denton, nytheatre.com (starred review)

"A vibrant drama ... Gritty ... The play's themes are compelling and clear."

– Show Business Weekly

"Any Day Now drew me in on a cold and wet Saturday night in January. I don't often get to cover Off-Off-Broadway, but I'm glad I came down to see this ... Cassidy has a gift for dialogue and characterization ... Filled with humor and pathos ... Tight, suspenseful and scary."

– Richard Seff, DC Theatre Scene

"Genius ... You're being thrown for a loop from the moment the lights come up ... A great play for a myriad of reasons, [and] full of laughs in the right spots ... It delivers, with a surprising ending that holds the audience in the palm of its hand ... This is like Sam Shepard meets George Romero—with more emphasis on the former artist than the latter."

– Dianna Martin, Fab Marquee

"A dark and troubling mix of kitchen-sink black comedy and stark horror ... Cassidy's writing is so sharp that this play holds one's attention like a vise. ... It has its shocks of horror and hilarity – the early scenes are larded with coal-black comedy. But Any Day Now delves into a great many deeper, more challenging issues, raising questions about religious ideas, political motivations, the uncertainties of science, the damage that fear and hate can inflict. ... The sisters' climactic confrontation is shattering. ... It's a show that anyone who appreciates theater that aims at both the head and the gut will appreciate. **And it will haunt you for days to come.**"

– James D. Watts, Jr., Tulsa World

**ACT ONE**  
**"What are we going to do about Adam?"**

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**Scene One**

*Pre-scene music: "Pilgrim of Sorrow," sung by Sam Cooke & the Soul Stirrers.*

*Lights up in an ordinary kitchen in a typical small town homestead. Mid-afternoon. We hear birds outside. On the stage right side of the kitchen is a swinging door into the living room. On the stage left wall is a corded telephone that would've been at the technological vanguard sometime around 1976.*

*A woman in her late-60s/early-70s, PENELOPE (PEN), is at the sink, washing vegetables. Above the sink is a window looking out into the back yard. She looks out as she washes. It should be a wistful scene, but something is off.*

*At the kitchen table is a man, ADAM, also late-60s/early-70s. His clothes are loose and ill-fitting. He sits, staring blankly, slack-jawed. Nothing in his face changes or registers. His skin is wan and stretched. He looks fresh out of the shower, but there is something unclean about him. PEN looks at him furtively, almost afraid to verify that he's there. Finally, she can take it no longer, and turns to stare at him. She speaks, almost to herself.*

PEN

What are we going to do with you?

*There is, no response. She lets out a long, controlled breath, then turns back to the sink and continues washing, fighting the urge to glance back at him.*

*From outside, we hear the sound of a car coming into the driveway and the distant, muffled shout of a woman yelling, "Oh, that is just GREAT!"*

PEN

Shit.

*She shakes off the vegetables she just washed, then looks for a towel to dry her hands.*

PEN

Shit.

*She looks at the man at the table.*

PEN

Shit.

*She continues looking for a towel, not realizing it's draped over her shoulder. In a moment, a woman in her late-40s/early-50s, BEVERLY, enters, holding a cheaply made sign that reads "BEVERLY COLBY-PARKER for Assemblywoman: She's Here to Help!"*

BEVERLY

*(Entering; some spoken offstage)*

Mother, what is going on with your yard? I thought I asked you to call that kid up the street, I can't do every little-

PEN

Beverly-

BEVERLY

I'm not being unreasonable. This was practically *buried* in weeds and you know you need tasks and things to keep your mind focused and-

*BEVERLY finally notices the man sitting at the table. She sputters. She looks at her mother.*

PEN

*("Don't freak out")*

Beverly ...

*BEVERLY shrieks. It's blood-curdling. PEN covers her ears.*

PEN

BEVERLY!

BEVERLY

*(Still screaming)*

WHAT IS THIS?! WHAT IS HE?! WHAT IS THIS?!

*The man at the table turns his head—very slowly—and looks towards BEVERLY. He groans, like the door to a crypt opening. She immediately shuts up.*

BEVERLY

*(Almost a whisper)*

What is this?

PEN

You want something to drink?

BEVERLY

Yes.

*PEN goes to the sink. She shakes her hands dry before getting a glass and filling it with water.*

PEN

Of course, I can't find my friggin' towel ...

BEVERLY

*(In a daze, still looking at ADAM)*

... your shoulder.

PEN

*(A surprised little laugh)*

Oh.

*She dries her hands with it. Pours a glass of water.*

BEVERLY

When did ... he ... ?

PEN

I found him wandering in the yard this morning. His clothes were a mess, so I put him in some new ones. Tried to scrub the smell of dirt off of him.

BEVERLY

Oh, God.

*Beat.*

PEN

*(Going back to the vegetables)*

I'm making chicken salad for dinner.

*BEVERLY gets closer to him—the sign is put down absently, where it remains. He stares off, his lips moving wordlessly. Senselessly. Slowly, he starts to rise, groaning. BEV jumps.*

PEN

He tries to wander sometimes. I don't know why. Just sit him down, he won't put up a fight.

*BEV puts her hands on his shoulders and pushes him back into his chair, wincing.*

BEVERLY

He's cold.

PEN

Are you okay?

BEVERLY

I'd like to wash my hands now.

PEN

*(Steps away from the sink)*

Yeah.

BEVERLY

*(At the sink, washing her hands)*

Are you (okay) ... ?

PEN

*(Another little laugh)*

I have no idea.



*PEN hands BEVERLY the towel from off her shoulder. BEVERLY dries her hands.*

BEVERLY

That face he's making ... *(she shudders. A beat. She claps her hands.)* DAD! WAKE UP!

PEN

He's not asleep. *(Pause. It sinks in.)*

BEVERLY

Have you called anyone, like the police, or-? *(Pause.)* Mom, //hello?

PEN

I need you to do me a favor. I need you to call April. She needs to be here. I know you don't want to talk to her, but I can't find where I //put her number and I, I would appreciate your help-

BEVERLY

Jesus, Mother. Where is your cellphone? Ugh. Fine. Fine, I will call her. Fine!

PEN

Beverly, please, we do not need your dramatics //right now. Please.

BEVERLY

What a terrible thing to say. Just because this isn't upsetting to you doesn't mean //the rest of us-

PEN

Beverly-!

*Beat. Defiantly, BEVERLY puts her purse down with a real "I'll fucking show you" attitude, takes a cell out, punches some numbers, and puts it to her ear. A moment.*

BEVERLY

*(Quickly; cruelly)*

April, it's Beverly. Daddy's come back from the dead and Mom is asking that you come over. Okay? Loveyoubye.

*She hangs up. PEN stares in disbelief. Beat. BEVERLY is not looking at her.*

BEVERLY

So, what's the plan? Do we kill him again, or? (No answer.) What?

*PEN turns and exits.*

BEVERLY

What?! You're mad now?! Mother! (Beat.) Unbelievable. It's like she can't even— (She realizes who she's talking to. In tears:) Godddd ... (She takes up her purse and pulls out a bottle of prescription pills. Using the glass of water, she takes a pill. She looks at her father and speaks, like her mother, almost to herself.) Why did you do this? (No answer.) That fucking face.

*Her cell phone begins to ring. She doesn't answer. Lights fade.*