

Flare

a one-act play
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 Dramatists Guild Member

Character Breakdown (2F, 14 years old):

Girl 1 (F, early teens)

Girl 2 (F, early teens)

Two best friends.

Setting is a suburban front porch, in the near future.

Synopsis: Two fourteen-year-old friends await the end of the world on a front porch.

A front porch with a door. A teen GIRL 2 enters and stops in front of the porch, standing there for a moment. She decides to knock on the door. After a beat, GIRL 1 opens the door.

GIRL 1

What are you doing here? Shouldn't you be home with your family?

GIRL 2

They're being all doom and gloom. I got sick of listening to it.

GIRL 1

Well...it *is* an extinction event. Not a happy occasion.

GIRL 2

I don't want to go out with my mother crying and telling me over and over how much she loves me. I wish the solar flare just happened and nobody knew it was coming. Knowing about it is making everyone weird.

GIRL 1

We're all going to get wiped out. Tonight. At 8:32pm. You, me, everyone we know. Billy Eilish! It doesn't get much weirder.

GIRL 2

I know, but...I don't know. I don't want to just think about it every second until it happens. And I definitely don't want to be with my brother.

GIRL 1

No one wants to be with your brother, even if there wasn't a species-ending solar flare.

GIRL 2

Right?

GIRL 1

So what do you want to do?

GIRL 2

I don't know. Just hang out?

GIRL 1

Okay.

The two girls sit on the porch steps. There is a pause.

GIRL 1

You think it'll hurt?

GIRL 2

Maybe for like a second.

GIRL 1

I burned my hand on the oven once. That sonofabitch killed.

GIRL 2

From what I heard, it'll be more like instant immolation. One in a billion super flare.

GIRL 1

Lucky us.

GIRL 2

Yeah, very fortunate.

GIRL 1

Isn't that what monks do? Immolate themselves?

GIRL 2

Yeah, as a protest.

GIRL 1

Against what?

GIRL 2

I'm not sure.

GIRL 1

Seems like overkill.

GIRL 2

If you're committed to a cause, I guess it's worth it.

GIRL 1

I've never been committed enough to anything to set myself on fire over it.

GIRL 2

It's an extreme position, for sure. There must be something more than signing an online petition and less than dropping a match on yourself. But to be fair, fourteen years isn't a really long time to find something worthy of self immolation.

Pause.

GIRL 1

You think the guys in My Chemical Romance are scared?

GIRL 2

Probably. Everybody's on the same planet.

GIRL 1

Aren't there some survivalists going underground to ride it out?

GIRL 2

I heard it won't help. The flare is strong enough to dry up the Pacific Ocean, I don't think a metal box beneath a basement is going to slow it down.

GIRL 1

Probably not.

GIRL 2

How's your mom handling it?

GIRL 1

She's reading. She was in the middle of a book when the news hit, and now she doesn't want to die without knowing the ending.

GIRL 2

Wow. That's crazy.

GIRL 1

I kinda get it. Not wanting any loose ends.

GIRL 2

Yeah. I think your mom might be a genius.

GIRL 1

Do you have anything you wish you got a chance to do?

GIRL 2

Be fifteen?

GIRL 1

You got a non cringe answer?

GIRL 2

I don't know. My mom keeps saying, "You'll never have children of your own," like it's the worst regret imaginable. I don't think I missed anything. I never had a boyfriend and never really wanted to. The whole white picket fence thing was never gonna be me. How about you?

GIRL 1

I wish I met my dad.

GIRL 2

Well, I met mine and it was kind of anticlimactic.

GIRL 1

(beat) Remember when we baked that cake, and decorated it with the faces of all our favorite celebrities on toothpicks? Billie Joe Armstrong...

GIRL 2

Brendon Urie...

GIRL 1

Jenna Ortega...

GIRL 2

Gerard Way!

GIRL 1

He was in the middle.

GIRL 2

Remember when we went to the eighth grade dance and I wore those long black gloves?

GIRL 1

And I wore the two-toned Oxfords! But ironically.

GIRL 1

What other way could you wear them? Remember when we decided to walk all the way to Shop Rite and it ended up taking us almost three hours?

GIRL 2

And we called your mom to pick us up and she was like, "I thought you guys were upstairs in the bedroom!"

GIRL 1

Yeah. *(beat)* Can you believe there's not going to be Tik Tok anymore?

GIRL 2

And all those dogs in all those videos will be gone.

GIRL 1

That's sad.

GIRL 2

There won't be any more sadness. It'll all be gone.

GIRL 1

Yeah, but so will the joy.

GIRL 2

That's why I don't want to be sad right now. It's like a waste of time, right? Time we don't have.

GIRL 1

It still doesn't seem real.

GIRL 2

It won't be until it is. I feel like a dinosaur.

GIRL 1

Why?

GIRL 2

'Cause they saw those meteors or whatever, coming from the sky. And they must have known it was going to be bad. Even if they didn't understand it, they must have felt it. And that's going to be us, looking up, or looking at each other, or closing our eyes and looking at nothing. (beat) What's the song you're going to miss the most.

GIRL 1

The Black Parade.

GIRL 2

We should go listen to it. We should make frozen pizza and listen to our favorite songs.

GIRL 1

Okay. And cookies. Let's make chocolate chip cookies.

GIRL 2

Yes! That sounds good. And we can give some to your mom when she's done with her book.

They get up and to head for the door, but GIRL 1 stops them by saying:

GIRL 1

Are you gonna go back after? Before, you know, the big cookout?

GIRL 2

Yeah, I hafta go back so my mom doesn't freak out. But pizza first.

GIRL 1

All right.

GIRL 2

All right.

END OF PLAY