

EVERYBODY'S DEAD
A Comedy
[Post-Actor's Theatre Workshop Draft]
[10-p. sample]

By Brandy N. Carie

Draft 3
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Characters

Annika: 43. F. Anxious. Hyper. Talks very fast. Thinks wine-themed kitsch is really funny.

iNtibot/Man/Erik/Kevin: 30s. Male. A sex robot; Annika's nightmare man; Annika's dream man; another robot.

Rebecca: 41. F. Pragmatic. Does not find drinking humorous.

Voiceovers: **Voice of Sean Connery/News Anchor:** M. Could be voiced by the same actor that plays iNtibot/Man/Erik/Kevin, if you want to do it as a pre-recorded voice. Could be a different actor. Not obviously identifiable as Erik's voice. The voice of Sean Connery could be someone else's voice if the actor playing this role is really good at doing some other smolderingly sexy vocal impression (though I doubt there is any voice that is truly equally sexy).

On Text: Text in brackets is [probably] not said. A line with a /slash indicates overlap.

Punctuation is important but no punctuation is equally important: a sentence that ends without punctuation is one in which the character has more to say, but doesn't say it

1.

Annika in her bunker. It has a few droopy Christmas decorations—a wreath, maybe. A feeling of being completely alone.

ANNIKA

Computer: begin filming.

I am Annika Breyers.

I am addressing you now from a bunker deep under the ground in Illinois, at a location only I know.

If you're watching this, then I've taken a leap into the unknown, which has failed—

I've leapt and no net has appeared—

I've taken the proverbial—proverbial? Step into the abyss and dropped like a rock onto the unforgiving crags below, splattered on the ground, exploded in a mass of viscera, coated the earth with my guts, which were washed away by the acid rains of the post-apocalyptic terrain and devoured by the mutated creatures who alone survived the earth's...wreckage...

Fuck.

No.

Calm down.

These are the facts:

I'm Annika Breyers.

I'm forty-three years old.

I am filming this message in a bunker deep underground in what used to be rural Illinois, in what was formerly the central United States, at coordinates unknown to anyone but myself...and one other person.

Who might be dead.

Erik. Erik is probably dead.

Hi Erik.

If anyone is watching this, I've opened the doors of this bunker, where I've lived for two years, to assess the situation on the surface after a catastrophic event and—never returned.

If you're watching this. I'm probably dead.

OK. Just breathe. Pause.

Annika starts to pace.

I want to be sure there's a record in case, someday, the earth becomes habitable again. And people uh. Human people creep back up out of the holes they survived in and...find it. Find me. Or, my video at least. Remember that...I tried.

I'm gonna try.
I'm gonna.
Really soon.
Like, today.

Annika does some fast calming breaths.

Once the doors open on this bunker, this video will be broadcast to my privately-owned satellite and projected back to the earth. I know it's unlikely anyone has an internet connection anymore. But I don't know what else to do. If all that is gone, then maybe one day someone will come here. Walk into the empty shell. My video will be here. I know it's unlikely. But I have to try.

If you're watching, what you need to know is this:
There was a massive, deadly nuclear event on the continent of North America in the winter of 2020. Just before Christmas.
I knew it was coming.
I couldn't stop it.
I don't know the extent of the damage out there, but...I need to find out.

Annika starts stacking survival gear in a big pile, pulling items from all around the room as she talks. Things like: rope, a Geiger Counter, a knife, Meals Ready to Eat (MREs) in brown plastic packaging, heavy clothing, water purification things, medical supplies, fishing gear...and maybe some less practical stuff: Air pods. Perfume. Like a necklace. You get the idea.

So. Um.
As you can see I'm preparing a survival pack.
The items you see here—
—Well not this—

She tosses aside an electric blanket into what will become, eventually, a very large discard pile.

But most of these items. Will be invaluable for attempting to survive the hazards out there. I'll be looking for survivors—any survivors who need aid and—anyone who might have news about...the people I left behind. Oh god ohgodohfuck oh shit. OK. OK.
Deep breath.

Deep breath. Pause.

OK. I want to go back to the beginning.
I was founder and CEO of Annikorp—that's my name, plus the word "corp," which is short for corporation...I want to be thorough since I don't know how much the world may have changed by the time this broadcast is discovered. "Corporations," you might ask. "What are those?"
It's like a person. But more.

Pause.

Annikorp was the first—the only—doomsday subscription service in the world. That I know of.

You know, at least in the developed world, like America, and you know, like Europe.

Parts of Europe.

Poland.

For a modest fee, we mailed people the things they would need if the unthinkable were to happen. "Bringing you supplies until the post office goes down:" That was our motto.

We delivered subscription boxes filled with supplies to help people prepare for apocalypse—any kind of apocalypse:

Zombie

Environmental

Nuclear

Alien—

Anything. Everything.

My money was always on zombies, which turned out to be wrong, but—that's. Not the point.

A smart person would hedge their bets.

I did.

And so did a lot of other people. Which is how I made four point six million dollars. Most of which I invested in this bunker.

And my financial planner /did not *love* that, but—

Enter INTIBOT, a sex-robot. Clearly a robot. Clearly built for sex. Maybe has a gigantic phallus. Fake-nerdy sexy—like Chris Hemsworth in glasses in Ghostbusters.

INTIBOT

Heeeeeeeey there, beautiful.

Annika, who was very focused, screams a little in surprise.

INTIBOT

Wanna get...intimate?

ANNIKA

Stop recording!

INTIBOT

It's time for our regularly scheduled afternoon intercourse! Get ready for:

You

Latex

Chocolate-flavored fat-free yoghurt, and

A vibrating parrot that only says nasty things!

But sweet.

Nasty-slash-sweet.

Like you!

ANNIKA

Shit. Shit, Erik, not now.

INTIBOT

Would you like to reschedule?

ANNIKA

Yes—I mean. No. No I need to. It's time to do the thing.

That I'm doing.

Cancel afternoon intercourse.

INTIBOT

Gotcha! You bet! Affirmative. I will resume functioning in three point five hours for our regularly scheduled evening intercourse.

ANNIKA

...no. No. Cancel evening intercourse also.

INTIBOT

...are you sure you want to cancel?

ANNIKA

Affirmative. Cancel evening intercourse.

INTIBOT

...awwww, ok! Whatever you want, schnookums! But you know I'll be thinking about...what I want. Which is you. And only you.

He does a kissy face.

INTIBOT

I will resume functioning in fifteen point seven-five hours for our regularly scheduled morning intercourse.

ANNIKA

Sure.

Jesus.

Just...go recharge.

INTIBOT

Affirmative.

iNtibot exits. Pause.

ANNIKA

OK. OK. Sex. No sex. The world needs me to do...things other than sex.

Fuck. Shit.

Annika dances around the room, shaking it off.

ANNIKA

Fuck fuck fuckety fuck shit fuck

OK.

Alright.

Computer: resume filming.

VOICE OF SEAN CONNERY

I'm sorry, I don't quite understand.

ANNIKA

Resume... filming?

VOICE OF SEAN CONNERY

We have not stopped filming.

ANNIKA

But I said to stop—didn't I say to stop?

VOICE OF SEAN CONNERY

Not to me, love

ANNIKA

Are we still filming now??

VOICE OF SEAN CONNERY

Affirmative

ANNIKA

Uh. OK...
Thank you.

VOICE OF SEAN CONNERY

Any time.

Pause.

ANNIKA

OK. Um.
That's fine. That's FINE.
These are the facts.
Shit.
It's fine, this is what life is now you can all just see it, ok, just—we're all just animals, just eating, fucking, animals. And it's fine, and you should see that, you probably already know that, so.

I have to keep. Packing.

She goes back to sorting her stuff.

ANNIKA

The facts are:

I've been down here for two years and the only conversing I have done is with the bunker's operating system, which you just heard, and with my...companion robot. Who you just saw.

I could keep making videos forever, trying to get it perfect but...

I actually—I need to do this now or I might never do it.

The facts are:

The bot was once known as the iNtibot three.

Apple was beta-testing them with select clients before...before.

I elected to house one inside my bunker as a sort of...friend. Knowing that it would consume few resources, thus allowing me to live. Longer.

I know some people might judge me for not bringing other *people* into the bunker with me but I didn't have a lot of friends and also...well, you all thought I was crazy. And now look at you. No one can. Look at you.

Because I'm imagining you're mostly all dead, so you're probably pretty decomposed about now, and also there's probably no one left to do the looking. Um.

I mean I hope not. That's not. I hope that's not the case.

But.

While packing, Annika comes across a rubber Koosh Ball. Remember those?

Uh...

Do you remember these?

Do you have these anymore?

Did they all melt?

Two years is *so long* –but it's so short, too, I remember when two years was...

Like twenty-one to twenty-three flew by. I was so busy growing up... I changed. So much. My haircut.

She snaps her fingers.

Two years: like that, over.

But from age eleven to age thirteen—that was a whole lifetime. Every day felt like eternity, a long slog closer to puberty, all this terrible stuff was looming, but nothing actually *happened*. Like now.

At least now there's sex.

But also guilt.

In seventh grade it wasn't my fault. I don't think. I thought it was not.

In seventh grade, I'd get up in the morning, make my bed, read the back of the box on my special Strawberry Shortcake breakfast cereal exactly eleven times, and it would just be downhill from there.

I'd go to school and nobody would talk to me. I'd write in my journal about all the little boys I liked and no one would talk to me. I'd play hopscotch alone, and watch the other girls screaming, flopping off the monkey bars—"don't fall in the lava!"

I would have fallen in the lava. I'm not athletic.

Maybe that's why no one asked me to play.

I would go home at the end of the day and throw this freaking *koosh* ball as hard as I could and see how many times I could hit the ceiling before my mother yelled at me to stop.

Koosh.

Koosh.

She throws the ball up and catches it.

Throws it again.

My record was six-thousand two hundred and thirty three.

My mom didn't notice that I didn't come down for dinner, or that I skipped dessert. She just heard the sound when she was trying to get to sleep that night, and it annoyed her.

Annika pockets the Koosh.

One thing I'm wondering about—you all. Out there. For you has it been seventh grade? Or twenty-one?

Will I recognize any of you, if I find you?

She looks at the now-massive pile of survival stuff and begins sorting through it: this into a huge backpack, that on the junk pile with the electric blanket. Some of these decisions are hard. Some of the things she puts in the backpack may need to be taken out again. Like probably a romance novel. She continues to talk as she sorts.

Anyway I'm opening up the doors.
I'm coming to look for you and SAVE you. Hopefully.

Erik. My assistant, Erik, if you are seeing this, I am coming to find you.
And if I do I will bring you back here, to safety.
We can live here for a long time. A really long time.
I have enough supplies to last one person for...over eighty years.
So I can share, I think.
We can search for other survivors and try to figure out—what to do next.
How to rebuild civilization together. We are SUCH a good team.
And um. To anyone else who is still alive.
I want...
I'm sorry.
I should have...
I want to help.

Pause. Guilt.

The facts are...
This bunker was designed by the greatest scientific minds that four million dollars could buy. Or...I dunno, rent, I guess. The minds. Not the bunker.
I own the bunker.
When the doors closed on December seventeenth, twenty twenty, the unit became completely self-sufficient, air- and water-tight, and it is programmed to stay closed, no matter what, for a minimum of five years. The system is designed to keep me inside until there is a reasonable likelihood that radioactive fallout has cleared. After one year, it may be safe to exit the bunker in a haz-mat suit but it also might not. After five years, the majority of radioactive material should be cleared so...that's how long the doors stay closed. I'm not supposed to be able to open them, even if I want to.
For my own safety.
I'm stuck in here, alone, for my own safety and it's...working. I'm so SAFE.

We designed it like this to override the panic that can happen when...people...are alone.
It's...to keep me from opening the doors for people if there's disease outside—if they knock. Beg. With their arms falling off, or—

And I feel...guilty. So I can say: I WANT to let you in but...there's nothing I can do.

It's like when your mom tells you to tell your friends she said no when you get invited to a sleepover at the weird girl's house—except I'm the weird girl. And fuck all of you.

Ok.

OK.

I didn't mean that, I...

Anyway, it didn't happen.

It was the idea, but no one.

Almost no one knew where this was.

No one knocked.

I didn't hear any screaming.

As of today, I've been in this bunker for exactly two years. And the idea of three more is...

Pause. Big sigh. She finds in the pile of things some lighter fluid. She squirts it around the room.

I'm having dreams and...stress acne...pulling out my own eyelashes...There are a lot of people out there that I could probably have helped and maybe...I still could, so.

I know it's probably too late but I'm going to open the doors.

I think.

I'm going to open the doors. Today.

She stops squirting and goes back to filling up her backpack.

...I'm...I'm getting distracted.

I wanted to make sure that if I don't...make it back.

And people find this.

They'll know what it was like before.

And how it all ended.

And how I got here.

And why I left.

The facts are:

I've stocked this bunker with every movie I could find. Every book listed on the New York Times bestseller list.

Every delectable non-perishable snack the world might never see again:
Fig Newtons. Tic Tacs. Marshmallow circus peanuts. Candy corn!

If you come upon this bunker after I'm gone, hopefully it will give you a
sense of the sweet small comforts that American consumerism offered
before it all came crashing down.

Speaking of crashing down.

I started my business in the spring of twenty thirteen. I had just moved
back to Centralia, Illinois, to live with my parents.

I was feeling a little...terrible.

I had been living alone in Chicago, internet dating with zero success,
working as a receptionist for an all-natural dog food company. Everyone I
worked with was in the same mommies after-school park group and did
mother-toddler Pilates together on Tuesdays. They'd leave work early and
I'd be alone with the dog food for three or four hours.

I'll admit, I tasted the dog food. And the premium treats. More than once.
It was not tasty, despite how it smelled.

Then I turned thirty-seven.

I entered my late-thirties friendless, sexless, broke and alone in a bar that
happened to be serving dollar long island iced teas on a Tuesday night. I
went on a bender so long that when I woke up it was Saturday in the
basement apartment of a nineteen-year-old college student who told me I
was a one-time bang and "he doesn't really see a future with an old
chick."

Obviously, I had lost my job.

So I moved home.

Went to church with my parents on Wednesdays and Sundays.

And laid in bed for the remaining one hundred and sixty-four hours per
week.

I started watching these shows on NRA TV, you know—well I guess you
may not know but they do—they *did* survival tactics. Demonstrations.
How to distill contaminated water with a tarp and a rock, how to operate
an AK-47, that kind of thing. I thought to myself—well, sure, it would be
great if we could all be ready for an apocalyptic event, but, like—who
even knows where to begin? Who has the time?

Well, I did, but who else?

Summary:

After Annika emerges from the bunker she's plagued by dream sequences of apocalypse and melting face skin. And, surprise! The apocalypse never happened after all. Her sister, Rebecca, is outraged that she didn't even get a mention in Annika's now-viral (and embarrassing to the company) video. She's also dating Erik, and both of them want Annika to resign from her position as CEO because Annikorp is now being investigated for tax fraud because no one knew she was gone until the video released on the internet. Finally, Annika has to decide: try to recover her business, or her relationship with her sister? Can she save either?