

Document contains samples from:
EVERYBODY'S DEAD: A COMEDY, stage play
RECTIFIED: AN APOCRYPHAL HISTORY OF BOURBON, screenplay
HOW TO LIVE FOREVER, stage play

EVERYBODY'S DEAD

A Comedy

5-Page Sample

[Post-Actor's Theatre Workshop Draft]

By Brandy N. Carie

© 2019

brandyncarie@gmail.com

brandyncarie.com

612-618-3060

Summary Up to This Point: Annika is all alone in a sad underground bunker decorated with droopy Christmas décor. She's been in the bunker for two years after some kind of nuclear disaster above ground in Illinois. She was the CEO of a Doomsday Subscription Company, which is how she became rich and was able to build this gigantic expensive bunker. But now she's going stir crazy and has decided *today is the day* she's going to leave the bunker and look for her family and friends (especially Erik, her hot former assistant), though she believes they are dead. Then she's interrupted by Erik, her sex robot, who wants (as usual) to have sex. She decides to go on filming in preparation for her escape from the bunker. She begins filling a backpack with survival gear, and attempting to explain to people what the world was like before the disaster that ended it all.

ANNIKA

...And one thing about the bunker is, actually, I never thought I'd be in here all alone?

I thought I'd have *someone* by the time the world ended—someone who might go through all this with me.

We'd take care of each other's needs. Talk about our existential dread and...how much we missed crab rangoons and we'd be LONELY.

TOGETHER.

But you're not here!

And what I actually miss is Strawberries! Strawberries so much more than...I never ate them before, never ate fruit, didn't even like it, really, but but now I can't *get it, well.*

I've been thinking about this for so long—about a year ago I almost opened the doors—well—like I said before, the system is designed to not let *me* open the doors, but the doors will automatically open if the interior of the bunker becomes compromised. Dangerously uninhabitable. Like if there's no oxygen or if it fills with water...or smoke.

Like if I start a fire.

Like if I light...all THIS STUFF on fire.

Which I'm about to do.

Don't worry about all the movies and nonperishable edible goods.

They're each in their own pod within the bunker, which are separately airtight, flame-retardant, waterproof, and insulated, so they're protected even if damage is sustained to other parts of the building.

Which is about to happen. So a year ago—

About a year ago I thought the best way to get out of here would be to trigger the emergency system by shorting out the generator. But there's a backup generator and I started to worry...either it would come back on, and not work, or the doors WOULD open but I'd just immediately DIE out there, or the doors WOULDN'T OPEN and I'd be stuck in here, suffocating with no generator and—

I'm not a hero! I'm not!

I was afraid I was going to do something really really dangerous so I sedated myself.

Well...I got red wine drunk and passed out.

But then. When I woke up. I had a really bad headache.

And I thought of my mom and dad.
And my Grandma and Grandpa. They're so cute together. I love old people. They're probably dead.
I thought about my cousin, Aaron, who never got to have kids even though he really liked kids and. My friend Susan. She was one of my best customers so if anyone had a chance of survival—
Hi Susan. Are you still...out there?
Did all that dental floss come in handy?

I thought about Erik.
When I met you, Erik.
Well you were a really good assistant.

And you deserved better than just getting left behind. With no...notice. No warning. No...chance to live!!

Maybe she straps a sleeping bag to the outside of her bag like a serious camper. She sets it aside. She dumps a bunch of rejected survival stuff on the "trash" pile and squirts it with lighter fluid.

Erik, you knew everything about this bunker and you alone know where it is and I thought if anyone was going to come knock on this door, skin sloughing off from massive radiation, blistering gums, screaming that I could've helped you, you could've lived if I weren't so selfish—
The nightmares started a few days after I got here.

She begins stuffing air vents with rags.

...for that first week or so I was here, I pretended this was a vacation. All I did was...make love to my robot boyfriend and eat tootsie rolls. Which was fun but then I just started feeling really *terrible*.
Not just from the unhealthy diet.
I was selfish.
I have always been incredibly selfish. But I thought—
Finally I can be alone without having to blame myself for my loneliness!
It was the apocalypse. Not my personality!

But the dreams...
In some of the dreams you are immediately obliterated. Those are...kind of a relief. It's over quickly. Just a mushroom cloud in the distance

but...most of the time it's screaming. Blood. Panic. Fear. Vomiting
slime as the radiation poisoning set in, hallucinations, iron rods growing
out of the tips of your fingers, teeth falling out of your formerly beautiful
mouth.

I wake up sweating through my pajamas, and it's not regular sweat, it's
this rank humid fear sweat—I can't even wash out the smell.

I just...live with it now.

I'm gonna burn that, too.

I mean. I'm trying to stay on track here, but...

Full disclosure this is not only about saving people, ok.

I need to excise a few personal...flaws.

She dumps a trash bag full of flannel pajama sets and onesies with animal ears on the trash pile.

Hold on just a little longer.

I'm coming.

I promise I'm coming.

Here are some facts:

She starts tearing pages out of books and dropping them on the trash pile.

I hired Erik on January second, twenty nineteen.

I hired him to be my personal assistant, on the clock twenty-four seven.

I hired him because I thought he was handsome.

Which is a terrible reason to hire someone but. Also. He was...brisk.

Efficient. Calm. He was—

You were—

I hope you are still... Kind.

In November twenty nineteen I began to receive secret communications
from a network of preppers with members who had infiltrated the highest
level of government through the national park system.

Experiments with unusual drugs were happening in secret facilities across
the country—drugs that, at the time, I believed bore the hallmarks of an
apocalyptic biological event.

I thought, this is it: zombies.

Which, it turns out, No.

No zombies whatsoever.

Regardless.

I stepped up construction on the bunker.

I started paying Erik overtime to watch the news, *all* of it—even NPR.

At the same time, I began to hear rumors of political turmoil—more than what was showing up on the news.

North Korea, Russia, Israel, Italy, Beirut, Norway, Peru, GUAM—fascists and terrorist organizations that had already infiltrated this country were KNOWN to be plotting an attack.

I became anxious.

I began sleeping in the bunker. Just in case.

And then... Inexplicably...

Things seemed to calm down. With the country. The rumors.

I know now it was the eye before the storm, but—I let my guard down.

It's my fault.

It's my fault.

I started to get DISTRACTED by stupid things.

Things that I...forgot I used to—want.

The facts are, I hired my assistant, Erik, on January second, twenty nineteen and by January fifth, I was in love with him.

The facts are, I thought over and over—

After the bunker is built I'll tell him. After this business trip, I'll tell him then. After this conference. After he makes the first move, maybe. After I lose a few pounds. After the danger has cleared. Then I'll tell him.

I never thought disaster would strike so...SUDDENLY!

Which is stupid!

Because that's how disasters work!

She squirts some more lighter fluid all over the pile of stuff.

If anyone was ready for it—it should've been me.

It was my BRAND.

But I wasn't ready at all.

She begins to get dressed in a Haz-Mat suit.

On December sixteenth, twenty twenty, I got drunk in my office and fell asleep on the floor.

I had just turned forty-one.

I found cellulite on my ass.

I was feeling very alone.

Early the next morning, around four AM, I woke up to an alert on my phone, directly from the president, warning of the imminent arrival of a nuclear bomb.

This is not a drill, it said.

No words of comfort. No explanation.

I thought about calling Erik—that was my very first thought.

My second thought was:

Woah!

What if that makes it seem like I'm in LOVE with him? Better not do that.

Taking nothing with me but the clothes I had fallen asleep in, I drove out of town to my bunker and closed the door, sealing myself in this tomb.

Only after the doors were closed did I think—what's worse? The man I love knowing that I love him, and he doesn't love me back? Or letting him melt to death rather than risking the pain of finding that out?

Sometimes I have nightmares that I'm shriveling up to a dry husk in here and I'll just crisp up like a bag of potpourri until I'm too weak and flaky to get out of bed one day and when they find me in a hundred years, the iNtibot will still be fucking the faded, aromatic pile of leaves that is my dead body.

More often I have nightmares that the system will malfunction, and even though the bunker is filling with smoke, the doors won't open. And I'll burn alive in here. And my last thought will be—is this what it was like for them? Is this the fate that I left for everyone I've ever known or loved?

Maybe I deserve that.

She lights a match and drops it on her pile of stuff. Flames.

It's time to get this over with.

Complete script available at brandyncarie.com or [on NPX](#).