

EVERYBODY'S DEAD: A COMEDY

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## Characters

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

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

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

Voiceovers: **Computer/News Anchor:** F. Voiced by the same actress who plays Rebecca.

**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:

COMPUTER VOICE

How can I help you?

ANNIKA

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 2019. 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 from 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 yogurt, and

A vibrating parrot that only says nasty things!

But sweet.

Nasty-slash-sweet.

Like you!

ANNIKA

Shit. Shit, 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.

Erik: 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. Erik: Cancel evening intercourse also.

INTIBOT

...are you sure you want to cancel?

ANNIKA

Affirmative. Cancel evening intercourse.

INTIBOT

...awwww, ok! Whatever you want, Shnookums! 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.

COMPUTER VOICE

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

ANNIKA

Resume...filming?

COMPUTER VOICE

We have not stopped filming.

ANNIKA

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

COMPUTER VOICE

Not to me, hon.

ANNIKA

Are we still filming now??

COMPUTER VOICE

Affirmative

ANNIKA

Uh. OK...  
Thank you.

COMPUTER VOICE

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 robot 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. 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 eight-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...

*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, 2019, 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 lets you 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.*

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 finds in the pile of things some lighter fluid. She squirts it around the room.*

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 2012. 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-six.

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 twenty-three-year-old dropout weed dealer-slash-dollar store clerk who called ME a "one-time bang."

Obviously, I had lost my job.

So I moved home.

Went to church with my grandparents 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?

Which is where the subscription boxes idea came from.

Not to brag, but they were kind of an instant hit.

We had a huge following on Etsy and Pinterest and Instagram.

That's...the internet. If you still know what that is.  
I guess if you're watching this...  
Unless you're watching from *inside* the bunker, which—  
It's like this big...invisible...

*She tries to think of a way to explain the internet. She gives up.*

The point is, Pioneer Woman reblogged me. I wrote guest articles on homesteading websites. I was featured on NRA TV!  
Well not me, the product. I sent a model to play me.  
But still!  
I never felt so accomplished.  
I felt like I was helping people.  
And...I feel like I need to be honest here, um...like if this is going to be the last thing I ever say. So. I felt important. I felt like I was an important person. And I really. Liked it.  
And people...they acted like...they liked me.  
Which probably has happened before but...I can't remember when.

Our subscription base got so big I had to hire actual employees! Then I had to hire a manager to direct the employees, and then I had to hire an assistant to help me remember all my engagements and meetings and appointments...and that's how I met Erik.

*She finds a tube of mascara in the pile. Thinks of throwing it away. Reconsiders. Puts some on. Packs it in her backpack.*

Hi Erik.  
Hopefully you're watching this.  
Hopefully you're not dead.

I had already begun construction on the bunker at this point.

The thing about the bunker is, 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. We'd eat astronaut food by the light of the computer monitor and talk...about our existential dread, about how much we missed crab rangoons. 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 used to get them now and then, on accident, at brunch—surprise fruit in a little cup, with my waffles. Half the time I left them on the plate like a garnish? But sometimes I'd eat them and every time I was surprised.

"Strawberries! So good! Weird."

Why wasn't I paying attention?

I could've eaten strawberries every day.

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.

When I woke up, I had a really bad headache.

And I thought of 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.

*The backpack is pretty full. Like overflowing, actually. She struggles to close it.*

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 the backpack like a serious camper. She sets it aside. She dumps the stuff that didn't make it into the bag on the "trash" pile with the electric blanket. She 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!

*Pause.*

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 sets 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 in 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.*

Bear with me.

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, 2018.

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 2018 I began to receive secret communications from a network of preppers with members who had infiltrated the highest levels 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.

*She tries to build a campfire teepee out of the stuff in her trash pile but none of it is LOGS so it doesn't really work. She keeps trying.*

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.

*She begins to get very frustrated with teepee building.*

The facts are, I hired my assistant, Erik, on January second 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!

*She gives up on the teepee. Dumb teepee.*

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, 2019, 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?

*Pause.*

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 malfunctions, and even though the bunker is filled with smoke, the doors don't open. And I burn alive in here. And my last thought is—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.*

ANNIKA

It's time to get this over with.

*iNtibot rushes in.*

INTIBOT

Woah! Woah, woah, woah! What's going on, buttercup?

ANNIKA

Get away from there, Erik!

INTIBOT

Let's put this teeny, little fire out.

*iNtibot tries to put out the fire. Annika blocks him. She continues to try to keep him away from the fire while he tries to put it out. The smoke and flame begin to rise.*

ANNIKA

No! Move away! Erik: Desist!

INTIBOT

Sorry, clementine, my programming prioritizes your safety over your orders—

ANNIKA

Fuck that!

INTIBOT (*looking around*)

Which thing?

ANNIKA

Augh! Administrative Access Requested!

INTIBOT

Access denied!

ANNIKA

The password is “password”!

INTIBOT

Access denied! Prime directive engaged!

ANNIKA

No! I am *doing this!*

*She lunges at the iNtibot, grabs at the back of his neck, and pulls away a handful of cables. iNtibot's neck sparks and fizzes and he powers down.*

INTIBOT

Prime directiiiiiiiveeeeeee—

ANNIKA

OK then! I am fired up!

I want to say to whoever might someday see this that—

I wasn't a very good person!

I was a bad daughter and a bad boss and the products sold by my company were massively overpriced and profited from American xenophobia!

Like very explicitly!

Like we actively made the world a worse place for money!

*Lots of smoke. Lights begin to flash red. Some warning clicks/sirens.*

ANNIKA

I wanted to be a better person than I was...than I am.

I still want to be better!

COMPUTER VOICE

Warning: bunker environment compromised. Air filtration systems functioning below ideal capacity. Initiating backup filtration systems.

ANNIKA

I don't think anyone's going to find this.  
I think everyone is dead.

COMPUTER VOICE

Warning: backup filtration systems not functioning at full capacity. Air quality compromised. Extinguish fire immediately. If you don't want to get yourself killed.

*It's getting really smoky in here.*

ANNIKA

I don't think that anyone I'm going to look for is still out there, but,  
—if the doors open like they're supposed to—any minute now—  
I'm coming to look for you anyway.  
Because that's the kind of person I want to be.

Erik—if you didn't get to make it then I don't deserve to make it either.  
And—and—and it's taken me far too long to figure that out.

COMPUTER VOICE

Warning: air quality approaching critical condition. Emergency procedures initiating.

*Smoke, fire, sprinklers turn on. Annika dons the helmet of her suit and has to shout even more.*

ANNIKA

I guess what I'm really trying to say is—  
Erik: if you can hear me. I'm in love with you.  
I've loved you for a long time now.  
I hope I don't die before I get the chance to tell you in person.  
But if I do die, well.  
The world will be no worse off than it was before.

COMPUTER VOICE

Emergency procedures initiating.

ANNIKA

And it would be really great right now if those doors would open.  
Now.

Open now.  
Please open.

*Pause. Sirens and smoke and sprinklers continue.*

ANNIKA

Oh shit ohshitohshitohshitfuckcuntmotherfucking-  
I was just being fucking noble I don't actually want to DIE—

*The sound of an airlock. A shaft of light comes pouring in. Annika moves toward the light.  
Blackout.*

2.

*Annika wears the Haz Mat Suit, helmet off.*

*All around her is the rising sound of booms and screams.*

*A MAN enters. His face is melting off.*

MAN  
Annika?

ANNIKA  
Erik?!

MAN  
I've got those reports.

*He coughs, delicately, politely. A tooth falls out of his mouth. He holds it out to her, an offering.*

MAN  
I wanted to say how great it feels—to know we're really helping people!

ANNIKA  
Erik what's wrong with your face.

MAN  
I don't think you're crazy, Annika—I think you CARE.

*He touches his own face. A bit of it comes off in his hand. He moans.*

MAN  
Aaaaah—ahhhh  
What's going on?  
What happened to me?

*He peels strips off his face. Some of his hair comes with it.*

ANNIKA  
I don't know what happened—I don't know!

MAN  
Why didn't you save me?  
Why didn't you save anybody?

ANNIKA

I'm sorry!  
I'm so sorry!!!

*Boom.*

*Bright white light.*

*Annika, still in the Haz-Mat. Bright sunshine pours through the window of a comfortable office waiting room with cutesy Christmas decorations.*

*She looks around, dazed.*

*She reaches out to touch a tiny Christmas cactus and pokes herself on it.*

ANNIKA

Ow!

*Deep breath.*

*Erik enters. He's business casual, dapper, wearing the same glasses as the iNtibot.*

ERIK

Did you walk here?

ANNIKA

Erik.

*Annika has a little mini panic attack. She breathes.*

ANNIKA

Oh my god.

ERIK

Calm down.

*She gets it together.*

*Oh wait, nope, still crying a little.*

*Ok deep breath. Deep breath. She pinches the bridge of her nose.*

ERIK

Everything under control?

ANNIKA

...Um. Yes.

ERIK

So...?

ANNIKA

Sorry what was the—?

ERIK

You walked here.

ANNIKA

Oh! Right. Yes, I walked.

ERIK

Was something wrong with your car?

ANNIKA

You look...almost exactly the same.

ERIK

—

ANNIKA

I um. I assumed the car /wouldn't run—

ERIK

I had it left by the entrance of the bunker for you.

ANNIKA

Oh...

ERIK

I didn't let them tow it.

ANNIKA

Wow...

ERIK

I kept your registration and insurance up to date.

ANNIKA

Registration and insurance.

...

Erik that was.

So thoughtful.

Thank you.

ERIK

We thought you'd be here hours ago. We did not plan on you walking. Your video is all over the news. A helicopter got footage of you on the way here, sneaking from tree to tree like some kind of... we are getting some very bad press. Was that your intention?

ANNIKA

My—my video?

ERIK

“Everyone's dead, I'm so sorry, oh also Erik I'm in love with you?”  
That video?

ANNIKA

Oh my god.

ERIK

Why don't you get changed.

ANNIKA

I had *internet*?

ERIK

There are more appropriate clothes in your office.

ANNIKA

Wh—what—

*The panic attack threatens to return.*

ERIK

...Annika, please.

ANNIKA

Erik! I'm...I'm really really really really really really sorry. I thought—  
I don't know what HAPPENED.

ERIK

Nothing. Happened.

ANNIKA

But, the alert—

ERIK

You are the only person in the country who thought that was real.

ANNIKA

...so it was...a joke?

ERIK

It was the president.

ANNIKA

—

ERIK

It was a mistake. The first of several that year.

ANNIKA

...several?

ERIK

People got used to it.

ANNIKA

—

I'm...I'm really glad you're ok.

ERIK

Why don't you go get changed?

ANNIKA

Erik—

ERIK

We'll talk later.

ANNIKA

But—I need to—

ERIK

We did knock. On your door.  
You just...didn't answer.

ANNIKA

I didn't hear—

ERIK

Well maybe you were red wine drunk.

*Erik exits.*

*Annika enters her office. She is alone again. She looks around.*

*The office is filled with things that are similar to the bunker. A collection of Koosh balls. Filled survival packs, lined up on a shelf. MRE's with the Annikorp logo on the outside.*

*She takes off her Haz-Mat suit.*

*She changes into the clothes stacked on her desk. They are tight business-wear.*

*She is uncomfortable.*

*Knock. Knock. Knock. Rebecca enters.*

ANNIKA

Becky! Hi. Hi! Oh my god how are you! I missed you!

REBECCA

It's Rebecca.

ANNIKA

Um. Right. OK! Is that new, or—?

REBECCA

No.

ANNIKA

...

REBECCA

Erik asked me to give you a rundown of the finances and...the whole situation. With Annikorp.

ANNIKA

Right.

*Rebecca sits at the desk. She waits for Annika to sit, too. She opens a binder.*

ANNIKA

You've been. Um. You look good. Did you lose weight?

REBECCA

I watched your video.  
The sex robot?

ANNIKA

Um, companion...iNtibot.

*Rebecca shakes her head.*

REBECCA

What you do is none of my business, I guess.

ANNIKA

—Um

REBECCA

—ok except it is, actually? It's my literal business—

ANNIKA

I mean—

REBECCA

You didn't mention me. Not once! I have always done an impeccable job for you—

ANNIKA

—ok look—

REBECCA

—but no, it’s just “Erik, Erik!”  
Oh, and once, “I hired a manager.” That’s it?!

ANNIKA

Becky—

REBECCA

Don’t bother to mention I’m also your SISTER.

ANNIKA

...I totally deserve this.

REBECCA

Don’t give me that self-effacing CRAP—

ANNIKA

OK but I was EMOTIONALLY—I mean I thought everyone was DEAD!  
How could I know you’d be *watching* AND still physically *capable* of  
getting *offended*?

*Pause. Rebecca takes an aggressive deep breath and abruptly returns to business mode.*

REBECCA

So as you can see, up until today business has been on a steady incline—  
last spring we rebranded as a newer, more modern emergency preparation  
company: we moved away from the NRA and some of our other more  
conservative associations—

ANNIKA

You *what*? WHY?

REBECCA

They were limiting our reach. There are consumers in the US who won’t  
buy anything endorsed by Sarah Palin. We wanted to reach younger  
demographics. So we started emphasizing survival *tech*, advertising with  
Vice Media, Wired...Oh, and we did away with the word “prepper.”

ANNIKA

You *did away* with it.

REBECCA

We did a focus group. “Prepsperts” and “Prepsters” both had more positive connotations for millennial and Gen Z buyers, and “Prepsters” was perceived as more “fun.” So our customers are Prepsters now.

ANNIKA

So we’re silly now. Is what you’re saying. You turned my company into a NOVELTY GOODS provider.

REBECCA

We *rebranded* as an emergency supply subscription service for the well-informed Prepster under fifty.

ANNIKA

Do we even sell *guns* anymore?

REBECCA

Bow and arrows are actually much trendier, so...

ANNIKA

...this is MY company.

REBECCA

Two years is a long time.

ANNIKA

YOU THINK I DON’T KNOW THAT!!

REBECCA

You didn’t leave instructions for what to do if you just HAPPENED to disappear one day. Erik and I had to make the best of it. And we have.

ANNIKA

“Erik and I”?

REBECCA

He knows everything *you* used to do day to day. Annikorp would have tanked without him.

ANNIKA

Well I will have to...thank him. For ruining—I mean *running* things in my absence.

REBECCA

You should.

ANNIKA

Maybe. A bonus! And—you, too!  
Thank you! So much!

*Pause.*

REBECCA

You would've let me die. You basically...did.  
In your world, I'm dead right now.

ANNIKA

Ok but you're alive.

REBECCA

No thanks to you.

ANNIKA

...you know we never really...got along.

REBECCA

...  
...Grandma's dead.

ANNIKA

What?

REBECCA

So that's something you missed while you were on sex vacation.

ANNIKA

It wasn't a vacation.

REBECCA

Uh-huh.

ANNIKA

Is Grandpa—?

REBECCA

Very lonely.  
He's Tinder dating now.

ANNIKA

Oh! Has he...found anyone—

REBECCA

No.

*Pause.*

REBECCA

...You left me out of all your stories.

ANNIKA

Like...in the video—?

REBECCA

I used to follow you around. Do exactly what you did.  
I had a koosh ball like yours.  
And a journal like yours? Pink, with a stupid little lock and a stupid little key. I'd write, "dear diary, today Annika let me watch while she hit the ceiling with her Koosh a thousand and five times. Wow. She is so cool."

ANNIKA

No, I was—I was alone.

REBECCA

And in these memories where you're alone, where am I?

ANNIKA

Off—playing with your friends, I guess.

REBECCA

In MY memories *you* are my friend. My BEST friend.

*Pause.*

ANNIKA

I...yeah. No, I don't remember that at all.

REBECCA

Great.

*Pause.*

ANNIKA

All I can say is I'm sorry.

REBECCA

You better find a hell of a lot more to say than that.

*Long pause.*

ANNIKA

I can't really...think of anything right now.

*Rebecca stares at her.*

ANNIKA

I'm sure something will come to me. Um. Eventually?

*Pause.*

REBECCA

OK. Sure.

*Rebecca exits. Annika sighs.*

*Suddenly, she flips on the TV: home improvement; food channel; animal planet. News.*

*Annika's voice comes through the television.*

ANNIKA'S VOICE

“I don't think anyone is still out there, but I'm coming to save you anyway. Erik: if you can hear me. I'm in love with you. I've wanted you for so long! I want—

Oh [*beep*] oh [*beeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeep*].

I was just being [*beeeeeeeep*] noble I don't actually want to DIE—”

NEWS ANCHOR

What you've just heard was the delusional ravings of an Illinois woman who EMERGED today from an underground bunker where she lived for TWO YEARS believing that the WORLD had ended.

The revelation that Annika Breyers, the famously reclusive CEO of Annikorp, has not been involved with company operations for two years has led some to wonder—just who has been signing those paychecks? A federal investigation is underway, though authorities [have declined]—

*Erik enters.*

*Annika switches off the TV.*

ANNIKA

You didn't tell people I was gone.

ERIK

No.

ANNIKA

They didn't *ask* about me?

ERIK

You're pretty well known for avoiding people.

ANNIKA

How did you...do ANYTHING without me??

ERIK

Clearly, we got by.

ANNIKA

But now we're being investigated for fraud.

ERIK

That seems to be the case.

ANNIKA

Did you *forge* my signature?

ERIK

Everything's digital now.  
I'm not talking to you about this.

ANNIKA

Oh yes you are!

ERIK

No.

ANNIKA

My company is under investigation for tax fraud and I had to learn about it from *the news*—

ERIK

My boss claimed to be in love with me but also left me to die in a nuclear holocaust. I had to learn about that from the news.

*Pause*

*Erik sighs.*

ERIK

I'm only here to confirm that you will be available in the morning for a meeting with Rebecca and myself. We need to discuss next steps for this company.

ANNIKA

Fine.

ERIK

Good.

*Erik turns to leave.*

ANNIKA

Wait, I want—

*Erik turns back.*

ERIK

What do you want.

ANNIKA

Well...uh...just to tell you—

ERIK

I saw your video. Was there more you wanted to say?

ANNIKA

Yes. Or, well.

I wanted to—say it better.

ERIK

I'm going to go now.

ANNIKA

Well I thought you might have something...to say to me?

Back?

To say back to me?

Like in response to...my video?

ERIK

...you named your sex bot after me.

ANNIKA

What?

ERIK

The robot. You named it Erik.

ANNIKA

Oh. Um. Yeah.

ERIK

I have to get new glasses now. His glasses look like mine and they're showing it on TV.

ANNIKA

I'm sorry—

ERIK

I do Annikorp press conferences. In. These glasses.

ANNIKA

That, yeah, I could see how that makes us look a little—

ERIK

I feel objectified and violated.

ANNIKA

Um, I mean, you were definitely objectified, but *violated*?

ERIK

Yes.

ANNIKA

Um, ok. OK.

Sorry.

*Pause.*

ERIK

You weren't in love with me.

ANNIKA

No, I—I AM—

ERIK

You didn't know me two years ago. I was just your assistant, you had a crush. I'm sorry you were so lonely back then. But I was the best assistant to you that I could be, and now...

I'd like to keep things professional.

ANNIKA (*crushed*)

...totes.

*Erik turns to leave. Turns back. But only like...half his body.*

ERIK

You should go home.

ANNIKA

No I think I'll...my office has a couch so.

ERIK

Did you eat?

ANNIKA

I packed enough MRE's to last two weeks on the road—and look, there's actually, already some here, so. I'm good.

ERIK

You should eat real food

ANNIKA

MREs are real food.

ERIK

They're high-calorie dehydrated Styrofoam and you know that.  
We SELL them.

ANNIKA

Don't let the press hear you say that.

ERIK

No, /I obviously—

ANNIKA

Might make us look bad.

ERIK

I'm /not going to—

ANNIKA

Bad for profits.

ERIK

Yes.

*Pause.*

ERIK

Look—do you want me to get you some Chinese?

ANNIKA

...you'd do that?

ERIK

You should eat.

ANNIKA (*getting emotional suddenly*)

That's so, that's really kind—

ERIK (*flat*)

I'm your assistant.

ANNIKA

...no. No, you're so much more than that—

ERIK

Just. Tell me what you want. I'll have it ordered in.

ANNIKA

Egg drop soup?  
Pot stickers.  
Shrimp fried rice.  
Beef lo Mein.

ANNIKA (cont'd)

Kung Po chicken.  
Eight eggrolls.  
And crab rangoons!

ERIK

I'm not staying.

ANNIKA

That's...that's my order.

ERIK

Fine. I'll have it sent up.

*Erik exits. Annika is alone.*

*She digs in her desk drawer and finds two bottles of red wine. Screw cap, of course.*

*She takes a big swig directly from the first bottle.*

*She takes another swig.*

*She struggles to remove the too-tight skirt, then sighs in relief. More wine.*

*She looks around her office.*

*She sits on the couch.*

*She drinks.*

*She...reaches a hand in her underwear and starts to slowly masturbate. Eyes open. Looking around. Sort of...waiting for her mood to catch up with her hand.*

ANNIKA

Come on, come on, just...

*She changes positions on the couch, trying to get comfortable. Tries again. She makes a frustrated noise and rips off the blazer. Deep breath. Closes her eyes and starts rubbing away.*

ANNIKA

Erik. Erik. Living Erik, alive Erik, Breathing Erik

*MAN, face melting off, appears in the doorway.*

MAN

What's happening to me??

*Annika's eyes fly open. The Man is gone. She takes a swig of wine. Touches her face. It's intact. More wine. You know what would help with relaxing? An orgasm. She redoubles her efforts at masturbation, romancing herself a little bit.*

ANNIKA

"Oh, Annika, I've been thinking about you every moment since you left. I've always been into older women. OH ANNIKA—"

REBECCA'S VOICE

When you were alone, where was I?

*Annika's eyes fly open once more. For fuck's sake.*

REBECCA'S VOICE

You were my best. Friend.

ANNIKA

I'm sorry. I'm sorry!

*The office is quiet. Annika shivers. She slips on an Annikorp sweatsuit. She finds a pen and scribbles some notes on the back of a pamphlet, drinking all the while.*

3.

*Annika alone onstage. She shovels her mouth full of noodles from a Chinese takeout container. The escalating click of a Geiger counter. The sound of an explosion in the distance. Annika is hit with a shock wave.*

*She clutches her stomach, suddenly, vomiting a huge pile of green sludge.*

ANNIKA

No, no, no.

*She wipes her mouth. She continues to eat, faster.*

*The voice of the news anchor is distorted and staticky.*

NEWS ANCHOR

The president has declared a state of emergency again today as bombs are dropping literally everywhere. Seek shelter in a bunker like the one Annika Breyers destroyed with fire!

*She vomits again. Wipes her face. A strip of skin peels away from her face. She looks at it.*

ANNIKA

No—I didn't—I was safe—

*BOOM. She drops the skin into her takeout box. She touches her face again and pulls away another strip of skin. She drops it into the container.*

*Rebecca and Erik appear. They glance at Annika and then turn away from her. They look deeply into each other's eyes. Annika eats out of the takeout box and watches them.*

*Rebecca and Erik remove their clothes while maintaining eye contact with each other.*

NEWS ANCHOR

Everything you eat, touch, or breath is poison. Do not leave your homes. Do not try to help people. They wouldn't help you. Just stay inside and survive.

*The Geiger counter gets louder.*

*Annika vomits again.*

*Rebecca puts her whole fist in Erik's mouth, or tries. Erik looks at Rebecca; Rebecca turns to look at Annika, fist still in Erik's mouth.*

*They exit.*

*Annika vomits, peels more skin, sobs.*

*The Geiger counter clicks get louder and transform into the ticking of a clock...*

*The office. Early morning. Two empty wine bottles and stacks of empty takeout containers on the desk. Annika scrubs her face vigorously with a washcloth.*

NEWS ANCHOR

The National Park Service is denying allegations of espionage after park employees were implicated in the now-viral video by Annikorp CEO Annika Breyers.

*Annika suddenly freezes and runs over to her tiny trash can and vomits into it. She stows the trash under her desk.*

NEWS ANCHOR

Here she is, claiming that a network of preppers has quote “infiltrated” the government agency.

*Annika’s voice is heard on the TV but it fades to incomprehensible background noise. Erik enters. Tidily dressed and pressed. No glasses. Or different glasses.*

ERIK

Good morning.

ANNIKA

Ah!

*She drops the washcloth.*

ANNIKA

Um!

Ha—so clumsy!

*Pause.*

ERIK

Rebecca’s not here?

ANNIKA

Oh, yeah, no, nope, not. Uh. Yet? She’s not here.

ERIK

...

ANNIKA

So—

ERIK

I'll wait in the [waiting]...

*Erik returns to the waiting room. He presses the intercom button on the receptionist's desk.*

ERIK

Just buzz if you need. Um.

ANNIKA

Sure, sure.

ERIK

You have to press the button.

*Annika presses the button on her own desk.*

ANNIKA

I'm fine!

Hi, Rebecca!

ERIK

She's not here yet.

ANNIKA

*(laughs like this is a funny joke)*

*Pause.*

*Erik lets go of the intercom button. Checks his watch.*

*Annika gets her shit together.*

*She pulls a noodle out of her hair and throws it in the trash.*

*Deep breath.*

*Smooths her hair. Practices a friendly smile.*

*Erik waits. He's very still.*

NEWS ANCHOR

—Breyers seems disoriented, possibly psychologically dam[aged]—

*Annika switches off the TV.*

*In the waiting room, Rebecca enters. She sees Erik. They magnet together in an intense embrace/kiss situation.*

*Rebecca leans against the receptionist's desk, accidentally turning on the intercom. So now Annika can hear them.*

REBECCA

What are we going to do?

ERIK

What we have to.

REBECCA

We're going to prison.

*Annika reacts like "oh no, I feel bad...should I go out there?" She hesitates.*

ERIK

We're not going to prison.

We did a good job.

REBECCA

At breaking the law.

ERIK

At running this company.

*Annika reaches for the intercom—but then she stops.*

REBECCA

She's not going to see it that way.

ERIK

It's going to be fine.

REBECCA

Don't patronize me.

ERIK

We're not getting arrested!

REBECCA

We took out small business loans in her name. We signed her tax returns.

ERIK

No. **I** did those things.

REBECCA

No. We did.

*Erik takes Rebecca's hands and kisses her wetly. Annika can hear. She looks for an escape. The only door is straight out into the make out sesh. She opens a window and looks down but is confronted by the camera flashes of reporters. She draws back inside.*

ERIK

No. **I** did.

*Rebecca touches Erik's cheek.*

REBECCA

No. *We* did.

*Erik kisses Rebecca again. Rather loudly.*

ERIK

No, **I**—

REBECCA

Shut up.

*They start to make out really wetly and intensely. Annika can't take it anymore. She intercoms.*

ANNIKA

Um, Rebecca? REBECCA.

*Erik and Rebecca look up.*

REBECCA

Annika?

ANNIKA

Can I see you in my office. Please?

*Erik takes Rebecca's hand.*

ERIK

Calm and professional.

*Rebecca looks at him.*

REBECCA

You have lipstick on your face.

*Erik wipes his face.*

*Rebecca enters Annika's office.*

ANNIKA

...So.

Rebecca.

*Are you having sex with my assistant?*

REBECCA

Erik is not your *assistant* anymore, Annika.

ANNIKA

Oh, did I promote him when I wasn't looking?

REBECCA

No, I did.

*Pause.*

ANNIKA

...Are you dating?

REBECCA

That is none of your business.

ANNIKA

You knew I was [in love]—that I—you knew how I felt.

REBECCA

You mean, how you felt two years ago? You can't *call dibs* on a person. Especially not after you abandon that person to die.

*Pause.*

ANNIKA

OK. Ok. Sure. Of course, that's—  
...This isn't how I meant to—  
I was planning...

*She pastes on a bright, manic smile.*

ANNIKA

Becky!

REBECCA

Rebecca.

ANNIKA

Right.

*She presses the intercom button.*

ANNIKA

Erik! Will you come in here please?

*They wait while Erik comes in. No one looks at anyone. He sits.*

*Annika is on one side of the desk. Rebecca and Erik on the other. There is trash all over the desk.*

*Annika sweeps all the stuff off the desk and into the tiny trash can. Not everything fits.*

*Pause.*

*Annika clears her throat.*

*Pause.*

*She remembers her notes from last night. Her handwriting might be hard to read.*

ANNIKA

I think we got off on the wrong foot yesterday so I wanted to...

*She reads.*

ANNIKA (cont'd)

"I want to first say: Thank you both for keeping the company afloat during my extended absence. Despite not necessarily doing what I would've done, it's clear you did a...good ...you did your best and treated this company... as your own."

*Rebecca smiles a little, surprised.*

REBECCA

We did.

ANNIKA

"I want to discuss—"

*Erik squeezes Rebecca's hand. Annika clocks it. Tries to stick to the plan:*

ANNIKA

"I want to openly discuss a future where each of us..."

"Where you and I..."

You know what, no, I, just NO—

*She rips open her desk drawer, finds a form, and slaps it in front of them.*

ANNIKA

I actually think you should both take a vacation. Here's a form for a three-month leave-of-absence—

*Rebecca's smile vanishes. She and Erik look at each other.*

REBECCA

Uh. That's. No. What we /wanted to talk about—

ANNIKA

Look I *AM* sorry I left you to die. I feel bad, it was bad. OK? But this...no.

*She pushes forward the form.*

ANNIKA

Well?

ERIK

We'd like to look ahead.

ANNIKA

Great. That's what I'm trying to do.

REBECCA

You've seen the news?

ANNIKA

Yes.

REBECCA

Then you know we're being investigated for fraud.

ANNIKA

...Well did you do fraud?

REBECCA

We kept the business running and increased profits and kept twenty people employed!

ANNIKA

With fraud. By doing fraud. Which does not look so good for us. So maybe you should take a vacation.

REBECCA

This is YOUR fault—

*Erik places a hand on Rebecca's arm. She takes a deep breath.*

ERIK

The purpose of this meeting is to talk about the future of this company. You started this business and we respect that. But you don't know how things work here anymore.

ANNIKA

I can figure it out.

ERIK

We've been running Annikorp successfully for two years now and your video has brought some negative press. Between the...sexual overtones and your own criticisms of Annikorp's pricing and politics, we think it's best if you keep a low profile right now.

ANNIKA

Um. Oooookay.  
That's definitely one option.  
...But I think no.

*Pause.*

Look, thank you for all the work you've put in—bonuses for both of you. Raises. All that.  
But this is my company. I'm founder and CEO.  
I'd like to get back to running it now.

REBECCA

Literally what we are saying is, we think you should *definitely not* do that.

ANNIKA

I'm still CEO

REBECCA

Technically.

ERIK

/—Rebecca

ANNIKA

/What's that supposed to mean?

REBECCA

...maybe you should resign.

ERIK

Rebecca—

ANNIKA

What?

REBECCA

Maybe instead of *us* leaving, *you* should cut your losses—our losses—and crawl back in that million-dollar hole you came out of—

ERIK

/—Rebecca!

ANNIKA

/I should OK WHAT

REBECCA

MAYBE we don't want you here, you're no use to anyone and I'm tired of looking at your fucking FACE—

ERIK

*/Rebecca!*

REBECCA

You don't know the Annikorp BRAND anymore. /Your video makes us—

ANNIKA

Well it's not my fault /you CHANGED IT.

REBECCA

—look *totally* incompetent, and if you *resign*, it would make it look like the TAX THING was your fault, which, A) is basically true /and, B) —

ANNIKA

Ok, no—

REBECCA

—would be the only nice thing you've ever done for ME, PERSONALLY, you know, the sister you “never really got along with”? REMEMBER ME, ANNIKA?

*Pause.*

ANNIKA

Uh...were you wanting...an actual response to that, or—?

*Rebecca huffs.*

ERIK

I think it was mostly rhetorical.

REBECCA

Don't speak for me Erik!

We've talked about this.

...

It was rhetorical.

*Pause.*

ANNIKA (*to Erik*)

Is this what you think too?

That I should...crawl back in the hole?

ERIK

Well. That's one among several PR options we were thinking of floating...

*Rebecca glares at him.*

ERIK

It's true that if you resigned it would help us both out.

ANNIKA

OK. Um...I'm happy you're not dead.

And I'll...totally put some thought into...

Your words.

But you can't just...take. My company.

REBECCA

You already left the company with us—

ANNIKA

I would be alone again, I'd have nothing.

REBECCA

You've been alone for the last two years. This would just be making it official.

*Pause.*

ANNIKA

You knew where I was.

REBECCA

Obviously.

ANNIKA

You could have gotten me out any time.

REBECCA

We tried.

ANNIKA

No! You didn't!

ERIK

We did.

REBECCA

We came to the bunker, we knocked—

ANNIKA

You knocked! Yeah, yeah.

REBECCA

With hammers!

ANNIKA

Hire a fucking construction crew! Rent a fucking battering ram!  
I was down there for two years and you left me to rot. Out of your *way* so  
*you could make a move.*

*She looks at Erik.*

REBECCA

No. No. No no no no no—

That's what you think?

You designed your private bunker to house...only you. You designed it to  
be nuke-proof. And you're surprised we couldn't get through to you?

*Pause.*

REBECCA (cont'd)

You didn't even tell me you built it.

After *Erik* told me, I came down and pounded on the door for hours, with a hammer: BANG BANG BANG BANG.

Screaming "ANNIKA ANNIKA ANNNIIKKKAAAAAAA"

ANNIKA

I didn't hear you.

REBECCA

No? Or, were you in there, thinking "it's the apocalypse, and I'd *like* to help you, but I just *can't*?"

*Pause.*

REBECCA

After that I figured—if that's where you want to be, then that's where you should stay.

But now you're out. And you have a chance to help me. For once.

*Pause.*

ANNIKA

Every day I was down there was a day I thought you were dead.

Every person, I thought every person was dead.

REBECCA

That's your fault.

ANNIKA

I believed that for two years when you could have made sure I only believed it for a week.

*Pause.*

REBECCA

I'm sorry you were sad

*Annika laughs hysterically.*

ANNIKA

Sad?

*Pause.*

ANNIKA

If you don't want to take a vacation, fine. I won't force you.  
I.  
I'll get the board to do it.

ERIK

Annika, don't—

*Annika picks up the phone and dials.*

ANNIKA

Dan! Dan, it's— No, it's *Annika*.  
Yes, so good to—  
I'm—well yes, I'm aware we have some challenges, but—  
I'm sorry to hear you—  
I'm actually calling [about]—  
No, no that's—I understand there's a financial—  
Dan, can't we—

*Pause. Annika slaps the receiver and redials.*

ANNIKA

...Joel, it's Annika, how *are* you—

*Pause. Annika hurriedly redials.*

ANNIKA

Susan, Annika, it's been too long!  
Well, yes ok, you were mentioned briefly, but—  
Susan, I'm calling on important [business.]  
No, no no no, don't, don't quit, don't—  
Rebecca...? No, Rebecca is... I will have her give you a call.  
When I see her.  
Yes. Absolutely, we will...work this out.  
Have a, have a good...[day]...

*Pause. Annika takes a deep breath. She sets her shoulders, goes full business.*

ANNIKA

I will *not* resign.

So.

REBECCA

Fine.

Fine.

Fine.

Just...Fine.

*Rebecca exits. Erik follows.*

*Annika is alone.*

4.

*Annika inside a grocery store. She wears an Annikorp baseball cap pulled low.  
It might just be fluorescents. The tinny sound of pop music through shitty speakers, maybe.  
She holds a shopping basket filled to bursting with plastic containers of strawberries.  
The News Anchor is staticky, as though it comes from a long distance.*

NEWS ANCHOR

Queen of the Survivalists Annika Breyers can't even survive a tiff with her baby sister.

ANNIKA

Leave me alone.

NEWS ANCHOR

The crushing loneliness of survival was too much for Breyers, who has chosen to die alone in public humiliation rather than private shame.

ANNIKA

I would have been hungry forever.  
I WOULD HAVE BEEN HUNGRY FOREVER.  
People aren't meant to eat alone.

*If this were a movie we'd zoom out and out into a vast empty grocery store in a vast empty town in a vast empty earth. Is anyone here? Has anyone EVER been here? It's just Annika. All alone.*

ANNIKA

Hello?  
Hello?!?!

*Annika sits on the floor of the grocery store and starts shoving Strawberries into her mouth, whole, with the green bits still on. She fills her mouth with Strawberries, she chokes on them, she swallows, and she eats more. She eats more and more. She eats.*

5.

*Rebecca and Erik make out in the office. Annika is nowhere to be seen.*

*They're really going at it.*

*They start to lose some of their clothes.*

ERIK

You're so sexy.

REBECCA

You're sexy.

ERIK

You're a sensual yet powerful businesswoman.

*Rebecca giggles like a teenager. Erik kisses her neck.*

ERIK

You're an erotic dominatrix of white-collar crime.

*Rebecca jerks away from him.*

ERIK

Just go with it.

REBECCA

That's not sexy! It's stressful!

*Erik pulls her closer, massaging her shoulders, kissing her neck.*

ERIK

After a long day bending the law you deserve to *relax*.

REBECCA

After a long day dealing with my sister, you mean.

ERIK

OK I don't want to talk about her.

REBECCA

OK. OK.

*Rebecca turns toward Erik.  
She starts kissing him again.*

REBECCA

I actually don't have a sister.  
I walk alone, A solitary figure of smooth criminal stuff, a hot piece of  
law-breaking middle-aged ass.

*They're back to fully going at it.*

ERIK

We're not middle aged.

REBECCA

*You're* not middle-aged. I'm so powerful that age is just a number. A  
surprising number.

ERIK

Oh, yeah. You can afford expensive skin cream.

REBECCA

I use the blood of my enemies as skin cream.

ERIK

Yeah!

REBECCA

If I break the law it's because I have to, and I always do what I have to do.  
And so do you.

*Rebecca pushes his face down toward her lady bits.  
He sticks his head under her pencil skirt.  
Or he tries to. It's tight.  
He doesn't really fit under there.*

REBECCA

Oh, my god, just, pull it—

*She tries to hastily pull the skirt up and elbows Erik in the nose.  
He jerks away from her, clutching his face. His nose is bleeding.*

REBECCA

Shit, oh my god.

ERIK

It's fine, I'm fine.

*She looks around for a tissue, a towel.*

*She hands him her shirt and he holds it to his bleeding nose.*

ERIK

Shit.

REBECCA

Are you ok??

ERIK

Yeah, Yeah, I. Yeah.

*He sits on the floor, leans against the desk, still holding his nose.*

ERIK

Shit.

*Rebecca sits next to him.*

REBECCA

Yeah.

ERIK

...what if we take the money?

REBECCA

What?

ERIK

Take the money, take the three-month leave of absence.

Go on vacation.

...A honeymoon.

REBECCA

If this is your idea of a romantic proposal I'm breaking up with you.

ERIK

Not a honeymoon!

Just a vacation. Together.

REBECCA

No.

ERIK

No?

But—

REBECCA

If we do that, we lose everything.

ERIK

We'd get a paid vacation. Together.

REBECCA

We'd come back and it would be like we never did any of this.

Annikorp would be a hundred percent hers and zero percent ours.

No.

I've worked *way* too hard.

ERIK

It's just a job.

REBECCA

What are you talking about?

You work your ass off for this job, it's your whole life.

ERIK

No.

REBECCA

No?

ERIK

No.

I work my ass off because I work my ass off. I'm a person who does that.

But this job isn't my life!

I want my *life* to be: us.

You and me. Alone.

REBECCA

...that's sweet.

ERIK

Don't condescend.

REBECCA

Sweet is a compliment.

ERIK

...OK.

REBECCA

We can't just...give it all up.

We did so much, we rebranded, we—

We did a really good job.

ERIK

We did.

REBECCA

And she doesn't—

ERIK

You're never going to impress your sister.

She doesn't want to be impressed.

REBECCA

In her mind, we're the employees and she's the boss.

We're the people who make the spreadsheets and the coffee and she's the *ideas person*, the one who writes the blog, the one who *sees the big picture*.

But for the last two years, *I've* had the big ideas! Me!

ERIK

Us.

REBECCA

Us! Us.

I don't want to give up on who I am now.

ERIK

Annikorp isn't "who you are!"

Why not go have the big ideas somewhere else?

Somewhere that they'll appreciate you.

Three months would be plenty of time to find a new job.

*Pause.*

REBECCA

I thought we would be like a dynamic duo.

The Survival Sisters.

When she came back, she'd see how I...

And we'd go on the Late Show and have paparazzi pictures of us in our practical yet stylish matching survival packs in Us Weekly.

ERIK

That makes it sound like you just want to be friends again.

You can't just *be friends* again.

REBECCA

Not friends. Sisters.

ERIK

I thought you were mad at her?

REBECCA

I am, but—

ERIK

You can't be on her side.

I can't have you be on her side.

Not after—

REBECCA

I'm not! I'm not.

But I don't want it to be all or nothing.

When we were kids I used to do everything she did and I could see, even then, she needed me to do that.

She would say "don't copy me, don't follow me" and then we would play games where that was the whole point.

ERIK

You can't follow her forever.

REBECCA

I can't abandon her.

ERIK

She abandoned you first.

REBECCA

She's my sister.

ERIK

Well she's not mine.

REBECCA

I thought you wanted to get married.

ERIK

Yeah, to you. Not to her.

*Pause.*

REBECCA

Let's get something straight.

There's sex and then there's family.

ERIK

What's that supposed to mean?

REBECCA

Don't play dumb, you're a smart man.

*Pause.*

REBECCA

I love you. But I don't *need* you.

ERIK

Don't *lie* to me.

*Pause.*

REBECCA

I want you. I *want* you.

*Erik shakes his head.*

REBECCA

Just give her a little more time.

*He starts to stand, move away.*

*She snatches his hand, pulls him down, kisses his hand.*

REBECCA

Please.

Please.

Please.

*They stare at each other. Deeper and deeper.*

*We, like, really shouldn't be watching this. They lean in. And in.*

*Almost kissing almost touching.*

*Annika walks in carrying two big bags of strawberries.*

*She sees them in their underwear.*

*She drops the strawberries.*

*Rebecca and Erik turn and see her.*

*Annika leaves.*



ANNIKA

I thought I...burned you up?

COMPUTER VOICE

The bunker's operating system is housed in a separate pod. As I think you know.

ANNIKA

I...Yeah. I guess I did know that.

*Pause.*

ANNIKA

Computer?

COMPUTER VOICE

What can I do for you?

ANNIKA

I was just...making sure you were still there.

COMPUTER VOICE

I'm here.

*Pause. Annika starts sorting through the burned trash and debris.*

*Rebecca enters and throws a koosh at Annika's head.*

ANNNIKA

WHAT DO YOU WANT

REBECCA

I want you to stop being a narcissistic bitch.

ANNIKA

Oh FUCK YOU

REBECCA

Calm down.

ANNIKA  
JUST GO AWAY AND LEAVE ME IN MY MISERYYYYYY

*She sobs.*

REBECCA  
...OK.

*Rebecca turns to leave.*

ANNIKA  
WAIT

*Rebecca waits.*

ANNIKA  
That's all you came here to say??

REBECCA  
You asked me to leave.

ANNIKA  
Yeah, but—

REBECCA  
I'm modeling respect—

ANNIKA  
OK, /OK—

REBECCA  
If you didn't actually WANT me to leave maybe you should've thought about that before you went flinging all your bad feelings around willy-nilly like a pig in a mudpit. You're getting us all dirty, Annika, and we don't *like it*.

ANNIKA  
OK, I don't under—I don't think I'm getting this metaphor

REBECCA

If you're shitty to people and then they leave, it's not their fault you're alone. It's yours. Like it actually IS your personality.

ANNIKA

Well that's pretty mean to say.

REBECCA

It's the truth.

*Annika weeps.*

REBECCA

Can you please stop crying.

*Annika wails.*

REBECCA

Suck it up! Jesus!

*Annika tries to stuff in her sobs and snuffles. It takes a second. She's snotty.*

ANNIKA

OK. OK I think I'm -

*Cries again.*

REBECCA

It is not that bad.

ANNIKA

You'd be upset, too, if no one loved you or even liked you and everybody wanted to kick you off your business, which is the only thing you've ever been good at, and people could see *on the news* that you're a TERRIBLE person and you just knew that you'd be ALL. ALONE.

*FOREVER.*

REBECCA

Ok, I'm literally right here.

Just like always.

*Annika abruptly stops crying.*

ANNIKA

Why ARE you here?

*Rebecca sighs.*

REBECCA

I suppose I'm a glutton for punishment.

*Annika sniffles -*

REBECCA

DON'T.

*Annika takes a deep breath, pinches the bridge of her nose, makes a concerted effort to not cry.*

REBECCA

Why are YOU here?

Why did you come back here, Annika?

*Annika shrugs, avoids eye contact.*

REBECCA

You're running away.

ANNIKA

No.

REBECCA

You were thinking about closing those doors again.

ANNIKA

Obviously I can't, it's like, completely unlivable—

REBECCA

This is your last chance. To tell me the truth.

Tell me the TRUTH or I am gone.

ANNIKA

Who cares if I was?! Nobody wants me out there!

*Rebecca takes this in.*

REBECCA

Stupid. I'm so...

Erik told me I should stop giving you another chance, and another one, and another one, but...Here I am! Like an idiot.

ANNIKA

...You're not an idiot.

REBECCA

Prove it.

Prove I'm right, and you can...be better than

*(She looks around at the bunker.)*

This.

ANNIKA

I...can't, I can't, I'm just this horrible selfish person, I try to fix things and then nothing works, nothing gets BETTER—

REBECCA

What did you try?

Getting wasted in your office?

Trying to fire me after I saved your ass—

ANNIKA

—paid le/ave—

REBECCA

Trying to FIRE ME after I covered for you every day for two years, not to MENTION all the times before you went nuclear nutcase?!

ANNIKA

I tried to save people! I tried to—

I know it wasn't real, I know, I know *now*, but I did—I was really serious!

REBECCA

...Didn't you think it was maybe too little, too late?

ANNIKA

Yes! Of course! But that's better than nothing, right?

REBECCA

Only if you keep trying, Annika! Only if you don't just give up!

ANNIKA

But-

REBECCA

You would make a horrible survivalist! What if there were a real emergency?? What if you were like, trapped in a burning building? You'd just be like, "whoops, well, already tried the door, better just sit down here and die now?"

ANNIKA (*duh*)

Uh, no.

REBECCA

...

ANNIKA

Probably not.

...

...

What am I supposed to do?

REBECCA

You could start with an apology. You know, like a real one?

ANNIKA

I *am* sorry.

I know I hurt you, I know I was...

*She looks around the bunker for inspiration, and fixes on the burnt-up head of the iNtibot. Maybe she picks it up, cradles it?*

ANNIKA

I'm going to stop...

I know you and Erik are together now, and he's like really—You know, I will try not, to, uh, hit on him anymore.

REBECCA

You'll try?

ANNIKA

I will, I will, I will for sure not ever try to sleep with him or flirt or...

REBECCA

And?

ANNIKA

...and?

REBECCA

You need to stop thinking about him when you masturbate.

ANNIKA

BECKY!

*Rebecca glares.*

ANNIKA

Rebecca. Rebecca. Rebeccarebeccarebecca.

REBECCA

Erik is my person.  
You need to get your own person.

ANNIKA

I don't know how.

REBECCA

Ask Grandpa. He's an expert.

ANNIKA

OK. OK! I will I might will might actually do that.

REBECCA

Good.

*Pause. Annika picks up the koosh ball Rebecca threw at her.*

ANNIKA

Where did you get this?

REBECCA

You gave it to me. When I was eight.

*Annika is touched. She goes in for a hug.*

REBECCA

Oh no.

ANNIKA

But--

REBECCA

You are not done making amends.

ANNIKA

OK. OK, anything!

REBECCA

Make another video.

ANNIKA

Oh. Well, No. That didn't go so well last time.

REBECCA

"Anything!"

ANNIKA

I mean... but if it's like a stupid idea...

REBECCA

It's not.

ANNIKA

What would I even...what would I say?

REBECCA

You would say you're sorry. You would fix this mess.

ANNIKA

OK, I'll...I can try.

...

Computer?

COMPUTER VOICE

How can I help you?

REBECCA

Hold on.

*Rebecca pulls a compact out of her (pocket? Purse?) and fixes Annika's makeup. It takes a moment. It's tender.*

ANNIKA

Thank you.

REBECCA

Frumpy CEOs make the company look bad.

ANNIKA

Right.

REBECCA

And your nose was a little puffy.

*Annika touches her nose self-consciously.*

REBECCA

It looks good now. You look good.

*They smile at each other, tentatively.*

ANNIKA

Computer?

COMPUTER VOICE

I'm still here.

ANNIKA

Begin recording.

...

Greetings...Prepsters.

*Rebecca, offscreen? Smiles a tiny bit more.*

ANNIKA

You may recognize this bunker! It's the same bunker I was in before, in my, in my previous video. But more burned.

I'm recording this video today, because I need to clear up a few issues that were raised in my last video. For one thing, I...hurt people. With my insensitivity, and my implication that I...left everyone to. Uh. Die.

*Rebecca crosses her arms, irritated.*

ANNIKA

Not implication. Statement. I said it, out loud. It was...

I'm sorry for the pain I caused.

To the board, to my team and especially...

To my sister.

Rebecca, will you say hi to the Prepsters, please?

*Rebecca is on the spot. Annika goes offscreen and drags Rebecca back on with her.*

ANNIKA

Rebecca manages operations at Annikorp. She's also my sister.

*Rebecca turns on her most charming smile.*

REBECCA

Hi, Prepsters!

*Annika is struck with inspiration.*

ANNIKA

Moving forward, Rebecca will be an equal partner in the management at Annikorp. I'm pleased to announce her role as Annikorp's first ever COO—

*She glances at Rebecca.*

ANNIKA

That is, assuming you want the job?

*Rebecca beams, but like mostly at the camera.*

REBECCA

I accept!

ANNIKA

The other thing, um...

The facts are:

I was alone in this bunker for two years as part of an... experiment.

Market testing...and it turns out there are some issues with that!

Psychosis. PTSD. Delusion. It's not pretty folks.

One thing I want to make very clear is that I was actually in contact with my managerial team the entire time. And I am sure the IRS will find that that is entirely above board and true, soo...

*Rebecca's smile becomes a little forced.*

The point is, my isolation was more...psychological than literal.

Which did teach us a lot.

About bunkers.

About survival.

*She swallows, looks at Rebecca...now what? Rebecca doesn't miss a beat.*

REBECCA

Everything we've learned in the last two years has been leading to this moment!

I'm delighted to announce a brand-new initiative! The Build a Better Prepster Initiative. There will be books, a brand-new line of custom bunkers, and educational content based around what we've learned through this process.

*Around them, the bunker begins to transform from a burned-out husk to something shinier, more cheerful, and far more futuristic than at the beginning of the play. Their performances becomes smoother too, more polished.*

ANNIKA

Why don't you tell us more about the Build a Better Prepster Initiative, Rebecca?

REBECCA

The initiative is designed to be a holistic approach to apocalypse: In addition to new products and educational content, with every purchase, Annikorp will also donate a portion of profits to organizations working toward global nuclear disarmament. After all, the best way to survive an apocalypse? is to never experience one in the first place!

*The computer and News Anchor voice are the same voice, menacing and distorted. Rebecca doesn't hear it. Annika doesn't hear anything else.*

NEWS ANCHOR

The world is on fire. Humanity is doomed. Stay inside.

*Annika runs her fingers through her hair...a hunk of hair comes away with it. She looks at her hand in disbelief and sees long black rods growing out of her fingers.*

NEWS ANCHOR

This can't happen in America. This can't happen in *our* country. Can it?  
CAN IT?

*Panic. She trembles, sweats...and Rebecca takes her hand. They turn to the camera and smile, just as...the bunker's transformation is complete. This becomes a fully-produced Youtube series/Vlog, complete with SFX & lights & apocalyptic imagery.*

REBECCA

This is "Life After Bunker!" An award-winning vlog where we talk about tools, tips, and tactics for coping with apocalypse, emergency—

ANNIKA

And th ensuing PTSD!

*Laugh track.*

REBECCA

Today we're going to alk about one of the most important post-apocalyptic—and pre-apocalyptic—living:

ANNIKA

Community.

As a Prepper it's important to have a team. You never want to find yourself alone in a moment of danger and possible panic. Use the Buddy system!

REBECCA

Even when there is no immediate danger, your team is vital.

Team-building workbooks are available at the Annikorp website for only \$27.99!

*She winks.*

ANNIKA

Loneliness represents THE biggest threat to survival. How do we plan for the future when there is no one to plan with? How do we celebrate our achievements if there is no one to celebrate with?

REBECCA

We don't! And then we die!  
So always have a buddy folks!

ERIK (OS)

Cut! I think we got it.

*Annika and Rebecca drop the TV smiles and turn to each other.*

ANNIKA

Did I accidentally say "Prepper"? I feel like I accidentally said "Prepper"

*Erik enters & goes straight to Rebecca, kissing her. When they break apart they stay linked by a hand, an arm.*

ERIK

Nobody said "prepper." It was great.

REBECCA

Are we hitting the doom and gloom too hard?

ERIK

Apocalypse is literally the main theme.

REBECCA

But are we walking the right line between like encouraging pragmatic preparation and fueling separatist paranoia?

*They look at Annika.*

ANNIKA

I don't think I know the difference.

*Erik shrugs.*

ERIK

Dinner?

REBECCA

PLEASE.

*They begin to go, & Rebecca looks back.*

REBECCA

Do you want to come? We're having Chinese.

ANNIKA

I actually...have a meeting. With my probation officer.

*Awkward.*

ANNIKA

Which is totally no big deal and just a formality! There's only like...three years left of that or something! Not that I know! Not that i'm even counting.

*Rebecca smiles...then grabs Annika in a big hug.*

REBECCA

Thanks.

ANNIKA

Don't mention it.  
Like ever.

*Erik & Rebecca laugh.*

REBECCA

You could...meet us after? We'll save you some eggrolls.

ANNIKA

...yeah. That sounds nice.

*They leave. Once more, Annika is alone.*

ANNIKA

Computer?

COMPUTER VOICE

How can I help you?

ANNIKA

Turn on the mirror.

*The screen shows Annika's face back at her, from a slightly different angle, like looking at yourself in a zoom. Annika fusses with her hair, her outfit.*

*Around her appears wisps of smoke. A Geiger counter starts to very softly click, click.*

*Annika looks around the shiny new bunker, shivering.*

*She takes from her pocket: the koosh ball.*

*The clicks get more rapid. A soft boom is heard, far in the distance.*

*She closes her eyes and squeezes the ball.*

*She opens them, pockets the ball, turns away from the screen...*

*And walks deliberately out of the bunker.*

*The stage is empty. The mirror-screen is still on, reflecting back...nothing at all.*

*The Geiger counter click echoes through bunker.*

*Click.*

*Click.*

*Click.*

***End of play.***