

DISASTER MART

"Prepping Pays Off"

Written by

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EXT. DISASTER MART - DAY

A run-down storefront in a ubiquitous New Jersey strip mall. Cars on the highway roar by. "DISASTER MART" in block letters. An old "GRAND OPENING" sign is strung limply across the windows. A plastic bag rolls by.

DOOZIE PREPPER (14) whips into frame with her backpack slung over one shoulder. We hear a MEDITATION APP VOICEOVER as it plays through her headphones.

WE FOLLOW Doozie from behind as she walks determinedly towards Disaster Mart.

MEDITATION (V.O.)

To start, thank yourself for taking this time to stop, sit down, and care for your well-being.

A muffled VOICE emerges from behind her.

VOICE (O.S.)

Mr-mr-m-m.

Doozie removes her headphones and turns around.

DOOZIE

Huh?

A nervous 30-something guy in khakis. Seems like he regrets asking but he says...

CUSTOMER

Sorry-- I just-- is this the right place? I'm looking for this specific type of bean and online it said--

DOOZIE

I don't know, guy, I just live here.

She slips her headphones back on and starts to walk away. She has a second thought and quickly turns back.

DOOZIE (cont'd)

Just know if you go in there, it's gonna be a whole thing.

She starts to put her headphones back on again, but decides to say more. She takes a deep breath.

DOOZIE (cont'd)

(venting)

My dad created this Doomsday Calculator that got him fired from his cushy government IT job like five years ago. He's convinced there's going to be a societal meltdown in, like, the next four weeks, which is why he drained my college savings to open this doomsday prepper store, and why I have to spend every free second trying to secure a scholarship to every piece of shit school in the tristate area. But yeah, if you need beans, this is the place.

She turns around, taps her phone screen, and walks off.

MEDITATION (V.O.)

Do a full body scan. Relax your toes, then your legs...

INT. DISASTER MART - STOREFRONT - CONTINUOUS

Doozie walks in to the store. The noise is muffled while the meditation app continues.

MEDITATION APP (V.O.)

Focus on only your breathing. Let your thoughts come and go as they please, not holding on to any of them.

Doozie walks through the aisles grabbing snacks as she goes. Her straight-outta-Brooklyn mom HELEN counts cash at the register.

HELEN

(smacking her gum)

Doozie! How was school, baby?

Doozie moves her headphones off one ear. The meditation app stops. She shoves a protein bar in her mouth.

DOOZIE

(mouth full)

Fine. I'm smarter than everyone else.

Doozie's father NEIL rushes past her and inspects some large plastic buckets.

NEIL

Doozie, did you order these veggie buckets? These are only 800 calories -- they're USELESS!

Neil hits his hand for emphasis.

NEIL (cont'd)

We. Need. LASAGNA. BUCKETS!

Neil drops a heavy plastic bucket near a pile of identical buckets. The buckets are labeled with grotesque pictures of lasagna on the front.

HELEN

Neil! She just walked in the freakin' door!

Doozie ignores them. She walks through the back door of the store, which leads into their two-level living space. Everything is carpeted and wood-paneled, outdated.

INT. DISASTER MART - BACK LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Doozie's serious brother SIL (7), his distracted twin sister PO (7) and their deformed, ancient family dog ZEUS are playing a homemade-looking apocalyptic strategy game on the floor (think "Pandemic.")

DOOZIE

I can't believe you let Dad trick you into thinking this is fun.

SIL

It can be fun and educational, Doozie.

Sil moves a nuclear symbol playing piece across a game board of the world map, knocking over a dozen other pieces. Po, oblivious, smushes her face against the dog's.

SIL (cont'd)

You should've taken a preemptive strike, Po! But you're too obsessed with that damn dog!

DOOZIE

Sil! You're spending way too much time with Dad.

Po smushes her face even harder against the dog's. The dog turns its head so they are nose-to-nose. They stare into each other's eyes intensely.

PO

(with a lisp)

I just love him so much I wish we could fuse into one so we could be together forever.

In a second, Po and the dog's faces turn from sweet to snarling. They growl at each other and launch into an intense tumbling play-fight.

SIL

Doozie! Make 'em stop!

Sil throws his body over the board to preserve their positions. Doozie rolls her eyes and walks off as the sounds of roughhousing continue.

INT. DISASTER MART - STOREFRONT - SAME TIME

Doozie walks back into the storefront and right into a conversation between the guy in khakis and her parents. She grabs two sticks of jerky from the counter and munches on one as she listens.

HELEN

So, whaddaya lookin' for? You a prepper?

CUSTOMER

I'm prepping, uh, chili...

NEIL

For the apocalypse?

CUSTOMER

For tonight.

NEIL

Oh.

HELEN

Well! It's all the same beans.
DOOOOOZIEEEEE!

DOOZIE

Jesus! I'm right here.

HELEN

Can you please get this nice man a pound bag of beans?

Doozie turns on her foot and walks back out. Once she steps into the back room, she throws the uneaten stick of jerky on the ground. The dog finally breaks away from Po to gnaw on it. Sil is relieved. Doozie exits off-screen.

CUSTOMER

I really don't need that many, it's just me and my girlfriend...

NEIL

Considering the proximity of New Jersey to high-level nuclear targets...

INT. DISASTER MART - STORAGE ROOM

Doozie enters a storage room stacked floor to ceiling with bags of dried beans. She throws a sack over her shoulder.

INT. DISASTER MART - STOREFRONT

Doozie returns, slightly out of breath.

NEIL

But in the event of an earthquake, tsunami, or extraterrestrial takeover, that should be enough beans for two.

Doozie drops the bag of beans on the floor and gestures to it like "Voila!"

DOOZIE

Beans.
(beat)
Thanks for shopping local. I'm leaving now.

NEIL

So is he.

Doozie looks up and sees that the customer is missing. Through the storefront windows, she spots him dorkishly speed-walking to his car.

NEIL (cont'd)

Well...there goes that one.

HELEN

Aw, I'm sorry, sweetie.

NEIL

(matter-of-factly)
Don't be sorry for me. Feel sorry
for him. He's dead.

DOOZIE

Dad!

NEIL

At some point in the next 24 hours,
the U.S. Government is going to
regret the day they took my badge.

DOOZIE

(sarcastic)
Oh, it's 24 hours now?

NEIL

I ran a recalculation.

HELEN

Well, if today is our last day, I'm
just glad that we're all together.

DOOZIE

Great, I'm glad everyone's dreams
are coming true. I'm going to go do
my homework.

Doozie exits.

INT. DISASTER MART - DOOZIE'S ROOM

Doozie sits down at the desktop computer in the back office
of the family's building. It's super old since they don't
build secure devices like they used to.

She opens up a "Doozie - DO NOT TOUCH" folder. In it are
dozens of files labeled, "THEATER REHEARSAL SCHEDULE,"
"DEBATE TEAM CALENDAR," "PERSUASIVE ESSAY RUBRIC." She does a
deep inhale as she selects all of the files at once and
double-clicks. A loading screen pops up.

Doozie sits back, impatient. Her eyes wander around the room.
We see her bedroom walls are covered in awards and
certificates. An eerie rogue breeze sends a flutter through
the papers. She frowns to herself.

BZZZZT! The sound of an alarm startles Doozie. The loading
window is interrupted by a flashing pop-up window that reads
DEFCON 1.

DOOZIE

(annoyed)

DAD! DAAAAD!

We hear footsteps coming up the stairs. Neil Prepper walks in, scribbling in a little notebook.

NEIL

What is it, Doozie? I'm in the middle of something.

DOOZIE

Close this out. Please. I have things to do.

Neil sighs impatiently. He leans over Doozie's shoulder and looks at the computer screen. His face lights up.

NEIL

Doozie. Do you know what this means?

DOOZIE

What?

NEIL

(full of glee)

We get to use the BUNKER!

Neil runs giddily out of the room.

NEIL (cont'd)

HELEN! KIDS! IT'S HAPPENING!

Doozie rolls her eyes.

Suddenly, the HOUSE SHAKES. Dust falls from the ceiling. Doozie looks up, terrified. She follows her dad out of the room.

DOOZIE'S BEDROOM WALL

The HOUSE SHAKES more violently, causing papers to fall off Doozie's wall. As they shake off, they reveal wild, angry scribbles in harsh black marker: "FAILURE," "WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?" "WASTE OF SPACE."

INT. DISASTER MART - LIVING ROOM

Neil runs down the stairs like a kid on Christmas morning. He takes a framed portrait off the wall, revealing a giant vault-like door. He wrenches it open.

Sil, Po, and Helen appear behind him and stare down the long, dark concrete staircase. Neil turns around and gives an excited squeal as more dust falls around them.

NEIL

Eeee!

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE - SAME TIME

The guy from earlier is driving down the highway, debating quietly to himself. Oblivious.

CUSTOMER

Could use the beans...maybe I should go back...pretty close to the shoreline...

He looks in his rear-view mirror and contemplates taking the next turnaround.

INT. DISASTER MART - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Neil pleads with Po who is standing at the top of the stairs holding open the bunker door. The rest of the family including Doozie stand behind Neil on the bunker floor.

NEIL

We're out of time, Po!

HELEN

Sweetie, remember that book we read? Baby's First Societal Collapse? It's time to bunker down, honey.

NEIL

(sternly now)
You have five seconds to get back down here.

PO

I have to find Zeus. I won't go without him.

NEIL

That's it.

Neil stomps up the stairs. Po darts out of view and back into the living room.

NEIL (cont'd)

PO!

Neil runs after her.

EXT. INTERSTATE - SAME TIME

The customer CLICKS on his TURN SIGNAL and checks his blind spot. We see his exit coming up on the right.

WOOSH! His car is suddenly blown away by an INCREDIBLE NUCLEAR SHOCKWAVE.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT LANDSCAPE

A red sun glows on the horizon, diffused through a densely fogged sky. A beat.

SUPER: TWO YEARS LATER

VOICE (V.O.)

In these unprecedented times, it's important that you find time to take care of yourself. Close your eyes and take a deep -- AAAAAHHHH!

INT. DISASTER MART - DOOZIE'S ROOM

Doozie is startled out of her zen pose. An FM radio on her nightstand shakes.

RADIO

AAAHHHHHHHHH! THEY'RE HERE! NO AMOUNT OF POSITIVE THINKING CAN GET US OUT OF THIS! RAGE, RAGE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE LI-

(pre-recorded message)

<STATIC> Thank you for listening to ZenSpace. We're experiencing technical difficulties, likely related to the apocalypse. Depending on your religious worldview, we may be right back.

Doozie sighs and turns the radio off. She begrudgingly gets out of bed and moves aside the curtains. She's grown up a bit. She has dark circles under her eyes.

INT. DISASTER MART - STOREFRONT - SAME TIME

Neil Prepper, looking well-rested, even elated, SLURPS his coffee as he looks out the window of the Disaster Mart at the red sun. The Disaster Mart no longer looks out at a shitty New Jersey strip mall, but a vacant desert wasteland. There's no evidence the adjacent storefronts ever existed. Disaster Mart seems to be the sole surviving shop, maybe anywhere.

NEIL
(satisfied)
Ahhh.

REVERSE SHOT

Neil's mug reads "WORLD'S GREATEST RISK ANALYST SPECIALIST."

INT. DISASTER MART - DOOZIE'S ROOM

Doozie looks out at her mom and twin siblings who are standing in their endless back lot.

Her sister Po is running disturbingly on all fours, GROWLING as she chases some kind of lizard creature out into the expansive desert. She must have been clinging to Zeus when the nuclear blast hit. They've combined into an ugly-cute dog-girl.

HELEN
(off-screen)
PO, that creature is SICK! LEAVE
IT!

In the distance, the door to the store CHIMES. Helen turns around and faces Doozie's upstairs window.

HELEN (cont'd)
DOOZIE! DOOZIE PREPPER, can you
PLEASE go help your father? My
class is starting.

DOOZIE
Grrrrr.

INT. DISASTER MART - STOREFRONT - SAME TIME

Doozie shuffles out into the store, rubbing the sleep out of her eyes. She's not the same Doozie who hustled into the store two years ago, so busy that she needed to listen to her meditation on-the-go.

NEIL

DOOZIE! Those orders were supposed to go out YESTERDAY!

He steps on something that makes a GRAINY SAND SOUND.

NEIL (cont'd)

Ugh, and there's fettuccine alfredo powder EVERYWHERE!

Doozie just smacks her lips lazily and blinks at him.

NEIL (cont'd)

I used to be able to rely on you, Dooze. I don't know what's going on with you.

Behind Neil's back, Doozie makes a face like "REALLY?" and gestures wildly to the world in general. Neil walks out the front door.

NEIL (cont'd)

(to himself)
Gotta check on my nanopod fertilizer.

He pops his head back in to add something.

NEIL (cont'd)

Oh and, Doozie, take the twins with you on the deliveries. Your mother has her class.

Doozie shakes her head, rolling her eyes. Neil leaves.

Doozie sighs, then notices a loose packet of Fettucine Alfredo powder on the counter. She RIPS it open with her teeth and pours it down her throat.

EXT. DISASTER MART - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Helen, as peppy as ever, if not more focused, is leading a group of women in a self-defense class. Think Uncle Rico's class in Napoleon Dynamite.

HELEN

And tell me, ladies, what do we remember when the attacker is non-human?

The women look around nervously. Their tattered, dusty clothing contrasts with Helen's perfectly intact matching athleisure. It's a wonder what some preparation does for your self-image. Helen leads them in a response.

HELEN (cont'd)
Every species has a groin.

WOMEN
Every.../Every species/has
a/groin/...groin.

Doozie runs into view.

HELEN
Doozie girl! Are you joining ladies self-defense today? We're talking about mutant assailants, your favorite!

DOOZIE
Mom I don't have a favorite--

Helen starts to do a puppy dog face.

DOOZIE (cont'd)
Every species has a groin, Mom, I know that.

Helen smiles.

DOOZIE (cont'd)
I'm looking for the twins. Dad wants me to get them out of the house.

Doozie sees something in the distance.

DOOZIE (cont'd)
For obvious reasons.

In the distance Sil is chasing Po as she gallops wildly with something in her mouth. Sil runs over to Doozie and Helen. He is even paler, more serious and formal than when we last saw him. Like a haunted porcelain doll.

SIL
Mother, Po has once again stolen my comfort creature.

Po throws a small salamander in the air, like a dog playing with roadkill.

HELEN

Oh, Sil, you'll find another critter. Maybe something bigger that won't trigger Po's prey instinct.

(to Doozie)

Po will get bored with it now that it's...expired. Then you can try and get her in the car.

(lightbulb)

Do you have any pocket meat?

CUT TO:

EXT. DISASTER MART - DRIVEWAY - A LITTLE LATER

Doozie is emptying her pockets as Po finishes tearing at a piece of jerky.

DOOZIE

That's it, Po! No more! Get in the car.

Po's lip twitches, but she accepts and hops in the backseat.

Sil takes a step towards the car, then turns around and presents his hand, clearing his throat.

Doozie SIGHS and takes out a stale-looking hard candy from her pocket. The kind you find at the bottom of your smelly grandmother's purse.

DOOZIE (cont'd)

And a Werther's Original for you, Sil.

INT. DUNE BUGGY - MOMENTS LATER

Doozie sits in the front seat, holding a list of the deliveries for the day.

DOOZIE

OK, let's see where we're off to...Mrs. Franklin-Ross, okay, Gordy, and...Kyle Dugan? Crap.

She throws her seatbelt off.

INT. DISASTER MART - DOOZIE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Doozie throws drawers open, dumps over bags and boxes, looking for something. Finally, she finds a single dried up mascara tube. She turns it over in her hand.

DOOZIE

Expired.

Doozie takes out the wand and with an intense focus, gently brushes it on her lashes and fixes her hair in the mirror. She gives her reflection a disappointed look.

INT. DUNE BUGGY - SAME TIME

Doozie gets back to the car.

SIL

It got quite hot in here, Doozie. Po's breathing has slowed to a dangerous rate. You know she doesn't have sweat glands.

DOOZIE

(sarcastic)

It's alright, Sil. The Lord doesn't give us anything we can't handle.

Sil looks out the window.

SIL

I don't believe in God.

The dune buggy squeals out of the driveway. Doozie wants to get this over with.

EXT. DESERT LANDSCAPE

SONG PLAYS as the dune buggy drives out into the vast landscape. They seem to be the only humans for miles. They pass by large, radioactive pools of green muck. As they start to reach the end of the initial blast radius, there are more makeshift shelters and decrepit buildings. Creatures with many limbs slither away into the wreckage as the dune buggy approaches.

The dune buggy SCREECHES to a stop as a sickly humanoid zombie figure crosses the dirt road.

As the dune buggy continues on the road, we stay on a trio of radiation-mutated earthworms. They're anthropomorphic, human-sized, and they have instruments. They're singing the song Big Rock Candy Mountain.

WORM TRIO

*I'm headed for a land that's far
away*

Besides the crystal fountains

(MORE)

WORM TRIO (cont'd)

*So come with me, we'll go and see
The Big Rock Candy Mountains*

PO

(off-screen)

WRMMMMM!

DOOZIE

(off-screen)

We're not stopping for the worms,
Po. They want money.

SIL

They should get a job like rest of
us.

DOOZIE

Where did you hear that?

EXT. FRANKLIN-ROSS HOUSE - LATER

Mrs. Franklin-Ross, a cranky old lady, stands in her doorway,
scowling as we hear the dune buggy pull up.

MRS. FRANKLIN-ROSS

Today is TUESDAY. For the past two
years, I've received my order on
MONDAY. Because I didn't get my
delivery yesterday, I got CONFUSED
and forgot to take my PILL. Are you
trying to KILL ME?

DOOZIE

Hi, Mrs. Franklin-Ross.

Sil and Helen Jr. run up to the door, arms full of bags,
ducking past Mrs. Franklin-Ross. They immediately run back
out without the bags.

SIL

Done! Done! Did it! Bye Mrs.
Franklin-Ross!

MRS. FRANKLIN-ROSS

See you in six days, Preppers!
That's MONDAY!

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

The dune buddy pulls up to a seemingly abandoned apartment
building.

Doozie uses her arms and torso to buzz every button at the same time.

DOOZIE

Let's see where Gordy's at today.

Apartment 8B lights up and the door buzzes open.

GORDY

(over intercom)

Hey guys, I'm up on 8 today.
Thought I'd switch it up since I
was on the ground floor last week.
Ha, I guess that's the benefit of
having a whole apartment building
to yourself because everyone has -

The door closes behind the Preppers.

INT. APARTMENT 8B - SAME TIME

GORDY, a very lonely guy in his 40s, is still rambling on as Doozie and the twins bring his stuff in and put it on the counter.

GORDY

As you know, everyone else either
died in the blast or had to be
killed because of the zombie
infection. I mean, everybody got it
from their family, friends,
girlfriend, boyfriend, whatever --
but I didn't have any of that, so
Gordy got to live! AND he gets to
live in any apartment he wants!
Except for the ones that still have
bodies...

DOOZIE

Well, that's all your stuff
gottagobye.

GORDY

Why don't you guys stay for dinner?
I think April next door still has
some frozen pizza in her fridge.
She certainly won't be eating it--
OK, you left.

INT. DUNE BUGGY - MOMENTS LATER

Doozie is fixing her appearance in the rearview mirror, fluffing her hair up.

SID

Which unfortunate soul shall we visit next? And why are your eyelashes so...arachnidian?

Doozie looks at the list in her hand, then tosses it over her shoulder like trash.

DOOZIE

Just another neighbor.

EXT. KYLE DUGAN'S HOUSE - LATER

KYLE'S POV

A front door opens to reveal Sil and Po holding bags of MRE meals.

SIL

My sister has run back to the buggy to reapply her antiperspirant. I've been instructed to remain silent until her return.

BACK TO SCENE

Kyle looks down awkwardly at the twins.

PO

(unintelligible)

Ah!

CAR DOOR SLAMS. Doozie stumbles up the front steps.

DOOZIE

Hi...uh, hi, Kyle. Don't believe anything he says. He's an apocalypse kid. He's never even been to school.

SIL

I studied plenty of literature in the bunker.

DOOZIE

(through gritted smile)

Yes and look how normal you turned out.

Kyle looks between the two of them with genuine interest.

KYLE

Prepper! How 'ya doin', homie?

DOOZIE

Oh, you know, chilling, mourning the normal adolescence I'll never get back...how about you? Homie?

KYLE

Well if you're looking for a normal...how do you say that word?

DOOZIE/SIL

Adolescence.

KYLE

Right, well if you're looking for some "*adolsense*," -

Sil opens his mouth to correct him, but Doozie cuts him off with an elbow.

KYLE (cont'd)

We're having a party with the Tims right now. You guys are welcome to join. My little sister is playing downstairs.

Doozie looks around and takes a hesitant step towards the open door. Po lets out a protective GROWL.

DOOZIE

The...Tims? Like, plural?

We step further inside and as Kyle pushes the door wide open, we see a high school party filled with clones of a normal-looking guy: Tim.

KYLE

Yeah! You didn't know? Tim Grossman mutated. There's like--

Kyle cranes his neck behind him, counting.

KYLE (cont'd)

Eight, nine, te-
(then)

Like ten or eleven of him now, not sure. I think Tim is sick in the bathroom, so Tim's taking care of Tim.

Sil and Doozie are frozen silent, disturbed. Po lets out another GROWL.

KYLE (cont'd)
Is she, uh, friendly?

DOOZIE Uh - **SIL** No.

Doozie shoots Sil daggers.

DOOZIE (cont'd)
That's really nice of you but we gotta get going. It's a long ride back to the store.

KYLE
Doozie, I haven't seen you in what? Almost three years? Stay a bit.
(with a wink)
We don't have school tomorrow.

INT. KYLE DRAPER'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY

Doozie takes a hesitant step into the house and looks at a FRAMED PHOTO on the wall. It's a summertime birthday party with a bunch of ice-cream-covered kids in front of a table of ice cream cartons and toppings.

DOOZIE
I guess it's been a while since I've been to one of your parties...does your mom still do the ice cream bar?

KYLE
(laughs, looks at photo)
No, I think this was the last one. She kind of turned into a health nut. You missed out on the salad bar era.

They share a look. Doozie takes notice that his parents aren't anywhere to be seen. Did they not make it? Doozie takes a big gulp.

DOOZIE
Yeah, I guess I got pretty busy in high school.

KYLE
And look how it paid off.

Doozie snorts and follows Kyle deeper into the house.

INT. KYLE DRAPER'S HOUSE

Kyle moves some 70s beads aside, and the group steps in to a hedonistic scene of teenagers smoking from slightly futuristic hookah pipes. Orange smoke hangs in the air.

KYLE

Well, welcome to the new era. The nuke bar.

Doozie looks scared, but is trying to play it cool. She squats down to Sil and Po's level and points off across the room.

DOOZIE

Why don't you guys go downstairs and play with Tiff?

Po gallops off. Sil gives Doozie a disapproving look before following Po off-screen.

Doozie watches to see them go out of earshot, then turns back to Kyle.

DOOZIE (cont'd)

You guys are doing nuke?!

Doozie looks around like the cops could bust down the door at any second. Kyle smiles.

DOOZIE (cont'd)

Why'd you let me come in here? If I get arrested for huffing frickin' radiation gas -

Kyle smiles, and we see the history between them in his blunt reply.

KYLE

You'll what? Lose your scholarship?

It's unclear for a second how Doozie will take this. She runs her tongue over her teeth, then stifles a laugh.

KYLE (cont'd)

(laughing)
Have some fun, Doozie. There's nothing more important to bury your head in anymore.

Doozie walks in through the beads with him.

DOOZIE

I know, it's hell.

INT. KYLE'S HOUSE - PARTY ROOM - LATER

In SLOW-MO, Kyle walks Doozie through the darkened room.

FLASHES of the party.

Doozie takes hits from the nookah (like hookah, but it's from a nuke, get it?) with direction from Kyle, while Tims stand around egging her on.

Doozie, feeling good, walks down a gauntlet of Tims, giving high-fives all around.

Doozie, looking a little worse for wear now, looks around the room with eyes narrowed.

She's hallucinating. A whispered voice bounces around. It changes pitch, morphing from male to female to otherworldly.

VOICE

Doom. That's the feeling.

FLASH to younger Doozie laying in bed, paralyzed with fear, staring at a notch in the ceiling. The night gets darker as she doesn't move. The sun rises in hyperlapse, throwing fast-changing shadows across her face.

VOICE (cont'd)

Gotta get up for school.

Doozie, sweat across her forehead, stares at the notch, blinks hard.

VOICE (cont'd)

Just to earn the right to say you tried your hardest. To have that relief. It was the cards she was dealt. Messed up wiring. An unfortunate clash of DNA.

BACK TO SCENE

Doozie gasps.

DOOZIE'S POV - FISH EYE

Tims standing over her.

TIM

(distorted)
Dooooooooozie? Are youuuuuuu
oooookaayyy?

DOOZIE

I just need, uh, I just need, some,
uh, fresh hair. Air.

Doozie stumbles to her feet.

INT. KYLE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY

Doozie lurches down the hallway, swaying. She runs into a Tim emerging from the bathroom. Her last shred of sanity gives way and she screams in Tim's face.

DOOZIE

STOPPPPPP!!!!!!
(gestures to Tim's
face)
THAT!!!!!!

She opens the bedroom door at the end of the hallway and lurches out.

EXT. KYLE'S HOUSE - ROOF

Doozie sits with her eyes closed on the top of Kyle's roof, staring at the sun setting through the atmospheric haze. Behind her, Kyle crawls out of the open bedroom window.

KYLE

Feeling better, Doozie?

DOOZIE

Yeah, going demon mode in front of the only other teenagers left in this hellscape? Really cathartic.

KYLE

Don't worry about it. The last two years have been hard on all of us.

DOOZIE

I don't know, I don't really mind the apocalypse. Life was too hard for me before. Now at least it's hard for everyone else, too.

KYLE

That's pretty selfish. I mean, people are dying and shit.

Doozie freezes. Kyle laughs, and she relaxes.

DOOZIE

Yeah. Yeah, you're right.

Kyle looks down at his hands then says --

KYLE

My uncle was the last person Tiff and I had around. He was killed by a radiation donkey last week.

DOOZIE

Kyle, I'm so sorry.

KYLE

It's okay. He was like, anti-gay and shit.

DOOZIE

Oh...okay.

They sit in silence for a beat, the wind lightly blowing through Doozie's hair.

Doozie squints off in the distance. There are three little black dots moving through the tall dried grass. Doozie, alarmed, gets on her feet.

DOOZIE (cont'd)

Are those ours?!

CUT TO:

INT. DUNE BUGGY - LATER

Doozie, Kyle, and their three siblings stew in silence in the dune buggy. Kyle, arms folded, looks out the window. Doozie drives, staring stone-faced straight ahead.

SIL

I'm sorry, Doozie.

DOOZIE

I don't want to hear it right now, Sil.

A beat of silence. Doozie meets Sil's eyes in the rearview mirror.

DOOZIE (cont'd)

And what was the plan when we captured the worm, guys?

Kyle joins in.

KYLE

Yeah, did you guys bring a saddle?
Were you just gonna ride them off
into the sunset?

Po lets out a nasty cough.

TIFF

Sil said he was gonna figure
something --

SIL

Yeah, yeah I was.
(then)
I just thought --

DOOZIE

I know what you thought, Sil. You
thought, "Here's a comfort critter
for me that's big enough that it
won't activate Po's prey instinct."
Right?

She catches his eye again in the mirror. He nods shamefully,
then goes back to staring out the window.

DOOZIE (cont'd)

Well, they're buskers, Sil. Not
pets.

Doozie catches Tiff staring back at her.

DOOZIE (cont'd)

Well, it was nice seeing you again,
Tiff. You were just a baby when I
last saw you.

TIFF

Why do old people always say that?

KYLE

Tiff...
(to Doozie)
It was nice seeing you, too,
Doozie. We should order delivery
more often. But maybe we just do
ice cream next time.

Doozie gives a slightly embarrassed smile as she pulls up to
Kyle's house.

DOOZIE

Well, see you guys around. I'm just gonna drop Sil and Po back off in the middle of nowhere and let them fend for themselves.

SIL

Noooooo!

PO

<BARK>

Kyle waves as Doozie rolls the window up. The dune buggy rips off into the distant.

EXT. DISASTER MART - DUSK

The dune buggy pulls up to the Disaster Mart lot, but the storefront has been transformed into a fortified outpost. Metal panels cover all the walls. Doozie bangs on the metal encasing.

DOOZIE

DAAAAD! DAD! Come on! It's Doozie!

A beat.

DOOZIE (cont'd)

The twins are with me! We did all the deliveries!

(then)

DAAAAAAD!

Suddenly, Neil Prepper pops out of a tank-like manhole on the roof of the fortress.

NEIL

You know we lock down at 8pm, Doozie.

The metal wall covering the door slowly starts raising, WHIRRING loudly as it goes. Doozie and the twins collect their things from the car, and the twins head into their home.

DOOZIE

Right, sorry, Dad.

NEIL

I can't keep making exceptions.

Doozie waves him off.

NEIL (cont'd)

You might not even be my daughter,
you could be a radioactive zombie.

DOOZIE

Take my word this time.

NEIL

That's why we lockdown at 8pm,
Doozie. It's zombie hours.

DOOZIE

If I was radioactive zombie, I'd be
glowing in the dark, wouldn't I?

NEIL

(almost sweet)
So you were listening...

Doozie looks back out onto the desert. A tumbleweed dances
across the moonlit landscape. She turns back around and heads
toward the front door. The metal wall closing back down
behind her.

CUT TO BLACK.

END EPISODE