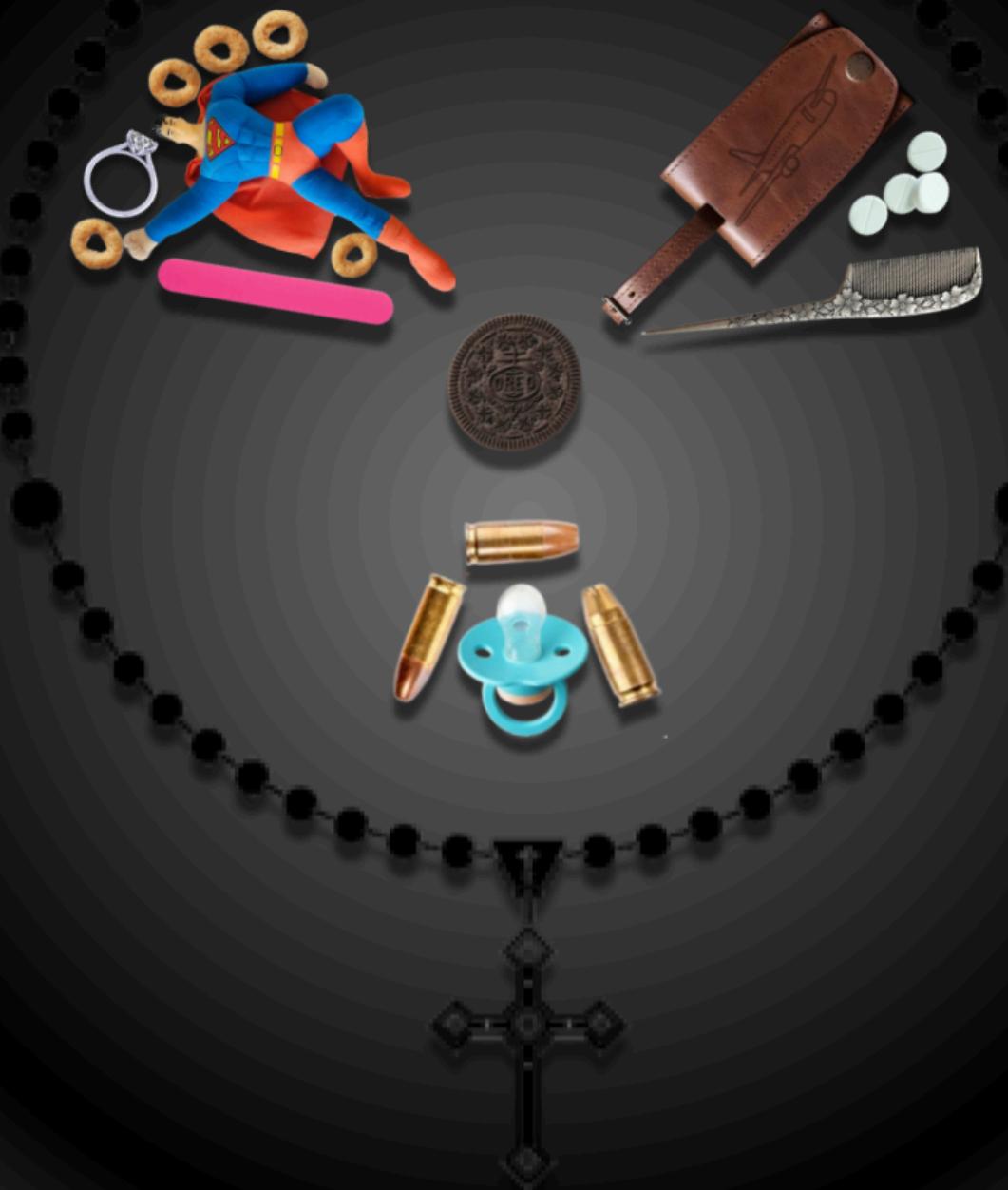


The BUNKERS

By: Andrew Leger



What Would YOU Save?

Originally Performed in 2019 @ Diman Regional High School, Fall River, MA.

Cast of Characters

<u>Atom Bunker</u>	M, 45, The rigid, conservative, de facto leader. A man's man With a plan and the stubbornness to see it through.
<u>Rachael Bunker</u>	F, 41, Headstrong, outspoken, yet soft mother struggling to put herself first.
<u>Jackie Bunker</u>	F, 18, A capable, strong leader, made so by her father. And a caring, understanding human, made so by her mother.
<u>Josh Bunker</u>	M, 19, A rebellious skater at the will of his emotions. He tries to be the man he thinks his dad is.
<u>Michael Bunker</u> (or Michelle)	M/F, 9, The inquisitive youngest child who's always saying things they shouldn't and getting into mischief.
<u>Hellen Bunker</u>	F, 65, Selfless, with an inner bite that helped her raise 2 boys almost alone.
<u>Frank Bunker</u>	M, 66, A grumpy man who's past hardened him into a sarcastic, loud boisterous. But he means well.
<u>Dan Bunker</u>	M, 39, A used car salesman with a silver tongue and a love for his family.
<u>Brittney Rapozo</u>	F, 19, So obsessed with the superficial, she hasn't established an identity of her own.
<u>Alice Bunker</u>	F, 39, Fran Drescher from the Jersey Shore.
<u>Mother</u>	F, 37.
<u>T.V. Voice</u>	M/F (Can be pre-recorded)
<u>Soldier</u>	M, Over 25
<u>Soldier's Voice</u>	M, Over 40

Place
Texas. The home of the Bunkers

Time
1962, The height of the Cold War

ACT I
Scene 1

Setting:

A nuclear underground bunker. A scrim is used behind the play area, showing whatever the TV plays. Racks of large shelves surround the play area, flanked by cement walls on each side. Each shelf, as we will discover, has canned goods and supplies stacked accordingly. There is a stairway far stage right, with a door immediately adjacent that leads into the bunker. A couch is center, with an end table, a recliner, a crate of some kind, and an old television set facing it. A kitchen table with a nicer-looking shelf acts as a "dining and cooking area" next to a ladder leading off stage left.

At Rise:

The screen flutters to a start, depicting different scenes from sitcoms. The first: "Whatchu talkin' bout Willis?" From *Different Strokes*. Static. "If everybody killed themselves because of a divorce, half the country would be wiped out!" *The Facts of Life*. Static. "You know my motto: today could be the last day of your life." *The Golden Girls*. Static. Then, CONELRAD turns on and broadcasts its message. The end of the video is overtaken by a long, loud siren that fills the space. The projector goes dark as the siren blares, and an emergency warning is listed. THIS IS A DRILL. PLEASE REMAIN CALM AND PROCEED TO THE NEAREST SHELTER. PLEASE REMAIN CALM" repeats over and over as the FAMILY walks down the stairs and ENTERS the bunker, turning the lights on.

ATOM.

So, Mom, Dad, what do you think?

HELLEN.

Oh my.

ATOM.

Jackie, help grandpa.

FRANK.

I can do it myself. (looking around) You call *this* a doomsday shelter?

HELLEN.

Frank. (hits him softly) It's very... spacious, Atom!

FRANK.

Spacious? I've seen Hondas with more room! Why, when I was in the war, our bunkers could hold a whole battalion!

HELLEN.

On top of each other...

RACHAEL.

For your information, Frank, your son built the largest fallout shelter in Texas!

ATOM.

Thank you, honey.

RACHAEL.

Well, South Texas... Well, the Gulf Coast..

ATOM.

You can stop helping me now.

HELLEN. (looking around)

I don't know... a little dusting, some wallpaper... maybe some curtains-

FRANK.

What are you putting curtains on? There's no windows! What do you care if the worms look in?

JACKIE.

I hate to break up this family fun time, but where's Michael?

RACHAEL.

What? (She looks around) Michael? Michael!??

JOSH. (to Jackie)

We didn't give him the home-alone treatment, did we?

JACKIE.

I'll go up and get him.

RACHAEL.

I'm coming too.

ATOM.

Not until the all clear.

JACKIE.

Dad, it's a test.

ATOM.

And we agreed to do this by the books. No exceptions. In a real emergency, we wouldn't have that luxury. I'm sure Michael will be fine upstairs.

RACHAEL. (Grabbing his hand, sweetly, at first.)

Atom. Darling. Love. If you don't let me go upstairs to get our son, I'm going to have to scream and no one wants that.

JOSH.

Dad, I really think it's in my best interest if you let Mom upstairs.

ATOM.

Rachael. Sweetheart. Pookiebear. ... No.

RACHAEL. (through her teeth)
Hm. Alright. Okay. ... I'm gonna start screaming now.

(Just as Rachael takes a big breath, Michael appears from inside a large crate)

MICHAEL.
Mom?

RACHAEL.
Michael! Oh, Michael!
(She embraces him) I'm so sorry, honey- Are you alright?
Oh, Michael.
(now angry) Oh. Michael!
(She slaps his forehead repeatedly.)

MICHAEL.
Ow-ow-Ow! Isn't there something in the Constitution against this?!

RACHAEL.
No. And don't you ever scare me like that again!

MICHAEL.
Grandma!

HELLEN. Oh no, don't you "grandma" me, young man. You had your mother about ready to blow a fuse.

JACKIE.
What were you doing in there?

MICHAEL.
Josh took my Superman, and I couldn't find him, so I came down here to look!

JOSH. (Suspiciously whistling to himself. Rachael hits him.)
Ow!

RACHAEL.
What are you doing?

JOSH.

Whistling. (She hits him again.) Ow!

RACHAEL.

Where is it?

JOSH.

Under the couch! Jesus.

(Michael runs and grabs his toy, beaming.
He blows a raspberry at Josh.)

RACHAEL.

Now let me ask you this... how did *you* get down *here*?

JOSH.

Dad left the door unlocked.

ATOM.

(Suspiciously whistling to himself. Rachael backhands him.)
Ow!

RACHAEL.

Really?

ATOM.

What? He's fine.

RACHAEL.

You call "locked in a crate" fine?

FRANK. (Makes airplane noises)

"Flight niner-niner experiencing turbulence!"

RACHAEL.

What if he hurt himself, Atom?

ATOM. (Dismissive)

That's ridiculous! Besides, it's *your* fault!

FRANK. (Facetiously)

Mayday! Mayday! We're going down!

RACHAEL.

My fault? How in God's name is this my fault?

FRANK.

Pull up...pull up!

ATOM.

You asked me to check the boiler!

RACHAEL.

I asked you to do *one* thing! And *you're* always the one going on about locking that damn door! I swear to God, if your brain was dynamite, you still wouldn't have enough to blow your head off!

FRANK. (Makes an airplane crashing sound. Everyone's dead.)

HELLEN.

Frank, enough. Look, you two, Michael is fine. Isn't that what's important? ...Huh?

RACHAEL.

You're right, Hellen. I'm sorry, Atom.

ATOM.

Yeah- but I just wanna say-

HELLEN. (sternly)

Atom James Bunker.

ATOM.

Sorry, Ray.

MICHAEL.

Is divorce on the horizon? (Everyone looks at him, then Jackie.)

JACKIE.

We watched The Parent Trap *one* time!

MICHAEL.

Come on, Jackie, you know how *inpreshionable* I am!

HELLEN. (hugging Michael tightly)
And lovable!

Brittney. (filing her nails)
If all we're going to do is stand around and kiss each other,
I'm going home.

ATOM.

Not until we get the all-clear.

Brittney.

So what? We're stuck down here for an hour?

JOSH.

Two hours.

Brittney.

Shut the fuck up. Two hours?!

ATOM.

Number one: Language. And two: Yes, Brittney. So I suggest we make the most of it. Mom, Michael, can you get the tarp off that couch?

MICHAEL.

I don't need help with the tarp!

(He pulls on the tarp, but struggles because it's stuck.)
Grandma, I need help with the tarp.

FRANK. (on his way to sit)
Somebody move this crate, it's in my way!

(Rachael and Josh move the crate downstage.
Jackie pulls Atom aside.)

JACKIE.

So, Dad, I was talking to Michael before we went down, and he seemed a little scared. Not me, though, I'm fine. It's not like

I have claustrophobia or anything. (She chuckles) That's Michael. But Michael, well, he's scared that we might actually have to use this bunker. And I'm not scared or anything, but maybe you could give me some comforting words? So I can tell him. Michael.

ATOM. (Amused)

Well, I would say to Michael that everything's going to be alright. Because I built this to protect us. And it's a scary thing, but it'll keep us safe. And one thing that helps your claustrophobia-

JACKIE. (correcting him)

His claustrophobia. Not my claustrophobia. *His*.

ATOM. (amused)

Whoever's claustrophobia... it helps knowing how big the space really is. It's 30 feet that way, by 25 feet that way, with 20 feet above us. We're safe. One day we'll all look back and laugh at this ridiculousness.... Is what I would say to Michael.

JACKIE.

Thanks. I'll tell him. (She goes to walk away.)

ATOM.

Oh, hold on. I got you this yesterday while you were out with Katie. (He reveals a beautiful decorative, pointed hair comb.)

JACKIE.

I don't need anything- (sees the comb) Hot damn!

ATOM & JACKIE

Language!

JACKIE.

Sorry- I love it. (She hugs him) Thank you!

ATOM.

You didn't look at the inside. It says-

FRANK. (Yelling at the TV.)

Stupid goddamn stinkin' son of a hump!

ATOM.

Mom.

(Hellen hits Frank)

FRANK.

Hey! My head's not a ping-pong ball! You can't keep servin' me!

JACKIE. (Reading)

"I love you with all of my heart, Dad". I love you too.

(Jackie and Atom embrace)

JOSH.

Hey, I didn't get anything. Why does Jackie get stuff?

ATOM.

What do you want?

JOSH.

Well, nothing. But it'd be nice to be offered something every once and a while!

MICHAEL. (reaching into the crate)

What about this?

(Holding up an ax. Rachael runs and grabs it.)

RACHAEL.

See Atom? Look what was in there!

ATOM. (not paying attention)

Where?

RACHAEL.

That crate! The one Michael was *just* in! I *thought* we agreed we didn't need this down here.

ATOM.

I'm keeping us safe, dear.

RACHEL. (Moving the axe to a high shelf)
I'm putting this where Michael can't hurt himself.
"Safe," my butt.

ATOM.

What was that?

(A knock at the door)

ATOM.

Who is it?

DAN. (From outside)
The favorite son of Hellen and Frank Bunker, that's who!

ATOM.

Huh, that's odd, because *I'm* standing right here.

DAN.

Come on, ya jerk! Open up! Or are you too embarrassed to show your little brother your new playroom?

ATOM. (playing dumb)
No, really, who is this?

ALICE. (pushing past Dan to the door)
Hi Atom! I'm here too! It's Alice! And Daniel!
It's Alice and Daniel! Honest!

HELLEN.

Atom, let them in.

ATOM.
Hold on, ma, it could be a trap.

JOSH.

Yeah! Like Invasion of the Body Snatchers!

Brittney.

This is nothing like Invasion of the Body Snatchers.

JOSH.

Spoken like a true body snatcher!

(As he attempts to playfully embrace her, but she gets up, causing him to fall off the couch. Brittney makes her way to the phone and dials.)

ALICE.

(Still through the door)

If you guys are havin' a powwow in there, I can't hear it! And that's kinda rude.

DAN.

Yeah, we're big powwow people.

ATOM.

Ok, "Alice and Daniel". What's the password?

ALICE.

What's the password?! Uh... Password! No-no, Bunker! Atom Bunker! Bunker door! Door handle! Handlebar! Bartender! Tender love! Love letter! Letter carrier! Carrier pigeon!

DAN.

Honey- Honey! Whatever game you're playing, you're playing alone.

(A beat)

DAN.

Pigeon toe!

ALICE.

Toe fungus!

DAN.
Fungus cream!

ALICE.
Cream pie!

ATOM.
(Makes a buzzer sound) Wrong, wrong, and also, wrong!

DAN. (to Alice)
Alright. Time to bring out the big guns...
(clears his throat) The password is: Summer. 1958. Cancun... There
was this blonde cocktail waitress-

ATOM. (Opening the door, smiling)
Alice and Daniel! (Hugs them)
So nice to see you!

RACHAEL.
What was that about Cancun?

ATOM. (Smiling big)
You're right, dear, I hear it's lovely this time of year. How
was your flight, Alice and Daniel?

ALICE. (hugging them)
Oh! The flight down here was horrendous! Babies galore, cryin'
and screamin' and poopin', it was just like visiting my folks at
the home. Oh! And one of those little yippity dogs, ya know the
kind (mimics the dog) Disgusting. Then, if you can believe it,
turbulence the whole way here. I spilled soda on my lap-

DAN. (To Atom)
It was Brandy.

ALICE.
Then, we had a layover in Baltimore. I don't know what people
smoke to like it so much! The place was a disaster with a
capital "ass".

MICHAEL.

Who was Smoking?

RACHAEL.

Oh, Haha...no sweet pea. All Aunty Alice means is, Baltimore is very smoky, right?

ALICE. (oblivious)

Oh yeah! Hahaha! It's so thick you can barely see the prostitutes showing their-

JACKIE. (leading her away)

Aaaaallllllllllllrighty Aunty Alice!

Let's go over here and not talk!

DAN.

Hey, Michael! How's it going, bud?

MICHAEL.

I threewed up this morning. (Michael walks away.)

RACHAEL.

We caught him eating the fridge magnets.

(She hugs him) We got the J and the W out, but we'll have to wait a while for C.

DAN.

Well, I "C" the Apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

ATOM.

What was that?

DAN.

Oh, Nothing. Just when it comes to intelligence, one of us has it and the other is standing 3 feet away from me dressed like an unfunny Dick Van Dyke.

ATOM.

Huh. That's weird. I seem to remember one of us going to the hospital because they thought their nose could hold 6 Cheerios.

RACHAEL.

Oh, this I gotta hear.

DAN.

Pay him no mind. You're listening to the ramblings of a madman.

JOSH.

How'd you fit 6 Cheerios up your nose?

RACHAEL.

Yeah, and more importantly, how'd you get them out?

(The group starts hounding Dan for an answer.)

DAN. (embarrassed)

ALRIGHT! I thought I could breathe through the holes- and I only did it cause *this one* dared me! But afterwards, I learned *not* to put Cheerios up my nose.

ATOM.

And?

DAN.

And... to Crunch and blow.

RACHAEL.

Crunch and blow?

ATOM.

The lady requires a demonstration.

(Dan pinches his nose, makes a crunching sound, then snorts out one nostril)

RACHAEL.

That's revolting.

JOSH.

That's sick! I have newfound respect for you, Uncle Dan.

(Josh walks away.)

DAN.

Yeah, yeah, okay. Let's get back on track, we're talking about Michael! You're saying he's got the genius gene?

(They look at Michael. He picks his nose. He observes it. He eats it. They all turn back.)

RACHAEL.

Michael is very inquisitive for his age. He's already asking questions about the world and sex. Oh God, the questions about sex... I think it's the school's fault. Well, that and TV.

DAN.

What's wrong with TV?

FRANK. (Yelling at the TV.)

COME ON, MAHONEY! BREAK HIS NOSE!!! THAT'S IT! SHOW THAT LIMP BOTTLE OF RUSSIAN DRESSING WHO'S BOSS!

(Rachael motions dramatically at Frank)

DAN. (nods understanding)

You're gonna give him the sex talk?

ATOM.

Yeah. (Rachael snickers) What?

RACHAEL.

Nothing.

ATOM.

No, what?

RACHAEL.

Honey, you're not gonna give him the talk.

ATOM.

And why not?

RACHAEL.

Well, for one thing, when you tried giving Josh the talk, you barely got a sentence out before you were suddenly "overcome with a sneezing attack". (to Dan) He had to excuse himself for fear of it spreading.

ATOM.

I'm very sensitive to pollen.

RACHAEL.

And I had to give Jackie the talk because "that's woman's business." I mean, you're completely unable to have the discussion.

ATOM.

What about now?

RACHAEL

Huh?

ATOM.

The talk. I'll give him the talk right now.

RACHAEL.

He's 9, Atom.

ATOM.

You want me to step up? I can have the talk. I love talking.

DAN.

This I gotta see.

RACHAEL.

I don't think that-

ATOM.

Watch this. Michael? (Michael comes over. They sit on the couch. C'mon buddy. So... (Awkwardly) How are you?

MICHAEL.

Fine. (He goes to get up)

ATOM. (Stopping Michael)

That's good! That's good. (Clears his throat) Getting good
grades?

MICHAEL.

I dunno. (He goes to get up)

ATOM.

Wait just a sec. (Stops Michael again)

Now, I wanna talk to you...

MICHAEL.

Why?

ATOM.

Because. I know you were asking your mom some questions, right?

MICHAEL.

Yeah.

ATOM.

Well, it's time you get some answers, ok?

MICHAEL.

Ok.

ATOM.

Ok. You asked about babies, right?

MICHAEL.

Right.

ATOM.

Ok. (he looks back at them. They give a thumbs up.)
So. When a mommy and a daddy... enjoy each other's presence....
Very much... they get married. (inhales deeply) So the two of
them... get into bed... or a couch... or a car-

MICHAEL.

Babies come from the car?

RACHAEL.

Atom-

ATOM.

I'm doing it! ... Ya see, Michael, *after* they get married, they might decide to have a baby.

MICHAEL.

Okay. But *why* are there babies?

ATOM.

What an astute question... Ya know- It's funny... what happens is...
The two of them *do* something-

MICHAEL.

No- I know that they "do" something, but why are babies born?
Why are we here on Earth?

ATOM. (Stares at Michael in absolute unknowingness for too long)
What?

MICHAEL.

Well, if God loves us all... and good people go to Heaven...
Why does God put us through everything on Earth? Why not just be born in heaven? That way, there'd be no suffering.

ATOM. (Stares at Michael in absolute unknowingness for too long.
Then, he starts sneezing uncontrollably.)
ACHO! I'm sorry I-ACHOO! It's-ACHO! Very stuffy-ACHO! GET ME A-ACHO! A-ACHO! Tiss-ACHO- issue!

(Michael goes to get a tissue. Dan slowly claps.)

RACHAEL.

You *sure* showed us.

ATOM.

Oh, shut up.

MICHAEL. (Returning)
Here you go, Dad!

ATOM.

Thanks- We'll talk later, go watch TV with Grandpa.

FRANK.

DON'T BOTHER GIVIN' HIM THE CHAIR! SIT ON HIS FACE!

MICHAEL. (walking over but suddenly stops)
Eww, mom? There's a smell coming from over here.

DAN.

That's just Grandpa.

ATOM.

Dad, do you smell anything?

HELLEN.

Oh no, dears, he lost his sense of smell years ago.

ATOM.

That makes sense why dad can't smell... dad.

FRANK.

I can smell two wise asses from across the room if that's what you mean.

HELLEN.

Sit there and be quiet. And turn down that TV. And stop slouching, you're gonna get a hunch.

FRANK.

I've got a hunch you're thirty years too late, dear.

JACKIE. (frustrated)
Grandma! Josh is being gross.

HELLEN.

Josh. Come over here. (Josh does)

JOSH.

I wasn't doing anything.

JACKIE.

Josh was saying he's gonna pee in the soup cans.

JOSH.

There's no bathroom! Where do you want me to go?

JACKIE.

Hell!

JOSH.

See what I have to put up with, Gramm? She's totally unreasonable.

HELLEN.

You *both* should be ashamed. You're teenagers. For heaven's sake, Michael's more behaved than you!

(They look at Michael, who is pulling the lining out of the couch. Rachael stops him.)

JOSH.

Yeah, Jackie, we're very disappointed in you.

JACKIE.

I hope if they nuke us, they only get you!

HELLEN.

Jackie Bunker! I'm surprised. That's a terrible thing to say to your brother. Now he may be gross and slovenly-

JOSH.

Huh?

HELLEN.

And he may not always make the right choices-

JOSH.
Gam Gam?

HELEN.
But he's still your brother. You two have got to stick together.

JACKIE.
I'm sorry, Grandma. Josh, I'm sorry you're gross and I told you to die.

JOSH.
And I'm sorry I peed in that cup two weeks ago.

BRITTNEY.
Oh my God, is *that* the smell?!

ATOM. (Already in that area. He lifts an open jar.
Already on it.

(Atom opens the heavy door, sets the jar outside, and closes it.)

ATOM.
I'll take care of that later.

RACHEL.
Please do. Josh, no more sneaking down here. What were you even doing?

JOSH.
Brittney and I were-

RACHAEL.
Excuse me? What?

BRITTNEY.
Idiot.

RACHAEL.
I thought we told you not to bring anyone down here, especially not...Brittney.

BRITTNEY.

Relax, Doris Day, we didn't do anything.

JOSH.

Yeah, Brittney's not like that.

BRITTNEY. (To Jackie)

He couldn't figure out my bra latch.

JACKIE.

That's both unsurprising and disgusting, so thanks.

ATOM.

Okay, new rule: No basement for anyone, ever, unless it's an emergency! Got it?

(The family murmurs)

Now, I was going to do this on Saturday, but since we're here, let's get these boxes itemized.

The clipboard over there has the list. I'm going to finish tweaking the door. Dad, can you check to make sure we have the news channels coming through?

FRANK.

Sure thing, Captain.

DAN. (To Atom, kind of awkwardly)

Some surprise, the test and all, happening today.

ATOM.

Yeah, they were supposed to test the emergency systems next week, I wouldn't've had you guys fly in if I thought-

DAN.

-It's no problem, I'm not complaining. After three hours from New York to Houston, crammed in economy, a nuclear bunker almost feels roomy.

ALICE.

We wouldn't have been crammed in economy if you weren't so cheap!

DAN.

My sweet cherub, I'm not cheap. I'm just not going to pay an extra couple hundred bucks to sit fifteen feet closer to the door.

ALICE. (Facetiously)

You would if you loved me.

DAN.

I *do* love you.

ALICE. (flirting)

Oh yeah?

DAN. (Flirting back)

Yeah.

(Dan and Alice kiss. Rachael and Atom look at each other, then away.)

ALICE. (Stops being flirty)

Then next time, don't cheap out on the leg room if ya love me so much!

DAN.

Tell ya what, next time we fly, it'll be first class.

ALICE. (excited)

Really?

DAN.

Of course! I'll sit in first class and you sit in the cargo bay with the luggage. (shit hits him playfully)

HELLEN.

Isn't this nice? The whole family, together again, smiling and happy.

DAN.
Yep, it's a July miracle.

FRANK.
Rachael, honey, could you please get me a beer?

ATOM.
Beers are upstairs, Dad.

HELLEN.
No beer until you take your heart medication.

FRANK.
This is all Reagan's fault.

HELLEN.
I thought you liked Reagan.

FRANK.
I haven't liked anyone since 1920.

HELLEN.
But we got married in 1911!

FRANK.
Bingo!
(He turns up the TV. Michael and Josh, and Brittney watch)

RACHAEL.
We have some snacks down here. What does everyone want?

MICHAEL and JOSH.
OREOS! (They look at each other.)

FRANK.
Split down the center, eat the cream first, then the cookie?

JOSH.
Is there any other way?

FRANK.

You're like the son I never had.

ATOM.

Dad.

DAN.

We're the son you had.

FRANK.

Do either of you like Oreos? (They shake their heads no)

HELLEN. (Taking a bite. Yuck. Then, to Rachael.) Oh, no offense, but you can't serve these, dear, they're old.

FRANK.

You are what you eat.

HELLEN. (Picking up a box)

Dan, hand your father his box of miserable wretch.

FRANK.

Only real men like Oreos. As far as I'm concerned, I have two girls.

HELLEN.

Frank, I like Oreos when they're not stale. No offense, Rachael. Does that make me a man?

FRANK.

No. Your mustache makes you a man.

HELLEN.

That's it! I'm leaving! (She marches off)

ATOM.

Mom-

FRANK.

Don't try to stop her! I'll finally be able to watch TV in peace!

(Hellen takes the remote, switching the TV off.)
Hey! What are you doing?!?

HELLEN.

Apologize or it's two hours of static.

MICHAEL.

What?!

JOSH.

For the love of God, old man, apologize!

Brittney. (On the phone, yelling at the group)

CAN YOU ALL SHUT UP!?!?

(Silence. She turns back to the phone.)

So, did he mention me?

ATOM.

Dad?

FRANK.

.....Fine. I'm sorry.

HELLEN.

And?

FRANK.

And... I'm an idiot.

HELLEN.

And?

FRANK.

.....I love you.

HELLEN.

Ok, Frank. That's the nicest thing you've said to me in years...
And so sincere! I forgive you.

DAN.

Look at that- a triumph for democracy.

HELLEN.

Now, where's your heart medication?

FRANK.

In my bag.

HELLEN.

Where's your bag?

FRANK.

On the chair.

HELLEN.

What chair?

FRANK.

The one upstairs.

HELLEN.

Frank! That medication is hourly!

FRANK.

They taste like rabbit ass.

HELLEN.

No, Frank, I married a rabbit's ass... You need those pills, do you want to have a heart attack?

FRANK.

I'd have a thousand heart attacks if it'll take me away from your insufferable nagging! Now give me my remote!

HELLEN. (Suddenly calm)

Alright Frank. Here.

(She clicks the remote.)

T.V. VOICE.

Welcome back to "Cooking with Carl". This week, Yorkshire pudding with a Granny Smith and fig puree.

FRANK. (Getting up from his chair)
Devil woman! Give me that remote!

(Hellen stuffs it in her cleavage. Frank looks at it. Then her.
Then, defeated, he walks back to the TV.

DAN. (to Hellen)
Talk about a booby trap!

(The group did not enjoy that joke.)

ALICE.

Atom? How did you get the TV to play all the way down here?

DAN. (Trying another joke)
Yeah- haha- What is it? Some kind of-

ALICE. (Stopping him, lovingly)
No. (a beat) Atom?

ATOM.

It was easier than it looks. I bought some extra antennae from
the department store and ran them upstairs. You can see right
there where I drilled a hole from here to the living room and
ran the whole thing through the ceiling.

(He stands in front of the TV)

FRANK.

Jesus Chrismtas, it's bad enough I have to watch Fruity Pierre
make pies, but now I've got your flat ass in the way? Move it,
jerk!

HELLEN. (sternly)
Frank! Language!

FRANK.
What language?

JOSH.
Jerk

BRITTNEY.
And ass.

FRANK
Those are both in the Bible!

HELLEN.
Really?

FRANK.
Yes! "He who rides his ass to shadow his father's entertainment...
is a jerk!"

ALICE.
Frank, it's been so long... I forgot how charming you are.

FRANK.
I can turn it on when I want to.

HELLEN.
He has pills for *that*, too.

ALICE.
This still seems like overkill. What with all the canned food
and stuff.

ATOM.
It's better to be over-prepared than not at all. We've got
supplies to last 5 for 5 months. First aid kits-

DAN.
So let me ask you this: what makes this place blast-proof?

ATOM.
20 feet of dirt and cement. The normal depth is only 8 or so
feet. I reinforced the layers with steel beams, and the walls
are concrete. You can't really tell from the stairs, but there's
an extra UHPC wall all the way around.

DAN.

Jesus, how much was all that?

RACHAEL.

Too much.

ATOM.

I've got a buddy down at Fort Hood who gave me the schematics.
And I work with a guy who does this sorta stuff cheap.

RACHAEL

Not cheap enough.

ALICE.

It's very roomy, all things considered, and I have considered all things. They normally look like a crypt! You know, I think these doomsday bunkers are morbid.

ATOM.

It's not a "doomsday Bunker". It's just a simple precaution.

ALICE.

What's simple about two walls of U8Pees?

DAN.

"UHPCs".

ALICE.

That's what I said.

ATOM.

I'm just making sure we're prepared. We've got two nuclear sites within 50 miles of us. In my opinion, everyone should have one just like this.

DAN.

I'm inclined to agree. The way they've been talking, there could be a strike any day now.

RACHAEL.

You don't think they would, do you?

DAN.

I wouldn't dismiss it. Who knows if what they're reporting is actually true?

ATOM.

That's what I'm saying.

ALICE.

My cousin Margie's Husband is in the Pentagon. He gets the breakfast orders... Well, he told her everyone's practically shittin' their pants up there.

RACHAEL.

You mean, they think there'll actually be a strike?

ALICE.

Well, there's been a sharp decline in coffee orders if you know what I mean.

ATOM.

They wouldn't.

DAN.

Well, think about it, what have they got to lose? Say they launch everything they have at us right now. What do we do?

ALICE.

Shoot them down!

DAN.

We can't shoot them all. A good amount are still going to hit.

RACHAEL.

Not to forget the radiation... You know the kids' school showed them those emergency videos? You know, "What to do in a nuclear strike"? All that...

ATOM.

Bunch of bullshit.

ALICE.

What do they have them do?

RACHAEL.

Josh, honey, tell Aunt Alice about your school's videos.

Brittney.

Oh, that whole thing was ridiculous. And we have to do it every day now.

JOSH.

Ya. We go under our desks, put our hands over our heads, be quiet, that sorta shit.

ATOM.

Less language next time, but thank you.

RACHAEL.

See what I mean? I told Atom that if they're in school and we get an alert, he's picking them up.

ATOM.

And if the president chooses to bomb them back, that could cause a worldwide atomic collapse.

DAN.

I was reading a paper my friend published at the University of Arizona, and he said something like: "An eye for an eye may not be responsibly applicable when that staring contest's prize is armageddon."

ATOM.

Well put.

RACHAEL.

Or maybe Kennedy'll just say fuck it and launch them anyway? He won't be around to feel the repercussions, plus we don't want the communists to win, right?

ALICE.

What does this have to do with nuns?

RACHAEL.

.....What?

ALICE.

Communists! That's where Nuns live.

DAN.

We're talking about the Russians.

ALICE.

I'm sure there are Russian nuns!

DAN.

Alice, you're a pip, you know that?

HELLEN.

I couldn't help overhearing...seeing as how I was listening to every word... But can we please tear ourselves away from all this violence and focus on *this*, now? Our family is together for the first time in 2 years. We're done with the unpacking, how about a game?

ATOM.

You're right, Mom. Hey everybody, how about Monopoly?

JOSH.

Oh great! And afterward, we can watch paint dry!

RACHAEL.

Josh.

FRANK.

As far as I'm concerned, paint drying would be an upgrade!

Brittney.

I mean, he's right, there are funner things to do.

RACHAEL.

Oh yeah? What's "funner"?

MICHAEL.

Superman!

JOSH.

No thanks.

MICHAEL.

Can we all watch Superman???

RACHAEL.

Maybe later sweetheart.

(The phone rings. Hellen picks up)

HELLEN.

Hello?... Alice, dear, it's for you?

ATOM.

Who's calling you...here?

ALICE.

Oh, lots of people! I'm pseudo-famous after all! (Picks up)

DAN.

They probably found "Bunker" in the phone book. Honey, I'm not knocking you, but it was ONE gum commercial. (Rolling his eyes)

FRANK.

That's the perfect job for her...professional blower.

DAN.

(Pinching Frank's cheek) You're such a funny little man.

ALICE.

Ok. Thank you...Yes. Bye-bye! (Hangs up)
Stupid carpet-sucking twots!

RACHAEL.

Alice, I wish you'd watch your language around Michael, you know how he is!

MICHAEL. (To JOSH)

Stupid carpet-sucking twot!

(Josh goes to hit Michael, but Jackie stops him.)

HELLEN.

Who called?

ALICE. (annoyed)

I'm sorry, everyone, I have to go.

DAN.

What?

RACHAEL.

What's wrong?

ALICE. (grabbing her things)

Apparently, our luggage made it to the Houston hotel safely!

DAN.

What's wrong with that?

ALICE.

Also, apparently, there's a "Houston Ohio"!

ATOM.

Can't they just send it over?

ALICE.

Absolutely!

DAN.

Then what's to worry about? That's not a problem!

ALICE.

It's an extra \$450.

FRANK. (To Dan)
Now, don't you feel dumb?

ALICE.

The hotel they sent it to has this "24-hour dropoff" policy; otherwise, it'll go back to the airport, AND we'll get hit with fees.

DAN.
No, stay here. I'll go.

HELEN.
Alice, let Dan go; you haven't gotten a chance to relax after your flight.

ALICE.
Hellen, Dan's been looking forward to spending time with you all month.

DAN.
Are you sure-

ALICE.
Positive. Honey, you never see your parents. I'll be back tomorrow. That is, if Atom doesn't mind me leaving?

(Everyone looks at Atom.)

ATOM. (Looks around)
Ok, fine. But once it's all set, call us. My keys are on the hook.

JACKIE.
The ones with the GI Joe keychain.

ALICE.
Thank you. I'll be back soon, sweetie. (Kisses Dan.)

DAN.
Drive safely. And don't forget to call.

ALICE.

I won't! Bye, Hellen, bye Frank! Bye, kids! Love ya!

HELLEN.

Drive safe!

MICHAEL.

Bye, Auntie Alice!

JACKIE.

Bye!

DAN.

And you better book economy!

(Auntie Alice leaves. A beat.)

BRITTNEY. (Dialing the phone)

Brett, put Mom on the phone. ... I don't care, put her on. ... Hey, it's me, I'm at Josh's house... Josh? The guy I'm... seeing. Yeah, his psycho family's got me locked in the basement. No, not like that. ... Kyle came by? (now quieter) Was he asking for me?

JACKIE. (To Atom)

Is the upstairs cleaned out?

ATOM.

I think so, can you double-check?

JACKIE. (She climbs the ladder to the upstairs.)

Sure.

DAN.

What's upstairs?

ATOM. (boastful)

Generators. Yeah, dug that out first. Little crawlspace.

DAN.

Just look at you. You're so proud, if you grinned any harder, your cheeks would pop.

ATOM.

Who else do you know with an airtight hatch that leads to the backyard?

JOSH.

I wish grandpa was airtight.

FRANK.

Can I help it if Oreos give me gas?

HELEN.

Everything gives you gas.

FRANK.

Not true! Ice Cream doesn't give me gas.

DAN.

No, Ice cream gives you the runs.

FRANK.

Do me a favor and "run" off the nearest bridge.

JACKIE. (From upstairs)

Hey guys, while we're down here with no windows, can we refrain from flatulence for the next hour and a half, please?

FRANK.

I'll try, dear, but your uncle's a blowhard and your dad's a windbag!

ATOM.

Jackie, can this windbag give you a hand?

JACKIE.

I'm fine, Dad!

ATOM.

Ok. Make sure you don't puncture the tape line. (to Dan) I haven't been up there in months, so it's probably pretty dusty.

(Jackie sneezes)

DAN.

She sounds like you giving the sex talk.

JACKIE. (from upstairs still)

Um..... Dad. Can I have a raise in my allowance?

ATOM.

Why?

JACKIE.

I found a magazine up here.

ATOM.

Ok?

JACKIE.

It's... um... about an island?

RACHAEL. (to Atom)

From our Bermuda trip?

ATOM.

Was it from our Bermuda trip?

JACKIE.

No, it's um... a special type of island...with a special type
of...beach... with um....a special type of... lacking... dress code...

ATOM. (A sudden realization that she is referring to a nude
beach.)

How does an extra dollar sound?

JACKIE.

20.

ATOM.

5

JACKIE.

15

ATOM.

10

JACKIE.

Done.

(There are sounds of ripping.)

RACHAEL.

Atom...

Brittney. (She freaks out, slamming the phone.)
AAAAAAAAAGHHHHH!!

ATOM.

What's wrong?!

Brittney.

There's a mouse under there!

RACHAEL.

Under where?

JOSH. (Snickering to himself)

Underwear.

Brittney.

Grow up. (The thing crawls from the table to behind the couch
where she is.)

Nope! No, nope, nope, no! I'm out of here!

RACHAEL.

Where? I don't-...

Brittney, that's not a mouse... that's just a huge cockroach-OH MY
GOD-ATOM KILL IT! KILL IT!

DAN.

I got it!

(Dan, Atom, and Josh all attack the couch with various means to squish and destroy. Murder in their eyes.

Finally, after much mashing, Frank stands up, takes his cane, and a loud squish is heard. They all look, and he sits back down.)

FRANK.

You young kids don't know how to kill things. Why, when I was in the war, do you think we brought shoes and a broom to battle? No! We had our fists! And guns, like trusty Mable here. (Strokes his shotgun case) Ya know, I once strangled a German secretary with nothing but a notepad and some hair gel! And we were naked, all of us! It was hell, absolute hell! And the Japanese were relentless! And the Germans! And the Turks! I once watched a white guy kill a black guy, then make love to an Asian man, climb up a tree, and jump! And the food! I lost a toe in Italy to a piece of communist linguini. And the women back then were real, honest women! Not the Nancys and toe touchers of today! With their tight clothes and their ascots and their poppers! Back in my day, a drag was something boring! And bread was 12 cents a loaf! And the photos were in black and white! And while we're on the subject of black and white-

(Hellen notices he's gotten out of hand and puts two Oreos in his mouth.)

HELLEN.

That's the only black and white we need to see coming from your mouth. Of course. But he's right, you know. About the war. We had our honeymoon in Tunisia, where your grandfather was stationed.

FRANK.

As I said, it was hell. The heat, the sand, the monotonous food, the long treks through the tundra...

RACHAEL. (Sympathetic)

Oh, what you poor boys must have suffered.

HELLEN.

No, that was our honeymoon.

RACHAEL.

Well... If no one wants to play Monopoly, how about charades, huh?

JOSH.

Charades? Really?

RACHAEL.

Oh, come on, it'll be fun.

JOSH. (To Brittney) Wanna play?

(She motions shooting herself in the head while dialing.)

BRITTNEY.

Oh, hey Brett, can you put Mom on the phone again? ... I don't care, just get her from the pool. ... Ok, Brett, then unwind the cord and walk the phone out to her!

DAN.

I'll play, as long as no one tells Alice, that's her favorite game.

RACHAEL.

Ok, clear some space! Who wants to go first?

JACKIE. (Coming down from upstairs.)

Wait for me!

HELLEN.

I'll go first!

RACHAEL.

Ok, Michael, you sit over here with me. Jackie, be careful on the ladder.

JACKIE. (Climbing down)

Are we doing teams?

DAN.

Better not, last time we did teams, your dad lost his shit.

ATOM.

I think I'll double-check the inventory. And language.

JACKIE.

Boo! Lame!

HELEN

Ok, are we all ready?

RACHAEL.

Ready!

HELEN.

Ok! I'm quite good at this, you know. The category is... "Animal"!

(Hellen and the family play Charades.

First, Hellen does an animal. It should be relatively easy.
Jackie answers appropriately, and now it's her turn.)

JACKIE.

Ok, ok, um... The category is "occupation".

(She begins. The family guesses, with Michael saying animals.
Dan is ridiculous as well. In the end, Rachael gets it and takes
Jackie's place.)

RACHEL.

Ok, um... let me think...

MICHAEL.

Oo oo! Mommy! Can I- I've got a good one! (He runs over and
whispers in her ear.)

RACHAEL.

Okay. This one's "occupation" too...technically.

(Rachael does a terrible job miming. At one point, Dan says
"chef" like 8 times, and Rachael breaks to say "NO IT'S NOT A
CHEF". Finally, Josh, who was silent, blurts out "Lady
Wrestler?")

RACHAEL.

That's it!

(The family congratulated Josh, who then sheepishly has to get up and perform.)

JOSH.

Ok... um... how do I-

JACKIE.

Pick a category.

DAN.

Food, animal, movie, whatever, then act it out.

JACKIE.

But you can't use words or make noises.

(Brittney gets off the phone to watch)

JOSH.

Ok... Got it. Uh, "Book".

(Josh is trying to mime out "Moby Dick." He starts like he's a fisherman...then tries a whale...then tries to make the name but just comes off as making a huge penis.)

DAN.

Wait! I got it! I got it!... Moby Dick!

JOSH.

Yes! (They all laugh and celebrate together.)

Brittney. (under her breath)

Stupid.

RACHAEL.

What was that?

Brittney.

It's a stupid game.

JOSH.

Hey, I think I did alright.

HELLEN.

You're a natural, dear.

Brittney.

Whatever. (She goes to walk away. Rachael follows her.)

RACHAEL.

Are you like, dumb in the head?

Brittney.

Excuse me?

RACHAEL.

It's a fun game. Everyone here is trying to be positive and fun, except you.

Brittney.

Sorry, I'm not a literal child or 80 years old.

RACHAEL.

I don't understand how-

ATOM.

Rachael.

(She shoots him a look. He pulls her aside.)

Let's just watch TV, ok? Uncontroversial, no talking- TV. We've got 56 minutes left, let's just sit down.

(They all sit. Brittney does not. Hellen takes the remote out of her cleavage and changes the channel. Bouncy music plays as the screen shows a commercial for gum.)

DAN.

Hey- that's the commercial! The one Alice was in!

T.V. VOICE.

Chew-Chew Trolley Gum! Bright, fruity, and fun fun fun!

(Alice appears in a slightly revealing train conductor outfit.)

ALICE ON TV.

It's the only gum you'll wanna chew-chew over here, chew-chew over there, chew-chew everywhere!

(Alice blows a huge bubble that forms into the Earth)

TV VOICE.

Chew Chew Trolley Gum!

ALICE ON TV.

I'd rather swallow it than spit it out!

(The ad ends, and The 3 Stooges play on TV.)

FRANK.

Holy crap.

DAN.

Yeah. She gets a lot of fan mail.

HELLEN.

I believe it.

(The phone rings. Rachael answers it.)

JACKIE.

Grandpa, can you change it to the news?

FRANK.

Why?

MICHAEL.

Yeah, why?

JACKIE.

I wanna see what the weather's supposed to be like tomorrow...
Willow and I are going to Lakehills.

HELLEN.

It's lovely up there, I used to go all the time. Before I got married. Now I don't go anywhere.

FRANK.

We go places.

HELLEN.

Where? The last time you took me somewhere, I was pregnant with Daniel.

FRANK.

And?

HELLEN.

The hospital delivery room doesn't count.

RACHAEL.

Atom, can I see you for a second?

ATOM. (Gets up)

Yeah.

RACHAEL. (On the phone)
Sure thing, give me a second.

ATOM.

Who's that?

RACHAEL.

Brian Moniz. He wants us to go to LA.

ATOM.

When?

RACHEL.

Now.

ATOM.

What?!

RACHAEL. (Trying to listen)

Yeah, I'm -What's this all about?-

(To Atom) He wants to pick us up and head to the airport in twenty minutes.

ATOM. (Taking the phone)

Give me that-

Hello, Brian? It's Atom. Hey buddy, Ray says you want to pick us up? ... We can't!

My brother and his wife are in town for the week, and my parents drove up-

(Brian is LOUD over the phone)

You're not making any sense-

RACHAEL.

Give me the phone-

ATOM.

Hold on.

RACHAEL.

Atom, he sounds freaked out, give me the phone!

ATOM. (Frustrated)

No- No- we're just fine here, man. ... I'm hanging up! No- Ok, thank you, goodbye!

(Atom hangs up.)

RACHAEL.

Did he say what the problem was?

ATOM.

He's just a nutjob.

HELLEN. (walking over, having eavesdropped)
Who was that on the phone?

RACHAEL.

Noone. Just some army wacko we knew in high school.

DAN.

I'm gonna call Alice, make sure she isn't tearing the airport workers a new one.

HELLEN.

Oh, you mean little Connor?

ATOM.

No, not that wacko, the other wacko.

RACHAEL.

He used to shoot down pigeons cause he thought they were government spies!

HELLEN.

Oh... Little Brian. I remember him.... poor thing.

RACHAEL.

Yeah, well, he's big Brian now.

FRANK.

Hey, was that the kid who used to skin squirrels?

HELLEN.

No, that was the DaPonte boy.

FRANK. (Amused)

Oh yeah. (chuckles) I remember him. That's a whole family of hillbillyknucklefuckers. Atom, remember when you and Dan were in middle school? He'd take their furs and make them into clothing.

Davy Crockett meets Jack the Ripper.

JACKIE.

You guys went to school with freaks.

RACHAEL.

Oh yeah? What about that girl in your class, Susie? (Jackie looks confused) Is her name Susie or Susan?

JACKIE.

Sierra?

RACHAEL.

See- I wasn't even close and you knew who I was talking about!

HELLEN.

What's wrong with her?

JACKIE.

Nothing, she just dresses as a cat sometimes.

RACHAEL.

Dressing up as a cat is one thing. But dressing as a cat, climbing up a tree, and having the fire department come and rescue you is another.

FRANK.

In my day, they woulda shot her. Saved the firemen the trouble.

Brittney.

She's a total freak anyway. She only drinks milk at lunch. And she's lactose intolerant. The school is like, obligated to feed her, but she just throws the food out.

HELLEN. (oblivious)

Cats are spoiled creatures. I had a cat as a girl. Her name was Merryweather. ... The jaundice took her.

JOSH.

Sierra's brother's worse-

Brittney.

-Yeah, he basically like, lives in his parents' basement. He like, makes lewd drawings of fantasy princesses.

RACHAEL.

Ok, that's enough of that.

HELLEN.

Our other cat, Oscar, oh, he was so pretty. Long, black, and gray fur, piercing yellow eyes. Like a taxi. Of course, that's what got him. A taxi.

Brittney.

A couple of weeks ago, our math teacher, Mrs. Mercier, caught him touching himself *during class!*

RACHAEL.

Brittney!

Brittney.

Oh, I'm sorry. You can talk about *gutting squirrels* or whatever, but I can't talk about Jimmy Leuvelink's princess tickle comics?

RACHAEL.

Yeah, no, let's not! You're going to upset Josh's Grandmother.

HELLEN.

Too late. It's bringing up memories of my other, *other* cat.

JOSH.

What was *its* name?

HELLEN. (On the verge of tears)
Tickles!

FRANK.

I don't know what you're getting so flustered over. It's not like we didn't do it when we were younger.

HELLEN.

Tickle porn?!?

RACHAEL.

CAN WE PLEASE STOP TALKING ABOUT PORNOGRAPHY?

MICHAEL.

Dad looks at porn, don't cha' dad!

(Everyone looks at Atom.)

ATOM.

I...uh-... I- what?

DAN.

I just got off the phone with Alice; she's boarding her flight and has assured me that her first-class ticket was the *only* option. I'll choose to believe that.

(Everyone looks around awkwardly.)

What?

(Rachael looks off and walks to the back of the room. Frank changes channels until he gets to the news. Brittney picks up the phone.)

REPORTER.

-subject to approval by the state. But Texas lawmakers look unfavorably on Governor William Wilson's bill to force businesses in Tux County to use security systems built by ServeTech. Only time will tell if the bill holds any water. In other news, what to do in case of nuclear disaster- specialist Matthew Leger has safety plans and precautionary measures you can take from home.

(When they say "Matt Leger," Brittney begins her line.)

BRITTNEY. (flirting)

Yeah, I'll be out soon and I'll come to your place... No, I din't yet. I'll tell Josh soon, I just need to figure out the best-

JOSH.

Hey babe, when you're done, can I use the phone?

BRITTNEY.

Yeah, sure. (he walks away. She starts flirting.) Oh my god, yes. I would love that... What? No, I haven't looked in my bag, why? Oh my god, you didn't. That's so cute. Yeah, I'll call you back after I look at it. Okay, bye.

(Brittney hurries to look in her purse, pushing past Rachael.)

RACHAEL.

Turn it off. (Frank obliges)

Atom, I can't take this anymore. I'm going upstairs.

ATOM.

Come on, we all agreed to wait the full two hours.

RACHAEL.

I'm tired of standing around, we have 30 minutes left, it's stuffy, and it's hot,...

HELLEN.

Yes, sweetheart, I think we've all had enough. Plus, your father's starting to stink the place up.

FRANK.

It's better than smelling like the Macy's Perfume counter!

HELLEN.

I do not smell like the Macy's perfume counter!

JACKIE.

Grandma smells lovely, Grandpa.

HELLEN.

Thank you, dear. And for your information, Frank, I've worn the same perfume for 35 years. I've never heard you complain.

FRANK.

Maybe it's time to mix it up!

HELLEN.

If I go buy a new perfume now, the lady over the counter'll think I'm some kind of... hussy! And I'd rather not be known as the whore of Houston!

FRANK.

We can move from Houston.

ATOM.

You know what? (Checks his watch)

Good work, everyone! We survived a nuclear attack. Hip Hip-

FAMILY. (90% enthusiastic)
Hooray!

ATOM.
Hip hip-

FAMILY. (50% enthusiastic)
Hooray.

ATOM.
Hip hip-

FAMILY. (10% enthusiastic)
Hooray...

Brittney.
Can we go now?

ATOM.
Yeah, let's.

HELLEN.

Good, Frank can take his medication, and I can unveil my cheese quiche!

(A loud thud is heard from the ceiling. Everyone looks up.)

JACKIE.
What was that?

ATOM.
It's probably the pipes.

JACKIE.
20 feet below ground level?

ATOM.
Check the generators, the left one was acting up last week.
(Jackie starts climbing the stairs.)

Josh, please put the cover back on the couch and the chair.
Everyone ready to return to the real world?

FRANK.

I've been holding in a fart for an hour.

ALL.

Ready!

ATOM.

Ok!

(A woman rushes down the stairs with a baby. She bangs on the door.)

MOTHER. (Frantically)
Hello?! Hello?!

ATOM. (Looks through the door's peephole.)
Um, excuse me, what the fuck?

MICHAEL.

Language.

MOTHER.

Oh, thank God, Atom? Atom Bunker! It's me! Hannah! Hannah Pacheco!

ATOM.

Um, hi, Ms. Pacheco. How did you get into my house?

MOTHER.

I broke the front door down!

(Jackie comes down quickly)

JACKIE.

What's going on?

MOTHER.

Let me in, please!

ATOM.

Mrs. Pacheco, why did you break our door down?

MOTHER. (mad and frantic)

Atom! I'll do anything! Open the fucking door now!!!

ATOM.

Rachael, get the phone and call the police. Hannah, I don't know- (There's a huge crash heard offstage. ((Car crash))

FRANK.

What the hell was that?

MOTHER.

Oh God, oh my God, please just let me in!

RACHAEL.

The police aren't answering.

JACKIE.

What?

JOSH.

What do you mean the police aren't answering?

RACHAEL.

I-I don't know, it just said "Please remain calm, an assistant will be with you shortly."

MOTHER.

Is Rachael in there? Rachael? RACHAEL!?! Let me in! It's Hannah Pacheco, I'm here with Eric! (Rocking her crying baby)

Michael.

Mommy, what's happening?

RACHAEL.

I don't know Mikey, but everything's going to be ok.

(Now, sirens can be heard from upstairs. Deafeningly loud.

Jackie turns on the TV.)

ATOM.

(Realizing) Oh... They're ending the drill. Han-Hannah!
Everything's fine! It's the end of the drill!

JACKIE. (Staring at the TV.)
Dad...

(The family crowds around the TV.)

REPORTER.

-after the military diverted the attack on Washington D.C mere moments ago, mass chaos has erupted in the streets from civilians desperate for shelter. At this time, it is confirmed that over fifteen nuclear missiles were launched with an expected trajectory for the mid to southeast regions of the United States. Predicted areas of impact include South Florida, Northeast Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, and the Carolinas, with two expected to hit Texas's Southern coast.

(There are gasps.)

Anyone with accessible shelter with room for others is urged to do so-

RACHAEL.

Atom! Oh my God, Atom... Let her in!

(Rachael runs to the door and attempts to let Hannah in, but Atom stops her.)

ATOM.

Rachael! We can't- (She struggles)

HELLEN.

Atom, it's not a drill, it's happening- Oh, Lord, Frank!

FRANK.
It's ok-

ATOM.
Rachael, stop it!

RACHAEL.
I'm letting her in!

MOTHER.
Please!!

ATOM.
We can't!

RACHAEL.
Why not! (Still kicking)

ATOM.
LISTEN TO ME! (She stops) We have enough food for five. FIVE!
Mom, Dad, Dan, Brittney- that puts us way over already, we
barely have the supplies for our own family.

JACKIE.
Dad, what-

Brittney.
What the fuck? We can't just let her die outside!

(Brittney marches to the door, but Josh stops her.)

JOSH.
Brittney-

BRITTNEY.
No, this is fucking bullshit.

JOSH.
I think my dad's right-

BRITTNEY.
Oh, big shock, you're growing a pair cause daddy's barking
orders!

JOSH.
What is your problem?!

BRITTNEY.

You! This! Mr. Bunker, open the door-

JOSH.

Honey-

MOTHER.

Atom! Listen to me-

BRITTNEY.

We're done, Josh. This is fucking crazy-

JOSH.

I'm not an idiot, Brittney, it's math. Dad's right. What? You're breaking up with me cause I'm making a rational decision?

BRITTNEY.

The first and only decision you've made in two years, yeah, round of applause, dipshit.

JOSH.

There it is again! You hate that I'm right!

BRITTNEY.

No- I hate you!

HELLEN.

This isn't the time! Atom!

JACKIE.

Dad, you have to

ATOM.

QUIET!

(This rings out. Sirens still blaze, the TV chatters, the family is silent.)

I know you're all scared, but as long as I'm here, I'm keeping us safe. We're in bad shape as it is- we let anyone else in, and that's a death sentence.

(A beat)

I'm sorry, Hannah.

MOTHER.
What about your son?

ATOM.
My sons are fine. There's nothing-

MOTHER.
I'm not talking about *them*!

(This fills the space differently.)

MOTHER. (Barely able to hold back tears.)
Last spring. When you helped me fix the garage door. You were
over. A lot. We got to know each other...

HELLEN.
What is she saying?

MOTHER.
One afternoon, you came inside for some lemonade-

ATOM.
No, I didn't.

MOTHER.
You kissed me.

ATOM.
No, I didn't-

MOTHER.
Yes, you did-YOU DID! You took me upstairs-

ATOM.
No. No-NO I-

MOTHER.

You did! - Atom, you know what we did- I'm sorry, Rachael- but this baby- your baby-

REPORTER.

T-minus 60 seconds. Hold your loved ones close, and pray.

HELLEN.

Atom! Atom, let them in! Let them in right now!

(The family yells over each other)

FRANK. Listen to your mother-

ATOM. I can't, Mom.

MOTHER. Take Eric!

HELLEN. Our father. Who art in heaven.

ATOM. I can't!

JACKIE. Dad! Don't do it!

MOTHER. I'm begging you!

JOSH. Dad, come on!

HELLEN. Hallowed be Thy Name.

DAN. Atom, you can't! You said it yourself!

Brittney. What the fuck, let her in!

MICHAEL. (crying)

HELLEN. Thy kingdom come-

MOTHER. PLEASE! TAKE YOUR SON! FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, TAKE HIM!

ATOM. NO!

JOSH. Guys- backup!

Brittney. This is bullshit! Open the fucking door!

MOTHER. TAKE ERIC! YOU HAVE TO!

DAN. There aren't enough supplies! We can't let anyone else in!

HELLEN. Thy Kingdom come-

MICHAEL. Stop, Stop, stop stop stop stop!

DAN. Don't open the door!

FRANK. Either shut the door or let her in!

JOSH. It's your responsibility to help people-

ATOM. My responsibility is to my family!

MOTHER. He IS your family!

HELLEN. Thy kingdom come!

FRANK. Do something!

JACKIE. Don't, Dad!

FAMILY. (screaming)
ATOM!

(Rachael knocks Atom over, grabs the baby through the door, and slams the latch. The second it closes, a nuclear blast shakes the entire bunker. Supplies and boxes fall from shelves. Immediately, the TV and lights go out.

ACT II
Scene 1

Setting:

The bunker is now in a state of disarray. Supplies, boxes, and cans litter the floor, and a shelf has collapsed. Every assemblage of the tidy makeshift home has been shifted or damaged. The stairway is covered in wood debris.

At Rise:

There is a humming noise. The generators sound, pumping electricity back into the bunker. It should sound ugly and foreign and industrial. The backup lights barely flicker to life and are noticeably dimmer than before. There is a slight red hue from some of the lights. The family, found on the floor, recovers from the blast in their own ways. They're all shaken as they slowly make it to their feet. The baby cries.

JACKIE.

Is everyone alright?

DAN.

Define alright.

ATOM.

Mom?

HELLEN.

Atom! (She cries into his chest.)

ATOM.

Jackie?

JACKIE (Helping Rachael up)

We're ok. Mom.

RACHAEL.

Michael? Michael?!

MICHAEL. (Hurt, behind the couch.)

Mommy?

RACHAEL.

Michael! Oh, my baby, are you- Jackie, he's hurt!

(Michael winces and groans in pain)

RACHAEL.

-It's ok, sweetie.

ATOM.

Dan-

DAN.

Yeah-

(They lift Michael, whose arm is cut open.)

ATOM.

What's the damage?

DAN. (trying to sound calm)

Hey buddy, it's okay. Let me take a look.

Don't move, okay? ... It's not that bad.

HELLEN.

I'll get the bandages.

DAN.

Get the gauze too, Mom.

ATOM.

And the painkillers.

RACHAEL.

We can't give those to him, they're too strong.

ATOM.

We'll give him half a dose.

RACHAEL.

No, we aren't giving those to Michael.

JOSH.

Jackie- I'm gonna check the generators.

JACKIE.

No, I got it. Stay with Grandma.

(JACKIE goes up the stairs.)

MICHAEL. (wincing)

Am I going to die?

RACHAEL.

No, no, no- I promise you're not going to die. No one is going to die.

FRANK

My ass is wet.

RACHAEL.

Frank!

HELLEN.

Ugh, Frank.

(She drops off the supplies and goes to help Frank up, who is still on the ground.)

ATOM.

Dad, this isn't the time.

FRANK.

It's never a good time for a wet ass. But here we are!

HELLEN.

I told you not to have that second cup of coffee.

FRANK.

Then why did you make extra?

HELLEN.

Because that's what you do when you're invited to places, Frank. If you ever got invited anywhere. You make a little something.

FRANK.

What's "little" about 6 pots of coffee?

HELLEN.

Who said you had to drink 5 cups?

FRANK.

The same person who's bringing enough coffee to caffeinate the Marines! It's bad enough you-

HELLEN. (Upset)

Enough!

(The room falls silent)

Can you *please* stop for *five minutes*, Frank? Jesus Christ, look what just happened.

FRANK.

Hellen, I-

HELLEN.

What happened to you?

FRANK.

What?

HELLEN.

You're soaking wet- the floor is covered in water? What happened?

ATOM. (investigating)

Oh no.

(Atom rushes to the spill in an attempt to save some water.
No use.)

FRANK.

That's what I was saying-

DAN. (finishing wrapping Michael's arm in a sling)
What's wrong? (Looks down)

RACHAEL.
What's leaking?

ATOM.
Two of the water jugs broke.

DAN.
How much did we lose?

ATOM.
Josh, get the towels!

JOSH.
Where are they?

ATOM. (frustrated and running out of patience)
I don't know, just someone-find them. Quickly.

JACKIE. (From upstairs)
The blue bin!

Brittney.
What's wrong?

ATOM.
Nothing.

JACKIE.
(Coming down) The generators are good!

(Hellen hands Atom towels, which he uses to soak up some water.
Dan makes his way to the door, but it won't budge.)

DAN.
Atom, something's blocking the door.

ATOM.
One problem at a time.

(Josh stares at Brittney until she notices.)

BRITTNEY.

...What?

JOSH.

I'm sorry.

BRITTNEY. (annoyed)

Oh my God, don't do that. Don't play victim, like it's my fault-
We're done, and that's that-ok? And nothing you say is gonna
change my mind! (he just stares.) WHAT?! What do you want me to
say, Josh?!

JOSH. (sympathetic)

... Your parents. And Brett.

BRITTNEY. (Realization washes over her.)

I know... I know.

(She sits. She breaks down quietly. Josh holds her.
Everyone then turns to Dan.)

HELLEN.

Danny... (Dan sits down. Hellen sits on the side of him and holds
him. Rachael joins them. He looks at Atom.)

I'm sure she's alright, right, Atom?

(Atom just stares.)

JOSH. (Picking up a gun from the floor)

Uh, Dad?

(Atom snags it from him and puts it in his pocket.)
Where did that come from?

ATOM.

Restack the cans.

JOSH.

Where did-

ATOM.

DO WHAT I SAY. (Again, silence)

JOSH.
...Answer my question.

(a beat)

ATOM.
A friend of mine lent it to me.

JOSH.
That's it?

DAN.
Josh, do what your father says.

ATOM.
Dan-
(Dan nods. Atom is in full leadership mode. He rifles through boxes and grabs a radio and some batteries in a package. The radio is very large and technical-looking.)

JACKIE.
When did we get that?

ATOM.
I made it. Normal radios won't pick up anything down here.
(He switches it on.)

JOSH.
How can you be so calm about this? My friends are dead. Aunt Alice is dead. My teachers, Brittney's family, everyone-
(Atom stands up and looks his son in the eyes.
The lights flicker.)

ATOM.
Make yourself useful for once, and make sure the cans didn't break. (he turns. Josh walks away.) Now I suggest we all make ourselves busy. We've prepared for this. Rachael, give grandpa and grandma something easy to do. Keep... Keep the baby resting. I'm going to check on that flickering.... Dan, you come with me. Jackie, I want you to try emergency frequencies 490, 625, and

636. See what you can pick up. Dan and I'll sleep in the generator room tonight. I want to monitor them.

(Dan goes up the ladder.)

RACHAEL. (She addresses him differently now.)

Atom...

ATOM.

Hold the fort.

(Exits up the ladder. Rachael goes to Frank. Michael scootches over to Jackie, who's fiddling with the radio.)

MICHAEL.

Jackie?

JACKIE.

Michael, you need to be resting.

MICHAEL.

Are you scared?

JACKIE. (After a pause)

No. Are you?

MICHAEL. No.

(Trying to be brave)

But hypothetically, if I was scared, and I'm not saying I am, but if I was scared in this hypothetical scenario... would that make me a baby?

JACKIE. (Smirking)

You're not a baby.

MICHAEL.

Ok good. Because now we have a baby. (Stares off) You know, I don't remember much about being a baby, because I'm so old now, but I do remember eating a lot. And I mean a lot! Alot alot alot alot alot alot-

JACKIE. (Stopping him)

Where is this going?

MICHAEL.

Well, we need food, and Dad said we don't have enough.

(Brittney is seen listening in)

MICHAEL

Plus, I'm pretty sure that baby is like, illegal.

JACKIE.

What?

MICHAEL.

The baby is illegal. Like dad's illegal son.

JACKIE.

Illegitimate.

MICHAEL.

Isn't that illegal? Does that mean that-

JACKIE.

I lied.

MICHAEL.

About what?

JACKIE.

I said I wasn't scared. I am.

MICHAEL.

Are we not gonna talk about-

JACKIE.

They aren't. So I'm not.

MICHAEL.

Why not?

JACKIE.

Let's just drop it, ok? (She keeps working. He looks around.)

MICHAEL.
What are you scared of?

JACKIE. (Another pause)
I'm scared of seconds.

MICHAEL.
Seconds?

JACKIE.
Yeah, seconds. Every single second. The second the bomb hit, I was scared. The second they started the drills and the videos and the warnings, I was scared. The second dad built this bunker while mom was away on her trip... When I saw him go to Ms. Pachecho's house, the whole time, I was scared. I was terrified. I couldn't sleep. Even before the missiles. And the war. Life's scary sometimes. You're too young to understand, but people can be *awful*, and there's no voice for all the people who need one. Everyone's crying out like babies without a bottle. No mommies or daddies, just pacifiers. And I'm sitting here, in front of a radio, trying to hear any sign of life when there might not-
(She looks at him. He's tearing up.)
But... Even though I'm scared, there's one thing keeping a smile on my face.

MICHAEL. (Between sniffles)
What?

JACKIE.
That I know I've got a Mom and a Dad who love me very much...And a sweet grandma. And a smelly grandpa. (They laugh) And a big brother who's a big stupid butt, but he loves me.

(She looks at Josh, sitting alone.)

JOSH.
Huh?

JACKIE.
I called you a butt.

MICHAEL.
A big, stupid one!

JOSH. (Coming over)
You two are the butts.

JACKIE.
Says the king of the butts.

JOSH.
You wanna see the king of the butts?

JACKIE. (Realizing)
No. No, I don't-

(Josh turns around, shoving his butt in their faces)

JOSH. (Making a funny, cartoonish voice)
"Thee King of the Butts commands you to be silent!"

MICHAEL.
Ewww!

JOSH.
"Silence! Or face my silent but deadly wrath!"
(The kids all laugh)

ATOM.
(From upstairs) That doesn't sound like fixing a radio!

KIDS.
Sorry! (They laugh quietly)

JACKIE.
See? We're all safe, together, and in the company of royalty.

MICHAEL. (Taking out his Superman figure)
And Josh, you have Brittney!

JOSH.
Yeah. (He looks at Brittney, then at Jackie)

JOSH.
Jackie?

JACKIE.
Yeah?

JOSH.

We just... I mean, we just survived a *nuclear bomb*. And everyone seems...fine. You're working on this radio, Dad, and Uncle Dan- Uncle Dan just lost his *wife*. The only one who seems to be affected is Brittney. Even Michael is-

(Michael is "battling" the radio with Superman, making funny noises.)

JOSH.
Still the same...

JACKIE.
Yeah, Josh. We've been preparing for this.

JOSH.
No- we haven't, Jackie. Not like this. We weren't prepared for Mrs. Pachecho or that baby, or any of this. I don't get how you're all able to just *fall* into these *jobs* like we didn't just experience one of the single worst events possible?! Like our school, the church, the arcade, our friends- everything is gone. It's gone. And what? I'm just supposed to organize boxes and ration cans of soup?

JACKIE.
Yeah.
That's exactly what you should do. You're right- we need to grieve. We will grieve. But right now, we need to put that aside and focus on making sure we *survive*.

(Josh looks off)
Hey?

JOSH.
Then I wanna do something more important.

JACKIE.

Trust me, you are. And Dad'll thank you for it.

JOSH.

Yeah, sure. He hates me.

MICHAEL.

Guys?

JACKIE.

Yeah?

MICHAEL.

I love you.

JACKIE. (Smiling)

Whatever.

MICHAEL.

Hey! Say it back, jerk! (They play wrestle. A clock goes off.)

RACHAEL.

Ok, everyone, it's getting late.

Brittney.

It's 8:30.

RACHAEL

Well, that's Michael's bedtime, and under the circumstances, we could all use some rest. Josh, pull those sleeping bags out of there.

HELLEN.

I'll help, honey.

JACKIE.

I got it, Gram.

HELLEN.

Are you sure?

JACKIE.

Yeah. You need your rest. Josh and I can grab em'. Grandpa-

FRANK. (Snores loudly)

HELLEN.

I don't know what's louder, a nuke or your grandfather.

(She realizes her joke was in poor taste.)

Oh- Sorry.

(Brittney plops herself on the couch beside the baby. Rachael approaches her.)

RACHAEL.

What do you think you're doing?

Brittney.

I'm sitting here, like so. So I can lie down, like so. And close my eyes, like so. It's called "sleep".

RACHAEL.

Brittney, I think it would be more appropriate if we let Hellen sleep there with... Eric

Brittney.

Why?

RACHAEL.

I would think it would be obvious to even someone of your poor intelligence that she is older and thus requires better sleeping accommodations. ... And Eric is a baby.

Brittney.

You mean I have to sleep on the floor?

RACHAEL.

Seeing as none of us have beds anymore, yes. The floor.
I normally wouldn't allow this, but you can sleep with Josh.
(She turns.)

Brittney.
At least someone WANTS to sleep with me.

RACHAEL. (taking a beat)
Run that by me one more time.

JOSH.
Brittney-

RACHAEL.
You know, I've put up with your entitled attitude for three years now, over and over-

JOSH.
Mom-

Brittney.
How am I entitled?

RACHAEL. (Sarcastic)
I don't know. Let's look at your parents. Mr. and Mrs. Country Club, gliding around with their stuck-up faces in the air like they've got a permanent smell under their noses.

Brittney.
And the closer you are, the stronger it gets.

RACHAEL.
Oh! Suddenly, the airhead who dumped my son thinks she's so witty. I don't know how your folks made their money if the lineage is this dumb.

Brittney.
I'd rather be rich and not know a lot than be poor AND ugly, and my parents agree.

RACHAEL.
Well, now it doesn't matter what mommy and daddy Warbucks think, cause they're dead and their money's gone with them!

JOSH.

Hey!

JACKIE.

Mom, that was terrible.

Brittney.

It's alright. ... You know, it's a good thing we're twenty feet under. Otherwise, I'm sure there are a lot of garage doors that Atom would be happy to open.

(Rachael smiles, then grabs Brittney's hair and slams her to the ground, jumping on her and punching. Brittney screams and swears, and Josh and Jackie pull them off.)

JACKIE. (To Rachael)

What is the matter with you?!

RACHAEL. (in a huff)

Me?!

JACKIE.

Look at Michael, Mom. Look at him!

(Michael is in the corner, clearly distraught, standing with Hellen. Rachael passes Brittney and goes to him.)

JACKIE.

Brittney, are you ok?

BRITTNEY.

What do you care?

JACKIE. (Grabbing Brittney's arm)

This isn't the time or place to make enemies. Are you ok?

BRITTNEY. (Unsure)

I'm fine. Thanks.

(Brittney almost bumps into Josh, then walks past him and lies down. Hellen lies on the couch, and Jackie turns the lights out, Downstage upstage left.)

RACHAEL.

Michael- look at me.

MICHAEL.

Why did you do that?

RACHAEL.

I- I don't know, honey. Sometimes, people disagree, and Mommy shouldn't have acted that way. There's never an excuse to act that way.

MICHAEL.

But you did.

JOSH. (To Brittney, on the other side of the room)
Brittney.

BRITTNEY.

Good night, Josh.

JOSH.

Will you look at me? (a beat) Hello?

BRITTNEY.

I already said I'm fine.

JOSH.

Why did you do that?

BRITTNEY. (Turning to look at him)
Oh, what? Now you're on her side?

JOSH.

No- I'm on yours. What my mom said and what she did was way out of line.

RACHAEL. (to Michael)

I know what I did wasn't right. And I will apologize in the morning.

MICAHEL.

You promise you won't do it again?

RACAHEL.

I promise. And have I ever broken a promise to you?

BRITTNEY. (to Josh)

No. No, I pushed her. I went too far. I just hate that she thinks I'm this evil person.

JOSH.

I know.

BRITTNEY.

And I shouldn't have broken up with you. Especially when this was all happening-

JOSH.

We'll talk about it tomorrow.

(Josh gets up)

BRITTNEY.

Where are you going?

JOSH.

I'm going to grab another sleeping bag.

RACHAEL. (To Michael)

Do you want me to sleep over here tonight?

MICAHEL.

Mom, I'm not 7 anymore.

RACHAEL.

No. No, you're not... Okay, well, goodnight, Superboy.

(Rachael kisses Michael on the forehead and walks to her bag, meeting Josh center)

JOSH.

Before you say anything, I want you to know that whatever problems you had with Brittney before this, they're done.

(Josh walks past her and gets into his sleeping bag upstage left. After a beat, Rachael unfurls her bag, upstage center, and lays down. The screen flickers, showing a cartoon sheriff sleeping.)

BRITTNEY. (In darkness, she gets her purse and pulls out a note, reading it.)

Kyle...

MICHAEL. (Appearing behind her)

Who's Kyle?

BRITTNEY. (Stifling a scream. She whispers)

What are you doing over here?!

MICHAEL.

What's that?

BRITTNEY. (Stuffing it in her bag)

Nothing. Go back to bed.

MICHAEL.

Why do you hate my mom?

BRITTNEY.

Go back to bed, please.

MICHAEL.

But why?

BRITTNEY.

Leave me alone.

MICHAEL. (starts raising his voice)

No. I wanna know! -

BRITTNEY.

Michael- fuck off!

MICHAEL.

Language!

(Brittney shoves him to the floor. Immediately, she begins to cry. Michael gets up and sits with her.)

BRITTNEY. (through tears)

I'm sorry.

(A beat)

MICHAEL.

Can I give you something?

(She stops crying enough to see a Superman toy in his hand)

BRITTNEY.

Why are you giving me this?

MICHAEL.

Cause. I've got mom and dad and grandma and everybody to protect me. You should have someone to protect you, too.

(Michael stands up and begins walking away before stopping.)

Plus, Superman has laser vision, and that's cool as heck.

(Michael goes back to sleep, and Brittney tucks herself in. Blackout. Lights come up on the family awake and moving about the bunker. Jackie sits, testing the radio and writing upstage.)

JACKIE.

"Day 6. Uncle Dan looked at Michael's arm again. Mom finally let us give him antibiotics. Now, he's sleeping a lot more. Nothing from the radio." - Dad? Do I have to write an update on everybody?

ATOM. (with a radiation detector)

Yes. And mark down: Rad levels at 2 today.

(Frank lets out a rough cough)

HELLEN.

Frank, are you alright?

FRANK.

Yeah. Can you get me a glass of water?

ATOM.

Easy on that, Dad. That's your third glass today.

(The lights flicker, and Atom looks around.)

FRANK.

Well, if Mr. Prep did his job and packed whiskey, the water'd be fine.

RACHAEL.

Now there's a thought- Frank Bunker gassy and drunk.

(She scrapes the bottom of a can with a spoon, finishing it off, and walks to the trash bag, meeting Brittney. They lock eyes, and Brittney walks away.)

JACKIE. (Writing)

"Mom and Brittney haven't spoken since the first day."

DAN.

Hey, Dad. Who's your favorite son now?

(Dan reveals a flask.)

FRANK.

Where did you get that?

DAN.

I brought it just in case... well, in case Alice wanted a drink.

FRANK. (trying to be sincere, but not used to it)

Yeah- uh, about that. I wanted to say- That, uh,... You're handling it well.

DAN.
Thanks, Dad.

FRANK. (Taking a swig of the flask)
Yeah, well.

JACKIE. (Writing)
"Uncle Dan hasn't slept since yesterday. He and Dad have been
arguing about how to keep this place afloat."

ATOM.
Alright, guys, listen up! Thankfully, the radiation doesn't seem
to be leaking through the stairwell; something heavy must be
blocking upstairs. Probably the fridge.

DAN. (trying to joke)
Probably the entire kitchen.

ATOM.
Yeah, it wouldn't be that way if the door had been closed-but
the point is, there's backup fuel in the wall panels for the
generators and I'm going to grab them.

RACHAEL. (trying to keep her voice down)
Atom, why didn't you tell me about this?

ATOM.
We need the fuel. It's fine, I got this- Dan, Josh, help me with
the door.

RACHAEL.
Atom.

ATOM.
Josh, grab the axe, we're gonna use it as leverage.

RACHAEL.
Atom- I don't think this's a good idea!

(Atom, Dan, and Josh begin prying the door open.)

RACHAEL.

Hellen?

HELLEN.

He seems determined.

RACHAEL. (Frustrated)

Jackie? Say something to your father!

JACKIE.

Dad-stop.

(They stop)

There's a crowbar under the pantry shelf

(Dan grabs the crowbar and they continue prying the door.)

RACHAEL.

Hello?! Why am I even talking? Is everyone against me now?

Is that it?

(Rachael turns, right into Brittney)

BRITTNEY.

Josh, stop.

(They stop again.)

BRITTNEY.

Your mom's right. You should leave the door closed.

ATOM.

Why?

BRITTNEY. (haunted)

Cause. There's...Probably something on the other side we don't
want to see...

ATOM. (Addressing the family)

Look, I'm not doing this for no good reason. We need this fuel.
I... I know what's on the other side. But I promised to keep you
all safe. And that's what I'm gonna do- Josh, Dan.

(After a struggle, they manage to pry the door open just enough.)

DAN.
It won't open anymore!

ATOM.
Push harder! (They do) I can't fit! (They struggle) Alright, Josh-can you fit?!

RACHAEL.
What?!

JOSH.
Yeah- I'll go-

JACKIE.
Josh- you don't have to do this-

RACHAEL.
He isn't! Atom!

(Josh starts going through)

ATOM.
Go! Go!

RACHAEL.
JOSH!

HELLEN.
Atom, pull him back!

(Josh slips through. The stairwell is illuminated. There's just rubble. No bodies. Hellen gasps.)

RACHAEL. (pushing them out of the way, yelling through the door)
JOSH! Josh, are you okay?!

(A beat)

JOSH.
I'm ok!

RACHAEL. (Relieved, she suddenly shoves Atom into the shelf.)
What the hell is wrong with you?!

ATOM.
He's fine!

RACHAEL.
It *was* fine when it *was* you!

ATOM.
Oh yeah, you'd love that, huh? Listen- he's fine! Josh!? Can you see the fuel?

RACHAEL.
Forget about the fuel-If anything happens to him, I swear to God, Atom-

(Frank coughs, this time much louder. He holds his chest.

JOSH.
Dad? Where's the panel?

ATOM. (yelling through the door)
Do you see a rectangular shape on the right wall?

JOSH.
Uh... Yeah!

ATOM.
Okay- they're right in there! Press on the panel, and it'll pop out. Just do it slowly in case it-

JOSH.
I got it!

(The family sighs)

ATOM.

Okay- now be careful climbing out from-

(Suddenly, there is a loud crash. A large beam falls, hitting
Josh.)

HELLEN.

Josh!

RACHAEL.

Oh my God!

DAN.

What happened?! (Banging on the door)
Josh?!

RACHAEL.

What's going on?!

DAN.

I don't know-

JACKIE.

Open the door!

ATOM.

Josh?! Josh!

RACHAEL.

I told you- I fucking told you!

JACKIE.

Get the door open!

(Jackie and Rachael help them, but it's no use)

DAN.

Whatever fell is blocking the door, Atom!

ATOM.

I know that, Dan. Try being more helpful, Dan.

HELLEN.

Don't snap at him, he's trying to help.

ATOM.

You wanna help? Go up and see how much fuel we have. If it's below 60, turn the power off.

(Dan rushes to the ladder and climbs.)

MICHAEL.

What are we going to do?

RACHAEL. (to Atom)

Yeah, Mr. Handyman. What are we gonna do?

HELLEN.

We just need to try harder, that's all! Everyone, grab the door again. We'll try-

ATOM.

That won't work, Mom.

HELLEN.

We have to try *something*!

JACKIE. (Through the door)

Josh!

JOSH.

I'm sorry, Jackie- I just wanted to-

JACKIE.

No- don't be sorry- Dad, what do we do? What if the radiation is-

RACHEL.

What? What if it's what?

ATOM.

It could be leaking into the stairway-

RACHAEL. (Michael begins crying)
So my son is dead?!

JOSH. (Through the door)
What?!

ATOM.

Josh, don't move! That's not what I'm saying.

RACHAEL.

I don't care what you're saying- it's what you're not *doing* that I care about! What are you going to do?!

FRANK. (standing, raising his shotgun)
I'll tell you what I'm gonna do.

(The room is silent)

ATOM.

Dad-

FRANK.

I'm going to shoot the hinges off the door, then we're going to take it off and get Josh.

JACKIE. (cautious)
Grandpa-

ATOM.
Dad. Put the gun down.

HELLEN.
Frank, sweetie, please.

FRANK.
No, I'm going to get my grandson (cough) out of the stairs.

ATOM. (walking closer to him)
Dad. That's not a good idea.

FRANK.
Give me one good reason.

ATOM.
Because I said so, now put the gun down so we can talk-

FRANK.
Everybody, back away!

(The family moves, all except for Atom)

ATOM.
Dad-

HELLEN.
Frank, don't!

FRANK.
3-

ATOM.
Dad!

FRANK.
2-

JACKIE.
Grandpa-

RACAHEL.
Michael, cover your-

FRANK.
1!

(Atom lunges for the gun, lifting it high, behind Frank. The gun goes off, sending both men to the floor. The family looks up to see Dan fall from upstairs, his body crashing to the floor behind the couch. Hellen and Michael scream. The baby cries.)

ATOM. (Staring at the body)
Dan...

(Jackie rushes to Dan. Atom freezes)

RACHAEL. (rocking the baby)
Atom, I- Is he okay?

(Jackie stands behind the couch. She looks at everyone, lastly,
at Atom.)

HELLEN. (Sobbing, Frank holds her back)
Oh my God, no! Danny! Let me see him! Danny... Please God. Please
don't do this- God, please!

ATOM. (to Frank)
Happy?

FRANK. (a pause)
No.

(Frank lets Hellen go. Rachael ushers her to the far side of the
Bunker.

BRITTNEY.
Mr. Bunker? What do we do now?

(Atom doesn't speak)

JACKIE.
We have to... Get some trash bags. And tape.

HELLEN.
No. No, no, please, no.

ATOM.
Jackie's right. I'm- The door is still stuck. Dad- put the gun
away and help her.

(Frank is breathing heavily)

RACHAEL.

Frank?

HELLEN.

Frank. Please.

(His sharp breathing escalates, and his hands freeze up.)

HELLEN. (Sudden realization)

Not now. Atom! Help him!

(Frank collapses to the floor. Atom is there.)

RACHAEL.

What's wrong?!

HELLEN.

He's going into cardiac arrest-Frank- breath- Atom, he needs
CPR!

ATOM.

Jackie!

JACKIE.

Give him space!

HELLEN. (Shaking)

Loosen his collar!

(Jackie flips him on his back and begins performing CPR. As she does, the lights fade, and the screen shows a silent commercial for "Carvedilol" (Car-vay-duh-loll), a heart medication. In the darkness, the bunker's supplies are removed. The shelves are half empty, cardboard stacked high, and the family's clothes, hair, and everything else are in disarray. Lights come up on Hellen, as the family sleeps, sitting up on the couch with the baby. Rachael gets up from the floor to get water and sees her.

RACHAEL.

Hellen? What time is it?

HELLEN.

I'm not sure...

RACHAEL. (looking to the clock)
Honey, it's 3:30.

HELLEN.

Oh? I hadn't noticed.
(She rocks Eric)

RACHAEL.
How are you holding up?

HELLEN. (tired)

Good. ... I'm better than I thought I'd be. Let's face it, neither of us are spring chickens. (She chuckles, rocking Eric.) I won't lie, I knew it would be his heart. Between his attack last year and the medication issues...

(She's lost for words.)

I knew the first week would be the hardest.
But he's in a better place now. A much better place.
(Now, she looks to Eric.)

But oh, God. I miss this. I know it's selfish, but being a mother is such a special time... especially when they're this small.

RACHAEL.

Yeah.

(She stares at Eric, sleeping.)
He's got his eyes.
(She looks off)

HELLEN.

They're Frank's eyes, too. Let's hope someway, somehow, maybe through osmosis, he gets your patience.

(She notices Rachael looking off)
Oh dear, I'm sorry- I didn't mean to bring up...

RACHAEL. (After a moment)

It's fine. I know what you meant. I just feel so, ignorant. All the signs were-

HELLEN.

Shh shhh- no, Rachael. The fault belongs solely to Atom. And that tramp from Nextdoor. Oh- pardon me...

RACHAEL.

Can I ask you a question? A very personal question?

HELLEN.

In all these years, have I ever given you a reason to think otherwise?

RACHAEL. (After some thought)

What do you think "love" is, really?

HELLEN.

Well, scientists will say it's chemicals, but something about that always bugged me. I know you aren't religious, but I've found love through my church and the soup kitchen with Cindy and Peg. Oh, they're so fun. And helping others? Why, that brings you closer to God! And what is God if not love?

I can tell that didn't help...

RACHAEL.

No, it's fine. It's a tough question...

(She gets up)

HELLEN.

Ray? I'm proud of you for being this strong. If it were me, I just know I'd be in pieces.

RACHAEL.

No, you wouldn't. Here, let me hold him. (She takes Eric) You need your rest.

HELLEN.

Thank you. Goodnight, Dear.

RACHAEL.

Night.

(Rachael goes back to her sleeping pack downstage left and lies down. Lights fade as the screen illuminates, showing a radio broadcast wavelength montage. Jackie and Atom at the Radio.)

ATOM.

Anything?

JACKIE.

No.

(Lights come up on Rachael and Hellen feeding Eric, making plane noises)

HELLEN.

He doesn't like the plane.

RACHAEL.

How about this?

(She swooshes the spoon, making the sound of a bomb dropping.

He likes it and eats. They exchange glances.

JACKIE.

"Day 25- We're running low on-

ATOM.

Jackie, the radio.

JACKIE.

Yeah, I'm not getting anything.

ATOM.

Well, keep tuning it!

(She rolls her eyes.)

(Lights come up on Michael and Hellen. She knits as he aimlessly swings his Superman toy around.)

HELLEN.

Well Michael? How do you like it?

(She shows him a hat she knitted with a wonky Superman "S" on it.)

ATOM. (Yelling)

If you want to get in contact with someone, you can't keep drawing all day!

JACKIE.

I'm not! Dad- I have to take breaks-

ATOM.

Get up. Get up-I'll check the radio.

(He grabs her arm, lifting her, and sits by the radio.)

JACKIE.

"Day 58. I'm officially off radio duty."

(Lights come up on Jackie and Brittney. They are hanging rags to dry.)

JACKIE.

Thanks for helping.

BRITTNEY.

Yeah. Of course.

JACKIE.

Have you, spoken to him?

BRITTNEY.

Who?

(Jackie gives her a look.)

Oh. No. I.. It's been too long.

JACKIE.

You might feel better if you did. I did yesterday.

BRITTNEY. (After a pause.)

Ok.

(The radio display fades out. It's night once more. The Bunker is cloaked in darkness. Lights come up on JOSH, leaning against the door, and BRITTNEY, leaning against the door from the inside.)

BRITTNEY. (Talking to Josh through the door)
-And I guess I said yes because I wanted a change. I had dated all the- the athletes and the popular guys, so when Victor dumped me, I felt like I just needed something different. And there you were. Goofy, and kind, and genuine. I don't know if this counts, I don't know if I even deserve to say this now, but you are so lovable.

(Her breath shakes)

You were so...good, and I took advantage of that.
You knew about Kyle. Part of me wanted you to, anyone else would have given up on me...But not you.

(BRITTNEY, CONT.)

I wish things were different. I wish you didn't have to sit by, while I upturned everything in your life.

But most of all, I wish you were in here, now.
It's terrible, and we're not doing so good... But I wish you were here.

(She chuckles softly)

Just another selfish thing I want, right?

(She stops looking at the door, now, turning to the room where everyone is sleeping)

Tomorrow will be 2 months since your grandfather died...

I don't want anything anymore.
I just wish you were here.

(Lights fade, then turn on, red, darker. The emergency power light is on. The family sits. The Bunker is practically empty. Atom comes down from upstairs. Michael lies on the couch, and the baby coos softly in Rachael's arms. Michael begins coughing violently.)

Rachael.
Jackie.

(Jackie lifts Michael's torso and pats his back)

JACKIE.
You're okay. You're ok...

MICHAEL.
Mom? Can I have some water?

JACKIE. (Handing him a cup)
Here.

(Michael takes a few sips, then begins coughing again.)

ATOM.
How's his arm?
(Jackie looks at him, worried.)
Alright, well, forget about the arm- Hey, Michael, wanna play
Superman with me?

RACHAEL.
He's in no condition to be playing anything.

ATOM. (Dismissive)
Fine. Let him rot on the couch.

JACKIE.
Dad.

MICHAEL.
I don't want to play Superman. He's not real anyway.
He's imaginary.

JACKIE.
Michael, you love Superm-

MICHAEL.
-No, I don't. He's not real, cause if he was.. If he was, he
would have saved us. But no one's saving us.

(The family looks at each other.)

BRITTNEY. (Taking out the Superman toy)

Michael, you gave me this, remember? You saw me all alone, so you sent Superman, and you told me he would protect me.

MICHAEL.

I think I was wrong.

BRITTNEY.

Yeah. You were.

(Rachael goes to say something.)

Because I didn't need *Superman*, I needed you.

(She awkwardly tries to make a reference)

You're gonna get better... faster than a speeding bullet....and be... stronger than.. a... diamond? Skyscraper?

(She squeezes his hand.)

MICHAEL. (Smiling through a cough)

That was close.

Thank you, Brittney.

(Brittney gets up and walks to the shelves, picking up a hand-held fan, fanning herself.)

RACHAEL. (Slowly approaching Brittney, they stand side by side.

She doesn't quite know how to talk to her.)

He gave you his Superman.

(Brittney nods)

I remember when Josh brought you for dinner, that first time.

I thought you were...

(A change)

He would be proud of you. For who you're becoming.

(They look at each other, as if for the first time)

I want to say,...That, well,-

BRITTNEY.

Thank you.

(They embrace.)

HELLEN.

That's love.

RACHAEL.

What?

HELLEN.

You asked me that. A couple of months ago now. I couldn't answer then... I've been thinking a lot about Frank. Dan and Alice. And you and Atom.

ATOM.

Mom, please.

HELLEN.

I think love is what's left over after all the hate is used up.

ATOM.

I don't hate Rachael-

RACHAEL.

Let her finish.

HELLEN.

There's going to be hate. There's going to be fights. Lord knows, Frank and I had ours. But that's marriage! No relationship is one hundred percent love one hundred percent of the time! I mean, good heavens, you spend every day, every night with the same person, no matter how much you love them, they're bound to annoy the, pardon my French- hell out of you!

You can't ignore it, you can't push it to the side.

You have to own it. Frank wasn't religious, even a blind and deaf monkey could tell you that much.

He hated the time I spent at the church.

He used to say, "Hellen, it's all a bunch of phony baloney crapola".

I used to think he just hated being away from me, but over time, I learned he hated the church for what it represented.

When he was in the war, he looked to God every day for help. Every day... It never arrived. So, he figured God must've hated him. Me? There was so much to dislike about Frank...

But what I hated was his lack of honesty. Not to me, your father was always honest- but to himself.

He never killed anyone.

Couldn't bring himself to do it.
But after the war, the world was different.
It was harder. Meaner. Less open to love.
So he shut all that out.... I hated him for who he allowed himself to become. There were so many moments when-when we could have talked. I think if you two had talked, things would have been different- I know they would have.

ATOM.

Mom- how can you possibly believe that *hate* has any place in a marriage?

HELLEN.

After 42 years, the obvious becomes elusive, and the nuances become clear as day. Your father and I wouldn't have lasted half as long if we hadn't come to an understanding. We can't control what we hate in each other, but we can learn to love the person anyway.

(Everyone takes this in. Rachael and Atom exchange glances.)

ATOM.

Sometimes, I forget how clever you are.

(He looks right at Rachael.)

But you're wrong.

(Atom makes his way back to the radio. There is loud static.)

HELLEN.

I'm wrong? That's it? That's what you say to your mother after she pours her heart out? I'm wrong? Let me tell you this, Atom Bunker, I don't know what drove you to throw away everything, but you can't push away love like this-

ATOM. (Standing)

Well, I hate you. Dad was right. This phony, Catholic, preachy bullshit stops now-

(She slaps him. Atom sits back down at the radio. Static fills the air, growing in volume. Lights fade out as the screen shows static. The static grows as the Bunker is finally completely empty. The static fades as lights come up.)

JACKIE. (Writing)

"Day 103. If I've been keeping count right, it's Sunday. Michael's arm has gotten even worse. Each of us is on our last 2 rations of food and water. I tried giving mine to Michael this morning. He was coughing so much he only ate a spoonful, though, despite our best efforts... (She breaths) The infection from his wound is worsening. We can't amputate, there would be too much blood loss... Mom and Dad haven't spoken in over a month. No one has. The silence is deafening.

ATOM. (Snatches the journal)

"The silence is deafening."? This isn't a poem, Jackie.

JACKIE.

Sorry.

ATOM.

I keep telling you- just the facts.

HELLEN.

Let her write whatever she wants. It doesn't matter.

ATOM.

Mom, don't start that again. We got some feedback from the radio last night- that's a good sign.

HELLEN.

Static. Yippie.

ATOM.

Alright, everyone- I know this has been a... challenging couple of months. We've all lost. A lot.... But we need to stay ready. Rescue can come any day now. This bunker has provided us with safety and kept us-

RACHAEL.

Enough about the bunker, Atom.

ATOM.

I'm just making a point that-

RACHAEL. (Putting the baby down)

Yeah. We know. "Big strong Atom" built this hole in the ground. Wow! How impressive! Let's all marvel and thank him for saving us!

ATOM.

That's-

RACAHEL.

You're so concerned about making sure we all know you're the one who saved us, but look around you! Who did you save, Atom? Huh? We're not saved. Alice was right- this is a tomb. And we're literally buried alive on our last legs because of you!

ATOM.

That's not fair.

RACHAEL.

No. It isn't. It's not fair that I've lost my son, Atom.

Everything that's gone wrong went wrong because of you!

(She starts shoving him.)

It's always you-everything is about you! I give you the best years of my life: 3 gorgeous kids, and what do you do?! You throw it away for some woman. You build the Bunker and you make these decisions and you, you, you-and I don't "do" anything!

(Now she's really shoving him.)

I'm left reacting to what you do. I'm left having to accept your decisions and your plans, and your mistakes!

(She points at Eric. Then, she takes off her ring and throws it at him.)

Take this- Another of your mistakes. I don't want it and I don't need it! I'm finally doing something for me. Me!

I won't forgive you for ruining everything. If I'm going to die, it won't be because of you. You didn't keep anyone safe- you killed us! You killed our son!

(Rachael beats on Atom, and he pulls out his gun, pointing it at her. Everyone stands.)

ATOM. (Breathing slowly)
You're wrong.

(Rachael and Atom stare. Seconds pass.)

ATOM.
I saved us. We wouldn't be where we are without me.

RACHAEL.
Yeah, I know-

ATOM. (Slowly growing increasingly more upset)
You know what I mean. Without the bunker, we'd all be dead. Is that what you want? God, when I think of the *months* of yelling about the price and the construction and the practicality- well, look, Rachael! How *practical* is it now?! And you're gonna stand there accusing me of being selfish?! I saved us! But that's not good enough, right? You'd rather I had accepted Brian's offer and run like a coward-

RACHAEL. (Realizing)
What offer?
(Atom stops)
Atom... What. Offer?
(Again, nothing.)

You knew. The phone call-You KNEW that Brian was right, that-that he knew about this, and instead of taking his offer, you kept us down here?!

ATOM.
There wasn't enough time-

RACHAEL.
Bullshit-BULLSHIT! You just couldn't stand to see all your hard work go to waste! I can't believe you!

BRITTNEY. (Appearing on the side of Rachael)
Rachael- Atom, maybe we should take a step back.

ATOM. (Still pointing the gun)
Don't push this.

RACHAEL.

Maybe you should just shoot the rest of us! Get it over with!
That way, we won't have to live to die by your mistakes anymore!

ATOM.
You want that?!

RACHAEL.

What else do I have? You took everything from me! You selfish,
Idiotic COWARD!

(Atom raises the gun to shoot.)

BRITTNEY.
Wait!

(Atom fires. Brittney pushes Rachael out of the way and is
struck, killing her. Jackie screams.)

HELLEN.
Brittney!

RACHAEL.
(Scrambling to Brittney's side. She tries to wake her up, but
she's gone.)

JACKIE.
Dad.

(Atom is still pointing the gun at Rachael. Hellen begins
slowly, making her way to the shelves.)

JACKIE.
Put the gun down.

ATOM. (to Rachael, still on the floor.)

You think I'm a coward? Because I want to protect my family?

(He approaches her)

Do you have *any* idea how much I *love* my family?

(He places his gun near her temple.)

Brittney did that on her own. Michael's at death's door, but not because of me! I didn't push Josh through that door- I didn't shoot Dan- and I didn't kill Dad or Alice!

(The gun is on her head.)

I didn't kill this family.

RACHAEL.

Yes. You did.

HELLEN.

Atom.

(Atom turns to see Hellen standing with the shotgun pointed at him.)

HELLEN.

I love you.

(Hellen fires the gun, which blows the back of the couch apart, and grazes Atom's left shoulder. The baby screams, crying. Bleeding, he quickly recovers and shoots Helen in the chest, causing her to fall back onto a shelf. Rachael stands and grabs the gun in his hands. The two wrestle, both holding the gun in the air. A shot goes off, striking a lightbulb, which breaks.

The only light in the bunker is now the single spotlight, centered. Jackie tackles Atom to the floor, the gun sailing across the ground. Rachael falls as well, crawling for the gun immediately. Atom is able to grab her ankles and drag her back. Jackie slams his face into the floor, but he throws her off of him. He gets on top of Rachael and begins choking her. She can't quite reach the gun. Seeing this, Jackie stands and jumps on him, trying to pry him off Rachael, but he's too strong. Rachael's body goes limp.)

JACKIE.

Mom!

(Jackie pulls the pointed comb from her hair and stabs Atom in the neck. He yells, falling off Rachael, giving Jackie the room to throw herself at the gun, aim it, and shoot Atom in the chest, killing him. Jackie stands there, motionless, as the baby cries, before going to her mother. She begins giving chest compressions, just as she did with Frank, but it's no use. Her compressions slow as she cries, embracing Rachael. She holds her, bathed in the dim light. Finally, she lays her mother down softly, checks Michael's pulse, picks up Eric, and sits on the floor in front of the couch. She holds him in her right hand and the gun in her left. The TV crackles to life, showing an old "Superman" cartoon.)

TV VOICE.

"Faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a locomotive. It's SUPER MAN! "Don't worry, kids, Superman ALWAYS saves the day!"

(Fade to black.)

End.