

LYDIA: Some help please?

DEREK: Whoa, whoa, whoa, what's in here? This wasn't in the practice run last week.

LYDIA: I know, but—

DEREK: I mean, every square foot has been meticulously calculated, our water intake, our food intake, our generator, our backup generator, the oxygen... essential toiletries—oy, what is even in here? It feels like a ton of bricks! Are these...books?! Honey. You really think you're going to read War and Peace in the bunker? Why are there so many books? Where did these even come from? It's a whole library in here!

LYDIA: Well, if there's time! Maybe! I wanted to catch up on some light reading...

DEREK: I have seen you pick up maybe a magazine in the five years we've been together—

LYDIA: Well there's no need to shame me, honey! It's not like I'm averse to reading, maybe I just never had the time, did you ever think about that? All the free time I've had, I've been helping you to pack up the damn bunker because that's what you do when you love someone and you support their hopes and dreams, and in any case, there is PLENTY OF ROOM FOR BOOKS, it's not like I'm packing a container of pythons! Sorry. Got carried away there. It's, this is all, it's so much more stressful than a practice run, you know? And I lost my whistle and stopwatch.... (*Lamenting:*) I'm a terrible prepper, aren't I!

DEREK: No, no, you're doing great, honey. And you're right. There's room. Plenty of room.

It'll be great! We'll read, we'll maybe...maybe we can start a book club...of two.

LYDIA: (*Miserable:*) But we can't read the same book at the same time because there's only one copy of each book...!

DEREK: We can read simultaneously!

LYDIA: But I'm such a slow reader...!

DEREK: We'll read at the same pace, it'll be fine, it'll all be fine.

LYDIA: Oh my gosh, I forgot the fruit—! (*LYDIA dashes off stage right*)

DEREK: The what? No, no—perishables are not a good idea, remember? We discussed this! Number one rookie mistake!

LYDIA: (*returns with so much fruit.*) Whew, crisis averted. I certainly hate to waste food.

DEREK: But they're going to go bad in the bunker...? I just don't think we can finish all of that.

LYDIA: Who knows how long it will be before we can eat fresh fruit again! Mark my words, you are gonna thank me later, mister.

DEREK: Honey, this is not in the plan—

LYDIA: I know, I know. Look at me...! Going rogue, lost my way! But I'm back now! Step 7 of 32: If there's time, grab sentimental items.

DEREK: Oh darn it! Be right back! (*DEREK runs off stage right.*)

LYDIA: Aw, what did you get? Oh, no you didn't. Show me. (*LYDIA grabs for the thing, he pulls away but she grabs it*) I can't believe you! This?

DEREK: You know I can't sleep without my blanket.

LYDIA: Call it what it is.

DEREK: No.

LYDIA: Name it. I deserve the full truth.

DEREK: Fine! I can't sleep without my lovie. Yes, I am a grown man who is going into his bunker with his wife, a whole bunch of books and fruit, and his lovie! Are you happy?!

LYDIA: (*beat*) Whatever. I think we're good now. Right? (*LYDIA motions to the door.*)

DEREK: No, you're right, you're right. I'm sorry.

LYDIA: No, I'm sorry. I think it's just—I mean, we practiced so much, we've been training so hard for this and now—it feels like it's all coming apart at the seams? There's just so much pressure to get it all right! So let's just, let's take a breath, we've totally got this!

(*DEREK turns to the door, pauses, then turns back around to LYDIA.*)

DEREK: I just wanted to say, if I have to be facing the end of the world, I'm glad I'm facing it with you

