

EPISODE 2: A DAY IN THE LIFE

Written by Alex Abrahams.

Edited by Grey Kilgour.

Content warnings:

- Apocalypse
- Brief mentions of body horror, death, and violence
- Mentions of panic-buying (re: pandemic)
- Noodle sounds (it's honestly nasty)
- References to homelessness and starvation

[A BUSY SUPERMARKET. AT FIRST, IT SEEMS VAGUELY NORMAL, PEOPLE WORKING, PEOPLE SHOPPING, PEOPLE GOING ABOUT THEIR EVERYDAY LIVES.

BUT SOMETHING FEELS SLIGHTLY OFF.

WE START TO HEAR BITS OF CONVERSATION:

THREE MEN DISCUSSING THE EYE, TWO OLD WOMEN GOSSIPING ABOUT THEIR NEIGHBOURS' SCORES, CHILDREN RUNNING AND LAUGHING AND KNOCKING THINGS OFF THE SHELVES.

TWO TEENAGERS ARE FIGHTING OVER A BOX OF CEREAL AND THREE MEMBERS OF STAFF ARE WATCHING THEM, TWO FROM AFAR AND ONE FAST APPROACHING THE TEENS.

THIS IS WHERE WE MEET **TYLER JENKINS**, A BORED TWENTY-SOMETHING DISSATISFIED WITH THEIR MINIMUM WAGE JOB.]

TEENAGER #1

It's mine!

TEENAGER #2

How's that?

TEENAGER #1

I grabbed it first so it's mine.

[THEY GRAB THE BOX OF CEREAL. TEENAGER #2 GRABS IT BACK.]

TEENAGER #2

Yeah, well I saw it first.

TEENAGER #1

You can't prove that. For all *I* know, you only saw it when I grabbed it.

TYLER

[Bored, unamused:] Alright, lads. Break it up. [Beat.] Were either of you actually planning on paying for that?

[THE TEENS ARE SILENT. TYLER SIGHS.]

Thought not. [Beat.] Now, if you could kindly hand it over that'd be great.

[THE TEENS ARE SILENT AGAIN. AND THEN THEY START RUNNING.]

[Lazily] Hey! Hey, come back! You can't just run off with a box of cereal! You've got to pay for that!

[THE DOOR OPENS AND THE TEENS RUN OUT. TYLER SIGHS.]

Bollocks.

[SOMEONE LAUGHS. IT'S TYLER'S CO-WORKER **PIPER**. THEY'RE A FEW YEARS OLDER THAN TYLER AND HAVE BEEN WORKING IN THE SUPERMARKET FOR AT LEAST FIVE YEARS LONGER THAN TYLER HAS. THEY HATE IT JUST AS MUCH AS TYLER DOES, BUT THEY'RE MORE DESENSITISED TO IT.]

If you think it's so funny, why don't you go after them?

[PIPER LAUGHS AGAIN.]

PIPER

Nah, let 'em have it. It's just one box.

TYLER

We can't keep letting them steal every time they come in here.
[Beat.] Don't you care about getting paid?

PIPER

Not much point these days, is
there? End of the world and all.

JESSE

[Out of nowhere - they crept up
behind Tyler:] Speaking of the
end of the world-

TYLER

[Startled:] Christ, where did you
come from?

JESSE

-I was wondering if either of you
lovely humans wanted the
updates on my doomsday bunker.

PIPER

Oh, you're still going on about
that, are you?

JESSE

Yes! It's my baby, Piper!

TYLER

What do you need a doomsday
bunker for, Jesse? In case you
haven't noticed, the world's
already ended.

JESSE

Y'know, in case it gets worse.

TYLER

[Exasperated:] In case it gets...
in case it gets *worse*? Worse,
Jesse? Worse?

Eyes, Jesse! You can't say worse
- jinx it, why don't you? We're
literally *in* the apocalypse, how
much *worse* do you reckon it'll
go? Two eyes? Three? Something
worse than an eye - maybe the
four horsemen'll grace us with a
visit - do you not *think*?! I've
HAD IT with you, I've had it!

[TYLER CARRIES ON EXASPERATEDLY RAMBLING
OVER THE NEXT TWO LINES.
ON THE "I'VE HAD IT", MUFFLE INTO HANDS. THEN
SCREAM INTO HANDS.]

PIPER

Oh look, Jess, you broke Tyler.

[PIPER CHUCKLES AND WANDERS OFF.]

JESSE

Doesn't take much, does it?

TYLER

[Sigh.] Jesse, there is an *eye* in
the *sky* and you think it's gonna
get *worse*?

JESSE

Always good to be prepared, isn't it? [Beat.] So, do you want the updates on the bunker or-

TYLER

[Irritated:] No, Jesse, I do NOT want to hear about your bloody doomsday bunker.

MR. WHEELER

[Shouting from across the room:] Tyler, can you go and restock the bread? It all got stolen again.

[TYLER SIGHS.]

TYLER

[Shouting:] I'm on it, Mr. Wheeler!

[MUSIC/SOUNDSCAPE/SOMETHING THAT INDICATES A SCENE CHANGE.

WE ARE NOW OUTSIDE A HEAVILY GUARDED BUILDING WITH A WIDE RANGE OF SECURITY SYSTEMS INSTALLED.

THE BUILDING BELONGS TO CHARLES GUERETTE, A WEALTHY CEO, AND HIS SECRETARY, **PUCK ADAMS**, A SECRETARY IS REPEATEDLY BANGING ON THE DOOR AND RINGING THE DOORBELL, TRYING THEIR BEST TO GET IN.]

PUCK

[Yelling:] Mr Guerrette! MR
GUERETTE! Let me in! *Please* let
me in!

[THEY BANG ON THE DOOR AGAIN.]

It's me! Your secretary! It's me!
It's Puck! Puck Adams! Let me in
please!

[THEY SIGH.]

[Muttering:] Bloody security
systems.

[THEY RING THE DOORBELL AGAIN.]

Mr Guerette! Let me in! Let me in
so I can do my job!

[MUSIC/SOUNDSCAPE/SOMETHING THAT
INDICATES A SCENE CHANGE.

WE ARE NOW WITH **FINN RANSOM**, WHO IS AT
THEIR THIRD JOB INTERVIEW OF THE DAY. THEY
HAVE BEEN JOB HUNTING SINCE BEFORE THE
APOCALYPSE, ARE GETTING QUITE TIRED OF IT.
THEY OPEN THE DOOR TO THE BUILDING AND WALK
UP TO THE DESK.]

FINN

Hello. I'm here for an interview
with Mr. Thorpe.

RECEPTIONIST

Name?

FINN

Finley Ransom.

RECEPTIONIST

Lovely.

[THE RECEPTIONIST STANDS UP.]

If you'd just follow me...

[THEY START WALKING AWAY AND FINN FOLLOWS THEM.]

THE RECEPTIONIST LEADS FINN INTO A ROOM AND SHUTS THE DOOR.]

Take a seat, Mx. Ransom.

[FINN SITS DOWN AND THE RECEPTIONIST HOOKS THEM UP TO A LIE DETECTOR. FINN IS UNSURPRISED; THEY ARE USED TO THIS.]

Wonderful. [Beat.] Now, I'll ask you again, what is your name?

FINN

Finley Ransom. [Beat.] My friends call me Finn.

RECEPTIONIST

And you're here to see Mr.
Thorpe?

FINN

Yes.

RECEPTIONIST

And which position are you
interviewing for?

FINN

Assistant Accountant.

RECEPTIONIST

I see. [Beat.] And would you mind
telling me your score?

[SOUND: A MACHINE BEEPS ON. VELCRO OPENS, AND
A BLOOD PRESSURE DETECTOR IS ATTACHED TO
FINN'S ARM.]

FINN

70.

[SOUND: A FEW BEEPS AND THEN A HAPPY BLEEP
(RESULT REGISTERED.) FINN EXHALES.]

RECEPTIONIST

Wonderful. [Beat.] Mr. Thorpe's
office is the third one on the
left. Let me just unhook you from
the lie detector and you're free
to go.

[THEY START UNHOOKING FINN FROM THE MACHINE.]

Sorry about all this, Mx. Ransom.
I know it's tedious, but it really is
necessary.

FINN

Honestly, I'm kind of used to it.

[THE RECEPTIONIST FINISHES UNHOOKING THEM
FROM THE MACHINE. VELCRO NOISES. FINN
STANDS UP.]

RECEPTIONIST

All done. It was nice to meet you,
Mx. Ransom.

FINN

You too.

RECEPTIONIST

Good luck with your interview.

FINN

[Muttering:] If luck was real, I
would've got a job months ago.
And we wouldn't be in a damn
apocalypse.

RECEPTIONIST

What was that, Mx. Ransom?

FINN

Noth- uh, you too!

[To self:] God, why did I say
that?

[MUSIC/SOUNDSCAPE/SOMETHING THAT
INDICATES A SCENE CHANGE.

WE ARE NOW IN TYLER, PUCK AND FINN'S SHARED
FLAT.

FINN MAKING NOODLES SOUNDS.

PUCK IS LISTENING TO MUSIC WITH HEADPHONES,
BUT THEY HAVE THE VOLUME UP HIGH SO WE CAN
FAINTLY HEAR IT.

THE DOOR OPENS. TYLER ENTERS.]

TYLER

Something smells nice. What are
we having?

FINN

Noodles. Again.

TYLER

It's alright, Finn. We like noodles.
Repeating meals a few times isn't
the end of the world.

FINN

Well-

TYLER

I'm gonna stop you there. [Beat.]
Puck! [Louder:] *Puck!*

PUCK
[Taking their headphones off:]
Yeah?

TYLER
Your music's too loud.

PUCK
Oh. Sorry. I'll turn it down.

FINN
No point. Dinner's ready.

[FINN SETS DOWN THREE BOWLS ON THE TABLE.
THE THREE FLATMATES PULL CHAIRS OUT AND ALL
TAKE A SEAT.]

PUCK
How was the interview?

[FINN GROANS.]

That bad?

FINN
I don't really want to talk about
it.

PUCK

Fair enough. [Beat.] What about you, Tyler? How was work?

TYLER

Cold.

FINN

Still got the windows open?

TYLER

Yup! All day, every day! [Beat.] Mr. Wheeler seems to think it's good for the eye to have a better view of us.

PUCK

And you need *all the windows* open for that?

TYLER

Apparently so! [Beat.] I don't know why people still come in the shop. It's *freezing*.

PUCK

Anything get stolen today?

TYLER

[Sigh.] A box of cereal, all the bread, quite a bit of soap. [Beat.] Probably more. I sort of stopped counting. Got distracted by

Jesse trying to tell me about his
doomsday bunker.

FINN

No toilet paper?

TYLER

Surprisingly not. Thought that'd
be the first thing to get taken.
[Beat.] Usually is. [Beat.] Bet you
don't get anyone stealing stuff
from your job, do you, Puck.

[PUCK LAUGHS.]

PUCK

No, they'd have to break in. And
even I can't do that. [Beat.] Took
me half an hour to get in this
morning.

FINN

Jesus. [Beat.] Can't he give you a
key or something?

PUCK

Key's no use. He's got about
twenty different security
systems built in. He's got all the
windows covered as well. And he's
soundproofed the walls. No one
can see or hear me when I'm

yelling for someone to let me in.
It's a nightmare.

TYLER

At least you don't have a massive
eye staring down at you while you
work.

PUCK

I'd rather have a massive eye
than just... *nothing*. [Beat.] It'd
be nice to have a view, at least.

FINN

You don't see it, Puck. You're shut
in your office all day with the
windows blacked out, so you don't
see it. But it isn't... it isn't *nice*.
It isn't a nice view. There's a
great bloody eye in the sky! And
there's death and there's
violence and there's... there's
some real nasty stuff out there.
[Beat.] Trust me. You're better
off with the windows covered.

TYLER

They're right, Puck. It's awful out
there. [Beat.] Whole world's gone
to shit.

FINN

It's not just the eye, it's... it's the people. There's people on the streets and it... it must've been hard for them before, trying to survive out there but... I can't imagine what it's like now. No clue how they cope.

PUCK

Well, we'd better start figuring it out. [Beat.] That might be us soon. If we can't pay the rent.

TYLER

Yeah.

FINN

I'm... I'm trying to get a job. You know that, right? I am trying.

PUCK

We know.

TYLER

It's alright, Finn. We'll figure something out. I'm sure there's... something we can do. There's got to be something.

[EPISODE ENDS.]