

# PANDEMIC FAMILY

by

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COLD OPEN

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY**

INSERT GRAPHIC: "The future... the NEAR future"

Total disarray: junk up on a bed, open drawers vomiting clothes, the live/work space of someone who's given up.

**HAZEL** (35), at work at a desk, dual computer screens open. One screen has MANY FACES of a Zoom work meeting. On the other monitor is Hazel's nervous date, **GRANT** (40), a buttoned-up, socially awkward guy.

HAZEL

Global paradigm shift, we just have to be deterministic and keep jamming our succulent creamy buns in their face.

GRANT

Are we still talking home workout routines?

Hazel switches gears.

HAZEL

I'm sorry dude I popped in on my work meeting.

GRANT

(disappointed)  
My first date since quarantine and you're two screening me?

We hear a faint din of OVERLAPPED VOICES from the meeting.

HAZEL

I'm not even paying attention, I just chime in once in awhile.

GRANT

Jamming succulent buns?

HAZEL

Advertising. Working from home on my Lil' Mandy's Sugar Buns account. But let's talk us and our hot date.

ANGLE ON: Grant (on monitor) peers his head over as though he could see onto the other screen.

GRANT

Is the weird sentence you just said over there even apt to the meeting?

HAZEL

We've been in quarantine all this time no one actually pays attention in these work from home meetings...

ANGLE ON: One sad person on the work meeting monitor, GUS.

GUS

I do.

HAZEL

...they just chime in every so often to seem like they're paying attention.

ON GUS: Over the RUMBLE of many voices:

GUS

The conversation gets very confusing in here!

GRANT

Does that make it hard to do a good job?

HAZEL

It's advertising for a sugar turd during a global pandemic. I just dig up some old copy and add the preface,

(serious)

"In uncertain times like these, we take solace in familiar things."

GRANT

I guess I don't feel so bad then about being two screened.

HAZEL

You shouldn't.

(seductive)

I put this attractive blouse on just for you.

Hazel shimmies in her seat to show off.

GRANT

Oh, wow! And here I was wondering if that was your normal, pretty business attire for work.

HAZEL

I usually wear pants to work.

Hazel stands up and twirls around, sure enough she is nude waist down. Were there a studio audience they would **WHOOOOP!**

Grant's mouth is agape.

ANGLE ON GUS:

GUS

Holy moly! Am I seriously the only one in here even paying attention to this?

GRANT

Hazel, you're even more amazing than your profile. But I really do want to get to know you.

HAZEL

Gee, cooped up all these months, you know how it is.

GRANT

I think everyone's a little extra horny, these days.

HAZEL

I'll say.

GRANT

I've been alone since my adult son left.. So no family with you? Roommates?

HAZEL

No...I have family.

GRANT

Yeah? Parents?...kids?

HAZEL

Yeah.

Grant stares, *wanting more info but hoping not to seem eager.*

**RICH (38)**, in a tie-dye cartoon character shirt, bounds into the room, digging into a drawer.

RICH

Hey, Hazel, I think I still have some deodorant around.

Grant reacts.

HAZEL  
I'm working, Richard.

RICH  
Ah, got some right here!

Richard relaxes and approaches. Looks at Grant.

RICH (CONT'D)  
Hi, fella. Sorry to bother your  
work meeting.

HAZEL  
Grant here is my internet date.

Rich starts applying underarm deodorant.

RICH  
Oh wow! Cute. That's just terrific.

GRANT  
(apprehensive)  
Your name is, Brother? You're  
Hazel's brother? What's your name?

Rich CHUCKLES.

HAZEL  
He's my husband.

RICH  
Have fun. I'll lock the door.

Rich exits.

HAZEL  
(to Grant)  
So where were we?

Grant is in a state of shock.

ON GUS:

GUS  
What the hell.

Hazel fires off a playful smirk.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY**

Hazel continues her date with Grant.

HAZEL  
Now does that explain things?

GRANT  
Yeah. You're a recent divorcee --

HAZEL  
-- technically just separated.

GRANT  
Recently separated from your  
husband Rich but he came to stay at  
the start of Stay-At-Home to be  
close to the kids.

HAZEL  
Feel better?

GRANT  
(doesn't sound it)  
Yeah... I mean I'm divorced too,  
but fifteen years for me. And kids?

HAZEL  
Two. Two wonderful girls. Though my  
youngest has gone a bit feral since  
this all started.

**INSERT FLASHBACK - INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

**MEGAN** (12), wearing gear that is a mix of tie-dye pajamas and army fatigues, leaps off the couch into an attack posture wildly flailing a knife towards Hazel.

MEGAN  
YEaaahhhH! Get the hell out of my  
room!

HAZEL  
Sweetie. This is the living room. I  
was headed to get some coffee.

The living room looks like a war zone - overturned couch, a tent, piles of filth and detritus everywhere.

HAZEL (V.O.)  
Megan retreated into brute,  
infantile emotions.

Megan pushes the blade towards her mothers throat.

MEGAN  
I'll cut you like I done that post  
office pig.

CLOSE ON a hand sewn "trophy" on Megan's denim vest - a torn  
insignia from the U.S. Postal Service uniform.

BACK TO SCENE

GRANT  
That sounds difficult.

HAZEL  
Me and her are in a rough patch,  
but she's in a Daddy's Girl phase.  
I'd be more worried if it weren't  
for their strong bond.

GRANT  
Kids are so active. Maybe it's hard  
for her to adapt to a world with  
less pastimes and diversions.

HAZEL  
Right.

Hazel's expression disagrees - *adapting isn't Megan's issue.*

**INT. LIVING ROOM - MEANWHILE**

Megan and Rich enter from the front door. Arms full and  
pulling a loaded shopping cart, they're hauling a trove of  
Amazon boxes. They pull off their face masks.

HAZEL (V.O.)  
Her and her father go for supply  
runs. Kind of the hunter/gatherers  
of our little clan.

MEGAN  
Chickenshit, I just know that loot  
on the Tremets porch would have  
been premium quality!

RICH  
But they have a dog!

MEGAN

I'd slit that goddamned rat's  
throat if it came near us.

RICH

But they have a camera doorbell!

Megan gets up into her Dad's personal space.

MEGAN

Don't make me ashamed to have come  
from your seed, Dad. Even without  
these masks to hide, this is a  
frickin' different world we live in  
now! Your old laws don't matter.

Rich contemplates his daughters maturity.

RICH

I know, honey. Your old Dad just  
has the cobwebs of nostalgia  
gumming up his brain factory.

MEGAN

Alright then.

Megan pushes over a pile of boxes and stomps off.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Just get to opening up our loot!

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MEANWHILE**

Hazel and Grant continue their date.

GRANT

You trust them being safe out  
shopping? It's getting pretty crazy  
with the food riots and looting.

HAZEL

A calculated risk I suppose, but  
they stay safe.

GRANT

And your other daughter?

HAZEL

My eldest. It was shaky at first,  
she's an adult now herself and had  
to abandon her first year of  
college because of all this  
craziness.



GRANT  
That's rough.

HAZEL  
But she's adjusted, maybe owing  
just a little to the fact she  
brought her boyfriend back with  
her.

GRANT  
Shacking up, huh? Yikes!

HAZEL  
I didn't have a choice. They'd  
sooner sleep in a cardboard box  
than be separated. But they're good  
kids.

**INSERT INT. KITCHEN - MEANWHILE**

**TIFFANY** (18, cool and chillingly aloof) wears norm-core jeans  
and white tee. She aggressively french kisses her boyfriend  
**DUKE** (18, slow and maleable) a hunky Abercrombie type.

BACK TO SCENE

GRANT  
Still, you have my sympathies.  
Can't be easy to be cooped up in a  
house so long with all those  
teenage hormones in the air.

HAZEL  
I didn't mention my great-  
grandfather. One-hundred seven  
years old, still healthy if you can  
believe it.

GRANT  
Holy smokes that's old!

HAZEL  
He spends a lot of time with the  
kids, which helps in them keeping  
their amorous paws off each other!

**INT. KITCHEN - MEANWHILE**

We see more of the kitchen now. Cupboards are open and bare,  
spare random cans and boxes of food are sparse therewithin.

Tiffany and Duke are still making out.

**OTIS** (107, joyful as a child yet wise) wears comfy overalls and has tufts of wild hair shooting in many directions. He watches the teenagers make out - *thinks of past romances*.

HAZEL (V.O.)

It's cute actually. He was a child and survived the Spanish Flu, not to mention the depression. So he has all these great old poverty recipes he's teaching the kids.

JUMP CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN - LATER**

Tiffany and Duke are now cooking over the stove with Otis seated nearby, instructing.

OTIS

Just a dab now of the fishtank juice.

Tiffany cautiously pours a little chemical into the pot a PHFLOO - a small plume of vapor rises up. She nervously looks at her great-great-grandfather.

OTIS (CONT'D)

That'll do. And stir it now. Easy.

DUKE

Is this safe to smell?

OTIS

(ignoring Duke)

I was the youngest follower of Luigi Galleani and as such a puny little kid, I could crawl and cram my way into just about any tight spot. That's how I did in that Prod judge too. Squeezed my way right through under the floor-boards. They called me Kid Boom after that.

Duke is confused but Tiffany looks prideful towards Otis.

DUKE

(concerned)

What exactly are we cooking here?

HAZEL (V.O.)

A family may seem like a strange collection of people arbitrarily forced together, but it sure gives me the happy feelies when we come together in love and support.

Megan and Rich enter, carrying a few items from their haul.

MEGAN

Guess who brought home the bacon again?!

All are happy to see them. Megan sets a jug on the counter.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Bleach always comes in handy.

TIFFANY

Nice one, Sis.

MEGAN

Quiet, kiss-ass.

Tiffany takes the high-road and plays off the insult.

TIFFANY

Love you too, lil' sis.

RICH

How are you all doing here? Holding down the fort?

TIFFANY

Great-grandpa was showing us one of his old recipes for tonight.

RICH

Well aren't we fortunate? Y'know, we just don't do things like you did in the old days.

MEGAN

(sarcastic)

Like racism and mandated shock therapy for wives that felt stuff?

OTIS

Hey, I killed a lot of Capitalist pigs!

RICH

Your great-great-grandfather was a freedom fighter.

(MORE)

RICH (CONT'D)

His name even came up in the House  
Un-American Activities Committee.

MEGAN

Oh cool.

Megan makes a "waxing the banana" motion.

RICH

But say, is there anything we can  
do to help this concoction along?

OTIS

We need a casing to bond everything  
together. Silica and titanium  
should work with what we got.

RICH

Where am I supposed to get that?

OTIS

All kinds of stores have that  
simple stuff! Dental implant  
manufacturers, bioengineering  
firms, plastic surgeons...

Rich and Megan throw each other an exasperated look.

MEGAN

All kinds of stores he says!

RICH

Sheesh!

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Hazel and Grant continue their date.

HAZEL

A simple family meal is an ordeal,  
what with the food shortages and  
the chaos in stores.

GRANT

Even before all this there was  
never such a thing as one stop  
shopping. It's like Trader Joe's  
has the tomato paste I like but  
Ralph's has my almond milk and I  
have to get my toilet paper from  
Costco!

HAZEL  
Shopping!

GRANT  
I know... shopping!

Hazel changes the subject.

HAZEL  
But you said you had one son and  
otherwise live alone?

GRANT  
All alone now, we had a pretty bad  
fight over house rules and he ran  
out on me. I worry, but his Mom  
tells me she hears from him time-to-  
time.

HAZEL  
That must be so hard for you.  
You're so all alone.

GRANT  
I'm doing okay.

HAZEL  
You're lonely. I can come see you?

GRANT  
You think that's safe?

HAZEL  
I have a NuvaRing.

GRANT  
I mean safe from Covid-19.

HAZEL  
We have to take some pleasure from  
life, even if it means necessary  
calculated risks?

Grant seems unsure... *but then again he is horny.*

GRANT  
I dunno.

HAZEL  
Besides, didn't you get the  
vaccine?

GRANT

Well sure, but it's only a trial. The experts say we still need to quarantine at least another six months before we even know if it works.

HAZEL

Well if we must be lab rats for the government we should at least be able to bang like rabbits, right?

GRANT

(chuckles)  
Yeah, maybe so...

Hazel bites her lower lip seductively.

ANGLE ON: Gus on the second monitor.

GUS

Why haven't you muted your mic?!

GRANT

And you got the vax too?

HAZEL

(she didn't)  
For sure. Yeah. Of course.

**FLASHBACK INT./EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - DAY**

A sign on the family's front door reads "No Solicitors". A hand drawn sign under that adds, "Or anyone else".

**TWO OFFICIALS** in Hazmat suits ring the doorbell.

The door opens with Hazel pointing a glock handgun, Megan brandishing her knife, Rich rolling up his sleeves, Tiffany aggressively chewing gum and Otis looking menacing in back.

MEGAN

Look, the damned 2020 Census returns.

OFFICIAL #1

Folks, the administering of the vaccine is compulsory.

TIFFANY

We're not your guinea pigs!

HAZEL

Take a hike up the hill and give  
the rich people the vax first!

RICH

We aren't taking anything until we  
know its safe.

OFFICIAL #2

Your family is being unreasonable.

OTIS

What about the Tuskagee Experiment,  
Pigs?!

Otis throws a Molotov cocktail at the feet of the officials.

Hazel SLAMS the door in their face.

The officials catch on fire letting out a SCREAM.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY**

Hazel continues her date with Grant on the monitor. Hazel's  
work meeting continues on the second monitor.

HAZEL

Send me your address, Mr. Hunk man.

GRANT

Let's get to know each other a  
little more first.

HAZEL

Send me your address and then we'll  
get to know each other more first.

GRANT

You're so exciting, Hazel. Doesn't  
it concern you that you hardly know  
me? I could be a serial killer.

HAZEL

Look, big guy. I'm not diving onto  
this water-slide unless I know we  
get wet at the end.

Grant GULPS.

ANGLE ON: Gus on monitor.

Gus is continuing to try to take the meeting seriously while the NOISE of his coworkers nonsense continues.

GUS  
I actually enjoy my career and  
really want to do a good job.

GRANT  
(to Hazel)  
When you put it that way I suppose  
all relationships involve a degree  
of trust and a degree of risk.

Grant types something in on his end of the screen.

Hazel receives an IM of his address on her screen.

HAZEL  
Isn't that just the thing, silly  
man? Risk? Isn't that exciting?

GRANT  
How do you mean?

Hazel starts getting sexually excited.

HAZEL  
We started this coronavirus thing  
out living in fear everyday but it  
soon sorta became the norm. In all  
these months since, everyday our  
world becomes a little more  
uncertain, the growl of chaos and  
anarchy rumbles just beyond the  
edge of our once perfectly  
manicured lawns...

Hazel grows mentally aroused and worked up.

Grant begins to sweat with physical intimidation.

HAZEL (CONT'D)  
It's like we passed the Rubicon of  
the end of time and the end of our  
little world yet we hang in the  
void not knowing where our feet  
will land, or if they even will.  
It's really, kinda sexy.



Hazel shoots Grant bedroom eyes.

Grant's pulse races. He apprehensively tries to relate.

GRANT

Yeah, risk is hot. Like, I went outside one day for an early morning walk but realized I forgot my face mask.

Hazel grows disinterested.

GRANT (CONT'D)

And I thought, "Eh, no one will probably be out this morning. I'll just finish my walk."

HAZEL

(bored)  
Oh wow.

GRANT

But then, I saw another guy walking towards me.  
(emphatically)  
So I crossed the street.

Hazel is not impressed. *Her horniness has withered.*

**INT. KITCHEN - MEANWHILE**

Their pot on the stove boiling, Tiffany, Duke and Otis sit around the kitchen table.

DUKE

So, I'm like pretty hungry actually and whatever we're cooking doesn't look very edible.

TIFFANY

There's more you can cook in a kitchen than lunch.

DUKE

But can we cook lunch?

OTIS

We don't have food. Finish your work and then we will get food.

DUKE

Man, I left my Dad's house cause he was stingy with his shit.

OTIS

Have you considered solving a problem rather than whining about one?

Tiffany pulls out a pill and crushes it up.

TIFFANY

Here, do a toot of this.

DUKE

Is that drugs?

TIFFANY

No, just some of my Adderall script to quiet your appetite.

DUKE

That could make me act all weird and stupid.

OTIS

Then you'd have a good excuse.

Tiffany hands Duke a straw. Duke shrugs and does a line then throws his head back from the burning sensation. He looks zonked out.

OTIS (CONT'D)

(to Tiffany)

My beautiful progeny, you have selected a dull, bourgeois nincompoop.

TIFFANY

Yeah... but he's a hunk.

Otis shrugs in acceptance of her reasoning.

**INT. FANTASTIC PLASTIC - MEANWHILE**

The plastic surgery medical office has been closed up since quarantine began. The environment looks pretty but vacant.

CRASH

A window near the ceiling shatters from the swift kick of a boot. Megan tries to shove Rich through.

RICH

Careful, there's a drop!

MEGAN  
Get in there!

RICH  
Careful, there's glass.

A harsh shove and Rich falls, SMASHING to the ground.

RICH (CONT'D)  
Ow!

Megan peeks her head through the window.

MEGAN  
Good job. You made it.

Rich stands and brushes himself off.

MEGAN (CONT'D)  
Now lemme in.

Rich crosses the room and opens the door. Megan descends the stairs from outside and enters.

MEGAN (CONT'D)  
Brave fall you took there, Pops.

RICH  
Brave?! You shoved me.

MEGAN  
Yeah, you're welcome.

RICH  
(annoyed)  
Alright, lets just move quick and  
get all the items on grandpa's  
list.

Megan swats down a piece of art from the front desk - a stylized sculpture of an "ideal" woman.

Megan leads Rich into --

#### **INT. OPERATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Rich opens cabinets. Megan finds some items that amuse her, holding silicone implants up in front of her and play mocking.

MEGAN

Ooo, look at me! I'm a cul-de-sac princess.

RICH

Quiet. Let's get the stuff and get out of here.

Megan throws her new toys in her backpack.

MEGAN

What's the rush? No one will even know we were ever here.

RICH

Young lady, I've been around a lot longer than you. I've seen every episode of this show that used to be on. It was called COPS, and the primary lesson of COPS was, if you do crime stupidly, you'll get caught in a monumentally embarrassing fashion. Probably in your underwear.

Megan plays with a giant speculum.

MEGAN

Then we're safe since we're wearing more than just underwear, stupid!

RICH

You aren't even wearing gloves. Gloves protect from more than just the virus, they also keep our prints off all this stuff.

Rich stuffs a bottle of supplements into his backpack.

Megan takes a serious posture.

MEGAN

Look, Pops. I've been meaning to have a talk with you for awhile. You just aren't living in reality.

Rich begrudgingly perks up to listen.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Whatever world you thought you lived in is gone. This dumb, plastic boob store in a crappy strip mall is dead, a shadow that is fading away.

Rich frustrates.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

It's the dawn of a new era of feudalism and brute survival. No one will be getting plastic surgery, frozen yogurt, or Funko Pops ever again. And if a cop ever catches you stealing for your supper you won't have to worry about him dusting for prints. You just better duck because Miranda Rights don't exist anymore and that pig has a bullet looking to meet your skull.

Rich handles a tube of silica then stuffs it into his bag.

RICH

(sheepishly)

Well look, I think I got everything on the list.

Megan punches Rich's arm.

MEGAN

Thatta boy, Dad!

Rich grins. Although solemn, he can't help but be impressed and proud of his daughter.

RICH

Y'know. Now that we're talking serious... what do you think about all this happening and me moving back into the house?

MEGAN

It's fine.

RICH

Fine?

MEGAN

Dad, I know a child isn't supposed to have a favorite, but I love you more.

Rich smiles but feels a twinge of guilt.

RICH

That's very sweet of you to say.

MEGAN

And if you and Mom getting back together was what you were getting to, don't even think about it. She ain't taking you back, and you could do better if you ask me.

RICH

Okay.  
(sigh)  
What say we get home?

MEGAN

First we break shit!

Megan picks up a stool and throws it across the room. SCREAMING, she rips a shelf from the wall, medical contents spilling everywhere.

Rich watches, then shrugs and joins in, flipping over a medical table.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MEANWHILE**

Hazel continues her internet date with Grant on one monitor and her Zoom work meeting on another.

GRANT

It sounds like in your own way you're making things are work pretty well with your family?

HAZEL

(into second monitor)  
We're pushing the schedule back on that to Q three for 2021.

ANGLE ON: GUS in meeting

GUS

I have five years seniority on you Hazel and you've been promoted above me twice. This isn't fair!

HAZEL

(to Grant)  
Sorry. Work. Where were we, hunky-man?

GRANT

I was saying, it seems like you have a good family.  
(MORE)

GRANT (CONT'D)

It's good to have people to lean on in times like these.

HAZEL

I know, I guess I take all the help for granted. How are you managing all alone?

GRANT

It can be a challenge. But, and this is a funny thing to say, I was what they called a doomsday prepper before all this went down. So I've been fully stocked and loaded, and when quarantine went down I started hoarding even more. So I'm comfortable for a long while still.

HAZEL

Aren't all you doomsday preppers gun nuts?

GRANT

That's an unfortunate stigma we carry. But no, I believe in survival through ones wits and a never failing ideal of the human capacity for sharing in the bounty of life.

Hazel arouses at Grant's words.

HAZEL

Mmmm. You're such a strong man but still so soft in the heart.

GRANT

Thank you for saying so.

HAZEL

(flirting)

I really want to share my bounty with you.

GRANT

I do feel like I'm getting to know you pretty well.

HAZEL

So then I can come and see you tonight?

ANGLE ON: Gus in Zoom meeting. Everyone's windows are gone from the meeting except for Hazel and Gus'.

GUS

The meeting ended Hazel! But you know what? To hell with it. I'm sticking around just to watch you and see what was so much more important than work!

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Otis sits on the couch next to Duke whom is extremely wasted and passed out. Tiffany fusses with the DVD player/TV combo - starting up a DVD.

The door opens, Megan and Rich enter with their loot.

Megan does a victory lap:

MEGAN

(singing)

"Bye bye, Bunting,  
Megan went a-hunting,  
Gone to catch a rabbit skin  
to put the baby Bunting in!"

Megan smacks Tiffany upside her head with her backpack as the song crescendos.

TIFFANY

Hey guys, what's up?

RICH

We got the goods!

Rich regards the DVD starting up - an episode of Doomsday Preppers.

RICH (CONT'D)

Hey, more research my ever studious daughter?

TIFFANY

Just seeing if there's any details we missed.

We catch a glimpse of the TV - Grant is on this episode.



MEGAN

What'd you do to fish-lips anyway?  
He dead?

Megan indicates to Duke whom is drooling on himself.

TIFFANY

Probably not. He liked my Adderall  
so much so I gave him some of  
grandpa's Hydcodone chased with  
one of Mom's expired Ambien.

Megan catches Tiffany gazing a certain way at Duke.

MEGAN

(rebuking)  
You aren't going too soft for this  
one are you?

TIFFANY

So what if I have a boner for him a  
little bit? You don't think I can  
go through with it? You don't think  
I can stab him in the back even if  
I do like him?

MEGAN

You just better stab him in the  
back.

Megan whips out a butterfly knife.

Otis LAUGHS.

OTIS

Kids today.  
(laugh)  
They're great.

RICH

Alright girls, we're having fun but  
let's get everything together and  
ready. I just wish we had better  
protective gear.

DING-DONG - the doorbell.

Megan pivots, brandishing her knife towards the door.

Rich pulls a baseball bat out from behind a plant.

Otis reaches between the couch cushions to retrieve an  
antique Luger.

They don't seem scared. They all smile at one another as though they've been through this routine before.

The DOORBELL RINGS again. Before answering they joke around.

RICH (CONT'D)  
Who is it?

TIFFANY  
(rhetorical)  
Is it a canvasser, out  
electioneering?

OTIS  
(rhetorical)  
No, the election was cancelled.  
Trump is president for life!

MEGAN  
(rhetorical)  
Is it Mormons?

OTIS  
No. God is dead now.

Duke still slumbers, dead asleep.

RICH  
I'd ask if it's the County Coroner,  
but no one bothers to pick up the  
corpses anymore.

MEGAN  
Alright, let's get this over with.

RICH  
Let me take the lead, I have an  
idea.

Rich gives a signal and everyone hides their weapons. He opens the door, takes a step back, letting it swing open.

On the other side of the door are the Two Officials in Hazmat suits.

RICH (CONT'D)  
Fellas! Good to see you again.

The Two Officials look at one another.

OFFICIAL #1  
No funny business.

RICH  
 We owe you an apology. I looked  
 into it and it turns out it's  
 totally crazy to be against  
 vaccines.

OFFICIAL #2  
 (defensive)  
 It is crazy!

RICH  
 Come on in, come on in!

The Two Officials hesitatingly enter. After crossing the  
 threshold Megan SLAMS the door closed with them inside.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LATER**

Hazel sips from a glass of red wine. She raises it to toast  
 Grant, still on the computer monitor.

HAZEL  
 Cheers!

Grant raises his glass.

GRANT  
 Cheers!

Hazel takes a sip.

HAZEL  
 Yours is fizzy?

GRANT  
 It's soda pop. I quit drinking.

HAZEL  
 Oh. Really?

GRANT  
 Does that bother you?

HAZEL  
 It's just...in times like these I  
 think anyone would be tempted to  
 fall off the wagon.

GRANT  
 (offput)  
 I have my ten year chip.

HAZEL  
It's not like you have to be to  
work in the morning.

GRANT  
You're encouraging me to drink?

HAZEL  
Gosh, you must think I'm a monster.  
I'm sorry.

*Grant kind of does* - but he still wants to hook up.

GRANT  
No. Not at all. This has been, just  
a wonderful time talking to you.

HAZEL  
Ready for it to get more wonderful?

ANGLE ON MONITOR: An instant message pops up on Hazel's  
screen: "WE R IN POSITION"

GRANT  
Sure. Think you want to head over  
here after the toast?

CRASH - a sound from Grant's side of the conversation.

HAZEL  
(feigning shock)  
Gosh. What was that.

ANGLE ON MONITOR:

We see Grant get up to investigate the sound. A gas bomb  
falls to his feet and the room fills with smoke.

Grant spins around and GASPS towards the webcam.

GRANT  
Oh my God! Call for help! Find my  
son, Duke. Tell him I love him!

Grant CHOKES and collapses.

ON HAZEL: She takes a sip of wine.

ANGLE ON MONITOR:

TWO FIGURES emerge from the smoke in Hazmat suits. As they  
get close to the camera we can see the faces of Rich and  
Megan.

RICH  
Hi, Hazel.

HAZEL  
Guys, from what I gather he should  
have a huge stock of food and  
toilet paper.

MEGAN  
Good job, Mom.

Hazel is touched by the acknowledgement from Megan.

HAZEL  
Aw, thanks dear. You two be safe  
and get home soon.

Hazel ends the chat.

She sits back in her chair and takes a satisfying sip of  
wine.

ANGLE ON: Gus in Zoom meeting on second monitor. He is eating  
popcorn.

GUS  
So you aren't going to have a booty  
call with that other guy now?

Hazel turns her attention and for the first time, listens to  
and looks at Gus.

HAZEL  
Hey Gus, what's your deal?

GUS  
I miss going to work. The office  
was my whole life. I haven't had a  
conversation with anyone in months.

HAZEL  
That's so sad...  
Want to see my lamplight?

GUS  
Your what?

Still naked below the waist, Hazel stands up and flashes Gus  
her crotch.

GUS (CONT'D)  
I didn't want to see that!

END OF ACT THREE

TAG**INT. GARAGE (RICH'S ROOM) - NIGHT**

Rich, in pajamas, lays a blanket out on his cot. The garage is crowded with supplies - many cans of food, jugs of water and piles of toilet paper.

Hazel enters with hot steaming mugs.

HAZEL  
Brought you some tea.

RICH  
Thanks.

They sit a few feet apart from one another on the couch.

HAZEL  
Great haul today.

RICH  
One for the books. We'll be good for awhile.

HAZEL  
We all deserve a few days off now.

RICH  
(concerned)  
Megan and I spotted a new construction of a 5G tower going up near the old school.

HAZEL  
(upset)  
What?! We need to destroy it.

RICH  
Already have operational plans underway.

HAZEL  
So much for a few days off!

Rich takes a sip and looks around the room.

RICH  
When we were married, I had so many arguments with you, I wanted so bad to turn this garage into a man cave.

HAZEL  
 (cheerily)  
 And now it's your room!

RICH  
 Where did it go wrong with us,  
 Haze?

HAZEL  
 You lost your job. Then quit  
 looking for a job, tried to become  
 a professional Twitch streamer and  
 I lost all respect for you and  
 attraction towards you.

RICH  
 (stung)  
 That's very specific.

HAZEL  
 But it's great to have you here for  
 the kids.

RICH  
 Seems silly now. The world's  
 different, eighty percent of the  
 population is unemployed, the  
 dollar has crashed, millions of  
 people are dead. Silly that me  
 losing my job a year before  
 everyone else did is what soured  
 our whole marriage.

Hazel hasn't softened.

HAZEL  
 I don't think it's silly. It's more  
 like unfortunate.

RICH  
 Unfortunate?

HAZEL  
 That I'm not attracted to you. Not  
 just physically, but like  
 psychologically you just don't do it  
 for me anymore.

Rich is glum. Hazel pats him on the knee and get up.

HAZEL (CONT'D)  
 But great job today!

As Rich pouts, Hazel turns to say one last thing before exiting.

HAZEL (CONT'D)  
Goodnight.

RICH  
Goodnight.

Hazel exits.

RICH (CONT'D)  
It's the end of the world as we  
know it and my wife still doesn't  
love me.

Rich takes a sad sip of tea.

END OF SHOW