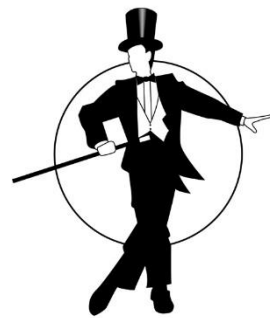


Prepper's Nightmare

Rex McGregor



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PREPPER'S NIGHTMARE

By Rex McGregor

CAST

DOUG: An older American man, survivalist

TUI: An older New Zealand woman, crusty, sheep farmer

Place

Remote farmland in the South Island of New Zealand.

Time

The present.

Prepper's Nightmare

(Doug enters, taking a 360 degree video on his phone)

DOUG: See, honey? Rolling green hills.

Here's the construction site. Excavating's done. Tomorrow, they install the unit.

Sandra! It's way more than a bunker. We're getting an Undetectable Survival Suite. Once it's grassed over, no one will know we're down there.

Look, I'd like to invite friends around too. But when society collapses, we'll have to stop being sociable.

Yes, even with our fellow preppers. They mean well. But they ignore one crucial fact. Nowhere in America is guaranteed safe. They're prime targets. Sitting ducks. Trust me. The securest option is right here. On South Island, New Zealand. Political stability. No enemies. And the whole Pacific Ocean as a buffer.

Fine. Call me unpatriotic. I have one goal. Protecting you, the kids, and the grandkids. What comes first with you, huh? A sentimental attachment to the country you happened to be born in? Or our family?

Sandra—honey—any place we're together and safe should be home enough.

(in the distance, a dog barks)

You have a good hard think. I'll call again later. Bye Sandra.

(Doug ends the call and expresses exasperation)

TUI: *(offstage, distant)* Col! Get back here! *(whistles)*

DOUG: Excuse me. This is private property.

TUI: Sorry, mate. He's just a pup. Still learning.

DOUG: Somewhere else, please.

TUI: *(coming closer)* That'll do, Col! Lie down. *(whistles)*

DOUG: Put him on a leash.

TUI: Leash? That's a good one. You a townie?

DOUG: If you can't control your dog, I'll call the authorities.

(TUI enters, carrying a shepherd stick)

TUI: Authorities? Mate! Big city dude, eh?

DOUG: I'm not in the habit of chatting to strangers.

TUI: That proves it.

DOUG: Kindly leave my property.

TUI: Col! *(whistles)* Step away from that tree! Don't you cock your leg!

DOUG: Didn't you read the sign?

TUI: "No Tree Pissing." Aww! Too late.

DOUG: "No Trespassing."

TUI: You should copy my signs. "Trespassers Will Be Shot."

DOUG: I don't want any trouble.

TUI: Gotta have a gun. Otherwise, the pests will walk all over you.

DOUG: What pests?

TUI: Animal rights activists. The plain reality of farm life gets their dander up.

DOUG: They'll have no quarrel with me. I'm not here to farm sheep.

TUI: So, I see. That's a huge hole in the ground. What are you up to?

DOUG: Nothing that concerns you.

TUI: Relax. I aren't one of them greenies. I've got no objection to mining.

DOUG: I'm not mining.

TUI: Pity. It'd boost the local economy. So, if you're prospecting, go for your life.

DOUG: I'm not prospecting.

TUI: Then what's this gonna be? A swimming pool?

DOUG: If you'll excuse me...

TUI: Aha. I'm warm. But this is too deep for a pool...unless it's a tank for dolphins.

DOUG: I'm not installing an aquarium.

TUI: Accommodation?

DOUG: This has gone far enough.

END OF FREEVIEW

You'll want to read and perform this show!