

SIMON
(Turning towards her)
Pardon?

SCARLET
A year. It's been a year since the
war ended.

SIMON'S eyes widen slightly. He then glances up to think and
nods.

SIMON
Makes sense. Oh well.
(He shrugs)
Time flies when you're having fun I
suppose.

SIMON takes another drag of his cigarette. SCARLET watches as
he blows smoke straight up into the air. She cautiously leans
back. SIMON notices, he then looks at his cigarette and
smiles.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Don't worry, my brother-in-law was
an engineer. State of the art
ventilation system, amongst other
important things. I had him design
this bunker with my vice in mind.

SIMON looks at the smoke leaving his cigarette.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Of course, he and my dear sister
both thought I was being too
paranoid about the state of the
world. With the amount I was paying
for this facility, they thought I
had gone off the deep end. But as
soon as war was declared, guess who
was able to go right down here.
Safe and sound.
(Chuckles)
How I would've loved to see the
look on their faces.

SIMON takes another drag of his cigarette and looks at
SCARLET.

SIMON (CONT'D)
But enough about me, do you have a
name little lurker?

SCARLET looks at him for a moment, then speaks with slight
hesitation.

SCARLET

Scarlet.

SIMON

Simon. It's a pleasure to meet you,
(Mocking)
Scarlet.

SIMON smiles then leans on the table, keeping the cigarette in his mouth. SCARLET crosses her arms.

SIMON (CONT'D)

So what are your plans Miss
Scarlet? Now that you know I'm
alone here in this bunker.

SCARLET looks at him and blinks. *What were her plans?* She then clears her throat.

SCARLET

Well, I most likely will ask for
some food then leave.

SIMON

(Raising an eyebrow)
That's it?

SCARLET nods.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Well in that case. Why don't you
just stay here with me? I've got
enough food here to feed eight
people for about a decade, give or
take. It would be nice to have
someone around to help with garden
upkeep. As well as cooking,
cleaning, the like.

SIMON takes another drag of his cigarette.

SCARLET

(Unconvinced, flat)
What's the catch?

SIMON

What makes you think there would be
a catch?

SCARLET studies him, SIMON motions for her to speak.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Well?

SCARLET

Resources are valuable no matter how abundant they seem to be. That's how the world works, how it always has.

SIMON chuckles and shakes his head.

SIMON

I hate to break it to you Miss Scarlet but there is no more "world", especially not down here. Ergo, I say there is no price for you staying here. However, if I think of one, I'll let you know.

SIMON stands up and holds out his hand.

SIMON (CONT'D)

What do you say?

SCARLET looks at the smoke from his cigarette, then his eyes, and then his hand. She stands up and firmly shakes his hand, SIMON smiles. SCARLET then sits back down and SIMON puts out his cigarette.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Glad to be doing business with you.

SCARLET

(Beat)

Likewise.

SIMON then leans on the counter and crosses his arms.

SIMON

Forgive me for asking but-
(He looks at her)
How do I know you won't kill me in the middle of the night? I am letting you in my home without knowing who you are.

SCARLET glances towards her bag, and SIMON follows her gaze. She looks back at him.

SCARLET

You already have my knife.

SIMON

You seem like a smart girl. You and I both know that surviving a nuclear winter requires more than a simple hunting knife.