

Two women stand guarding a door. They are both heavily armed wearing black uniforms. They are silent. After a while, one starts shifting uncomfortably and reaching around the back of her trousers.

1: What are you doing?

2: Sorry it's just...

1: What?

2: These trousers. They were not designed with women in mind.

Beat.

1: Are you ok?

2: Yeah. It's just, getting wedgied from all angles.

1: That's a bit...

2: What?

1: A bit...

2: What?

1: A bit too much information.

2: Well, you asked.

1: I didn't.

2: Yeah, you did. You said 'what are you doing'.

Beat.

1: You finished?

2: Almost, yeah. Wrong pants.

1: Jesus.

2: Oh don't get all prissy because I'm talking about pants. You're wearing them.

1: That is none of your business.

2: Do you know what I miss? Primark. Three pairs of pants for £3. And, I mean their ethics - questionable, but their pants - decent. And comfortable. Not like these monstrosities they issue us with. I know we're meant to be on rations for everything, but did they have to ration pants? It's like basic human rights - the right to pants.

1: Why are we talking about pants?

2: Nothing else to talk about. Fuck I'm bored.

1: You signed up for this.

2: No, I signed up for running, jumping, shooting things, hitting shit. You know physical stuff. You might not like physical stuff but I -

1: What makes you think I don't like physical stuff?

2: Well. I mean -

1: What?

2: You're not really built for -

1: What? Being physical? You're just assuming that because of what I look like. You don't know - I wouldn't have got the job...

2: You signed up, you didn't get the job. You wanna do it, you do it. It's not like the old way of applying, interviews and shit. [beat] My feet hurt.

Beat.

1: Sanitary towels.

2: What?

1: Sanitary towels. One of the only things that aren't rationed. Put them in your boots. Extra cushioning.

2: Really?

1: Yeah.

2: Wow. You learn something new everyday.

1: Just have to be a bit more, inventive. [beat] I miss primark too.

2: There we go.

1: And marks and spencer.

2: We used to call percy pigs crack. Caused all sorts of trouble at school. Especially if you offered one to the wrong person in the playground. Sidle up to someone- oi, mate, you want some crack?

1 sniggers.

2: See. Sense of humour. Stops you from going mad.

Pause.

2: A blonde, a redhead, and a brunette were all lost in the desert.

1: Oh god, you can't...

2: Let me finish. A blonde, a redhead and a brunette were all lost in the desert. They found a lamp and rubbed it. A genie popped out and granted them each one wish. The redhead wished to be back home. Poof! She was back home. The brunette wished to be at home with her family. Poof! She was back home with her family. The blonde said, "Awwww, I wish my friends were here."

She starts laughing.

1: Is that supposed to be funny?

2: Well yeah. Hang onto that sense of humour.
1: What if I just don't find your sense of humour funny?
2: Fair point. Alright, you try then.
1: Why did god even create men?

Pause.

2: Ooop lol.
1: Because he couldn't figure out how to make a vibrator that would mow the lawn.

They laugh and then are suddenly quiet. 2 shuffles around again.

2: I need new pants.
1: There's a shortage.
2: Of women's pants yeah, but there's a fuck tonne of men's pants just lying around.
1: You can't just take them.
2: Why not? They're not going to need them, are they?
1: That's a bit -
2: What?
1: Just a bit -
2: What?!
1: Insensitive.
2: Why? Are you offended because I'd take men's pants. They can't kick up a fuss, can they? It's just you. Being 'a bit' offended. If you're going to be offended, be OFFENDED. Not just a bit. That's the worst.
1: You're just...
2: What?
1: You're...
2: Would you spit it out for fuck's sake.
1: We're in the middle of a humanitarian crisis, the end of civilisation as we know it and you're worried about your underwear.
2: Priorities mate. [beat] I'm joking. Lighten up. If you can't laugh when the world as we know it is ending, when can you?

Pause.

1: Foggy today.
2: Weather. Really?

1: Just making conversation. I was always told fog was an omen.

2: Bit late for omens now.

1: Might be a change coming. Omens aren't necessarily a bad thing.

2: How? We're stuck. We're up shit stream without a paddle.

1: Creek.

2: What?

1: The saying is up shit creek without a paddle.

2: No, I'm standing by stream. Because it's small and pathetic and it reflects my crippling depression.

1: What was that about humour?

2: I wonder what he thinks about all this?

1: Who?

2: What do you mean who? The reason we're here you doufus. In there. To be quite honest I bet he's loving all this attention.

1: How can you say that?

2: Well I just did. He's living the life of luxury, women at his beckon call day and night. Doesn't have to work, completely safe.

1: He's in a padded cell for his own protection.

2: See, constantly guarded - by us.

1: Protection from himself.

2: Well would it be the biggest loss?

1: Right - you are.... He is the last one left. Half the fucking population and he is - it. You could be a little more considerate. And how is it better?

2: End to all wars. That was a given. uh yeah because in the whole history of history all wars have been started by

1: Margaret Thatcher.

2: All wars have been started by Margaret Thatcher? She was busy lady.

1: No but you can't say all wars -

2: Fine 99.9% of wars in the whole of human history - men. Politics fell apart leading to a one single government of the free world.

1: I suppose that was - you know - alright.

2: We got it together, things aren't falling apart like they warned us. It's not some fantasy land where we eat biscuits and watch re-runs of Friends. It's a functioning society without violence or discrimination. Racism is on it's way out - no need for that now we're all in it together.

1: I do like feeling safe at night.
2: So you get my point. Is it really that bad?
1: You just we were up shit 'stream' a minute ago.
2: Well I now have freedom to change my mind.
1: Ahhhh shiiiiit.

Pause.

1: Remember Trump?

They start laughing.

2: I swear that was like some fucking dystopian novel. George Orwell couldn't have written that shit. And that free Malania thing. Who'd have thought she'd go on to be president - over Michelle.
1: Nuts.
2: Ha, nuts.

They giggle. An unseen person walks past, they suddenly stand up straight and go silent.

1: What would happen if it was the other way around?
2: They'd be fucked.
1: I don't think they would.
2: Pray tell.
1: Well, science - predominantly male - they'd find a..
2: What do you think we're doing?
1: Finance -
2: We're handling it
1: Just general power -
2: Funny when it just dissolves. Let's face it, It would be a major shitstorm. They'd all fight over the last woman, farm her out and it would end up with everyone pressing their big red button and the world ending.
1: We're ending....
2: No, we're far from ending.

Pause.

2: You want some gum?
1: You've got gum?
2: Yeah.

1: I thought they banned it.
2: Got to have some pleasures in life.
1: Are you sure?
2: Yeah go on. I won't tell.
1: Thanks.
2: No worries. [beat. Shouting] Oi, here she's got gum.

1 panics and looks for somewhere to spit the gum.

2: I'm joking. Calm down. You should have seen your face.
1: It's not funny.
2: Was, a little bit.
1: I nearly swallowed it.
2: That's what she said, whey.
1: Alright, alright.

Pause.

2: You coming to the social on Friday night?
1: Not sure.
2: You should come. They're sneaking in alcohol.
1: What?
2: Yeah, just a couple of bottles, one of the girls had loads left over from her wedding. Said she and her husband were going to drink one bottle every year on their anniversary. [beat] That's obviously not going- yeah. So
1: That's
2: Yeah. Thinking about it, I might not go. It will just end with everyone - it just gets a bit maudlin.
1: What about the booze?
2: Another time maybe.

Pause.

1: How much longer are we here for?
2: Err not much longer, it's usually around three when his psychiatrist turns up. And then the others take over.
1: I wonder what they talk about.

2: Not much, I mean what is there to talk about? He'd probably want to talk to a man anyway.

1: Women practice psychiatry too, you know. It's called empathy.

Pause. Laughter.

2: Tell you what I do miss

1: What?

2: Sex. Proper sex. Like not fake sex.

1: I don't really

2: I mean I like women but I couldn't eat a whole one.

2 laughs. 1 doesn't.

2: Oh, is it my sense of humour again, not ringing your bell.

1: I just don't, you're being

2: Oh what now

1: Degrading.

2: How? How can I be degrading? It's like fucking St. Trinians on acid. We can't empower any further. We empower women further we self combust.

1: Well I just think you need to be a bit more sensitive to other - not everyone likes that kind of -

2: Oh. Oohhh. oh. You're -

1: Doesn't make any difference if I am or not.

2: No. Suppose not. [beat] Bet you're loving it though.

1: What?

2: Well, take your pick. The whole population is your oyster.

1: It doesn't work like that.

2: Yeah but, come on. It's like one of your fantasies

1: How do you know? You know hardly anything about me. You're just making assumptions. This is far from a fantasy. I lost my brother, my best friend. My wonderful dad.

Silence.

2: Yeah, you're right. I'm sorry. [beat] For all their flaws, I miss them.

1: Who?

2 raises her eyebrows.

2: And lets face it, we're not the golden angels they paint us out to be. Women still judge each other, regardless of whether there's men in the room or not.

1: Why?

2: I dunno, maybe it's just inbuilt genetically.

1: We were heading towards a - maybe not better - but something was happening. You know, perhaps we could have made a difference. But now -

2: I miss their smell.

1: That's a bit weird.

2: No, you know what I - I miss their stupid silliness, the way they call a spade a spade

1: Not all of them

2: No, but generally speaking. Their vulnerable likability. The lopsided way they would stare at sports saturday on the telly. I do I miss them.

1: Who did you lose?

2: That's a - everyone. I don't want to talk - Why is it him? Why him? What has he got that billions of others didn't? He survived and our fathers, brothers, husbands, uncles, sons have been obliterated.

1: Immunity

2: It's just not fair.

1: He's someone's son.

2: For god's sake.

1: God doesn't exist. Well maybe he did - but he doesn't anymore.

Pause.

2: I don't want to talk about this anymore. It's depressing as fuck. No amount of talking is going to change what's happened.

1: Freedom and change is a funny thing when it's forced upon you.

2: I don't get you. Sometimes you speak such truth and wisdom and then it's like you just zone out of any intelligent thought you've ever had.

1: I can be both can I not?

2: You're alright.

1: I try. My mum voiced an interesting thought. In a world created for men, the female race has never had the opportunity to show our goodness as well as our evils. Take men away from the equation and everything comes out. Good, bad, indifferent - we've just never had the chance before.

They contemplate this.

2: I still don't like it.

1: Yeah I know, but it's worth thinking about. You're forgetting your own rule.

2: What's that?

1: Humour.

2: Sometimes it's - it's bloody hard. This so-called paradise is crumbling around us, no matter what they tell us.

Pause.

1: How many men does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

They look at each other. They don't laugh.