Revelation 18.8 (Writing Sample)

ACT I

Scene 1

The stage lights slowly illuminate the common area of a four-bedroom student house. The curtains are drawn shut and it is very dark. LEWIS enters. He is a pale, skinny man in his early twenties. Headphones cover his ears. He rummages through the cupboards, takes out a pan, plate, sieve and a bowl of pasta. He crosses over to a sheet of paper that has been attached to the fridge and marks out that he has taken some pasta. LEWIS starts to boil the kettle. MARCUS enters. He is an overweight man in his twenties with long hair and a beard. He is stoned.

MARCUS: Hey.

LEWIS: You're up early.

MARCUS: What's the time?

LEWIS: Three o' clock.

MARCUS: Oh. That's not early.

Pause.

LEWIS: That was the joke. I know

MARCUS: Oh. I get it. It's dark in here, isn't it?

LEWIS: That's because nobody's drawn the curtains yet.

MARCUS: Yeah. Yeah. Yeah, makes sense.

MARCUS tries to switch on a light but it doesn't work.

LEWIS: The bulb's gone. Remember?

MARCUS: Oh. So it's still not working then?

LEWIS: No.

LEWIS pours the boiling water into a saucepan and turns on the gas.

MARCUS: Right. We should probably...sort that out at some point.

LEWIS: Well. I've put in a request but I wouldn't get your hopes up. Food and toilet rolls, that's the priority for most people-

© Rhys Clarke

MARCUS: And tampons. Like. If you're a girl. Which. Obviously, we aren't. But in general. I've heard tampons are in high demand.

Pause.

LEWIS: I suppose so.

Pause. MARCUS wanders over to the windows and draws the curtains. The boys squint in the light.

How's it looking?

MARCUS: Cloudy. Might rain later.

LEWIS: What a shame.

MARCUS: Yeah, it's definitely going to rain.

LEWIS: What a shame.

MARCUS: What you making then?

LEWIS washes his hands, taking great care as he does so.

LEWIS: Just some pasta.

MARCUS: With...?

LEWIS: With pasta.

LEWIS takes out a half open bag of pasta from one of the cupboards.

MARCUS: You mean, you're having a plate of pasta?

LEWIS: Yes.

MARCUS: Nothing else?

LEWIS: No.

MARCUS: Just pasta!?

LEWIS: YES!

MARCUS: Mate, your diet is weird.

LEWIS: I'm just trying to...look after our resources. That's all.

LEWIS pours the pasta into the saucepan.

© Rhys Clarke

MARCUS: Why? We'll get more.

LEWIS: We're supposed to get more. We were supposed to get another two bags dropped off yesterday. But we didn't.

MARCUS: Oh. So, no food?

LEWIS: No food, no soap, no toiletries-

MARCUS: Tampons-

LEWIS: Whatever-It didn't come.

Pause.

MARCUS: Probably come tomorrow. You know what these things are like. Maybe they left it with the neighbours.

LEWIS: Why would they leave it with the neighbours?

MARCUS: Oh, you know. That's what they do-if someone isn't in.

LEWIS: But we are in.

MARCUS: Well, yeah-

LEWIS: We're always in. So, why would they leave it with our neighbours?

MARCUS: Well, you know. What they're like.

About The Play

As a mysterious plague ravages the outside world, four male students find themselves trapped in the permanent limbo of a national lockdown, forced to survive off of food packages delivered by the government. These four young men are forced to count off their endless days of isolation with nothing better to do than bicker about laundry, politics, and the proper way to cook pasta. Then, one day, the food packages from the government stop coming...

Part comedy; part drama, *Revelation 18.8* was originally written during the first Covid-19 lockdown in the United Kingdom. It forces audiences to confront the question: when everything you care about is taken away from you, what really matters?

© Rhys Clarke