

## ***The Storm***

By: Sophia Badia

Characters:

**ALEX:** Early twenties, Horror fan, childhood best friend, and current partner to Vic.

**Vic:** Early twenties, Sarcastic to counter the fact that they are actually easily frightened. Childhood best friend and partner to ALEX

**Unnamed Unknown being:** Something beyond what we currently comprehend

**Time:** The current date

**Place:** Small apartment somewhere in Massachusetts. There is a couch center stage with a coffee table, a window, and two doorways

A note from the director...

This one act is a part of a short horror play anthology inspired by a range of true events, old wives tales, and things that go bump in the night. The piece may be performed alone or as a part of a full length production of the complete anthology. *The Storm* is loosely based on the conspiracies surrounding Plum Island and Area 51 and is in no way suggesting that any conspiracies relating to government facilities are founded in any truth. Any takeaways and interpretations are entirely up to the viewers/readers. Stay safe, and dont forget to look under your bed at night...

*The lights come up as ALEX strikes a match, the living room is dimly lit to create the illusion of candlelight. There is a hurricane that has caused a power outage across the entire city. The radio is on but rather than music, it is playing the news. The weatherman speaks in a somewhat urgent yet calming voice...*

”Power outages across the state as we go into a full lockdown. Wind speeds have reached 120 miles per hour, an estimated rainfall of 3-4 inches, a flood warning has been in place for the past 24 hours. In other news, The Institute of Bio-Aquatic Anomalies, a government lab dedicated to deep sea research, is responding to the lockdown, located just off our southern coast...

**VIC** We might make it through this hurricane but the odds of us burning the place down beforehand are increasing by the minute. I didn't even know one person could own so many candles

**ALEX** Be grateful, we could be sitting in a cold dark apartment for the foreseeable future if it weren't for my candle addiction.

**VIC** I'm not complaining merely making an observation, I mean its honestly kind of impressive bath and body works would hire you on the spot/ no I mean it seriously/

*These lines overlap as Vic teases ALEX feigns irritation*

**ALEX** oh shut up/I'm sure just sit down and stop complaining  
*Vic throws themselves onto the couch in exasperated defeat*

**ALEX** Are you done?

**VIC** Mmmmm (*deciding if the level of teasing was adequate*)  
yeah I suppose.

**ALEX** Good now what do we want to eat I'm starving (*ALEX walks to the kitchen in search of something edible*)

**VIC** Italian, loads and loads of pasta with butter and garlic bread and roasted vegetables and-

**ALEX** We have ramen.

**VIC** Or Ramen yeah ramen is good too...

**ALEX** It better be because somebody thought it more pertinent to stock up on snacks instead of real food before all the stores closed down.

**VIC** Well that's okay if we starve we can eat the *millions* of candles-

*Vic is interrupted by a flying bag of Ramen thrown at their chest from the kitchen laughing he pulls out an iPad/laptop and starts*

*scrolling through downloaded movies. A few moments pass and ALEX returns with two bowls and sets them on the coffee table.*

**VIC** Why is everything on here scary?

**ALEX** You think the polar express is a horror movie

**VIC** *(more to himself than anything)* They look human but they're not. I don't like it...

**ALEX** *(Grabbing the device from ALEX)* I think I downloaded Scream hold up...

**VIC** Oh yeah watch the movie about the home invasion while we're trapped alone in a hurricane with no power, great idea.

**ALEX** Eat your soup.

*ALEX blows out the candles nearest to them, they sit together on the couch watching the movie eating their soup. The lights fade enough that we feel the passage of time. The movie comes to an end and Vic immediately fumbles around to relight the candles around them, obviously frightened.*

**VIC** Now that you are done thoroughly traumatizing me, can we do literally anything else?

**ALEX** Ohhhh my god stop being such a drama queen I promise you, no one is going to break into the house we have literally

been sitting here for the past twenty hours, the door is deadbolted, and we are seven stories up. The only people in this little apartment are the two of us.

**VIC** Okay. Okay, I believe you I know I'm being paranoid but you can't tell me there's not something violating about someone being in your house without you knowing.

**ALEX** Hey, I get it you know I'm just messing around with you, I honestly don't know what I would do. You watch all these scary movies and think like oh I would survive because I would do this or I would not do that... But really I suppose you never know until it happens to you. Except you hope it won't ever happen to you.

**VIC** I know what I would do.

**ALEX** Oh really? And what is that?

**VIC** Pass out, maybe throw up too for good measure.

**ALEX** *(Bursting into laughter)* Wow how very noble and brave of you.

**VIC** Hey nobody said anything about being noble or brave. I think being brave is for idiots, it only gets the good guys killed in every movie.

**ALEX** Mmm I guess you're right, but I think I would try.

**VIC** Try what?

**ALEX** To be brave, at least for you I would.

*There is a moment as this is one of the first genuine moments they have that showcases the softer side of their relationship.*

**ALEX** Unless it's some shit like an alien or ghost or whatever because there's no fighting a ghost I am ditching your ass so fast.

**VIC** And here I thought you really loved me, I am hurt. Truly.  
*(Not truly lol)*

**ALEX** Oh and throwing up and passing out really shows your love for me right?

*Pretending to not hear her, Vic grabs a deck of cards off the nearby table and begins to set up a game of solitaire. ALEX lays her head onto his lap and they sit like this for a few moments, ALEX watching him quietly pick up and move each card into its pile. There is a sense of calm as we hear quiet radio static in the background.*

**VIC** Hey

**ALEX** Yeah?

**VIC** I love you.

**ALEX** I love you too... *(Her words trail off and Vic smiles to himself settling in once again)*

*ALEX and Vic doze off until Vic is suddenly woken up by the sudden crackling of the radio as it rings out another weather alarm. "Severe weather warning, wind speeds have reached 135 MPH with rain fall already reaching several inches. Evacuations ordered across the coast as the hurricane rages on. Authorities have been notified that the Institute of Bio-Aquatic Anomalies has been forced into an emergency evacuation, due to a sudden breach in the outer walls causing severe flooding. The notoriously impenetrable and secretive laboratory has requested emergency aid in spite of its usual apprehension towards external regulations..." Vic walks over to the back wall of the living room and realizes the window is a bit ajar, wind and water leaking onto the floor.*

**VIC** Shit why is the window open... How did this even happen...(Vic struggles to shut the window and in doing so injures his hand)

**VIC** *(wincing)* Dammit

**ALEX** *(Sitting up now awake but still groggy)* What happened, where are you?

**VIC** You left the window open and now my hand is bleeding.

**ALEX** What? I don't understand what-

**VIC** The window, it was leaking everywhere because you left it open and now my hands messed up-

**ALEX** Why would I have left the window open we are literally in a hurricane-

**VIC** I AM AWARE OF THE WEATHER ALEX THATS WHY I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU WOULD OPEN THE WINDOW

**ALEX** THATS WHAT I AM TRYING TO TELL YOU I DID NOT OPEN THE WINDOW, SHIT VIC JUST CALM DOWN AND TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED *(Clearly only shouting back out of hurt confusion)*

**VIC** *(Realizing he lashed out for nothing)* I'm sorry Lex I just- its so dark and it's freaking freezing in here, and my hand is bleeding... I didn't mean to shout.

**ALEX** I know, I get it why don't you go wash it off in the kitchen and I'll get some more candles and I'll see what I can find in the bathroom to wrap it up.

**VIC** Okay yeah I'm sorry, thank you.

*Vic walks to the kitchen and the sound of running water follows.*

*ALEX stumbles towards the bathroom in the darkness, and fumbles around as we hear cabinets opening and closing. As this goes on the upstage closet door slowly swings open. Silence. A beat. A tall figure comes forward out of the doorway. With slow squelching steps it makes its way towards the bathroom door dimly lit by a candle from within, the audience can barely make out the silhouette of an inhuman being. In the quiet you can hear shallow rattling breathing, the static from the radio seems to grow as the creature gets closer to the bathroom door. It reaches out towards the door knob but comes to an abrupt stop as Vic calls out, it sharply turns towards the noise sniffing the air like a bloodhound catching the scent of its prey.*

**VIC** HEY ALEX HAVE YOU FOUND ANYTHING YET? I  
THINK IT'S GOING TO NEED STITCHES AND I AM  
KINDA GETTING WOOZY YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL  
ABOUT BLOOD *(shouting to be heard)*

**ALEX** UMMMM WE HAVE HYDROGEN PEROXIDE UM  
SOME ANTI ITCH SPRAY AND THE UGLY HAWAIIAN  
SHIRT FROM YOUR DADS CRUISE

**VIC** WHAT DOES MY DADS JIMMY BUFFET SHIRT HAVE  
TO DO WITH MY BLEEDING HAND

**ALEX** I DON'T KNOW I DON'T DO WELL UNDER  
PRESSURE

**VIC** OKAY JUST BRING ALL OF IT HERE ANYTHING IS  
BETTER THAN BLEEDING OUT

**ALEX** OKAY OKAY JUST LET ME JUST GRAB SOME  
MORE CANDLES SO WE CAN SEE IT BETTER...

*Vic walks out of the kitchen clinging his hand he walks up to the  
unknown figure standing in front of the couch*

**VIC** Lex...I really don't feel good I think I'm gonna pass out...

ALEX? *(Vic Reaches out towards the figure for stability)*

*The figure catches his arm, perhaps a bit too firmly. There is a  
beat*

**ALEX** *(Calling out from the other room)* I CAN'T HEAR YOU  
I'M ALMOST DONE I'LL BE RIGHT OUT

*The Radio static raises to a deafening volume as the  
weatherman's voice cuts in and out*

*"Specimen..... Test Subject.... Escaped... Exercise Extreme  
Caution..."*

*Static*

*Silence*

*End of Play*