

Descent

Written by Elliott Grant

Setting

A Basement – Not fully decorated and used as storage. There are hints that it was never quite completed.

There is an assortment of sculptures, canvases, easels and artists mannequins – covered and uncovered in various dust sheets.

Ladder up centre stage, reaching to the top of the space.

Fold up camp bed stage left.

There is a small room, stage right: The *Bathroom*– Originally a basic toilet and shower room, it has since been filled with even more clutter than the Main Space.

Characters

Zoe – Female, mid-twenties

Sophia – Female, early to mid-twenties

Everett – Male, early twenties

They are all dressed in funeral attire. However, Sophia's is bright, stylish and floral.

Script

Evening.

Everett is asleep, hidden among the junk in the Bathroom.

A light appears at the top of the ladder as the hatch opens.

Zoe and Sophia climb down.

They whisper to each other and laugh.

Zoe pulls out the camp bed.

They kiss.

Zoe pulls Sophia to the bed.

Blackout.

Morning.

Zoe is brushing her teeth. Sophia is asleep.

There is a loud noise as the hatch at the top of the ladder is closed.

Sophia and Everett wake up.

Everett leaves the Bathroom.

They startle one another.

There is a huge growing rumble. The lights flicker. The cupboards shake.

Sophia gets hit in the head by a falling bottle.

Blackout.

Sometime later.

Zoe and Everett stand over the unconscious Sophia.

Zoe She's still breathing.

Everett That's good.

Pause

Zoe Why are you down here anyway?

Everett I got bored, upstairs. I got tired of the 'Are you OK's

Zoe 'If you ever need someone to talk to.'

Everett 'Just a phone call away.'

Zoe Yeah, half of them looked like they were asleep at the service anyway.

Everett Most came back here.

Zoe Probably saw it as a networking opportunity.

Everett Probably. Dad had all the friends, didn't he?

Zoe Yeah, he did. Only when he was manageable though.

Pause

Have you looked at your phone?

Everett No signal, no nothing.

Zoe So it happened then.

Everett They've been talking about it. Haven't they? Tensions and that.

Zoe They've been talking about it since the sixties, Everett.

Everett Didn't realise it'd take out the WiFi.

Pause

Who is she? I don't recognise her.

Zoe She's beautiful. She looks so beautiful when she's asleep.

Everett She's unconscious.

Zoe Like a siren, Ev.

Everett I think her ear is bleeding.

Zoe Like a Goddess. Arriving from the darkness to make everything alright.

Everett How did she know Mum?

Zoe I don't know. She's probably an intern or something.

Everett Really? An intern?

Zoe Or something. Her name is Zophia, Ev. Zophia.

Everett Yes.

Zoe And my name is Zoe.

Pause

Everett Yes.

Zoe Zoe and Zo-phia

Everett Yes. So?

Zoe They're both Z's.

Everett They are.

Zoe It shows it's meant to be.

Everett Right.

Zoe Both the same. Connected. Z too, I mean, what are the chances?

Everett One in twenty-six?

Zoe No way. Z is like the most uncommon letter.

Everett Not X?

Zoe No.

Everett Y?

Zoe No idea. But we're two Z's, and we're both together at the end. It's practically symbolic. I don't expect you to get it. *And*, I looked at the horoscopes Ev, and you know I don't usually, but they were dead on, this time. Gemini, me, was 'Expect big changes to happen' and then I think it said something about love. It was talking about Zophia, meeting Zophia.

Everett Not Mum?

Zoe No. We didn't really need a Horoscope to work that out, did we?

Everett Right. Should I look for a plaster? Or a bandage?

Zoe Oh, I see.

Everett What?

Zoe I see what you're doing.

Everett Which is?

Zoe You're trying to steal her.

Everett I just thought we could prevent her losing too much blood.

Zoe That's bullshit. You're just doing it so when she wakes up you can say that you found that bandage for her. She doesn't even need one. Then I'm gonna look like the bad guy. You're undermining me.

Everett Well we might have to repopulate the world. Thought we should get off on the right foot.

Zoe Is that a fucking joke?

Everett I'm just thinking ahead.

Zoe That better be a fucking joke.

Sophia stirs

Everett Welcome to the land of the living.

Sophia Who are you?

Everett Everett.

Sophia Annie's son? What happened?

The full script is available on request by contacting Elliott Grant at ietheatreproductions@gmail.com or via www.ietheatre.co.uk