

CHARACTER

ANGELA—a woman. Probably 40 years old, maybe younger, maybe older. She's funny, she is smart, she thinks fast, she rambles, she is self-deprecating. She is feeling everything as it happens. She is trying not to lie but she always does. She is trying to survive. Resilient, hopeful, optimistic, not sorry for herself. She can be any race, from any region, with any accent. She might wear things that would make your local audience pre-judge her (a frumpy sweatshirt with a big sports logo, or gaudy earrings, or too much eyeliner, or no makeup and camouflage shorts). They should come to empathize with her even if they first assume they wouldn't.

SETTING

A half-finished basement in a normal house in America right now.

NOTES

The wind will grow as the play goes on.
It's a comedy... until it's not.

NATURAL SHOCKS

Angela runs into her basement, locks the door.

ANGELA. Shit. I think this is real. This might be really happening. God it happens so quickly. Turns so quickly. Shit.

OK. The things you need to know are: This is the basement. This is where you're supposed to be. It's way safer down here. I think? Right? Right. What else. The door is locked. It's a good lock. Of course what's a lock really gonna do against a natural disaster heading this way at two hundred miles an hour? That's why we're underground. We'll be fine.

Jesus I can't believe this is happening. How is this happening?

But everyone always says that don't they. "How is this happening? Not here! Not me!" Well it seems it's here and it's me and it's getting very windy out there.

Or maybe it's a dream? No. *I want only fun and sexy dreams please, fun and/or sexy and* basements are neither.

Wind outside.

OK. You have questions, good for you, we're gonna answer everything. So! The tiny little window will tell you it's dusk, which it is. It's a beautiful sunset actually, but that's a lie because there's bad weather coming and it's coming fast. Like real fast, like—shit. Wifi's out. Does anyone have a signal down here? By the window you can usually get one.

Actually don't. You can't get help until *after* things like this. You're just gonna get more people hurt if you call for help now.

Did I mention this is a tornado?

Yeah. Sorry. I do that. I rush ahead. You're like: "You said disaster but didn't specify. What is the dress code?"