

**WHEN THIS ALL BLOWS OVER, BY DAVID RITCH -- EXCERPT**

LIGHTS UP. A MOTEL BATHROOM. The bathroom is incredibly cramped. There is a toilet, a bathtub/shower combo, and a sink with a cabinet. The sound of rain and thunder can be heard intermittently. It gets gradually louder throughout the play. MATT, 21, sits on the toilet, looking down. Brooke is attempting to sit on the edge of the bathtub. There is a long, awkward silence at the beginning. Thunder sounds.

MATT

Hurricane.

BROOKE

Scary to think about.

MATT

What are the odds?

BROOKE

It's Florida, so pretty high.

MATT

Maybe it's the end of the world.

BROOKE

That's fun to think about

MATT

Have you noticed the increase in storms and shit lately? Maybe this is like the rapture, or World War H. H for Hurricane.

BROOKE

It's just a hurricane.

MATT

That's like saying 'It's just a virus' during the zombie apocalypse.

BROOKE

Matt, relax. It's just a storm. It'll blow through.

MATT  
(Mumbling)  
It'll blow through us.

BROOKE  
What?

MATT  
Nothing.  
(Whispering)  
I said we're all gonna die.

BROOKE  
Stop that, you're such a child.

MATT  
Sorry.

Brooke gives up on sitting on the  
bathtub. She stands, and opens the  
cabinet below the sink.  
What are you doing?

BROOKE  
Looking for something to look at.

She shuts the cabinets.  
They're empty.

MATT  
I've never understood the point of empty drawers and  
cabinets in a motel. Like, what are you gonna put in there?  
Your carry-on?

BROOKE  
Some people stay for weeks, not just one night.

MATT  
Maybe we'll have to stay for weeks. Maybe months.

BROOKE  
That's not how hurricanes work, Matt.

MATT  
Sorry.

(Beat)  
I've been thinking.

BROOKE

God.

MATT

About us.

BROOKE

Don't call us 'us'

MATT

Well then what am I supposed to call us?

BROOKE

I don't know. But not 'us.' We just met.

MATT

You were the one who swiped right.

BROOKE

We both did. That's how this works.

MATT

...I really do think you're pretty though.

BROOKE

Oh my god, Matt, drop it.

MATT

I'm sorry. I do though, I promise. I'm not like... Lying or something.

BROOKE

Matt.

MATT

Brooke.

Pause. Brooke and Matt are staring at each other.

MATT & BROOKE

Stop looking at me.

MATT

Sorry.

BROOKE

Sorry. You were saying?

MATT

But I was thinking about us. Er, you and I? Me and you--

BROOKE

Yes?

MATT

Oh. Well, I wanted to let you know that I'm not normally that awkward. I promise we can try it again.

Matt attempts to put his arm  
around her.

BROOKE

Stop that.

MATT

Sorry, I thought- and you smiled and-

BROOKE

You said you loved me, Matt.

MATT

I do-- did, say that. But like, I don't normally. I  
wouldn't- I'm just saying we could try and like... Start  
over?

BROOKE

I'm not going to have sex with you, we're in a fucking  
hurricane.

MATT

I know that! I know, but... You have my number, and-

BROOKE

Please don't do this right now.

MATT

Sorry. I'm sorry. Sorry.

BROOKE

Stop apologizing so much.

MATT

Sorry.

(Pause)

BROOKE

(Looking at PHONE.)

They're calling it hurricane Peter. It's huge.

MATT

Peter, huh? Will it hit us?

BROOKE

We're just getting the tail end right now, but it's heading straight for us.

MATT

So when will we start getting the head?

BROOKE

What?

MATT

Hurricane Peter. C'mon, you walked right into that one.

BROOKE

Shut up.

MATT

Right. So is it bad?

BROOKE

Looks like we'll be right in the middle of it.

MATT

Should we like... Run?

BROOKE

You can't outrun a hurricane.

- End of Excerpt -

To finish reading the play contact the playwright:

[mail@davidritch.com](mailto:mail@davidritch.com)