

Side 1:

Setting: An empty theatre in an old building. The theatre has the feel of an attic; rafters crisscross above the former playing space and the stage is covered in dust and a hodgepodge of abandoned props. A solitary ghostlight sits unlit in the middle of the stage.

Enter two teenagers, JAMIE and CAM, carrying flashlights.

CAM: Wow. This place is amazing.

JAMIE: Are you sure it's safe?

CAM: Relax, Jamie. It's, like, a million years old. The virus died out here ages ago.

JAMIE: Exaggerate much? This place is two hundred years old, tops. My grandmother used to be in plays here, when she was in college. You know...before.

CAM: Your grandmother went to college? So did my grandad!

JAMIE: Yeah, she was, gosh, like ten weeks away from graduating when...

A pause. CAM spots an old trunk and rushes over to investigate.

CAM: When it all started.

JAMIE: Yeah.

CAM: Look at this! So cool.

JAMIE: Don't touch anything!

CAM: Come on. It's no big deal, I promise.

JAMIE: You don't know that, Cam. There could be germs all over that thing. Don't open it!

CAM: Why not?

JAMIE: What did I just say about germs?

CAM: Yeah, yeah, this is Pandora's Box ready to unleash the plague once more!

JAMIE: It's not funny, Cam.

CAM: Why not?

JAMIE: You weren't there. You don't know...

CAM: Newsflash, Jamie, you weren't there either.

JAMIE: But my grandmother *was*, and the stories she's told me...

CAM: Hey, what's that?

JAMIE: I don't know. Looks like...

Jamie picks up the bottle.

CAM: What about, "oh no, don't touch anything, we're all gonna die?"

JAMIE: Shut up, Cam. *(examining it)* Do you know what this is?

Side 2:

JAMIE: My grandmother is the only one left.

CAM: Oh.

JAMIE: It's not like they all got the virus or anything. I mean, some of them did but...the others...well, there was the war and everything...Gram doesn't like to talk about it. But she does like to talk about them.

CAM: What does she say?

JAMIE: That this was the happiest time of her life.

CAM: Why did they stop?

JAMIE: Stop what?

CAM: All this. The acting, the dancing.

JAMIE I told you; there was the virus, then the war –

CAM: I don't mean just them. There were loads of people who did plays before, right? Why didn't any of them start up again? You know, when things got better?

JAMIE: I don't know. Maybe the world changed too much. Besides, technology does it better now. Well, cheaper and easier, anyway. There's no reason to get people all in the same room to tell stories anymore.

CAM: That's kinda sad. Isn't it?

I don't know what to tell you, Cam. It's just the way things are.