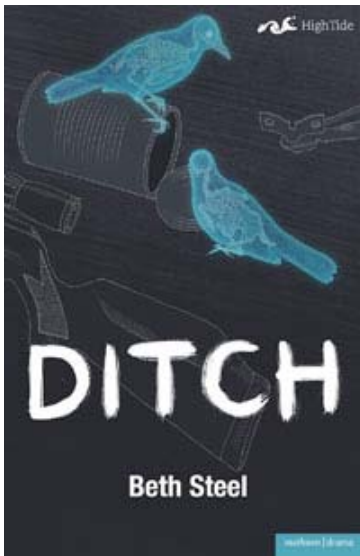


## *Ditch* by Beth Steel



Britain, the near future. Much of the country is underwater and the government has been reduced to a group of fascist strongmen. In a rural outpost of the state, the men patrol the moors for illegals whilst the women run a self-sufficient farm to provide what all they need to survive. The living conditions are harsh, every meagre ration is grown from scratch and they must battle with inclement weather and a draconian government. As their numbers dwindle, they struggle to retain a semblance of civilisation in the face of the inevitable onset of global war.

Stark and imperative, but shot through with a sense of warm compassion, Beth Steel's debut play *Ditch* is a clear-eyed look at how we might behave when the conveniences of our civilisation are taken away, and a frightening vision of a future that could all too easily be ours.

*Ditch* premiered at the High Tide Festival, Suffolk in April 2010.

**'Beth Steel writes powerfully and persuasively'** *Telegraph*

<b>Genre:</b>	Drama	<b>Fee:</b>	£56 plus VAT, per performance
<b>Cast:</b>	m 4 f 2	<b>Length:</b>	Two acts
<b>Set:</b>	The Peak District	<b>Scripts:</b>	ISBN 9781408131381 £9.99
<b>Contact:</b>	<a href="mailto:Ua_UhYi_f!fjI_l_hg4_V'cca_gVi_fmW@a">Ua_UhYi_f!fjI_l_hg4_V'cca_gVi_fmW@a</a>		

### EXTRACT

**Bug** What time you get here?

**James** I guess.

**Turner** About an hour ago.

**Bug** You ain't sure?

**Bug** Alright, aint it?

**James** Never knowed what it like before.

**James** Glad to be here.

**Turner** London's finished.

**Bug** Where you been posted before?

**Bug** No sign a' Recovery there?

**James** London.

**Turner** What's it matter?

**Bug** (*Laughs*) I bet yer fuckin' are.

**Bug** Bein' London an' all.

**Turner** (*Laughs*) What a shit hole eh?

**Turner** Manchester's where it's at now.

*Turner and Bug are now quiet.*

**Bug** Yeah, I know.

**Bug** It the way they say?

**Turner** Been improvements there.

### If you enjoyed this, you might like:

- *Day at the Racists* by Anders Lustgarten
- *Saved* by Edward Bond
- *Moonfleece* by Philip Ridley

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