COLD RAIN

A play in two acts
By Craig Houk

PERUSAL

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Synopsis

Cold Rain follows three witch sisters in a small Western Pennsylvania town whose attempt to conjure the perfect husband for the youngest, Carly, unleashes consequences that ripple across decades. When the volatile Shirley adds a dangerous twist to a simple love spell and Lolly secretly attempts to reverse it, the magic binds Carly to touring crooner Joe Rekowski and sets their family on a troubled path. Years later, as rumors swirl around the mysterious drowning of the Pacheco twins at Flat Rock and suspicion falls on Carly's sensitive, troubled son, Johnny, old secrets resurface and long-buried resentments ignite. Moving between 1959 and 1989, the play blends dark humor and supernatural lore to explore fate, guilt, and forbidden longing in a family bound by blood and black magic, struggling to outrun the consequences of a single, fateful night.

Characters

LOLLY WEEKES, A Witch (Ages 27, 34, 50, 57)
SHIRLEY WEEKES, A Witch (Ages 31, 38, 54, 61)
CARLY WEEKES-REKOWSKI, A Witch (Ages 22, 29, 38, 45, 52)
BRYSON REKOWSKI, A Dandy (Age 16)
FISHER HICKMAN, A Bully (Age 17)
JOHNNY REKOWSKI, A Magician (Ages 16, 23)
DONNA PAGNOTTO, A Fruit Fly (Age 16)
JOE REKOWSKI, A Crooner (Ages 24, 47)
LYDIA PACHECO, A Cop (Age 37, 44)
PRUDENCE PEELE, A Counselor (Ageless)

NOTE: The roles of Lydia and Prudence should be played by the same actor.

Setting

A Small Town in Western Pennsylvania just north of Pittsburgh

Time

1959, 1966, 1975, 1982, 1989

NOTE: All scenes set in 1982 unfold chronologically over the span of just a few days.

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Scene Breakdown

Act 1-1	1959	Weekes Herb Shed	Western PA
Act 1-2	1975	Police Station	Western PA
Act 1-3	1982	Johnny's Bedroom	Western PA
Act 1-4	1982	Rekowski Kitchen	Western PA
Act 1-5	1982	Rekowski Backyard	Western PA
Act 1-6	1966	Rekowski Living Room	Western PA
Act 1-7	1982	Flat Rock	Western PA
Act 1-8	1982	Gene's Place/Lounge	Western PA
Act 1-9	1982	Flat Rock	Western PA
Act 2-1	1959	Tulagi Night Club	Colorado
Act 2-2	1982	Police Station	Western PA
Act 2-3	1966	Flat Rock	Western PA
Act 2-4	1975	A Chasm	Elsewhere
Act 2-5	1975	Johnny's Bedroom	Western PA
Act 2-6	1982	Rekowski Living Room	Western PA
Act 2-7	1982	Bryson's Bedroom	Western PA
Act 2-8	1982	Rekowski Living Room	Western PA
Act 2-9	1982	Police Station	Western PA
Act 2-10	1989	Weekes Dining/Living Room	Western PA

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ACT 1

SCENE 1

1959. Nighttime. An Herb Shed at the Weekes home.

(LOLLY (27), CARLY (22), and SHIRLEY (31) stand around a table, casting a circle. Bowls of mandrake root, flower petals, betel nuts, and a bottle of red wine sit nearby. Three candles – white, black, and green – are surrounded by bay leaves. Incense burns. A stack of 45 RPM records rests beside a large pot boiling on a burner.)

LOLLY

(As she lights the candles.)

Earth, Air, Fire, Water, and Spirit, I ask thee to free and heal our bodies from all negative forces.

LOLLY/CARLY/SHIRLEY

Blessed be!

(Carly mixes ingredients into the pot, reciting.)

CARLY

Mystic moon, full and bright, give me what I wish tonight. A little love is all I need; I can do the rest indeed. Fetch no beast, make no trouble, send him to me on the double. The one I love will need a nudge into my arms, where he can't budge. And there he'll stay forevermore, for all of our remaining days.

SHIRLEY

For Aradia's sake, Carly. You tryin' to conjure a man or a garden snail?

LOLLY

Leave her be, Shirley.

SHIRLEY

Put a sock in it, Lolly.

(To Carly.)

Take those records and put 'em into the pot.

(To both.)

Then I need both of you to stand aside.

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LOLLY

Shirley–

SHIRLEY

Now!

(A gust of wind forces Lolly back. Carly obeys. Shirley takes over.)

As I cast this mystic spell, bring this man three nights of hell.

(She extinguishes the white and green candles; the black one remains lit.)

Candle black, black as night, bring him pangs of love tonight. Boils upon his skin will grow, vex him with a reddened glow. Pine and yen afflict him now, for three nights he'll wonder how. When three nights of ache have passed, bring him here, and make it fast. When three nights of pain endured, the torment gone, the bond secured. Blotches fade and drift away, bound by thirty and a day.

(The pot glows; vapors rise. Shirley plucks hair from a man's comb and drops it in. She tears a photo, burns half, and tosses the other half into the pot. The glow brightens. More vapors rise. Meanwhile, Lolly steps aside, out of earshot, and attempts a reverse spell.)

LOLLY

Whilst this foul crone blathers on, moon above, please hear my plea. Reverse this vex that's coming on, send it from we witches three.

(The air shifts. The pot's glow fades. The vapors thin, then suddenly surge back, stronger than before.)

SHIRLEY

Come here, Carly.

(Carly steps forward. Shirley strokes her hair, then yanks a strand. Carly winces. Shirley drops the hair into the pot. Nothing.)

Nuts. We need something more personal. More charged.

(Shirley pulls a pin from her hair.)

Ready?

CARLY

(Lightheaded, hand out, palm up.)

No… I just… I need a–

(Shirley pricks her palm.)

PERUSAL

Ow! Damn it, Shirley!

(Shirley guides Carly's hand over the pot. Blood drips, vapors surge.)

SHIRLEY

Give to Carly now this man's devotion, and by him may she conceive one – no, two – offspring. And seal this pact with her health and longevity.

(The glow intensifies. Shirley lifts the contents: the melted records have formed a black orb.)

This circle is open, but my spell is unbroken.

(To Carly, re: the orb.)

Take this to Flat Rock. Release it in the deepest water, about nine yards out.

CARLY

Shirley–

SHIRLEY

Go.

CARLY

Two children? I didn't ask for two–

SHIRLEY

In case one of 'em doesn't turn out so good. Now go. There's little time.

(Carly exits with the orb.)

LOLLY

Have you lost your fuckin' mind?

SHIRLEY

Language, Lolly.

LOLLY

Thirty and a day?

SHIRLEY

Thirty years and one day. Then the spell breaks.

(Sound of a car starting and pulling away.)

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LOLLY

She'll be… fifty-two. What then?

SHIRLEY

The poor bastard will have had three decades with her. If he's miserable, he'll leave. If he still loves her, he'll stay.

LOLLY

She shouldn't be out there alone.

SHIRLEY

She has to be. Or it won't take. And I won't have you meddlin' in my spells. So, you'd better stay put.

LOLLY

Shirley–

SHIRLEY

Stay put. I mean it.

LOLLY

Well, I won't be able to rest till she's back with us and safe. So, what do you suggest we do in the meantime?

SHIRLEY

We go roller-skatin'!

(With a flourish, Shirley pulls two pairs of skates from their hooks and exits. Lolly reluctantly follows. End of scene.)

SCENE 2

1975. Evening. A Police Station.

(LYDIA (37) sits in a chair behind a table. She is speaking with an unseen detective. She's been drinking.)

LYDIA

Okay, look. It's not easy keepin' track of two teenage girls when you're workin' all hours and don't have a man around to pick up the slack, you know what I'm sayin'? So no, I don't appreciate you suggestin' I'm somehow responsible for what happened at Flat Rock. Tina and Rose are dead. That's the truth. And there ain't a damn thing I can do about it. But I sure as hell

PERUSAL

ain't takin' the blame. They had no business bein' out there, and I sure as hell didn't give 'em permission to go. So, you can cut the shit with that line of questionin'. And why do you keep draggin' me back in here, huh? Every time I sit in this chair, talkin' to some detective or cop or whatever you are, I gotta relive the night my girls drowned. So, what. You keep sayin' it wasn't an accident. You keep sayin' someone did this to 'em. And you want justice. For who? For me? For two dead girls? Well, you can just go to hell with that nonsense. You're all useless. Every last one of you. Hell, I could do a better job. That's right. Drunk old Lydia Pacheco could do better than a bunch of dimwitted, degenerate dicks.

(She rises.)

Hey, listen. I'm pretty sure I'm gonna be sick. So, I'm gonna head out. Guess I'll see you at Leroy and Marie's wedding next weekend.

(End of scene.)

SCENE 3

1982. Midafternoon. Johnny Rekowski's Bedroom.

(The room is packed with Hanna-Barbera and other cartoon collectibles. A television sits nearby. BRYSON (16) and FISHER (17) are heard off.)

BRYSON

(Off, calling out.)

Anyone home?

FISHER

(Off, hushed.)

Keep it down, man.

(They enter.)

BRYSON

Why?

FISHER

'Cause I don't want anyone knowin' I'm here. That's why.

BRYSON

You're embarrassed to be seen with me.

PERUSAL

FISHER

Bullshit.

BRYSON

You parked half a mile away. We could've taken the main road.

FISHER

Give it a rest, okay?

BRYSON

I don't think anyone's home anyway. My mom's not back till four.

FISHER

What about the retard?

BRYSON

What?

FISHER

Your brother.

BRYSON

Johnny?

FISHER

Yeah. He's a retard, ain't he?

BRYSON

No, he's not.

FISHER

Come on. Dude's messed up in the head. How old is he and still livin' at home? I thought he was retarded.

BRYSON

He's not. Okay? So, stop sayin' that.

FISHER

I'm outa here.

(He turns to go.)

PERUSAL

BRYSON

Hey!

(Fisher stops.)

I thought you wanted to play Atari.

FISHER

No, man. No. I got my own system. Just lookin' to borrow a couple games.

BRYSON

Right.

FISHER

You'll get 'em back.

BRYSON

Yeah. Well, Johnny's got a whole trunk full here.

(He moves to the trunk, undoing a latch.)

Uh… Pac-Man, Asteroids, Space Invaders, Pitfall…

FISHER

(At the window.)

Isn't that your dad's van out there?

BRYSON

His van?

(He joins Fisher.)

FISHER

Yeah. Volkswagen. '73, maybe '74. Pretty cool.

BRYSON

Yeah.

FISHER

You said nobody was here.

BRYSON

I didn't know he was home. I don't see his motorcycle. Maybe he's out for a ride.

PERUSAL

FISHER

And you're sure your brother ain't here?

(Fisher scans the room, picking through objects.)

BRYSON

I don't know. I mean, he might be in the den watchin' cartoons. Doesn't matter anyway. Unless you're two-dimensional and in Technicolor, you're invisible to him

(Fisher grabs a cap and drops it on Bryson's head.)

FISHER

Why are you so scrawny?

(He squeezes Bryson's arm.)

BRYSON

(Pulling away.)

Hey! Fisher, don't. Don't do that.

(He tosses the cap aside.)

FISHER

That's why everyone messes with you. 'Cause you're all boney and shit.

(He grabs at Bryson's waist. Bryson pulls back again.)

BRYSON

Fisher, please.

FISHER

You need to learn how to defend yourself.

BRYSON

I do alright.

FISHER

Not with words, Bryson. I mean, with your body. Your arms. Hands. Legs…

(He reaches for Bryson's legs. Bryson clears further.)

BRYSON

Do you want the games or not?

PERUSAL

FISHER

Why do you come?

BRYSON

What're you talkin' about?

FISHER

You think I don't see you up there in the bleachers? Every match. Starin' at me. Sometimes you're with that nerd girl. What's her name?

BRYSON

Donna?

FISHER

Yeah. You two together?

BRYSON

No. She's just a friend.

FISHER

She ain't always there. But you are.

BRYSON

So, what? So, I watch you wrestle. What's your point?

FISHER

If you want, I could show you some moves.

BRYSON

No. I'm good. Not really my thing anyway.

FISHER

Okay. Fine. So, you don't like to fight. I'm not sayin' have to fight. Just sayin' maybe you need to know how to handle yourself if someone comes at you.

BRYSON

If someone comes at me, I'll run. I'm fast.

FISHER

What if they catch you?

PERUSAL

BRYSON

They won't.

FISHER

What if they do?

BRYSON

I'm just gonna grab some games.

(He moves to the trunk.)

Bring 'em back as soon as you're done. Johnny'll freak if he finds out.

(He pops the lock. Fisher suddenly grabs him, slamming him down.)

No! What're you doin'? Fisher, stop!

FISHER

Relax. I'm just gonna show you a couple moves.

BRYSON

I said no!

(They struggle. Fisher pins him.)

Ow!

FISHER

Stop movin'.

(Bryson relents.)

Alright then. I'm gonna ease up just a little. But don't try anything or I'll slam you down again. You hear me?

BRYSON

Yeah.

FISHER

I'm fuckin' serious. Don't move. And do what I say.

BRYSON

Fine.

PERUSAL

FISHER

Bryson–

BRYSON

Fine! I said fine!

FISHER

Okay. Come up slow.

(They rise.)

On your hands and knees. Palms flat.

(Bryson obeys.)

Good. Now sit back a little. Yeah, like that.

(Fisher has guided Bryson into a referee's position. They begin wrestling, awkwardly and clumsily at first, then with increasing intensity. Fisher gains the upper hand and pins Bryson. Their faces are close. They kiss. Fisher jerks back and scrambles away. Silence.)

BRYSON

Fisher… it's okay.

FISHER

(Coldly, distracted.)

I was just showin' you how to defend yourself.

BRYSON

I know but–

FISHER

I'm not gay.

BRYSON

I didn't say–

FISHER

(He stands.)

I'm not queer! You got that?

PERUSAL

BRYSON

(He stands.)

Yeah.

FISHER

And anyway, you made me do it. Always starin' at me, comin' on to me.

BRYSON

That's not true.

FISHER

We're not the same, Bryson. You're a goddam faggot.

(He shoves Bryson.)

BRYSON

Hey!

(Shoves Fisher back.)

FISHER

I tried to help you, and you baited me. You fuckin' baited me, man. And if you tell anyone about this, I swear to you I will kick your ass. You hear me?

BRYSON

What's wrong / with you?

FISHER

/ Do you hear me!?

BRYSON

Screw you!

FISHER

Screw you!

BRYSON

Get out!

(He grabs a baseball bat.)

Go!

PERUSAL

(Fisher exits. Bryson breathes hard, then follows. The trunk creaks open. JOHNNY (23) emerges.)

JOHNNY

Heavens to Murgatroyd.

(He climbs back inside, pulling the lid shut. End of Scene.)

SCENE 4

1982. Late afternoon. A short time after the previous scene. A kitchen in the Rekowski home.

(CARLY (45) carries a pot from the stove to a table set for three. She adds a salad and a loaf of bread.)

CARLY

Bryson! Johnny! Supper!

(She sits, starts fixing herself a plate.)

Bryson! Get down here! Where's your brother?

BRYSON

(Off.)

I'll be down in a minute!

CARLY

Where's your brother?

BRYSON

(Off.)

I don't know!

(Carly pokes at the pasta, takes a bite, grimaces, and spits it into her napkin. She drops it on the plate, dumps the food in the trash, returns with the empty plate, and pours herself wine. BRYSON (16) enters.)

Sorry.

(He grabs a soda, sits, and starts serving himself.)

CARLY

I called for you twice.

PERUSAL

BRYSON

I was finishin' my homework.

CARLY

Supper's gettin' cold.

BRYSON

I said I was sorry. What else do you want?

CARLY

Less attitude to start.

(They eat/drink.)

Did you walk home today?

BRYSON

No. I got a ride.

CARLY

From who?

BRYSON

You don't know him.

CARLY

Try me.

BRYSON

Fisher.

CARLY

The Hickman boy? Didn't he get suspended for sellin' pot brownies at a bake sale?

BRYSON

That was like three years ago. And a bunch of kids got in trouble for that.

CARLY

I don't want you hangin' around with him.

BRYSON

We're not hangin' around. He just gave me a lift.

PERUSAL

CARLY

We'll get your bike fixed. I'll have your dad take a look. You see him today?

BRYSON

No. Didn't even know he was home.

CARLY

He came in late last night. Didn't say much, just went straight to bed. Still asleep when I left this mornin'. He's got a gig downtown tonight.

BRYSON

Oh, yeah? I'd like to go see him.

CARLY

You're too young.

(Disappointed, Bryson continues eating.)

You know what you could do this weekend, though? Go visit your Aunt Shirley.

BRYSON

Mom, no…

CARLY

She'd love that.

BRYSON

No way. She's practically deaf, half blind, and last time she kept callin' me "momma's suck-a-titty baby."

CARLY

She's rough around the edges.

BRYSON

She's mean. And her house smells like cigars and cat piss.

CARLY

Alright. Maybe just give her a call then.

BRYSON

Maybe.

PERUSAL

(They eat/drink.)

Can I go to Flat Rock with Donna? She was askin'.

CARLY

What? No. Absolutely not. I've told you to never go there. It's not safe.

BRYSON

(Under his breath.)

That's such bullshit.

CARLY

What did you say?

BRYSON

I said it's not dangerous.

CARLY

Kids have gotten hurt out there. Some of 'em have died. Gino Benedetti split his head open last month; he's still recoverin'. Both of Lydia Pacheco's girls drowned out there. You wanna end up like that?

BRYSON

I'll be careful.

CARLY

I said no.

(Bryson starts clearing dishes. Carly pours more wine. Bryson turns to Carly.)

BRYSON

I'm goin' anyway.

CARLY

What is wrong with you? You are not goin'.

BRYSON

Donna's pickin' me up. She's on her way.

(Carly stands.)

PERUSAL

CARLY

You are not allowed to go there. Do you hear me? And I'm not gonna say it again.

BRYSON

Screw you.

(A dish flies from the sink and shatters. A gust of wind.)

You'll have to do better than that.

(Carly slowly sits, drinks.)

CARLY

Just… go. Go to Flat Rock.

BRYSON

I'm gonna shower and pack a bag. Let me know when Donna gets here?

CARLY

Yeah.

(Bryson exits. Calling after him.)

And don't use all the hot water!

(A quiet moment before Carly rises, grabs a broom, and sweeps the broken dish. A knock at the door. DONNA (16) peers in.)

Come in, Donna. It's open.

(Donna enters.)

DONNA

Hi Mrs. Rekowski.

CARLY

Call me Carly.

DONNA

You always say that, but it feels weird callin' you by your first name.

CARLY

Mrs. Rekowski's fine then.

(She continues sweeping.)

PERUSAL

DONNA

Oh, no. What happened?

CARLY

Nothin'. Dropped a dish.

DONNA

Oh, geez. Here, let me help.

(She moves in.)

CARLY

(A little sharp.)

No, I've got it.

(Donna eases back.)

DONNA

I'm a little early.

CARLY

Bryson just went up to shower. He'll be down in a bit.

DONNA

Oh. Okay. I'll just wait in the car.

CARLY

Don't be silly. Sit.

DONNA

You sure?

CARLY

Sit down.

(Donna sits.)

You hungry? There's leftovers.

DONNA

No thanks. I already ate.

PERUSAL

CARLY

Probably for the best. My cookin' tastes like shit.

DONNA

Oh, come on. That's not true.

(Carly grabs the dustpan.)

CARLY

No, it is. Doesn't matter, though, because my boys'll eat anything. How's your mom?

DONNA

Oh. Uh… She's good. Really good. Got her cosmetology license a while back. She's doing hair at McClain's now, over on Lawrence.

CARLY

Oh? That's great.

DONNA

Yeah, and my dad just made partner.

CARLY

(Flatly.)

Wow. terrific.

DONNA

So… things are good.

(Carly finishes cleaning, pours more wine, a little tipsy now.)

CARLY

Sounds like it. There's pop in the fridge if you want somethin' to drink.

DONNA

I'll just have water. Pop's not really good for you anyway. I read somewhere–

CARLY

Glasses are in the cupboard. Ice in the freezer.

DONNA

Oh. Okay. Thanks.

PERUSAL

(Donna moves to the cupboard.)

CARLY

Donna…

DONNA

Mm hm?

CARLY

I told Bryson earlier… I don't like the idea of you two goin' out to Flat Rock.

(Donna gets a glass, moves to the freezer.)

DONNA

Oh. Well, we can do somethin' else. Maybe a movie. Tron just came out, or I hear The Dark Crystal is really good.

CARLY

No, that's not what I mean. I just… I want you to be careful.

(Donna fills her glass.)

DONNA

We're not gonna do anything stupid, Mrs. Rekowski.

CARLY

No. You don't seem the type. And you and Bryson… you've been friends a long time.

DONNA

Since we were little.

CARLY

Right. And now you're in high school, you're maturin', your bodies are changin'…

DONNA

Oh. Okay. Well, Bryson and I are just friends, / Mrs. Rekowski.

CARLY

/ I know. I'm just sayin', sometimes friendships turn into somethin' more. And you two are close. Always have been.

PERUSAL

DONNA

I promise you we're just friends. And anyway, Bryson's… Well, he's…

CARLY

He's what?

DONNA

He's not really my type.

CARLY

What? What're you talkin' about? He's a very good-lookin' young man.

DONNA

Yeah, he is. But–

CARLY

But what?

DONNA

I mean, I do like Bryson. A lot. Just not that way.

CARLY

I see.

(An awkward silence. Donna sits.)

DONNA

So… how did you meet? You and Mr. Rekowski.

CARLY

What? Oh, come on, Donna. You don't want to hear about that. Nobody does.

DONNA

Of course, I do.

CARLY

Really?

DONNA

Yeah. I really wanna know.

PERUSAL

CARLY

(Skeptical.)

Alright. Well, Mr. Rekowski and I met… Oh, what's it been now? Twenty-four years? October 2nd, 1959. It was a Friday night. At the Flamingo Roller Rink, over on Larimer in the east end. B.B. King played there once, did you know that?

DONNA

I didn't.

CARLY

He did. Big deal at the time. Anyway, Joe was on tour. The night before, he played Cleveland, and the next night he was supposed to be in New York at the Five Spot Café–

DONNA

In the Bowery.

CARLY

That's right. Except a hurricane was comin' up the coast. Faster than expected. His flight got out of Cleveland, but they had to reroute to Pittsburgh. By then, New York was completely shut down. Back then, I was livin' with my sisters, not far from here. "Old maids, witches," people used to call us. It was Lolly who introduced me to Joe's music. She heard one of his songs on the radio while she was vacationin' in Boulder–

DONNA

Bryson said she went missin'.

CARLY

Yeah, that's right. Long time ago. Just before Bryson was born.

DONNA

What happened?

CARLY

I think it's best we don't conjure up unhappy events. Anyway, Lolly loved that song. Couldn't get enough of it. She was hypnotized by Joe's voice. Went to seven different record stores, three of 'em in Denver, just to find the damn thing. Finally tracked it down at a place called Marty's Music Shack, if you can imagine. She bought every copy they had. Ten in all.

DONNA

Ten? What was she gonna do with ten records?

PERUSAL

CARLY

One was for me. The other nine… well, she had plans for those. Turns out Marty, the guy who owned the place of course, was a friend of Joe's. Told Lolly where Joe was playin' that weekend. Even offered to take her. Only catch was, she had to go as his date.

DONNA

Seriously? She went out with a stranger to some dive just to hear Mr. Rekowski sing?

CARLY

Lolly could take care of herself. And it wasn't some dive, I'll have you know. Joe was on the verge of somethin' big. Had a hit single all over the radio. He was playin' the Tulagi, one of the best clubs around.

DONNA

That's so cool. But… if your sister was so into him, how'd you two end up together?

CARLY

Lolly never had much interest in men.

DONNA

Oh.

CARLY

But when she heard Joe's voice on the radio, she knew. Knew he was meant for me. Still, she had to be sure. Had to meet him face to face. That's why she went with Marty. She did it for me.

DONNA

Wow. So, what happened at the Tulagi?

CARLY

Well… Joe was openin' for a band called the Astronauts. And Lolly made a new outfit just for the night. A lavender satin cocktail dress with cream-colored polka dots. It was gorgeous. She looked beautiful. I've got a picture of her in it somewhere. Anyway, Marty got a little grabby on the drive over. Took Lolly a while to get his hands off her hemline and back on the wheel. So, by the time they got there, Joe was nearly done with his set. But she heard him. Live.

(Bryson enters.)

BRYSON

Mom…

PERUSAL

DONNA

Hi, Bryson.

BRYSON

(To Donna.)

Hey. You ready?

DONNA

Your mom's in the middle of a really great story about how she and your dad met.

BRYSON

Yeah, I've heard Dad tell it a million times.

CARLY

Well, your dad's version isn't nearly as accurate as he thinks.

BRYSON

Have another glass, mom.

CARLY

You two go ahead. And Donna? Maybe we keep what I told you between us. What do you think?

DONNA

Sure. 'Course.

(To Bryson.)

I'll meet you outside.

(She exits.)

BRYSON

I'm sorry, mom.

CARLY

Go.

(Bryson lingers.)

Go. She's waitin'. And be careful.

BRYSON

I will.

PERUSAL

CARLY

I mean it. I worry.

(Bryson starts off.)

And don't be late.

(He exits. Carly sits, drinks. End of Scene.)

SCENE 5

1982. Just before sundown. A short time after the previous scene. The Rekowski backyard.

(JOHNNY (23) sits on a tree stump, absorbed in a handheld game. FISHER (17) enters.)

FISHER

Hey, Johnny. How's it goin'?

JOHNNY

(Barely looking up.)

Oh. Hey, dirt bag.

FISHER

Why you gotta be a dick, man? I'm tryin' to be nice.

(Johnny keeps playing.)

Your brother around?

JOHNNY

Who's askin'?

FISHER

Me. I need to talk to him.

JOHNNY

About what?

FISHER

I don't know. We were hangin' out earlier and I… Look, I just need to see him.

PERUSAL

JOHNNY

Try the house.

FISHER

Your mom's home.

JOHNNY

So?

FISHER

So, I don't wanna deal with her.

JOHNNY

You afraid?

FISHER

What? No, I ain't afraid. I just don't wanna talk to her. I need to talk to Bryson.

JOHNNY

He's gone.

FISHER

You said he was home.

JOHNNY

No, I didn't.

FISHER

Where'd he go?

JOHNNY

Flat Rock. About an hour ago.

FISHER

Goddamit. When's he back?

JOHNNY

Don't know.

FISHER

Shit.

PERUSAL

(Fisher drops beside him, lights a cigarette. Johnny keeps playing.)

JOHNNY

She's a witch, you know.

FISHER

What're you talkin' about?

JOHNNY

My mom. Puts curses on people. Cooks up these diabolical mixtures in the middle of the night. That's why I'm the way I am.

FISHER

What do you mean?

JOHNNY

You think I'm retarded. But I'm not.

FISHER

I didn't say–

JOHNNY

It doesn't matter what you think. I know the truth. I've seen shrinks, taken pills… none of it works. You can't fix a curse. Especially when you're not the one it was meant for.

FISHER

You serious right now? So… what? So, you're like this because she cast a spell on someone else and you got in the way?

JOHNNY

Somethin' like that.

FISHER

Alright. I'll bite. So, who was she after?

JOHNNY

My dad.

FISHER

You are so full of shit, man.

PERUSAL

JOHNNY

Whatever.

FISHER

You actually believe this? Witches.

JOHNNY

They're as old as anything. And my mom's one of 'em.

FISHER

Yeah, okay.

JOHNNY

You can't tell anyone.

FISHER

Tell 'em what? That your mom's some psycho sorceress? Don't worry. I don't want anyone thinkin' I'm bat shit crazy like you.

(He studies Johnny, takes a last drag, flicks the cigarette out.)

I'm out. Catch you later, nut job.

(He starts off.)

JOHNNY

I'll return the favor. I'll keep your secret if you keep mine.

(Fisher stops.)

FISHER

What'd you say?

JOHNNY

I'll keep your secret if you keep mine.

FISHER

I ain't got no secret.

JOHNNY

I saw you. You and Bryson.

PERUSAL

FISHER

Screw you. You saw nothin'.

JOHNNY

Yeah, I did. You pinned him down… kissed him.

FISHER

You better shut your mouth, retard. I'm warnin' you.

JOHNNY

You two were gettin' pretty hot and heavy.

FISHER

One more word. One more and you're dead. You hear me?

JOHNNY

Faggot.

(Fisher grabs him by the collar, yanking him up. Johnny's game drops.)

She's watchin'.

(Fisher glances toward the house, then releases him.)

FISHER

I'm not fuckin' around.

(He fumbles for a cigarette, can't get it out, throws the pack down.)

Goddam it! You're comin' with me.

JOHNNY

Where?

FISHER

Flat Rock, you dumb shit.

JOHNNY

I gotta ask my mom.

FISHER

Screw your mom!

PERUSAL

JOHNNY

I'm not supposed to go anywhere without her say-so.

FISHER

I don't wanna hear another word about your fuckin' mom! Christ! I mean, how old are you, man?

JOHNNY

Twenty-three and a half.

FISHER

Twenty-three and a– Dude, do you hear yourself? Your mom don't care where you go as long as you go. She's half passed out in there, sittin' on her witch ass, drinkin' herself to death. Only person she cares about is herself. So, here's the deal: you either walk to my car or I drag you there.

(Johnny considers.)

JOHNNY

How far is it?

(Fisher punches him. End of Scene.)

SCENE 6

1966. Midday. The Rekowski living room.

(SHIRLEY (38) lounges in a recliner, cigar in hand, and beer nearby. CARLY (29), very pregnant, enters with deviled eggs and snacks. LOLLY (34) follows with iced tea and glasses.)

SHIRLEY

Oh, goody. My favorite. Deviled eggs.

(She heaps several onto a napkin. Lolly pours tea.)

LOLLY

You keep eatin' like that, Shirley, you'll be the size of a hippopotamus.

SHIRLEY

Hippos are largely herbivorous, Lolly.

PERUSAL

LOLLY

They're also enormous.

(Carly lowers herself carefully into a chair.)

CARLY

Well, this hippo would rather not discuss it.

LOLLY

Sorry, Carly.

(She hands her a glass.)

SHIRLEY

You settle on a name yet?

CARLY

I've got a couple.

SHIRLEY

Care to share?

LOLLY

Oh. Before you decide… Deanna Pagnotto is due right around the same time, and she's havin' a girl. I hear she's namin' her Donna.

CARLY

I know. And don't worry. That's not one of the options. If it's a girl, Ellison. If it's a boy, Bryson.

SHIRLEY

It'll be a boy.

LOLLY

Why not Bryson or Ellison for a boy?

CARLY

Joe doesn't like either name.

PERUSAL

SHIRLEY

Who cares what Joe likes? He named your first kid and look what you got… Johnny. When I hear "Johnny," I think of that smug bastard hosts The Tonight Show. What a jackass. He won't last.

CARLY

He's named after Johnny Cash.

SHIRLEY

Oh, well that's very different. I like Johnny Cash. That Everybody Loves a Nut album cracks me up.

CARLY

Anyway, if it is a boy…

SHIRLEY

It is.

CARLY

… I'm namin' him Bryson.

SHIRLEY

Well, that settles it then.

LOLLY

How is Johnny? Still havin' trouble at school?

CARLY

He is. We're thinkin' about pullin' him out. If he's not talkin' back to his teachers and endin' up in detention, he's comin' home with a bloody lip from pissin' off the wrong kid.

LOLLY

He's seven, for Aradia's sake.

CARLY

I don't know what else to do. He's out of control.

SHIRLEY

There's nothin' wrong with that boy that a few good whacks on his backside wouldn't fix.

PERUSAL

CARLY

I would never.

SHIRLEY

Little tough love goes a long way.

LOLLY

Well…

SHIRLEY

Well, what?

LOLLY

Well, I just can't help thinkin' that this might be all your doin', Shirley.

SHIRLEY

My doin'?

LOLLY

Well… You know. That night. In the herb / shed.

SHIRLEY

Oh, for Aradia's / sake.

CARLY

/ Leave it alone. There's no use dredgin' that up. What's done is done.

LOLLY

No. What's done can be undone. We were supposed to cast a simple love spell.

SHIRLEY

Please. A simple love spell wasn't gonna land Carly a husband.

LOLLY

Maybe not. But it would've been safer than the spell you did cast. And Carly wouldn't be in the mess she's in.

SHIRLEY

I helped Carly get what she wanted. Anything beyond that is out of my hands. She raised that child, not me. If her life's a mess, that's on her.

PERUSAL

CARLY

Now, hold on just a damn minute. I wouldn't call my life a mess. And don't go pattin' yourself on the back, Shirley. You didn't exactly give me what I asked for. Things didn't turn out the way I'd hoped, sure. But my life's alright. Johnny's a handful, no doubt. He's rough with other kids, terrible with most adults. But with me… he's gentle. Sensitive. Maybe too sensitive. He feels everything. More than he knows what to do with. And sometimes that spills out the wrong way. And sometimes not at all. But he… he trusts me. And that's enough.

LOLLY

I'm sorry, Shirley.

SHIRLEY

You've upset Carly, not me.

CARLY

I'm not upset. It's fine.

LOLLY

No. I'm sorry because… I did something I shouldn't have. I was worried about Carly. I panicked. I didn't really know what I was doing but I did it. And I think I fucked everything up.

SHIRLEY

Language, Lolly.

CARLY

What do you mean? What did you do?

LOLLY

I… I tried a reverse spell. I cast one. Or at least I think I did.

CARLY

What? When?

LOLLY

That night. The night Shirley hijacked the / incantation.

SHIRLEY

I did not hijack the / incantation.

CARLY

/ Enough! Both of you. What do you mean you cast a reverse spell?

PERUSAL

LOLLY

I performed an incantation to try and counter Shirley's spell.

CARLY

The spell we cast to bring Joe to me?

LOLLY

Yes. And Johnny. And Bryson… or Ellison. I kind of prefer Ellison.

CARLY

What did you do, Lolly!?

LOLLY

I tried to stop it. That's all. And instead… I just made it worse. But I can fix it.

SHIRLEY

There's nothin' to fix. You think you had any control over what we did that night? You don't have that kind of power.

CARLY

You seem pretty damn sure of yourself, Shirley. What if you're wrong?

SHIRLEY

Ha!

CARLY

I'm not lookin' to argue with you. I'm just sayin', maybe Lolly's on to somethin' here…

SHIRLEY

She's not.

CARLY

… Maybe between your spell and hers, somethin' went wrong.

SHIRLEY

Impossible.

CARLY

I'm pregnant, Shirley…

PERUSAL

SHIRLEY

I hadn't noticed.

CARLY

… I'm due any day. And I'm sorry… I love Johnny with all my heart. But I can't risk my second child ending up the same way.

SHIRLEY

There's nothin' to be done! Magic isn't meant to fix things. It's meant to coax things into bein', to nudge 'em in a desired direction. It's not an exact science. Now I'm tellin' you both. Leave it alone!

LOLLY

But there's–

SHIRLEY

I'm done talkin' about it. I'm leavin'.

(She starts off.)

CARLY

Shirley!

(Shirley turns back, grabs the deviled eggs.)

SHIRLEY

And I'm taking these. You want the dish back; you know where to find me. And don't expect me to clean it.

(She storms off. She re-enters.)

I'm outta beer at home.

CARLY

Help yourself to what's in the fridge.

(Shirley heads toward the kitchen.)

SHIRLEY

I'll let myself out back.

(She exits. We hear the fridge open, bottles clatter. Off.)

Go with Bryson! Ellison's a stupid name!

PERUSAL

(A door slams.)

LOLLY

I need to make things right. I have to at least try.

CARLY

And risk makin' things worse?

(Regretful.)

I'm sorry.

LOLLY

No. Don't be. I mean, look at what we've done, Shirley and me. Neither of us has ever had anything genuine to look forward to, so we've pinned all our hopes on you.

CARLY

Lolly–

LOLLY

You're all that's left, Carly. Before us, Grandma Imogene was the last to carry what we have. And before her, Great-Great Grandma Millie. Shirley and me? We're not passin' anything on. Not to anyone. So, it falls to you. Now Johnny… he is who he is. We'll love him, support him, do what we can. But I don't think magic's gonna change him. But this one…

(She rests a hand on Carly's stomach.)

This one we can help. We need this child to carry the line forward. And maybe it's no coincidence that the Pagnotto girl's due at the same time. Bryson and Donna. It's meant to be. I feel it. So, I have a plan. A way to undo what Shirley did.

(Carly starts to interrupt.)

And you don't have to do anything. Except have your baby. A healthy, beautiful boy who grows up, finds his way, and gives you something new to hope for. I'll take care of the rest. Tonight.

(End of Scene.)

SCENE 7

1982. Dusk. Nearly concurrent with Scene 5. Flat Rock.

(Old police tape flutters. A rotted barricade leans nearby. BRYSON (16) and DONNA (16) enter with backpacks.)

PERUSAL

DONNA

Do you think you'll always be that way?

BRYSON

What way?

DONNA

You know.

BRYSON

I don't know. Probably.

DONNA

I read this thing about how they tried to "fix" a guy. Made him lie in his own filth for days. Showed him pictures of naked men, then pumped him full of drugs that made him sick. Called him names the whole time: "dirty queer," "pansy" … stuff like that. And if they couldn't be there, they'd leave a tape running, looping those insults over and over. Can you believe that?

BRYSON

That's… that's awful.

DONNA

I don't think it's somethin' that can be fixed. I think it's just… part of evolution.

BRYSON

Evolution? What're you talkin' about?

DONNA

Population control. I mean, gay men can still have sex with women. They can reproduce if they want, they're just less likely to. And some won't at all. So… fewer babies. You've evolved. You're ahead of the curve.

BRYSON

Right. And what about you?

DONNA

What about me, what?

BRYSON

You think you'll always be a total dweeb?

(Donna punches him lightly.)

PERUSAL

DONNA

Bite me.

BRYSON

I'm kiddin'.

DONNA

It's true, though.

BRYSON

No, it's not. Donna, I'm sorry. I didn't mean it.

DONNA

No, it's fine. I'm not upset. I was just thinkin'. Closest thing I've ever had to a boyfriend was Ted Caskey. And that's only because he accidentally put my retainer in his mouth on that one band trip.

BRYSON

Ack. I remember that. So gross.

DONNA

The fact that he didn't spit it out and rinse his mouth with bleach but instead just smiled and handed it back to me… Well, that gave me a tiny bit of hope. My first almost, sort of kiss.

BRYSON

He caught me starin' at his pubes once.

DONNA

He did not!

BRYSON

Yeah. He thought I was lookin' at his dick.

DONNA

Really? Did he say anything?

BRYSON

Yeah. "You starin' at my dick, Bryson?"

DONNA

And what'd you say?

PERUSAL

BRYSON

I panicked. So, I blurted out, "No. I'm lookin' at your freakish pubes. Maybe you should go dry off somewhere else."

DONNA

And that worked?

BRYSON

Yep. He grabbed his stuff and he left. Never said a word after.

DONNA

Wow. Were you lookin' at his dick, Bryson?

BRYSON

How could I not? It's huge.

DONNA

Bryson!

(He gestures exaggeratedly. She swats him, laughing.)

Stop it! You're such a pig!

(She punches Bryson playfully.)

BRYSON

Quit hittin' me.

(He nudges her back. They laugh.)

DONNA

You know what's sad? Or maybe it's not sad… I don't know.

BRYSON

What?

DONNA

Sometimes I feel like I'm never gonna meet the right guy. Or fall in love. It doesn't crush me. It's just… there. Like something I'll have to get used to.

(This lands with Bryson.)

We should go for a swim. Before it gets too dark.

PERUSAL

(Donna strips down to her bathing suit and heads toward the water without waiting for Bryson.)

BRYSON

Hey!

DONNA

You comin'?

BRYSON

What do you know about the Pacheco twins?

DONNA

The Pacheco twins?

BRYSON

Tina and Rose. My mom said they drowned out here.

DONNA

Yeah, I heard about that. It was a long while back. They said it was an accident, but a lot of people don't buy that.

BRYSON

Really?

DONNA

Well, there was this story goin' around that they weren't alone out here. Supposedly there was a boy with 'em. The police found some clothes near a tree, mostly girls' stuff, but there was a tube sock and a pair of boy's underwear mixed in.

BRYSON

Geez.

DONNA

There's all kinds of weird stories about this place. People disappearin'. Way back, they say folks used to come out here. For these rituals. Folk magic stuff. Warlocks, hexenmeisters I think they called 'em. They'd sit people in these chairs, chant, dance around 'em. Tryin' to heal 'em or drive something out of 'em. And some people think that whatever they stirred up is still out here. Just floatin' around. Lookin' for somewhere to land.

(Silence. Bryson is mesmerized.)

Bwahahahaha!

PERUSAL

BRYSON

(Startled.)

Jesus, Donna. What the hell? You're so stupid.

(Johnny calls from off.)

JOHNNY

Bryson!

(He stumbles in, breathing hard, face bloodied.)

Oh. There you are.

BRYSON

Johnny, what're you doin' here? What happened to your face?

JOHNNY

Fisher punched me.

BRYSON

What? Why?

JOHNNY

He's a little peeved I saw the two of you messin' around on my bedroom floor.

DONNA

Bryson–

BRYSON

You were there?

JOHNNY

He came by lookin' for you.

BRYSON

And you told him you saw us?

JOHNNY

Yeah.

BRYSON

Why?

PERUSAL

JOHNNY

I was bored.

DONNA

(To Bryson.)

What happened / with you and Fisher?

BRYSON

/ Bored? You were bored? Are you out of your / mind?

DONNA

/ What does he mean you two / were messin' around?

BRYSON

/ How did you even get here?

JOHNNY

Fisher drove me.

BRYSON

He drove you!? Well, where the fuck is he?

(Johnny gestures toward the woods.)

JOHNNY

Oh, he's back there somewhere. When he tried to drag me outta the car, I kicked him square in the nads. He's a little winded. I didn't break his legs or gouge his eyes out or nothin'. So, he can't be far.

FISHER

(Off, shouting.)

Johnny! I'm gonna find you, dude! And when I do, I'm gonna fuck you up! You hear me!?

(He cries out in pain.)

JOHNNY

That'd be him now.

(End of Scene.)

PERUSAL

SCENE 8

1982. Dusk. Nearly concurrent with the previous scene. Gene's Place/Lounge. Downtown Pittsburgh.

(JOE (47) sits on a stool, singing a song and playing guitar. Applause. The song is RAIN ON. Music and lyrics available on pages 107 – 114).

JOE

Thank you. Much appreciated. I'm gonna take about fifteen, grab myself a beer or two, maybe have a smoke. You all should do the same. But don't wander too far; we got plenty more music comin' your way.

(He steps offstage into a small dressing room. He takes a pull from a beer, studies himself in the mirror, runs a hand through his grizzled hair. He lights a half-smoked joint. A knock. He takes a quick drag, stubs it out, waves away the smoke, and opens the door. CARLY (45) stands there.)

Hey, baby.

CARLY

(Tipsy.)

Hi, Joe.

JOE

What're you doin' here?

CARLY

Came to hear you sing. It's been a while.

JOE

(Skeptical.)

Yeah, it has. You alright?

CARLY

'Course, I'm alright. I just… well, it feels like we hardly see each other anymore. Even when you're home. And… I needed to get out of the house.

JOE

Okay.

(Carly snickers.)

What? What's so funny?

PERUSAL

CARLY

Nothin'. Just… I saw that Eddy's still working the front door, wearing that same beat-up Eagles t-shirt from who knows when. His hair's hanging on by a thread, but he's still got it tied back like he thinks he's fooling somebody. Then there's Stan Davies… he spots me, lets one rip, and damn near launches himself off his stool. Oh, and Georgio Gulotta managed to dump a whole pitcher of beer on his poor wife. I swear that woman's always pregnant, and she's gotta be at least my age by now.

(She moves in close, playful, a little too much.)

Place went dead quiet when I walked in. Probably think I'll bring the whole place down on top of 'em.

JOE

Oh, come on now, Carly. You're layin' it on a little thick, don't you think?

(Carly pulls back.)

CARLY

You're disappointed I came.

JOE

I'm just a little surprised, is all.

(He softens, gestures her in.)

Come here.

(She hesitates, then steps in. They kiss. Familiar, warm, though infrequent.)

You been drinkin'?

CARLY

You askin' as a man who smells like beer and weed?

JOE

Fair enough.

(They kiss again. She leans in, a little more insistent.)

CARLY

I caught the end of your set. I love that song, Joe.

PERUSAL

JOE

Yeah. What's it been? Twenty-five years? You'd think folks'd be sick of it by now. I know I am.

CARLY

It's a beautiful song. And your voice. It gets better with age.

(She starts to undo his shirt.)

JOE

Hey.

CARLY

I mean it, Joe.

JOE

Alright, that's enough.

(He gently pulls away. A shift.)

CARLY

Anyway… it's always been my favorite. I still have the record. The one Lolly bought for me.

JOE

What're you talkin' about? Why would Lolly have to buy you–

CARLY

Which reminds me. I've been lookin' all over the house for that picture of her. You know the one. Of her in that lavender satin cocktail dress with the cream-colored polka dots.

JOE

I don't remember any dress like that.

CARLY

'Course you do. She wore it the night you two met.

JOE

I met you and your sisters over at the roller rink. And none of you were wearin' anything like that.

(An awkward beat.)

PERUSAL

CARLY

Right. Well, it doesn't matter anyway. My point is–

JOE

Wait, wait. Hold on a second. Marty, my buddy from Denver, he came through the Tulagi one night with a woman. Long time ago. Said she was a fan. Shit, I can't remember her / name.

CARLY

/ I was wrong about the / dress.

JOE

/ No. The dress. That's what's stickin'. I don't remember her face, but I remember a / dress.

CARLY

/ I'm sure it was just a / coincidence.

JOE

/ Like the one you were just talkin' about.

CARLY

(Quietly, with a wave of her hand.)

Forget about it, Joe.

(A faint gust. Joe's head dips slightly, then steadies, locking eyes with her.)

My point is… I had three boxes of Lolly's things stored in the attic. And tonight… They were gone. So where are they?

JOE

We got rid of all that stuff a long time ago. Sold most of it. Donated what was left.

CARLY

When?

JOE

About nine years ago, I guess.

CARLY

I never agreed to that.

PERUSAL

JOE

Well, it's done.

CARLY

You said "we," Joe. You and who else?

JOE

(Quietly exasperated.)

Oh, for Christ's sake, Carly. Why can't you just leave it alone?

CARLY

You and who else?

JOE

Me and Shirley.

CARLY

You and Shirley?

JOE

We knew you'd never agree to it. So, I had the boys help me load up the van, and we brought everything over to her place.

CARLY

There were things I would've kept, Joe. Remembrances of her.

JOE

I'm sorry. And that's not all. Maybe you should sit down?

CARLY

I'll stand.

JOE

We had to wait five years after she disappeared before we could file.

CARLY

File? File what?

JOE

A petition. To have her declared dead.

PERUSAL

CARLY

No.

JOE

We waited seven years, Carly.

CARLY

Why would you do that?

JOE

Lolly's will.

CARLY

Her will? What does that have to do with anything?

JOE

Once the state declares someone dead, their stuff get divided among the, whatta you call 'em, the beneficiaries.

CARLY

You did all of this? You and Shirley? You made all these decisions and didn't think to include me?

JOE

We thought it was best.

CARLY

Fuck you.

JOE

Carly–

CARLY

Fuck both of you.

JOE

We were desperate. We needed the money.

CARLY

For what? What was so important you had to kill my sister off for it?

PERUSAL

JOE

Oh, come on. We didn't kill Lolly. And it wasn't exactly pocket change; it got us caught up on our mortgage.

CARLY

Our mortgage? I made that payment every month, Joe.

JOE

You made partial payments. What was goin' on, Carly? Either you were burnin' through money on God knows what, or we just didn't have enough comin' in. Either way, you kept it from me. And we damn near lost the house.

CARLY

It's not what you think.

JOE

Then what is it?

CARLY

You have to trust me. I was doin' what I had to. For us. For this family.

(Joe decides to let it go.)

JOE

Somethin's off.

CARLY

What do you mean?

JOE

You showin' up here. You never come here. And now this Lolly business. I thought we didn't talk about her.

CARLY

She's been on my mind.

JOE

Somethin' had to bring it on.

(A rotary phone rings. Joe crosses and answers.)

I'll be out in a minute, Eddy… What…? Slow down. What're you talkin' about…? Who's out there…? She said what…? Jesus Christ… Okay… Yeah. Yeah. We're comin' now.

PERUSAL

(He hangs up.)

CARLY

What's wrong?

JOE

Angie Benedetti's out front.

CARLY

Angie?

JOE

Gino's mom.

CARLY

I know who she is, Joe. Why is she here?

JOE

She says she saw that Fisher kid tearin' down the street with Johnny in the passenger seat. Took out her mailbox on the way.

CARLY

When?

JOE

What the hell's Fisher doin' with Johnny?

CARLY

I have no idea.

JOE

I swear to Christ if he lays a hand on my boy… I swear I will break his fuckin' neck.

CARLY

Joe–

JOE

Call Bryson. Tell him to stay inside and lock the doors.

(He moves to go.)

PERUSAL

CARLY

Joe. Joe!

JOE

What?

CARLY

Bryson's not home.

JOE

What do you mean he's not home? Where is he?

CARLY

I told him not to go.

JOE

Where is he?

CARLY

With Donna. At Flat Rock.

JOE

Jesus Christ. What the hell were you thinkin'? Why would you let him go down there?

CARLY

He's sixteen, Joe.

JOE

And that makes him invincible? Alright. Listen. You get in your car, go to Flat Rock. Find Bryson and Donna and bring 'em straight home. I'm takin' the bike; I'll find Johnny.

CARLY

I'm callin' the police.

JOE

And say what? That your sixteen-year-old's out swimmin' with a girl and your twenty-three-year-old's out ridin' around with some punk? It's a waste of time. Let's go.

(End of scene.)

PERUSAL

SCENE 9

1982. Night. Nearly concurrent with the previous scene. Flat Rock.

(The area is deserted. Only Bryson and Donna's belongings remain. A blinding white light floods the stage, then snaps out. Darkness. DONNA (16) appears and calls out.)

DONNA

Bryson! Bryson!

(JOHNNY (23) enters from the darkness.)

JOHNNY

I think he's dead. I think they're both dead.

DONNA

Just shut up, Johnny.

(Calling out again.)

Bryson!

JOHNNY

What was that?

DONNA

What?

JOHNNY

That light.

DONNA

(Short.)

I don't know.

(Calling again.)

Bryson!

JOHNNY

I saw a woman–

PERUSAL

DONNA

Can you please just shut up?

(BRYSON (16) emerges from the water.)

Oh, my / God.

JOHNNY

Holy / crap.

DONNA

/ Bryson!

(Donna helps Bryson on to the rock.)

Look at me. Bryson, look at me. Are you okay?

BRYSON

Yeah. Yeah, I'm okay. Where's Fisher?

JOHNNY

Fisher sleeps with the fishes.

BRYSON

No. No. We have to find him.

JOHNNY

Do we?

BRYSON

He's an asshole. Okay? But we can't just leave him out here.

DONNA

I hate to agree with your brother, but I think he's gone.

BRYSON

Maybe he ran off.

DONNA

You both went in. You're the only one who came out.

JOHNNY

Maybe if Fisher came out sooner, we wouldn't be in this mess.

PERUSAL

DONNA

(To Johnny.)

Please get away from me.

(He steps back. Headlights sweep across the stage.)

JOHNNY

Looks like we've got company.

DONNA

Crap. Okay, well, don't panic. We didn't do anything wrong. Still… grab your stuff. Let's go.

(They start gathering their things.)

CARLY

(Off.)

Bryson! Donna!

JOHNNY

That's mom.

(Calling out.)

We're over here!

DONNA

You idiot.

CARLY

(Off.)

Johnny?

JOHNNY

Yeah! Over here!

CARLY

(Off.)

Don't move!

DONNA

My car's this way. Come on.

PERUSAL

(She starts off.)

BRYSON

Donna, wait. We have to tell someone.

DONNA

Your mom's gonna lose it.

BRYSON

Someone's dead. "Lose it" doesn't even cover it.

(CARLY (45) enters. She's frantic as she grabs Bryson and Johnny.)

CARLY

Bryson! Johnny! Are you both okay?

(To Johnny.)

What happened to your face?

JOHNNY

I'm recoverin' from a nose job.

CARLY

Fisher did this?

(Johnny nods.)

Jesus.

(To Donna.)

You alright?

DONNA

I'm fine.

CARLY

(To Bryson.)

And you?

BRYSON

I'm okay.

PERUSAL

CARLY

Good. Because I'm about to kill all three of you.

JOHNNY

I think one death's enough for today.

DONNA

Johnny!

CARLY

(To Johnny.)

What did you say?

DONNA

I'm gonna go.

(She moves.)

CARLY

Donna Pagnotto! Not another inch.

(Donna freezes. To all.)

What's goin' on? What happened?

BRYSON

It was an accident.

CARLY

What was? Where's Fisher? Johnny, where's Fisher?

JOHNNY

He's dead.

CARLY

What do you mean, dead? How?

(To Bryson.)

What happened?

BRYSON

I don't know. He came at me… we fought … and then we both went in the water.

PERUSAL

DONNA

They were under a long time.

CARLY

(Composing herself.)

Okay. Alright. So, uh… Here's what we're gonna do. All three of you are gettin' in the car with me–

DONNA

But my car–

CARLY

All three of you.

(To Donna.)

We'll come back for it.

(To all.)

And we're goin' straight to the police station.

DONNA

But Mrs.–

CARLY

Enough. I'll call your parents when we get there.

BRYSON

Can't we leave Donna out of it?

CARLY

I told you not to come here. I told you it wasn't safe.

JOHNNY

Mom...

CARLY

(Sharply.)

What!?

PERUSAL

JOHNNY

Aunt Lolly was here.

(A low wind begins. Distant thunder.)

CARLY

Not now, Johnny.

JOHNNY

I'm serious. I saw her. By the trees. Actually, above 'em.

DONNA

I saw somethin' too. A flash of light. And she was just… there. Hoverin'. Then she was gone.

CARLY

Bryson?

BRYSON

I didn't see anything.

CARLY

Okay. That stays between us.

(Donna and Bryson nod.)

Not a word to the police.

(Pointedly to Johnny.)

Do you understand?

JOHNNY

So, we pretend it didn't happen?

CARLY

Exactly.

JOHNNY

I'm pretty good at pretendin'.

CARLY

Normally not one of your better traits.

(Looking to the sky.)

PERUSAL

Come on. Rain's comin' through.

(Thunder rolls. Wind rises as they move off. A flash of lightning. Lolly appears, silhouetted, suspended, or half-seen. Rain begins to pour. End of Act 1.)

PERUSAL

ACT 2

SCENE 1

1959. Evening. Backstage at the Tulagi. Joe Rekowski's dressing room.

(LOLLY (27) appears in the doorway wearing the lavender satin dress, cream polka dots. She surveys the room, then moves to Joe's dressing table. She picks up a comb, the same from Act 1, Scene 1, wraps it in a handkerchief and slips it into her purse. She crosses to a jacket, searches it, and finds a photo, the same from Act 1, Scene 1. She studies it, then pockets it. She notices an unfinished drink, lifts it, and smells it. It's strong. JOE (27) enters.)

JOE

Can I help you?

LOLLY

Oh for– You, uh… you startled me.

JOE

Bar's out front. But 'course you're welcome to my whiskey. It's the cheap stuff, though. Burns like hell goin' down.

LOLLY

Thank you, but I don't drink.

JOE

No? Then what? You just go around sniffin' other people's liquor?

LOLLY

Looks that way, doesn't it? I'm sorry. I shouldn't have been snoopin'.

JOE

No harm done. I've got nothin' to hide.

(An awkward beat. She still holds the drink.)

LOLLY

This must be yours.

(Joe takes it.)

PERUSAL

JOE

And you must be…

LOLLY

Oh! Right. I'm with Marty. He said it'd be alright if I came backstage.

JOE

Oh, yeah. He mentioned he a lady friend with him tonight. Looks like he left you to fend for yourself, though. You know there's some real shady characters wanderin' around back here.

LOLLY

I manage just fine.

JOE

Marty included.

LOLLY

I can handle Marty.

JOE

I bet you can.

(He studies her. She holds his gaze.)

You know, it's not every day a woman like you shows up with a guy like Marty Gershowitz. Usually, his dates are cradlin' a Schlitz and smellin' like a pack of Winstons. And they certainly don't dress like that.

LOLLY

I suppose there's a compliment in there somewhere.

JOE

There is. So… what brings you all the way out to Boulder?

LOLLY

I came to hear you sing.

(Joe laughs, surprised.)

What's funny about that?

JOE

Sorry. Yeah, it's just… hard to believe, I guess. You're from Pittsburgh, right?

PERUSAL

LOLLY

Thereabouts.

JOE

And you came all the way to Colorado just for me?

LOLLY

I did.

JOE

I'm just the openin' act. Local folks aren't even here for me. They're here to see the Astronauts.

LOLLY

I think you underestimate the power of your music, Mr. Rekowski.

JOE

Please. Joe.

LOLLY

Joe.

JOE

You're serious?

LOLLY

I am.

JOE

Listen, I don't know what to say. People seem to like my songs, I guess. I mean, I just keep writin' 'em and then I just hope for the best.

LOLLY

You're sellin' yourself short.

JOE

I appreciate it. I do. I just… I try not to get ahead of myself. You know? No expectations. Just take things as they come.

LOLLY

That sounds… peaceful.

PERUSAL

JOE

Sometimes.

LOLLY

Well, I guess I should get back to Marty.

JOE

He's probably half in the bag by now.

LOLLY

Then I doubt he'll miss me if I just slip away without him.

JOE

You could stay here if you like. I've got time before the encore.

LOLLY

It was nice to meet you.

(Lolly extends her hand. He takes it and holds it.)

JOE

Likewise. Though I didn't catch your name.

(He places his other hand over hers. She notices his wedding band.)

Oh. Uh…Vera.

LOLLY

Vera?

JOE

My wife.

LOLLY

Are you a good man, Joe?

JOE

I try to be.

LOLLY

Most don't even try. So, there may be hope for you yet. Vera's a pretty name.

PERUSAL

JOE

Pretty name for a pretty lady. I've got a picture–

(He moves toward his jacket.)

LOLLY

No. I've taken enough of your time. I should go.

JOE

I'll walk you out.

LOLLY

No need. I can find my way.

(She starts off and then turns back.)

Oh. One more thing, Joe…

JOE

OH, yeah? What's that?

(She moves towards him with a sweeping motion.)

LOLLY

Hear this spell, for when I'm done, your mind made clear, forget I've come. The time we've spent, be put on pause, and all return to what it was.

(A gust of wind. Joe stumbles back, then turns and steadies himself at his dressing table. He lifts his head, looking into the mirror. He turns, sensing someone might be in the room, but Lolly is gone. End of scene.)

SCENE 2

1982. Late night/early morning. A short time after Act 1, Scene 9. A police station.

(CARLY (45) is seated. LYDIA (44) now a police officer stands quietly nearby.)

CARLY

Looks like the rain might hold off. That was some downpour earlier, huh?

(Lydia says nothing.)

Listen, I appreciate you takin' the time, Lydia, but I'm not sure I've got anything to offer.

PERUSAL

LYDIA

I'm here because you can't control your damn kids.

CARLY

Fair enough.

LYDIA

I don't like you, Carly Rekowski.

CARLY

I know. Not many people do.

LYDIA

And for good reason.

CARLY

I never quite understood the animosity, but I'll admit I'm not the easiest person to be around.

LYDIA

You used to be.

CARLY

I don't know what more I can tell you. You've talked to the boys. They know more than I do.

LYDIA

We're still sortin' things out. Haven't found Fisher yet. So, anything you can share with me might make a difference.

CARLY

Right. Well, I'm sorry. I've got nothin'.

LYDIA

Alright then. You're free to go.

CARLY

Lydia–

LYDIA

You can go.

(Carly starts off then turns back.)

PERUSAL

I'm givin' you a chance to get outta here. If you know what's good for you, you'll keep walkin'.

CARLY

I think it's time we made peace.

LYDIA

Oh, is that right?

CARLY

I'd like to know how you've been.

LYDIA

You think now's the time for two of us to catch up on things?

CARLY

No. Probably not.

(She doesn't leave.)

LYDIA

You drive past my place every day. You've seen how I've been. The grass overgrown. Porch fallin' apart. Car's barely holdin' together. And now, thanks to that Fisher kid, the Benedettis' mailbox is lodged in the rotten maple at the end of my driveway. Still divorced. Tina and Rose are still dead, both buried over at Oak Park–

CARLY

Alright. I get it. Your life's a mess.

LYDIA

We caught up now?

(A moment. Carly turns to leave.)

I used to worry my girls would take after me. Not with their looks, they were lucky there, took after their father in that department. Girls like me, though… we had to rely on personality if we wanted to snag a man. And since I had none, and wasn't much to look at, I was desperate to make myself attractive any way I could. So, bein' one of the few girls in high school whose legs were more accommodatin' than a No-Tell Motel, I hit the jackpot. A husband and a set of twins by the time I was eighteen. Ken married me because he had to. Obviously. You'll never understand what it's like… to be in a man's arms and to know, deep down, he'd rather be anywhere else than with you. To feel it in the way he touches you. And hear it in the way he breathes when he's lyin' next to you.

PERUSAL

CARLY

I haven't been a very good neighbor. I'm sorry.

LYDIA

You didn't come to the funeral. I buried my girls. You didn't show up. No flowers. No card. Nothin'.

CARLY

I couldn't face it.

LYDIA

I'm their mother. What do you think that felt like?

CARLY

I lost Lolly out there too.

LYDIA

Oh, I know. Everybody knows how your family cashed in on that.

CARLY

We did not cash in. And I had nothin' to do with it. And at least you got closure.

(Lydia steps closer.)

LYDIA

When you lose your children, you don't get closure.

CARLY

You're right. I'm sorry.

LYDIA

I've been wonderin'… You know what? Forget it.

CARLY

What is it?

LYDIA

Someone used to leave me money for me. Every month. First of the month. Cash in an envelope. Slipped it into my screen door out back. Middle of the night. Always there by mornin'. Part of me wanted to know who it was.

PERUSAL

CARLY

Why?

LYDIA

So, I could tell 'em to go to hell. Because I'm no charity case. I thought about waitin' up for 'em. Try to catch 'em in the act.

CARLY

Why didn't you?

LYDIA

Partly 'cause I was usually passed out drunk by ten, but mostly because I didn't think I wanted to know why they were doin' it.

CARLY

Maybe you were better off not knowing.

LYDIA

But what if the "why" meant somebody was guilty of somethin'? What if it was… hush money of sorts?

CARLY

Hush money? Oh, come on, Lydia–

LYDIA

People think my girls didn't drown by accident. That there was a boy out there with 'em.

CARLY

Yeah, I've heard that.

LYDIA

The coroner told me somethin' I never shared with anyone. Because I was ashamed. And it's why I told Detective Meir to drop the case.

CARLY

I'm sure whatever they were doin' out there was perfectly normal.

LYDIA

Normal? My daughters experimentin' with some delinquent? That's normal?

PERUSAL

CARLY

Listen, I appreciate you tellin' me all this, but it's really not my business.

LYDIA

Or maybe it is. You know, they've come a long way with forensics.

CARLY

I wouldn't know the first thing about that.

LYDIA

DNA. It's kind of like a fingerprint, but more exact.

CARLY

That's fascinatin', Lydia. I'm pretty damn sure I failed those classes.

LYDIA

Yeah, me too. And I failed my girls. I can't bring 'em back. But I can make it right. They've still got the evidence. So, I guess we'll see where things lead.

(Lydia starts off.)

CARLY

You made the right decision, Lydia. To stop that investigation. I hate that you lost your girls, but it was an accident. Nothin' more.

(Lydia is gone. Carly moves into the hallway. Shirley appears.)

Well, where the hell have you been?

SHIRLEY

Oh, I'm sorry. I would've been here sooner, but my broom's in the shop, and I gave my flyin' monkey the night off. I took the bus, Carly. Missed the first one, ended up waitin' in the parkin' lot at that Howard Johnson's across from the station. My eyes ain't what they used to be. So, what of it?

(End of scene.)

SCENE 3

1966. Night. Same day as Act 1, Scene 6. Flat Rock.

(The wind rises. A storm gathers.)

PERUSAL

LOLLY

(Off or voiceover, echoing.)

You're all that's left, Carly. We need this child to carry the line forward. I have a plan. A way to undo what Shirley did.

(LOLLY WEEKES (34) emerges from the water, soaked, and climbs onto the rocks. She clutches the black orb. She's exhausted, breathing hard and unsteady. The wind picks up suddenly, unnatural. Lolly looks up as a blinding light floods the stage. She begins to lift, slow at first, then more abruptly, her body caught by something unseen.)

No!

(Her body jerks upward. The light snaps out. Darkness. She screams, echoing, then fading. Silence. End of scene.)

SCENE 4

1975. A Chasm.

(PRUDENCE (ageless, composed) sits in a wingback chair. JOHNNY (16), soaked and agitated, sits upright on a chaise. The trunk from his bedroom sits open nearby.)

PRUDENCE

Johnny? Johnny, I asked you a question. How old are you?

JOHNNY

(Distracted.)

Twenty-three… No, that ain't right. Sixteen and a half.

PRUDENCE

Thank you.

(She notes it.)

Alright. Shall we begin?

JOHNNY

How much time do we have?

PRUDENCE

Time is immaterial.

PERUSAL

JOHNNY

That's a lie.

PRUDENCE

What matters right now is your recovery. Let's not concern ourselves with time.

JOHNNY

But time is everything. No time – no deadlines. No deadlines – no pressure. No pressure – no goals. To achieve great things, two things are needed: a plan and not quite enough time.

PRUDENCE

Who said that?

JOHNNY

I did. Just now.

PRUDENCE

Look around you, Johnny. Do you see a clock? I'm not wearing a watch. Time doesn't exist here.

JOHNNY

But we're movin'. And we're talkin'. We're headin' somewhere.

PRUDENCE

There's no point debating it. It's just you and me… indefinitely. For now.

JOHNNY

That doesn't make sense.

PRUDENCE

It's permanent for me. Temporary for you.

JOHNNY

So, this ends?

(Indicating them.)

PRUDENCE

For you, yes.

PERUSAL

JOHNNY

Then maybe this ends too?

(Gesturing outward.)

PRUDENCE

What do you mean?

JOHNNY

You don't see it. The ground. It's risin' up around us. Look. We're surrounded by clay and silt and sand and pebble and cobble and boulder. It's all rocketin' skyward. It's cold. Aren't you cold?

PRUDENCE

The earth isn't rising, Johnny. We're falling.

JOHNNY

Fallin'?

PRUDENCE

Into something without end.

JOHNNY

Why?

PRUDENCE

That's yours to answer. Are you ready to move forward?

JOHNNY

I guess.

PRUDENCE

Why do you think you're here?

JOHNNY

No fuckin' idea.

PRUDENCE

Do you remember how you got here?

PERUSAL

JOHNNY

Nope.

PRUDENCE

Think. Just before you arrived. Try to see it clearly.

JOHNNY

That's a lot of pressure, lady.

PRUDENCE

Take your time.

(A moment.)

JOHNNY

I was with a girl. Near the water. Trees all around us. It was late. Too late to be there. Full moon. And she was…

PRUDENCE

Go on.

JOHNNY

No. Wait. That can't be right.

PRUDENCE

What is it?

JOHNNY

A mirror. She was lookin' into a mirror. Admirin' herself, showin' off a little. She pulled the elastic from her hair and let it fall to her shoulders. Then she started fussin' with the hem of her dress, tuggin' it down at first, then liftin' it just enough to show her legs. I saw her ass, her underwear, kind of a Pepto-Bismol pink trimmed in blue. She didn't look at me. Not at first. Just kept watchin' herself in that mirror. And then… she leaned in… and kissed her reflection.

PRUDENCE

Were you aroused?

JOHNNY

I was.

PRUDENCE

And then what happened?

PERUSAL

JOHNNY

Then she turned and looked at me. I figured her reflection would turn the other way, but it didn't. And then, all of a sudden, there were two of 'em standin' there. Both starin' at me. Callin' for me. Sayin' my name.

PRUDENCE

And what did you do?

JOHNNY

I fucked her. Both of her. I was clumsy, but I got the job done.

PRUDENCE

And after that?

JOHNNY

We went for a swim. Splashed around for a while. Then I got tired; headed back to the rocks. There was a flash of light. Then rain. And when I turned around… they were gone.

PRUDENCE

Gone where?

JOHNNY

I don't know. I remember bein' really shaken up about it. And I was pissed off; I don't even know why. Maybe because they left me there. Or maybe because I just imagined I finally got laid and it didn't actually happen. But there was somethin'… violent… about the way they disappeared. I could feel it.

PRUDENCE

How do you mean, you could feel it? In your bones? In every fiber of your being?

JOHNNY

Yeah. All of it.

PRUDENCE

Show me.

(Johnny looks at her, confused.)

Go on. Show me how it felt. The anger, the violence.

(Johnny rises. He stomps only his right foot. Then again. He keeps at it, each stomp heavier than the last, each perhaps underscored by a drum.

PERUSAL

Suddenly, Carly's voice cuts in from off, hollow and echoing in the distance.)

CARLY

Get back here, Johnny. Do you hear me? I asked you a question.

JOHNNY

Shit. I'm in trouble. I gotta go.

(Prudence disappears. Johnny climbs into the trunk. The trunk spins, then slides across the stage into his bedroom.)

SCENE 5

1975. Late night. Continuous from the previous scene. Johnny's bedroom.

(Fresh laundry sits on the bed. Johnny steps out of the trunk. CARLY (38) appears.)

CARLY

Answer me. Where have you been? It's way past your curfew.

JOHNNY

Oh, I know.

CARLY

You're soakin' wet. What happened?

JOHNNY

I don't remember.

CARLY

How can you not remember?

JOHNNY

It's a gift.

CARLY

Dry yourself off and put on some clean clothes. I did laundry this mornin'.

JOHNNY

You got it.

PERUSAL

(Johnny pulls off his shirt.)

CARLY

And don't leave this house again tonight. There's been an accident. Somethin's happened to the Pacheco girls.

JOHNNY

Are they dead?

(A curious beat.)

CARLY

I don't… I don't know. Lydia's on her way over. I'm givin' her a ride to Flat Rock. Where the hell's your other sock?

(Johnny has kicked off his shoes. He is wearing one tube sock.)

JOHNNY

What about Bryson?

CARLY

He's asleep. I need you to keep an eye on him.

JOHNNY

Why me?

CARLY

Because your dad's not here, and I have to go out.

(Johnny awkwardly pulls off the sock.)

If he wakes up, tell him I'll be right back.

JOHNNY

I'm not feedin' him.

CARLY

You don't have to feed him. Just watch him until I get back. Do you understand me?

JOHNNY

I'm not retarded.

PERUSAL

CARLY

I don't like that word. Don't say it again.

JOHNNY

I won't.

CARLY

I'll be back as soon as I can.

JOHNNY

Okay.

(Carly kisses the top of his head and exits. Johnny undoes his pants. They drop to the floor. He is naked. He collapses onto the bed. End of scene.)

SCENE 6

1982. Late night/early morning. Nearly concurrent with Scene 2. The Rekowski living room.

(Rain pours outside. LOLLY (50) appears at the window. She tries the door but it's locked. She steps back, casts a spell. The door unlocks and opens. She enters. The door shuts behind her. JOE (47) appears, beer in hand, joint lit.)

JOE

(Quietly.)

Un-fuckin-believable.

LOLLY

(Startled.)

Oh, for Aradia's sake–

JOE

(Firm, but still quiet.)

No, no, no. None of that Aradia bullshit. You better be a ghost, Lolly Weekes. Because if you're not, I'm gonna make you one.

LOLLY

Okay Joe–

PERUSAL

JOE

You better start talkin'.

LOLLY

There isn't time.

JOE

Then make time. Bend time. You can do that, right?

LOLLY

Where's Carly?

JOE

Where the hell have you been? Do you have any idea the mess you left behind? Everyone thinks you're dead. Hell, as far as the Commonwealth's concerned, you are dead.

LOLLY

Joe, I need to speak with Carly. Where is she?

JOE

I wanna know what the hell's goin' on. We got a kid missin', probably drowned, and both my boys are bein' questioned. And somethin' tells me you're in the middle of it.

LOLLY

Fisher's fine.

JOE

What do you know about Fisher?

LOLLY

He's not dead.

JOE

Then where the hell is he?

LOLLY

That's… complicated.

JOE

You gotta be fuckin' kiddin' me? There's a search party out there right now.

PERUSAL

LOLLY

They won't find him.

JOE

What did you do?

LOLLY

He's safe. Mostly. That's all you need to know.

JOE

No. No, I'm finished.

LOLLY

Finished with what?

JOE

With you. With this. The last twenty-five years. All of it.

LOLLY

You're overreactin'.

JOE

You think I don't know what you've done. You and Shirley? And Carly?

LOLLY

Joe–

JOE

Not another goddam word.

(Lolly goes still.)

You know what? As much as I'd like to pin this all on you… truth is, I was weak from the start. Selfish. A coward. That's why I left Vera. Not because of you, Lolly. Not because of your goddamn voodoo. I was already gone. You just made it easier. All I ever wanted was to be left alone. No commitments. No obligations. A life on my terms. No spotlight. No expectations. Just the music and whoever wanted to listen. That's it.

LOLLY

Joe–

PERUSAL

JOE

You're better off keepin' quiet. So, listen. I'm gettin' my boys, and we're leavin'. We're goin' as far away from all of this as we can, maybe we get somethin' close to a normal life out of it. And if I so much as catch a whiff of you sneakin' around and tryin' to interfere, you're gonna wish you were back wherever the hell you disappeared to. And I'm not playin'.

(A car horn sounds. Joe moves to the window.)

They're home.

(He grabs an umbrella, maybe two, and heads for the door. Lolly sinks into a chair. End of scene)

SCENE 7

1982. Nearly continuous from the previous scene. Bryson's bedroom. Middle of the night.

(BRYSON (16) sits alone, headphones on. DONNA (16) climbs through the window.)

BRYSON

Jesus, Donna. What're you doin' here? It's two in the mornin'.

DONNA

I was worried about you.

BRYSON

Your parents are gonna kill you.

DONNA

My mom told me to come.

BRYSON

You know, besides you and me, nobody likes your parents.

DONNA

What? Why?

BRYSON

Because they're perfect.

DONNA

Oh, come on. That's bogus. Everybody loves my parents.

PERUSAL

BRYSON

Other kids call you “well-adjusted” behind your back.

DONNA

Well, that’s a little harsh.

(She moves toward the door.)

BRYSON

Where do you think you’re goin’?

DONNA

I wanna know what’s goin’ on. How’re we supposed to hear anything with the door closed?

BRYSON

I’m not sure I wanna hear. Besides, it’s been quiet for a while now.

DONNA

And your aunt Lolly’s down there?

BRYSON

Yeah, she’s back.

DONNA

And how are you dealin’ with that?

BRYSON

I don’t know. She’s been gone a long time. I’ve never met her.

DONNA

She’s still family, Bryson. You have to feel somethin’.

BRYSON

I feel... indifferent.

DONNA

Oh, come on. That’s not possible.

PERUSAL

BRYSON

How's it not possible? I mean, at some point, somebody needed a word for feelin' somewhere in the middle about somethin'. And that word turned out to be "indifferent." And that's where I'm at right now.

(A raw moment.)

DONNA

Bryson–

BRYSON

I'm tired of bein' scared all the time. Tired of feelin' like I gotta explain myself to everybody. Like I owe people an apology just for bein' who I am. And yeah, I hate my mom sometimes. Like, really hate her. Maybe my dad's the good guy. Maybe he's not. Doesn't matter. We got nothin' in common. The only reason I need him around is 'cause sometimes he makes me feel safe. So, Aunt Lolly's back. So what? She can't protect me. She couldn't even protect herself.

DONNA

Bryson, listen–

BRYSON

You're my family, Donna. When I'm with you, I'm not afraid. Of anything. Even when you're not around, when things gets bad, I just remind myself you exist. That you're in my life.

DONNA

You're a dickweed. And I love you.

BRYSON

Well, I'm into guys, so…

(They hug.)

DONNA

You need to promise me somethin'.

BRYSON

Okay.

DONNA

My dad's got an apartment in the East Village for work. That's where I'll be stayin' when I go to New York next year–

PERUSAL

BRYSON

And you want me to be your pimp.

DONNA

What? No! God. You're an idiot. No, I was thinkin'… Since I'll be startin' at NYU in the fall… maybe you could come. Live with me.

(JOHNNY (23) enters.)

JOHNNY

Pack a bag. Make it a big one.

BRYSON

What? Johnny, what're you doin'? What're you talkin' about?

JOHNNY

Dad says one bag each. So, grab the biggest one you've got.

BRYSON

Why?

JOHNNY

We're leavin'. You, me, and Dad. Not Donna. Donna stays.

BRYSON

What do you mean? What about mom?

JOHNNY

Nope. No girls. Just the boys.

(He starts off.)

BRYSON

Johnny–

JOHNNY

What? We gotta go.

BRYSON

Wait. The other day, you said you saw me and Fisher messin' around, right?

PERUSAL

JOHNNY

Yeah? So?

BRYSON

How?

JOHNNY

With my two eyes, that's how.

BRYSON

You had to be hidin' somewhere.

JOHNNY

So? It's my room.

BRYSON

Where were you hidin'?

JOHNNY

In the trunk.

BRYSON

The trunk?

JOHNNY

Isn't that what I just said?

BRYSON

It was latched, Johnny.

JOHNNY

So?

BRYSON

So, how'd you get in? And latch it? That's impossible.

JOHNNY

Nothin's impossible, Bryson. Some things are just less likely than others.

(Bryson and Donna exchange a look.)

Come on! Let's go!

PERUSAL

(Johnny exits. Bryson and Donna follow. End of scene.)

SCENE 8

1982. Middle of the night. Same evening as the previous scene. The Rekowski living room.

(LOLLY (50), CARLY (45), and SHIRLEY (54) are present.)

CARLY

(Calling after Joe who has just exited.)

Joe. Joe!

SHIRLEY

Let him go, Carly. He needs time to cool off.

LOLLY

I'm not goin' back to Flat Rock.

CARLY

What other choice do we have? We gotta get Fisher back. We can't leave him out there.

LOLLY

Why not?

CARLY

Because he's a kid. And the police are lookin' for him.

LOLLY

He attacked your boys, Carly. He nearly killed Bryson.

SHIRLEY

I told you to leave things alone, Lolly.

LOLLY

And you. You're the reason I've been gone for sixteen years. Sixteen years, Shirley.

SHIRLEY

I warned you not to interfere with my spell.

LOLLY

So, my punishment was expulsion?

PERUSAL

SHIRLEY

Your punishment was, and has always been, your ineptitude.

CARLY

Shirley, please–

SHIRLEY

Don't defend her. And grow a backbone, for Aradia's sake.

CARLY

What have I done?

SHIRLEY

It's what you haven't done. You haven't stopped blamin' everyone else for your problems, and you certainly haven't taken control of your life.

CARLY

How was I supposed to with the two of you interferin' every step of the way? You know what? Never mind. I get it now. I should've told you both to fuck off a long time ago.

SHIRLEY

Language, Carly.

CARLY/LOLLY

Screw you, Shirley!

SHIRLEY

Good. Now we're all finally on the same page.

LOLLY

No, we're not. I'm not goin' back there. The only way to get Fisher back is if someone takes his place. And I'm sorry, but it won't be me.

CARLY

Then who?

SHIRLEY

Enough. Now, listen. I may have a spell.

CARLY

Oh, no. No, no, no–

PERUSAL

SHIRLEY

A spell that might bring him back. No guarantees. But I need somethin' of his. Somethin' personal. Anything he's had meaningful contact with.

LOLLY

And how exactly are we supposed to get that?

(BRYSON (16) and DONNA (16) enter. Bryson carries a duffle.)

BRYSON

What about me?

CARLY

Bryson, what're you doin'? Why do you have a bag? And why is Donna here?

SHIRLEY

Are we doin' magic or playin' Twenty Questions?

DONNA

Magic? Oh my God. We're doin' magic? Awesome!

CARLY

Not you, Donna.

DONNA

Please don't make me beg, Mrs. Rekowski. You think I'm obnoxious now, just wait.

CARLY

Donna–

DONNA

Can I at least watch? I won't get in the way, I swear.

CARLY

No. I don't think it's– You know what. Fuck it. Just… just stand clear.

(Donna squeals, retreats.)

LOLLY

Bryson, do you have somethin' of Fisher's?

PERUSAL

BRYSON

Yeah.

SHIRLEY

Then hand it over.

BRYSON

It's me. You can use me. You said somethin' he's had meaningful contact with. So… that's me.

(A charged silence.)

CARLY

(Overwhelmed, soft.)

You are my beautiful boy, Bryson. And I love you. No matter what. You know that, right?

(Composing herself.)

Okay. Let's do this. Shirley, what do you need?

SHIRLEY

(To Carly and Lolly).

Stand on either side of me. Face in.

(They do so. To Bryson.)

You… in the center here.

(Bryson drops his bag, steps in. To Carly and Lolly.)

Give me your hands. And your other hands on Bryson.

(They comply. The wind begins to rise as Shirley speaks.)

Keepers of what disappears, hear me now, prick up your ears. Find for us who we now seek, by Moon, Sun, Wind, Fire, Earth, and Sea. Bound and binding, binding bound, heed our plight, we've run aground. What was lost, now be found, bound and binding, binding bound. The spell is cast between the worlds, beyond the bounds of time and space. Keepers of what disappears, let who we seek come to this / place.

(JOE (47) bursts in, carrying a bag. JOHNNY (23) follows, dragging his trunk.)

JOE

/ This has to stop!

(An abrupt shift in the atmosphere.)

PERUSAL

No more! Do you hear me?

CARLY

Why are the boys packed, Joe?

JOE

We're gettin' outta here?

CARLY

You can't just take 'em and leave.

JOE

Watch me.

(To Bryson.)

Get your bag.

(Bryson grabs it. To Johnny.)

Let's go. Now!

(Johnny starts dragging his trunk.)

CARLY

Thirty and a day, Shirley. What happened to thirty and a day?

SHIRLEY

I've told you, magic isn't an exact science.

(Joe reaches the door and swings it open. LYDIA (44) enters.)

JOE

Oh, for fuck's sake.

LYDIA

And a howdy-do to you.

JOE

What're you doin' here, Lydia?

LYDIA

Looks like I'm interruptin' a campin' trip.

PERUSAL

CARLY

(To Lydia.)

What do you want?

(Lydia spots Lolly. A long, charged silence.)

LYDIA

I didn't want to believe it, but there she is. Lolly Weekes. In the flesh.

SHIRLEY

You're drunk, Lydia. You're seein' things.

LYDIA

I ain't drunk, Shirley. Though I damn sure wish I was.

CARLY

Lydia, please. Go. Mind your own damn business.

LYDIA

Alright. Listen close. Detective Meir's comin' for Johnny first thing tomorrow. So, I suggest you all stay put. Runnin' won't do you any good.

(To Donna.)

And you. If you've got any sense, you'll get as far away from these dickheads as possible.

(To Lolly.)

And you. You shoulda stayed dead.

(Lydia exits. Joe calls after her.)

JOE

They're comin' for Johnny? For what? Lydia! What'd he do?

(She's gone. Joe turns back.)

What'd you do, Johnny?

JOHNNY

They think I killed Tina and Rose.

JOE

Did you?

PERUSAL

JOHNNY

I can't remember.

JOE

That's it. Get in the van. Bryson, Johnny… move.

(To Donna.)

You too. I'm droppin' you at home. Go!

(Bryson and Donna head out.)

CARLY

Bryson–

(She reaches for him. He barely responds. They exit.)

Joe, wait–

JOE

I've heard enough.

CARLY

Johnny stays here. With me.

JOE

Get in the van, Johnny. I'm not sayin' it again.

(Johnny struggles with the trunk.)

JOHNNY

I may have over packed.

JOE

Jesus Christ–

(Joe grabs the trunk and hauls it out the door. As soon as he clears the threshold, the door shuts and locks on its own. Johnny is still inside.)

CARLY

Shirley?

SHIRLEY

I didn't do it. I thought you did it.

PERUSAL

(Joe pounds on the door.)

JOE

Carly! Carly, open the door!

(Banging.)

Open this fuckin' door now!

(Lolly steps forward with a sweeping motion.)

LOLLY

To a different place, I now refer. At the look of my face, you now deter. Whether day or night, dark or light, I dismiss you swiftly from my sight.

(A gust of wind. Joe goes silent, then is yanked out of view by an unseen force. Carly rushes to the door.)

CARLY

Lolly, what have you done!?

(Calling out.)

Joe! Joe!

LOLLY

Carly. Carly, look at me!

(Carly turns.)

They're on their way…

(Sound of a car starting, shifting, speeding off.)

And no one's been hurt.

SHIRLEY

Well. I have to say, Lolly, I am impressed. Nicely done.

(Carly crosses to Johnny.)

CARLY

Are you okay?

JOHNNY

I would be, except dad just made off with a lot of my good shit.

PERUSAL

CARLY

(To Johnny.)

Listen to me. I don't know what the police know, and it doesn't matter right now. You and I are goin' back to the station tonight.

LOLLY

Carly–

CARLY

Tonight. We're not waitin' until mornin'.

LOLLY

I have another idea.

CARLY

And you're gonna turn yourself in. Do you understand me?

LOLLY

Carly–

CARLY

I'm not interested in what you have to say, Lolly!

LOLLY

He doesn't have to turn himself in.

CARLY

It's like I'm screamin' into the abyss with you!

SHIRLEY

Carly! Let's hear her out.

LOLLY

Thank you.

SHIRLEY

The floor's yours. Make it quick.

PERUSAL

LOLLY

It's simple, really. We've got two problems: Fisher is one, and Johnny's the other. And I think we can solve both by usin' one to fix the other.

SHIRLEY

She's right. That is simple.

CARLY

What are you sayin', Lolly?

JOHNNY

She wants me to take Fisher's place.

CARLY

What? No. Absolutely not.

JOHNNY

Why not? Jail sounds fine, I guess. But spendin' the rest of my life hangin' out in nirvana, no rules, no consequences… Sounds pretty rad to me.

CARLY

I hardly think it's nirvana, Johnny.

JOHNNY

Not for Aunt Lolly. Maybe for me.

CARLY

It doesn't matter. You're not goin'. That's final.

JOHNNY

You remember when Mike Davies fell outta his granddad's speedboat?

CARLY

Not now, Johnny–

JOHNNY

Wouldn't have been so bad, except it was sittin' in the driveway at the time. Knocked his head. Broke his arm. Out cold for like five minutes.

CARLY

Johnny–

PERUSAL

JOHNNY

Everyone said it was an accident, but it wasn't.

CARLY

What do you mean?

JOHNNY

Mike Davies was a douchebag. Nobody liked him. Always braggin' about money, their lake house, that stupid boat… I was walkin' by when it happened. Saw him climb in. He was in a hurry, there were three kids chasin' after him. Then his granddad comes out with a rifle, fires a shot into the air, and scares 'em all off. Tells Mike to get his ass outta the boat.

CARLY

And what'd you do?

JOHNNY

I picked up a rock. Just rollin' it in my hand. His granddad goes inside. Mike starts climbin' out. Our eyes meet. And then he falls. Straight back onto the gravel. There was a lot of blood.

(As he speaks, Shirley and Lolly move into position, taking hands.)

CARLY

You didn't hurt him.

JOHNNY

I willed him to fall.

CARLY

You didn't.

JOHNNY

I wanted him dead.

CARLY

That doesn't mean you had anything to do with it.

JOHNNY

I think bad thoughts all the time, mom.

CARLY

We all do.

PERUSAL

JOHNNY

I'm afraid I might hurt someone. Or maybe I already have.

CARLY

That's not possible.

JOHNNY

You willin' to take that chance? 'Cause I'm not.

(Shirley reaches for Carly's hand to complete the circle. End of scene.)

SCENE 9

1982. Two days later. Police station.

(FISHER (17) sits at a table. He's dirty, disheveled, still in the same clothes from the day he disappeared. LYDIA (44) enters with a soda and sets it down.)

LYDIA

Here you go, Fisher.

(He eyes the soda, then her.)

We'll have a doctor come in to make sure you're alright, that you haven't been hurt.

FISHER

Okay.

LYDIA

And we're tryin' to get in touch with your uncle.

FISHER

Good fuckin' luck with that.

LYDIA

In the meantime, I'll make sure you've got somewhere to stay tonight. I know someone who might be willin' to take you in. At least until we figure out next steps.

FISHER

Whatever.

(He cracks the soda, drinks.)

PERUSAL

LYDIA

I need to ask you some questions.

FISHER

Am I under arrest?

LYDIA

No. You've been missin' for almost two days. Can you tell me where you've been?

FISHER

Someplace you can't hide from the truth.

LYDIA

I need to know if someone took you. Or if you took off on your own. We know you punched Johnny Rekowski, forced him into your car, and drove him out to Flat Rock. That's kidnappin'. We also know you went after Bryson when you got there. You both ended up in the water. Bryson made it out. You didn't.

FISHER

So, I am goin' to jail.

LYDIA

No one's pressin' charges. Now tell me. What were you doin' out there? What set you off? What made you go after 'em kids.

FISHER

Oh, come on. Johnny Rekowski's a grown-ass man. He's not a kid.

LYDIA

You're dodgin' the question. What got you so upset?

FISHER

What difference does it make? Looks like I'm off the hook.

LYDIA

It's no secret, around here anyway, that Bryson's gay.

FISHER

And what the fuck does that have to do with me?

PERUSAL

LYDIA

Is that why you went after him?

FISHER

I'm outta here.

(He stands, heads for the door.)

LYDIA

Where you gonna go, Fisher? You plannin' on runnin' again?

FISHER

I didn't run! You think you're so fuckin' smart, don't you?

LYDIA

(Gently.)

If I was so fuckin' smart, I wouldn't be askin' all these questions.

FISHER

There's nothin' wrong with me.

LYDIA

I didn't say there was.

FISHER

And if there is, it's not my fault.

LYDIA

I don't think there's anything wrong with you.

(A quiet moment.)

FISHER

My dad was sittin' on the back porch, on the glider, when we found him, me and my mom. His eyes were open. He was tryin' to breathe but he wasn't movin'. My mom didn't do anything. He was all purple. Like an eggplant. Then he started makin' this sound, like he was snorin', and then he just puked all over himself. Got some of it on my shoes. And she just stood there. Watchin'. Like she was waitin' for it to be over. And then it was.

(A rotary phone rings. Lydia answers.)

PERUSAL

LYDIA

Yeah…? He is…? Okay. Give me a couple minutes.

(She hangs up.)

The doctor's here. You need somewhere to stay tonight, right?

FISHER

I guess.

LYDIA

What about my place?

FISHER

Your place is a dump.

LYDIA

That it is. Though I did a little housework. Vacuumed the floors, did some light dustin', sprayed a little Windex, threw around some Pine-Sol. Mostly, I got rid of all the liquor bottles.

FISHER

Bet you had a lot of empties.

LYDIA

Got rid of the full ones too. Cleaned out the twins' room. Packed up all the girly stuff, so your manhood will stay intact if you decide to crash at Lydia's House of Filth.

FISHER

Why're you doin' this?

LYDIA

Nobody else wants you. And I've got a void to fill.

FISHER

Yeah, well, I don't think that's gonna work for me.

LYDIA

I get it. Your dad died, and your mom didn't wanna have anything to do with you. My girls died, and my husband did the same to me. Left me alone to fend for myself. So, does that make 'em a couple of self-centered shitbags? You bet your ass it does. And hey, listen. I'm not perfect. Never have been. I came out of my mother's uterus sideways, so I was pretty much a fuck-up

PERUSAL

from the get-go. But that doesn't mean I can't look after you for a day or two. Or for as long as you need. So, what do you say?

(The phone rings again. Lydia answers.)

Yeah…? Yeah, okay. Send him in.

(She hangs up.)

Alright. I'll get outta your hair.

(She starts to leave.)

FISHER

How long's this gonna take?

LYDIA

Not long. Fifteen, twenty minutes.

(She turns to go again.)

FISHER

Mrs. Pacheco…

LYDIA

Call me Lydia.

FISHER

I like waffles for breakfast. Fresh not frozen. Syrup heated up. Three strips of bacon, extra crispy. And a glass of orange juice.

LYDIA

If you're lucky, you'll get stale Cheerios and a glass of Tang.

FISHER

That works too.

LYDIA

I thought it might.

(She exits. End of scene.)

PERUSAL

SCENE 10

1989. Late afternoon/early evening. Weekes dining/living room.

(CARLY (52), LOLLY (57), and SHIRLEY (61) are living together again. Shirley appears to be asleep in a chair, unfinished beer nearby, cigar smoldering in an ashtray. Carly sits at the table with a glass of wine, reading. Lolly enters with groceries.)

LOLLY

Alright, ladies, I'm back. Got everything I need for my world-famous Chicken à la King. We'll start, of course, with my equally famous stuffed celery and cherry tomatoes. And for dessert, the winner of the 1966 Pillsbury Bake-Off… the Tunnel of Fudge.

CARLY

Lolly, sit down.

LOLLY

There isn't time, Carly. I've gotta get dinner started.

CARLY

It can wait.

LOLLY

Carly–

CARLY

Leave it.

LOLLY

Alright. What's wrong?

CARLY

Sit down. Please.

(Lolly joins Carly at the table.)

CARLY

I'm leavin'.

LOLLY

Well, that's fine. Dinner'll take a while anyway. When do you think you'll be back?

PERUSAL

CARLY

I won't be back.

LOLLY

What do you mean you won't be back? Where are you goin'?

CARLY

New York.

LOLLY

New York?

CARLY

Michael Pagnotto, Donna's father, got me a secretarial job at one of his company's offices in Brooklyn.

LOLLY

I don't understand. Where are you gonna live?

CARLY

I've got an efficiency lined up in Queens.

LOLLY

Why?

CARLY

I'm hopin' to reconnect with Bryson. If he'll have me. But before I go, though, I need one thing from you.

LOLLY

And what's that?

CARLY

My son. I want Johnny back.

(Lolly stands, pulls away.)

LOLLY

No. No, I won't do that.

PERUSAL

CARLY

Why not?

LOLLY

Nothin's changed, Carly. If I bring Johnny back, he goes to prison. And someone has to take his place. It won't be me. And with you gone, Shirley's gonna need me. Is that what you want? Your son behind bars?

CARLY

At least I'd get to see him. Talk to him. Maybe hold him.

LOLLY

I expect he's happy where he is.

CARLY

Like you were?

LOLLY

That was different. Johnny was never meant for this world. You know that. And if you're lookin' to blame someone, it's Shirley. You ever wonder why she made sure you had two children? Because she knew one would be taken from you. Payment for bringin' Joe to you. But I got in the way. Like I always do.

CARLY

Is that why you did it? Is that why you killed those girls? And before you say anything, I know Johnny had nothin' to do with it.

LOLLY

What difference does it make / now?

CARLY

/ I wanna know why! Before I leave, I wanna know what made you do that to those girls.

LOLLY

Everything I've done in my life, I've either done for you and your children, or by Shirley's mandate. And what did I get for it? Not gratitude? Distrust. Disapproval. And nearly twenty years of exile. So, forgive me if I don't feel the need to explain myself or apologize.

CARLY

I think we all got what we deserved.

PERUSAL

LOLLY

Alright. Then I guess that's settled.

(Carly exits. Lolly calls after her.)

I'll get dinner started! Appetizers in twenty minutes. Did you hear me, Shirley? Deaf as a post.

(As she unpacks the groceries.)

I only needed one of the twins. Rose was farther out, so I went after her. I waited for Johnny to reach the rocks before I cast the spell. He had to be somewhere safe. But somethin' went wrong. Rose panicked. It was supposed to be quick, but she fought it. And when Tina saw her struggle, she went to her. Reached for her. By then, it was too late. I just hung there, watching, powerless, while Rose pulled Tina down. Then they were gone. There were others. Anthony Benedetti, the clumsy one. Split his head open. Nearly bled out. Then Fisher. Angry. Scared. He was perfect. With him, I got it right. I'm here. And life… life is good.

(Carly re-enters with a travel bag.)

I was hopin' you'd change your mind.

CARLY

Thirty and a day, Lolly. Today's the day. I'm free to go. I'll send for the rest of my things. Funny… I think Joe and I always wanted the same things. We just ended up with each other instead.

(Lolly moves to Shirley.)

LOLLY

Shirley… Shirley, wake up. Carly's leavin'.

CARLY

She's gone.

LOLLY

Shirley–

CARLY

She's dead, Lolly. Been dead for hours.

LOLLY

No. No, you're wrong.

(Lolly tries to wake Shirley.)

Shirley. Shirley!

PERUSAL

(Carly starts off.)

You can't leave now. What am I supposed to do?

CARLY

It's a corpse, Lolly. I hardly think even you could fuck that up.

LOLLY

(Quietly.)

Language, Carly.

CARLY

You'll figure it out. You always do.

(Carly exits. Lolly remains. Shirley unmoving. End of Play.)

PERUSAL

LEAD SHEET

7/21
Score
Rain On
Music by Leo Schwartz
Lyrics by Craig Houk
Easy folk style
Voice
C F C
Come in - side and sit a spell. The
F C F
storm's a roll-in' in. These walls will hold, no need to fret. The rain will pass, but when.
Dm Em Am FM7
All we need's with-in our reach, the two of us a-lone. No need to con-jure up the past. There's
G7 CM7 FM7 CM7 FM7
no-thin' to a-tone. But the rain gets through, and it's cold and crude. It's
Cmaj7 Dm G CM7 FM7 CM7 F9
all mixed up like a wi-tch's brew. And it bathes the room in a so-lemn mood. The
F G G7 Dm7 C/E
crack it makes leaves an o-pen wound. And I slip, and you slip, and we
F Am Dm7 C/E F Dm7(omit5) F/G
fall a-way. No-thin' left 'cept re-gret and a mem-o-ry. Now
C/G G CM7 Fmaj7
I'm here and you're gone. So, rain on.
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2
Rain On
29
CM7 Fmaj7 C F
The clouds turn dark a-cross the sky. The storm is o-ver-head. A
32
C F
clap of thun-der, a flash of you. All hope has turned to dread. The
34
Dm Em Am
walls come loose, the floors give way. The rain is surg-in' in. And
36
FM7 G7
ev-er-y-thing's been washed a-way. It's all laid bare a-gain. So the
39
CM7 FM7 CM7 FM7 Cmaj7 Dm G
rain gets through, and it's cold and crude. It's all mixed up like a wi-tch's brew. And it
43
CM7 FM7 CM7 F9 F
bathes the room in a so-lemn mood. The crack it makes leaves an o-pen wound.
46
G G7 Dm7 C/E F Am
And I slip, and you slip, and we fall a-way. No-thin'
49
Dm7 C/E F Dm7(omit5) F/G C/G G
left 'cept re-gret and a mem-o-ry. Now I'm here and you're gone.
54
CM7 Fmaj7 CM7 Fmaj7 C C6
So, rain on.

PIANO REALIZATION

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2
Rain On
10
G7
CM7
FM7
CM7
FM7
V
no-thin' to a-tone.
But the rain gets through, and it's cold and crude. It's
14
Cmaj7
Dm
G
CM7
FM7
CM7
F9
V
all mixed up like a wi-tch's brew. And it bathes the room in a so-lemn mood. The
18
F
G
G7
Dm7
C/E
V
crack it makes leaves an o-pen wound.
And I slip, and you slip, and we

Rain On
3
21
F
Am
Dm7
C/E
F
Dm7(omit 5)
F/G
V
fall a - way. No-thin' left 'cept re - gret and a mem - o - ry. Now
25
C/G
G
CM7
Fmaj7
V
I'm here and you're gone. So, rain on.
29
CM7
Fmaj7
C
F
V
The clouds turn dark a-cross the sky. The storm is o-ver - head. A

4
Rain On
C
F
V
clap of thun-der, a flash of you. All hope has turned to dread. The
Dm
Em
Am
walls come loose, the floors give way. The rain is surg-in' in. And
FM7
G7
ev-er-y-thing's been washed a-way. It's all laid bare a-gain. So the

Rain On
5
39 CM7 FM7 CM7 FM7 Cmaj7 Dm G
V
rain gets through, and it's cold and crude. It's all mixed up like a wi-tch's brew. And it
43 CM7 FM7 CM7 F9 F
V
bathes the room in a so-lemn mood. The crack it makes leaves an o-pen wound.
46 G G7 Dm7 C/E F Am
V
And I slip, and you slip, and we fall a - way. No-thin'

6
Rain On
49
Dm7
C/E
F
Dm7(omit5)
F/G
C/G
G
V
left 'cept re-gret and a mem-o - ry. Now I'm here and you're gone.
54
CM7
Fmaj7
CM7
Fmaj7
C
C6
So, rain on.

PERC