

Cold Rain

by Craig Houk

PERUSAL

COLD RAIN

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COLD RAIN

For Scott.

Who enjoys my writing almost as much as I do.

He holds my heart.

PERUSAL

COLD RAIN

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.

COLD RAIN

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 |

COLD RAIN

COLD RAIN received its world premiere production on Saturday, July 14, 2018, as part of the DC Capital Fringe Festival in Washington, DC and was awarded Best Drama and named one of Best of Festival. The play was produced and directed by Craig Houk and featured the following cast:

Desirée Chappelle as Carly Weekes-Rekowski

Elle Emerson as Lolly Weekes

Maura Claire Harford as Shirley Weekes

Grant Collins as Bryson Rekowski

Thomas Shuman as Fisher Hickman

Will Low as Johnny Rekowski

Stephanie Jo Clark as Donna Pagnotto

Blake Gouhari as Joe Rekowski

Lydia Kraniotis as Lydia Pacheco

COLD RAIN

COLD RAIN

ACT 1

SCENE 1

1959. Nighttime. An Herb Shed just outside 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.)*

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 conjuring a man or a garden snail?

LOLLY. Leave her be, Shirley.

SHIRLEY. Put a sock in it, Lolly. *(To Carly.)* You. Take those records and put them into the pot. *(To both.)* Then stand aside.

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 candle 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.

COLD RAIN

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. Meanwhile, Lolly steps aside, out of earshot.*)

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

SHIRLEY. Come here, Carly. (*Carly steps forward. Shirley strokes her hair, then yanks a strand. Carly winces. The hair goes into the pot. Nothing happens.*) 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.*) 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 them doesn't turn out so good. Now go. There's no time. (*Carly exits with the orb.*)

LOLLY. Have you lost your fucking 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.*)

COLD RAIN

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 meddling with my magic. So, 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. Safe. So, what do you suggest we do?

SHIRLEY. We go... roller-skating! *(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 keeping track of two teenage girls when you're working all hours and don't have a man around to pick up the slack. You know what I'm saying? So no, I don't appreciate you suggesting 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 ain't taking the blame. They had no business being out there, and I sure as hell didn't give them permission to go. So, you can cut the shit with that line of questioning. And why do you keep dragging me back in here, huh? Every time I sit in this chair, talking to some detective or cop or whatever you are, I gotta relive the night my girls drowned. So, what. You keep saying it wasn't an accident. You keep saying someone did this to them. 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

COLD RAIN

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 Marie and Leroy'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. Because I don't want anyone knowing I'm here.

BRYSON. You're embarrassed to be seen with me.

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 living at home? I thought he was retarded.

BRYSON. He's not. Okay? So, drop it.

COLD RAIN

FISHER. I'm outa here. *(He turns to go.)*

BRYSON. Hey! *(Fisher stops.)* I thought you wanted to play Atari.

FISHER. No. No, man. I got my own system. Just looking to borrow a couple games.

BRYSON. Right.

FISHER. You'll get them back.

BRYSON. Okay. Well, Johnny's got a whole trunk full. *(He moves to the trunk, undoing a latch.)* He's got, uh... Pac-Man, Asteroids, Space Invaders, Pitfall...

FISHER. *(At the window.)* Isn't that your dad's van?

BRYSON. His van? *(He joins Fisher.)*

FISHER. Yeah. Volkswagen. '73, maybe '74.

BRYSON. I guess.

FISHER. You said nobody was home.

BRYSON. I didn't know he was here. His motorcycle's gone. Maybe he's out for a ride.

FISHER. And your brother? You sure he ain't here? *(Fisher scans the room, picking through objects.)*

BRYSON. I don't think so. He might be in the cellar watching cartoons. Or the den. 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. *(He tosses the cap aside.)*

FISHER. That's why everyone messes with you. Because you're all boney and shit. *(He grabs at Bryson's waist. Bryson pulls back again.)*

BRYSON. Fisher, please.

FISHER. You should learn to defend yourself.

BRYSON. I do alright.

FISHER. Not with words. With your body. Your arms. Hands. Legs... *(He reaches for Bryson's legs. Bryson clears further.)*

COLD RAIN

BRYSON. Do you want the games or not?

FISHER. Why do you come?

BRYSON. What're you talking about?

FISHER. You think I don't see you up in the bleachers? Every match. Staring 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? 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.

FISHER. Fine. So, you don't like to fight. You don't have to fight. But 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?

BRYSON. They won't.

FISHER. What if they do?

BRYSON. I'm just gonna grab your games. *(He moves to the trunk.)* Bring them 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 doing? 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 moving. I'm gonna ease up... but don't try anything or I'll slam you again. You hear me?

BRYSON. Yeah.

FISHER. I'm fucking serious. Don't move. Do what I say.

BRYSON. Fine.

FISHER. Bryson—

COLD RAIN

BRYSON. Fine! I said fine!

FISHER. Okay. Come up slow. *(They rise.)* Hands and knees. Palms flat. *(Bryson obeys.)* Good. Now sit back. *(Bryson does.)* Yeah, like that. *(They move into referee's position. The wrestling begins, awkward, clumsy, building in intensity. It ends with Fisher pinning Bryson. Their faces close. They kiss. Fisher jerks back, scrambling off. Silence.)*

BRYSON. Fisher... it's okay.

FISHER. *(Coldly, distracted.)* I was just showing 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?

BRYSON. *(He stands.)* Yeah.

FISHER. And anyway, you made me do it. Always staring at me, coming on to me.

BRYSON. That's not true.

FISHER. We're not the same. You're a faggot! *(He shoves Bryson.)*

BRYSON. Hey! *(Shoves Fisher back.)*

FISHER. I tried to help you, and you baited me. You fucking baited me, man. And if you tell anyone, 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! *(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.)*

COLD RAIN

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 you twice.

BRYSON. I was finishing some homework.

CARLY. Supper's getting 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. 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 selling 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 hanging around with him.

BRYSON. We're not hanging around. He gave me a lift.

COLD RAIN

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

BRYSON. No. Didn't even know he was home.

CARLY. Came in late last night. Didn't say much. Went straight to bed. Still asleep when I left. I expect he's playing downtown tonight.

BRYSON. I'd like to go see him.

CARLY. No. You're too young. *(Disappointed, Bryson continues eating.)* You know what you should do, though? Go visit your Aunt Shirley.

BRYSON. Mom, no...

CARLY. She'd love that. Or at least give her a call.

BRYSON. No way. She's practically deaf, half blind, and last time she kept calling 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. Forget it.

BRYSON. Can I go to Flat Rock with Donna? She asked.

CARLY. What? No. Absolutely not. I've told you, 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 get hurt out there. And some of them have died. Gino Benedetti split his head open last month, he's still recovering. And Lydia Pacheco lost both her girls out there. They drowned. You want to 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 going anyway.

CARLY. What is wrong with you? You are not going.

COLD RAIN

BRYSON. Donna's picking me up. *(Carly stands.)*

CARLY. You are not allowed to go there. Do you hear me? I will not 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 calling you by your first name.

CARLY. Mrs. Rekowski's fine, then. *(She continues sweeping.)*

DONNA. Oh, no. What happened?

CARLY. Nothing. 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 can wait in the car.

CARLY. What? Don't be silly. Sit.

DONNA. You sure?

CARLY. Sit down. *(Donna sits.)* You hungry? There's leftovers.

DONNA. No thanks. I already ate.

CARLY. Probably for the best. My cooking tastes like shit.

DONNA. Oh, come on. That's not true. *(Carly grabs the dustpan.)*

COLD RAIN

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

DONNA. She's good. Got her cosmetology license a while back. She's 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 something.

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

CARLY. Glasses are in the cupboard. Ice in the freezer.

DONNA. Oh. Okay. Thanks. *(Donna moves to the cupboard.)*

CARLY. Donna...

DONNA. Mm hm?

CARLY. I told Bryson earlier... I don't like the idea of you two going out to Flat Rock. *(Donna gets a glass, moves to the freezer.)*

DONNA. Oh. Well, we can do something else. Maybe a movie. Tron just came out, or The Dark Crystal—

CARLY. No, that's not what I mean. I just... 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 maturing, your bodies are changing...

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

COLD RAIN

CARLY. / Relationships evolve, Donna. And you two are close. Always have been.

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 talking about? He's a very good-looking young man.

DONNA. Yeah, he is. But...

CARLY. But what? *(An awkward silence. Donna sits, sidestepping.)*

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

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

DONNA. Of course, I do.

CARLY. Really?

DONNA. Yeah. I really want to know.

CARLY. *(Skeptical.)* Alright... Okay. Well, Mr. Rekowski and I met... what's it been now? Twenty-four years? October 2nd, 1959. Friday night. 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 coming 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 living 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 vacationing in Boulder—

COLD RAIN

DONNA. Bryson said she went missing.

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 his voice. Went to seven different record stores – three of them in Denver – just to find it. Finally tracked it down at a place called Marty's Music Shack, if you can believe it. She bought every copy they had. Ten in all.

DONNA. Ten? What was she gonna do with ten records?

CARLY. One was for me. The other nine... 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 he'd be playing that weekend. Even offered to take her. On one condition. That she 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 a dive. Joe was on the verge of something big: a hit single playing all over the radio, performing at the Tulagi – one of the best clubs around...

DONNA. That's so cool. But... I guess what I don't get is... if your sister was so into him, how'd you 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. Joe was opening for a band called the Astronauts. And Lolly... well, she made a new dress just for that night. Lavender satin cocktail number with cream-colored polka dots. Gorgeous. She looked... She looked beautiful. I've got a picture somewhere...

COLD RAIN

Anyway, Marty got a little grabby on the drive over; it took Lolly a while to get his hands off her hemline and back onto 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...

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 waiting. And be careful.

BRYSON. I will.

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 going?

JOHNNY. *(Barely looking up.)* Oh. Hey, dirt bag.

FISHER. Why you gotta be a dick, man? I'm trying to be nice. *(Johnny keeps playing.)* Your brother around?

JOHNNY. Who's asking?

COLD RAIN

FISHER. Me. I need to talk to him.

JOHNNY. About what?

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

JOHNNY. Try the house.

FISHER. Your mom's home.

JOHNNY. So?

FISHER. So, I don't want to deal with her.

JOHNNY. You afraid?

FISHER. What? No, I ain't afraid. I just don't want to 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. Goddam it. When's he back?

JOHNNY. Don't know.

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

JOHNNY. She's a witch, you know.

FISHER. What're you talking 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—

COLD RAIN

JOHNNY. I don't care what you think. I know the truth. I've seen a lot of 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... you're like this because she cast a spell on someone else and you somehow got caught up in it?

JOHNNY. Something like that.

FISHER. Alright. Who was she after?

JOHNNY. My dad.

FISHER. You're full of shit.

JOHNNY. *(Still playing.)* Think whatever you want.

FISHER. You actually believe this? Witches.

JOHNNY. They're as old as anything. My mom's one of them.

FISHER. Yeah, okay.

JOHNNY. You can't tell anyone.

FISHER. Tell them what? That your mom's some psycho sorceress? Don't worry. I don't want anyone thinking 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. *(Fisher stops.)* I'll keep your secret if you keep mine.

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.

FISHER. Screw you. You saw nothing.

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

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

JOHNNY. You two were getting pretty hot and heavy.

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

COLD RAIN

JOHNNY. Faggot. (*Fisher grabs him by the collar, yanking him up. Johnny's game drops.*) She's watching. (*Fisher glances toward the house, then releases him.*)

FISHER. I'm not fucking around. (*He fumbles for a cigarette, can't get it out, throws the pack down.*) Goddam it! You're coming with me.

JOHNNY. Where?

FISHER. Flat Rock, you dumb shit.

JOHNNY. I gotta ask my mom.

FISHER. Screw your mom!

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

FISHER. I don't want to hear another word about your mom! 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, sitting on her witch ass, drinking herself to death. Only person she cares about is herself. So, here's the deal: you 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 eating like that, Shirley, you'll be the size of a hippopotamus.

SHIRLEY. Hippos are largely herbivorous, Lolly.

COLD RAIN

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. Before you decide... Deanna Pagnotto is due right around the same time, and she's having a girl. She's naming her Donna.

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

LOLLY. Ohhh. Bryson then. It'll undoubtedly be a boy. Though I do love Ellison.

CARLY. Joe doesn't like either name.

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

CARLY. He's named after Johnny Cash.

SHIRLEY. Oh. Well, I like Johnny Cash. That Everybody Loves a Nut album cracks me up.

CARLY. Anyway, if it is a boy—

LOLLY. It is.

CARLY. I'm naming him Bryson.

SHIRLEY. Well, that settles it.

LOLLY. How is Johnny? Still having trouble at school?

CARLY. We're thinking about pulling him out. If he's not talking back to his teachers and ending up in detention, he's coming home with a bloody lip from pissing 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.

COLD RAIN

SHIRLEY. There's nothing wrong with that boy that a few good whacks on his backside wouldn't fix.

CARLY. I would never.

SHIRLEY. Little tough love goes a long way.

LOLLY. Well...

SHIRLEY. Well, what?

LOLLY. I can't help thinking this might be your doing, Shirley.

SHIRLEY. My doing?

LOLLY. That night. In the herb / shed.

SHIRLEY. Oh, for Aradia's / sake.

CARLY. / Leave it alone. There's no use dredging 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.

CARLY. Hold on just a damn minute. I wouldn't call my life a mess. And don't pat yourself on the back, Shirley. You didn't exactly give me what I asked for. Things didn't turn out the way I hoped, sure. But my life's alright. Johnny's a handful, no doubt. 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 loves me. Or at least he trusts me. And that's enough.

LOLLY. I'm sorry, Shirley.

SHIRLEY. You've upset Carly, not me.

COLD RAIN

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?

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 still prefer Ellison.

CARLY. What did you do, Lolly!?

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

SHIRLEY. There's nothing 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 looking to argue with you. I'm just saying, maybe Lolly's on to something here

SHIRLEY. She's not.

CARLY. Maybe between your spell and hers, something went wrong.

SHIRLEY. Impossible.

CARLY. I'm pregnant, Shirley—

COLD RAIN

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 nothing to be done! Magic isn't meant to fix things. It's meant to coax things into being, to nudge them in a desired direction. It's not an exact science. Now I'm telling you both. Leave it alone!

LOLLY. But there's—

SHIRLEY. I'm done talking about it. I'm leaving. *(She starts off.)*

CARLY. Shirley! *(Shirley turns back, grabs the deviled eggs.)*

SHIRLEY. 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 out of 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! *(A door slams.)*

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

CARLY. And risk making things worse? *(Regretful.)* I'm sorry.

LOLLY. No. Don't be. 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 it all 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 passing anything on. 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 the Pagnotto girl's due at the same time. Bryson and Donna. It's meant

COLD RAIN

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 this baby. A healthy, beautiful boy who grows up, finds his own 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.)

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. The whole time, they were calling him names: "dirty queer," "pansy," things like that. And when they couldn't be there themselves, they'd leave a tape running, looping those insults over and over, all to "purge him of his homosexual urges." Can you believe that?

BRYSON. That's... that's awful.

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

BRYSON. What're you talking about?

DONNA. Population control. 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. And what about you?

DONNA. What about me, what?

COLD RAIN

BRYSON. You think you'll always be a total dweeb? *(Donna punches him lightly.)*

DONNA. Bite me.

BRYSON. I'm kidding

DONNA. It's true, though.

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

DONNA. I'm not upset. Just... thinking. 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 during 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... That gave me a tiny bit of hope. My first almost, sort of kiss.

BRYSON. He caught me staring at his pubes once.

DONNA. He did not!

BRYSON. He thought I was looking at his dick.

DONNA. Did he say anything?

BRYSON. Yeah. "You staring at my dick, Bryson?"

DONNA. What'd you say?

BRYSON. I panicked. So, I blurted out, "No. I'm looking at your freakish pubes. Maybe dry off somewhere else."

DONNA. And that worked?

BRYSON. Yep. Grabbed his stuff and left. Never said a word after.

DONNA. Wow. Did you look 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 hitting me. *(He nudges her back. They laugh.)*

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

BRYSON. What?

COLD RAIN

DONNA. Sometimes I feel like I'm never gonna meet the right guy. Or fall in love. It doesn't make me sad. It's just... there. Like something I'll have to get used to. *(This lands with Bryson.)* We should swim. Before it gets too dark. *(Donna strips down to her bathing suit and heads toward the water without waiting for Bryson.)*

BRYSON. Hey!

DONNA. You coming?

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. A while back. They said it was an accident, but a lot of people don't believe it.

BRYSON. Really?

DONNA. There was this story going around that they weren't alone out here. Supposedly there was a boy with them. The police found 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're all kinds of weird stories about this place. They say people used to come out here for... rituals. "Workings," is what they called them. Cunning folk, hexenmeisters. They'd set a person in a chair, still as they could make them. Then circle close. Chanting low. Hands moving. Drawing things out... or calling something in. And some people think whatever they stirred up is still out here. In the trees. In the ground. Waiting. Listening. Looking for a place to settle. Maybe even a body to slip into. *(Silence. Bryson is mesmerized.)* Bwahahahaha!

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 doing here? What happened to your face?

COLD RAIN

JOHNNY. Fisher punched me.

BRYSON. What? Why?

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

DONNA. Bryson—

BRYSON. You were there?

JOHNNY. He came by looking for you.

BRYSON. And you told him you saw us?

JOHNNY. Yeah.

BRYSON. Why?

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 messing around?

BRYSON. / How did you even get here?

JOHNNY. Fisher drove me.

BRYSON. He drove you!?! Where is he? *(Johnny gestures toward the woods.)*

JOHNNY. Back there somewhere. When he tried to drag me out of the car, I kicked him square in the nads. He's winded. Didn't break his legs or gouge his eyes out, though. So, he can't be far.

FISHER. *(Off, shouting.)* Johnny! I'm gonna find you! 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.)*

SCENE 8

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

(JOE (47) sits on a stool, singing RAIN ON and playing guitar – music and lyrics available on pages 69 - 76. Applause.)

COLD RAIN

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 coming your way. *(He steps offstage into a small dressing room. He takes a swig of 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. *(Topsy.)* Hi, Joe.

JOE. What're you doing 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— 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?

CARLY. Nothing. Just... Eddy's still covering the front door, wearing that same, old, beat-up Eagles shirt. His hair's hanging on by a thread, but he's still got it tied back like he's fooling somebody. Stan Davies... he saw me, passed wind, and just about launched himself off the stool. And Georgio Gulotta dumped a whole pitcher of beer on his poor wife. That woman's always pregnant, and she's gotta be at least my age if not older. *(She moves in close, playful, a little too much.)* They all dropped like dominoes when I walked in. Probably think I'll bring the whole place down on top of them.

JOE. You're laying it on a little thick, don't you think? *(Carly pulls back.)*

CARLY. You're disappointed I came.

JOE. I'm surprised, is all. *(He softens, gestures her in.)* Come here. *(She hesitates, then steps in. They kiss – familiar, warm, but not frequent.)* You been drinking?

CARLY. You asking as a man who smells like beer and weed?

COLD RAIN

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. 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 talking about? Why would Lolly have to buy you—

CARLY. Which reminds me... I've been looking 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 met.

JOE. I met you and your sisters at the roller rink. None of you were wearing anything like that. *(An awkward beat.)*

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

JOE. Wait. Hold on. Marty – my buddy from Denver – he came through the Tulagi once 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. No... The dress. That's what's sticking in my head. 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 just described.

CARLY. *(Quietly, with a wave of her hand.)* Forget about it, Joe. *(A faint gust. Joe's head dips slightly, then lifts again, his gaze locking with hers.)* My point is... I had three boxes of Lolly's things stored in the

COLD RAIN

attic. When I checked earlier 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.

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 what?

JOE. A petition. To have her declared dead.

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 assets get divided among the – what do you call them – the beneficiaries.

COLD RAIN

CARLY. You did all of this? You and Shirley? 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?

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

CARLY. I made that payment every month.

JOE. You made partial payments. What was going on, Carly? Either you were burning through money on God knows what, or we just didn't have enough coming 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 doing what I had to... for us. For this family. *(Joe decides to let it go.)*

JOE. Somethings off.

CARLY. What do you mean?

JOE. You showing 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. Something 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 talking about...? Who's out there...? She said what...? Jesus Christ... Okay... Yeah. Yeah. We're coming now. *(He hangs up.)*

CARLY. What's wrong?

JOE. Angie Benedetti's out front.

COLD RAIN

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 tearing down the street with Johnny in the passenger seat. Took out her mailbox on the way.

CARLY. When?

JOE. What the hell's Fisher doing 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 fucking neck.

CARLY. Joe—

JOE. Call Bryson. Tell him to stay inside and lock the doors. *(He moves to go.)*

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 thinking? 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 them straight home. I'm taking the bike; I'll find Johnny.

CARLY. I'm calling the police.

JOE. And say what? That your sixteen-year-old's off swimming with a girl and your twenty-three-year-old's out joyriding with some punk? It's pointless. Let's go. *(End of scene.)*

COLD RAIN

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. Shut up. *(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—

DONNA. 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. Are you okay?

BRYSON. Yeah... yeah, I'm fine. Where's Fisher?

JOHNNY. Fisher sleeps with the fishes.

BRYSON. No. No. We have to find him.

JOHNNY. Do we?

BRYSON. Yeah. He's an asshole, but we can't just leave him out here.

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

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.

COLD RAIN

DONNA. *(To Johnny.)* Get away from me. *(He steps back. Headlights sweep across the stage.)*

JOHNNY. Looks like we've got company.

DONNA. Crap. 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. *(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 recovering 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.

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.)*

COLD RAIN

CARLY. Donna Pagnotto! Not another inch. (*Donna freezes. To all.*)
What's going 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.

DONNA. They were under a long time.

CARLY. (*Composing herself.*) Okay. Alright. Here's what we're gonna do. All three of you are getting 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 going 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!?

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 them.

DONNA. I saw something too. A flash of light. And she was just... there. Hovering. Then she was gone.

CARLY. Bryson?

BRYSON. I didn't see anything.

COLD RAIN

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 pretending.

CARLY. Normally not one of your better traits. (*Looking to the sky.*) Come on. Rain's coming. (*Thunder rolls. Wind rises as they move off. A flash of lightning. Lolly appears. She is silhouetted, suspended, or half-seen. Rain begins to pour. End of Act 1.*)

COLD RAIN

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 with 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 startled me.

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

LOLLY. Thank you, but I don't drink.

JOE. No? Then what? You just go around sniffing other people's liquor?

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

JOE. No harm done. I've got nothing to hide. (*An awkward beat. She still holds the drink.*)

LOLLY. This must be yours. (*Joe takes it.*)

JOE. And you must be...

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

JOE. Yeah. He mentioned he a lady friend with him tonight. Looks like he left you to fend for yourself. You know there's some real shady characters wandering around back here

LOLLY. I manage just fine.

JOE. Marty included.

LOLLY. I can handle Marty.

COLD RAIN

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 cradling a Schlitz and smelling 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. You're from Pittsburgh, right?

LOLLY. Thereabouts.

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

LOLLY. I did.

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

LOLLY. 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 writing them... and then hope for the best.

LOLLY. You're selling yourself short.

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

LOLLY. That sounds... peaceful.

JOE. Sometimes.

LOLLY. 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.

COLD RAIN

JOE. You could stay. 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.

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.)* One more thing, Joe...

JOE. 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.)

COLD RAIN

CARLY. Looks like the rain might hold off. That was some downpour earlier, huh? *(Lydia says nothing.)* Lydia... I appreciate you taking the time, but I'm not sure I've got anything to offer.

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 sorting things out. Haven't found Fisher yet. So, anything you give me might make a difference.

CARLY. I've got nothing.

LYDIA. Alright. Then you're free to go.

CARLY. Lydia—

LYDIA. You can go. *(Carly starts off then turns back.)* I'm giving you a chance. If you know what's good for you, you'll keep walking.

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. Grass is overgrown. Porch falling apart. Car's barely holding 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.

COLD RAIN

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 regard. 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, being one of the few girls in high school whose legs were more accommodating 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 lying next to you.

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. Nothing.

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. And I had nothing 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. And I'm sorry.

LYDIA. I've been wondering... Forget it.

CARLY. What is it?

LYDIA. Someone used to leave me money. Every month. First of the month. Cash in an envelope. Slipped it into my screen door out back.

CARLY. Yeah?

LYDIA. Middle of the night. Always there by morning. Part of me wanted to know who it was.

CARLY. Why?

COLD RAIN

LYDIA. So, I could tell them to go to hell. Because I'm no charity case. I thought about waiting up. Try to catch them in the act.

CARLY. Why didn't you?

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

CARLY. Maybe the "why" didn't matter.

LYDIA. What if the "why" meant somebody was guilty of something? What if it was hush money?

CARLY. What are you getting at?

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

CARLY. I've heard that.

LYDIA. The coroner told me something I never shared. I was ashamed. It's why I told Detective Meir to drop it.

CARLY. Whatever they were doing, it was probably perfectly normal.

LYDIA. Normal? My daughters experimenting with some delinquent? That's normal?

CARLY. I appreciate you telling me all this, but it's not my business.

LYDIA. Maybe it is. They've come a long way with forensics.

CARLY. I wouldn't know the first thing about that.

LYDIA. DNA. Like a fingerprint... but more exact. It tells you precisely who someone is.

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

LYDIA. Yeah, me too. And I failed my girls. I can't bring them back. But I can make it right. They've still got the evidence. We'll see where it leads. *(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. Nothing more. *(Carly moves into the hallway. Shirley appears.)* Well, where the hell have you been?

COLD RAIN

SHIRLEY. Oh, I'm sorry. I would've been here sooner, but my broom's in the shop, and I gave my flying monkey the night off. I took the bus, Carly. Missed the first one – ended up waiting in the parking lot at that Howard Johnson's across from the station. My eyes ain't what they used to be. 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.)

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 is 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.

JOHNNY. That's a lie.

COLD RAIN

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

JOHNNY. 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 moving. Talking. Heading 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.

JOHNNY. Then maybe this ends too? (*Gesturing outward.*)

PRUDENCE. What do you mean?

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

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

JOHNNY. Falling?

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 fucking idea.

PRUDENCE. Do you remember how you got here?

COLD RAIN

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. 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 looking into a mirror... admiring herself, showing off a little. She pulled the elastic from her hair and let it fall to her shoulders. Then she started messing around with the hem of her dress. Tugging it down at first, then lifting it just enough to show her legs. 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 watching 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?

JOHNNY. Then she turned and looked at me. I expected her reflection to turn the other way, but it didn't. And then, all of a sudden, there were two of them standing there. Both staring at me... calling for me. Saying 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?

COLD RAIN

JOHNNY. I don't know. I remember being 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 something... 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. 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 soaking 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 morning.

COLD RAIN

JOHNNY. You got it. *(Johnny pulls off his shirt.)*

CARLY. And don't leave this house again tonight. There's been an accident. Somethings 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 giving 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 feeding 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.

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.

COLD RAIN

LOLLY. (*Startled.*) Oh, for Aradia's sake—

JOE. (*Firm, but still quiet.*) 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—

JOE. You better start talking.

LOLLY. There isn't time.

JOE. Then make time. Bend it. 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 want to know what the hell's going on. We got a kid missing – probably drowned – and both my boys are being questioned. And something 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 fucking kidding me? There's a search party out there right now.

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. Finished.

LOLLY. You're overreacting.

COLD RAIN

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

LOLLY. Joe—

JOE. Not another goddam word. *(She goes still.)* You know... if I'm being honest, as much as I'd like to pin it all on you... truth is, I was weak from the start. That's what I am. Weak. Selfish. A coward. That's why I left Vera. Not because of you. 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. That's all I ever wanted.

LOLLY. Joe—

JOE. You're better off keeping quiet. So, listen. I'm getting my boys, and we're leaving. We're going as far away from all of this as we can; maybe we get something close to a normal life out of it. And if I so much as catch a whiff of you sneaking around, trying to interfere, you're gonna wish you were back wherever the hell you disappeared to. I'm not playing. *(A car horn sounds. Joe moves to the window.)* They're home. *(He grabs an umbrella or 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 doing here? It's two in the morning.

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.

COLD RAIN

DONNA. What? Why?

BRYSON. Because they're perfect.

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

BRYSON. Other kids call you "well-adjusted" behind your back.

DONNA. Well, that's harsh. *(She moves toward the door.)*

BRYSON. Where do you think you're going?

DONNA. I want to know what's going on. How're we supposed to hear anything with the door closed?

BRYSON. I'm not sure I want to 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 dealing 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 something.

BRYSON. I feel... indifferent.

DONNA. That's impossible.

BRYSON. How's it impossible? At some point, somebody needed a word for feeling somewhere in the middle about something. And that word turned out to be "indifferent." And that's where I'm at. *(A raw moment.)*

DONNA. Bryson—

BRYSON. I'm tired of being scared all the time. Tired of feeling like I gotta explain myself to everybody. Like I owe people an apology just for being 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've got nothing in common. Only reason I need him around is because 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—

COLD RAIN

BRYSON. You're my family, Donna. When I'm with you, I'm not afraid. Of anything. Even when you're not around... when it 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 something.

BRYSON. Okay.

DONNA. My dad's got an apartment in the East Village. For work. That's where I'll be staying when I go to New York next year—

BRYSON. And you want me to be your pimp.

DONNA. What? No! God. You're an idiot. No, I was thinking... Since I'll be starting 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 doing? What're you talking about?

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

BRYSON. Why?

JOHNNY. We're leaving. You, me, 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 messing around, right?

JOHNNY. Yeah? So?

BRYSON. How?

JOHNNY. With my two eyes.

BRYSON. You had to be hiding somewhere.

JOHNNY. So? It's my room.

COLD RAIN

BRYSON. Where were you hiding?

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. Nothing's impossible, Bryson. Some things are just less likely than others. *(Bryson and Donna exchange a look.)* Come on! Let's go! *(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 going 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 looking 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?

SHIRLEY. Your punishment was – and has always been – your ineptitude.

COLD RAIN

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 blaming everyone else, and you certainly haven't taken control of your life.

CARLY. How was I supposed to, with the two of you interfering 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 going 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. No. No, no, no—

SHIRLEY. A spell that might bring him back. No guarantees. But I need something of his. Something 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 doing? Why do you have a bag? And why is Donna here?

SHIRLEY. Are we doing magic or playing Twenty Questions?

DONNA. Magic? Oh my God. We're doing 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—

COLD RAIN

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 something of Fisher's?

BRYSON. Yeah.

SHIRLEY. Then hand it over.

BRYSON. It's me. You can use me. You said something he's had meaningful contact with. So ... that's me. *(A charged silence.)*

CARLY. *(Overwhelmed, soft.)* You are my beautiful boy, Bryson. 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.)* No more! Do you hear me?

CARLY. Why are the boys packed, Joe?

JOE. We're getting out of here?

CARLY. You can't just take them 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?

COLD RAIN

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 doing here, Lydia?

LYDIA. Looks like I'm interrupting a camping trip.

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 seeing things.

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

CARLY. Lydia, go. Mind your own damn business.

LYDIA. Alright. Listen close. Detective Meir's coming for Johnny first thing tomorrow. So, I suggest you all stay put. Running 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 should've stayed dead. *(Lydia exits. Joe calls after her.)*

JOE. They're coming 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?

JOHNNY. I can't remember.

JOE. That's it. Get in the van. Bryson, Johnny... move. *(To Donna.)* You too. I'm dropping 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 saying it again. *(Johnny struggles with the trunk.)*

COLD RAIN

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. *(Joe pounds on the door.)*

JOE. Carly! Carly, open the door! *(Banging.)* Open this fucking 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.

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

LOLLY. Carly—

CARLY. Tonight. We're not waiting until morning.

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 screaming into the abyss with you!

COLD RAIN

SHIRLEY. Carly! Let's hear her out.

LOLLY. Thank you.

SHIRLEY. The floor's yours. Make it quick.

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 using one to fix the other.

SHIRLEY. She's right. That is simple.

CARLY. What are you saying, Lolly?

JOHNNY. She wants me to take Fisher's place.

CARLY. What? No. Absolutely not.

JOHNNY. Why not? Jail sounds fine, I guess. But spending the rest of my life hanging 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 going. That's final.

JOHNNY. You remember when Mike Davies fell out of his granddad's speedboat?

CARLY. Not now, Johnny—

JOHNNY. Wouldn't have been so bad, except the boat was sitting in the driveway. Knocked his head pretty hard. Broke his arm. Out cold for five minutes.

CARLY. Johnny—

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 bragging about money, their lake house, that stupid boat... I was walking by when it happened. Saw him climb in. He was in a hurry – three kids chasing him. Then his granddad comes out with a rifle, fires a shot into the air, and scares them all off. Tells Mike to get his ass out of the boat.

COLD RAIN

CARLY. And what'd you do?

JOHNNY. I picked up a rock. Just rolling it in my hand. His granddad goes inside. Mike starts climbing out. Our eyes meet. And then he falls. Straight back onto the gravel. 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.

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

CARLY. That's not possible.

JOHNNY. You willing to take that chance? Because 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 soon to make sure you're alright, that you haven't been hurt.

FISHER. Okay.

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

FISHER. Good fucking luck with that.

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

COLD RAIN

FISHER. Whatever. *(He cracks the soda and drinks.)*

LYDIA. I need to ask you some questions.

FISHER. Am I under arrest?

LYDIA. No. You've been missing 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 kidnapping. 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 going to jail.

LYDIA. No one's pressing charges. Now tell me. What were you doing out there? What set you off? What made you go after them kids.

FISHER. Come on. Johnny Rekowski's a grown-ass man. He's not a kid.

LYDIA. You're dodging 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?

LYDIA. Is that why you went after him?

FISHER. I'm out of here. *(He stands, heads for the door.)*

LYDIA. Where you gonna go, Fisher? You planning on running again?

FISHER. I didn't run! You think you're so fucking smart, don't you?

LYDIA. *(Gently.)* If I was so fucking smart, I wouldn't be asking all these questions.

FISHER. There's nothing 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.)*

COLD RAIN

FISHER. My dad was sitting on the back porch – on the glider – when we found him. Me and my mom. His eyes were open. He was trying to breathe but he wasn't moving. My mom didn't do anything. He was all purple... like an eggplant. Then he started making this sound... like he was snoring. And then he puked all over himself. Got some of it on my shoes. And she just stood there... watching. Like she was waiting for it to be over. And then it was. *(A rotary phone rings. Lydia answers.)*

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 dusting, 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 doing this?

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

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

LYDIA. I get it. Your dad died, and your mom didn't want to 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 them 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 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 out of your hair. *(She starts to leave.)*

COLD RAIN

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.)*

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 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 leaving.

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

COLD RAIN

CARLY. I won't be back.

LOLLY. What do you mean you won't be back? Where are you going?

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. Got an efficiency lined up in Queens.

LOLLY. Why?

CARLY. I'm hoping to reconnect with Bryson... if he'll have me. Before I go, though, I need one thing from you.

LOLLY. Oh? And what's that?

CARLY. My son. I want Johnny back. *(Lolly stands, pulls away.)*

LOLLY. No. I won't do that.

CARLY. Why not?

LOLLY. Nothing'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 looking to blame someone, it's Shirley. You ever wonder why she made sure you had two children? Because she knew one would be taken. Payment... for bringing 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? Before you say anything, I know Johnny had nothing to do with it.

LOLLY. What difference does it make / now?

COLD RAIN

CARLY. / I want to know why! Before I leave, I want to 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.

LOLLY. Alright. Then I guess that's that. *(Carly exits. Lolly calls after her.)* I'll get dinner started! Appetizers in twenty minutes! Did you hear me, Shirley? Deaf as a post... *(To herself, unpacking 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 something went wrong. Rose panicked. It was supposed to be instant... but she fought it. And when Tina saw her struggle, she went to her, reached for her, but it was too late. I just hung there... powerless... while Rose pulled Tina down. And there were others. Anthony Benedetti – the clumsy one – split his head open, nearly bled out. Then came Fisher. Angry. Scared. He was perfect. And with him... I got it right. Because I'm here. And life... life is good. *(Carly re-enters with a travel bag.)* I was hoping 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 leaving.

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! *(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.

COLD RAIN

CARLY. You'll figure it out. You always do. (*Carly exits. Lolly remains. Shirley unmoving. End of Play.*)

PERUSAL

COLD RAIN

LEAD SHEET

7/21

Score

Rain On

Music by Leo Schwartz
Lyrics by Craig Houk

Easy folk style

The musical score is written in 4/8 time and consists of eight staves. The first staff is for the voice, and the subsequent seven staves are for guitar accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score includes various chords and musical notations such as rests, slurs, and dynamic markings.

Chords: C, F, C, F, C, Dm, Em, Am, FM7, G7, CM7, FM7, CM7, FM7, Cmaj7, Dm, G, CM7, FM7, CM7, F9, F, G, G7, Dm7, C/E, F, Am, Dm7, C/E, F, Dm7(omit5), F/G, C/G, G, CM7, Fmaj7

Lyrics:
Come in - side and sit a spell. The
storm's a roll-in' in. These walls will hold, no need to fret. The rain will pass, but when.
All we need's with-in our reach, the two of us a-lone. No need to con-jure up the past. There's
no-thin' to a-tone. But the rain gets through, and it's cold and crude. It's
all mixed up like a wi-tch's brew. And it bathes the room in a so-lemn mood. The
crack it makes leaves an o-pen wound. And I slip, and you slip, and we
fall a-way. No-thin' left 'cept re-gret and a mem-o-ry. Now
I'm here and you're gone. So, rain on.

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COLD RAIN

2

Rain On

29 CM7 Fmaj7 C F

V The clouds turn dark a-cross the sky. The storm is o-ver-head. A

32 C F

V clap of thun-der, a flash of you. All hope has turned to dread. The

34 Dm Em Am

V walls come loose, the floors give way. The rain is surg-in' in. And

36 FM7 G7

V 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

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'

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

V So, rain on.

COLD RAIN

PIANO REALIZATION

7/21

Score

Rain On

Music by Leo Schwartz
Lyrics by Craig Houk

Easy folk style

Chords: C F C

Voice: 8
Come in - side and sit a spell. The

Chords: F C F

Voice: 4
storm's a roll-in' in. These walls will hold, no need to fret. The rain will pass, but when.

Chords: Dm Em Am FM7

Voice: 7
All we need's with-in our reach, the two of us a-lone. No need to con-jure up the past. There's

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COLD RAIN

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

COLD RAIN

Rain On

3

21 F Am Dm7 C/E F Dm7(omit 5) F/G

V 8 fall a - way. — No-thin' left 'cept re - gret and a mem - o - ry. — Now

25 C/G G CM7 Fmaj7

V 8 I'm here and you're gone. So, rain on. —

29 CM7 Fmaj7 C F

V 8 The clouds turn dark a - cross the sky. The storm is o - ver - head. A

COLD RAIN

4 Rain On

32 C F

V
8
32
clap of thun-der, a flash of you. All hope has turned to dread. The

34 Dm Em Am

V
8
34
walls come loose, the floors give way. The rain is surg-in' in. And

36 FM7 G7

V
8
36
ev-er-y-thing's been washed a-way. It's all laid bare a-gain. So the

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Cold Rain'. It consists of three systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line (V) and a piano accompaniment (P). The vocal line is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 8/8. The piano accompaniment is written in bass clef. The first system starts at measure 32 and features chords C and F. The lyrics are 'clap of thun-der, a flash of you. All hope has turned to dread. The'. The second system starts at measure 34 and features chords Dm, Em, and Am. The lyrics are 'walls come loose, the floors give way. The rain is surg-in' in. And'. The third system starts at measure 36 and features chords FM7 and G7. The lyrics are 'ev-er-y-thing's been washed a-way. It's all laid bare a-gain. So the'. There are large grey arrows pointing to the right on the right side of the piano accompaniment staves.

COLD RAIN

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-toh's brew. And it

39

43 CM7 FM7 CM7 F9 F

V

bathes the room in a so-lemn mood. The crack it makes leaves an o-pen wound.

43

46 G G7 Dm7 C/E F Am

V

— And I slip, and you slip, and we fall a - way. — No-thin'

46

COLD RAIN

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

V So, rain on.