

# Cold Rain

by Craig Houk

# COLD RAIN

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COLD RAIN

*For Scott.*

*Who enjoys my writing almost as much as I do.*

*He holds my heart.*

## 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 taking place in 1982 are chronological and transpire within 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 directed by Craig Houk with the following cast:

Carly Weekes-Rekowski.....	Desirée Chappelle
Lolly Weekes.....	Elle Emerson
Shirley Weekes.....	Maura Claire Harford
Bryson Rekowski.....	Grant Collins
Fisher Hickman.....	Thomas Shuman
Johnny Rekowski.....	Will Low
Donna Pagnotto.....	Stephanie Jo Clark
Joe Rekowski.....	Blake Gouhari
Lydia Pacheco.....	Lydia Kraniotis

SAMPLE

COLD RAIN

# COLD RAIN

ACT 1  
SCENE 1

1959. Nighttime. An Herb Shed at the Weekes home. LOLLY WEEKES, at present age 27, female; CARLY WEEKES, at present age 22, female; and SHIRLEY WEEKES, at present age 31, female, stand around a table. They are casting a circle. On the table are various sized bowls containing mandrake roots, flower petals, betel nuts, and a bottle of red wine. Also on the table are three candles: white, black, and green, surrounded by bay leaves. Incense is burning. A stack of 45 RPM records sits nearby. A large pot boils 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 the ingredients into the pot and recites the following incantation.)*

**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 will forever stay, for all of our remaining days-

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

**LOLLY.** Leave her be, Shirley.

**SHIRLEY.** Put a sock in it, Lolly. *(To Carly.)* You. Take those records and put 'em into the pot here. *(To both.)* And then I want the pair of you to stand aside.

**LOLLY.** Shirley-

**SHIRLEY.** Now! *(A gust of wind. Lolly is forced back. Carly does as commanded. Shirley takes over mixing the ingredients and casting the spell.)*

**SHIRLEY.** 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 on his skin will grow, vex him with a reddened glow. Pine and yen afflict him now, for three nights, he'll wonder how. When three nights of ache have passed, bring him hence and make it

## COLD RAIN

fast. When three nights of pain endured, the pain resolve rest assured. Blotches leave him, go away, bound by thirty and a day. *(The pot glows as vapors rise out of it. Shirley takes a man's comb, plucks hair from it, and drops the hair into the pot. She then takes a photo, tears it in half, sets half of it aflame and tosses the other half into the pot. The comb and photo both appear in Act 2, Scene 1. During the previous, Lolly has stepped aside, out of earshot, and quietly speaks the following incantation)*

**LOLLY.** Whilst this foul crone blathers 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 does as commanded. Shirley gently strokes Carly's hair and then, without warning, pulls a strand out. Carly winces. Shirley places the strand into the pot. Nothing happens.)*

**SHIRLEY.** Nuts! I think we need something a little more personal, more charged. *(Shirley pulls a pin from her hair. Carly timidly holds out her hand, palm up.)*

**SHIRLEY.** Are you ready?

**CARLY.** *(Lightheaded.)* No... I just... I need a... *(Shirley strikes Carly's palm with the pin.)* Damn it, Shirley! *(Shirley guides Carly's hand over the pot. The blood drips into it. As it does, there comes a chemical reaction and a burst of vapors.)*

**SHIRLEY.** Give to Carly now the devotion of this man and by him may she conceive one – no two – offspring. And in this spell, seal the pact of my charge with Carly's health and longevity. *(The pot glows brighter and the vapors rise in abundance. Shirley removes the contents with a large wire strainer spoon. The records have melted and formed into a single black orb.)*

**SHIRLEY.** This circle is now open, but my spell is unbroken. *(To Carly, regarding the orb.)* Take this to Flat Rock and release it into the water. You'll need to swim about nine yards out to where it's deepest.

**CARLY.** Shirley-

**SHIRLEY.** Go.

**CARLY.** Two children? I didn't ask for two-

**SHIRLEY.** In case one of 'em doesn't turn out so good. Now go! There isn't time. *(Carly takes the orb from Shirley and exits. Shirley and Lolly stand quietly for a moment.)*

**LOLLY.** Have you lost your fuckin' mind?

**SHIRLEY.** Language, Lolly.

## COLD RAIN

**LOLLY.** Thirty and a day?

**SHIRLEY.** Thirty years and one day. And then the spell'll be broken.

*(Sound of a car door followed by the sound of a car starting, shifting, and pulling away.)*

**LOLLY.** Carly will be... fifty-two years old. What then?

**SHIRLEY.** The poor bastard will have spent three decades with her. If he's miserable, he'll leave. If he's still in love with her after the spell lifts, he'll stay.

**LOLLY.** She shouldn't be out there by herself.

**SHIRLEY.** She needs to be on her own. If not, the spell won't take. And I can't have you interferin' with my incantations, so you'll stay put.

**LOLLY.** Shirley-

**SHIRLEY.** You'll stay put.

**LOLLY.** Well, I'm not gonna be able to relax until she's home and safe. So, what do you suggest we do in the meantime? *(Shirley thinks on it.)*

**SHIRLEY.** We. Go. Roller-skatin'! *(With a flourish, Shirley pulls two pairs of roller skates from their hooks and exits. Lolly grudgingly follows.)*

*(End of Scene.)*

## SCENE 2

*1975. Evening. A Police Station. LYDIA PACHECO, at present age 37, female, sits in a chair behind a table. She is speaking with an unseen detective. She's been drinking.*

**LYDIA.** Okay, look. It's a little hard to keep track of two teenage girls when you're workin' all hours and don't have a man around to pick up the slack, you know what I'm sayin'? So, I don't appreciate your assertion that I'm somehow responsible for what happened at Flat Rock that night. Tina and Rose are dead. Okay? And there ain't nothin' I can do about it. But I damn sure ain't gonna take the blame. They had no business bein' there and I sure as hell didn't give 'em permission to go. So, you can just cut the shit with that line of questionin'. *(Beat.)* And why do you keep bringin' me back in here anyway? Huh? You know, because every time I sit in this chair and I gotta talk to a detective or a cop or some other idiot, I gotta relive the night my girls drowned. *(Beat.)* So, what? So, you keep tellin' me it wasn't an accident. And you keep tellin' me that someone did this to 'em. And you want

## COLD RAIN

justice. For who? For me? For two dead girls? Well, you can just fuck right off with that nonsense. *(Beat.)* You're all useless, every last one of you. Hell, I could do a better job. That's right. Drunk old Lydia Pacheco could do a better job than a bunch of dimwitted, degenerate dicks. *(Beat. She rises out of her chair.)* Hey, listen. I'm pretty sure I'm gonna be sick, so I'm gonna go. And I 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 filled with various Hanna Barbera and other cartoon collectibles. There is also a television. BRYSON REKOWSKI, at present age 16, male; and FISHER HICKMAN, at present age 17, male, can be heard off.*

**BRYSON.** *(Off, calling out.)* Anyone home?

**FISHER.** *(Off, in an elevated whisper.)* Keep it down, man. *(They enter.)*

**BRYSON.** Why?

**FISHER.** I don't want anyone to know I'm here, that's why.

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

**FISHER.** Bullshit.

**BRYSON.** You parked like a half mile away. We trekked through the woods and along the tracks to the back yard. It would've been quicker to take the main road.

**FISHER.** Give it a rest, okay?

**BRYSON.** I don't think anyone's here anyway. My mom usually gets home around 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 is fucked in the head. How old is he and he still lives at home? I thought he was retarded.

**BRYSON.** Well, he isn't. Okay? So, please stop sayin' that. *(Beat.)*

**FISHER.** I'm gonna go. *(Fisher starts off.)*

## COLD RAIN

**BRYSON.** Hey... *(Fisher stops.)*

**BRYSON.** I thought you wanted to play Atari.

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

**BRYSON.** *(Disappointed.)* Right.

**FISHER.** You'll get 'em back.

**BRYSON.** Yeah, okay. Well, Johnny's got a trunk full here. *(Bryson crosses to the trunk and undoes a latch.)*

**BRYSON.** He, uh... What do you want? He's got Pac Man, Asteroids, Space Invaders, Pit Fall-

**FISHER.** *(Peering out a window.)* Isn't that your dad's van in the driveway?

**BRYSON.** His van's out there? *(Bryson joins Fisher at the window.)*

**FISHER.** Yeah. Volkswagen. Looks like a '73, '74 maybe.

**BRYSON.** I guess.

**FISHER.** You said nobody was home.

**BRYSON.** Well, his motorcycle isn't out there, so he must've gone for a ride.

**FISHER.** And you're sure your brother ain't here? *(Fisher looks around the room. He checks out various objects: pictures, action figures, an alarm clock, stuffed animals, etc.)*

**BRYSON.** I don't know. I don't think so. I mean, he might be in the cellar watchin' cartoons; that's usually where he is if he's not in here. And if he's not here, he's usually in the den; there's a TV in there too. Doesn't matter any way. Unless you're two dimensional and in Technicolor, you're basically invisible to him. *(Fisher picks up a cap and places it playfully on Bryson's head.)*

**FISHER.** Why are you so scrawny? *(Fisher squeezes Bryson's biceps.)*

**BRYSON.** *(Pulling away.)* Hey! Fisher, please. Don't... don't do that. *(Bryson takes off the cap and tosses it aside.)*

**FISHER.** That's why everyone picks on you, you know. Because you're all boney and shit. *(He grabs at Bryson's waist. Bryson pulls away again.)*

**BRYSON.** Fisher, please...

**FISHER.** You should learn to defend yourself.

**BRYSON.** I do all right.

**FISHER.** I don't mean with words. Okay? I mean with your body. Your arms, your hands, your legs- *(He reaches for Bryson's legs. Bryson clears further.)*

**BRYSON.** Do you want the games or not?

## COLD RAIN

**FISHER.** Why do you come?

**BRYSON.** What? What're you talkin' about?

**FISHER.** To the matches. You think I don't see you sittin' up there at the top of the bleachers? Sometimes you're there with that nerd chick, what's her name?

**BRYSON.** Donna.

**FISHER.** Yeah, that's her. You two goin' out?

**BRYSON.** No. No. She's just a friend.

**FISHER.** She ain't always with you, but you're always up there. Every match. Starin' down at me.

**BRYSON.** So, what? So, I've seen you wrestle. What's your point?

**FISHER.** Well, if you want, I could show you some moves.

**BRYSON.** No. I don't think so. It's not really my thing.

**FISHER.** Okay. I get it. You don't like to fight. Fine, you don't have to fight. But you need a way to defend yourself if someone comes at you.

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

**FISHER.** And what happens if they catch you?

**BRYSON.** They won't.

**FISHER.** What if they do? *(Beat.)*

**BRYSON.** Look, I'm just gonna grab a bunch of games for you, okay? *(He starts for the trunk.)* Bring 'em back as soon as you're done, though. *(He undoes another latch and pops the lock.)* My brother'll be totally pissed off if he finds out about this- *(Before Bryson can open the trunk, Fisher grabs him and forces him to the ground. Bryson struggles.)*

**BRYSON.** No! What're you doin'?' Fisher, stop!

**FISHER.** Relax. I'm gonna show you a couple of moves.

**BRYSON.** I said no! *(They continue to struggle until Fisher successfully restrains Bryson.)*

**BRYSON.** Ow!

**FISHER.** Stop movin'! *(Beat.)* Okay, now listen. I'm gonna let up a little, and you better not try to break free because, believe me, I will pin you hard to the floor again. You hear me?

**BRYSON.** Yes.

**FISHER.** I'm not fuckin' around. You better not move, and you better do what I tell you to do.

**BRYSON.** Fine.

## COLD RAIN

**FISHER.** Bryson-

**BRYSON.** Fine! I said fine! *(Beat.)*

**FISHER.** Okay. Rise up with me. And go slow. *(Bryson rises as Fisher does.)*

**FISHER.** Now get on your hands and knees and put your palms flat on the floor. *(Bryson does this.)*

**FISHER.** Good. Now push your butt back in to your calves, okay?

**BRYSON.** Okay. *(They are now in what is referred to in wrestling as the referee's position. They begin to wrestle, initiated by Fisher. This will be clumsy and will last a while as it grows in intensity. It ends when Fisher pins Bryson to the floor. They're faces are close. They kiss. Fisher then hurriedly pushes himself off Bryson. A moment.)*

**BRYSON.** Fisher. It's okay.

**FISHER.** *(Coldly, distracted.)* I was tryin' to show you how to protect yourself.

**BRYSON.** I know but-

**FISHER.** I'm not gay.

**BRYSON.** I didn't say-

**FISHER.** *(He stands.)* Look, I'm not queer! You got that?

**BRYSON.** *(He stands.)* Yeah.

**FISHER.** And anyway, you made me do it, comin' on to me all the time.

**BRYSON.** That's not true.

**FISHER.** We're not the same, you and me. You're a faggot! *(Fisher shoves Bryson.)*

**BRYSON.** Hey! *(Bryson shoves Fisher back.)*

**FISHER.** I was tryin' to show you how to defend yourself, and you baited me, man. You fuckin' baited me. And listen, dude, I will kick your ass if you tell anyone, you hear me?

**BRYSON.** What's the matter with you? *(Fisher gets in Bryson's face.)*

**FISHER.** Do you hear me?

**BRYSON.** Screw you!

**FISHER.** No. Screw you!

**BRYSON.** Get out! *(Grabbing a baseball bat that's lying nearby.)* Go!

*(Fisher exits. Bryson breathes deeply and then follows him out. Beat. The trunk lid opens revealing JOHNNY REKOWSKI, at present age 23, male, who has been hiding inside.)*

COLD RAIN

**JOHNNY.** Heavens to Murgatroyd. (*Johnny returns to the trunk, closing the lid.*  
*End of Scene.*)

SAMPLE