

Celebrating Australian Playwriting



Australian Script Centre



Rain

by Jessica Messenger

EXTRACT

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'Rain'

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Cast: 2M/3F

Running Time Approx 40-45 minutes

Characters:

Adam: 16/17 Country boy

Fey: 16/17, Daughter of family friend

Sarah: 16/17, Fey's best friend

Karen: 36-46 Adam's mother

Steve: 25-35, Youth Worker

Set:

Stage Right is a guest bedroom, Centre Stage a front porch raised on a Rostrum. Stage Left a vacant lot. On the porch is a chair and a table. The table is covered in antidepressant bottles and trashy romance novels. We get the impression the house is old and run down.

SCENE ONE:

ADAM is lying on the bed, tossing and turning. There is a nightmarish cacophony of sounds in the background, rolling thunder, wind. KAREN walks onto the porch, takes a seat and stares off into the distance. The sound effects build to a crescendo, lightening flashes, and ADAM wakes, with a start. The lights shift to early morning. He sits for a second, relieved to be awake, looks around, then leaves the room, to come out onto the porch. He enters, unaware of KAREN'S presence and sits down on the front steps.

KAREN: *(without looking up from her book)* What's wrong?

ADAM: Shit, I didn't see you there. Couldn't sleep. Probably take a while to get used to the bed.

KAREN: *(distant)* Bad dreams?

ADAM: You too?

KAREN: Yeah.

ADAM: What do you do about them?

KAREN: You get used to it.

Pause

ADAM: When was last time you slept?

KAREN: *(changing the subject)* I was thinking of going to Church next week.

ADAM: Why? You won't know anyone. It won't be the same.

KAREN: Same God.

ADAM: Yeah well, maybe that's the problem.

KAREN: *(again changing the subject)* We should be careful not to make too much noise. It's still early, everyone's asleep.

ADAM: When are we going to get a place of our own?

KAREN: *(putting down her book)* I'm not sure. You're father was right. There wasn't any money left, even after we sold the farm. I guess I'll get a job.

ADAM: Doing what?

KAREN: I'll figure it out. *(goes back to her book)*

ADAM: Yeah, sure. I'm going to go have a shower.

ADAM gets up, and goes back inside. KAREN stays where she is, in her dressing gown. Reading her trashy romance novels.

SCENE TWO:

FEY walks into ADAM'S room, and plonks herself down on his bed. Adam walks into the room drying his hair.

ADAM: What are you doing in here?

FEY: *(flirty)* Has anyone ever told you that you have nice hair?

ADAM: *(clearly uncomfortable)* Not while they were sitting on my bed.

FEY: Ooohh, touched a nerve have I? Anyway, I was thinking, you being new and all, and needing someone to show you around, I could like totally take you with me tonight. I'm going to a party, I can introduce you to everyone if you want.

ADAM: No thanks not tonight.

FEY: *(Patronising)* Adam, I know it's hard. But I think it's what your Father would have wanted. You know, to go on living your life, having fun.

ADAM: I don't think my Dad was really thinking about me when he shot himself.

FEY: Um, ah, look, um...that's not what I...

ADAM: Mum wouldn't let me anyway. She's usually pretty strict about stuff like that.

FEY: What, she's afraid something bad will happen? I'll tell her I'll look out for you.

ADAM: Yeah, I don't think...

FEY: Come, on, I bet I can bat my eyelids, and talk her into it. No one can resist me when I'm being cute. *(drags him out of the room and around to the porch entrance.)*

FEY: *(Said in one breath)* Hey Mrs Peterson, like, I'm going to a party tonight, and everyone from school's going to be there, and I thought it would give Adam a real head start if he could make some friends now before term starts. You know, cause he's had a tough time and all, and it might be good for him to have some guys his own age to hang out with, instead of being stuck trailing after me all holidays, you know?

KAREN: *(not looking up from her book)* Sounds fine.

ADAM: What? You aren't even a little concerned? There could drinking, drugs...other...stuff.

KAREN: I trust you.

ADAM: Are you sure?

KAREN: Why? *(looks at him for the first time)*