

# STOP RAIN

TEN MINUTE PLAY

By Patrick Gabridge

Copyright © MMI by Patrick Gabridge

All Rights Reserved

Heuer Publishing LLC, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

**The writing of plays is a means of livelihood. Unlawful use of a playwright's work deprives the creator of his or her rightful income. The playwright is compensated on the full purchase price and the right of performance can only be secured through purchase of at least three (3) copies of this work. PERFORMANCES ARE LIMITED TO ONE VENUE FOR ONE YEAR FROM DATE OF PURCHASE.**

**The possession of this script without direct purchase from the publisher confers no right or license to produce this work publicly or in private, for gain or charity. On all programs and advertising this notice must appear: "Produced by special arrangement with Heuer Publishing LLC of Cedar Rapids, Iowa."**

This dramatic work is fully protected by copyright. No part of this work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without permission of the publisher. Copying (by any means) or performing a copyrighted work without permission constitutes an infringement of copyright.

**The right of performance is not transferable** and is strictly forbidden in cases where scripts are borrowed or purchased second hand from a third party. All rights including, but not limited to the professional, motion picture, radio, television, videotape, broadcast, recitation, lecturing, tabloid, publication, and reading are reserved.

**COPYING OR REPRODUCING ALL OR ANY PART OF THIS BOOK IN ANY MANNER IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN BY LAW.**

***PUBLISHED BY***

**HEUER PUBLISHING LLC**

**P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406**

**TOLL FREE (800) 950-7529 • FAX (319) 368-8011**

**STOP RAIN**  
**By Patrick Gabridge**

**SYNOPSIS:** Birth mother Rain desperately wants to see the son she placed for adoption, but adoptive mom Marla feels she needs to protect her son from Rain's screw-ups and chaotic life. Can the two mothers learn to understand each other?

**CAST OF CHARACTERS**

(2 WOMEN)

MARLA (f) .....A woman in her 30s-40s.

RAIN (f).....A young woman, 18-24.

**SETTING**

A park bench.

**TIME:** The present.

*Stop Rain* by Patrick Gabridge  
Copyright © MMI by Patrick Gabridge

**SCENE:** A park bench.

**AT RISE:** MARLA waits impatiently. She's in her late 30s and wears a business suit. Finally, RAIN enters, a little anxious. She's in her late teens or early twenties, shabbily dressed.

**RAIN:** Sorry.

**MARLA:** I've been waiting more than an hour.

**RAIN:** The buses are all screwed up. I hate the bus. The people smell, the men press up against you. And you always gotta wait for the damn thing. Waiting's not my thing, you know.

**MARLA:** Mine neither.

**RAIN:** Right. Sorry. You look nice. Is that a new suit?

**MARLA:** No. It's just one I wear to work. I had to take off from work to be here.

**RAIN:** Right. It looks good. I know you're busy and all that . . . I've been looking for a job.

**MARLA:** I thought you had one. At the grocery store.

**RAIN:** Didn't work out. My manager, he was crazy. Always making remarks, you know, passes. I like to flirt a little sometimes, but he . . . You know how it is. And the buses suck. I had to take two transfers to get there.

**MARLA:** What happened to the car?

**RAIN:** The car.

**MARLA:** The car, Rain. The money. The car that Rich helped you choose so it would be reliable. So you could keep a job.

**RAIN:** Right. About the car. That's sort of why I called you.

**MARLA:** Did it break down?

**RAIN:** Not exactly.

**MARLA:** Julio.

**RAIN:** He said he was going to the store for some bread and milk, just like a normal person. Then I don't see him for two days, and when he comes dragging his sorry ass home, no car. Not even most of the money left. You should have heard me scream at him. I kicked him out that night.

**MARLA:** But he's back.

*Stop Rain* by Patrick Gabridge  
Copyright © MMI by Patrick Gabridge

**RAIN:** Some things you can't explain.

**MARLA:** No.

**RAIN:** So the car was really a good idea, Marla. I learned my lesson. If I had another, I'd hide the keys. You know I hate to ask for anything, but you know what they say about the poor man: give him a fish and he eats today, teach him to fish and he, you know, eats a lot more.

**MARLA:** Aren't you even going to ask about him?

**RAIN:** You know I want to . . . How's Nathan?

**MARLA:** He's great. I brought some pictures.

*She pulls out an envelope and sets it on the bench next to RAIN, who looks at it but doesn't pick it up.*

**RAIN:** Thanks. What's he doing these days?

**MARLA:** The whole pre-school thing. He likes the social part of it, making new friends, the playground. When he comes home, he's full of stories of who did this and who did that. He's even starting to read a few words - - dog, cat. Stop, go. It's like a window opened up to his mind, and all of a sudden a, b, c, go dog go. He's amazing.

**RAIN:** You're a good . . . a good mother to him now. And I'm sure Rich is a good father.

**MARLA:** We're trying. It's not always easy, but we're very happy. And grateful, Rain. We'll always be grateful to you.

**RAIN:** It was the right choice for me. For him. I'm glad it was you that adopted him.

**MARLA:** Rain?

**RAIN:** Hmm.

**MARLA:** You missed our meeting last week.

**RAIN:** I didn't forget. Don't let him think I forgot. I . . . it was the car and Julio and the buses and I . . .

**MARLA:** You should have called.

**RAIN:** My phone's out. If I can get a job again - -

**MARLA:** You should have found a pay phone, something.

*Stop Rain* by Patrick Gabridge  
Copyright © MMI by Patrick Gabridge

**RAIN:** I guess I could have left a message, but . . . Was Nathan pretty disappointed?

**MARLA:** Of course he was. This is the third time this year, Rain. It's one thing to let us down, we're grown ups, we can handle it. He's just a little boy.

**RAIN:** I won't let it happen again.

**MARLA:** Neither will we.

**RAIN:** What do you mean?

**MARLA:** Rich and I have been talking. Debating. Arguing. It doesn't need to be permanent. It would be good for him to know you, to have a connection to his roots. The books all say he'll need it. But for now, he's too young to be so deeply disappointed so often.

**RAIN:** You're cutting me off?

**MARLA:** We want to suspend visits, yes. For a while. We'll keep sending pictures and letters, and we still want them from you.

**RAIN:** He's my son.

**MARLA:** And he's my son, too.

**RAIN:** I gave him life.

**MARLA:** We know that. All three of us want you to be a part of his life. You're the one who acts like you don't.

**RAIN:** That's a lie. Sometimes I screw up. I'll make it right.

**MARLA:** He's only four, Rain. He shouldn't have to do this.

**RAIN:** But he does, because I'm his mother, and that's the way I am.

**MARLA:** Oh, you've proved it to him quite well. It's hard for him to understand any of this, and the way you've behaved will just make him angry with you.

*Stop Rain* by Patrick Gabridge  
Copyright © MMI by Patrick Gabridge

**RAIN:** It's an angry world, Marla. I'll do better, I promise. I do a lot of stupid things in my life. I know that. But most days, I know I did the right thing by giving him to you and Rich. But at night, sometimes I wake up and think about him, about him being with me, snuggled in bed, curled up in a little ball in my arms, and I stroke his hair to calm him after his nightmare and I wrap my arms around him. Blood of my blood, breath of my breath. I hold him tight, so he knows he's safe and I'll never let him go. Sometimes I'll stay like that all night, with him in my arms and in my mind, more than a dream, more than a dream. Until the sun comes up, and I have to let him go back to you and Rich, let him go all over again. It hurts, deep in my guts, and I know it won't ever go away. All I want to do is lay there in bed, all day long, until the darkness comes again, and I can have him back.

**MARLA:** You can't have him back.

**RAIN:** I know you're a good mother to him. I know it. But even a bad mother, like me, wants to see her son.

**MARLA:** We all want the same thing, right? For Nathan to grow up safe and happy and loved. Don't make him doubt that he's worthy of being loved.

**RAIN:** I missed a few meetings, that's all . . . I can find you. I have your phone number. I figured out your last name. I know people with computers, and they say that's all it takes. I can find where you live.

**MARLA:** Is that a threat?

**RAIN:** It's a fact.

**MARLA:** And what then? You want to take four years of building trust and flush it down the toilet?

**RAIN:** You're the one who suddenly wants to change things.

**MARLA:** Because you're hurting him.

**RAIN:** It was an accident.

**MARLA:** But you know what, that's fine. If you want to undo all that, go ahead. Make yourself the bad guy.

*Stop Rain* by Patrick Gabridge  
Copyright © MMI by Patrick Gabridge

**RAIN:** Of course, it has to be me. Look at you, you have everything -  
- a house, a job, an education, a husband. And now you have a  
son. How am I supposed to fit in with all that? I'm stupid and  
messy. My life is out of control. But I exist. You can't pretend I  
don't. Nathan knows better.

**MARLA:** We give you chance after chance, but you keep blowing it.  
We opened our lives to you.

**RAIN:** Give me a break. We met a few times, in out-of-the-way  
places, places I can hardly get to. You saw how completely  
whacked my world is, and you felt guilty, so you paid me off a little.  
But I screw up a few times, and you slam the door in my face. That  
mess is why you have a son. You've been looking for an excuse,  
Marla. Opened your lives to me? I gave you my son. You gave me  
a few hours of your time, gave me a couple breaks. I just want a  
scrap, a few hours with Nathan, every once in a while. You're a  
mother now. What does that mean to you?

**MARLA:** I . . . I know what it means.

**RAIN:** Fine. You're in control. You decide. Okay? But you have to let  
me keep trying. Please? One more chance?

**MARLA:** I promised Rich that I would not waver. Let me talk to him,  
okay?

**RAIN:** Okay.

**MARLA:** But try to do something right. Send Nathan a letter.

**RAIN:** I will. I'll send a whole handful.

**MARLA:** I'm sorry.

**RAIN:** Don't be. I'm going to take care of it. You'll see.

**MARLA:** I have to go back to work.

**RAIN:** Yeah . . . Hug him for me. Please? I mean, really think of me  
when you're doing it. I'll know.

**MARLA:** I will.

*There's an awkward moment of parting, a consideration of an  
embrace, but it doesn't happen. MARLA exits. RAIN picks up the  
envelope and opens it. She examines each photo slowly, touching the  
faces, trying to keep her composure. She hunts in her ragged purse  
for a pen and a scrap of paper and begins to write as:*

*Stop Rain* by Patrick Gabridge  
Copyright © MMI by Patrick Gabridge

*BLACKOUT.*

**THE END**

DO NOT COPY

- 8 -

*THIS SCRIPT IS PROVIDED AS A COURTESY FOR INTERNET READING.  
NO PERFORMANCE RIGHTS CONVEYED.*