

The Storm Play

Draft 2

written by

Bailey Vance

(805)889-7360
bvance@idyllwildarts.org

CHARACTERS

Molly Dvali: Any ethnicity, mid-to-late teens, Dutch's adopted daughter. Wise. Too mature for her age. Misses her sister.

Dutch Dvali: Georgian* raised in America, mid-to-late 40's, Molly's adoptive father. A giant of a man who tries too hard to be too strong for too long. Misses his daughter.

Sara Anderson: White, late teens to early 20's, red-headed step child with major depression and anger issues and no healthy coping mechanisms. Someone who doesn't care enough about herself

Ezi Cavallero: 50/50 Fillipino/Mexican, Late teens to early 20's, Works hard on her friends issues and avoids her own. Someone who cares too deeply for too many people.

Ashley Greyson: Black, mid 30's, widowed father, Henrietta's brother. A family man who has reconnected with the rest of his family, but hasn't fully let go of the past.

Henrietta Greyson: Black, early 30's, that cool spiritual aunt who hand-makes jewelry for birthdays and Christmas and explains what each stone does, Ashley's sister. A free spirit who wants to help her brother move on.

AUTHOR'S NOTES

*Georgian as in from the country of Georgia, not the state.

// Is used to show overlapping dialogue

Wind howls. Rain falls. Lightning strikes. Thunder rolls.

A woman sits alone in the rain. MOLLY. Her face is turned up towards the sky, illuminated only when lightning strikes.

After a moment of savoring the rain, she lets her head drop to a normal position.

She speaks aloud to herself. Or maybe the storm.

MOLLY

You know, I used to hate the rain. I hated swimming too. Maybe I just hated being in water. I wasn't afraid or anything, I just... I didn't like how it felt. Like it was surrounding me. Trapping me. Trying to drown me, unbeknownst to even itself. But, I guess that doesn't really matter anymore.

She flinches as a drop hits her neck. A quick sigh.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Maybe it still does.

She looks up to the sky for a moment. Contemplation.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

There's comfort in a storm. At least for me. There's something about the sound of it. The soft patter of rainfall. The rumble of thunder. The howl of wind. It all comes together into a... Just listen. You'll hear.

Wind howls. Rain falls. Lightning strikes. Thunder rolls.

There's a song carried among the sounds. A woman's voice. Shouting a song to the heavens? Screaming her pain away? Wailing for a lost love? It's faint, but it's there.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

It's music. The storm brings music with it. A music you can't hear anywhere else. It's mournful, but at the same time it's...

She looks up and lets the rain fall on her face.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

I dunno. Maybe I'm just crazy.

Lightning strikes once more before-

DARK.

Wind howls. Rain falls. Lightning strikes. Thunder rolls.

A woman lies alone in the rain. SARA. She is turned up towards the sky, illuminated only when lightning strikes.

Lightning, close. Thunder, loud.

She screams to match it.

It's not her voice carried on the storm.

She breathes heavily, deeply, trying to calm herself.

Another strike. Another scream. Another breath.

She lets out a shaky breath and runs her hands through her hair.

SARA

You know what rain does? It rusts. It corrodes. It ruins. Maybe, if I stay out here, I'll rust away. This metal skin of mine will corrode, and weaken, and fall apart. If I let myself be ruined, maybe I can be saved.

She sits up and holds her arms to herself. Cold.

SARA (CONT'D)

Or maybe the storm can help me save myself.

She looks up to the sky for a moment. Contemplation.

SARA (CONT'D)

There's power in a storm. It's a force of nature in the most literal way. The storm gives. It gives so much that it begins to wear down whoever or whatever receives it's gifts. And, eventually, it gives so much that things must be taken away. A storm is not good, nor is it evil. It just is.

Wind howls. Rain falls. Lightning strikes. Thunder rolls.

The sound of cracking. And crackling. And falling. And crashing. Sounds that drown out any song that may be heard.

SARA (CONT'D)

A storm doesn't apologize. It doesn't need to. It's fury is aimless, and boundless, and refuses to be tamed.

Lightning strikes once more before-

DARK.

Wind howls. Rain falls. Lightning strikes. Thunder rolls.

A woman stands alone in the rain. HENRIETTA. Her face is turned up towards the sky, illuminated only by-

The burning, dead tree she stands next to. A slightly charred red string sits at the base.

She reaches out towards the tree, just a little to far, just enough to feel the heat too much. She shakes out her hand.

HENRIETTA

The lightning cause the fire. And the rain will put it out. The rain will heal the wound the lightning has caused, but it wont heal the same. It'll leave a scar.

She reaches out again. Still too hot.

HENRIETTA (CONT'D)

But maybe, that's the way it's supposed to be.

She looks up to the sky for a moment. Contemplation.

HENRIETTA (CONT'D)

There's mercy in a storm. A bandage ripped away. A decayed tooth being pulled. A necessary pain. Death must be replaced by life, no matter what form it takes. Death must feed life. And what is life but fire? Fire inside, fire outside. We survive when the fire within burns hotter than the fire without.

Wind howls. Rain falls. Lightning strikes. Thunder rolls.

There is no song. There is no destruction.

Just the storm.

And another voice. ASHLEY walks into the fire light.

ASHLEY

God, you take one philosophy class, and this is what happens?

Henrietta smiles.

HENRIETTA

What's happening? Is anything happening? Can we really// be sure-

ASHLEY

//For the love of god Henrietta, just shut up and come back inside. You're gonna get sick.

He points at the burning tree.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Or burned. Either/Or. I guess it's best to keep your options open though, eh?

They both chuckle. The kind of chuckle reserved for stupid jokes that aren't that funny, but are still entertaining.

...

Ashley can't take his eyes off the string at the base of the trunk.

His smile fades.

Henrietta looks over.

HENRIETTA

Ash? You ok?

Ashley bites his lip, takes a deep breath, and lets it out.

He nods and walks forward, grabbing the charred string and pulling it away from the fire.

ASHLEY

Yeah. Yeah, I'm ok. You're right. Sometimes you need the bandage ripped off.

Henrietta puts a hand on his shoulder.

There's a torrent of rain.

A gust of wind.

They jump back as the tree falls in front of them.

HENRIETTA

//Oh shit!

ASHLEY

//Oh shit!

They freeze for a moment, waiting for something worse to happen.

Nothing does.

They breathe.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Talk about snapping you out of something.

HENRIETTA

Was... Was that a pun?

ASHLEY

... Damn it.

Henrietta laughs and walks over, taking the string from Ashley.

HENRIETTA

Cleo would have loved that.

She hands it back. Ashley smiles.

ASHLEY

I know. But just because my wife would've doesn't mean I have to.

They both smile. A little melancholy.

They both look at the tree.

The fire's dying.

HENRIETTA

Lets get back inside, yeah?

ASHLEY

Agreed.

They walk away, but-

Ashley stops and looks at the tree one last time.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Helluva storm, eh Cleo?

Lightning strikes once more before-

DARK.

Wind howls. Rain falls. Lightning strikes. Thunder rolls.

A woman lies alone in the rain. Sara. She is turned up towards the sky, illuminated only when lightning strikes.

Lightning, close. Thunder, loud.

She screams to match it.

Maybe it is her voice that is carried on the storm.
She breathes heavily, deeply, trying to calm herself.
Another strike. Another scream. Another breath.

...

She lets out a shaky breath and-

Her hands are caught before they can run through her hair. EZI holds her hands gently. Sara shakes in the cold. Or with tears. Hard to tell over the sounds of the storm and the rain on her face.

Sara pulls away and sits up. She holds her arms to herself. Cold?

Ezi sighs from behind her.

... Why?
SARA
Why what?
EZI
Why are you out here?
SARA
Because I was looking for you.
EZI

Sara sighs.

SARA
Well, you found me! Happy?
EZI
Yes, actually. I was worried about you.

Sara doesn't know how to respond.

Ezi expected this.

She embraces Sara from behind. Sara shakes again, but lets herself lean into Ezi's arms.

They savor the rain for a moment.

Sara allows herself the comfort.

Ezi is happy to have given it.

SARA

... I wasn't sure if I was gonna come back.

EZI

I know.

SARA

No, I mean- I was- I almost-

Sara tries to speak. Only tears come.

Ezi runs her hand through Sara's hair, still holding her close.

EZI

I know, Sara. It's okay.

SARA

It's not okay. I know //its not okay, I-

EZI

//It is okay. I promise. It's okay to not be okay.

Sara holds Ezi's arm tight. A life preserver and a sinking ship.

EZI (CONT'D)

What's important is that you're here now, okay?

Sara takes a deep breath and lets it out.

She nods.

SARA

Okay.

EZI

And let's stop saying okay.

Sara smiles.

Then laughs.

Then turns and cries into Ezi's shoulder.

Ezi rocks with her slightly, trying her best to soothe her.

SARA

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. //I'm so sorry, Ezi, I just... I couldn't anymore. I needed to get out and I almost...

EZI

//No, no "Sorry"s either. No "Sorry"s, no "okay"s. We're here now, that's what matters.

Sara grips Ezi's shirt and cries harder. She's definitely shaking with tears now.

She sobs.

And she sobs.

and she stops sobbing.

SARA

... Don't let go. Please.

EZI

I won't. I promise.

Ezi wipes a tear from Sara's face.

She smiles

Ezi smiles back.

Sara leans up and plants a soft kiss on Ezi's cheek.

They embrace fully as Ezi runs her hand through Sara's hair.

Wind howls. Rain falls. Lightning strikes. Thunder rolls.

There's a song carried among the sounds. A woman's voice. Shouting a song to the heavens? Screaming her pain away? Wailing for a lost love? It's faint, but it's there.

EZI (CONT'D)

Better?

SARA

A bit.

EZI

Should we go back home?

SARA

Can we stay out here for a bit? The storm is...

No need to finish. Ezi smiles and pats her head.

EZI

Of course.

Lightning strikes once more before-

DARK.

Wind howls. Rain falls. Lightning strikes. Thunder rolls.

A woman sits alone in the rain. Molly. Her face is turned up towards the sky, illuminated only when lightning strikes.

After a moment of savoring the rain, she lets her head drop to a normal position.

She speaks aloud to herself. Or the storm. Who's to-

DUTCH

Listening again?

DUTCH leans against... something. We cant see. It's too dark.

Molly smiles and nods. She doesn't look back at him.

Dutch sighs and looks up at the sky. After a moment of savoring the rain, he begins to pace.

Wind howls. Rain falls. Lightning strikes. Thunder rolls.

There's a song carried among the sounds. A woman's voice. Shouting a song to the heavens? Screaming her pain away? Wailing for a lost love? It's faint, but it's there.

Dutch tries, but he can't hear it. Or maybe he doesn't want to.

Molly begins humming along.

He has to hear it now.

Dutch freezes. The song brings memories, and with it, either pain or happiness. Maybe both.

DUTCH (CONT'D)

How do you know that song?

Molly cocks her head to the side.

MOLLY

It's the storm. Can't you hear it?

Dutch swallows. Dry. Even in the rain.

DUTCH
It's... It's just... That's--

MOLLY
Lindsay used to sing it.

Dutch is almost fully frozen. He barely ekes out a nod

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Dad, I-

Dutch raises his hand up.

Stop.

Please.

Molly looks away and sighs.

DUTCH
... Can I listen with you?

Molly looks over, smiles, and nods.

Dutch sits next to her and holds her.

DUTCH (CONT'D)
You know, she used to love the rain. Not because of the feel of it, or what it did to the world around us, but the sound. She used to sit next to the window, or climb on the roof, and just... listen. I always asked why she loved it so much and she always gave me a different answer. Comfort, power, mercy.

He looks up to the sky for a moment. Contemplation.

DUTCH (CONT'D)
And now, I think I get it.

Wind howls. Rain falls. Lightning strikes. Thunder rolls.

There's a song carried among the sounds. A woman's voice. Soothing the pain of her lost family.

DUTCH (CONT'D)
Thank you.

Lightning strikes once more before it goes dark.

BLACKOUT