

# ***Despite The Rain***

*by*

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Cast of Characters

MARY: 40's  
ELIZABETH: 16  
HARRY: 40's

Place  
Home

Time  
Night

Setting: The play takes place inside a large Georgia styled home. A great porch wraps around the front of the house. Inside the home there's a few different shaded lamps dimly lit, off-white carpeting, a three person sofa, two single sofas with a small drinking table between them and a door stage right to enter the kitchen. There's a staircase downstage center.

At Rise: The play opens up with us hearing the fall of heavy rain. A knock on the door (stage left) is heard next and Mary enters from the kitchen. She walks across the living room and opens the front door where we meet Harry.

HARRY: Good evening, I'm Harry Moss.

MARY: Oh, hello Mr. Moss, please come in.

HARRY: Thank you.

HARRY enters the home.

MARY: I appreciate you coming, despite the rain.

HARRY: You're welcome.

Awkward pause.

MARY: Well, could I offer you a cup of hot tea?

HARRY: Tea would be nice.

MARY: Right this way.

MARY leads HARRY into the living room.

Please, sit down and I'll be right back.

HARRY plants himself on a single sofa.  
He looks around the room as if gathering intel.

MARY can be heard in the kitchen. Pots and pans can be heard getting thrown.

MARY enters the living room carrying a cup of tea. She hands it to HARRY.

HARRY: Thank you...uh, was, is everything, I heard a loud crashing sound.

MARY: Did you?

HARRY: I believe so.

MARY: Oh. (Mary sits) Sip your tea before it gets cold. The temperature in this house is always cold, no matter how much I turn up the thermostat.

HARRY: Have you had someone look at it?

MARY: look at what?

HARRY: Your thermostat.

MARY: No.

HARRY: Maybe it's not functioning properly.

MARY: It isn't.

HARRY sips his tea and nods.

HARRY: Lovely tea.

MARY: Yes.

Awkward pause fills the room.

She'll be right down.

HARRY: She knows I'm here?

MARY: Yes, she told me exactly one minute prior to your arrival.

HARRY: Did she?

MARY: Yes.

HARRY: Hmm.

Enter Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH: Hello.

ELIZABETH sits on a three person sofa across from HARRY and MARY.

You should be more careful driving in the rain Mr. Moss.

HARRY: Why's that?

ELIZABETH: Well, shouldn't we all?

HARRY: Why, yes, of course.

ELIZABETH: You don't need to be here Mother.

MARY: No?

ELIZABETH: I like his face.

MARY: Are you sure?

ELIZABETH: I am.

MARY gets up and leaves the room.

There we are. Better. Mother is always interfering.

HARRY: Interfering with what?

ELIZABETH: You are such a smart man. Did you know that about yourself?

HARRY: I know I'm not stupid, if that's what you're asking.

ELIZABETH: That's not what I'm asking and you know that's not what I'm asking, Mr. Moss.

HARRY: ...I find myself more intelligent than most, at least for the work that I do.

ELIZABETH: I'm trying to figure out if I can use you or not.

HARRY: Use me?

ELIZABETH: Not sure if you really need to be here.

HARRY: Use me, how?

ELIZABETH: You've done good work, helped many people, does that make you feel good about yourself?

HARRY: I like to help people.

ELIZABETH: Would you consider yourself on the side of good?

HARRY: I should hope so, but I'm not perfect by any means.

ELIZABETH: You have good intentions, even if you didn't save your son from drowning in the lake, you certainly tried.

HARRY: Excuse me? (beat) What did you just say about my son?

ELIZABETH: You aren't someone who pursues things with ill intention.

HARRY: Are you going to keep fucking around or do you wish for me to help you?

ELIZABETH: Even when you are angry.

HARRY gets up to leave.

Sit down. We'll talk proper.

HARRY sits down slowly.

You aren't here for the reason you think you are. I need you for something else. I am at a point in my life where I guess you can say I'm at a crossroads.

HARRY: What sort of crossroads?

ELIZABETH: I need to choose which way to go.

HARRY: What are you---

ELIZABETH: I have to decide if I want to choose a good path, like you or a bad path.

HARRY: And you need me to help you figure that out?

ELIZABETH: Yes.

HARRY: How?

ELIZABETH: I want to join you. (beat) I want to accompany you on your journeys, I want to make up my own mind.

HARRY: What good will that do?

ELIZABETH: I will see.

HARRY: For someone who already has the ability to see, are you telling me that you can't see your own future?

ELIZABETH: I can't.

HARRY: But you can see others?

ELIZABETH: I can see and I can alter the paths of others. When you were driving over here, you almost had an accident. You were too busy looking down at your phone and you narrowly missed hitting the man who was walking his dog. And the strange thing Harry, is that you felt like you did, even though you didn't...that was me...I rearranged what you were going to do, I altered your path...so, in a way, you owe me. Believe me, the turn out wouldn't have been good for you, that man or his dog. It would have been a terrible collision of lives that would have ended badly for everyone. Count yourself lucky but be a little more aware next time.

HARRY: This is beyond me.

HARRY gets up to leave.

ELIZABETH: Your son Luke says it wasn't your fault.

HARRY: Don't you dare talk about my son!!!

MARY rushes into the room.

MARY: Why are you screaming Mr. Moss?

ELIZABETH: Mother, Mr. Moss was just leaving.

Awkward pause.

HARRY: I'm sorry. I didn't mean to shout in your home. Excuse me.

HARRY steps outside on the porch.

MARY (to Elizabeth): Elizabeth, what's going on?

ELIZABETH: We are going to help one another.

MARY: Why did he shout?

KNOCK on the front door.

Come in!

HARRY speaks through the screen door.

HARRY: I'll do it.

ELIZABETH: Yes, I know.

HARRY leaves.

END OF PLAY