

# ***In the Hour of Rain***

*by*

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Cast of Characters

ALANNA: Early 30's

MIA: Mid 30's

Place: Lower East Side, Manhattan.

Time: the present, end of March: 1.30 p.m

At Rise: The curtain rises upon a wide open industrial style loft apartment, disclosing a large bed and a kitchen on its opposite side. There is quiet, making room for the noise of the outside city streets, entering through two large windows. There is nothing too fancy or luxurious about the place, other than its fairly decent size.

*Alanna, early 30s, shifts around in Mia's bed, still wearing a t-shirt and skirt from the night before, a numbing headache begins to wake her...*

ALANNA: Fuck...what time is it?

*Mia, mid 30s, a slightly malnourished and tired looking young woman, yet attractive with childlike features, begins to make her way into the kitchen area to make coffee, she turns around.*

MIA: Past 1 o'clock.

ALANNA: Jesus.

MIA: ...didn't want to wake you up.

ALANNA: Ah, what a night...

MIA: Yeah.

ALANNA: What the hell even happened?

*Mia watches Alanna from the bedroom frame.*

...I did something stupid, didn't I?

MIA: Well, *huh*, if you want to put it lightly.

ALANNA: Alright, alright...I can tell you ain't in the mood. (*Alanna attempts to sit up*) Ahh, Jesus, you'd think I wouldn't have an ounce of Irish in me...Can you get me some water?

MIA: It's right there, I put it on your bedside.

ALANNA: Let me just wake up... (*a vision from the night before shifts her mood, she's slightly embarrassed*) Oh no, what the hell did we get up to last night? (*nervous laugh*)...who was that guy at the bar?

MIA: I don't find it funny Lanna.

ALANNA: Oh come on, it couldn't have been that bad!

MIA: You're a married woman. I just don't understand it.

ALANNA: (*Laughs*) Mother Mary...give me a break! I couldn't have done anything too bad?

MIA: He was all over you.

ALANNA: What?!

MIA: That man at that bar, he tried to kiss you!

ALANNA: He tried to or he did?

MIA: You don't remember? We had to pull him away and then we got in the cab and this was after you caused a fight to break out! Maybe it's best we just don't even talk about it.

ALANNA: Did Sam call?

MIA: Yeh, he left a voice message around 3am, I just called him back after and told him we were already home...

ALANNA: Alright, well you didn't need to lie...Listen, Mia, I'm sorry, we just got drunk.

MIA: That wasn't drunk, you were out of control. Aren't you...don't you feel bad?

ALANNA: I do, but it was just stupid, just *aw fuck*, it's whatever! What is with you? So perfect all the time. I drank too much. What d'you want me to say? Why do you have to be so serious about it?

MIA: I was your maid of honor six months ago Alanna!! I watched you and Sam *get married!*

ALANNA: Alright! It was a fucking kiss. Don't crucify me over it. Let me be the judge of that!

MIA: Well, maybe you don't---ahh forget it.

ALANNA: *What?*

MIA: Nothing.

ALANNA: No, go, go on and say it already, I don't what??

MIA: Love Sam.

ALANNA: (*holding back her anger*) Ahh yeah, yeah. This again. (*locking eyes with Mia*) I do love him.

MIA: Then why would you act like that? What if he saw the way you acted? You were completely drunk, we all got thrown out the bar because you were fighting with two men and then you almost went home with this other man! Tina and I had to literally carry you into the cab and pull you away from him.

ALANNA: I can't remember any of it. It's not gonna make a difference talking about it. You know drinking lights a fire in me...

MIA: Then why did you drink?

ALANNA: I just wanted a few, told myself I'd just have a few...what am I, in jail? A woman can't have a drink these days, crucified over a drink? Where should I be, doing Sam's laundry? (*bursts out laughing*) Ahh I could throw up, I feel sick. Let it go Mia. Can we just forget it? MIA?

*MIA doesn't respond, but sits silently, looking away from Alanna at the edge of the bed.*

I think you need to know, it was a mistake.

MIA: I don't know, I just don't know...

ALANNA: (*watches Mia*) You don't know a lot of things. You're naive Mia, life isn't a bed of roses.

MIA: Well, I would never act like you if I was with the man I loved, never, I could never--

ALANNA: Strange, isn't it?

MIA: What is?

ALANNA: How different we are. You and me. You know, there's a difference. We're different. There's things I'm working on but that's nothin' to do with you...you know what I'm talking about...there's things I've got to get a handle on but how exactly would you understand all of that? You're still so young Mia. You had it all mapped out, you went to private school, your parents supported you your whole life; you had a brother who loved you and a father who looked out for you, you never once knew what it felt like to watch your own mother dying. I'm not sayin', not sayin' at all that you've had it easy, no one does, we all have our fair share of troubles and I'm not makin' excuses for myself but I ain't out here blamin' anyone either!

Alright, I drink to get away from it all, the memories. Free myself from them...don't have the kind of memories you have as a kid Mia. Don't have the happy go lucky family gatherings on a Sunday! I don't f'n remember one good thing 'bout any of it. The only good part of it all was when it ended, when it started to get better. When my mother healed, when my brother reached some kind of normalcy, when I managed to leave, but the trauma was done. And there's no escaping that! No-listen - God forbid I'm not the perfect person that you can look up to, like all those new people you met that you can't stop comparing me with, I'm not stupid, I know what you mean by the things you said last night. I've just not had...I haven't had... these things just don't go away that easily. When the drink hits, I'm in places I shouldn't be in but then I don't know what I would've done without it, it's also what's saved me.

ALANNA (cont'd): I know what you're thinkin' but I'm not givin' myself excuses anymore, I want to get out of it, I wanna change and I will, I've the will to change! But I'm tellin' you why I slip up, that I'm not fortunate to be like the rest of you and this was a slip up! I fk'd up alright, at least I'm tryin'. But go ahead and leave Mia. Get there sooner than later...know this though, one day you'll f'k up too and it'll hit you like a train, you'll think of me and you'll know just what it feels like to feel dead. You'll know that feeling when your face hits the mud and you're worthless. Just hope you'll have someone near you though. Someone that'll be there for you, someone who'll say it'll be alright.

MIA: I'm leaving.

ALANNA: Good, leave! (*Softly*)...Leave.

MIA: Tina said she doesn't want to go through it again, what she went through last night....It's not just the guy you were with, it's the fights she's tired of...it isn't the first time Alanna. So I don't think you'll see her for a while, she's angry. You know, Lanna, I would do anything to have what you have now, stability. A man who truly loves me...and a great man, that is. Sam isn't like the rest of them, he's your best friend. And I'd do anything, anything to have that, that sense of freedom, compatibility that you have with one another. I on the other had, I've never really felt love, not for long enough, all I've ever been with are assholes and if they were right for me, it wouldn't last longer than a honeymoon and I'm tired, don't you think I'm getting tired of it all? Men, women, don't matter what they are, they've only gone so far with me. I still get hurt no matter who it is. I haven't ever had a stable relationship, in all my 35 years, it's just one heart break after the next. When I look at you and what you have, I question everything...I question why love even exists and what it means. I question why, why you even deserve what you have!

(*beat*)

ALANNA: What happened with Ryan?

MIA: ...I loved Ryan, but he never took things seriously, he didn't ever want to come to New York, he wanted me to move in with him and move to Philly and obviously I couldn't at the time because I had college and -

ALANNA: And remind me, how long were you both together?

MIA: Two years.

ALANNA: Two years...

MIA: Exactly, that's my point! It never lasts. What's your point?

ALANNA: Do you know how long me and Sam have been together?

MIA: Of course I know how long. Pretty much as long as we've known each other!

ALANNA: 17 years Mia!!! 17 fucking years and I'm not even midway into my 30's yet.

MIA: But you just got married. Isn't that what you wanted? Are you having second thoughts?

ALANNA: Second thoughts? Second thoughts about what? There are no second thoughts! Sam is my life, he's part of my soul. Maybe you're right, maybe I don't deserve him but no, no, I take that back, I do deserve him, I've given him everything, i've given him enough of me. So whilst you sit there judging me, you can't, you just can't judge, I'm sorry things haven't gone your way Mia, with love and everything but it's not the kind of fairytale you keep imagining it to be, it's harder than that and you can't keep on cutting me down, not until you've loved someone the way I've loved him for as long as I have. That's my honor. Not you, not anyone or a drink or a priest can take that away from me! *(Mia looks up at Alanna, she's now listening)* Look I'm sorry for last night. But you've known me too long to pass judgement. And...*(in all honesty)*...it isn't your place to pass it.

I need to get out of here, my head is pounding, I need to get some fresh air.

*Alanna begins to gather her belongings and begins to put on her tights and shoes.*

I'm no angel, we know it, the whole world does but I get up everyday and I try to be - I try to be the woman I want to be, the woman I've never known how to fully be but I try. I want you to forget about last night, after your phone call, Sam was well aware of it all anyway, he knows me better than I know myself, he has us all fooled thinking that he doesn't but that's what makes him Sam. That's why I love him, he's no fool but he'll defend me to the end, there's nothin' we can do about that, that's just the way things are and that's not for you or anyone to get in the way of...

*Alanna notices a large rip in her tights and a scratch on her leg and suddenly freezes in shock, she panics and then runs her fingers along the scratch up her leg*

...Jesus, when did this happen?

MIA: When we were getting into the cab, you scraped your leg against that iron railing it was parked up against.

*A sigh of relief overcomes Alanna.*

*The stage lights dim down, we are left with only Alanna in an empty room.*

ALANNA: I can't even remember. That's the worst part, when your mind just switches off and you can't bring back or erase any of it. It's just darkness, pitch black darkness and a gaping hole that has no answers. You go on living, you go on thinking they'll find their way through the cracks, the whispers and voices that pass you and the smiles you encounter, maybe even the way her hand reached out for his or his for hers, perhaps that'll bring something back, perhaps they'll slip through, images, thoughts, anything that could give you a clue, anything to bring you closer...still, nothin', no signs, pavements covering an abyss, a dark matter that could mean anythin', be anythin'. How can you heal something that you can't grip? What if there is nothin' left to heal, what if everything has cut open, what if the blood runs too thick, what then?

*Light on Alanna begins to fade...we hear Mia's voice fade out with the light...*

MIA: *(faintly)* Alanna, LANNA?

*Fade to black.*

The End