

WITHIN THE RAIN

By Jeff Dunne

© 2021 by Jeffrey A. Dunne
jeff@bearcreations.org

CHARACTERS

ERIC	A curious, peaceful man
SAMANTHA	A philosophical and spiritual woman

SETTING

A living room with a window seat.

SCENE

(Samantha sits on a window seat, looking out at the world beyond. We can hear rain in the background. Eric enters and walks over.)

ERIC

Find them yet?

SAMANTHA

What? Oh. Funny.

ERIC

But seriously, you okay?

SAMANTHA

Oh, yeah.

ERIC

You look a little...

SAMANTHA

No. I'm fine. Really, just... trying something.

ERIC

Intriguing. Do tell.

(Samantha looks at Eric appraisingly, trying to determine if he is serious or just making conversation. She concludes it is the former.)

SAMANTHA

Come here. Sit. Okay, you know how you can see shapes in the clouds? Well, a while back I started playing around with a bit of a variation on that. Instead of looking at the shape of a cloud, I'd look at the shape of the sky near the cloud.

ERIC

The shape of the sky? I don't...

(Samantha raises a finger, a motion to ask Eric to wait.)

SAMANTHA

It's easier to describe with something else. Ummm... consider that tree. You see the shape of the leaves, right? Well, now, instead of looking at the leaves, look at the shapes made by the opening between the leaves. I think artists call it negative space.

ERIC

Giving up chemistry for art, are we?

SAMANTHA

Chemistry is art, but if you don't want to—

ERIC

No, no. Sorry. Go ahead.

SAMANTHA

Anyway... So you focus on the negative space, and see what pops out.

ERIC

(Pointing out the window.)

I see kind of a star shape between the really big branch and the little one below it that goes up at an angle.

SAMANTHA

Nice, but hang on.

ERIC

There's more?

SAMANTHA

It's like you don't even know me.

ERIC

Right. Of course there's more.

SAMANTHA

Okay, so now that you've got that, let your eyes go unfocused. Try to let different pieces of the world come together. You know, overlap with each other.

(Eric tries this for a few moments.)

ERIC

That's... weird. *(He gives a little laugh.)* I'm not really sure what I'm seeing.

SAMANTHA

I see a lot of strange stuff when I do this. But here's the next bit that I just thought to try.

ERIC

Of course. Every time I think—

SAMANTHA

Shhh. If you can do this next part, that would be really helpful, because honestly, I kind of need to know that someone else is seeing this too. Okay, now. Look at the rain.

ERIC

Okaaayy....

SAMANTHA

Watch the drops, and now do the same unfocusing thing. Try to let the drops come together.

ERIC

I can't...

SAMANTHA

Don't try too hard, and don't follow any individual drop. Just... let your eyes relax.

ERIC

(He becomes energized...)

Is... is that...

SAMANTHA

(Suddenly excited...)

So you see her??

ERIC

For just a moment, I... I thought I saw...

SAMANTHA

Yeah! Yes! So I'm not crazy!

(They both turn to stare out the window and into the rain. After a few moments...)

There.

ERIC

I thought I saw something. Like... like a girl, or maybe a small woman. But I can't...

SAMANTHA

Yeah. She goes in and out, but if you see her too then it can't just be my imagination. It helps to not think about trying to see her. Just... relax.

ERIC

Is she waving her arm?

SAMANTHA

Oh my god. Yes! You're seeing her. You're seeing the same thing!

ERIC

What is she?

SAMANTHA

I don't know for sure. I think... I wonder if... maybe she's some kind of water spirit.

ERIC

In Greek mythology, they talk about different types of nymphs. There are water nymphs called naiads, and... wait. Hang on.

(He looks something up on his phone.)

Yeah, that's it. There's a myth about the daughters of Atlas called the Hyades. They are supposed to be the bringers of the rain. I think when—

SAMANTHA

Shhh shhh shhh. Look. Look now. She's... she's kind of dancing.

ERIC

(Who has gone back to looking out the window...)

That's... that's incredible.

SAMANTHA

So beautiful.

ERIC

(Calling to what they're seeing, just a little louder than normal speaking volume.)

Are you a water nymph?

SAMANTHA

I think she's looking at you.

ERIC

She is. I don't know how I know, but... she is. I wonder if she can speak.

SAMANTHA

I think that's what the dance is.

ERIC

What do you think she's saying?

SAMANTHA

I don't know, but... I don't think it works like that.

ERIC

Like what?

SAMANTHA

Like you or me, like how we speak. I'd guess spirits talk about different things. More being than articulating.

ERIC

What do you think it means?

SAMANTHA

I don't know. I'm not sure the dancing necessarily *means* anything, at least not the way we mean things. I guess I can only tell you what it means to me.

ERIC

It's more than what I've got.

SAMANTHA

I think it means there's a lot more going on around us than we realize, if we can just figure out how to look at it.

ERIC

Maybe she came here to tell us that.

SAMANTHA

Maybe. Or maybe she's been waiting here for us to remember it.

(They stare out the window, watching, as lights fade out.)