

A Chance of Rain

By Bridget Grace Sheaff

NOTES

Relationships are often slippery slopes. In her coming-of-age one-act play, Bridget Grace Sheaff introduces us to two good friends, who explore the possibility of taking their relationship to the next level. This endearing one-act play should be portrayed by a male and female and may be entered in Duo Interpretation or Duet Acting. This selection requires both performers to be adept at playing quirky comedy. While this play does possess a lot of quick wit, don't let any of the sarcasm turn overly aggressive or in any way sound mean-spirited. The jabs or quips should sound like teasing. As with any romantic comedy, this play also has its tender moments. Play those moments with honesty and sincerity; after all, these two have been friends for quite some time. Make these characters likeable. The key to a successful performance of this play will lie in the actors' abilities to find a balance between the dynamics of their friendship and how much each secretly would like to see their relationship blossom into something more. This is a tour-de-force for two talented actors with razor-sharp timing and the flare for presenting a fresh, romantic comedy.

Characters:

Boy

Girl

Scene: A park. The Boy and Girl are sitting on a bench.

Girl: Nice day.

Boy: It might rain later this afternoon.

Girl: I hope it doesn't.

Boy: It might.

Girl: I might have an umbrella in the car in case we need it.

Boy: That's good to know.

Girl: *(Pause)* Listen. I've been meaning to ask you something.

Boy: Okay. Shoot.

Girl: So, we've been hanging out a lot lately.

Boy: True.

Girl: I mean, like a lot.

Boy: I know. I've been here, too.

Girl: And people have been asking me questions.

Boy: Like the square root of 144? Or directions to the bank?

Girl: No. They've been asking me if we're dating.

Boy: Oh.

Girl: “Oh” is right.

Boy: What do you tell them?

Girl: I’ve been telling them no.

Boy: (*Beat*) You’ve been telling them no.

Girl: Well, that’s the truth.

Boy: Oh.

Girl: See, that “oh” worries me. What does “oh” mean?

Boy: Well, what if we were?

Girl: What if?

Boy: Yeah, let’s entertain the notion for a second.

Girl: Um...okay.

Boy: Okay. So, “what if” we dated?

Girl: Well, you would first have to ask me out.

Boy: Why do I have to ask you out? Why can’t you ask me out?

Girl: Because the guy is supposed to ask the girl out.

Boy: Some feminist you are.

Girl: Will you just ask me already? Hypothetically, of course.

Boy: Okay. I just hypothetically asked you out.

Girl: And, hypothetically, I say yes.

Boy: Okay. Great. So...

Girl: Well, now we go on a date.

Boy: Okay. Do you want to go to dinner?

Girl: Sounds like a date.

Boy: Alright! So we go to Thirsty’s...

Girl: Woah, woah, woah... you’re taking me to Thirsty’s on our first date?

Boy: You love Thirsty’s. They bring you cheese fries and wear suspenders. And the theme song is to the tune of that great American classic “Yankee Doodle.” (*Sings*) “Come to us, we’ll make you smile, we’re fun and cute and bursty...”

Girl: (*Interrupting*) Yeah, I don’t really want to have my first date at a restaurant that thinks that “bursty” is a word.

Boy: Oh. Okay. So...

Girl: So we go to The Lavish Spoon.

Boy: The Lavish Spoon? That’s so expensive.

Girl: This is only hypothetical money.

Boy: But hypothetical me is still not Donald Trump! I don’t have that much money.

Girl: Fine, fine. So we go *somewhere* for dinner. Like that cafe on the corner near your workplace.

Boy: (*Under his breath*) I think we should go to Thirsty’s.

Girl: (*Talking over him, shooting him a look*) And it’s fun. And it’s nice. And we have a good time. We laugh. I’m funny and you laugh. You try to be funny and I... am still funny. And we go for a walk in the park afterwards, and it’s great.

Boy: There is a lot of detail in this “what if” story.

Girl: I’m picky.

Boy: (*Sarcastic*) No way! And the sky is blue! Well, this is just a day full

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of learning for me.

Girl: And we go on a couple of other dates. And then, one night we go to see a late movie. We are having a very deep, intellectual conversation about the social mores and implications of this film, and you ask me to be your girlfriend.

Boy: And you say “yes”.

Girl: (*At the same time*) And I say...maybe.

Boy: Maybe?

Girl: Um...I meant...maybe it'll rain?

Boy: No. No, you said “maybe” you'd be my girlfriend.

Girl: Well...

Boy: What? We've been going on dates for like three weeks. I took you ice skating for goodness sakes!

Girl: You did?

Boy: Hypothetically I did! And it was super romantic! We held hands, and I taught you how to skate, even though I'm pretty sure that you were faking that you were bad at it so I would help you.

Girl: Oh, please. Don't kid yourself. I'm not some damsel in distress. (*In a high voice*) “Oh no! The ice is so slippery. Take me in your strong man arms and help me conquer this frozen water!”

Boy: And what about the poetry slam we went to? I sat through three hours of people trying to rhyme “forlorn” and “car horn” because you wanted to go. And some of those poems were just random words put together. “Disdain in the rain on a plain in a plane.” That's not poetry!

Girl: Oh, sure. That was a nice gesture. But what about that stupid car race thing we went to?

Boy: I keep trying to tell you. Go carts are not the same as cars. And it wasn't just a race. It was the Jordan Park Elementary School's annual Go-Go Go Carts.

Girl: I'm sorry.

Boy: I just...It means so much to me. I thought you would like it.

Girl: I didn't...hate it. I just don't understand the appeal of watching second-graders drive in a circle for twenty minutes.

Boy: And I don't understand your fascination with modern art! We get it! It's a blue square on a red background! I could make that in Microsoft Word!

Girl: It represents society—

Boy: It represents nothing! It's just some shapes that are some colors and don't even look like anything that you see in real life! How many times are there just a series of green and orange lines with a huge circle superimposed on them? It doesn't happen.

Girl: Wow. I can't believe you.

Boy: I'm not the only one who thinks this.

Girl: Well, what else about me do you hate?

Boy: I don't hate anything about *you*.

Girl: What does that mean?

Boy: Well, it's pretty obvious your mother's dog has it in for me.

Girl: You're scared of a six-pound Chihuahua?