

STORMY WEATHER

A Relationship in Three Short (Rhyming) Acts

ACT I SCENE: A suburban living room. A fire is glowing in a fireplace KATE and SAM are watching TV. Wind is howling outside, and there's the sound of a branch scraping the roof. The power flickers and dies.

KATE: AGAIN! REALLY???(nudges SAM) The power's out!

SAM: I'm right here, hon. You don't have to shout.

I have to go save files; I'll be back in a sec.

Do you want me to check –

KATE: (interrupting) - the breakers? No, there's no need.

(thrusts her iPhone at him) Can't you read?

The city can't keep up with weather this cold

So, they've enacted a plan they think is bold.

SAM: Rolling brownouts? Sweet!

KATE: Except when we're in brownout, we have no heat.

SAM: Um, has your memory frozen already, lass?

I lit the pilots – our heat is gas.

KATE: The furnaces are gas, I know

But without electrics the blowers don't blow.

(the lights come back on)

SAM: Anyway, the point is moot, the power's back on for a while.

I'm going back upstairs while it lasts – I really have to save those files.

ACT II SCENE: A darkened bedroom, the same stormy night. Lightning flashes beyond the window, and the tree branch on the roof is even louder than it was in the living room earlier. KATE wakes up because SAM is snoring.

KATE: Sam... Sam... I can't tell if that infernal noise is just your snoring

Or if the ship we're sailing on has torn loose from its mooring.
The music from your nose trumpet really kinda sucks
But not as much as foundering upon the sharp, hard rocks.

SAM: The sound you're hearing is just a branch on the roof
I'll show you in the morning if you require proof.
I love that your dreams are never boring,
And that you think of ships at sea when you hear me snoring.
But right now, I'm so tired I almost feel like I am dead,
So maybe drive the *Master and Commander* novels from your pretty head
Cuz all too soon our dogs will bark and growl and whine and peep
And we'll have lost all chance of ever getting any sleep.

ACT III SCENE: SAM & KATE's yard after the storm there are branches everywhere and debris, and their two dogs are rooting through them. SAM is on a ladder pulling branches off the roof. KATE is on the ground.

SAM: There's the culprit! (yells) Watch out below!!!

KATE: Is that the branch that made me think our anchor had let go?

SAM: It is indeed! But now it's freed! And all these, other's too.
So maybe now my midnight tunes won't make you fret and stew.

KATE: I only 'fret and stew' because your snoring in the dark
Is getting worse and worse, some nights the sound is really stark
Once I was convinced you were a buzzing elevator.
Another night I could have sworn I was sleeping with Darth Vader.

SAM (climbing down the ladder) Katie, sweetie, I didn't know my snores were such a worry

Monday morning to the drugstore I'll be sure to scurry.

I'll get some of those breathing strips or maybe scented vapor?

What's the stuff they advertise on the back page of the paper?

KATE: All of those are options, Sammy, that we should discuss.

And much wiser to take steps than leaving me to fuss.

There is a last resort to use, love, though I hope I never will...

And that's to fix the problem with your cordless power drill.

Blackout.