

The Rainmaker

A monologue from the play by N. Richard Nash

STARBUCK: I'll tell you how I'll do it! I'll lift this stick and take a long swipe at the sky and let down a shower of hailstones as big as cantaloupes! I'll shout out some good old Nebraska cusswords and you turn around and there's a lake where your corral used to be! Or I'll just sing a little tune maybe and it'll sound so pretty and sound so sad you'll weep and your old man will weep and the sky will get all misty-like and shed the prettiest tears your ever did see! How'll I do it?! Girl, I'll just do it! Sister, the last place I brought rain is now called Starbuck—they named it after me. Dry? I tell you, those people didn't have enough damp to blink their eyes. So I get out my big wheel and my rolling drum and my yella hat with the three little feathers in it! I look up at the sky and I say: "Cumulus!" I say: "Cumulus-nimbus!" And pretty soon—way up there—there's a teeny little cloud the size of a mare's tail—and then over there—there's another cloud lookin' like a white-washed chicken house. And then I look up and all of a sudden there's a herd of white buffalo

stampedin' across the sky! Rain in buckets, rain in barrels, fillin' the lowlands. And the land is as green as the valley of Adam. And when I rode out of there I looked behind me and I see the prettiest colors in the sky—green, blue, purple, gold—colors to make you cry. And me? I'm ridin' right through that rainbow!