The Rainmaker
By N. Richard Nash

Characters: Starbuck – Bill Starbuck is big, but lithe and agile. He is a mixture of loud braggart and gentle dreamer. He carries a short hickory stick, which is his weapon, his magic wand. Lizzie – Lizzie Curry is a strong yet incomplete woman. She is twenty-seven years old and has never loved or been loved. She yearns for romance but feels she must conceal her longings, given her situation, under the guise of being a good-natured tomboy.

Situation: The following exchange takes place on a summer day in a western state suffering from drought. Starbuck has arrived out of the blue claiming he could bring rain for a fee. He is presently boarding with the Curry family. Lizzie has brought bed linens out to the bunkhouse.

Starbuck: What are you scared of?
Lizzie: You! I don’t trust you!

Starbuck: Why? What don’t you trust me about?
Lizzie: Everything! The way you talk, the way you brag – why, even your name.

Starbuck: What’s wrong with my name?
Lizzie: It sounds fake! It sounds like you made it up!

Starbuck: You’re darn right! I did make it up.
Lizzie: You’re right! I did make it up.

Starbuck: Why not? You know what name I was born with? Smith! Smith! Smith! For the love of Mike, Smith! Now what kind of handle is that for a fella like me? I needed a name that had the whole sky in it! And the power of a man! Star-buck! Now there’s a name – and it’s mine!

Lizzie: No, it’s not. You were born Smith – and that’s your name.

Starbuck: You’re wrong, Lizzie. The name you choose for yourself is more your own than the name you were born with. And if I was you I’d choose another name than Lizzie.

Lizzie: Thank you – I’m very pleased with it.

Starbuck: Oh, no you ain’t. You ain’t pleased with anything about yourself. And I’m sure you ain’t pleased with “Lizzie.”

Lizzie: I don’t ask you to be pleased with it, Starbuck. I am.
Starbuck:  Lizzie? Why, it don’t stand for anything.

Lizzie:  It stands for me! Me! I’m not the Queen of Sheba – I’m not Lady Godiva – I’m not Cinderella at the Ball.

Starbuck:  Would you like to be?

Lizzie:  Starbuck, you’re ridiculous!

Starbuck:  What’s ridiculous about it? Dream you’re somebody - be somebody! But Lizzie? That’s nobody! So many millions of wonderful women with wonderful names! (In an orgy of delight) Leonora, Desdemona, Carolina, Paulina! Annabella, Florinda, Natasha, Diane! (Then, with a pathetic little lift of his shoulders) Lizzie.

Scene