

This is a preview only.

All Scriptmore script previews can’t be used for performance or distributed in any way. No part may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented. This script is fully protected under copyright law and all rights are retained by the author.

To use this script, purchase a copy from scriptmore.com.

APRIL RAIN

A MONOLOGUE

scriptmore

Scriptmore.com

APRIL RAIN
A MONOLOGUE

written by
Artemisa Kuznetsov

©2026 Artemisa Kuznetsov | Licensed and Distributed by Scriptmore

Synopsis

On a quiet April afternoon, an eleven-year-old girl watches a spring rainstorm from the safety of her bedroom. Caught in the “in-between” space of no longer being a child but not yet a grown-up, she weighs the comfort of her cozy room against the “braver” world waiting outside. Through the rhythm of the rain, she finds a soft acceptance of her own messy process of growing up.

Cast of Characters

GIRL — 11 years old. She is thoughtful and observant, navigating the transition from childhood to adolescence.

Place

A girl’s colourful bedroom in a suburban home.

Time

A soft, rainy afternoon in April.

ACT I

Scene 1

Setting: A cozy bedroom. A window is positioned prominently on one side of the stage. The room is cluttered with stacks of books and a pile of sweaters. A bed with a cat napping on it occupies the other side of the stage.

At Rise: GIRL leans against her bedroom window. Outside, it's raining softly. She speaks quietly, like she's thinking aloud.

GIRL

It's raining again… April rain. Mom says it makes the flowers happy. I think she's right, because the tulips and daffodils look like they're stretching up, drinking it all in. I wish I could stretch up like that too… maybe not like flowers, though. Maybe like… taller, or braver. The puddles are already big enough to splash in. I want to go outside, but… my cat is on my bed, curled up like a little loaf, snoring, and my blanket smells like fabric softener and warm socks. It's too cozy to leave. I look around my room… there are sweaters I haven't worn yet, and books I haven't finished, and a stack of notebooks where I wrote… well… stuff. Stuff I don't always understand. Like… why being 11 is kind of weird. Not little, not grown-up, just… in-between. Sometimes I like it, sometimes it feels like being stuck in a puddle you can't jump out of. Outside, the rain keeps drumming. Tap-tap… tap-tap. It sounds like it's talking, like it's telling secrets to the trees. I like listening. Maybe it's telling me that being 11 is okay… messy and splashy and soft all at once.

(She leans her forehead on the glass.)

I could just stay here forever. With my cat, my blanket and my books… listening to the rain. Maybe that's what April is for! Just watching, waiting, and letting the world grow.

(Blackout)



Like what you read?

To buy this script or check out other scripts, visit scriptmore.com.