

# ***Dragonfly Whispers***

*by*

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Cast of Characters

FLORA :

70's

NORMAN :

70's

Place  
Kitchen

Time  
Morning

Setting: The play takes place inside a tiny cabin home in the middle of the woods during the summer. The house gets plenty of light and has old hand-me-down furniture that's worn, stained and cheap. That goes for everything including the couch, the kitchen table, chairs, TV and any decorations to boot.

At Rise: We see Flora pressing her ear gently against the kitchen wall stage right. She listens carefully, intently. After a good few seconds, she strolls back over to her chair and sits, taking a sip of her coffee and looking over at the wall. Norman enters by this point.

FLORA: They're inside the walls.

NORMAN: (concerned) Again?

FLORA: Yes, yes.

NORMAN: (listens) I don't...hear them.

NORMAN crosses over to coffee machine.

FLORA: Yes, yes, they're there. All morning.

NORMAN: (pouring himself coffee) Thought they stopped.

FLORA holds out her mug. NORMAN pours her some coffee. He looks out window.

FLORA uses milk container on table.

NORMAN sits and uses milk container on the table after FLORA.

...Sunny out?

FLORA: I've barely noticed.

NORMAN: Bright.

FLORA: (pointing) Ah!

NORMAN: (listens) Nothin'.

FLORA: Hmm. Maybe having Georgia and the kid over ain't the best bet.

NORMAN: Why?

FLORA: I don't know.

NORMAN: What is it Flora?

FLORA: Something ain't right.

NORMAN: (concerned) Tell me.

FLORA: Not in the mood to hear that kid stomping her feet and screaming on top of her lungs. Can't remember Georgia ever acting like that when she was a child...can you? (beat) Must be from Conrad's side of the family, he seems to be a bit of a cry baby himself.

NORMAN: He's alright.

FLORA: Softer than a pillow.

NORMAN: You shouldn't.

FLORA: Why shouldn't I?

NORMAN: He's a nice young man. Does right by our daughter.

FLORA: I don't know...doesn't he seem a bit off to you?

NORMAN: Off? How is he off?

FLORA: Off, off, I don't know any other way of putting it. Like he's a few sandwiches short of a picnic.

NORMAN: He's still a nice young man.

FLORA: (pointing) Ah! AH!

NORMAN and FLORA both stand up and approach the wall, stage right.

THEY rest their ears on the wall gently and simultaneously...they face one another.

FLORA: (whispering) YEAH?

NORMAN: (whispering) NO.

FLORA: (whispering) Shhh.

NORMAN: (whispering) I don't---

FLORA: (whispering) Shhhh!

THEY listen together for fifteen seconds and then head back to the kitchen table to sit.

THEY resume drinking their coffees.

FLORA: It's always the same. They leave. Come back. Leave. Come back...leave...

NORMAN: (placing his hand on hers) I know dear.

FLORA: Always playing tricks.

NORMAN: Yes.

FLORA: It was ah, a creaking noise, footsteps...like dragonfly whispers...heard them walking back and forth all morning, listening...they listen to us, listen to everything...I almost went into the shed to get your hammer because I wanted to give them a great big BOP on the head.

NORMAN laughs.

FLORA: Right through that paper thin wall...BOP! And I'd reach in with my arm and I'd take hold of its little wings and pull it right in through the wall and I'd say, "What are you listening to?!" "Park your nosy ass in someone else's house!" That's what I'd say. Hopefully it'd get the point, hopefully it'd tell all of them to stop bothering us and let us be for awhile...we deserve our own inner peace, don't we? We've worked hard..long enough for our own little bit of peace...

NORMAN: What's gotten into you this morning dear?

FLORA: (standing up, placing her mug in the sink) Feeling a bit outside myself.

NORMAN: Are you?

FLORA: Yes, yes.

FLORA walks up to the wall and slaps it three times.

NORMAN: Flora!

FLORA: That'll teach 'em.

NORMAN: Did you finish your coffee?

FLORA: To the bone.

NORMAN: Okay, good.

FLORA: That new brand we're trying gives me goosebumps, makes me all jittery. It's no good!

NORMAN: We'll change it back.

FLORA: Yes!

NORMAN: You think it's the coffee?

FLORA: Coffee?

NORMAN: That's making you act funny.

FLORA: I always act funny, isn't that why you love me?

NORMAN: Yes, but slapping walls isn't a very good idea. Did you hurt your hand?

FLORA: My hands are like prize fighter hands.

NORMAN: I'm sure of it.

FLORA begins shadow boxing in the air.

NORMAN: Very good, Flora.

FLORA: See that?

FLORA is now out of breath.

NORMAN: You should sit before you faint.

FLORA: Still got it. There was a time, BOY, there was a time!

NORMAN: Honey, I don't mean to cut you off but, what are we going to do about Georgia and the--

FLORA: I don't want to see 'em.

NORMAN: Are you sure?

FLORA: I'm convinced.

NORMAN: (sadly) Oh. Okay.

FLORA: You could still see them.

NORMAN: No, no...it's not the same without you.

FLORA: I just can't take the howling. It's not that it's for a few hours, I can take a few hours, it's the sound that keeps ringing in my head afterwards, for days, that's where I draw the line.

NORMAN: She's at that age.

FLORA: Maybe we can hold off until she hits puberty.

NORMAN: (laughs) I don't recall Georgia ever being that way.

FLORA: That's cause she wasn't.

NORMAN: Shall I call her then...to tell her?

FLORA: Tell her I'm resting and I'll speak with her later.

NORMAN: Alright.

FLORA: Tell her that I think my Grandchild is a demon sent from those dragonflies.

NORMAN: FLORA!!

FLORA: (laughs)

NORMAN: I'll call her.

FLORA: Shh!!

FLORA leans her ear against the wall. She waves NORMAN over.

NORMAN gets up and listens to the wall with her.

THEY both face one another.

FLORA: (whispering) Hear it?

NORMAN: (whispering) I do.

FLORA: (whispering) You see?

NORMAN: (whispering) Yes.

FLORA: (whispering) They are listening again.

NORMAN: (whispering) It's alright...they will leave again.

FLORA: Norman, what if they don't?

NORMAN: They will, Flora. They always go away.

NORMAN and FLORA hug.

LIGHTS SLOWS FADE.

**END OF PLAY**