

Meet Me in the Lobby



This script is copyright protected and may not be reproduced, distributed, or disseminated without the prior written permission of the author.

708-370-5928
laurathomaplaywright@gmail.com

CHARACTERS

(Dr.) Parks	(Male) Museum Guide/Doctor. Listed in program simply as Parks.
Flossy Henshaw	(Female) A curious women who seems to be a free spirit.

Set

Minimal sets. Suggested three easels with Rorschachs on foam core facing up stage at minimum one easel. A small bust or statue. If desired cubes or boxes for a bench.

Synopsis

While staying at the Savoy, Flossy Henshaw finds a museum whose guide seems to hold the keys to her past, present, and future. Something about one of the paintings and that small statue connects her to another time, place, and a very special person. If only she could remember who?

Psychiatrist office that the audience perceives as a museum. **There are easels with pictures on them facing upstage. There is also a bust or small statue on a table. The room is lit sparingly like a museum.** Parks a psychiatrist begins to play with a small flashlight."

(Flossy-Flamboyant, witty, and chatty enters eating chocolate.)

FLOSSY

Good morning!

Parks

Flossy, you know the rules...food is not allowed in here. How many times have I asked you not to bring chocolate into...

FLOSSY

(Still eating) into the museum. I know, I know.

PARKS

Ah.

(He takes on the role of Museum Guide and adjusts displays.)

FLOSSY

I thought you were going to meet me in the Lobby!

Parks

The lobby?

FLOSSY

Yes, of the Savoy I told you yesterday I was staying there.

PARKS

That's right you did. I'm sorry it must have slipped my mind.

FLOSSY

Typical.

Parks

Flossy, give me the candy.

FLOSSY

Oh, come on, Parks... there's nobody else in here. No one will ever know.

Parks

Yes, but I'll know and so will you. Now, please deposit your food in the waste paper//basket

FLOSSY

(Shoving the rest of the candy in her mouth and talking)

It's all gone. There's nothing to fuss about.

Parks

Flossy!

(Putting out hand)

Hand me the wrapper, please.

FLOSSY

(She gives him the wrapper and starts looking at the "exhibits")

Instead of bugging me about my snack why don't you make yourself useful?

Parks

And how may I do that?

FLOSSY

You're the museum guide aren't you? Or do you prefer docent?

Parks

What an intriguing question. No one has ever asked me that before. Hmmm...I think I prefer guide.

FLOSSY

Guide it is. So, what can you tell me about the artifacts in this room?

Parks

(Shines the flashlight around the room)

A great deal -- is there any one in particular you're interested in?

FLOSSY

*(She looks around the room. Then walks
by each painting.)*

Well, what about one of these paintings.

PARKS

Certainly. Which one are you drawn to?

FLOSSY

You sure do ask a lot of questions.

PARKS

Do I? I hadn't noticed.

FLOSSY

You do. You remind me of someone...not sure who.

(She walks over to one of the easels)

I think I'd like to know more about the butterfly.

PARKS

Butterfly? Ah yes. I believe this depicts the moment
the butterfly has molted from it's chrysalis.

FLOSSY

Really? Is that true? I thought Butterflies came from
cocoons.

PARKS

Common misinformation. It is the moth caterpillar that
spins a cocoon not the butterfly caterpillar.

FLOSSY

(Examining the picture)

This is definitely a butterfly...I recognize the dark
center and the yellow edges.

PARKS

Both interesting creatures mind you.

FLOSSY

Both brave if you ask me...putting their transitions
on display for all the world to see.

PARKS

Quite so. If you had to evolve in public would you
prefer a cocoon or chrysalis?

FLOSSY

What a an odd question.

PARKS

I can't help help myself...I wonder about these kind of things.

FLOSSY

I think I'm probably a cocooned moth who wishes to be a Butterfly from a chrysalis.

PARKS

How interesting... Why do you think that is?

FLOSSY

Because I always want to be what I'm not. Besides, why would one choose to be a moth if they could be a Butterfly?

PARKS

Perhaps they're attracted to the light.

FLOSSY

But Butterflies molt. What a gift to be able to shed your old self when you're ready to move on.

PARKS

A wonderful gift indeed. Or perhaps a skill.

FLOSSY

A skill? You really think someone could learn to molt?

PARKS

Obviously not literally. But I do think people can process their past and evolve toward their future. What do you think?

FLOSSY

I'm not sure. I mean it's easy to become someone else but is that the same thing?

PARKS

I think not. It is a rare person who is willing to do the work needed to become their authentic self.

FLOSSY

I think most people are trying to escape and not evolve.

PARKS

Is that true for you?

FLOSSY

This Butterfly is so captivating. It looks like it's waiting to take flight. Perhaps it's wings haven't dried...poor thing.

PARKS

(He studies the painting)

Why does that make you sad?

FLOSSY

Because the butterfly doesn't know if it can fly. It's worked hard to emerge from it's chrysalis and yet it's transition is incomplete.

PARKS

Perhaps the stillness prepares it to fly.

FLOSSY

I hope you're right. I hate to think about it sitting there fearing predators? Do you think it worries about it's life span?

PARKS

What do you mean?

FLOSSY

Does it know it could have merely a day? Or at best a year on this earth?

PARKS

Maybe. But to become a butterfly one must learn to be in the present moment.

(They stand silently looking at the painting.)

Is there anything else you'd like to look at?

(Parks shines his flashlight around. Flossy turns to survey the room then crosses to a small statue)

FLOSSY

What about this?

PARKS

I've always loved this statue.

FLOSSY

I can see why it's so inviting.

Parks

(Remembering role as museum guide)

It's made of bronze and is originally from Switzerland. I believe it's from the earlier part of the twentieth century.

FLOSSY

He reminds me of my brother.

PARKS

Does he?

FLOSSY

There's something about the angle of his chin...or maybe it's the glasses...he looks strong but gentle...he seems be listening...or waiting for someone to speak.

Parks

He does doesn't he? I often talk to him when I'm here alone.

FLOSSY

Do you really?

PARKS

I do. But you mustn't tell.

FLOSSY

I won't.

(Flossy locks her lips and throws the key.)

Though I see why you do. He makes me want to talk. No, ramble. Ramble as I did as a young girl.

Parks

Did you talk to your brother?

FLOSSY

Oh, yes. I'd talk endlessly. Sometimes to him, or others but mostly to myself. I used to make up stories, and I'd narrate everything I did...

(She begins talk about herself in 3rd person and acting out what she's saying)

Look at Flossy she's standing like a flamingo, and now she's hopping like a frog, but wait she's a penguin...look at her waddle!*(She begins to giggle.)*

PARKS

Did your brother talk a lot too?

FLOSSY

Oh, no. He'd listen. Not only listen but, he'd ask me all sorts of questions. That's who you remind me
(She stops)

...but mostly, he'd encourage me. Here...

(She pulls Parks into her world)

You try it...sit here and watch me then when I tell you, cheer me on!

(Flossy begins to run around the room with arms spread wide)

There she goes she's soaring like an eagle... she's fearless.

(She gestures to Parks)

Your turn!

PARKS

Yes, she's fearless alright... watch out world here comes Fearless Flossy!

FLOSSY

You sound just like him! He'd ask me a question, and then, just lay there in the grass listening to my answer. I mean, *really* listening, not pretending to like mother did. He was always so interested in my thoughts and how I saw the world. He made me feel like there was nowhere else he'd rather be.

Parks

How special to have someone who truly listens to you.

FLOSSY

It was... It really was.

PARKS

Why do you think he was such a good listener?

FLOSSY

Because he knew what it was like not to be heard.

PARKS

And how do you think that made// him feel?

*(Over the next few lines Parks becomes
Seth to Flossy.)*

FLOSSY

Sometimes I couldn't answer his questions, or I didn't want to, so I'd make something up. Something lavish and ludicrous, but I'd do my best to stay serious. Like this...

(Mischievously serious)

You see, no one could hear my brother because everyone in my family was born with trombones for ears.

PARKS/SETH

Is that so? How interesting. You must tell me more.

FLOSSY

I come from a long line of complex and unique people. We are all part human and part instrument.

PARKS/SETH

I see. How fascinating. And are the instruments always connected where the ears should be?

FLOSSY

Oh, no. It depends on the family. Some are quite inconvenient.

(She starts to giggle)

PARKS/SETH

How so?

FLOSSY

Well, some of the instruments attach in a place that can make it quite tricky to adorn one's trousers, let's say.

(She starts to laugh)

PARKS/SETH

Oh, yes, I would think that would be most troubling if you happen to have say... a sousaphone where you ought to have

FLOSSY

A tootsie roll!

(They both laugh the kind of laughing that makes the other laugh even more.)

Seth, stop! My sides hurt.

PARKS/SETH

You are rarest of the rare Flossy. Never let anyone make you believe differently. You belong here among the fairies and the butterflies.

(They watch the butterflies for a time naming them.)

FLOSSY

Monarch!

PARKS/SETH

Painted lady.

FLOSSY

Tiger Swallowtail!

(beat. One lands on Seth)

PARKS/SETH

(To the butterfly) Well, hello. *(To Flossy)* Can you name this one?

FLOSSY

Eastern comma?

PARKS/SETH

Close. It's a mourning cloak. See the dark center and the yellow edges?

FLOSSY

Yes, it looks like it's wearing a cloak. It makes me a bit sad.

PARKS/SETH

It needn't. Don't let its name fool you. It is a unique butterfly with markings like no other...just like you. *(He watches the butterfly fly away.)*

FLOSSY

I think of myself as much more colorful than that.

PARKS/SETH

Too true. Perhaps it's more like me, it's color covered in darkness.

FLOSSY

I don't think you're covered in darkness.

PARKS/SETH

That's because you see my heart as I see yours. Flossy, promise me whenever you see a mourning cloak butterfly, you'll think of me.

FLOSSY

From this moment on.

(They lay silent in the grass)

Can I tell you a secret?

PARKS/SETH

Of course! Always.

FLOSSY

I believe there to be a secret land just beyond our vegetable garden.

PARKS/SETH

Is that so? I bet I know where it is. Is it underneath that old log near the fence?

FLOSSY

How did you guess? Did you follow me?

PARKS/SETH

No. But just last week, I was leaning on the fence thinking...feeling a bit blue really when I was drawn to sit on the log. Slowly I began to feel better. Lighter somehow.

FLOSSY

Are you sad? Is there anything I can do for you?

PARKS/SETH

I'm fine. Not another thought. But if you like you can take me and show me your secret land.

FLOSSY

You know I would if I could...but, you won't be able to see it.

PARKS/SETH

And why not?

FLOSSY

Well, firstly you're a boy and too old.

PARKS/SETH

Too old? Imagine that. I'm constantly being told I'm too young. This is rather a refreshing change. *(Playfully)* Though I don't think it fair that you can see it and I can't.

FLOSSY

I don't make the rules.

PARKS/SETH

No, of course not.

FLOSSY

But I do think it's quite fair ..after all boys get to do so many things we can't.

PARKS/SETH

I suppose you're right. That's true for some boys. But not all boys...

FLOSSY

What do you mean?

PARKS/SETH

(He sighs deeply, weightily)

Nothing. Just know that people, like our beautiful butterflies, and the snowflakes that cover this field each winter, are all different. Each one is unique in its way and just as important.

FLOSSY

Of course. But, why does this make you so sad?

PARKS/SETH

Suffice it to say, not everyone sees this as clearly as you do. Their heart's are not as pure as yours.

FLOSSY

Seems simple to me.

PARKS/SETH

Do you think you could draw me map of this secret land that I cannot see.

FLOSSY

A map? Yes, of course then when you are low you can look at it.

PARKS/SETH

What a lovely thought. I will look at it and feel better because you shared it with me.

FLOSSY

Then I'll do it! But only if you swear on *our* acorn tree to never ever share the map with anyone.

PARKS/SETH

I swear. Cross my heart and hope die.

FLOSSY

Stick a needle in your eye?

PARKS/SETH

Not in mine but if you insist I'll stick it in yours!

(They both laugh-beat.)

We should get back for dinner.

FLOSSY

Tell mother I'll be there in a minute. I need a quick look so I can start the map right after dinner.

(Flossy runs upstage and looks at the secret land. Parks gets up and moves to the side. Flossy comes downstage and kneels to draw.)

Oh, that's not right.

(She tries again and again to draw the map but can't seem to get it right she eventually falls asleep.)

PARKS

Flossy? Are you okay?

FLOSSY

(Talking to herself not totally aware of Parks)

No! I fell asleep. How could I fall asleep? I can't figure out how to draw it.

PARKS

That's okay, you don't have to draw it.

FLOSSY

I do. I'll try again and again day after day. I want to share my secret world with Seth...I do. But I can't get it right! It needs to be perfect. I don't want him to be sad anymore. None of my crayons are the right color, I have to do math homework, and Sally invited me over...

(beat)

I got sidetracked...well, I got sidetracked more than once, and then summer came ... and ...

Parks

And?

FLOSSY

He never saw it. *(Getting agitated)* If only I hadn't fallen asleep that night...

Parks

Why didn't he see it?

FLOSSY

It's my fault. He needed the map...It was going to help him feel better when he was low. It's my fault...Why didn't I finish it? It's my...

PARKS

Flossy, what happened that summer?

FLOSSY

Summer? ...I was chasing butterflies in the field, and I saw a mourning cloak, so I followed it... past the cows and into the barn. And...and...

PARKS

Flossy?

FLOSSY

(As if waking from a dream)

Oh,..have I been rambling again? I'm sorry.

PRKS

No you weren't rambling you were telling me a story.

FLOSSY

I was?

(She tries to hide that she doesn't know what she was talking about.Suddenly she's drawn to the statue.)

That certainly is an interesting statue. It reminds me of someone...but...I'm not sure who...

PARKS

What do you think of his chin?

FLOSSY

(She stares at the statue for a long moment. We aren't sure if she remembers or not.)

It's late, I really should be getting back to my hotel.

Parks

Flossy...

FLOSSY

Meet me in the lobby tomorrow, okay?

Parks

Flossy I can't. You know I have to be here. But I can send Brenda to meet you...would you like that?

FLOSSY

Brenda? Oh, you mean the girl from the front desk? Yes, I like her. She's always giving me samples of