

[Descriptive transcript: Video opens with the flyer for Deaf Spotlight's Short Play Festival with the text in center of a green background with a foliage of pink and purple plants across the side. Text beneath the title: "One floral shop, six short stories". The Deaf Spotlight logo is on bottom. Video transitions to a new slide with text under "Land Acknowledgement" (text goes here).

[Video then transitions to a new slide with "Handwaves to Sponsors" with the logos for nine different arts and cultural organizations: 4Culture, ArtsFund, ArtsWA, Ballard Reuse, The Morgan Fund, the NEA, Arts&Culture, Sawhorse, and X.]

[New slide showing a QR code under "Short Play Festival Program Book". Following slide shows a new QR code under "Donate to Deaf Spotlight."]

[New slide: Content Warnings with two lists below: Ableism; bullying around body types; death / dying; flashing lights; houselessness; illness; mild profanity; war trauma.]

[Video transitions to flyer for "Toxic Flower", with green and black plant foliage across the bottom with a head-shaped plant with orange flower eyes peeking out. New text on following slide: "Playwright: Willy Conley; Director: Josh Castille; Stage Manager: Siena Rafter; Actor: Anna Bracilano as Daffy".]

[Video transitions to the stage set up depicting a garden department of a big box store. A projection screen is set up with a laptop and projector in an aisle flanked by assorted plants and flowers. A woman is seen setting things up on the table and eating sunflower seeds from a bag. Banner on projection: "Welcome to Humble Abode Hardware Deaf Employees Orientation: Garden Department ". She puts an apron on.]

>> Daff: One, two, three, four, five... Two others are not here yet. Too bad! I have to start now because the other departments have their orientations after this one and you're not supposed to miss them. But, I'll tell you one thing, mine'll be the best. I'm the only Deaf supervisor here at Humble Abode Hardware – HAH, for short. I'm the only fluent in ASL.

[She eats a handful of seeds.]

>> Deaf: Mmmmm, these sunflower seeds are good. Anyone want some? No? They have lots of vitamins -- good for your immune system.

[She puts the bag down.]

>> Daff: Welcome to HAH! As you probably saw from the Tools department orientation, there are 158 HAHs across the country. They are very good at recruiting Deaf employees. Why? The owner's mother was Deaf, My name is Daffy, or Daff for short. Real name is Daffodil. Let you on a little secret: I was born in March. Guess what the birth flower is for March? Right. Daffodil. First flower to blossom in the spring, symbolizes rebirth, hope, happiness, and gratitude for life. Mom and Dad decided that was the best fit for me. My sign name is flower, and hair.

[Projector shows a new slide.]

>> Daff: My background? I have a Bachelor's of Science degree in Botany. In case you may not know, that's the study of plants. Guess I'm in the right place, huh? I was supposed to go to grad school to get my Ph.D. but that didn't work out. Long story. I won't bore you with it.

[Daff goes around the counter.]

>> Daff: I'm happy working here in my little world of gardening. I know that all of you won't be working in my department all the time. HAH likes to rotate their employees so that they don't get bored in one department. Stupid, but not my philosophy. Whatever the boss wants. Let's figure out who's who.

[She picks up a clipboard and walks around to the front of the counter.]

>> Daff: You must be Hamilton. I'll call you Ham for short. All right, you're big and beefy, it fits. You're Amelia? Yes? Great, I'll put down Amy. Easier to fingerspell, and you must be Elizabeth? I'll call you Liz. Perfect. Hi, I didn't see your name on the list. Just hired this morning? Oh okay, see me after the meeting.

[She walks back around the counter and puts the clipboard down.]

>> Daff: So here in Flowers & Plants I've got the outdoor plants in full sunshine, the semi- indoor ones in partial shade, and the inside ones needing full shade. I have various kinds of soil, fertilizers, and chemicals in aisles 1 and 2. Pots, garden tools, wheelbarrows in aisles 3 & 4. Hoses, attachments, watering cans and all that kind of stuff in aisle 5.

[New slide on the projector screen.]

>> Daff: Now, I'm going to show you pictures and names of some flowers we carry that are very poisonous. They look deceptively beautiful but you must be very careful around them. You may think – "Well, I'm not going to be eating them." But can you imagine a young mother with a child pushing a stroller or a kid walking by? The child grabs the petal of a beautiful flower and puts it in her mouth. Finish! Dead kid. Call the funeral home. Alright, here we go:

[New slide on the screen.]

>> Daff: Here is Nightshade (aka belladonna). The toxins in this plant have been known since the time of the Roman Empire when they were used by ancient Romans to poison enemies. The berries are the deadliest part of the plant. It can destroy the body's ability to control breathing and heart rate, leading to death. (If any of you hate your husband, there's a plant for you!)

[New slide on the screen.]

>> Daff: Now pay close attention, this is very import-- is Ham asleep?

[She grabs a squirt bottle, walks around the counter, and spritzers a stream of water at Ham.]

>> Daff: Fall asleep again - I'll have you fired immediately. This is crucial information I'm sharing with you.

[She points at the screen.]

>> Daff: Now, this is Hemlock. Looks like Queen Anne's lace; often confused with wild carrot. When eaten, it can bring on convulsions, coma, and death from respiratory failure. Greek criminals were killed off by being forced to drink hemlock juice.

[She walks around to the front.]

>> Daff: You know, Socrates, the famous Greek philosopher? He ended his life by drinking the juice. So, Ham, if you've had enough of your own life and want to end it – hemlock is your friend!

[She grabs a handful of sunflower seeds and throws them at Liz and Amy.]

>> Daff: Liz, Amy - you two have a question? If you've got something to say, come up here and ask. Nothing? I don't want to come across as a bitch, but please stop your yakking. Thank you.

[New slide on screen.]

>> Daff: Now that's Angel's Trumpet. Don't be fooled by the name of this plant — it's certainly no angel. The entire plant is poisonous with the highest concentration of toxins in the seeds. Side effects? Hallucinations, coma, and delirium. Some Amazonian tribes use this plant as a hallucinogen in rituals, but an overdose can be fatal. Liz, Amy – you think that's funny?

[She gets out of the Powerpoint presentation and from her laptop's desktop quickly opens her Angel's Trumpet folder (or does a quick Google search) to reveal horrible photos of patients suffering from the toxic effects of Angel's Trumpet.]

>> Daff: Does that look funny to you two? Huh?? Now, moving right along...

[New slide on the projector screen.]

>> Daff: That evergreen shrub is called Daphne. The strongest poison is in the berries and sap. Eating this can cause convulsions, headaches, and in severe cases coma and death. So, you, what's-your-name -- you got kids? Yeah? It only takes a few berries to kill them...only if you need to, of course, wink- wink. Just "kid"-ding.

[New slide on the projector screen.]

>> Daff: These are Azaleas – a very popular ornamental shrub. Your parents or grandparents probably have them in their front yards. I have some myself. All parts of this plant are nasty - - can cause pain, nausea, paralysis and sometimes death. Even honey from this can be toxic — the Greeks called it "mad honey" after observing Greek soldiers that had eaten it and gone crazy. When I was little, hearing kids in neighborhood would call me Deaf Daffy.

[The lights flutter or change. Daff's mood suddenly turns dark. A quick video clip appears on screen that reflects what passes through her mind at this moment: macabre images of close- ups of mouths shouting "Deaf Daffy! Deaf Daffy! Deaf Daffy!"]

[Lights revert to normal. Daff returns to her "normal" presenter's attitude.]

>> Daff: I hated that! Wish I knew about azaleas back then...smirk...smirk.

Now, when you start working in my department, I expect you to be prompt and follow my directions. Don't play games with me. Just because you're deaf and I'm deaf doesn't mean I'm easy to take advantage of. If I catch you playing any games with me, watch out. You don't know what I'm capable of.

[She holds up pruning shears and squeezes the blades back and forth for emphasis.]

[The daffodil in her hair falls out. She fastens it back to her hair.]

>> Daff: By the way, did I tell you that daffodils are poisonous? People sometimes mistake them for chives when cooking. Can cause serious stomach problems and possibly death. Don't get any funny ideas if you ever invite me over for dinner. Hahaha! Well, anyhow, that concludes my presentation. If you have any questions, feel free to see me anytime. I'm always around, open-minded, and easy to talk to.

[BLACKOUT.]

[Transition to new play, with the flyer for "Beautiful Boy" in light purple with a dark blue counter on the side with a light blue flower vase sitting on it. Text: "Deaf Spotlight presents Short Play festival, one floral shop, six short stories" with the title underneath.]

[New slide with the same color theme. Text: "Beautiful Boy". Playwright: Rob Roth. Director: Tyler DeShaw. Stage manager: Omar Faust. Director Mentor: Josh Castille. Actors: Rogan Shannon as Ray. Irvine Stewart as Anthony. Zerek White as Zach.].

[Scene transitions to the play set, with Tony entering from the backroom carrying a pot of flowers, and tends to it. Zach walks in and sets coffee cups down on the counter.]

>> Tony: It's you again.

>> Zach: Here's your double tall caffe latte, non-fat milk.

>> Tony: You're spying on me now? (Smiles.) Thank you.

>> Zach: I want to know everything about you!

>> Tony: I'm so fascinating...Zach, you've been here seven times this week. And it's only Wednesday!

>> Zach: Ooh, someone's counting! What can I say? You are a fascinating person!

>> Tony: I hired you to do my accounts, not tease me.

>> Zach: Tony, I like talking to you.

>> Tony: Really?

>> Zach: Yes, really. You're cranky but funny. All rolled into one sweet package.

>> Tony: (Looks skeptically at ZACH.) If I didn't know better, I'd swear you're flirting with me.

>> Zach: Maybe I am, would that be so bad?

>> Tony: (Scoffs.) I'm old enough to be your dad!

>> Zach: You're the hunkiest daddy in the Castro!

>> Tony: Ha, ha. You're so funny. I... I don't know what to do  
42 with you.

>> Zach: No one's asking you to decide right this moment.

[Tony picks up a long-stemmed rose, gives to Zach.]

[Zach poses with the rose.]

>> Tony:: So cuuute! Let me take a picture of you.

[Tony takes out an Apple-type phone, tells Zach to pose with the rosebud; he aims and shoots. They look at the photo together.]

>> Tony: That's enough with the photos!

[Tony gets Zach's attention and takes back rose.]

>> Tony:: Get back to work!

>> Zach: Okaaaaay! So far, I've been organizing your books, starting in 1979 when you opened Castro Street Flowers.

>> Tony: Yeah?

>> Zach : I've done the first five years. They look fantastic! The first few years, business was slow, but the next three years, business doubled, tripled, quadrupled...

[Tony starts crying.] Zach rushes to Tony and attempts to hug him, but Tony pushes him away.]

>> Zach: Tony, what's wrong?

>> Tony: Leave. Please leave.

>> Zach: Huh? What did I say?

>> Tony: Just leave! NOW!

[Zach backs away slowly, dejectedly turns around and walks to the door and exits without closing the door. Tony closes the door and turns around.]

[Scene shift: A hospital bed, backrest up, is rolled in with Ray lying on it dressed in a hospital gown; his face has a few red lesions. A washcloth is on the bed.]

>> Ray: Is this how you want... to remember me, Tony?... My face, my body... covered with these fucking red spots?...

>> Tony: (Sits down on bed.) No, Ray, no...

>>Ray: I want you to remember the good times!... Like when we met at Gallaudet... Not the vomiting... Not the diarrhea...

[Tony dabs Ray's forehead with a washcloth.]

>>Ray: Not when I forgot who you were.

>> Tony: You're right, the good times. I remember the Homecoming dance when we first met, sitting next to each other. (Smiles at the memory.) We were so young; you were so cute.

>> Ray: I wanted to ask you to dance!

>> Tony: We talked all night long. We ditched the dance early and walked around campus, among the trees, sharing our dreams, our hopes for the future. I remember our first kiss.

>> Ray: Oh yes!... It was a full moon... no one was around...

>> Tony: Our destiny, our future was sealed when our eyes, our lips met. Oh, Raymie, I miss you so much.

[Tony kisses Ray.]

>> Ray: Tony, we did have our future... You still have a future, honey... I'm just not in it.

[Scene shift: Bed rolls out as Tony looks at door.]

>> Zach: (Hesitantly.) I'm just going to get yesterday's receipts; I'll stay out of your way.

>> Tony: Zach, I'm glad you're back. I need to talk to you.

>> Zach: Okaaay.

>> Tony: : I want... give me a moment.

[Tony composes himself, finds under the counter and hands to Zach a framed photo of Tony and Ray in a flower shop. Photo is projected onto wall.]

>> Tony: I want to tell you about Ray. He... Ray was my... my lover. Back then we didn't say 'husband.' But Ray was that. Ray... Raymie. He was my everything.

>> Zach: You don't have to...

[Zach gives Tony back the photo. Tony sets frame on the counter.]

>> Tony: I must, please... Ray and I, we met at Gallaudet in 1974. It was truly love at first sight.



[Ray enters, he and Tony are alone in a spotlight, Zach in dark background.  
Tony looks right and left, pulls Ray in for a kiss.]

>> Ray: ve a green thumb; my dream is to have a flower shop.

[Ray looks left and right, pulls in Tony for a kiss.]

>> Tony: I'm good at math, I want to be an accountant.

>> Ray: Somebody saw us!

>> Tony: I'm tired of hiding, let's move somewhere else together.

>> Ray: San Francisco! There's lots of men – gay like us!

>> Tony: Let's open a flower shop!

>> Ray: On Castro Street!

>> Tony/Ray: We'll build a life together!

[Tony and Ray kiss as the florist shop is bathed in lights. Zach joins Tony. Ray sits facing audience and picks up a newspaper.]

>> Tony: (To ZACH.) The first few years, the store did good business, and then... and then all the men, they started dropping dead. Every day.

[Ray opens paper, audience sees on front page "Castro Street News" then "Last Month's Death Toll is 336".]

>> Zach: (Contrite.) Ohh.

[Ray turns pages, shakes head from time-to-time.)

>> Tony: Was it the poppers? Sharing needles? At first, they blamed it on the gays, called it 'gay cancer', then later, 'gay plague'.

[Ray jumps up, shows Tony the paper.]

>> Ray: Fuck Reagan! Because we're gay, he refuses to fund research! No one cares if we die! (Stomps offstage.)

>> Tony: Then the doctors realized it was in the blood, called it AIDS... Zach, the gay newspaper, every week, pages and pages of obituaries. Every day the funeral homes wanted flowers! Oh, God, every day, for years, so much money... Ray and I got rich selling flowers! (Releases years of pent-up rage.) Bouquets. Wreaths. Roses. And then... AIDS came for my sweet Raymie.

[Scene shift: RAY's shadow is cast on the floor. Tony Picks up a long-stemmed rose and gently throws it at Ray's shadow. Zach reaches out to console Tony, but Tony reacts negatively to Zach's touch.]

>> Zach: I'll come back later.

[Tony nods his head yes. Zach exits out front door. Tired, Tony sits on stool. Ray enters from back room.]

>> Ray: My sweet Tonio...

[Ray kisses Tony. Tony wakes up and is happy to see Ray.]

>> Ray: Tony, look at me! There is nothing to feel guilty about. Nothing!

>> Tony: Yes, yes, I know. But -

>> Ray: But nothing, Tony. Honey, AIDS wasn't your fault. Our friends, their deaths, my death: Not. Your. Fault.

[they look into each other's eyes.]

>> Tony: Raymie, there is someone... his name is Zach. I hired him to clean up the books. (Smiling.) He's so nice, he's Deaf, he's easy on the eyes, and intelligent and funny -

>> Ray: You love him, don't you?

>> Tony: Yes... No, no! I love you!

[Tony places his hands on his heart.]

>> Tony: I can't stop loving you, it's what keeps me going all this time, your love!

[Ray places his palm over Tony's hands.]

>> Ray: My love will always be here. Your heart is big enough to love more than one person. Love, love, as much as you want.

>> Tony: Raymie, he's a beautiful boy.

[Ray strokes Tony's cheek, picks up long-stemmed rose from floor and gives to Tony.]

>> Ray: You're a beautiful boy.

[Tony reacts to receiving rose and sets it down; then excited.]

>> Tony: Wait, let me show you a picture of Zach!

[As Tony turns to get his phone from under the counter, bending down out of sight, Ray backs out the door and exits. Tony looks up and sets phone on counter as Zach walks in. Tony is happy to see Zach.

>> Tony: Zach, I had this wonderful dream!

[Tony picks up long-stemmed rose, and as Tony and Zach walk towards each other, Tony offers Zach the rose.]

[Blackout.]

[Transition Camellia for Camille. Flyer with blue background and a bouquet of purple-pink flowers across the bottom. Text above: "Deaf Spotlight presents Short Play Festival. One floral shop, six short stories." The title is on the right side.]

[New slide with the same theme but new text: "Camellia For Camille. Playwright: Heba Toulan. Director: Michelle Banks. Stage manager: Omar Faust. Actors: Rhonda Cochran as Madame De Sevigne; Rogan Shannon as Marc; and Kai Winchester as Kenneth."]

[Flower shop set. Marc goes in a floral shop. Kenneth, typing on their phone, holds their index finger up. Marc waits before he asks again. Kenneth looks at Marc, then back on their phone.]

>> Kenneth: No.

[Marc glances at Camellia. The bouquet is in the store, in a corner.]

>> Marc: You have it there (points). I need to buy a bouquet.

[Kenneth sighs, and put the phone down.]

>> Kenneth: She doesn't want to sell it to you.

>> Marc: uh, um. Who?

>> Kenneth: (with a flourish) Madame de Sevigne.

>> Marc: (stammers) how do you know? She's not here?

>> Kenneth: Madame knows all.

[Kenneth glances at the air, then back to the phone]

>> Marc: Well, look now, I want...

>> Kenneth: (interrupts Marc) If you want Camellia, take your business elsewhere. Madame is never wrong.

[Kenneth goes back to the phone]

>> Marc: But, but, this is the only floral shop that has Camellia in a 100 mile radius. I know, I called everywhere! It is sold out everywhere!

[Kenneth shrugs.]

>> Marc: FINE. I want to meet Madame.

>> Kenneth: (scoffs) You don't meet Madame.

>> Marc: Look, sir, I made over 35 calls in two days, it wasn't easy – you know how it is with interpreters. I must have this bouquet, or.... Else.

[Kenneth looks up at the air, something catches their eye. Kenneth signs furiously in the air.]

>> Kenneth: No! No!

[Kenneth looks up and down at Marc.]

>> Kenneth: He is NOT worth it! I'm telling you. There is gonna be someone coming soon. No. Go ahead! You're making a mistake.

[Kenneth changes demeanor, straightens up.]

>> Kenneth: Madame de Sevigne will see you now.

>> Marc: What was it? What were you signing to, who was that?

[Kenneth turns on the phone, texting. They point Marc in the direction to see Madame. Marc walks through the hippie beads in a doorway. He enters a dim room where Madame de Sevigne waits for him at the other side of the round table. There is a flower lingering in the air with a spotlight on it.]

>> Marc: Madame de Sevigne? My name is Marc. I came – I called, I mean, let me start from the beginning. I made a lot of calls, and I really need this Camellia bouquet tonight. Well, it's a special evening --

[Madame holds up a finger to silence Marc. A moment lingers.]

>> Marc: Um, I just need this bouquet then I'll be – you want me to sit? Um, no, to be honest, I need to be somewhere right now. Um, no, I honestly can't, but thank – um, OK. I guess for a few minutes. I suppose.

[Marc sits as Madame observes him closely, then she peers inside the flower as if it was a crystal ball.]

>> Marc: uh –

[Madame holds up a finger again. Turns back to the flower, she forms her hands around the flower, not touching it. One by one, 3 petals fall slowly to the table, in a slow motion. Madame then closes her eyes, and throws her head back. After a moment, she comes around.]

>> Madame: You're trying to mend things with your sister, and Camellia is her favorite flower... But the damage you've done is far too severe.

>> Marc: how, uh, how'd you know that?

(silence)

>> Marc: Alright, okay, yeah, I messed up. No, I fucked up. But, how'd you – never mind. I don't have time for this bullshit.

>> Madame: Do you?

>> Marc: What?

>> Madame: Do you have time to reevaluate what you have done? What would you have done differently that night? Did you think of the consequences? It must be so hard with recent passings of both of your parents.

>> Marc: It was.

>> Madame: You have each other, or you had. Will you be able to fix things?

>> Marc: I have been so focused on getting her her favorite flowers. I really didn't mean for it to happen.

>> Madame: The damage, as the flower shows, is irreversible. It's not easy to own up to your mistakes. Will she be able to move on? To forgive you?

>> Marc: I am so ashamed. I want to fix this. I will do anything. Please.

>> Madame: Only three petals fell.

>> Marc: three? What does that mean? Is that good?

>> Madame: Camellia flowers symbolize love, affection, and admiration. They originated in the Himalayas. Is there some history with your sister and this flower?

>> Marc: my parents would get her Camellia flowers every year for her birthday, and every milestone, such as graduation and so on. Because her name is Camille. Haha. My parents were so corny but it meant a lot to her... Growing up, she was the favorite.

She knew it but never made me feel any less. She told me I was her favorite. I didn't have a problem because I did get away with a lot of things, I got away with jayriding when I was 13. I remember seeing the shock and disappointment on my parents' faces, but Camille knew I was trying to get their attention. She would come in my room and read to me, or talk to me. Our parents never did that for me. She was a perfect sister. Sometimes I get so angry at myself for not doing more for her. Yes, I was. She was just too perfect, it's like I needed to take something away. No. No, that wasn't fair. No. (turns to Madame) Is there any remote chance that she may forgive me? Does the flower tell you that?

>> Madame: Madame does not do predictions, that is not the purpose.

[Marc attempts to interrupt.]

>> Madame Nor does the flower.

[They stare at each other in silence for a moment]

>> Marc: (grows irritated) What.is.the.point? Why am I here? You, you called me here! What is the point of me being here? Do you take thrills in embarrassing people here? At this table? Do you enjoy this? Do you?

>> Madame: (slowly) It is natural to be angry at something that is unforeseen.

>> Marc: This flower is useless, why am I even here? I asked, you didn't answer me. Will she ever forgive me?

>> Madame: You can be as sincere as you need to. Ultimately it comes down to her. People do forgive and move on. Especially when their brothers sleep with their spouses.

>> Marc: How?! How the hell did you know that? You have no idea what really happened! I was so remorseful in the morning.

>> Madame: She felt betrayed – by both of you.

>> Marc: She was there. My parents were not supportive when I came out but she was. He and I were just – having drinks like brothers. Well, he was a brother-in-law. Not blood. He wanted to give it a try. I guess that was beer talking. I remember thinking to myself, "I see what my sister sees in you." He was charismatic, and so good looking. I didn't think of anything till the morning after when she walked in on us.

>> Madame: Monsieur, Camellia, you may not know this, represents honesty and adoration. You may have her, remember, to forgive is up to Camille.

>> Marc: Thank you, Madame. I am going to try my damndest. She's all I have.

[He slams bills on the table in excitement. Marc leaves the room. After a few minutes, Madame leaves the table and approaches Kenneth in the front of the store. They stand side by side behind the register by the hippie beads doorway, facing the front door. She holds out her hand. Kenneth put a roll of bills on her hand. Madame counts the bills and is about to put it in her breast – till Kenneth holds out their hand. Madame smirks at Kenneth, and counts a few bills, puts in Kenneth's hand.]

>> Madame: You do have an eye for these people, don't you? Good job. Let's go for one more, then we can close up for the day.

[Madame retreats to the back. Kenneth goes back to their phone, texting. The front door opens, another customer.]

>> Customer: May I--?

[Kenneth holds up their index finger. They look up from their phone at the customer, with a slow smirk. Then Kenneth glances over at the camera in the wall.]

[Transition: 50 Flowers. Orange flyer with blue-green flowers along the side borders. Text in center: "Deaf Spotlight presents Short Play Festival. One floral shop, six short stories. Fifty Flowers".]

[New slide, same theme but new text: "Fifty Flowers. Playwright: Cherry Pie LaTorre. Director: Aimee Chou. Stage manager: Kellie Martin. Actors: Monique Holt as Aissa; John Plecher as James."]

[Flower shop set. Aissa waits at the counter. Behind the counter are shelves full of display flowers and family pictures. Aissa looks at them. James passes by the open doorway and sees Aissa. He hurriedly enters and smiles at her.

>> James: Hello! How can I help you?

[Aissa gestures "me hear none." James gestures, "Point to the ears or hearing aids. Me sign."]



>> Aissa: My mother-in-law wants 50 flowers. She will plant the flowers in the garden.

>> James: Garden? I think this is not the right place for you. The hardware store has a lot of flowers for gardens. You can go there.

>> Aissa: Oh! Do you have flower seeds?

>> James: Um... let me look. Just a minute.

>> Aissa: OK.

[James Looks under the table and pulls out a box of seeds. He holds up a few packets. ]

>> James: Here are a few packages.

>> Aissa: All.

>> James: All?

>> Aissa: Yes.

>> James: Sunflower seeds or Lily seeds?

>> Aissa: Both.

>> James: OK. See the instructions on the back. Do you know how to plant the seeds in the garden?

>> Aissa: Yes.

>> James: Good!

[James keys in the amount on the cash register. ]

>> James: 20 Pesos.

>> Aissa: Ok.

[Aissa gives James cash. James presses cash button on the cash register. The drawer pops open. He puts it in the drawer. James tears off the receipt and hands it to her.]

>> James: Thank you for shopping here.

[Aissa looks at the display flowers behind James.

>> James: Is there anything else?

>> Aissa: Yes.

>> James: (Smile) I am happy to help you.

>> Aissa: I'm so embarrassed to ask you a question.

>> James: Sure.

[Aissa points at the display flowers.

>> Aissa: Can I buy 50 of those flowers?

>> James: Ha! Those are display flowers. They are not for sale, but I can create and design floral arrangements like bouquets, centerpieces, corsages, wreaths or other arrangements for you.

>> Aissa: They are very pretty! Do you own this flower shop?

>> James: No. My wife has owned this flower shop for 55 years.

>> Aissa: 55 years! I want to say congratulations to her.

>> James: (Sigh) My wife went missing during World War II. I took over her position and business.

>> Aissa: Oh. I am sorry.

>> James: Yeah. I'm ok. I remember when I was young. I saw her first at this flower shop and started to fall in love with her. When I found out she owned this flower shop, I immediately applied for a job. She hired me. We fell in love and got married. I have good memories of her.

[Aissa glances at James's family photos and points at a man in the picture.]

>> Aissa: Is that your son?

>> James: Yes. I also have a daughter. Actually, my son and daughter are twins. They are helping me a lot here at the shop.

>> Aissa: You are blessed to have precious twins!

>> James: Thank you.

>> Aissa: You are welcome.

>> James: I also have grandchildren.

>> Aissa: How many?

>> James: 6

>> Aissa: Wonderful grandchildren... Have you ever found your wife?

>> James: Well...Her driver said that my wife was cutting flowers at the flower gardens while her maids were arranging the cut flowers in her pickup truck. There was an air raid. My wife, her maids, and her driver ran quickly. They were bombed! Soil and flowers covered them deeply. The flowers in the pickup truck were destroyed. Her maids and driver looked for her, but they could not find her. They thought that she might be buried in deep soil. They dug until nothing. Her body wasn't found. My neighbors came to my house to let me know about my wife. The police searched for her for one year, but nothing.

>> Aissa: How sad!

>> James: I believe she's still alive. This flower shop belongs to her. My children and I take care of this flower shop for her. I hope she will come back someday.

>> Aissa: Aaww....

>> James: So, what kind of flowers does your mother-in-law like?

>> Aissa: Let me read to you a list of flowers.

[Aissa pulls out a paper pad from her shoulder bag.]

>> Aissa: Cyclamen, Daisy, Iris, Narcissus, Orchid

[James picks the flowers as AISSA reads to him. ]

>> Aissa/James:: Peony...

>> James: Rose...

[Aissa looks at the paper, shocked.]

>> Aissa: How did you know?

>> James: May I see your paper pad?

[James reads the paper pad and notices the handwriting.]

>> James: Who wrote this paper pad?

>> Aissa: My mother-in-law.

>> James: Your mother-in-law knows the names of many flowers.

>> Aissa: She is smart!

[James looks at the paper pad again. He gets his wife's notebook and holds the magnifying glass to read it. He put the paper pad and notebook together.]

>> James: How the writing is similar to my wife's. What is your mother-in-law's name?

>> Aissa: Fleur.

>> Aissa: Fleur?

>> Aissa: Fleur means flower.

>> James: Fleur is a beautiful name.

>> Aissa: Yeah. My father-in-law gave her a new name.

>>James: Why?

>> Aissa: Umm...My mother-in-law has amnesia and couldn't remember her name, so my father-in-law gave her the new name...Fleur because she loved flowers.

>> James: What is her husband's name?

>> Aissa: Victor.

>> James: Victor's last name?

>> Aissa: Smith.

>> James: Victor Smith! He was one of my comrades in the Navy. He liked her before me. He probably found her alive after the war.

>> Aissa: Wow!

>> James: Where is Victor Smith? I'm going to punch him!

>> Aissa: I'm sorry! He passed away a couple of years ago.

>> James: How did he die?

>> Aissa: Heart attack.

>> James: He stole my wife from me!

>> Aissa: Your wife? Fleur?

>> James: My wife's name is Rose.

>> Aissa: Rose? Let me show you a photo of Fleur.

[Aissa digs in her shoulder bag and pulls out her wallet. She hands a wallet picture to him. James grabs the wallet picture and looks at the picture. He recognizes the big jade flower pendant necklace that Rose wears. ]

>> James: I made this special necklace and gave it to Rose on our first date.

[James pulls out a wallet picture and shows it to Aissa. James and Aissa notice the same necklace.]

>> Aissa: They have the same necklace!

>> James: Rose is Fleur! That is my wife.

>> Aissa: Rose? Fleur is Rose?

>> James: Yes! Is she alive?

[Aissa freezes. James grabs Aissa by the shoulders and shakes her.]

>> Aissa: Yes! Yes! She is alive!

>> James: How is she? Where is she now?

>> Aissa: She lives nearby.

>> James: I want to go and see her now.

>> Aissa: Wait! She can't...

>> James: She can't what?

>> Aissa: She cannot hear.

>> James: Dementia or stroke?

>> Aissa: No.

>> James: What kind of disease does she have?

>> Aissa: None. She is deaf.

>> James: She can't hear?

>> Aissa: Yes.

[James looks at the pictures again and starts crying.]

>> Aissa: Are you ok?

>> James: How will Rose recognize me now? She used to love hearing my voice.

[James sobs. Aissa comforts James. ]

>> James: I am so glad to know that my wife has been alive all this time.

(Beat)

>> James: Allow me to see her now?

>> Aissa: OK. I will drive you.

>> James: Let's go now.

>> Aissa : Wait. I'm taking the flowers with me.

>> James: Oh. You are right.

[James puts together the flowers and gives them to Aissa. Aissa carries a big vase of 50 flowers.]

>> Aissa : Your wife can't wait to smell and touch the pretty flowers.

>> James: I'm closing the shop.

[James locks the door with keys.]

>> Aissa: I need to let you know...you have another son.

>> James: What?

>> Aissa: Fleur was pregnant with him when Victor found her in his backyard.

>> James: My other son?

>> Aissa: Yes.

>> James: What is his name?

>> Aissa: James. My husband.

>> James: (crying tears of joy) That's my name! She still remembers me! "You...you're my daughter-in-law?"

[beat as they look at each other.]

>> Aissa: It all makes sense now.

>> James: What makes sense?

>> Aissa: She called Victor "Jim." Victor tried to correct her and told her that his name was Victor, not Jim. She does not remember anything from before the bombing except for the flower names.

[James pulls the vase of flowers from Aissa. Then he counts the flowers and ponders the significance of #50. ]

>> James: 50...50...50 flowers...50...wait! This year would have been our 50th wedding anniversary.

[James sobs. Hugs the vase of flowers.]

>> James: She remembers!

[James cries tears of joy.]

[Blackout.]

[Transition: "Plant a Kiss". Green flyer with a red-purple tulip blooming from a heart on the right side. Text on the left side: "Deaf Spotlight presents Short Play Festival. One floral shop, six short stories. "Plant a Kiss".]



[New slide, same theme but new text: "Plant a Kiss. Playwright: Liam Coleman. Director: Kai Winchester. Stage manager: Kellie Martin. Actors: Anna Bracilano as Violet; Phelan Conheady as Lex."]

[Flower shop set. Lex is straightening a frame on the wall. Lex answers a phone and signs to the screen.]

>> Lex: Hey Baba. What's up? What's wrong?

[Pause.]

>> Lex: Again?! Those neighbors are a nuisance. They keep asking "where's Alexis?" It's easier if they know she's dead.

[Pause.]

>> Lex: I know, Baba. I know you always say "think positively and look for the good in people. Maybe you're the one to activate that spark of change." You can do that! I've seen enough. I'm... tired. People don't change.

[Pause.]

>> Lex: I'm allowed to be tired! This baby (gesture at the shop) is like 3 year old toddler. I look away for one second, BAM! There's dirt spilled everywhere. A broken window. A tilted sign. More things for me to add to my never-ending to- do list.

[Pause.]

>> Lex: "You're tired? Try having a kid alone at 19!" Lucky for you, I've grown up and you've grown old. I gotta go. Happy Parents' Day! I love you.

[Lex hangs up.]

[Violet enters the shop and approaches the counter.]

>> Violet: (spoken) Hey, I was wondering if--

>> Lex: Hello how can I help you--

>> Violet: You deaf?

>> Lex: Maybe.

>> Lex: We have flower arrangements for any holiday, including Parents' Day today!

>> Lex:: No? Flowers for a partner? Friend?

>> Violet: You look like someone I used to know.

>> Lex: I can guarantee, you've never met me before. How can I help you?

>> Violet: I'm looking for someone.

Lex: Do they like flowers? Are they...deaf?

>> Violet: Do you know A-L-E-X-I-S B-A-U-M-A-N?

>> Lex: Oh. She died. About five years ago.

>> Violet: How? Where is she buried?

>> Lex: I don't know... How did you know her? Were you close?

>> Violet: I'm sorry... I'm V I O L E T, VIOLET. From-

>> Lex: L E X. No sign name. Right now. Nice to meet you... Let me guess. MD Deaf Institute while growing up, mainstreamed in high school, went to one of the few options for a Deaf college program on the East coast?

>> Violet: Close. What about you?

>> Lex: I don't openly share personal details with strangers while I'm at work. Welcome to the West Coast! We're supposedly less friendly here. How did you know about this Plant A Kiss location?

>> Violet: I found this address on some returned mail at ALEXIS' old place. I was hoping it would lead somewhere... other than this.

>> Lex: The internet is free. Could've saved you the trip.

[Violet walks over to look at the sign on the wall.]

>> Violet: Seattle doesn't seem like the best place to grow. No sun.

>> Lex: We have some sun. Plenty of rain and humidity.

[Violet points to the sign.]

>> Violet: Everybody needs sun. Your sign is misleading. And crooked. This is a flower shop, not a plant shop.

>> Lex: It is a plant shop. And I made it crooked, gives it personality. Why are you looking for ALEXIS(\*\*\*)?

>> Violet: ALEXIS\* Sign names can be important. For example, I used to have VIOLET\* as my name. But it doesn't fit anymore. Now it's VIOLET.

>> Lex: Why don't you like VIOLET\*?

>> Violet: Doesn't fit me anymore. I'm not that person anymore.

>> Lex: Wow. You grew, you changed?

[Lex claps.]

>> Violet: You own a plant shop-- you should specialize in cactuses. Short, tall, big, small... You can find a cactus to match your personality. Sharp, spiny, mean.

[Violet hands Lex a cactus.]

[Lex kisses the cactus pot and sets it down.]

>> Violet: I went to ALEXIS' house to tell her- Well... I couldn't tell her. No one answered the door, then the neighbors watching came over and explained: "THINK FAMILY MOVE WASHINGTON." "SEE FOR A WHILE NO-NO." "IF YOU FIND, LET US KNOW." That's how I got the address to this place.

>> Lex: Those neighbors... Seem nosy. Not their business.

>> Violet: Actually, the shorter neighbor was explaining that he has the right to know-

>> Lex: Sometimes we cut our hair, other times we cut our names. Doesn't mean that we've grown or changed that much. Now that we're not strangers anymore. Why are you here?

>> Violet: To buy flowers for my dead friend.

>> Lex: Really?

[Person enters, carrying a takeaway tray with two coffee cups on it. Lex takes them as the person leaves.]

>> Violet: You ordered coffee for us?

>> Lex: I've only known you for 8 minutes. No. I like to order 2 and save one for the weekend...

[Lex gives her a cup and takes the other cup. Both drink.]

>> Violet: Sorry... I have a question. Are you queer?

>> Lex: No. ... Maybe.

[Lex looks at the Pride flag on the wall and moves to stand in front of it while drinking coffee.]

>> Violet: ALEXIS came out as gay to me... and how I reacted? I'm not proud. I'm just now figuring out that I'm queer too. I was hoping to tell them... I'm sorry.

[Lex hands Violet the coffee cup, she puts both cups down.]

>> Lex: That's rough. Labels and names can be hard to navigate. That moment when you finally decide is exhilarating. You want to share it with the world. But they don't get it. I almost named the shop something else.

>> Violet: Really? What name?

>> Lex: AFTERNOON BOTANIST, BOTANIST. It's from the idea of an evening botanist, do you know what that is? People who change the rules before society is ready to change for them. Back then, evening botanist was code for gay men. So that

got me thinking, could we have morning, dawn, and dusk botanists too? Any kind of botanists are welcome and appreciated at all times.

[Lex walks away, Violet following.]

>> Violet: How did she die?

>> Lex: Sometimes it's easier to not have to explain things.

>> Violet: I need to know.

>> Lex: ... I killed her.

>> Violet: What?

[Violet reacts and heads for the door as if leaving. Lex picks up a flower bouquet.]

>> Lex: Slowly squeezed the life out of her... Just kidding! She died a slow death. Imagine a flower bouquet in a vase, being starved of water. If I change the flowers out for some new flowers, is the vase still the same vase as it was before?

[Lex puts the flower down.]

>> Violet: Yes?

>> Lex: I agree. Others? Not so much. That's why I gave up on people and turned to flowers. They will be there for you the next day, living or not.

>> Violet: Is ALEXIS dead or alive?

>> Lex: To me. That's my deadname.

>> Lex: The simple version is that A L E X I S is now L E X.

>> Violet: I knew you looked familiar. You look different. You look good.

[Violet crosses over to Lex. Lex hands her the flower bouquet.]

>> Lex: It's not the same flowers as before, but I'm the same vase. Now ALEXIS is my past and I am simply... here.

[Violet hands the flowers to Lex to hold.]

>> Violet: This means you knew who I was the whole time?

>> Lex: Yes.

[Violet leaves. Lex puts the flower down on the counter and picks up the phone and signs to it.]

>> Lex: See, BABA? People don't change.

[Violet re-enters the shop. Lex turns around and sees her standing there.]

>> Violet: I'd like to buy you some flowers.

>> Lex: Really?

>> Violet: Yes... This is all backwards. I don't know what to do.

>> Lex: You could open a flower shop, it worked for me. It's nice to meet you for the first time, I'm L E X, LEX.

>> Violet: I'm VIOLET.

>> Lex: I know.

>> Violet: Look, LEX, there's the sun.

[Blackout.]

[Transition: New play, "Flower Dance". Flyer with a green background, and a border of green-orange plant foliage across the bottom. Two pairs of footsteps meet each other across the top, blue on left and yellow on right. Text in center: "Deaf Spotlight presents Short Play festival. One floral shop, six short stories. Flower Dance."]

[New slide, same theme but different text: "Flower Dance. Playwright: Howie Seago. Director: Alexandria Wailes. Stage Manager: Siena Rafter. Actors: Harmony Baniaga as Betsy; Irvine Stewart as Walker."]

[Flower shop set. The stage lights up as Walker enters stage left. He panhandles with hat in hand across the stage. He approaches invisible passerbys, no luck. He leaves stage right.]

[Betsy enters stage right. She carries a 5-gallon bucket of fresh flowers in one hand. In the other hand, she carries a Starbucks coffee. She enters the shop, turning on the lights. She takes off her coat and puts on an apron. She sets up shop, arranging flowers as she goes around. She then sweeps the sidewalk.]

[Walker enters from the right, still panhandling with the hat. He sees Betsy, becomes lovestruck. He warily approaches Betsy, unaware that he's still holding out the hat as if panhandling. ]

[Betsy doesn't see him, continues to sweep the floor. Brief choreography of Walker chasing an unaware Betsy sweeping the floor.]

[Walker accidentally steps on her broom.]

[Betsy sees his tattered boots and slowly looks up, surveying Walker. She is offended by his hat in hand.]

[Walker quickly and sheepishly puts hat on his head. He takes hat off to bow in grand courtesy.]

[Betsy enters shop before Walker finishes his grand bow.]

[Walker is dejected and looks at his hat. He smells his hat and reacts. He puts the hat back on his head.]

[Betsy is engaged in shop work.]

[Walker enters the shop, and gestures 'I would like a flower'.]

[Betsy gestures 'have money?']

[Walker searches his pockets and hat, and gestures 'no money'.]

[Betsy shrugs, 'sorry'. She resumes working.]

[Walker moves to the front of the shop. He has difficulty sitting down on the ground. He sits with his back against the floral shop. He panhandles to invisible passerby to no avail.]

[Betsy glances from time to time at Walker and his panhandling.]

[Walker watches invisible person entering from the left side. He continues to watch as the invisible person toss imaginary dollars into his hat. He gratefully pulls a real dollar out of his hat. He carefully 'irons' out the dollar on his lap then carefully folds the dollar up and put into his hat. He places the hat on his head and gets up with difficulty. He crosses to Betsy and grandly pulls the dollar out from his hat. Carefully unfolding the dollar, he gestures 'a trade of a dollar for a flower'.]

[Betsy hesitates, gestures 'only one flower?' She gestures 'which flower'?]

[Walker chooses a flower.]

[Betsy picks up scissors.]

[Walker, startled, steps back.]

[Betsy picks out flower and trims the stem. She hands the flower over to Walker.]

[Walker is relieved, and profusely thanks Betsy. He happily returns to his 'space'. A beat. He decides to present flower to Betsy. They dicker a bit over who should keep the flower.]

[Betsy accepts the flower.]

[Walker starts to sit in his 'space'.]

[Betsy gestures 'wait'. She brings out the t-gallon bucket and sets the bucket upside down. She gestures for Walker to Sit on it. She helps him by the arm to sit down. They react to her touch on his arm.]

[Lights change to a romantic mode as they change to formal wear while dancing in a slow motion choreography.]

[Walker takes his military leggings, revealing shiny black dance shoes.]



[Betsy loosens her hair.]

[Walker takes his hat and wig off.]

[Choreography ends with them facing upstage. In even slower motion, Betsy takes off her apron, sweater while Walker takes off his trenchcoat as they turn outward to face downstage. They are surprised by their costume changes. A tuxedo and a formal dress! Walker discovers a pearl necklace in his pocket, puts it on Betsy. They dance ballroom style around the stage. Walker disengages from Betsy and continues to dance around the stage.]

[Spotlight on Betsy.]

[They start a choreographed dance number, showcasing traditional Broadway-style dancing.]

[Walker exchanges places with Betsy. She dances around the stage as..]

[The dance number continues.]

[Lights up to “reality” as they change back into original costumes.]

[Walker sits on the bucket. Betsy gets her coat and purse. She turns off the shop lights. They exchange subtle looks, wondering if the Dance did really happen. Very slight smiles.]

[Betsy turns to exit. She feels her pearls, is puzzled She turns to look at Walker.]

[Walker has fallen asleep.]

[Betsy exits stage right. Lights change, fading on Walker, who is asleep on the bucket.]

[Lights go up as Betsy enters stage right , carrying two cups of coffee. She thinks Walker is still asleep. She sets a coffee cup next to Walker. She turns on the shop lights. She takes off coat, puts it on counter near Walker. She checks on Walker. She taps him gently but he doesn't wake up. She gently shakes his shoulder. She realizes he's dead.]

[Betsy covers him with her coat, and lays a flower on his lap. She then exits stage.]

[Lights fade to black. Walker exits quickly.]

[Betsy re-enters and looks at Walker's vacant space for a bit. She retrieves bucket and starts to exit upstage. She sets down the bucket upside down and wipes the bottom of bucket. Sets a flower and lays flower on bucket. She exits. ]

-Lights fades to spotlight on flower/bucket. Fade to black...]

[Video transitions to flyer for Short Play Festival.]

[New slide, repeat of Land Acknowledgment.]

[Video transitions to scrolling white text on a black background: "Festival Committee:" with names below.

Festival Director: Alexandria Wailes

Production Manager: Guthrie nutter

Producer: Patty Llang

Creative Director: Buddy Elledge

Access Coordinator: Aly Boote

Costume Designer: Laura Kessler

Director of Artistic Sign Language: Akilyn Aaron-Lozano, Joey Antonio, Gabriel Silva

Festival Photographers: Aly Drayton, Jason Tang

Lighting Designer: Rob Falk

Production Designer: Jennifer Harris

Ticketing Manager: Libby Stanley"

Toxic Flower

Playwright: Willy Conley

Director: Josh Castille

Stage Manager: Siena Radler

Daffy: Anna Biracilano

Understudy: Rhonda Cochran

Beautiful Boy

Playwright: Rob Roth

Director: Tyler DeShaw

Stage Manager: Omar Faust

Anothony: Irvine Stewart

Zach: Zerek White

Raymond: Rogan Shannon

Camellia for Camille  
Playwright: Heba Toulan  
Director: Michelle Banks  
Stage Manager: Omar Faust  
Kenneth: Kai Winchester  
Hearing Service Dog: Pala  
Marc: Rogan Shannon  
Madame de Sevigne: Rhonda Cochran  
News Customer: Harmony Baniaga  
Understudy: Tyler DeShaw

Fifty Flowers  
Playwright: Cherry Pie LaTorre  
Director: Aimee Chou  
Stage Manager: Kellie Martin  
James: John Pecher  
Aissa: Monique Holt\*  
Son: Phelan Conheady  
Understudy: Rogan Shannon  
\* (text insert)

Plant a Kiss  
Playwright: Liam Coleman  
Director: Kai Winchester  
Stage Manager: Kellie Martin  
Lex: Phelan Conheady  
Violet: Anna Bracilano

Flower Dance  
Playwright: Howie Seago  
Director: Alexandria Wailes  
Stage Manager: Siena Radler  
Walker: Irvine Stewart  
Betsy: Harmony Baniaga  
Choreography collaboration with Alexandria Wailes, Harmony Baniaga and Irvine Stewart

Many Thanks  
4Culture  
ArtsFund  
ArtsWA  
Ballard Reuse

City of Seattle Office of Arts & Culture  
The mogan Fund at Seattle Foundation  
National Endowment of the Arts  
Sawhorse Revolution  
Seattle People's Fund

Special Thanks

ACT Theater  
Access Team  
Actors' Equity Association  
Backstage Crew  
Black Box Operations  
Deaf Spotlight Board  
Deaf Spotlight MARCOM Team  
Driftwood Players  
Festival Mentors  
Festival Volunteers  
Jason Eastman  
Jenny Ku  
Conrad Strack  
Joyce Jameson  
Rafa Domingo  
RJ Jacobs  
Village Theatre  
Toxic Flower Youth Actors: Savina Strehe, Ben Zollner, Josephine Lackie, Amelia Wright.

Video transitions to show the logos for Actors' Equity Association and SAG-AFTRA.  
Following slide shows the logo for Northwest Film Forum, with text "Shot and edited by  
Remove the Gap Productions". Video ends with the Deaf Spotlight logo.]