

Vera

VERA

Do you know many people around here?

FRANKLIN

Not a soul.

VERA

Then you know practically nothing about my Aunt?

FRANKLIN

Only her name and address
(Franklin motions to the letters he holds.)

VERA

Her great tragedy happened just three years ago. That would be since your sister was here.

FRANKLIN

Her tragedy?
(Somehow, in this restful spot, tragedies seemed out of place.)

VERA

You may wonder why we keep that window open this time of year,'
(indicating the window)

FRANKLIN

It's quite pleasant today, well except for the pollen, and the humidity, and...well, the heat. But what has that window got to do with the tragedy?

VERA

Out through that window, three years ago to a day, her husband and her two sons went off squirrel hunting. They never came back.

(They stare at the door for a moment. She composes herself and continues.)

In crossing the bayou... It had been that dreadful wet spring, you know, and places that had always been safe in other years gave way suddenly without warning.....they just..disappeared. Search parties were out for days. Their bodies were never recovered. That was the dreadful part of it.

(Here her voice falters.)

Poor aunt, always thinking that they will come back someday. Them and the little dog that is lost with them, will walk in that window just as they used to do. That is why the window is kept open every evening till it is quite dusk.