

Scene Two  
The Perfume Maker

(Projected: interior of the PERFUME MAKER's lab. The PERFUME MAKER works. The PHOTOGRAPHER watches him.)

**PHOTOGRAPHER.** The Perfume Maker works. He forgets to eat. He forgets to sleep. Somewhere is the perfect combination that will amplify the essence of the Waitress. With chemistry he will create a super version of her, so subtle yet hits you like a left hook after she walks away. If only he can figure it out.

**PERFUME MAKER.** Almost. No. What if -

**PHOTOGRAPHER.** The Perfume Maker works with a chemical fervor that drives him days past his natural stopping point. He is fueled by possibility.

**PERFUME MAKER.** Maybe - or - no.

**PHOTOGRAPHER.** He continues. Outside the Florist knocks on his door. He does not answer.

(FLORIST knocks.)

**FLORIST.** Hello! It's me! It's just me. Hello! Hello! Hello! Hello!

**PHOTOGRAPHER.** The Florist leaves to open her flower shop.

(FLORIST exits.)

I wonder about work and about the difference between a calling and a job. About what we want and what we think we want. And what we think we should want. I wonder about if we can ever know if we're doing good or just what feels good. I wonder if love is really the opposite of war or if it's a different kind of war. Is loving someone else something we invented so we could feel pain more intensely or is it us really trying to be happy? Why do we think the goal is happiness? Maybe it should be learning to live with misery. But no, I still believe it. I think we should try to be happy. Right? Sorry. Where were we?

Florist:  
Gravedigger

#6

START

Scene Three  
The Florist and the Gravedigger

(Projected: interior of the flower shop. The FLORIST is there waiting on the GRAVEDIGGER.)

**PHOTOGRAPHER.** The Gravedigger selects flowers.

**GRAVEDIGGER.** Yeah, like that except prettier.

**FLORIST.** Don't you just want the discards? For the graves?

**GRAVEDIGGER.** Today, I will buy some. I will spend money.

Maybe I will spend a lot of money. Are they expensive?

**FLORIST.** Depends what you want and what you think expensive means.

**GRAVEDIGGER.** I have some money saved.

**PHOTOGRAPHER.** The Florist does not know what this means.

**FLORIST.** Is this for a grave?

**GRAVEDIGGER.** Yes. No.

**FLORIST.** Because I donate them to you for the graves. I support what you do. It makes me feel better to give them to you.

**GRAVEDIGGER.** I like flowers.

**FLORIST.** Look, you don't have to pay me. I'll give you the ones that won't last much longer, just like I always do.

**GRAVEDIGGER.** This time is different. I want to buy the most beautiful flowers you have. Which ones are those?

**FLORIST.** We all can't agree on that. If we all could agree on that, well, it would be a different world.

**GRAVEDIGGER.** Which do you like best?

**FLORIST.** It doesn't matter what I think.

**GRAVEDIGGER.** You're a woman. You might know.

**FLORIST.** You're buying them for someone special?

**GRAVEDIGGER.** Never mind that. Just tell me which ones. The most beautiful ones.

**FLORIST.** I don't feel like it's my place to say what someone else would like or wouldn't like. I know what I like.

**FLORIST.** Why don't you get what you like? And she'll know you better by it.

**GRAVEDIGGER.** I want to get what she likes.

**FLORIST.** Of course.

**GRAVEDIGGER.** She did say - do you have ponies?

**FLORIST.** No.

**GRAVEDIGGER.** It's just - how can she let go until I do? I have to show her. And she's stuck around longer than most but I see her fading. I know the signs. It won't be long now. Whether she wants to or not. So... Flowers like that.

**FLORIST.** Uh.

**PHOTOGRAPHER.** Then he sees me.

**GRAVEDIGGER.** Shh. Act normal.

**FLORIST.** How am I acting?

**PHOTOGRAPHER.** (To **GRAVEDIGGER.**) Hi.

**GRAVEDIGGER.** (Looking down.) I'm just getting some flowers, like I always do.

**PHOTOGRAPHER.** Don't go out of your way on my account.

**GRAVEDIGGER.** Just getting some flowers.

**FLORIST.** What's happening?

**GRAVEDIGGER.** I don't want to embarrass anyone.

**FLORIST.** Okay. I can support that.

**GRAVEDIGGER.** But I want the biggest most beautiful bouquet you can make. Use all the flowers that mean nice things and that smell good. Put all the pretty ones together that look prettier next to each other.

**FLORIST.** Okay.

**GRAVEDIGGER.** It's important.

**FLORIST.** Okay.

**PHOTOGRAPHER.** Is that for me?

**GRAVEDIGGER.** It's to say goodbye and all of the other things I want to say but can't. Because.

**PHOTOGRAPHER.** Goodbye?

**FLORIST.** A goodbye bouquet. Got it.

(The **FLORIST** makes an elaborate bouquet.  
The **PHOTOGRAPHER** steps out.)

**PHOTOGRAPHER.** Goodbye?

**FLORIST.** You like this?

**PHOTOGRAPHER.** It seems I'm on a time frame.

**GRAVEDIGGER.** Put the yellow ones in.

**PHOTOGRAPHER.** And that death does not take away one's ability to be moved. I'm feeling five distinct feelings. One. Two. Three...no. Just three. Let's move on.

**FLORIST.** How about more like this?

(**PHOTOGRAPHER** moves away. Lights go out on **FLORIST** and **GRAVEDIGGER** who exit.)

**PHOTOGRAPHER.** I need a minute. I'm sorry. I just need to stop for a minute. Maybe. Here are. Here are some photos I took.

(Projected: the town and inhabitants of the town. The **PHOTOGRAPHER** collects herself. Note: If you're not doing projections, you can do a slide show of blank slides or hand out an album of photos as one production did.)

**PHOTOGRAPHER.** Okay. That's good. Where were we?

END