

Florist a

#4

Scene Eight  
The Florist and the Perfume Maker

Perfume  
Maker

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

**PHOTOGRAPHER.** The Florist raps on the door of the Perfume Maker's house slash lab slash office slash bachelor pad slash pigsty.

*(FLORIST enters, taps on his door.)*

The Perfume Maker is working, of course.

*(PERFUME MAKER does not look up.)*

**PERFUME MAKER.** Like this? *(Smells.)* No. No. Not for her. Must be special. Like her. More. Electric. It must take the more that is she and make it more still.

**PHOTOGRAPHER.** He imagines the Waitress's scent. He breathes deeply.

*(The PERFUME MAKER breathes deeply. The FLORIST knocks. This upsets him.)*

**PERFUME MAKER.** *(Quietly.)* No. No. Not now.

*(The PERFUME MAKER puts in ear plugs.)*

**FLORIST.** Perhaps he does not hear me.

**PHOTOGRAPHER.** The Florist knocks louder.

**FLORIST.** *(Knocking louder.)* Hey! Hi! It's me. Hello!!

*(The PERFUME MAKER looks up.)*

**PERFUME MAKER.** Perhaps she will go away.

**PHOTOGRAPHER.** He thinks.

**FLORIST.** It's me! Hello! Are you there?! Hello! Hello! Hello!!!

**PERFUME MAKER.** I'm busy!

**PHOTOGRAPHER.** But he is always busy. She will not be so easily dissuaded.

**FLORIST.** I will not be so easily dissuaded.

**PHOTOGRAPHER.** The Florist knows the value of persistence. She does not know her own value but she understands the value of not giving up.

**FLORIST.** It's just. I have flowers.

**PERFUME MAKER.** Leave them.

**FLORIST.** Yes, of course. I can leave them. It's just - I thought...maybe I could give them to you. You could put them in water. So they don't expire.

**PERFUME MAKER.** *(To himself, but not quietly.)* Expire.

**FLORIST.** Isn't that a funny word?

**PERFUME MAKER.** I'm busy. My work is very important. I can't stop now. Must not get distracted. I can't "chat" now. I can't smell your flowers and tell you about them. It's very important. It's life or death.

**FLORIST.** I know. I just thought -

**PERFUME MAKER.** I can't. Not now. I have this talent given to me and it's all that I have and I must. I must use it.

**FLORIST.** I understand.

**PHOTOGRAPHER.** The Florist says. But she does not understand. And in not understanding, she romanticizes it. She smells her wrist. On it she wears a scent of his she bought at the mall in a store she wouldn't otherwise go into. She paid much more than she had ever paid before for a perfume. She finds the smell intoxicating. It's delicate, like rosewater but more persistent. She feels like royalty when she wears it, or like her idea of royalty. And she feels the longing then too.

**FLORIST.** His work. It is so important.

**PHOTOGRAPHER.** She thinks.

**FLORIST.** It's of such value to the world, what he makes. He is everything and I am nothing.

**PHOTOGRAPHER.** This way of thinking is dangerous.

**FLORIST.** I'm nothing.

**PHOTOGRAPHER.** This is one of the great tragedies of our time. Yet it is so common as to be mundane.

**PERFUME MAKER.** When she smells it, she will realize and she will see my value, my contribution.

**PHOTOGRAPHER.** This too is dangerous.

**PERFUME MAKER.** The scent is out there. Not this, but almost. It has to be perfect.

**PHOTOGRAPHER.** The Florist is sick of perfect.

**FLORIST.** I'll just leave the flowers here then. Put them in water as soon as you can.

**PERFUME MAKER.** Mmm hmm.

**PHOTOGRAPHER.** He agrees. But he will forget and will not see them even when he once again leaves his house to have lunch at the diner. She will not give up so easily. She will be back tomorrow. And the next day and the next. He has opened his door to her before and surely will do so again, won't he? Of course, he has not yet invited her in.

**FLORIST.** Persistence.

**PHOTOGRAPHER.** She says.

**FLORIST.** Persistence.

**PHOTOGRAPHER.** Should I say something about that? You understand.

*(The FLORIST exits. The PERFUME MAKER works.)*

END

### Scene Nine

#### The Librarian and the Hardware Store Owner

*(Projected: interior of the hardware store.*

**HARDWARE STORE OWNER** is there working.

*The PHOTOGRAPHER enters.)*

**PHOTOGRAPHER.** So. Here we are. If I'm honest, I have to admit I've been avoiding this place. Recently. But here we are. The hardware store. The Librarian lurks outside.

*(Enter the LIBRARIAN who lurks.)*

She thinks about entering.

**LIBRARIAN.** It's just a light bulb. It's no big deal.

**PHOTOGRAPHER.** She reaches for the door handle. The Hardware Store Owner looks up. Their eyes meet.

**HARDWARE STORE OWNER.** Oh.

**LIBRARIAN,** I -

**HARDWARE STORE OWNER.** Renee.

**LIBRARIAN.** Charlie.

*(They are frozen.)*

**PHOTOGRAPHER.** She should have expected this. But then - there is history, isn't there? How many years ago? Stack one decade upon another. Is that about right? A few years here. A few years there. Perfect. A prom. In the gymnasium in the high school named after Pierpont Bacon.

*(A mirrored ball is lowered from the ceiling.*

*Music. Lights change. The HARDWARE STORE*

*OWNER and The LIBRARIAN come together.*

*They slow dance.)*

The prom theme was "Parisian Nights." The prom song was "In Your Eyes," by Mr. Peter Gabriel. I'm here too. But you can't see me. But I see them. We all do. They are closer than they've ever been. Closer even than later that night when physically they are closer still.