PHOTOGRAPHER. Later!

GRAVEDIGGER. You have to –

PHOTOGRAPHER. LATER!

(The GRAVEDIGGER *exits with the bouquet.)*

Scene Seven
The Waitress and the Policeman and the Perfume Maker and the Florist

(Projected: interior of the diner. The WAITRESS *is waiting on the* POLICEMAN *who is seated.)*

PHOTOGRAPHER. At the diner. The Waitress feels the special chemicals her body creates each time the Policeman comes into the diner.

WAITRESS. What can I get you?

POLICEMAN. What are the specials?

WAITRESS. Well, those aren't on the menu. You know that.

POLICEMAN. Oh you mean the special specials.

PHOTOGRAPHER. She flirts her best flirt. He smiles back. She refills his coffee. He looks at her. She feels him look at her.

POLICEMAN. I'll have the meatloaf sandwich.

WAITRESS. Of course. You want anything special with that?

POLICEMAN. Special or special special?

WAITRESS. Well...

POLICEMAN. Surprise me.

(The WAITRESS *moves away, behind the counter or to the kitchen.)*

PHOTOGRAPHER. She wishes she knew how to surprise him. How to surprise herself. Should she make a move maybe? Or wait for him to make a move. But what if he never does?

WAITRESS. Today –

PHOTOGRAPHER. She thinks.

WAITRESS. Today I will be bold.

PHOTOGRAPHER. But she does not stop to think what this means. It will take care of itself, perhaps. The Policeman thinks about garden gnomes.

POLICEMAN. I don't understand why. You got a nice garden. Some bushes. Some flowers, that stuff and then you get a plastic, rubber, ceramic gnome? What for?