

~~PHOTOGRAPHER. The Young Man finds his voice again. It had been in the ring box the whole time. ...~~

~~YOUNG MAN. Florence! Will you - ...~~

~~(She takes the oxygen mask off and kisses him.)~~

~~PHOTOGRAPHER. Young love. Mmm.~~

Scene Four The Gravedigger and the Hardware Store Owner

(PHOTOGRAPHER in spot.)

~~PHOTOGRAPHER. I have to - I have to run some errands. I'm sorry, I'm not deserting you. It's just - I won't be long. Just - here is the graveyard. It all comes back here, doesn't it? We try to avoid it, don't we? But none of us... anyway - the Hardware Store Owner.~~

(PHOTOGRAPHER exits.)

(Projected: photo of the graveyard. The Hardware Store Owner stands by a grave.

He looks down at it, dour. Says nothing.)

HARDWARE STORE OWNER. So. Um. So. Sometimes it's hard to start. I wanted to say something. I wanted to ask. I have a question, sort of or a something I'm wondering about. But I don't know how. So. Um.

(The GRAVEDIGGER enters, stands beside him.)

GRAVEDIGGER. You didn't bring flowers.

HARDWARE STORE OWNER. No, I.

GRAVEDIGGER. You used to bring flowers.

HARDWARE STORE OWNER. They just die.

GRAVEDIGGER. Oh but. Sure but. Why is that a problem?

I have some. I could put down some for her, make her part of the rotation. The Millers got some Thursday but they can wait until next Friday and I could add her. Or maybe there will be more flowers this week. It's hard to control. I go into people's gardens sometimes and pick flowers. Nobody ever says anything. I try not to take the ones that are too pretty, that I know the owners need around. Like the - what do you call them - with the - the - you know -

HARDWARE STORE OWNER. ... Uh...

GRAVEDIGGER. But I think she should still get flowers. I take them away, you know, when they die.

HARDWARE STORE OWNER. I'll bring some next time.

GRAVEDIGGER. Flowers are nice.

HARDWARE STORE OWNER. I'll bring some next time.

GRAVEDIGGER. Sometimes I get the leftover ones from the florist. Before they die but at the end of the day. She likes flowers doesn't she? I think she likes flowers.

HARDWARE STORE OWNER. The florist?

GRAVEDIGGER. No.

(Beat.)

You want a minute? With the grave? Sometimes people want a minute but they don't know how to tell me.

HARDWARE STORE OWNER. No, that's okay. I have to go anyway.

GRAVEDIGGER. It's okay that you didn't bring flowers. And it's okay if you don't want to say anything. I'll let her know you stopped by.

HARDWARE STORE OWNER. What?

GRAVEDIGGER. She's not here now but I'll let her know you stopped by.

HARDWARE STORE OWNER. Okay. Okay. Earl. Thanks.

GRAVEDIGGER. There's something she's been trying to build up the courage to say. Soon, maybe. I don't know. Everything in its own time. That's what they say. But. There's not much time.

HARDWARE STORE OWNER. Okay. Tell your mother I said, "Hi."

GRAVEDIGGER. I will do that. I will. Looks like I might have to cut the grass early this week. But maybe I'll wait. If there's a grave to dig today, no sense in cutting the grass. You think anyone died? I hope not. It never ends. But not every day, so there's that. Lunch. Maybe I'll have lunch. What time is it? Is it too early?

HARDWARE STORE OWNER. Okay. Earl. You take care.

(HARDWARE STORE OWNER exits.)

GRAVEDIGGER. I don't care if it is too early.

(GRAVEDIGGER gets a cooler / lunchbox. He sits down and starts eating. The PHOTOGRAPHER appears.)

GRAVEDIGGER. There you are. He was just here. Your husband.

PHOTOGRAPHER. My widower. He's harder to remember. His edges are fuzzy. Does he seem like he's fading to you?

GRAVEDIGGER. I don't know about that. I'm just saying he was here. He was hoping to talk to you, I think. But he can't hear you. Not like me.

PHOTOGRAPHER. When was the last time you shaved?

(She takes his photo. It appears on the back wall.)

GRAVEDIGGER. Please don't do that. I don't like having my photo taken.

PHOTOGRAPHER. I'm sorry. I forgot.

GRAVEDIGGER. You always do that. I don't like it.

PHOTOGRAPHER. I said I was sorry.

GRAVEDIGGER. Okay. I'm going to pick up some flowers for your grave tomorrow. You like flowers, don't you?

PHOTOGRAPHER. Yes.

GRAVEDIGGER. I thought so. Is there a particular kind you like or don't like?

PHOTOGRAPHER. Peonies?

GRAVEDIGGER. I don't know what that is.

PHOTOGRAPHER. I will treasure whatever you get.

GRAVEDIGGER. You don't mind that they die?

PHOTOGRAPHER. No. Everything dies.

GRAVEDIGGER. Yeah, I don't know why that would be a problem either. Everyone likes flowers. It's something nice I can do.

PHOTOGRAPHER. It is.

GRAVEDIGGER. Some things I can't do. But I can do that.

So. I do that.