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SYNOPSIS: Poor David. He’s a well-meaning romantic who has discovered that “no unprovoked act of kindness goes unpunished.” When he purchases a colorful bouquet for Sue as a prelude to a marriage proposal, little does he know that the flora carry a hidden message.

CAST OF CHARACTERS
(1 MAN, 3 WOMEN, 1 EITHER)

DAVID (m)
FLORIST (m/f)
LIZ (f)
SUE (f)
MARGE (f)
AT RISE:
DAVID enters as florist is cutting flowers.

DAVID: Hey, how ya doing?
FLORIST: Fine, what can we do for you today?
DAVID: I need a bouquet for my girlfriend.
FLORIST: Sure, we can make up something very pretty.
DAVID: Can I pick out the flowers? I want it to have all her favorite colors.
FLORIST: Sure. What colors do you want?
DAVID: She wears a lot of purple... She looks great in purple.
FLORIST: I’ve got these pansies. They’re...
DAVID: Okay... Wait a minute! What are those?
FLORIST: That’s a purple hyacinth... Beautiful, isn’t it?
DAVID: It sure is, give me a half dozen of those.
FLORIST: Okay. What else?
DAVID: She loves orange... Purple and orange? Do those go together?
FLORIST: I can make it work.
DAVID: How about that orange flower?
FLORIST: Nah, I don’t think so. The chrysanthemum is orange, but it’s too big... It’ll overpower everything else.
DAVID: You’re right...
FLORIST: How about this? A delicate orange mock. It gives a touch of color without dominating...
DAVID: Good. Can we add some pink? She’s got one of those “Cover Girl” complexions and never uses make-up because her cheeks are such a beautiful pink.
FLORIST: I have pink miniature roses... Those would be nice.
DAVID: Roses... Cool! Use ‘them. That ought to do it... Her favorite colors and roses.
FLORIST: With pink, orange and purple, we really need to add something to neutralize the contrast... You know what I mean? To pull it all together.
DAVID: You’re the expert.
FLORIST: I’ll add a few small white roses.
DAVID: Great.
FLORIST: Do you want a card? I've got them for all occasions.

DAVID: No, I don't want a cheesy poem... I just need a blank one to say “I miss you.” I've got to tell you, this girl’s special... I mean SPECIAL. I realized it this weekend when an old college fraternity brother was in town... We got to talking about women. He made me realize this is the girl for me.

FLORIST: Well, we'll make this bouquet extra special then. Anything else?

DAVID: Yeah, one big red rose... I'm going to propose tonight, and a rose would be great, wouldn't it?

BLACKOUT.

Lights up across the stage, where SUE is at her desk admiring her flowers. LIZ walks by and stops.

LIZ: Well, what have we here? You got a secret admirer?

SUE: They're from David. Smell them— The fragrance is beautiful.

LIZ smells the flowers.

SUE: Don’t they smell good?

LIZ: I smell guilt...

SUE: What are you talking about?

LIZ: I think somebody must have been a bad boy.

SUE: What?

LIZ: Hmmm. Flowers in the middle of the week. Are you celebrating anything?

SUE: No.

LIZ: How long have you and David been going out?

SUE: About three months now...

LIZ: And?

SUE: And it’s going very well. Very well.

LIZ: Uh huh... Are you seeing anyone else?

SUE: No... I wouldn't have any time...and I wouldn't want to anyway.

LIZ: What about him?

SUE: No, he's not seeing anyone... Just me.
LIZ: You sure...?
SUE: I don’t know for su... (Pause.) Yes, I’m sure.
LIZ: So what about the flowers?
SUE: He’s just sweet, that’s all.

LIZ looks at the card.

LIZ: “I miss you.” Miss you? It’s only Wednesday... Weren’t you two together just a couple days ago for the weekend?
SUE: Actually, we weren’t.
LIZ: Oh, I see.
SUE: No, you don’t. He had friend from college in town and...

MARGE comes by. She sees the flowers and stops.

MARGE: Holy cow, look at those. Somebody must have been a very good girl... Or a very bad boy.
SUE: What’s with you two? Can’t a guy send his girl flowers without raising suspicion?
BOTH: No.
MARGE: The only time my husband sent me a bouquet like that was when I came home to find a 1948 Harley in the garage instead of a new refrigerator in the kitchen... So what do we have here?
SUE: Flowers... I don’t know what kind they are. I mean, I don’t know that much about flowers... I just know they’re very pretty and very thoughtful.
MARGE: Let’s see... Purple hyacinth... Pink roses...and orange mock...
SUE: If you say so. Aren’t those colors beautiful together?
MARGE: You really don’t know anything about flowers, do you, honey?
SUE: I know what’s pretty.
MARGE: Look it, sweetie, every kind of flower has significance... Each type has a meaning, and believe me, these mean trouble.
SUE: Is this like reading tea leaves or rolling bones?
MARGE: Honey... A purple hyacinth is the flower to use when you need to say, “I’m sorry...please forgive me.”
SUE: Why would David send that? He has nothing to be sorry for?

LIZ: Are you sure that old college friend wasn’t of the female persuasion?

SUE: Oh, come on...

LIZ: Did you ask him?

SUE: I didn’t have to... I trust him.

MARGE: Okay, but the orange mock stands for deceit... And it’s not a common flower, Sue.

SUE: Come on, you’re reading way too much into this.

MARGE: Have it your way, but the pink and white roses mean, “please believe me” and “secrecy.”

SUE: So this these beautiful flowers are telling me, “I’ve got a secret... I’ve deceived you, and I’m sorry.”

MARGE: Flowers don’t lie.

LIZ: I guess that’s what they mean when they tell you to “say it with flowers!”

SUE: Go on... What guy would know that know that much about flowers?

MARGE: A florist knows.

SUE: You guys are crazy.

MARGE: Am I? Suppose David went in and told the florist, “Hey, I really screwed up. I cheated on my girl and I need flowers to make it make right.” So the florist says, “O.K. I’ll create the perfect arrangement.” Guys being guys, David says, “Great, do it!” And this is what you get.

SUE: Hold it! Why would a florist do that to a customer? Why make a bouquet that gives away his secret?

MARGE: He has to...it’s the Floral Law. Florists have to take like a Hippocratic Oath and swear their flowers don’t send the wrong message... It’s an FTD thing.

LIZ: She’s right... There’s not “client/florist privilege” in the blossom business.

SUE: You’re out of your mind. (Pause. She smells the flowers.) Do you think that’s what these mean? That he really was with an old girlfriend over the weekend?

MARGE: Hey, if you can’t trust your florist, who can you trust?
SUE: Nah... Not David.

LIZ: That's what I said about my first husband. Men are like spiders...

They need to weave these little webs of mystery. They can't help themselves. Just like they can't help jumping to conclusions.

SUE: I should have known... When I think about it, he wasn't exactly forthcoming about who was in town.

LIZ: Did he call you at all over the weekend?

SUE: No

LIZ: Or yesterday?

SUE: No, he didn’t.

LIZ: I rest my case.

SUE: He must have had a guilty conscience and figured he’d lead with the flowers, huh?

LIZ: Guys are so predictable... Next, he’ll call and ask to go out to dinner and say... “I have something I have to tell you.” Guys have no imagination... It’s always the same routine. That’s how it works.

SUE: Well, it’s not going to work on me.

MARGE: You better believe it. Look, honey, you don’t need him. You’re too good for him.

SUE: I am... You know what? You’re right. That philanderer. He’s just like my last boyfriend.

LIZ: Of course he is! They’re all the same.

SUE: They are, you know. You’re exactly right. They’re all the same. Well, we know where he can put these damn flowers.

*SUE throws the flowers in the wastebasket.*

LIZ: Damn straight. The jerk.

MARGE: You okay?

SUE: Yeah... In fact, I’m kind of glad it happened when it did.. I was just about ready to fall for him. You know, right on the edge. Oh, I don’t know what I’d do without you two.

MARGE: With age comes wisdom.

LIZ: It’s happened to all of us, honey.

*Phone rings. SUE answers.*
SUE: Baskin Manufacturing, This is Sue. (Sarcastically.) Oh, hello, David... Yes, I got them... Dinner? We have to talk? Oh, you can’t tell me over the phone... I understand... Go to hell. (Hangs up.) Come on, girls. Let’s go to lunch.

BLACKOUT.

THE END