

A script from



“Flowers for Mom”

by
Paul R. Neil

- What** A man stops in at the florist, but struggles with ordering the right flowers for his mother. He ultimately realizes an even better gift. **Themes:** Mother’s Day, Mothers, Gratitude to Mothers, Priorities
- Who** Florist
Max
- When** Present, the day before Mother’s Day
- Wear (Props)** High Table or Counter
Vase with flowers
Wallet with Debit Card
Adding Machine or Tablet
Notepad and Pen
- Why** Proverbs 1:8-9, Exodus 20:12, Deuteronomy 5:16, Ephesians 6:12
- How** Max should come across as likeable but a bit clueless. He just needs a reminder to do the right thing. Florist is mostly uninterested and slightly impatient until a bit of a turn toward the end, where some sympathy pops in. The Proverbs scripture quoted in the script is from the Message paraphrase. Feel free to substitute another version.
- Time** Approximately 7 minutes

Florist is arranging flowers in a vase on a counter. An adding machine (or a tablet) also sits on the counter. Max enters cheerfully.

Florist: *(mechanically)* Welcome to Stop and Smell the Roses, where we help you say it with flowers. How may I assist you today?

Max: Can I still get flowers delivered by Mother's Day tomorrow?

Florist: Yes, but there's an extra \$20 rush charge and a \$30 fee for Sunday delivery.

Max: *(without hesitation)* That's fine. *(Slightly embarrassed)* I forgot last year. Neither my mother nor my wife were very happy. But this year...I'm sending my mother flowers and taking my wife to the lake.

Florist: Yes, sir. So what would you like?

Max: For my mother? Roses. Red roses. Definitely red roses. A dozen of your best. No...two dozen. One for last year and one for this year. In your best vase, of course.

Gets out wallet and pulls out debit card. Lays it on the counter while Florist adds up.

Florist: *(uncaring)* Of course. *(Begins to add up on the adding machine or iPad)* Two dozen roses...a Waterford crystal vase imported directly from Ireland...standard delivery charge...special Sunday delivery upgrade. That comes to 283 dollars and 71 cents. *(Reaches for debit card)*

Max: *(shocked, he instantly slaps his hand down on the card)* Oh...uh...silly me. How could I forget? My mother is...allergic...yeah...allergic to roses. Well, not allergic so much as she really doesn't like them. I don't think. Maybe they remind her of...*(floundering)* thorns?

Florist: *(skeptical)* Sure. *(Begins tapping again)* Might I suggest a mixed bouquet of spring flowers in the same Waterford crystal vase? That brings the cost down to 215 dollars and 63 cents.

Max: *(still surprised)* Y'know...Waterford crystal...that's made in Ireland you said?

Florist: Yes, sir.

Max: Well, that will never do. My mother is a big believer in buying American. Make America Great Again, right? *(Laughs nervously)*

Florist: *(stares)*

Max: So...y'know...she already has a lot of vases. Like, vases everywhere. It would kind of be a waste to get her another one. So...can you just wrap them in saran wrap or something?

Florist: *(rolls eyes and refigures)* Spring bouquet in cellophane and tissue paper...

Max: Tissue paper? How much is that?

Florist: It's complimentary, sir.

Max: *(relieved)* Oh, that's good. Use lots of that. She loves tissue paper.

Florist: ...standard delivery fee, Sunday upgrade...that will be 95 dollars and 22 cents.

Max: You know...

Florist: Let me guess, your mother won't be home tomorrow.

Max: Well, y'know, not the whole day. Church and lunch and maybe she'll go canoeing or spelunking or something. I'd hate for her not to be there when they arrive.

Florist: *(sardonic)* Yes, so she can put them in one of her many vases.

Max: Exactly. So...what about Monday delivery?

Florist: Spring bouquet, standard delivery *(pointedly)* the day AFTER Mother's Day... 45 dollars and 18 cents.

Max: Perfect. That will be great. *(Pushes debit card to Florist)*

Florist: What would you like on the card?

Max: Oh...um...Happy Mother's Day. You're the best mom ever!

Florist: *(writing on a notepad)* ...best...mom...ever.

Max: *(uncertain)* But...wait. What if my wife sees that?

Florist: *(stares)*

Max: Yeah, don't put that. *(Has an idea)* A Bible verse! Yeah. Let's put a Bible verse. What's that one about mothers?

Florist: I'm sure I don't know, sir.

Max: We made cards with it on there when I was a kid in Sunday School. Construction paper and crayons and dry macaroni. *(wistfully)* Those were the days. Proverbs...Proverbs...25? Yeah. 25...24. Proverbs 25:24. I'm not sure that's right. But they're all good, right? Put that...Proverbs 25:24. She can look it up. It'll be a little bonus fun!

Florist: *(writing)* Yes, sir. Bonus fun.

Max: Wait...maybe I should check that. *(Pulls out phone and begins to search)*

Florist: We're closing in five minutes, sir.

Max: This will only take a second...here it is...Proverbs 25:24. *(Grandly, then losing steam)* Better to live on a corner of the roof than to share a house with a...quarrelsome wife. *(Pause)* Nope, don't put that.

Florist: *(scribbles out)* Of course.

Max: I've got it! Like that old song...I'll just spell out "mother" with words for each letter that describe her!

Florist: Four minutes, sir. Would you like to write it out yourself to save time?

Max is clearly struggling the whole time, he takes the pen and pad. Florist, meanwhile, takes out phone and is tapping away.

Max: Sure. M is for...mmmm...mannerly. Yes...she did teach me always to say please and thank you! *(Writes)* Mannerly. O is for...Okay? No. Obstinate. That's good, right? Maybe not. Oh! Yeah. *(Writes)* T is for...Tidy. Our house was always very organized and tidy growing up. H is for...*(writes without speaking, then proudly holds back the notepad and reads the results)* Got it. How's this? Mom, here's a few things that describe you. M is for mannerly. O is for organized. T is for tidy. H is for helpful. E is for efficient. R is for resourceful. Put them all together and what do you get?

Florist: *(deadpan)* A top-notch performance review for your custodian?

Max: *(tosses down notepad)* You're right. This is terrible Why is this so hard? She knows I love her, right? I mean, sure, I don't visit very often. It's a long drive over there. At least 45 minutes...with no Starbucks along the way. *(Ponders)* 'Course, it's an hour and a half to the lake. Maybe we should just cancel our lake trip and go to church with Mom tomorrow. The kids love seeing her.

Florist: *(gently)* Two minutes, sir.

Max: *(with a sigh)* Just put, Happy Mother's Day, Mom, you're the best mom ever. Sorry these are a day late.

Florist: *(sympathetic)* Sir...if I can make a suggestion. How about this? *(Reads from phone)* "Never forget what you learned at your mother's knee. Wear their counsel like flowers in your hair, like rings on your fingers."

Max: That's good. That's really good. It sounds familiar.

Florist: It's from Proverbs 6.

Max: That's the one I was trying to remember. Put that. Definitely. Put that. After all, my mother was my greatest teacher ever.

Florist: Yes, sir. *(Picks up debit card)* I'll just go run your card. And sir, if I can suggest one more thing?

Max: Go for it.

Florist: *(with a smile)* The lake will wait. *(Exits)*

Max: *(ponders, then takes out phone and dials)* Hey, sweetheart. Change of plans...how about instead of the lake we go to church and lunch with my mom in the morning, then swing over and have dinner with yours? *(Pause)* Great. I thought you'd like that. I'll be home soon. *(As an afterthought)* Oh, hey honey, do we have construction paper and macaroni?

Lights out.