

"PHOTO" EXCERPT BY ASHA NOEL IYER

A beat. ROB is still staring at the note on the back of the photo. He doesn't say anything. MARA gets up.

MARA

Anyways I'll get out of your hair.
I just saw that and thought that if
someone gave my sweet mom one of
the best days of her too short life
that they should know that. So.
Anyways have a good one!

She turns to leave. He's still staring at the note.

ROB

How was your mom? Before she...
passed.

MARA turns back around, surprised.

MARA

She was... amazing. She was my best
friend. I mean she was only fifteen
years older than me so really it
was a very Gilmore Girls kinda
thing if you've seen..

ROB stands there giving her nothing.

Nevermind. But yeah no she was
awesome. The day before the
accident she came home with this
big bushel of awful orange flowers.
Like I've never actually seen ugly
flowers but these were just
repulsive. Anyways she thought they
were the most marvelous sight of
her life, said they reminded her of
the color of this bowling shirt an
old friend had. She claimed it was
a rare shade of orange and she
therein anchored them right in the
middle of the living room for all
to see. The next week I changed my
mind and thought they were the most
exquisite addition to her
gravestone.

A beat. In the background of Rob we see a bowling ball on the shelf.

ROB

(Smiling) Orange huh?

MARA

Yeah. Pretty horrendous.

ROB

(Laughing) Well I wish I could have
seen those flowers.

Mara smiles.