Scene Six
The Perfume Maker

(Projected: interior of the **PERFUME MAKER***'s lab. The* **PHOTOGRAPHER** *speaks to us.)*

PHOTOGRAPHER. Look. I just record things. Okay? Don't ask me to... I mean. Look. I'm a person too. I may not be – look, I just. Don't judge me. Give me a break. You're on my side, aren't you? Okay. Well. And then. And then the Perfume Maker has a eureka moment.

PERFUME MAKER. Eureka!

PHOTOGRAPHER. He smells the perfume and he knows he has created perfection.

PERFUME MAKER. It is her, but more. She will smell wonderful. And the diner smells will not harm it. And her sweat will feed it. And she will smell it and she will know. She will know.

PHOTOGRAPHER. What will she know?

PERFUME MAKER. Everything.

PHOTOGRAPHER. He never stops to think if this is a good idea. He does not understand the mystery of people or love or affection. He knows he can do this one thing and he knows she is special. So he does the thing he can do for the special woman. And then –

PERFUME MAKER. And then –

PHOTOGRAPHER. Well... Whatever comes after that. He prepares the bottle of perfume.

*(***PERFUME MAKER** *does so. It's not just fumes anymore. The* **GRAVEDIGGER** *approaches, carrying the bouquet of flowers. He tries to give them to her but she backs away.)*

GRAVEDIGGER. We have to talk.

PHOTOGRAPHER. Not now. I can't! You can't be here. Later. We'll talk later and figure it all out.

GRAVEDIGGER. But –