Photographer

ACT I

Scene One
The Photographer

(Projected: inhabitants and environs of a small town. But something is a little off. A little odd. The color saturated and too dark. The camera too close. Unusual perspective. Things like that.)

(During the slideshow, the **PHOTOGRAPHER** *enters. She is in all white or in muted colors and she wears a camera around her neck. She smiles at us.)*

PHOTOGRAPHER. I have loved! - No. Let me start again.

(Beat.)

I take photos. It's important, I think, to record things. To remember how things are right now. Later, people will want to know. Will wonder and think about days past. So I take a lot of photos of everywhere and everyone here in town. I'm not an official photographer although there are political grumblings from time to time to that effect. Does a town need an official photographer? Or an official poet? An official dreamer? An official lover? If the casual is made official, would that stop the rest of us from dabbling? That would be a crime in itself. So I don't need to be the official photographer. But I am good at it. People always come to me for keepsakes, or for help remembering. 'Course I'm having a bit of trouble remembering now too. Little things. It's one of the side effects of my condition. I'm getting ahead of

myself. I take photos. I can't stop time so instead I – I have photos up in a lot of public spaces. For historical record. For art, maybe. I don't know if it's art. I just help people look at things. Sometimes. If they're open to it. You can call me Suzanne. Or the Photographer. Hold—

(Raises her camera to her eye, takes photos.)

Stay still. Yeah. Turn your head just. You're very photogenic. You too. Show me your sadness. Good. A smile? A sad smile. Now joy. Great! Can you button that up?

(The **PHOTOGRAPHER** *takes a bunch of photos of the audience. They appear on the screen behind her.)*

Good. That's great. I want to remember this. Maybe you will too. So. If you need anything, probably I'm the one to ask. Anything within reason I mean. Within my control. I'm not sure what's within my control. Where to first? Our time is limited.

(Spot on the **PERFUME MAKER** *in lab coat mixing scents. The* **PHOTOGRAPHER** *takes a photo and it is projected on the back wall.)*

The Perfume Maker makes perfume.

(He smells it.)

PERFUME MAKER. No. It needs more... This. No. This. No. Ah-ha!

(Lights on **YOUNG WOMAN** *and* **YOUNG MAN.***)*

PHOTOGRAPHER. The Young Man thinks about the Young Woman. The Young Woman thinks about the Young Man.

(They steal a glance. Lights out on **YOUNG WOMAN** *and* **YOUNG MAN.***)*

(Spot on the **LIBRARIAN**, *walking.)*

The Librarian walks by the hardware store on the way to the library. She wills herself not to look in the window.