

K:

I've just been tired.

MAN:

Poor thing my girl. I'll be coming home for good soon. No need to worry. We almost have every instrument in the world. That's something to celebrate.

K:

Right.

MAN:

You've missed me. I can tell.

*The Man kisses her. Then bites.*

MAN:

Something to remind you of me.

K:

Ouch.

MAN:

Also not very polite. That's not like you.

K:

What I meant to say was, thank you.

MAN:

That's more like it. Beautiful love. Bright red and blue. Oh, and I almost forgot! Yellow!

*The Man presents the Tuba.*

MAN:

Looks a little like me. Don't you think?

K:

Yes.

*Ann goes to the collection.  
She takes off the sheet.*

MAN:

You're forgetting the script. You're remembering the cases. That's not good. Really not good. Quite bad, actually because, well actually because it should be the other way around. You're rusty. Losing the lines. The memories are coming back. I told you to forget those, silly silly. I told you to remember me, to remember our project, our task, our life's work is all here.

But, you get tired. Which is understandable it's a big collection. Lots of hard work. You and I both. Remember, you and I both put in. Remember that.

And hey, I'm an understanding man. You know that I am. It's what you love about me. It's been hard on you. All the cases found, instruments played, sure, you're losing the script, after all this time, you're losing it. But, it's not just the script. Not just the lines. You're losing trust. You're losing mine. You're finding something in that cello that so deeply disturbs me. I mean I sit here everyday and watch you two. I mean sometimes, sure sometimes, very exciting. Very excellent work. Some moves there, I have to say, impressive. Very...bendy...Mmm. Very...Mmm.

But, I can't help but feel a sick feeling. Something that's wrong. Something that's off course. Askew. Can't happen. Won't happen. We put in too much to start losing. And after all we have almost every instrument in the world.

So.

*Ann opens a case. Empty.*

*Opens another. Empty.*

*Again. Again. A -*

*She finds her cello.*

MAN:

Let this be a reminder. So I can be there. So you can see me. In every moment.  
So you don't lose it again.

*K takes the tuba.*

MAN:

Oh. And while you're at it. Introduce it -  
introduce me  
to our little cello.

*Ann goes to open her cello.*

*The Man screams.*

*K rushes on.*

*Leaves the tuba in the doorway*

*Marches in.*

K:

What are you doing?

ANN:

I thought you left.

K:

I'm back.

*K closes all the cases.*