LORNE AND LEANNE SIDE

LORNE SAMUEL: A 50-year-old concert pianist (written as a man, but can be played as any gender), who has suffered a traumatic brain injury in a car accident. His short-term memory is 7 seconds, which makes him constantly new to the moment in a way that is full of light. His long-term memory flickers; he precisely remembers his wife, and all the concert pieces he ever learned; everything else is constantly new and astonishing to him. He lives in an institution.

LEANNE: A 30-50 year-old day female nurse. LORNE’s nurse during the day at the institution at which he resides. She is graceful and kind, and genuinely likes Lorne. She has learned to keep him hooked effortlessly into whatever conversation she is having with him, as if building a chain with interlocking pieces.

LEANNE: Good morning, Mr. Samuel. I’m Leanne, your day nurse.

LORNE: Good morning. I was remembering.

LEANNE: *(brightly)* What were you remembering, Mr. Samuel?

LORNE: How she licked him before she died.

LEANNE: Who was that?

LORNE: Who?

LEANNE: You remembered how she licked him before she died.

LORNE: Yes. Did I tell you that?

LEANNE: You were going to.

LORNE: I… do you know if there is a piano in this hotel?

LEANNE: Yes. There is. I will get you one.

LORNE: Thank you.

LEANNE: How she licked him before she died.

LORNE: They were both in the street. The highway.

LEANNE: How she licked him before she died.

LORNE: I was remembering. A mother and a newborn.

LEANNE: People?

LORNE: I beg your pardon?

LEANNE: How she licked him before she died.

LORNE: He died first, then the mother.

LEANNE: People?

LORNE: What people?

LEANNE: How she licked him before she died.

LORNE: The deers.

LEANNE: That must have been sad for you to see.

LORNE: I’ve forgotten you rname.

LEANNE: Leanne.

LORNE: Thank you. You seem like a very kind person.

LEANNE: Well, thank *you*, Mr. Samuel!