

Road Memoir : libretto

EPISODE #5 : "Screens"

The Investigator (spoken) :

Once I had the phone open I ran a search on the owner and the details came up pretty promptly and it all held a lot of weirdly familiar stuff. The address, the name maybe? It all kind of rang a bell... or maybe it didn't but... I wasn't thinking straight at that point and so maybe I was making sense where there was none. Seeing fate in coincidence. Anyway...

I took the phone. Didn't report what I'd found. Kept it all to myself.

The Woman (sung) :

We left behind
All we had earned
And all we had bought.
All we had built,
All that we had made,
From the lives we had -
Phones,
Computers,
Flat screen TVs,
All the trinkets
Of our "worthwhile" lives -
None of them mattered
When weighed against
Our own survival.
None could bargain with a bullet.
None dress a wound,
Quell hunger,
Arrest fear.

After five or
Six days on foot
The shaded bend of the lane
Brought me to the cottage.

I circled.
Peering in windows,
Calling out.
Expectantly at first,
Then more and more
Desperately.

No-one.
No-one.

Deserted.
A museum
To the people
And the lives
I used to know.
A shell that my
Pain cannot fill.

I'm a ghost
Staring out
Of a mirror
Into my own
Solitude.

We don't need possessions.
We need each other.
Ten thousand years
Of human history,
Buried in the dust
Beneath our feet.
Ten thousand years
Of human life, is
Ten thousand years
Of nothing.

What have we learnt
From the past?

History is no continuity,
No glorious crescendo
Of enlightenment.
It's a loop!
A blind stagger!
From one atrocity
To the next.

The Investigator (spoken) :

I think it was like... the more I listened to those recordings, the more the voice on the phone was the voice of someone I knew and I guess I felt like I had to go deeper, that I was the only person who could understand it, the only person who'd be able to connect with it, like I had to save it, save her...?

The Woman (sung) :

Imagine all those
Blank and broken screens,
Buried in the rubble.
Yearning to show us
The news of our own deaths.

The Investigator (spoken) :

Like the device itself, was so important, in the way it contained this testament that spoke some kind of truth about what had happened to the world, to the people I used to know, that maybe it could make sense of all that had gone so wrong...

And I felt that I owed it to her... cos I felt I knew who she was and it was my duty somehow to keep her... her words at least, alive.