

**THE DOCTOR IS DEAD**

by é boylan

Rerun (Bonus)--Transcript

## INTRO

### NARRATOR

Now.

*a chord*

Welcome, listener. Welcome to now. Now, you have chosen to hear *The Doctor is Dead*, a contemporary fantasy for queer imaginations.

*a chord*

Wherever “now” takes you, I invite you to stay, make yourself comfortable, and listen.

*Chime begins*

What you are about to hear is a story of entirely unfamiliar people who abandoned the familiar long ago. The story you are about to hear does not begin on the surface of our world, but far below, within the roots of our belonging. Here, the world is very much different, and yet painfully the same. But here, some extraordinary individuals have begun to Recall and Reveal a new beginning. It sounds like this.

Episode 1: old things.

I. old things

*here, a place full of old things  
a cold room*

*in near darkness  
we hear the echo of a memory*

(Music: #1 LISTEN I)

MEMORY

LISTEN, SONGBIRD  
WILL YOU SING FOR ME?  
LISTEN, SONGBIRD  
I AM MEMORY  
I'M THE ROOTS BENEATH THE TREE THAT HOLDS THIS MEMORY.

LISTEN TO ME,  
TO THE SOUND OF BEGINNING  
IT SOUNDS LIKE

*an eruption of beautiful sound*

LISTEN, SONGBIRD,  
LITTLE SONGBIRD,  
THE WORLD REMEMBERS  
WITHOUT END

*memories whisper until  
the click of a tape recorder activated*

NIGHTINGALE

*for tape*

I begin.

Day One, arrival. The time is 10:04 AM and I begin the record from my workstation. I will begin, um...I will begin to look through the Old Things here and mark my observations. I believe the Retrievers prepared a written inventory...it, uh. Yes.

Mark: Four miscellaneous containers listed. Old Things should be collected inside each container, itemized inventory...uh...itemized inventory missing. It will take some time to recover the narrative...

Confirming inventory for the record. Mark: Four containers. On the table is one medium crate, 50 lbs marked...sorry, adjusting to the new lamp. It's a bit a bit a bit bright. So.

Mark: file request for a lower watt bulb with admin. I don't need all this light. uh.

Recording descriptions (again). Mark: Four containers. One medium crate, 50 lbs marked; One small wooden tray ,4 lbs marked; One medium crate, identical to the first, weight unmarked...estimated...

*lifts crate*

(eurg) estimated 15 lbs; and...

um.

Container Four...It's not...uh, it's not with the others here...

*whispers begin*

Listen.

I hear, something

here

with me.

Pausing the record while I...I'm going to follow the sound

*stops tape*

*looks around darkness, eventually finding a coffin*

*ob*

*starts tape*

Mark: Found Container Four—unusual. Container appears to be one sealed coffin, made of...wood.

Weight is. Um. Weight is unmarked.

With inventory missing, contents of containers currently unknown. They wouldn't send a body, I don't think.

I will

I will

try to recover the narrative.

It will take—umm some time to recover the narrative.

*a low hum*

But even now,

the Old Things in this room...

I hear...

Listen: the sound of a beginning.

Textured like the beating of wings, like the, uh, the turning of a page.

Listen: the turning of a page.

Listen: a recitation.

Listen: the beginning of a recitation, the sound of a beginning. It sounds like, like, like... a voice. A voice that passes through me. The voices of a congregation. The sounds that speak of Revelation.

Listen: a Revelation. The sounds come from Container Four. I hear what came before this coffin, what came before, or what began. The imprint is a eulogy so listen to the memory.

Listen: a beginning in the object of an ending. Or...!

*the hum lifts*

**(Music: #2 LISTEN II)**

MEMORY

SING FOR ME, SING FOR  
ME

ECHO

SING AN ENDING

SING FOR ME, SING FOR ME

END  
TO ME,  
AND  
I REMEMBER  
THEY LISTEN

THEY LISTEN FOR AN  
END

I  
REMEMBER

MEMORY

THEY LISTEN FOR THE RECORD OF HER MEMORY  
BUT THEY DON'T KNOW HER MEMORY  
THEY ONLY HEAR WHAT THEY THINK THEY HEAR  
YOU'VE HEARD FROM ME!  
HER MEMORY IS THE SONG INSIDE THIS TREE, MY BODY.

ECHO

SING FOR ME, SING FOR ME (SING AN ENDING)

MEMORY  
SING FOR ME, SING FOR ME  
END  
TO ME,  
AND  
I REMEMBER  
TO LISTEN

ECHO  
THEY LISTEN FOR AN  
END  
I  
REMEMBER

MEMORY

LISTEN, SONGBIRD,  
THERE IS PAIN IN ME  
AND THAT PAIN THEY THINK WILL END WHEN YOU CAN SING THE END  
THERE IS NO END  
TO THE SOUND OF BEGINNING

*memories whisper until  
the door opens*

SWALLOW

Good morning, Nightingale.

NIGHTINGALE

Director Swallow. Good, good uh good/morning

SWALLOW

Yes. Let's go over your morning record.  
We'll start from the beginning.

**II. fog**

*the same room, moments later  
a tape recorder activates*

SWALLOW

Day One, initial observations. The Time is 11:15 AM. Swallow and Nightingale on record.  
I trust arrival was successful.

NIGHTINGALE

Successful, yes. I.

I already.

Actually, I already started the record—I was just beginning to/sort through the

SWALLOW

Confirmed inventory?

NIGHTINGALE

Oh—the itemized inventory is is missing, but the containers seem to be intact. I was planning

SWALLOW

Mark: Inventory missing. Mark: assignment addendum—please include written inventory along with your narrative record.

NIGHTINGALE

Yes, of course. I can write or type that up. Later.

I also, uh, made note of the containers themselves, and.

SWALLOW

All right.

NIGHTINGALE

Well,  
the fourth container is  
unusual.

SWALLOW

Function?

NIGHTINGALE

I'm sorry?

SWALLOW

Functional descriptions, please.

NIGHTINGALE

I meant  
I mean that it is, the container, the coffin

SWALLOW

Oh, that's a mistake.

NIGHTINGALE

What is?

SWALLOW

The coffin should be classified as inventory. It's not a container, it's a coffin.

NIGHTINGALE

Right.

SWALLOW

Retrievers find Things, not bodies. You wouldn't be assigned to identify a body.

NIGHTINGALE

Right!  
Well, well that, uh, well—explains it!  
I mean, the fact that I can hear the coffin's memory, I can hear the imprint of vibrations in the wood, the sounds

SWALLOW

Elaborate.

NIGHTINGALE

Well, I haven't had time to, or at least comprehensively, or  
I, I guess I would describe the memory as loud?

SWALLOW

Elaborate.

NIGHTINGALE

I...mean to say...the memory was a complex sound. "Loud" as in: many things, all at once. The sounds of an event, the folding of paper, people pressing against one another, a voice said something as if addressing a crowd...maybe it was a congregation?

SWALLOW

Mark: narrative undetermined.

NIGHTINGALE

Sometimes, when sorting through the inventory, the Old Things, I can only hear an echo, or the echo of an echo. But this was

SWALLOW

What was the duration of contact?

NIGHTINGALE

Oh, uh  
sorry for being unclear  
When you arrived, I had only just begun to

SWALLOW

Did you not record the duration of contact?

NIGHTINGALE

No, I.  
It's not that that I didn't record the uh, uh, no, but I just  
I haven't made physical contact.

SWALLOW

How/did you—?

NIGHTINGALE

I haven't touched the- Sorry.

SWALLOW

Mark: Old Thing is generating independent noise. Nightingale can hear noise without contact.

NIGHTINGALE

Yes. Well, I can only hear bits and pieces.

SWALLOW

Would you demonstrate?

NIGHTINGALE

I'm...I'm still hearing it now.  
I am demonstrating.

SWALLOW

In a dark room.

NIGHTINGALE

You'd like to—?

SWALLOW

I'm here to record my observations as well as yours.

NIGHTINGALE

Right, let me just.

Find the, uh

*switches on fluorescent fixtures overhead*

SWALLOW

Ah. Let there be light!

NIGHTINGALE

Sorry for my, I just have to wear this hood under the fluorescents- it's

SWALLOW

Mark: a large wooden coffin, sealed. Old Thing appears mundane, no phenomena presenting to the naked eye. I suspect the Retrievers might have listed a coffin in the original inventory but it was removed/as an oversight

NIGHTINGALE

Maybe the Retrievers knew who was meant to be buried inside. And they.

SWALLOW

No.

NIGHTINGALE

I mean-I mean maybe one of them remembered family from the Surface. They could have been--

SWALLOW

No. Retrievers are often careless. This was just a common oversight.

NIGHTINGALE

I mean, not that I know how Old these things are, or if they came from the Surface, or, I mean—  
you're probably right.

SWALLOW

I'm glad you agree.

NIGHTINGALE

Do you- do you have everything you...?  
Do you need something else from me?

SWALLOW

I'd like to stay and witness first contact.

NIGHTINGALE

Oh, I. You don't need to stay. I promise, uh  
to make a very detailed record.

SWALLOW

I apologize for my lack of clarity. I was not expressing a preference.

NIGHTINGALE

Yes.

SWALLOW

Proceed, Nightingale.

NIGHTINGALE

Yes. Of course. Can we  
*searching for the words*  
It's just that I don't know how to work under these lights

SWALLOW

I don't care about your appearance. I'm here for the record.

NIGHTINGALE

Sure, but

SWALLOW

The record doesn't look at you. It listens. Your voice is the record.

NIGHTINGALE

Right. Right.  
Of course. I will  
I will try to recover the narrative.

Mark: first contact with Old Thing. It is, it can be described as a wooden coffin. Drawing close again, I still hear an echo of what I heard before. The sound is, well, it is very low frequency.

I prepare to make contact. My gloves, are, removed, and...my fingers an inch from touching the surface, the lid of this coffin. Its wood appears to be smooth, an elegant if also modest finish. As my fingers lower, the frequency of sound rises. The the the air is thick with noise. And I.

SWALLOW

Functional descriptions, please.

NIGHTINGALE

When I make contact, my voice will record the imprint. What I hear in the Old Thing's memory speaks through me. Not my voice, only a record. Mark: the frequency of this memory changes the closer my fingers, um.

*the lights flicker*

I will

I make contact.

*a horrible, low scraping noise crescendos*

The surface shakes with sounds from before, the sounds you heard. They are a place. They are a day. They are a town and a day in that town.

SWALLOW

Mark: Old Thing uses Recaller's body as an amplifier.

NIGHTINGALE

The day is loud with endings.

SWALLOW

I can hear what they hear.

NIGHTINGALE

The day is loud, the day is!

The only narrative is this, this feeling

SWALLOW

I can hear it! Mark: it is loud/so loud I can barely hear myself- Mark: testing volume, testing...testing, testing!

NIGHTINGALE

It is hard to

it is hard to see

it is hard to see

a Recollection of a Revelation

it is, it is

ending, it is

it is hard to see though noise as thick as fog, it is

it is, it is, it is

*sounds slow, isolate*

**(Music: #3 GRIEF SOMETIMES LOOKS UPWARDS)**

It is October 18th in Main Town, Connecticut  
and the doctor is dead.

The fog rolls in over the Long Island Sound

and the doctor is...  
It is October 18th in Main Town  
and the doctor here is dead.  
We gather here, we gather here, and here is what it is.

IN THE OFFICE  
OF A DOCTOR  
(AS HIS FATHER WAS BEFORE HIM)

WE COULD TRUST HIM,  
WE COULD KNOW HIM,  
MAKE THE DOCTOR OURS.

THE FOG IS, THE FOG IS, THE FOG IS HIGH.

WE CAN'T SEE, THE FOG HIDES US.  
WE CAN'T SEE ANYTHING—ANYTHING BUT THE

SKY, MY GOD!  
WE MIGHT SEE, WE MIGHT SEE, WE MIGHT SEE GOD!  
AND THE DOCTOR THOUGHT  
ONLY HE COULD SEE GOD,  
OR ONLY HE SHOULD TRY.

IN A SMALL TOWN  
WE SEE MOST THINGS,  
BUT WE DON'T SEE GOD

WE COULD TRUST THIS,  
WE COULD KNOW THIS  
AND OUR FAITH WAS OURS.

THE FOG IS, THE FOG IS, THE FOG IS HIGH.

WE CAN'T SEE THROUGH THE FOG THROUGH THE FOG THROUGH THE  
WE CAN'T SEE ANYTHING—ANYTHING BUT THE

NIGHTINGALE  
SKY OR GOD!  
WE TRUST THIS,  
WE KNOW THIS,  
AND OUR FAITH IS OURS,  
BUT THE  
DOCTOR THOUGHT

ECHO  
SKY OR GOD!  
  
DOCTOR THOUGHT

NIGHTINGALE  
WE WOULD NEVER SEE GOD!  
MAYBE HE WAS WRONG.

MAYBE GOD ISN'T SKY,  
BUT  
WE DON'T LOOK BENEATH US  
AND THAT'S WHY  
THE FOG IS HIGH.

NIGHTINGALE  
FOG STAYS HIGH,  
SO BENEATH US, SO BENEATH US WE  
DON'T SEE OUR LIE.  
AND IN  
MAIN TOWN WE DON'T  
LOOK DOWN  
AND WE DON'T ASK WHY  
WE SHOULD ONLY TRUST THE SKY  
(EVEN IF IT IS TOO HIGH)!

ECHO  
FOG STAYS HIGH,  
  
MAIN TOWN  
LOOK DOWN  
  
AAAH...  
AAAH!

NIGHTINGALE  
GRIEVING FOR THE DOCTOR  
MAKES US WANT ANOTHER.  
GRIEVING FOR THE DOCTOR  
MAKES US WANT A FATHER.

*sound crackles and  
dies away*

Nightingale

SWALLOW

Makes us  
want,  
make us

NIGHTINGALE

Nightingale

SWALLOW

The The The The

NIGHTINGALE

Mark: Nightingale unresponsive. / Mark: the sound recorded is complex but clear.

SWALLOW

The The The  
The

NIGHTINGALE

SWALLOW

The sound of a voice of someone close to a doctor.  
I suspect the doctor we've been trying to find. A clear imprinted Memory, containing both the beginning and the/ ending of a complete narrative.

NIGHTINGALE

beginning, I  
beginning, I

SWALLOW

Mark: clear time at Eden to determine next steps. A complete narrative demands the attention of our best songbirds and I know just the Revealer to expedite this project: Somewhat inexperienced, but she's demonstrated considerable talent at finding endings in the—

*tape switches off*

Nightingale, you've switched off the tape. Our record was/not finished

NIGHTINGALE

The record cannot continue  
I must pause  
I must pause the record for a moment

SWALLOW

If you need rest, by all means take a seat, but we are obliged by Society procedure to stay on record if we—

*Nightingale switches off the lights*

Nightingale. What is this.  
I don't like you turning off the lights.

NIGHTINGALE

Please. Give me an hour.

SWALLOW

That's not how this works.  
*a lapse in response*

but  
seeing as I need to follow up on some paperwork  
you can use this time to sort through the rest of inventory.

NIGHTINGALE

Thank you.

SWALLOW

Yes.  
I suppose I can find my way to the door.  
*stumbles through dark*

Breach of procedure—aside—I think (eurgh), this is the—this is the beginning of an exciting step forward for the Society.

NIGHTINGALE

Yes.

SWALLOW

A step forward for your career, too. Your peers at Eden will remember a Recaller of your talents: One who can Recall so much, so coherently...and on first contact, too! Even I never...

*another lapse*

In any case. I'll return shortly. We've found many memories, but never those of sky. Many beginnings, but rarely so clearly an ending.

We must remember this.

*door opens*

NIGHTINGALE

Yes.

SWALLOW

Good work, Songbird.

*door closes*

NIGHTINGALE

Thank you.

Thank you, yes. I.

oh

for a moment, when it gets dark I feel  
it's almost like quiet, for a moment

but then I hear you.

Louder than memories I've heard before.

I listen and.

You've never been so loud.

What happened to you?

Why do they want to know your narrative?

*whispers begin*

Off the record...? I don't think ...

I will.

I will try to listen

if you like

okay.

Okay.

I will begin again. This record is for me. For us.  
Fog can't hide anything in a dark room.

*starts tape*

Mark: The sound of a beginning. It is not quite as loud as before. As loud as the sound of sky. Now, soft, as glimpses of clouds through stained glass.

This room used to be a church, I think, or. A church basement, I think. Beneath the Surface now, at least. I don't know much about it. And I don't know anything about the sky.

Is that where your sound comes from? Or does it belong to him?  
How does it end? That's what they want to know.  
The sound comes from somewhere—where does it go?

Yes.

It's okay. I can go slower.

Just one question at a time.

So...

Did the Doctor really end? Or was his death a beginning?

### III. the light

*nine days later  
in the same room*

NIGHTINGALE

Listen.

Here, in the dark, there is nothing but the sound of us.

Listen.

**(Music: #4 HERE, IN THE DARK)**

HERE, IN THE DARK, I LISTEN  
HERE, IN THE DARK, I HEAR YOUR VOICE AND I LISTEN  
YOU SING TO ME  
YOUR MEMORIES AS IF I SHOULD KNOW THEM  
BUT I DON'T KNOW THEM  
SO I LISTEN

IT'S HARD TO HOLD  
WHAT ISN'T HERE  
BUT WHAT I HEAR I HOLD CLOSE TO ME  
YOUR SOUND IS WARM  
AS IF YOU HOLD ME, I LISTEN CLOSELY

HOLD ME IN THE DARKNESS  
HOLD ME LIKE IT HOLDS ME  
TRUST ME WHEN I HEAR YOU CLOSE I'LL  
HOLD YOU AND YOUR MEMORY

AND MEANWHILE

I will try to recover the narrative

AND MEANWHILE

There is quite a bit more work to do, I, uh, will continue to sort through  
what's left behind

*minutes later  
record activates*

SWALLOW

Please introduce yourself for the record.

NIGHTINGALE

Songbird name: Nightingale. I'm an archivist and Recaller. 2 years at Eden's central office, 3 years  
now with the Songbird Society. I've published over two hundred records.

And, um,

my pronouns are they/them.

ROOK

That's so interesting—when you say Recaller/do you mean like

SWALLOW

Rook.

ROOK

Oh, right! Procedure- obviously. Hi!

I'm Rook, recent graduate of The Society's trainee program, recently transferred here from Eden. Really recently, actually. Like: I-just-unpacked-my-bags-recently!

SWALLOW

Functional introductions, please.

ROOK

Totally. I'm a Revealer, so, endings are my thing...1 year practicing interpersonal analysis, and for the past 6 months I've been learning to read the imprints of antique objects, or, Old Things. Still figuring all that out—I have so many questions to ask you—uh—what else?

Oh, my pronouns are she and they. I'm looking forward/to, you know, learning more from...

SWALLOW

Rook will be joining you for the remainder of this project. I trust the two of you will piece together an illuminating record.

NIGHTINGALE

I've already made a lot of progress by myself, actually.

The Revealer doesn't need to check my work.

SWALLOW

You've made a good start.

NIGHTINGALE

Thank you.

SWALLOW

But this project requires a team.

NIGHTINGALE

Sure...

SWALLOW

This might be a good opportunity for you, especially. Learn to cooperate. No beginning works alone. They like to find their endings.

NIGHTINGALE

uh  
okay

SWALLOW

If there's nothing further, I'll leave you to begin your day.

NIGHTINGALE

...Nothing further, no.

ROOK

Thanks, Director Swallow!

SWALLOW

*door opens*

Yes.

Mark: Swallow leaving the record.

I'll check in on your progress later.

Good luck today.

All right.

*and closes*

ROOK

So when you say Recaller do you mean you're like me? Like me but in reverse? Because back at Eden we never talked about our gifts outside of training. I didn't even really know who else was in the program or what they were learning. Do you also see imprints?

NIGHTINGALE

I'm on a tight deadline, we should get started.

ROOK

Oh, yeah, of course!

But if we're going to work together/we should probably know

NIGHTINGALE

You're working with me.

This is my project.

ROOK

Okay.

Heard.

NIGHTINGALE

All of my notes are archived on record, you can listen to them via your Songbird registration code.

ROOK

Amazing. Thank you!

But actually—Director Swallow said I should ask you directly for my brief. My registration still hasn't processed completely and I know it's very VERY important that we/stay on schedule so

NIGHTINGALE

Right, okay. I, uh.

I mean I wasn't prepared to summarize all of this today, but- sure! It's not complicated, exactly.

I've been recording the imprints of Old Things listed here in containers One, Two, and Three. The exception being the Old Thing against that wall, there.

ROOK

Oh, is that the coffin?/  
Director Swallow mentioned a coffin.  
Can I turn on the overheads?  
I can't actually see where you're pointing.

NIGHTINGALE

Yes.

NIGHTINGALE

I actually work better in the dark.

ROOK

Okay, totally, I respect that. It's just—I need light for my work. The Retrievers did set up electrical, right?

NIGHTINGALE

Right.

ROOK

So maybe we can turn on the overheads? Temporarily?

NIGHTINGALE

Not right now.

ROOK

I see a flashlight on this desk. Can I use that?

NIGHTINGALE

If you really need light, you can. You can use my workstation. I don't really like this lamp anyway.

ROOK

Are you sure?

NIGHTINGALE

Please.  
Just take it.

ROOK

Okay.  
*as Nightingale begins to clear*  
Oh! I can help move the

NIGHTINGALE

No, no—I've got it./There's a, I've got a

ROOK

Okay. All right!

NIGHTINGALE

There's a system.

ROOK

Clearly!  
I could never—I mean, you've really organized this place.

NIGHTINGALE

Yes.

ROOK

So, you were saying—you've been recording the...

NIGHTINGALE

Mark: primary workstation turned over to the Revealer.

ROOK

Oh, you can call me Rook!

NIGHTINGALE

Right. So, the coffin turned out to hold some pretty powerful imprints. Prime Memories, from the surface. I've been tracing through the memories of all the Old Things here and they all seem to share a single place of origin: Main Town, Connecticut.

ROOK

Is that a real place?

NIGHTINGALE

No. Not anymore at least. I think it used to be. I think it used to look a lot like Eden does now. Only, more sky.

ROOK

I've seen imprints of sky too! Some Endings I Revealed back at/Eden were...

NIGHTINGALE

I'm sure they were.  
Now, the objects, some of them are personal possessions, some institutional artifacts—

ROOK

*reading from the inventory*  
Oh, yeah: physician's tools from the Hospital, candlesticks from the local parish...?

NIGHTINGALE

Yes, you can read over that inventory if you like. It's still a working document—we weren't given a copy during load in, so I've been trying to, uh.  
Mark: sharing project inventory with team member, Rook.

ROOK

The Things here belong to so many people, there must be imprints from a whole community.

NIGHTINGALE

Yes, but that's actually made this all very difficult. In my first contact, I received very specific descriptions of a doctor, his funeral, words spoken in his eulogy. I've drawn an entire map of his meaning, but I can't seem to find *him* anywhere.

ROOK

Contact...?

NIGHTINGALE

Yes.

...

Did Swallow explain anything, anything to you other than mention a coffin? Did she mention how much I dislike repeating every mundane detail on the record with no sleep, no time, no end to the project in sight? What did she tell you?

ROOK

She mentioned you might be a little tense.

*oof*

Sorry.

I'm really not trying to get in your way here.

NIGHTINGALE

Well you are in my way.

I mean, not you. Everyone.

It's like they don't trust me to figure this out. If I just had some time to myself...!

ROOK

More than a week? I thought you'd been working on this since Tuesday.

NIGHTINGALE

So she did mention some details.

ROOK

Listen,

I'm not used to relying on others either, but we're here together now and I'd like to be useful. I might not have your experience in the field, but I

I think I'm actually going to be really good at this. And the sooner you accept that, the sooner you won't have to deal with me anymore.

NIGHTINGALE

*stops the record*

Ten days.

ROOK

Ten...What?

NIGHTINGALE

It's been ten days already, more than a week. I never take this long.

ROOK

What's different this time?

NIGHTINGALE

Contact is. I just.  
You asked if I'm like you. Well, I am  
...  
...  
in a way.

ROOK

You see imprints.

NIGHTINGALE

No  
well, I hear them. In my body. The vibrations that linger...they...  
if I can hear them then usually that means

ROOK

touch

NIGHTINGALE

but now, with this, this Thing, I  
I hear it all the time. Louder when, louder when my fingers touch the wood, but  
also  
all the time.  
She thinks it might be the sound of the narrative ending.

ROOK

What do you think?

NIGHTINGALE

I think...  
*taken aback*  
I think what the record wants to hear is very different than what's inside that coffin.

ROOK

Is that why you

NIGHTINGALE

Sometimes  
You'll learn that sometimes you need a break from the record. Just to think a little, or  
clear your head.

ROOK

Yeah.

NIGHTINGALE

Although, I'd appreciate it if you didn't share that advice with Swallow. It's not exactly procedure to take breaks.

ROOK

Copy that.  
But should we

NIGHTINGALE

Yes

ROOK

She'll be listening so

NIGHTINGALE

Yes, you're right.

*activates record*

Mark: please strike my previous...tense-ness...from the record. I appreciate the thorough questions from you, Rook, and am...optimistic about what we will find together.

ROOK

Same.

NIGHTINGALE

Yes, uh. Let's proceed.

So far I've been able to trace a map of Main Town by listening and by establishing light physical contact. It is as if the lid of the coffin were the land beneath the town, its blueprint engraved into the wood's surface through vibrations.

ROOK

Whoah.

NIGHTINGALE

I've mapped the doctor, too...what he meant to those around him, what was expected of his caregiving, the office he represented: A family office, traditionally passed down from father to son. Some towns are really so small, so old, and the people there all live so closely together

ROOK

Only one doctor gets to be *the* doctor.

NIGHTINGALE

sure, uh, but his own voice hasn't left an audible imprint. Not like the imprint of the town. The loudest song I hear, what the coffin sings to me...it sounds more like his office than his voice, than his desire or his identity. I can hear where he might have begun but not where he ended.

Anyway,

I was in the middle of trying something new...

ROOK

Oh, did I interrupt? You could try again now, if you want.

NIGHTINGALE

Maybe later. I was trying to sing back to the voice I heard and. I don't know. I'm tired.

ROOK

Hm.

Well I don't think it's a bad idea- not like the imprints can hear you, but maybe it would change what they sound like. You do look tired, like, you need a moment to recalibrate. And in the meantime, I might be able to find something new.

NIGHTINGALE

You're going to look for new imprints, you mean.

ROOK

It's a little different from how you work. The imprints I see aren't memories. Do you mind if I turn on a flashlight?

NIGHTINGALE

I do mind.

But,

I can. Just let me get my hoodie.

ROOK

All right, no rush.

NIGHTINGALE

I usually, uh. I usually wear my. It was just hot earlier so. Okay, nevermind. You can, if you want, whenever.

ROOK

Thank you.

*activates flashlight*

*begins to approach coffin*

Mark: I am approaching the coffin now. I see...very simple design, construction. The wood is finished, although it doesn't exactly look expensive. I know the record observes this object as an Old Thing but it doesn't look particularly aged, although I'm not...

I'm not seeing...

*to Nightingale*

What's inside?

NIGHTINGALE

What?

ROOK

What's inside the coffin? I didn't see that listed in your notes.

NIGHTINGALE

I haven't. Um. It's been so loud.  
To touch the lid, I.  
uh

ROOK

That's okay. I was just curious.  
Do you mind if I open it now?

NIGHTINGALE

I mean.  
I was hoping we wouldn't have to move it or disrupt whatever sound was

ROOK

Nightingale

NIGHTINGALE

What

ROOK

Trust me  
*a low hum*

NIGHTINGALE

I

ROOK

You're going to breathe in this moment and you're going to trust me, okay?

NIGHTINGALE

I don't  
Could you turn that flashlight away from me, I don't

ROOK

I can see

NIGHTINGALE

I don't know

ROOK

I can see you, Nightingale. I can see you in this moment and in the next

NIGHTINGALE

in the  
in the next/I

ROOK

I can see you trusting me.  
You've already begun to trust me.

NIGHTINGALE

That's not how things begin./I don't hear it.

ROOK

I'm the one who sees what's coming  
and that means I have to look inside.

NIGHTINGALE

But, uh, but it might

ROOK

It might. And we won't be able change that.  
But right now, I'd like to open this coffin.  
May I?

NIGHTINGALE

Okay.

ROOK

Thank you, Nightingale.

NIGHTINGALE

okay

ROOK

This is where we begin together.  
Mark: I am now touching the lid.  
There is a clasp, I can't tell...looks like the lock has been removed by Retrievers.  
Good.  
Setting down my flashlight, the lid is heavy in my grip but, I (eurgh) am able to lift (oof) easily  
enough.

NIGHTINGALE

Rook...!

ROOK

*swings open lid*  
*the hum is swallowed*

The lid is open. Nightingale, I'm going to turn on my flashlight again—all right?  
Now what's inside...

NIGHTINGALE

The sound.

ROOK

Mark: coffin appears empty. No remains or, I mean it looks spotless.

NIGHTINGALE

The sound is gone.

ROOK

What?

NIGHTINGALE

I can't hear it anymore!

ROOK

Hold on—Mark: Something has shifted. I can see an imprint appearing, the bottom of the coffin is, the grain of the wood is shifting.

NIGHTINGALE

I told you, I! I thought it might!

ROOK

Mark: I see it now. The wood shifting,/the body of a tree, or a root, the imprint is

NIGHTINGALE

Stop it! Stop looking at it, the sound is

ROOK

Mark: I see an ending. I see the ending of the Doctor.  
His death, like fog. It covers everything, but I can see.

*smugness intensifies*

All we needed was a little light.

**(Music: #5 WAS LIGHT)**

MEMORY

ALL THAT WE NEEDED WAS LIGHT  
ALL THAT WE NEEDED WAS LIGHT  
ALL THAT WE NEEDED  
ALL THAT WE NEEDED

ALL THAT WE NEEDED WAS LIGHT  
ALL THAT WE NEEDED WAS LIGHT  
ALL THAT WE NEEDED  
ALL THAT WE NEEDED

YOU CAN'T HEAR WHAT I SING TO YOU  
BUT, SONGBIRD, YOU HAVE LIGHT

MEMORY TRIES TO SING TO YOU  
BUT THE ONLY SONG YOU HEAR IS ENDING

ALL THAT YOU NEEDED WAS LIGHT  
ISN'T THAT RIGHT? ISN'T THAT RIGHT?

ALL THAT YOU NEEDED WAS LIGHT  
ISN'T THAT RIGHT? ISN'T THAT RIGHT?

YOU NEVER NEEDED THE LIGHT, YOU NEVER NEEDED YOUR SIGHT,  
HOLD ME IN THE DARKNESS AS YOU  
HOLD YOUR LIGHT  
AND HOLD YOUR SIGHT SO YOU MIGHT SEE  
A MEMORY LIKE ME, NOT ENDING  
THERE'S MORE TO SEE THAN FOG CAN HIDE.

ROOK

All we needed was a little light.  
Let's finish now—there's nothing more in sight.

#### IV. underneath

*deep within the roots of Eden  
static as Swallow speaks into a device*

SWALLOW

Listen.

Can you hear me?

Listen.

I'm listening.

Can you hear me?

*crackle*

Ah, finally. My connection in here is never reliable. Good evening, Lark—are you ready for me? I'm buried in paperwork, right now, so I

*crackle*

No, it shouldn't take long, I know. And will you answer any questions they might ask afterwards?

*crackle*

Thank you.

All right, let's begin.

*crackle*

*a chime*

Welcome, Songbird. This is your Director, Swallow, speaking. Can you hear me all right?

*crackle*

Excellent. I'm sure you are full of questions and curiosity. Allow me to edify you, to draw you a map. At present, you find yourself in Eden. You have found yourself and you have found us.

Welcome, Songbird.

*crackle*

No. You are safe, Songbird. Only those who need this place can find it, a home I named after its founder. Eden found this root system just as you did, by forgoing the familiarity of the Surface, and seeking safety underneath. When she found these roots, Eden discovered that many special young people had found themselves underground, but were tired of digging, tired of scavenging for scraps alone in scarcity. This is why, when she found me in the roots beneath this tree, she tried to see a new ending that could be. Eden Revealed a great vision; she sung of a home collectively shared by chosen family. Her song was the beginning of our record. Now, our Songbird Society has nested here, recording stories for the better part of a quarter century.

*crackle*

No, you're right, I'm not so very old. But then again, no one here is. We are rich with beginnings here in Eden. But endings? We continue to seek endings. Stories from the surface, of those who remember the same past, stories of those who dream of some different future. Our Songbirds interpret imprints so that we might sing these stories together. That will be your work, if you choose to stay here.

*crackle*

If you are blessed with the gift in our family, you might be a Revealer, like Eden, or a Recaller, who can hear the past...

*crackle*

Or, if you are not so blessed, you might bear the honor of a Retriever, one who finds the Old Things we need, and is so much the foundation of our Songbird Society. These are our family gifts.

*crackle*

Ah, yes, you are correct. No one here gave birth to you, no one here shares your blood. But our gifts are given through an ancestry of choosing. If you choose, Eden can be your home, and the Songbirds your family. Eden was my first family, before she chose to leave. And every day, we sing to remember her—she was, you must understand, a mother to many. She is, still.

I'm sorry that I couldn't welcome you in person. I know this must seem less than warm. But today you have found us in the middle of important work. Work that I must monitor from my office here, at the center of the tree, the roots that you can see around you now.

*crackle*

Yes, well, I cannot divulge the exact details, but I'll tell you this much: Eden taught us how to sing the stories we sought. And we will teach you the same. Soon enough, the stories you find will join the record, just as Eden intended. And one day, she might return to hear them.

What else? What else is there?

*crackle*

Yes, thank you, Lark. It is true; we provide every modern convenience from the Surface...our Retrievers make sure of that. We cannot feel the sun this far underground, but we make wonderful artificial light that will nourish you. And if you choose to stay, you will forget the sun like all others here. Our record will remember for you. We sing a new sun, a new sky, a new world.

You'll forgive me, but I must be returning to the record. Our work never ends!

*crackle*

That is very good to hear. And thank you.

Welcome again, Songbird.

Now, I believe some of your peers have prepared to greet you with our Society anthem. They're very eager to meet you, so I will let them proceed. Ah, yes. Whenever you all are ready. I'll listen along.

*a crackling as voices join Swallow*

*they sing*

**(Music: #6 THE ANTHEM I)**

MEMORY

SING TO REMEMBER SKY  
SING TO REMEMBER THE SURFACE  
SING TO REVEAL THE LIGHT  
THE LIGHT ABOVE THE SURFACE  
IS HIDDEN BY THE FOG  
BUT SONGBIRDS FOUND ANOTHER SKY

MEMORY & COMPANY

HERE, UNDERGROUND,  
WE DON'T LOOK DOWN  
ALL IS ABOVE OUR EDEN

HERE, UNDERGROUND,  
WE SING THE SOUND  
OF WHAT WE LEFT FOR EDEN

HERE, UNDERGROUND,  
WE DON'T LOOK DOWN.

THE RECORD IS OUR REASON.

IN EDEN, IN EDEN  
IN EDEN, BELIEVING

A REASON, A REASON  
A REASON/FOR LEAVING.

SWALLOW

Mark:

MEMORY & COMPANY  
IN EDEN, IN EDEN  
IN EDEN, BELIEVING

IN EDEN, IN EDEN  
IN EDEN, BELIEVING

IN EDEN

*stops monitor device*

All right. Forgive the interruption, I do appreciate hearing our songbirds' dedication, but we don't have much time and I can't monitor everything at once.

I try, but it's difficult without you.

I'm clearly distracted.

Mark: Amend previous statement. It's really not so difficult, and I have every confidence that this record will eventually find you. I'm not just speaking to myself. That was never your intention when you—

when we  
built this place.  
Began a record.

It was your intention to listen with me.

Mark: our progress with Nightingale's project has been stalled, but I'm hopeful that Rook's involvement will expedite your narrative's ending. They might not know it's you we seek to find, but they will find you. And I will

**(Music: #7 MY EDEN)**

LISTEN, SWALLOW

MEMORY

SWALLOW

I will not fail to make good on my word

MEMORY

LISTEN, SWALLOW

SWALLOW

Even if I still don't understand what you want me to do here,  
but I remember what I told you, the last time, we

MEMORY

LISTEN, SWALLOW, DO NOT FOLLOW ME  
LISTEN, SWALLOW, LISTEN HONESTLY  
THERE IS MORE TO ME THAN WHAT YOU'VE TRIED TO HEAR OR SEE  
LISTEN TO ME  
IM NOT LEAVING TO END THINGS

SWALLOW

SO WHY?

PLEASE REMEMBER  
I REMEMBER  
YOU, UNDERNEATH THE SKY  
ME, UNDERNEATH MY OWN ECHO  
WE FELL SO WE COULD FLY.  
YOU REVEALED WHAT I COULD NOT,  
I RECALLED WHAT MISSED YOUR EYE.  
WE FLEW BENEATH THE GROUND; YOU WERE THE SKY I FOUND.

WE FLY IN EDEN, IN EDEN  
OUR SKY IS EDEN, MY EDEN  
YOU'RE MY, MY EDEN, MY EDEN

FOREVER, MY EDEN  
I'LL NEVER LEAVE, DON'T  
YOU, DON'T YOU LEAVE ME HERE.  
HERE, I PRESERVE ALL YOUR TEACHINGS.  
TEACH ME TO UNDERSTAND...  
I CAN STAY—WHY COULDN'T YOU?  
OR I COULD FLY TO WHERE YOU LAND.  
PLEASE LET ME FOLLOW! PLEASE, DON'T YOU NEED YOUR SWALLOW?

YOU FLY, FROM EDEN, FROM EDEN,  
BUT WHY, MY EDEN, MY EDEN  
IF I BELIEVE IN MY EDEN?

FOREVER, MY EDEN  
I'LL NEVER BE LEAVING  
I BELIEVE IN, I BELIEVE IN  
I BELIEVE...!

ECHO

YOUR EDEN'S GONE

I carry on.

SWALLOW

YOU CARRY ON

ECHO

I Swallow

SWALLOW

ECHO

YOU SWALLOW SOUNDS OF ALL YOUR DOUBTS ABOUT HER LEAVING

SWALLOW

Did you believe in/what we built here?

ECHO

DID SHE BELIEVE IN

SWALLOW

Here. Not Main Town, not fog, not what he left for you to carry. Not then, but now.  
BUT NOW I KNOW YOUR FATHER  
LEFT YOU AS THE DOCTOR

EDEN ALWAYS HELD HIS SOUND  
ALL THESE ECHOES OF THE LONG ISLAND SOUND

BUT UNDERNEATH THE GROUND  
YOU FOUND ME  
AND WE FOUND A BEGINNING

or an ending  
*whispers return*  
is that what you prefer?  
If it is, let me help you find it.  
We can find it, together.  
Leave your father behind.  
Or.  
*whispers crescendo*  
*tape re-activates*

Mark:  
Please strike my ramblings from the record, I.  
I don't know what came over me, just now. The voice that passed through me, an imprint I left behind. Something I thought I had managed, but no matter.  
Now.  
We are so very close to finding Eden, or where she went, and until we do, I'll keep my Recollections silent. I will Swallow what's past.  
Now.  
I will Swallow it.

**(Music: #8 THE ANTHEM II)**

ECHO

HERE, UNDERGROUND,  
WE DON'T LOOK DOWN FROM EDEN  
HERE, UNDERGROUND WE KNOW WE FOUND  
WE KNOW WE FOUND A REASON

MEMORY

HERE, UNDERGROUND,  
WE DON'T LOOK DOWN  
WE DON'T LOOK DOWN FROM EDEN  
WE CAN'T SEE, WE CAN'T SEE,  
WE CAN'T SEE SKY!  
FROM THE SURFACE,  
WE LEFT THE SKY, TO FIND

ECHO

DON'T ASK WHY  
  
DON'T ASK WHY.  
  
FROM THE SURFACE,  
WE LEFT THE SKY, TO FIND

ECHO

WE FOUND WE FOUND WE FOUND WE FOUND WE FOUND WE FOUND  
WE FOUND A REASON FOR LEAVING;  
WE CALL IT EDEN

V.      **between them**

*back in the cold room  
with the Old Things  
some hours later, the record reactivates:*

NIGHTINGALE

Just because you see an end, doesn't mean there isn't more to see

ROOK

I don't get why you're upset about this—isn't it good news? We wanted answers, now/we have answers.

NIGHTINGALE

This is a complication, not an answer

ROOK

Tell me if I'm wrong—you heard an imprint of a funeral. You heard about the doctor who died.

NIGHTINGALE

I didn't just hear about/them, I heard from their coffin...

ROOK

He died, a community fell apart, folks who depended on him, depended on the guy who gave them everything. He was all the answers, until he died and couldn't answer anymore. No one took up his office, not even his own kid. From what I see, the Doctor ended with the man who died. And that's it. This coffin is proof—Swallow will be thrilled!

NIGHTINGALE

Mark: Please strike personal comments on the director/ from the record.

ROOK

Oh, come on. I am describing the brief. That's our job—to make the director happy! I'm happy! I'm happy we got what we wanted.

NIGHTINGALE

Rook, when you first opened the coffin, you thought, you, you, you thought you saw something else

ROOK

I was just describing the

NIGHTINGALE

You saw something beneath the surface, something moving, the root of a tree?

ROOK

I was Revealing the imprint of an ending, sometimes/imprints change while you look at them...

NIGHTINGALE

And as you described this, I suddenly couldn't hear anything. The sound stopped. No more imprint.

ROOK

Yeah, it ended.

NIGHTINGALE

No, no, not ended. Transformed.

ROOK

okay

NIGHTINGALE

The silence isn't an ending.

ROOK

Okay

NIGHTINGALE

The emptiness isn't, it isn't, it isn't an ending. It's the space between the life someone lived and something after the life. Between something we know and something we don't...

ROOK

Between...huh.

I'll have to write that down later, you're like a poet/sometimes

NIGHTINGALE

Rook.

ROOK

I mean, it doesn't really affect our narrative, but it's interesting.

Right now, I mostly care about the Before and After. That's the only record we can sing.

NIGHTINGALE

Maybe, but only the coffin knows for sure.

ROOK

The coffin doesn't know. It's just a thing.

NIGHTINGALE

But it carries knowing. When the Doctor died, something passed through this wood. Something, it it began here. And if it's as simple as you say, why is the body missing?

ROOK

Okay.

NIGHTINGALE

Do you see my point?

ROOK

I can barely see your face

NIGHTINGALE

Rook

ROOK

No, I get it. Totally. Due diligence. “Dispel all doubt.” I’ve read the handbook

NIGHTINGALE

Mark: please amend Rook’s previous remarks regarding report conclusions. We will instead continue to collect observations, and, um

ROOK

Why don’t you try,  
you know

NIGHTINGALE

What?

ROOK

Now that it’s open, you might as well try feeling inside for yourself

NIGHTINGALE

Oh

ROOK

You could, if you’re comfortable with that

NIGHTINGALE

I don’t, I don’t know. Maybe.

ROOK

NIGHTINGALE

Look, if we’re going to pursue every possibility  
if we’re going to look for a beginning  
we might as well exhaust any variables

from our previous attempts

Right

I mean

your hands are tools, right?

And we still don’t know how they might amplify  
something or,

Right

Yeah

you know what I mean?

NIGHTINGALE

Yeah, yeah, I—

I don’t mean to sound stubborn when I say

ROOK

You're principled. You know more about this room, you know more about the Old Things here than anyone. And you definitely know it's a risk to touch something for too long, or too often

NIGHTINGALE

Yes

ROOK

And you're good at avoiding risk

NIGHTINGALE

Yes

ROOK

But we don't have time to play it safe. I respect you. And I respectfully suggest you try making contact again.

NIGHTINGALE

it's just that

ROOK

As your partner

NIGHTINGALE

it's just that

ROOK

I see you

*turns on flashlight*

NIGHTINGALE

Please, could you turn off the

ROOK

Nightingale

NIGHTINGALE

What

ROOK

Trust me

NIGHTINGALE

I

ROOK

You're going to breathe in this moment and you're going to trust me, okay?

NIGHTINGALE

I don't  
Could you turn that flashlight away from me, I don't

ROOK

I can see

NIGHTINGALE

I don't know

ROOK

I can see you, Nightingale. I can see you in this moment and in the next

NIGHTINGALE

in the  
in the next/I

ROOK

I can see you trusting me. You've already begun to trust me.

NIGHTINGALE

That's not how things begin./I don't hear it.

ROOK

I'm the one who sees what's coming  
and that means I see all possible endings in you.

NIGHTINGALE

But, uh, but it might

ROOK

It might. And we won't be able change that.  
But right now, I'd like you to feel inside this coffin.  
Will you do that for me?

NIGHTINGALE

Okay.

ROOK

Thank you, Nightingale.

NIGHTINGALE

Okay, I. But.  
Didn't we  
Didn't we say this all before?

ROOK

There's no "before." Only now.

NIGHTINGALE

The light, before, you used the light, you made me

ROOK

Now.

NIGHTINGALE

Now, I. Now I. uh.

Mark: I approach the coffin, now. It.

It feels like a Revelation. An ending. You want to Reveal an ending in me, Rook, but I. There's something more than that. The wood is no longer loud, I can bring, my gloves removed, I bring my fingers close, almost touching the surface as I. as I. as I agree to the possibility of trusting you. The way you say. I, I, I do trust you.

But.

ROOK

Nightingale. Don't stop.

NIGHTINGALE

Mark: I bring my fingers to the surface inside. It feels, as before, smooth. And I. There's something there. Here. Not entirely gone.

A, a vibration.

ROOK

Really?

NIGHTINGALE

It is low it is, it is hidden away but. But, like.

Mark: I feel a sound that wants to be heard but the sound is too low to hear

ROOK

You can hear the sound

NIGHTINGALE

I can feel it. Not hear it. It passes through my

ROOK

Okay.

NIGHTINGALE

through my fingertips.

ROOK

Okay.

NIGHTINGALE

You say I trust you.

ROOK

You do. It's okay to trust me.

NIGHTINGALE

No, I mean. You say I do. You only say what you can see. What I can't see.  
That isn't trust, it's faith.

ROOK

Nightingale, please. Describe the vibration.

NIGHTINGALE

You're asking me for faith.

ROOK

What does the vibration feel like?

NIGHTINGALE

It feels, this isn't. This isn't me. The voice that passes through me.

ROOK

Nightingale

NIGHTINGALE

It isn't me, it's something I Recall

ROOK

Nightingale, you're shaking./Mark: Nightingale's body is shaking.

NIGHTINGALE

It isn't me, it's not my voice, but I Recall a voice who shares this feeling with me. Neither of us like being manipulated.

ROOK

I'm not

NIGHTINGALE

You can't see my trust like you Reveal an ending  
You can't just tell/me to

ROOK

I'm only asking

NIGHTINGALE

No

ROOK

I'm only asking us to end petty conflict, to finish what you started. You've been keeping both of us in the literal dark.

NIGHTINGALE

You don't get it

ROOK

No, I don't. Tell me, show me!

NIGHTINGALE

Okay. Come here.

ROOK

what

NIGHTINGALE

I'll show you. Come here

ROOK

Okay. I'll be right there.

Mark: Nightingale's body has begun amplifying some voice other than their own

NIGHTINGALE

Now. Now, Please. Come Here.

ROOK

Mark: approaching Nightingale, they ask me to

NIGHTINGALE

Give me your hand

ROOK

I don't

NIGHTINGALE

Please

You want my faith?

I'm offering you communion.

ROOK

You mean contact?  
You're not wearing your gloves, are you sure you want to—

NIGHTINGALE

Please

ROOK

Okay. Mark: I am deciding to  
*a low chord*  
*a gasp escapes Rook*

Mark: I feel it now too, it's something. Not me, but.

NIGHTINGALE

Listen to me.  
*another chord*

ROOK

Nightingale, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to.

NIGHTINGALE

Listen to me

ROOK

*another gasp*  
I...  
I can't

NIGHTINGALE

You can- it's how we feel. What's passing through us is our feeling  
*another chord*  
We fit inside.

ROOK

It feels like us, but isn't us.

NIGHTINGALE

We fit inside the imprint. Listen.

ROOK

I don't understand.

NIGHTINGALE

So listen.

**(Music: #9 BETWEEN THEM)**

NIGHTINGALE

HERE, IN THE DARK,  
I LISTEN

HERE, IN THE DARK,  
IS EVERY VOICE  
AND I LISTEN

THEY SING AT ONCE, I HEAR THEM NOW  
AND I TRY TO KNOW THEM  
BUT I DON'T KNOW THEM,  
SO I LISTEN

YOU TRY TO LOOK,  
YOU TRY TO SEE;  
YOU DON'T LISTEN.

YOU THINK YOU KNOW—  
I KNOW YOU DON'T.  
JUST LISTEN.

HEAR ME IN THE DARKNESS!  
HEAR ME IN THE LIGHT!  
KNOW YOU MIGHT NOT KNOW ME,  
BUT HOLD SPACE FOR ME!

ROOK

I CAN'T HEAR YOU IF YOU HIDE.  
I CAN'T SEE WHAT ISN'T IN THE LIGHT.  
I KNOW I MIGHT NOT KNOW YOU,  
BUT IN DARKNESS, WHO WILL HOLD YOU?

NIGHTINGALE

I HEAR YOUR WORDS,  
I HEAR YOU TRY,  
SO I LISTEN,

BUT YOU DON'T SEE  
YOU CANNOT HOLD ME  
ONLY WITH YOUR

NIGHTINGALE

EYES!

ROOK

THAT DOESN'T MEAN  
I DON'T WANT TO TRY,  
BUT YOU CAN MEET ME IN THE

HOLD ME IN THE DARKNESS!	LIGHT
HOLD ME LIKE IT HOLDS ME!	
HOLD ME LIKE THERE IS NO “ONLY	
LIGHT OR DARKNESS!”	LIGHT OR DARKNESS!”
DARKNESS CAN LIE,	DARKNESS CAN LIE,
BUT SO CAN THE LIGHT	BUT SO CAN THE LIGHT

NIGHTINGALE

WHO CARES IF WE'RE “HONEST?”  
HOLD ME IN THE DARKNESS!  
SO HONESTY IS LONELY  
IN THE FLOURESCENT LIGHT.  
I AM NOT JUST MY BODY  
AND I AM NOT YOUR SIGHT!

I AM NOT—I AM NOT—  
I AM NOT—I AM NOT—  
I AM NOT—I AM NOT—  
I AM NOT “ONLY”  
I AM NOT—I AM NOT—I AM NOT JUST WHAT YOU SEE AND—  
I AM WHAT ISN'T THERE

ROOK

BUT YOU *ARE* THERE!  
I'LL HOLD WHAT IS THERE.

NIGHTINGALE

IT'S HARD TO HOLD  
WHAT YOU CAN'T SEE.  
I AM BETWEEN  
WHAT YOU KNOW OR WHAT YOU DON'T;  
THERE IS A SPACE BETWEEN THEM.  
I AM THE SPACE BETWEEN THEM,  
NOT WHAT YOU KNOW OR WHAT YOU DON'T.  
I AM THE SPACE BETWEEN THEM.

*whispers crescendo*  
*they disengage*

Mark: I, I,  
I have released my grip, I.  
My hands

ROOK

Oh

NIGHTINGALE

My hands are in the air.  
Rook, I'm.

No contact.

*closes coffin*

The coffin closed. No contact.

ROOK

Hey.

NIGHTINGALE

*elated, distracted:*

The imprint we felt, the beginning of something. I can hear it again. This room is full of noise again.

ROOK

Hey, stop a second.

NIGHTINGALE

Mark: Now that we have reestablished contact, we might be able to discover—

*the record stops*

uh. Why did you

ROOK

Hey. I hear you.

NIGHTINGALE

What?

ROOK

Off the record. I hear you. What you're saying...I didn't hear you before, but I think now, I.

*a moment*

Sorry.

NIGHTINGALE

Yeah.

ROOK

I'm

I didn't.

NIGHTINGALE

Yeah, I know.

ROOK

Not like I *totally* get it, not like I get *all* of it, but that's not the point. This isn't what Eden taught us. Beginnings, endings. I don't think the others, Swallow, I don't think they know there's something in between.

NIGHTINGALE

They do.

ROOK

But this is,  
this is something the record can't understand. It's something I couldn't understand until you asked  
me to stop trying.

NIGHTINGALE

You asked me for faith.

ROOK

I didn't/mean to

NIGHTINGALE

It doesn't matter what you meant.  
Faith is what they taught you. They taught me too. Swallow doesn't listen to us, she swallows us,  
extracts the pieces that fit together. But the imprint we just felt is a feeling belonging to you.  
We share that feeling.

ROOK

They felt it too.  
Whoever passed through this coffin.

NIGHTINGALE

Yes.

ROOK

I want to look inside again.  
Together this time.

NIGHTINGALE

Okay.

ROOK

Between us, I think  
Between us, I think  
Between us, there is something that I've never seen  
and I think I'd like to try

VI. roots

*some minutes later  
in the same room*

**(Music: #10 OPEN ME)**

MEMORY

TURN OFF THE LIGHT FOR ME  
REVEAL WHAT ISN'T IN THE LIGHT

IN DARKNESS, OPEN ME  
SONGBIRD, WON'T YOU SING FOR ME  
SING THE SONG OF WHAT YOU SEE

MEMORY AND ROOK

INSIDE ME

ROOK

HERE, UNDERGROUND,  
I THOUGHT I FOUND  
A HOME THAT FELT LIKE EDEN.

HERE, UNDERGROUND,  
I LOOK AROUND,  
BUT I DON'T SEE AN EDEN.

NIGHTINGALE

Are you ready to try?

ROOK

I think so, I  
want to see what's inside now  
the root of what I missed before

NIGHTINGALE

You might see more than roots, I think the imprint of the person who, who shared our feeling, who passed through, I think they might still be inside.

ROOK

I'll try to find them

NIGHTINGALE

Try  
Try without trying to understand

ROOK

LISTENING TO YOU,  
NOW I TRY TO LISTEN WITHOUT KNOWING WHAT I'LL SEE  
INSIDE THIS BOX IN FRONT OF ME  
INSIDE

NOW, LISTENING TO YOU,  
NOW I TRY TO OPEN WITHOUT KNOWING WHAT WILL OPEN  
FROM INSIDE  
FROM INSIDE ME

BUT  
HERE  
INSIDE THE COFFIN,  
THE LID NOW OPEN.  
I TRY TO SEE  
INSIDE

NIGHTINGALE

Describe what you can see

ROOK

INSIDE, I SEE A TREE  
AND IN THE TREE, A SONGBIRD  
THE SONGBIRD ISN'T ME,  
THEY SING FOR A WORLD THAT WILL NEVER BE

FROM INSIDE, GROWS A TREE  
THE TREE GROWS FROM THE COFFIN  
ITS BRANCHES WELCOME ME BUT  
WHY SHOULD IT MATTER TO SEE A TREE, IF I'M

LISTENING TO YOU,  
I SHOULD SEE AN ENDING,  
BUT I DON'T IF I DO  
IT'S HARD TO TRUST MYSELF, NOW

NIGHTINGALE

why?

ROOK

knowing what I know  
trying not to trust what they have taught me

NIGHTINGALE

so stop trying  
listen to yourself

ROOK

I do. I hear myself. I hear myself and I sound  
Abstract or, uncertain

NIGHTINGALE

Is that what you see inside? Uncertainty?

ROOK

What?

NIGHTINGALE

Listen to yourself. Uncertainty isn't nothing.

ROOK

It isn't anything.

NIGHTINGALE

It's in-between. It's inside the coffin and inside you.  
Listen to yourself.

ROOK

to me...

NIGHTINGALE

Sing what you can see.

ROOK

LISTENING TO ME  
LISTENING TO ME  
LISTENING TO ME  
NOT THE SONG  
THEY TAUGHT TO ME.  
SING THE SONG OF WHAT I SEE, AND I SEE

A SONGBIRD IN A TREE  
SHE SEEMS FAMILIAR TO ME  
INSIDE THE COFFIN SHE  
SINGS OF A WORLD ONLY EDEN COULD SEE

FROM INSIDE GROWS A TREE  
FROM INSIDE EDEN OPENS  
SHE OPENS WHAT I SEE  
BUT I CANNOT I CANNOT OPEN ME

I CANNOT I CANNOT I CANNOT SEE ME OPEN  
I AM NOT I AM NOT  
I AM NOT YET ALL I WANT TO SEE  
I SEE WHAT ISN'T THERE  
BUT MIGHT BE THERE

NIGHTINGALE

What might be?

ROOK

I MIGHT BE  
I AM BECOMING ME  
AND IN THE DARKNESS, EDEN SHOWS ME

NIGHTINGALE

What?

ROOK

I SEE A WAY TO SEE  
I heard you, now I need for you to turn  
TURN OFF THE LIGHT FOR ME  
REVEAL WHAT ISN'T IN THE LIGHT  
SO I CAN SEE

NIGHTINGALE

Okay, I'm going to the lamp  
We're turning off the  
Your flashlight, too, I guess

ROOK

Thanks

NIGHTINGALE

Even I keep the lamp on. Procedure and all that.  
Are you...are you sure?

ROOK

I'm sure, I guess.  
As sure as I can be in darkness

*Nightingale switches lamp off*

ROOK

IN DARKNESS, I CAN SEE  
WHAT MIGHT BE  
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE

IN DARKNESS, I CAN SEE  
IN THE MIDDLE OF  
THE ROOM, A TREE

NIGHTINGALE

A tree

ROOK

IN DARKNESS, I CAN SEE  
THE COFFIN IS THE ROOT OF SOMETHING

NIGHTINGALE

What?

ROOK

IN DARKNESS, I CAN SEE  
THE ROOT OF HOW WE LEAVE

NIGHTINGALE

Why would we leave?

ROOK

IN DARKNESS OPEN ME, SO I SEE  
WE AREN'T IN TOTAL DARKNESS

NIGHTINGALE

Rook, why would we leave? Do you feel the person who

ROOK

Yes

NIGHTINGALE

The imprint of

ROOK

Yes, I, my eyes are taking a second to adjust, but

*whispers begin*

I see us, leaving the same way she did

NIGHTINGALE

Who is she?

ROOK

I don't know.

NIGHTINGALE

You mentioned Eden. Is she Eden?

ROOK

Maybe. Is that who you hear?

NIGHTINGALE

I think

I do, yes

ROOK

Do you hear her leave? That's how this imprint began.

A longing I can see, both here and  
inside me.

A familiar thing I see.

**(Music: #11 MY BODY IS A TREE)**

MEMORY

MY BODY IS A TREE

NIGHTINGALE

I hear

the wood sings

MEMORY

MY BODY IS A TREE

NIGHTINGALE

You see- the root she planted sings to me

MEMORY

MY BODY IS A TREE

NIGHTINGALE

Hollow inside, space enough for a body

or a memory, and I listen

MEMORY

MY BODY IS A TREE  
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM  
MY BODY

MY BODY IS A TREE  
AND I'M PLANTED IN THE ROOM  
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM  
I'M THIRSTY  
HE CARRIES WATER IN HIS ARMS, WATER FROM THE SINK  
I DRINK  
IT TASTES LIKE  
WHAT HE THOUGHT I WAS  
WHAT I THOUGHT I WAS  
WHAT HE CALLED ME  
MY FATHER PLANTED ME AND HE PLANTED ME TO BE MY BODY  
MY BODY IS A TREE, IT'S THE BODY HE GAVE ME  
IT'S THE COFFIN THAT YOU SEE  
BUT I SEE  
THAT UNDERNEATH MY ROOTS  
IS DIRT  
MEMORIES AND DIRT  
MEMORIES I BURY  
IT FEELS LIKE  
I SHOULD TRY TO GROW  
FURTHER DOWN BELOW  
TO BE.  
MY BODY IS A TREE  
BUT I GREW BEYOND THIS ROOM.  
THAT'S ALL I REMEMBER

NIGHTINGALE

Yes  
Eden, she  
We knew that she had left, we knew she disappeared, but, she left something of herself here...  
This tree is a map of her memory. Here, planted here.  
The Old Thing only looks like a coffin because that's what we were told to see. But it's a tree.  
How did Swallow find this place? Why did she—

ROOK

Nightingale

NIGHTINGALE

What?

ROOK

the light

NIGHTINGALE

I turned off the light

ROOK

The light above us

NIGHTINGALE

There is no...I turned off the

ROOK

moonlight peaking through, between the ceiling tiles

NIGHTINGALE

There's a crack/I never saw before

ROOK

A light I couldn't see before, my eyes adjusted to the dark, so now I  
Nightingale.

I thought the tree I saw was just an imprint, an abstraction, but do you see

NIGHTINGALE

little tendrils,/the roots

ROOK

the roots from above.

A crack where the roots have grown through.

And below us

NIGHTINGALE

The roots of a coffin

ROOK

Nightingale.

Where are we?

*Swallow opens the door*

SWALLOW

Songbirds.

NIGHTINGALE

Director Swallow, we,/uh, we  
*door closes*

SWALLOW

Yes.  
We've reached our deadline.  
So tell me, songbirds: How does it end?

ROOK

How does it—?

SWALLOW

Now.  
Tell me, songbirds. Tell me the ending.

VII. leaving

*moments later  
in the same room  
in darkness*

SWALLOW

Now.

ROOK

What do you want to hear?

SWALLOW

An explanation. You paused the record.

NIGHTINGALE

Sure, but

SWALLOW

I'll admit, I was distracted today, I had to play catchup after some onboarding paperwork. But then I caught up. The last transmission from this project was recorded two hours ago. Explain.

ROOK

Maybe we lost power.

SWALLOW

Is that why you're sitting in the dark?

ROOK

Well, we

SWALLOW

No.

The Retrievers checked our generator at my request. You still have power, you still have light.

*Swallow turns on the overheads*

NIGHTINGALE

Agh, please,  
Director Swallow, we  
We we  
We just needed some time  
in the dark to

ROOK

The lights!  
Please turn off the lights!

SWALLOW

You need what I give you.  
Your needs belong to the Society.

NIGHTINGALE

Respectfully, that's not your decision.

We're the ones uncovering the narrative.

SWALLOW

And yet you refuse to take responsibility for its ending. Rook, you're meant to deliver. To end things.

ROOK

I'm trying

SWALLOW

The lights stay on. The record listens. It doesn't matter if you try.

ROOK

I'm trying but you Swallow me in your expectations of what I should provide you when I don't even know where we are? Swallow, where are we?

SWALLOW

This isn't about me, let's not confuse things.

SWALLOW

You'll address me as Director.

NIGHTINGALE

We used to call you: Sister.

ROOK

Where are we?

SWALLOW

Underground. You know this.

ROOK

But I see Moonlight. If you turned the lights back off...that's real Moonlight isn't it? I remember it now. I remember Moonlight.

NIGHTINGALE

We had to get close to the Surface, didn't we? This is where Eden left her home the first time. This basement is the place she crossed to find you.

SWALLOW

And now it's underground. Abandoned. Like everything else we left behind.

NIGHTINGALE

But she came back here. Why?

SWALLOW

I couldn't possibly know.

ROOK

Is the sky above us-was it Eden's sky? Did she go back?

SWALLOW

It was your job to find out.

NIGHTINGALE

But you never told us to look for her. You never shared this with me, with Rook, with anyone.

SWALLOW

It wasn't my story to tell.

ROOK

Whose story/was it?

SWALLOW

SHE should have told you! She should have told you herself! But she didn't, she left, without record of her reason. Eden worked in mysterious ways, but she wouldn't have gone back above to live in the shadow of her father.

ROOK

The Doctor...

NIGHTINGALE

She left the title behind.

SWALLOW

Did she?

NIGHTINGALE

She left Main Town.

SWALLOW

You heard that song, Nightingale, you heard the voices she was meant to serve. All clamoring for answers where there were none, demanding God appear to them through fog. Ungrateful. The Doctor made them weak and small-minded. You heard it. And Eden couldn't change that. So what did she do? What did she do, Nightingale?

NIGHTINGALE

I don't know.

You heard her  
SWALLOW

I didn't  
NIGHTINGALE

You heard her narrative  
SWALLOW

Memories!  
NIGHTINGALE

What is our memory but the narrative?  
SWALLOW

It's the way we choose to begin.  
*the lights flicker and expire*  
NIGHTINGALE

The overheads  
ROOK

What is this? Turn the lights back on.  
SWALLOW

I  
NIGHTINGALE

Turn the lights back on  
SWALLOW

I  
NIGHTINGALE

Now.  
SWALLOW

The only light switch is behind you. We must have lost power.  
ROOK

Impossible.  
SWALLOW

The Retrievers checked, I made them check. Give me the record transmitter.

ROOK

Swallow.

SWALLOW

That's an order, Songbird.

NIGHTINGALE

...here. Take it.

SWALLOW

*activates record*

Mark: Director Swallow on record. The time is 8:42 PM. Project underway stalled by a lack of clarity. This is your last chance, Nightingale. What did you hear?

NIGHTINGALE

She planted her memories here. Inside the coffin, she gave us a map to—

SWALLOW

Of course. Good.

Mark: I have recovered your narrative, the instruction you meant to leave me. Regrettably, my songbirds have rejected the record, the one thing you taught us never to abandon. I won't forget that. I won't forget what you taught us. And I will find you, alone if I must.

NIGHTINGALE

Alone?

SWALLOW

Mark: Songbirds Nightingale and Rook to be removed immediately from the project. They return to Eden at once.

ROOK

Swallow.

SWALLOW

Your *Director* has given you an order. On the record.

Mark: If they will not listen, I will make your narrative be heard. You have given us an ending and I will sing it. You have given us a map and I will follow it. I will bring you back here.

NIGHTINGALE

We're not abandoning the project.

SWALLOW

You have already abandoned your faith in me.

NIGHTINGALE

My faith! My faith is in what I remember. I remember you listening with me.

SWALLOW

Mark: Swallow approaching the coffin.

NIGHTINGALE

But I don't have faith that we can begin if we don't listen

SWALLOW

I open the coffin.

NIGHTINGALE

I don't have faith that our story can continue--and it can't!  
Not here, not in this basement,

SWALLOW

Now

NIGHTINGALE

but under sky

**(Music: #12 THE WAY YOU LEAVE)**

MEMORY

SING TO REMEMBER SKY

NIGHTINGALE

or in water

MEMORY

SING TO REMEMBER THE WATER

NIGHTINGALE

or in care of land

MEMORY

SING TO REMEMBER LAND

NIGHTINGALE

We built Eden. We couldn't build a/sky

MEMORY

I AM NOT A PLACE YOU BUILT, I AM NOT THIS BASEMENT

I AM NOT WHAT YOU UNDERSTAND, OR WHAT YOU DON'T AS  
I AM BETWEEN THEM, I AM BETWEEN THEM,  
I AM NOT EDEN, I AM NOT THE ROOM YOU'RE LEAVING

SWALLOW

So now you want to leave? I don't understand.

NIGHTINGALE

Then maybe you should stop trying.

SWALLOW

This coffin is empty. No map.

NIGHTINGALE

Listen.

The voice you hear, that sings with me  
It is the map of memory, the sound of what begins when you can

SWALLOW

I don't hear a voice.

NIGHTINGALE

So listen.

HERE, IN THE DARK, I LISTEN  
HERE, IN THE DARK I HEAR A VOICE JUST LIKE EDEN  
IT SINGS TO ME HER MEMORY THROUGH THE ROOTS OF LEAVING  
SHE LEFT BELIEVING WE COULD LISTEN

SWALLOW

Do you hear her now? Eden, is that you? Eden, I don't hear you!

MEMORY

I'M NOT EDEN  
I'M THE MAP SHE LEFT WHILE LEAVING  
I'M HER BELIEVING  
I'M THE

MEMORY, ROOK, NIGHTINGALE

LIGHT SHE BROUGHT

NIGHTINGALE

BUT THE DOCTOR, HER FATHER, THOUGHT  
SHE COULD KEEP THE FOG SO HIGH NO ONE WOULD REMEMBER SKY

ROOK

SING TO REMEMBER SKY

SING SO THE FOG REMAINS WATER  
SING TO RECALL OUR LIE (THAT WE SEE GOD, BUT)  
GOD IS NOT THE HOSPITAL, GOD IS NOT THE CHURCH  
GOD IS A SONG WE SING AND I REMEMBER SINGING

SWALLOW

EDEN, I CAN SWALLOW ALL MY FEELING,  
BUT THE MAP YOU'VE LEFT BY LEAVING DOESN'T GIVE ME ANSWERS

ECHO

NO ANSWERS NO ANSWERS

NIGHTINGALE

SO THE DAUGHTER OF THE DOCTOR THOUGHT  
IF SHE LEFT OUR EDEN  
WE COULD FIND OUR OWN REASON

MEMORY

I'M NO REASON  
I'M NO ANSWER FOR HER LEAVING  
I'M NO END AND  
I'M NO

ALL (BUT ROOK)

SKY OR  
GOD

ROOK

GOD ISN'T EDEN, GOD'S NO REASON

ALL

SING THE REASON WHY YOU'RE SINGING

NIGHTINGALE

EDEN WAS OUR REASON

ALL

WHY!

SWALLOW

Eden, you were my reason,  
but now fog has become my reason.  
Hiding from the sky is why I/ listen.

MEMORY

LISTEN, SONGBIRD, WILL YOU SING FOR ME?  
SING SO YOU MIGHT OPEN ME.  
WILL YOU OPEN UP THE COFFIN OF HER MEMORY?

OPEN ME, OPEN A TREE.  
SHE GREW ME.  
AS I'M THE ROOT SHE LEFT BEHIND  
SO THAT YOU COULD SEE  
I'M THE WAY YOU LEAVE.

*the coffin suddenly opens*

ROOK

Listen

NIGHTINGALE

What

ROOK

You hear what I can see.  
The coffin open, a route inside a root that's growing

NIGHTINGALE

Is it, uh  
is it an invitation?

ROOK

to begin there.  
Not on the Surface, not going back to what we left,  
but somewhere new, further, deeper...  
That's where Eden is  
That's where she's becoming.

NIGHTINGALE

Before, you saw an imprint of us  
You saw us leaving

ROOK

Yeah

NIGHTINGALE

I think I see that too. For myself, at least, I.  
Rook,  
I know it's a lot to ask, but

ROOK

Yes.

NIGHTINGALE

Uh.

ROOK

Yes. I'll come with you.

NIGHTINGALE

Ha, okay!

ROOK

I want to finish the record with you.

NIGHTINGALE

Maybe we can. But  
Eden didn't leave us an answer. It's hard to finish without

SWALLOW

No more answers. That's why she left.

NIGHTINGALE

Swallow.

SWALLOW

I do not know what I do not know. Your job was to show me, but.  
Things change. Everything...just...

...

Things can change.

NIGHTINGALE

Swallow,  
if you like, we could

SWALLOW

Your job, here, is to stay. You cannot stay. Your purpose, then, is to leave. But I can't leave yet. I  
can't leave until the record changes.

ROOK

It will.

SWALLOW

And you're the reason why.  
So now, I'll stay here  
and listen

...

in the dark

*they listen*

ROOK

It sounds like

SWALLOW

Yes

ROOK

It sounds like us

NIGHTINGALE

But also a beginning

*the sound of whispers crescendo to LATER:  
in the below  
the tape activates*

NIGHTINGALE

I don't know how to end things.

Day Forty, Nightingale on record. The time is around 4:00 PM and I continue the record from below. Rook is currently scouting ahead. We learned yesterday to mark our turns as the route forks in the roots' divisions...it can be helpful to know what's coming next. What we're open to exploring.

No sign of Eden yet. I'm not sure she wants to be found. But I know she left so we might leave, a gift she gave us. A beginning in the object of an ending.

*whispers begin*

I don't know how to end things.

So I won't end things.

Let this record be the way they continue.

It is. It's a beginning. Our beginning. I know you hear it, even back home, even off the record. I hope you can listen. The other songbirds, they, all of them have good ideas. Things will be better when you can hear them, not just Eden or how you thought she wanted the Society to be.

I don't know how to end things, but

for now, Swallow, I listen with you. My sister, not by blood, but by the sound we share. It is the way we leave or stay or change or don't. Here, there is nothing but the sound of us. And we go on.

**(Music: #13 I'LL BE YOUR ENDING)**

When we first met, Rook thought she saw an Ending in me. But I listen without ending.

*a chord*

Listen.

*another chord*

Listen

*another*

I hear you

Listen

*another*

Listen

*another*

Remember

*Another*

I am

*Another*

I am not ending

but I'll sing an end for you

I AM I AM NOT ENDING

I AM I AM NOT ENDING

BUT IF YOU NEED AN ENDING TAKE THIS SONG TO BE YOUR ENDING

IF YOU NEED A NARRATIVE,

I GIVE YOU A VERSE AND CHORUS

TAKE THIS SONG FROM ME

AND I'LL BE

YOUR ENDING

I AM I AM I AM NOT ENDING,

BUT I'LL BE I'LL BE I'LL BE I'LL BE YOUR ENDING

SO TAKE ME TAKE ME TAKE ME AS YOUR ENDING

NIGHTINGALE

ECHO

I AM I AM I AM

AND I REMEMBER

JUST LISTEN

ALL

I WILL BE YOUR ENDING IF YOU

NIGHTINGALE

Listen

ECHO

REMEMBER

NIGHTINGALE

Listen

ECHO

REMEMBER EVERY COFFIN IS A TREE

NIGHTINGALE

Listen

ECHO  
REMEMBER EVERY ENDING WILL/BE

NIGHTINGALE

Begin.

Like this...

...

Remember this.

*the tape stops, rewinds,  
plays back in a granular quality,  
the familiar sounds of our recent past:*

ROOK

It sounds like

SWALLOW

Yes

ROOK

It sounds like us

NIGHTINGALE

But also a beginning

...

...

.....

The beginning sounds like

*they wait  
and listen*

*and things move on*

...

*the world changes, silently  
as we continue...*

*But, for now, the record stops.*

## OUTRO

### NARRATOR

*A chord*

*The Doctor is Dead* is written, composed, and directed by é boylan.

*A chord*

Sound mixing and editing is by Katherine Cartusciello and Jay Eigenmann, with sound design and engineering by Charlie Freedman.

*A chime begins*

The voices you hear belong to marcos rené ospina, Genesis Adelia Collado, Joshuah Dominique, é boylan, and myself, Chris Okawa. Music is directed and performed by Sofia Geck, along with Kasey Blezinger, Yuka Tadano, and Matt Wong. Production management and coordination is by Lauren Durán Grajewski and Dinah Rokhinson. This audio presentation is produced by Musical Theatre Factory and made possible, in part, by generous support from The National Endowment for the Arts, the Jerome Foundation, the Howard Gilman Foundation, Musical Theatre International, and listeners like you.

Next week: we'll return with another installment of *The Doctor is Dead*. If you liked what you heard, please support us by telling your friends and by leaving us a rating or review- and most importantly subscribe to hear what's coming next. Until then, thank you for listening.

#### **Additional Development Support from:**

Eugene O'Neill Theater Center  
Johnny Mercer Foundation Songwriters Project  
Musical Theater Factory Salon, Hosted by Troy Anthony  
Prospect Theater Company Musical Theater Lab

#### **Special Thanks to:**

Niki Afsar  
Dev Bondarin  
Ty Defoe  
Kathel Griffin  
Emma Lea Hasselbach  
Stephanie Litchfield  
Anessa Marie  
Jules Peiperl  
Miles Purinton  
Taylor Aksel Arthur Rasmussen  
Han Van Sciver  
Mei Ann Teo  
Denali Thomas  
Zo Tipp  
Elise Grifka Wander  
Misha Grifka Wander  
Zap