

Radio Memory / Brandon LaBelle

Script 4 – dialogue for two voices:

M: Lizards everywhere... small lizards with red eyes... some with yellow... crawling around everywhere... harmless but threatening... mysterious... blue and green...

Ghost: They are from the inside?

M: So dark... impenetrable... but warm... soft... a place for animals... but these kind, these lizards... they are cold... weird... murky...

Ghost: Is it always dark on the inside?

M: I place my hand on the banister... a shiny smooth surface... of wood... but old... used and worn from other hands... welcoming... the stairs lead into the darkness... where the lizards are...

Ghost: Have you seen this staircase before?

M: No... I'm in a haunted house... with kids all around me... but I'm big... like I am today... the kids treat me like a kid... like I'm one of them... we giggle... with fear... but we go on... we have to... into the darkness... up the stairs... we know the lizards are there... but we are searching for something else... something in the darkness...

Ghost: Can you see anything else? Something in the darkness?

M: No... it is impenetrable... a thick darkness... like the kind you feel when that deep funk of heaviness comes over me... after a night of drinking... but worse... a sweaty darkness...

Ghost: But you are not afraid, you go on?

M: We are terrified... but alert... alive... keen... we go farther... up the stairs... the banister in my hand... sliding under it... I can feel my knees bending... each muscle straining... moving with the other muscles... I feel each step like it was a universe... each second a mile of experience... with each step I grow younger... the years pull away and I'm one of the kids... I'm little...

Ghost: Go there, go deeper, tell me what you see?

M: I don't see anything... my vision is gone now... I can smell the lizards... I smell their movements... their crawling and coldness... they are breeding... yes... they are breeding... I feel them... they let us pass... we are at the top of the stairs now... the lizards let us pass through... I don't see them but I sense they are allowing us to come

there... to enter... something... a room... a chamber... it is cold there... but also warm... sticky... I feel the hand of a kid next to me... his hand is soft... like a glove...

Ghost: Where are you now?

M: I am separate now... inside a room... the room is changing... I am alone... it is quiet now... there are no lizards... there are no other kids... I am seeing again... the brightness is incredible... such a light... a brilliant glowing warm yellow light... it shoots into me... this light... this light is alive... it is the lizards but in a different shape... crawling but different... a vibrant energy shooting all around... but gentle and precise...

Ghost: Is the light saying anything?

M: No... but it has a sensation to it... like a voice... but not really... it is spinning around me and giving me something... it gives me assurance... this light... I rest in this light... I rest in its yellow beaming glow... I see a window now... I recognize something... I am somewhere... somewhere I have been before... maybe when I was younger... not a kid anymore... but older... but before now... when I was younger... somewhere before... a yellow room... no... yes... blue outside... blue and yellow all around... I know I have seen this before... or I have felt this before... this being awake but sleeping too... something more brilliant than before... a condition... a sensation...

Ghost: What is this sensation? Does it have a name?

M: It is called The Beginning...

Ghost: The Beginning?

M: Yes... everything begins here... no... everything tries to begin here... but it never happens... I am lazy... I fall back... I am tired now... I can't do it... the lizards... the lizards...

Ghost: Don't force yourself, let it happen. It will be ok.

M: It will be ok... it will be ok... this light... this lizard... this lizard light... there is something... I can't explain... something in between... something between light and dark... between the yellow and the cold... the warmth and the lizard... the man and the woman...

Ghost: Man? Woman? Is there someone there with you?

M: Yes... no... it is me... I am both... I feel between... I am beginning... but I am ending... I am the lizard... I am the light... it is me... I hold the hand of the kid and lead him there... he is me... I am in charge... in control... I want both... to be... the room...

Ghost: What is this room? Where are you exactly?

M: I am in Amsterdam... at a hostel... I am young... I am tired... but awake... it is beautiful... no... it is extraordinary... this feeling... no... this beginning... this trying... I am in between... I am not old yet... but I am not young either... I am not a man... I am almost... the hand in mine... the soft banister... the stairs... and the music...

Ghost: The music? What music?

M: There is music suddenly... a red throb... a vibration... a sound... red in the yellow... red in my eyes... small invasion... I like this... this throb... it comes from under the bed... inside the light... from outside... but inside too... it is hard to place... to know... I only hear the bass... the low end... you know... the heartbeat... I love this heartbeat... this sound... it comes over me... I bathe in it... I am away now... somewhere else... somewhere called Shangri-la... somewhere in the middle east... I am between borders... yes... I am a king... no... I am a fool...

Ghost: Ok, I am going to take you back now...

M: No... I want to stay... I see something... movement... bodies... a vessel... a band... I know this... I am in a rock band now...

Ghost: I am going to take you back now – you will wake up feeling relaxed and refreshed...

M: I am certain now... I am an assassin in Amsterdam... working with the underground... we are pretending we are a band... it is our disguise... we are called the Lizards...

Ghost: On the count of three you will wake up and you won't remember anything of this conversation...

M: I understand now... I understand where I am... who I am...

Ghost: 1... 2... 3...