

Start

LANOLIN: A...fragment.

SQUEAK: It is real?

LANOLIN: We don't know.

SQUEAK: Where does it come from?

LANOLIN: It's hard to say.

SQUEAK: Is it...sent?

LANOLIN: What do you mean?

SQUEAK: Is it... is someone else out there thinking those thinking those things – saying them – and that's what he heard?

LANOLIN: I don't know. I think they're things that have already happened. Have already been felt, or thought, or spoken. I think they go out there and keep going until they hit something that sends them back.

They think it's the old civilizations. That – once upon a time – back when we kept all the history of the world hovering in the air around us – before the collapse and the migration to the Earie – that people were obsessed with keeping record. That those first people were so afraid of disappearing forever that they would send things out into the stars – bits of themselves, of their thoughts, of their impressions of their world so that it wouldn't get lost. So that it couldn't die. So they wouldn't die.

We are scavengers. That's what Council wants – to find pieces –

SQUEAK: To remake it?

The door opens. MARCUS appears. He carries wiring that looks like it's been pulled directly out of something else. He peels off his outer clothes as he climbs down the ladder.

LANOLIN: Where's Fayette?

MARCUS: I don't know.

LANOLIN: He went to get you.

MARCUS: I didn't see him.

End
