

MARCUS: Let's find out.

FAYETTE: Marcus!

MARCUS: Why not?

FAYETTE: It's not ready. And they'll hear it –

MARCUS: They already know.

FAYETTE: No. They don't. Or they'd be down here ripping it apart.

LANOLIN: Marcus –

MARCUS: We've been working on this for months –

LANOLIN: I've been thinking about it. We're the only Listeners.

MARCUS: Yes.

LANOLIN: Then who'll hear us?

MARCUS: It will send a signal over a thousand miles in every direction.

LANOLIN: But who'll HEAR us? Marcus, you go to the Council hall and you stand on the stairs so close to people that you could reach out and touch them and they don't HEAR you. They can't HEAR you. Because they aren't Listeners. No transmitter is going change that.

MARCUS: ....Maybe there are other Listeners?

LANOLIN: There aren't.

MARCUS: There used to be more.

LANOLIN: Well, there aren't anymore.

MARCUS: Why, do you think?

LANOLIN: I don't know. Maybe we only... grow... in certain climates. Under certain conditions.

*Pause.*

**Start**

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SQUEAK: We were all Listeners.  
At first.

Weren't we?

When they came here. The first people - when they walked away from the cities and out into...nothing. To make the Earie. They had to be Listeners, right?

LANOLIN: I don't know.

SQUEAK: They walked for forty days until they heard the water running deep underground – isn't that the founding story?

The story of those first people is that they left behind a world that was eating itself up – suffocating and selfish and unfeeling – a world that *couldn't see what they saw, couldn't hear what they heard*. A world of people that couldn't recognize each other's humanity.

That's what we ran from, wasn't it? That's what we left behind, to devour itself. While we, the enlightened, the chosen, the *listening*, escaped into the desert to build a better reality.

Am I wrong? Isn't that what's taught?

**End**

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*MARCUS throws the switch, turning the transmitter on.*

*The room holds its breath.*

*He adjusts the dial. Lights dance in the consol. He brings the transmitter mouthpiece to his mouth. Everyone watches. A flash of hesitation. He looks at the mouthpiece for a long moment. He looks up, into the room.*

*Everyone watches him.*

*He offers it to FAYETTE, who shakes his head, LANOLIN, who doesn't accept it, and finally ROUKE.*

ROUKE: GO. The best thing in the world. The best sound. Make it. Now. GO. GO. GO. GO GO!!!!!!

*He shoves MARCUS. MARCUS presses throws the 'transmit' switch. The transmission goes live.*

MARCUS: YOU DON'T KNOW ME. You don't know me, but my name is Marcus. I was born here. In the Earie, at the beginning of the Third Era.

*Everyone looks up, as if watching the transmission pass up through the wires and out into the ether.*