

Start

FAYETTE: It's hard to explain. We don't normally listen to just.... We wait for... see these?

He goes to the wall of instruments, indicating a series of gauges. They all seem to be showing a holding pattern.

SQUEAK: No.

FAYETTE: Here.

He moves her hands over the dials. Perhaps he lifts her to touch the wires that cover the walls and ceilings.

FAYETTE: All the Ears – the discs- all of them move. They're all pointed at different areas of the sky, and they listen. Search. They try to find fragments. If they "hear" something, we catch it on these. And we Listen. And that's what we record. What Lanolin records.

SQUEAK: What the Ears hear?

FAYETTE: No. Well... what they... what we...understand. That's the thing. That's why it has to go through us. Listeners. We have to...translate it. The Ears are just...Ears. If you were to record what's there it's nothing. Noise. There isn't anything to actually hear. But it goes through us in a way where...where it means something. Like pictures or ideas. Feelings. Smells. It floods you and then it leaves, and then you have to scramble to hold onto enough of it to be able to talk about what it was you...heard. Sometimes it can feel...more real than things that are actually...real...feel.

She goes to put the headphones on again. He stops her.

FAYETTE: What did it sound like, to you?

She conjures the feeling – a tremor passes through both of them.

The sound of wood cracking.

She "sees" him.

He unhooks a canteen from his belt.

FAYETTE: Water.

SQUEAK: What was that?

End