

Transcript: *over and out* episode 1
Adrienne Westwood
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VOICE

Shhhhhhh

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

Rolling!

Margot, a newscaster

Low angle sun

This field is empty but there is hustle and bustle down in the distance: The County Fair.

Margot has Authority. This comes from her power suit, her tone of voice, her training. She is from town, or even the city. There was stuff to report on, so she came Here.

MARGOT, THE NEWSCASTER

Hello, I'm coming to you here from Saint-Saints Iowa.
Keyhole Jane will be making her world debut in just a few hours time. And up next, the busy body in the basement joins us for her interview.

Over there, we can see the carnival in full regalia - life goes on as normal.
It is a normal day for normal people here in Saint-Saints.

There is no need for a chaperone. We are told that at first, they were wary to invite me in.

Some sort of off camera shuffle

MARGOT

Oh excuse me, no don't cut away, this is the good part.

Shuffling off camera

Oh bread? No thank you, I was going to go for a doughboy later.

More shuffling

I was wondering about the keystone too.

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

Rolling!

VOICE

Shhh. Shhh-shhhh. Shhhhh (*continues*)

MARGOT

Can you hear that? Crickets? Tractor trailer. The Demolition derby. On this first day of March.

Phhhhh shoo fly.

She's distracted

Camera jitters

Cut away

Back

MARGOT

Hello, I'm coming to you from Saint-Saints Iowa this evening, ahead of the Big Event. Waiting for the chimney yonder to have smoke - an indication of citizens here, someone left attentive, not all down there "just partying away."

It's gotten darker now and someone turns on the TV lighting

Announcer voice

Sound is grainy

Carnival music in the distance

Chopper propellers

Felicity Jane is being crowned this evening as the homecoming queen. Keyhole to the universe. Hence her moniker, Keyhole Jane.

How does this look?

Aside

Back to announcer voice

Weather here is 60 degrees, partly cloudy. Good time for an EVENT.

Drone footage of the landscape. Speaker alone in a field.

Would you like to come inside?

Nearby a house with smoke from the chimney

A house tour.

Smell of bread. Far off, laughter, music, shrieks of roller coaster.

This is the first time touring this historic site in some years, although the carnival down there has been going on for a very long time. Here, the chimney. There, the arc of the entryway. There, the keystone.

VOICE

Shhhhhh

She's distracted

Camera jitters

Cut away

Shhhhhh

Back

It's gotten darker now and someone has turned on the TV lighting

Announcer voice

Sound is grainy

MARGOT

Carnival music in the distance

He grips a hammer strongly in his hand

Chopper propellers

Aside

There are no computers here, no sense of technology anymore, plus, who needs it when we're all right here so ...

Back to announcer voice

Even "text" and "call" have a different sort of meaning

Drone footage of the landscape

But someone inexplicably gifted him this hammer

Speaker alone in a field

But someone inexplicably gifted him this hammer

Nearby a house with smoke from the chimney

Smell of bread

And he feels is heavy and strong in his palm, and knows he will make use of it

Far off laughter, music

Shrieks of roller coaster

He knows

She tries to flee, without a trace, vanishing like ancient ruins in the desert.

She tries to flee, without a trace, vanishing like ancient ruins in the desert.

She tries to stay.

VOICE

Shhhhhhhh

LECTURER

Hello and welcome to this lecture, Things Are Not Always What The Seem
You will notice I have placed my feet precisely, just so:
Determined.

I learned this years ago and it's part of my practice to return to again and again. When things are not always as they seem, you want to know where you are, so you may be ready for anything. Feet placed just so in a parallel position helps.

Take this morning, for example. My children were getting ready for school and it was my turn to prepare them breakfast. I buttered a piece of toast: nice and thick, a generous helping of sweet, sweet raspberry jam, all the while hoping no one, certainly not my child, would pick it up to examine it too closely: an underside full of crust.

Things are not always what they seem!

And earlier, that time you whizzed around the block in 45 seconds, a whirlwind on a bike. And it called to mind the slow creeping moon of Jupiter forming in a cosmic smoothy millennia ago.

As I said, things are not always what they seem.

SPEAKER 1

CORNERSTONE MARLEY, A
NEWSCASTER FROM THE
FUTURE/SPEAKER 2

Hey hey do you want to try to or learn
telepathy maybe?

That's impossible

The sun sets when it sets, rises when it rises

Unless it's on that other planet Muyorticher

Dispatch, dispatch - here from your dreams.
Here from 2245.

All signals say go.
Was she there?

I can't tell.

Tune in, pelase.

All I hear is static.

Should we go home?

Was she there?

I can't tell.

Tune in, pelase.

Dispatch

All I hear is static.

Should we go home?

Hello – dispatch, dispatch...

Come in?

I think she's back where they had a different
sort of time.

She tried to save it

"Daylight savings time"

She doesn't know about that yet
She tried to whatsapp her friends in Korea –
ask what was happening
She doesn't know about that yet
She tried to whatsapp her friends in Korea –
ask what was happening

One's heart never knows, but I'd love to leave
her a little treat.

Now she's dozing, I think we should just let
her rest

A sense of touch for the long journey.

Maybe some memories of her time by the
sea.

Off they go by galactic stagecoach
This land, on the page,

pitching toward things discarded,

pitching toward things not-yet-known.

Hey look - johnny cake meal. Should we pack
it for her?

The chimney waits for smoke.

Are you all down there just partying away?

Carnival rides drone on.

MARGOT

singing

Voice from the past, call to you call to you
Try to save it, she said. The daylight, for you.

VOICE

Shhhhhh

SPEAKER 2

Wheeeeeeee the roller coaster goes around.

The roller coaster coasts to a stop.

No one here can fathom it
Too far from shore,
Too landlocked.

Too bothered by the minutiae of daily life to even think about the sea.

The carnival-goers start to head home.

One more fried dough for the road. Curly fries. Cotton candy. Elephant ears.

The demolition derby is loud and cacophonous.

MARGOT

singing

Voice from the past, call to you call to you
Try to save it, she said. The daylight, for you.

Voice from the past, call to you call to you
Try to save it, she said. The daylight, for you.

(continues)

VOICE

Ways of exiting:
Emergency exit
Back door
Water slide

Ghosting
Elevator
Our the window
Into the roof
Escape through a book
Secret portal
Turn the corner
In someone else's story
Piggyback ride
Under water
Down the drain

Shhhhhhhh

MARGOT/SPEAKER 3

This is my home in the early morning
This is my kitchen as the sun rises
This is the bed where my child still sleeps
This is my dog outside and obsessed with her ball
This is my tea, getting cold as I write
This is my love, asleep beside my child
This is my cat, 18 and slowly dying
This is my child, growing too fast
This is the recycling, taking too much of the corner
This is the toilet no one remembered to flush
This is the airplane that sores overhead
This is the life I build day and night
This is the simple finger to key
This is the sun through my window, too early
This is the joy of solitude for a moment
This is the joy of a house full of love
This is a lemon, better use it tonight
This is a notebook, only I can read
This is my slipper, keeping my foot warm for years
This is the call to share something here
This is the gull, flying lower than the airplane
This is the birdsong telling me spring will be soon
This is the gull still calling, for a mate
This is the fridge with photos all crooked
This is the list of meals we could make
This is the peaceful time of reflection
This is the story for no one but me
This is the scratching as the back door to come back in

This is the lego I stepped on again
This is the song of the dog's ball, asking for play
This is faucet running overtime for the cat