Track 4: *Monologues in Locked Walls*

I think it was your father

*Distorted syllable begins to ululate and underscore the next few seconds*

*The voices are treated with varying reverbs and EQ filters*

Rinkenberg?

Yeah

Rinkenberg?

Yeah

Rinkenberg? Where is that?

*An EQ suggesting distance, not quite the same as a phone:* Like I was born in a little village

*Distorted syllables from a phrase later in the script are ping-ponging*

What was the name of the village?

Rinkenberg

Rinkenberg?

*A metallic twang of distorted syllables sounds*

Like in Corinthia. The farm, my father was a

*Metallic twangs continue beneath the words.*

*The words “Me all alone” bounce around distorted*

Flows both ways

*Water sounds and processed water sounds/acousmatic sounds resembling plucking metal strings blend*

*Me all alone blends into the burbling water, texture continues*

You know I remember my father had a mill a mill by the river a mill, to mill flour

And I remember he carrying, he carrying me – *SIMULTANEOUSLY* – I went to this village school

*Water continues, strumming sound continues*

Down

*Seagulls crying*

*Several layers of speech sound on top of each other unintelligible*

My father had a mill by the river

Oh I just miss him so

I remember he carrying me

*Seagulls cry*

He would carry me

Down

He called me Milka

*Seagulls and laughter, heart monitor beeping*

*Voice is EQ’ed so only the lower frequencies come through as if under water:* He called me Milka.

*Heart monitor and fluorescent lights sound*

I don’t know how many times he would say

Like he called me Milka

*Hospital sounds grow louder and drown out the voice*

*From a reverb tunnel is a chuckle*

*Hospital monitors blend into loud drone*

*Panned Left, a different voice:* Both directions

He said come let’s go for a walk to through the forest

*A different voice says* Both both both both both d d d d

*Drone panned right fades out sharply, panning comes up centre with a softer drone*

*Laughter with reverb and mid frequencies like from a tunnel*

He called me Milka. So many time with my father

*Background textures and vocal echoes fade to silence for a beat/pause*

*Voices with distortions – overlapping, delay, EQ that suggests mediation (distance, time)*

He was the only son *Overlapping words* They hand it from one generation to another generation

He said if you don’t come home

And then he was the only son

*Overlapping words jumble*

Sister – *the speaker is panned left and the word is louder*

*Panned normally:* He said if you don’t come home I’m gonna give the farm to the, to a

*The word comes from panned left again:* Sister

Sister. Sister. Sister.

*The word becomes repeated with lower frequencies emphasized, then sharply EQ’ed and with a chorus effect, distorted with an uncanny or electronic sound, then pitch shifted lower, slowed down, transforming into the metal twang again; there is an echo; the word begins to overlap and decompose*

*Brightly in a natural voice, as a truck is heard driving over gravel:*

There was a tree and a rock and I sit on the rock and I thought I’m gonna have a good – so I fell asleep.

*The voice grows distant suddenly* And when I woke up, and when I woke up. There was five, six feet, five six feet

*The voice turns into a hum. It rhythmically strums the word* Sister Sister Sister *with a chorus effect; it continues to decompose and sound windy as the natural voice continues:*

And when I woke up there was about five six feet, this man was standing there *Sister Sister continues in a disembodied/decomposed voice that buzzes; the drone turns to a loud buzzing drone underscoring*

*From a tunnel:* he was almost like my father

He was watching me. He didn’t say a word, I didn’t say a word

*A breathy tone replaces the buzzing drone; a scream*

*Cross talking in a different voice: unintelligible*… flows both ways… when before I noticed only movement of the trees

*Scream*

*Windy drone continues with a slow cymbal sound and some clicking consonants and brief crackling; a murmuring voice*

*With an echo:* Then there was like a bridge across, he was pointing, with a little village. He was pointing.

*Tone continues and fades*

*Like sound from the tunnel:* Then I looked around and he was gone.

*Drone continues in multiple voices; panned left a small voice under the drone:* I think it was your father. I think it was your father.

You might not believe me but who do you think that was? The guy that disappeared?

*The same voice doubled, slightly offset:* I think it was your father

*Doubled, slightly offset:* Yeah. Yeah.

Who do you thank that was? *SIMULTANEOUSLY* I wasn’t afraid not for a minute *SIMULTANEOUSLY* the guy who disappeared

*Doubled, offset:* I think it was your father was your father *Simultaneously:* us on Earth

Yeah Yeah. Like there were two big… One …

*Drone begins swelling*

*Voice with unnatural reverb:* Tectonically through the feet

*Drone continues swelling, shuffling sound*

*Two voices OVERLAPPING*: we went to this village school / before I noticed only movement of the trees

*Drone with multiple voices and hospital beeping begins again*

All my life, since I was little, since I remember

*Fluorescent lights: sounds rise with a dissonant drone that includes piercing tones*

*OVERLAPPING:* the farm is still there now. They hand it from one generation

*The truck engine and tires on gravel rise loudly*

*Unintelligible, robotic words*

This is

*A chorus of unintelligible layered words and heavy reverb*

*A chorus of the words:* One generation to the other

This is

*A chorus of unintelligible layered words*

Someone said Milla what are you going to be *SIMULTANEOUSLY a different voice:* Someone was not taking care with you

*Robotic and naturalistic words layered unintelligible* How am I gonna get

*Hospital sounds of lights and beeping rise again and blend with murmuring waves of words*

We would walk home from school *The words are at variable volumes like some are being snatched by the wind*

Like about four or five

*hospital beeps replace the words*

*The chorus has a sing-song quality saying* one generation to the other

*With the words slowed to a crawl in a single voice:* One generation to the other

*With a metallic reverb:* We went to this village school, like a little school

*The vocal drone hums at the same time*

I was just thinking how am I gonna get

One generation to the other

*Hum continues loudly; sound of brush being swept and crackling and sweeping. Voices are distant and small beneath the scratching brushy sound*

It was a nice sunny day and she said it’s a nice sunny day, let’s go – *voices layer and decompose into a texture, unintelligible*

*The drone grows fuller and begins to pulse*

I always

*The fluorescent lights interrupt loudly with a quality of a distorted electric guitar and then an electronic buzz changing pitches*

*With reverb as the buzzing tone continues flickering:* There was a tree and a rock and I sit on the rock

Me all alone there

When I woke up

*A syllable of voice vibrates and becomes a musical tone, the buzzing guitar-like tone stops abruptly and vocal wavering ping pongs with metallic twangs*

*With reverb and distortion:* You might not believe me but who do you think it was this man standing there

*The crackling comes back resembling crackling flames*

*With reverb and distortion:* He was almost like my father He was watching me

*In a natural voice:* For a long time. He didn’t say a word I didn’t say a word. We were just *with reverb* eyeing each other. For a long time we were just eyeing each other.

*The shuffling and crackling now moves from left to right back and forth like a whip or a flapping piece of cloth and the vocal vibration begins again, and the vocal drone and twanging metal sounds*

*With reverb:* He was pointing he was pointing he – *abrupt cut. Overlapping words:* But never said nothing *unintelligible overlapping words*

*With reverb:* And then turn around and he was gone *SIMULTANEOUSLY seagulls start crying*

*Drone grows, sound of feedback rises. Crackling begins again*

*Overlapping unintelligible text:* Or I had to walk / Farm is still there now / after they would eat dinner / I don’t know how many times / like he called me Milka / One generation to another / a farm in Corinthia / This little school / we would walk home and we would talk / one said / what are you going to be when you grow up / one a teacher / one a hair dresser / I was just thinking how am I gonna get

So one day I went to town, my aunt had a little

*Unintelligible word said by a different voice*

Before I noticed only movement of the trees

*Seagulls*

And I remember – SISTER SISTER *begins and repeats under the next words* – And I remember he carrying me – Sister Sister – *Seagulls* – And I remember he carrying me, he would carry me

*Vocal drone sings and sounds like feedback*