



Secret City

AUDIO TRANSCRIPT

4th Annual High-Wire Festival – Kamloops, BC – October 2016

SECRET CITY – EPISODE 1

THE GRIND

written and directed by Andrew G. Cooper

performed by Wyatt Purcha and Allandra Barton

Sound engineered designed by Brook Ballam

Special thanks to Rebekah Nicholson and Taylor James McCallum

**You should now be standing in front of the statue in front of the Kamloops Public Library.*

SCENE 1 - THE STORY

[Sort music plays. It's a melancholy melody; beautiful and sad. It fades to an ambience of city street. A car drives by. Wind rustles slightly. Footsteps approach. As the words unfold, the sounds fades to a lower level.]

HIM: There really is nothing in the world like new love. This story isn't about new love. This story is about how I lost a lover and this is the spot where the end began. It happened right here on the lip of the flower bed. There were flowers here then. It didn't actually happen here, but it started here. I think of it every time I see these statues. I think of her. It seems fitting that the end of our story would begin at our library.

[The street ambience begins to fade out.]

HIM: The beginning of our story happened not far from here. Turn around, face north, and you'll see it...or rather, what it is today. Take a seat on the lip of the flower bed and look across the street to the little building with the iron fence on the corner. Where the words "Pizza King" now stand, once read "The Grind".

SCENE 2 - THE GRIND

[There are footsteps crossing a street. A bell jingles as a door opens. We hear the sound of a quiet coffee shop. Coffee brewing. Slight chatter from the corner. The flipping of newspaper pages. The patter of baristas' feet.]

HIM: I arrive early, of course. It's mid-August. The end of the summer is drawing near and there's a warm breeze blowing through downtown Kamloops. I check my phone. The hot earthy smell of tea and coffee washes over me: a bitter aroma, with overtones of sweet smoke reminding me of an autumn day. I glance through a newspaper. I've always been the one to ask women out in the past, so when she messaged me and asked me to go to coffee, I was pretty surprised. I don't know what to expect.

SCENE 3 - FIRST DATE

[A bell jingles as the door opens again. Footsteps are approach and a bag is put down, a chair move across the floor.]

HER: Sorry I'm late. I was reading on the bus and missed my stop.

HIM: Oh, no problem. Take a seat. Can I get you something? A coffee?

HER: I actually don't drink coffee, but I'll take a tea.

HIM: Hmm. I don't drink coffee either. I hate the stuff. Some coffee date, huh?

HER: It's not the coffee I came here for. I'll take a steeped tea: two milk, one sugar.

[You hear her sit and him walk to the counter.]

HIM: We talk and talk. She asks me what my favorite movies are and I ask her what she'd been reading on the bus. A Little Princess by Frances Hodgson Burnett. We talk and talk. She loves books. I think about how great it would be to take her to a bookstore or the library. We talk and talk. We talk about the history class we shared at the university last semester. I remember thinking how cute she was and that she wore a lot of skirts. We talk and talk. Our eyes meet across the little table and I feel something stir inside me. We talk and talk. She drinks her tea. Mine sits cold and forgotten on the table between us.

[A coffee cup is put down on a table. The rustle of someone placing things inside of a bag.]

HER: I should get going. I don't want to miss the last bus.

HIM: Let me walk you out.

[The sound of them rising can be heard. Two pairs of footsteps begin then a bell jingles as a door opens, the sounds of the coffee shop fade into street ambiance.]

HIM: Thank you for tonight. I really enjoyed myself.

HER: I did too. And it wasn't the tea.

HIM: We go our separate ways with an almost kiss and a slightly awkward hug. I don't know where to go from here. I feel like I'm falling.

HIM: When will I see you again?

HER: I don't know. Call me sometime.

[Her footsteps fade away.]

SCENE 4 - THE FIRST YEAR

[A clock gently ticks throughout. Time passes.]

HIM: Time is a strange thing. Every moment away from someone can seem like an eternity but when you're with them it's as if time ceases to exist entirely. Before you know it, time has passed and you're left wondering where it all went. We spent the next year full of firsts. First kiss. First movie at the Paramount. First time she comes to my apartment. First time I meet her parents. First road trip together. First time we lay under the stars. First time we go dancing. First time I take her to the library.

[The clock ticking ends.]

SCENE 5 - A CHEMICAL ROMANCE

[A soft piano melody plays. The music slowly fades out during the scene.]

HIM: God, I love coming here with you.

HER: Love?

HIM: Sorry. That must be all the drugs talking.

HER: Are you on drugs mister?

HIM: Shhh! We're in a library. I meant in my brain. Being around you fills my head up with this soup of chemicals. Dopamine, serotonin, oxytocin.

HER: Did you learn about those in your fancy biology class?

HIM: It was my fancy psychology class actually. You know, when it comes down to it all emotions are just drugs in the brain.

HER: I'm like a drug to you, is that it?

HIM: Yeah, I guess so...I think I love you.

HER: You think?

HIM: I've been thinking about it since we went out dancing. You were so free. So full of life. The booze wasn't doing it for me, but your smile was intoxicating. And when you looked at me, I could see something in your eyes.

HER: I was happy.

HIM: I think that's when I knew.

HER: Well...I think I love you too.

HIM: I sink into love. Not a full fall. It envelops me.

SCENE 6 - DEBATING

[A page in a textbook turns.]

HIM: During the history class where we first met we debated loudly across the classroom about all manner of things. It was a bit of a sport and, admittedly, a bit of a show for the rest of the class. We argued about everything from relativism and superheroes to feminism and Plato's Allegory of the Cave. The fighting in the university classroom was spirited and stimulating. She was so smart, passionate and strong-minded. It's what finally allowed me to open up to my her in a way I couldn't open up to anyone before. I should have realized those same qualities would lead to fighting outside the classroom as well.

SCENE 7 - ANNIVERSARY

[overlapping] HIM: That's not what I meant. This one is different, it's really important to me. I swear it will only take a couple hours

[overlapping] HER: You're not listening to me again. That's not even what this is about. Why won't you just let me speak for once.

HER: Just stop it...I get it. Your work is more important.

HIM: No, it's not like that.

HER: It's fine. I just wanted today to be...special.

[It's August again. The sounds of a gentle breeze and distant buzzing and chirping can be heard.]

HIM: We start fighting in the summer and it becomes so frequent that I start taking more and more walks to the little park a couple blocks from my apartment. On the first anniversary of our date at "The Grind" she is really mad at me. Really, really mad at me. I give her orchids and take her to her favorite gardens. I give her the letters I wrote to her telling her about how much I love her and about the time we shared in our first year. "...You're thunder and lightning on a summer evening. You're the smell of the ocean as I shift my toes through the warm sand. You're a soft whisper in a crowded place and the last bite of strawberry cheesecake..." As she reads them, her eyes begin to sparkle and tears streak down her face.

HIM: I'm sorry. I'll make it up to you, I promise.

HER: I'm not crying because I'm mad at you, you idiot. I'm crying because I'm happy.

HIM: What?

HER: You can love someone and still hate them sometimes. That's what real love is.

SCENE 8 - THE NEXT THREE YEARS

[Music comes in again.]

HIM: Love is the tree, not the seed. It takes years and years to grow. Love is her getting us lost when we go on road trips, but me letting her navigate anyway. Love is her being with me when I meet my baby nephew for the first time. Love is the night I stayed with her after she was hospitalized. Love is crying together. Love is fighting together. Love is growing together and sometimes, love is growing apart.

[The music changes.]

HIM: During the next four years together we both change and mature and grow so much that by the end of it, neither of us are close to who we were when we started. We graduate from university. After years of trying, she teaches me how to let my walls down. I help her get through the days where the pain seems like too much to bear. We take turns acting out our childhood traumas on each other.

SCENE 9 - THE LIBRARY

[Music is replaced by ambient street sounds.]

HIM: We went to the library again the day the end began, just like we had so many times before. Something was different now. I could feel it. It was like the decision had already been made but neither of us were ready to say it out loud. It's what we both wanted, but it took coming to our library, our sanctuary of books, for us to realize that the pages of our lives were being written into new chapters. We sit down on the lip of the flower bed in front of the statue. She looks at me and I can see it in her eyes. I feel like the guy on the right with his head in his hands.

HER: I got accepted into grad school. I'm moving to Alberta in the fall.

HIM: I'm happy for you.

HER: I'm going to miss you.

[There's a pause.]

HIM: We go our separate ways with an almost kiss and a slightly awkward hug. I don't know where to go from here. I feel like I'm falling.

HIM: When will I see you again?

HER: I don't know. Call me sometime.

[Her footsteps fade.]

SCENE 10 - NEW BEGINNING

[Music plays.]

HIM: I remember falling in and out of love with her over and over again and then figuring out I didn't know what love was the entire time. Maybe I still don't. But now I'm afraid I will never be able to love someone the way I loved her. Love. It's the slow march, and the uphill climb. Love is the battle. Love is the grind.

[Ambient sound returns. Quiet footsteps can be heard leaving.]

PLEASE PROCEED TO THE NEXT SECRET CITY LOCATION

SECRET CITY – EPISODE 2

SUMMER OF '77

written and recorded by Devon More Music
based on a memory provided by Michelle Jakob

**You should now be standing in front of the Paramount Theatre*

[whispered] Can you keep a secret?

[Subtle background beat music of snaps, flute, and xylophone begins. It continues underneath, punctuating the words spoken by a woman with the rhythm of beat-style poetry.]

In the early summer evening's stubborn heat and lingering daylight
Downtown Kamloops is dressed in the tell tale signs of yet another Friday night
With cool cats looking for a drink, or a kiss, or a gamble, or a fight
With weekend dreamers and dancefloor screamers, Victoria Street will soon come to life
We are at the corner of 5th Avenue - standing outside
The Paramount Theatre, waiting in the unhurried line

You are standing there too - so why don't you come along for the ride...?

[Urgent overlapping whispers.]

Can I tell you a secret?
Can you keep it?
What will happen?
Where's the action?

It's the summer of 1977,
And WE are three teenaged girls on a secret mission...

[An underscore of snaps, xylophone, and single string guitar plucks.]

Arden is really athletic - and she does NOT like to stand still...
So she sashays up to the corner, peaking east and west along Victoria Street,
Her hair bouncing and bobbing like Dorothy Hamill leaping through her free skate program.

In the line-up, from her height, Sara's vantage point is poor.
She leans her trunk out from the forest of bodies to check north and south along 5th avenue,
Her long mane ebbing and flowing like a silty wave across her shoulder blades...

I can't stop fidgeting with the chain belt linked at the top of my new jeans...

My parents didn't even let me wear jeans until last year in grade 8, so I'm feeling pretty mature... *[pause]*

And pretty nervous - I can't help it... Maybe it's my Catholic guilt...

I hold my permed blond hair off the strap of my halter top for a moment, hoping to cool the back of my neck.

[Urgent overlapping whispers.]

Do you see them? Are they coming???

No... Not yet.

[An underscore of finger snaps.]

This certainly isn't the first time I've played the welcome-but-wary third wheel on one of Sara and Arden's outrageous schemes...and I doubt it will be the last. The three of us all go to South Kam, we live close by, we even walked downtown together tonight.

But because Sara and Arden are both members of Kamloops Gymnastics Club, they spend extra time together at competitions and weekly practices.

[The underscore add the flourish of flute to the finger snaps.]

All that tumbling and balancing and flying through the air was NOT for me...

But maybe that's because I just never considered what ELSE they have at the Kamloops Gymnastics Club these days: *[whispered]* BOYS! Boys....boys!

[The underscore switches to finger snaps and tambourine.]

Sara had just started calling one of the fellow gymnasts her boyfriend.

He went to Norkam. So did his friends...

More boys – *[an overlap of different voices begins]* NEW boys - different boys! Boys I hadn't even met yet - that went to a different high school! ...who cares if Norkam is Southkam's biggest rival!

[An underscore of snaps, and xylophone.]

At Wednesday's practice this week, a plan was hatched among these gymnastics club members from opposite sides of a high school rivalry and riverside divide.

It's the summer of 77,

and we have a Friday night mission...

3 girls from Southkam, and 3 boys from Norkam,

And 1 top secret meeting - at the summer's hottest new screening.

No sign of the boys yet, but we've reached the ticket window - the one you're looking at right now.

[Overlapped as if there are three speakers] "One, please, for The Spy Who Loved Me."

[An underscore of snaps, flute, xylophone, and the faint sound of popcorn popping.]

It's the summer of '77

And the return of 007:

In his latest flick, James Bond meets his match

In Soviet Agent XXX - and she's quite the catch

It's the Cold War, it's high stakes, with a dangerous villain and a nuclear threat

With Roger Moore and Barbara Bach - both East and West send their best secret agents yet.

But - Where do 007 and XXX's allegiances really lie -

When Forbidden love arises between spies from opposite sides of the iron curtain's divide...

[Urgent overlapping whispers] Do you think they're still coming? What if they're not coming?!? I still don't see them...I don't see them. I don't know

In hindsight, it seems an obvious oversight

But in their excitement, the girls had confirmed the movie, but not the show time:

[The underscore music and sounds pause.]

Was it the early show or the late show this Friday night?

[An underscore of popping corn and xylophone notes begin again.]

Full of nerves and hormones and hope

We 3 girls have come to the early show

To play it safe, cover our bases -

It's a gamble...and maybe - a mistake

It would have taken just one phone call to set the record straight -

But it was a phone call none of us were willing to make...

[A flute is added to the underscore]

Who'd pay the impossible cost, who'd be brave or stupid enough to bother

Risking months of follow-up questions from a nosy mother or a stern father?!?

[Urgent overlapping whispers] Where should we sit? Should we sit at the back? The VERY back?!? Just sit down. Be quiet. Shhhhh!

[The underscore of snaps and popping corn begins to come and go as the theatre doors open and close again, and again.]

The cinema is a cool, dark oasis, surrounded by lush velvety drapes.

Armed with our popcorn, we select seats near the very back -
Each time the theatre doors open to the lobby
Our three heads snap in unison to survey the incoming silhouettes

But no sign of the boys...

[♪ *The music and lyrics of the Spy Who Loved Me theme song - Nobody Does it Better by Carly Simon - plays softly underneath.*]

When Nuclear submarines start disappearing
Both England and the Soviets want their best agents on the case!

Agent XXX is torn from the arms of her lover when the alert box on her bedside table delivers an emergency voice memo

007 is called to duty from his lover's embrace when his wristwatch prints off a tiny telefax, one single letter at a time.

[♪ *The song fades away*]

"If only..." I can't help but think to myself...

But it's the summer of 77

[*An underscore of snaps, flute, and xylophone begins again*]

Only a secret agent would have such a ludicrous possession
Such a dangerous communication weapon -
Sending urgent messages to constantly beckon and threaten.

It takes over 2 hours of high speed chases, assassins, and fight scenes

Shark tanks and missiles and cars transforming into submarines.

Agent XXX stays one step ahead of 007 the entire way

She outwits and outsmarts and flaunts her beautiful brains

It takes over 2 hours, but in the end

Despite their differences, their Forbidden love is able to transcend

The spies override their hostile divide and complete their clandestine operations

And then XXX and 007 engage in some classified diplomatic relations.

[*The flute fades out*]

It takes over 2 hours, and still we sit, together, but alone

Disappointed and dateless in the dark and cozy back row.

It's the summer of 77
3 girls on a mission
But our mission has failed
Our efforts in vain
The late show awaits
Along with our dates...
And with our pocket money already spent
There are few options left
Aside from embarrassment -
But then again,
on a top secret mission,
Sometimes rules must be bent...

Maybe it's the lingering thrill of the chase or the scent of forbidden love or the influence of Agent XXX
But as the credits begin to roll, in that same back row, between 3 Southkam girls, another plan is hatched...

[Urgent overlapping whispers] "Hide! What?!? Shhhh! Let's just wait here until the late show! Duck your head down. Get down. Hide. What?! We'll just stay in the theatre until the late show... Get down! Be quiet."

[The sound of sharp, deep, breaths]

[Faint whisper] My heart beats heavy and irregularly
Like the footsteps of the moviegoers filing out of the theatre

[Overlapping whispers] "What if we get caught? What if they see my glowing blond perm and we get caught? What if we get caught? What if we get caught and they phone my parents? What if someone sees us? What if we get caught and they phone the police and THEY phone my parents? What if someone from school sees us? How many Hail Mary's would that be. What if my parent's find out that we're here meeting boys... from NorKam."

[Faint whisper begins to play underneath] Wait it out. Wait it out.

"What if I'm grounded all summer? What if I'm grounded forever? What if my social life is over before it can even begin?" Wait it out.

[The sound of finger snaps and sharp, deep breaths]

[The breaths get father apart until there is almost silence]

What if this actually works???

[Silence]

The door reopens

Footsteps

Clusters of conversation

And crinkling candy wrappers

The late show audience

Enters

[Subtle background noise of people entering and talking.]

And still we *[whispered]* hide

In the back row

Deep undercover

3 wannabe spies

Then finally

We rise

Enough to glance our eyes

[The faint sound of popping corn.]

Over the horizon of the seat line

And to our pleasant surprise

A few rows ahead, close to the aisle

3 silhouetted heads - it's the Norkam guys!

[An underscore of xylophone and tambourine begins.]

We slip in beside

them as if we'd just arrived:

Boy girl boy girl boy girl

Alternating between north and south riversides

Bridging that rival school divide

Then settling in for the ride

[♪ Nobody Does It Better by Carly Simon begins to play softly in the background.]

To this day -

whenever that title track plays,

I still feel the excitement and torment

Of that Friday night spent at the Paramount.

It's the summer of 77

We are 3 teenaged girls on a mission

A James Bond back-to-back early and late show 2-hour double feature

To which none of us Southkam girls will ever admit...

[*♪ The music stops*]

[*Finger snaps begin underneath.*]

So - can you keep a secret?

That second screening? Well...none of us watched much of it...

[*An underscore of snaps, xylophone, tambourine, and single string guitar plucks plays underneath the rhythmical, and overlapping spoken poetry.*]

Side kicks pick sides

Hold up / hide out

Lie low / Stake out

Keep a secret / Night out

Wait it out Wait it out...

Get in / get down,

Get up / time's up,

Move along / get out

[*Whispered*] Can you keep a secret?

PLEASE PROCEED TO THE NEXT SECRET CITY LOCATION

SECRET CITY – EPISODE 3

HYPNOTIST OR NOT

written and recorded by Cayman Duncan

Additional voices provided by: Stephen Sawka, Terri Runnalls, Derek Rein, Harmony Maher, Skylar Nakazawa, Dušan Magdolen, Irene Runnalls, and Paige Cross.

**You should now be standing in front of The Rex.*

[A man speaks – the deep, soothing voice of a Hypnotist]

I'm going to count down from 10, and when I do I just want you to relax your body. All the way from your head, down your neck, to your shoulders.

...10...

Taking in a deep breath and letting it out slowly...feeling your body relax as you let it out...

...9...

[A second man speaks]

Cayman: I'm sitting on a chair onstage surrounded by 20 or so other people also doing the same thing. We all have our eyes closed. Well, at least, I *think* we all have our eyes closed. My eyes are closed so really I have no idea. We were told to do so by a thin gentleman in a loose fitting tux. And now we are all listening to this gentleman speak in deliberate tones through a microphone very softly ...[slow whisper] and slowly. And I'm trying to relax. In fact, I'm trying to relax harder than I ever have in my life. And it's stressing me out. And even though my eyes are shut, I'm acutely aware of the hundred or so people in the crowd watching me very closely. Why did I think this was going to be a good idea? And then I remember...but first, let's rewind a bit.

[Sound effect of cassette tape rewinding.]

Hypnotist: I'm going to count down from 10, and when I do I just want you to rel...

Cayman: Wait...no further back than that.

[Sound effect of cassette tape rewinding, longer than the last.]

Hypnotist: Cayman was born on August 16th 1977 at Royal Inland Hospit...

Cayman: Okay not that far back

Hypnotist: Somewhere in the middle then?

Cayman: The fall of 1998.

Hypnotist: You got it.

[Sound effect of cassette tape fast-forwarding.]

[♪ Music plays: Brittany Spears, Hit Me Baby One More Time]

Cayman: So I was at home hanging out and probably not listening to that song...

[🎵 *Music plays: Areosmith, I Don't Want to Miss a Thing*]

Cayman: Or that one. In fact, I could've been watching TV.

[🎵 *Music plays: the opening instrumental notes from The Friends theme song, I'll Be There for You*]

Cayman: The point is I CAN'T REMEMBER.

[🎵 *Music stops*]

Cayman: But I do remember getting a phone call.

[*Phone rings once and is picked up*]

Cayman: Hello?

Sheryl: Hey Cayman.

Cayman: It was Sheryl

Sheryl: You should come down to Cactus Jacks tonight. There's a hypnotist.

Cayman: I had seen a hypnotist a couple times in my life and it had a blast both times so it didn't take me long to say "yeah, I'll be there" and then hang up the phone...

[*Phone hangs up.*]

...Grab the keys...

[*Keys jingle.*]

...Start the car...

[*Car starts.*]

...Drive the car...

[*Car engine driving.*]

...Park the car...

[*Screech of tires stopping. Car door opens and closes. Footsteps walking*]

And walk to the entrance of Cactus Jacks on Seymour Street. Whew.

And I know listener that you might be looking up and saying "Hey, it says the Rex..." Well in 1998, this place was Cactus Jack's.

Hypnotist: 8...

I want you to feel your arms going limp and floppy. And with each breath you take, you find that you are become twice as relaxed as you were before...

7...

Cayman: So after a quick frisk from the bouncer I had officially entered Cactus Jacks. It was the first time I had ever been there and I was not prepared for the western themed extravaganza on the inside. Everything from the old saloon setting, to the horseshoe shaped dancefloor, to the questionable trough style urinals... It all had

me wishing I brought my cowboy boots. Or owned cowboy boots. But on that night there was another thematic presence at play. As I navigated my way through the packed crowd, trying to minimize the amount of beer spillage on my clothes, I noticed that on top of the stage, at the far end of the dancefloor, were rows of chairs bathed in a soft blue light. And sitting in those chairs were people in various states of “slump”. It was also really quiet. Quiet enough that you could hear a Budweiser being swigged.

[Sound of beer being swigged from a bottle.]

Patron: Ahhh. It tastes awful, but at least it’s cold.

Cayman: Excuse me, sir?

Patron: Yeah?

Cayman: Do you mind keeping it down. I’m trying to tell a story to someone listening on an iPod and I’ve got to keep their attention over the traffic on Seymour street and other distractions. In fact, they might already be across the street checking out the Halloween section at Value Village for all I know.

Patron: Sure, no problem.

Cayman: Thanks.

Patron: Also, what’s an iPod. This is 1998.

Cayman: Anyhoo...there was also a soothing voice coming from a gentlemen at the right of the stage. And judging by the backdrop near the stage...and the fact that I learned to read...I deduced his name was Preston.

Hypnotist: 6...

Imagine every muscle in your arms and legs releasing tension and becoming loose, and heavy and more comfortable as you sink deeper and deeper into a state of complete relaxation.

Cayman: So after slipping and grinding my way past many patrons in various levels of drunkenness, I finally reached some familiar faces. The aforementioned Sheryl was there...

Sheryl: Hi!

Cayman: Along with Tim.

Tim: Hey.

Cayman: Nicole

Nicole: Glad you could make it.

Cayman: Kira

Kira: Dude!

Cayman: And Jessica’s boyfriend

Jessica’s Boyfriend: What’s up.

Cayman: Unfortunately I don’t remember his name.

Jessica’s Boyfriend: Just call me Jess’s boyfriend.

Cayman: Can I call you JB instead? It'll save time while I'm telling this story.

Jessica's Boyfriend: Sure, whatever.

Cayman: Thanks man.

Jessica's Boyfriend: I'm going to go take a leak.

Cayman: He was a nice guy. So seeing that JB was in attendance I decided to ask Sheryl the obvious question. Where's Jess?

Sheryl: Check it out!

Cayman: Sheryl was pointing to the chairs on the stage and sure enough, seated within a group of the calmest people on the planet was my friend Jess. But of course she was. With a hypnotist on the premises, the last thing Jess was going to do was allow herself to go un-hypnotized. You see dear listener... Jess was somehow able to shut off that part of the human mind that often gets paralyzed by fear or embarrassment. In a nutshell, the Jess we knew was bold and courageous and...

Sheryl: She's f[bleep]ing crazy

Cayman: And yes, a bit crazy. But we wouldn't have it any other way.

Hypnotist: 5...

You're going to forget about your heavy hands and arms and just enjoy the feeling of being completely comfortable.

Cayman: So as it turns out, I had arrived just in time. Preston, our hypnotist, was just finishing the induction portion of the evening and about to greet his volunteers. He was dressed in a black tux that seemed to hang loosely off his lean frame. His dark hair was slickly combed back and he had the manicured beard to match. Basically he looked like he asked his stylist for "hypnotist" and they just gave him "magician" instead. He even had a beautiful assistant onstage to the theatrical ambience.

In order to test how deep of a trance his volunteers were in Preston would greet them with an out-stretched hand and then say "sleep" or make a popping noise during the inevitable handshake. This simple move often resulted in the volunteer closing their eyes and just burying their face into their neighbor's shoulder. Occasionally though a person would fail to be hypnotized so Preston would just shake and move on. His assistant would then lean in and whisper something in the ear of the person and they would quietly walk off the stage. I stood there trying to imagine what might have been said. Maybe it was something like, "sorry, you're just not good enough", or "nice try faker." Either way it happened a few times before Preston reached Jess. And I was crossing my fingers that Jess would end up being part of the show. But thankfully my concerns were quickly put to rest. In fact, I don't think Preston even got to the letter "s" in the word sleep before his handshake knocked Jess out cold. Yes! I thought. This is going to be fun!

Hypnotist: 4...

As you listen to my voice your eyelids are becoming heavier and heavier...with each number.

Cayman: The volunteers were now sitting in a row and the show was about to begin. The lighting in the room had become significantly brighter and weird trance-y music had started to play.

[♪ Music plays.]

Like that only much weirder. Basically what you would put on if you were about to make a potion on a game show.

[*♪ Music plays.*]

Nailed it.

Our ringleader Preston seemed to come alive as we dove headfirst into comedy gold. And there was Jess right in the middle of it. There were so many hilarious moments that came out of the night's performance that, years later, it has become harder to pick out anything specific. One moment still stands out though. During a short intermission in the middle of the show, Preston had the hypnotized volunteers return to audience. So Jess walked down from the stage and found us immediately. She seemed...normal. And she was clearly having just as good a time as we were.

When the short intermission was over Preston addressed the audience. He told us that if we knew anyone that was hypnotized then we should probably stand around them because they were about to collapse. Jess turned to us and said "you gotta hold me guys. I'm think I'm gonna drop." And sure enough when Preston suggested for them to sleep, Jess collapsed right into our arms. It was fun and shocking and...

JB: That's f[bleep]ing crazy

Cayman: You got it JB. But, I don't think I'm overstating when I say that Jess was the star of the show. In fact, he probably hoped she'd join him on tour. She was a performer, hypnotized or not. When Jess was on...you didn't dare look away.

Hypnotist: 3...

And your eyelids have become so relaxed... so tired, so heavy... that you just cannot open them....

Cayman: At the end of the show Preston thanked his audience and especially his volunteers for making the show so special. I was blown away by the whole experience. But as I tried to recount the evening I could already feel the memory of what I had just seen quickly starting to fade away.

I wish I could somehow have that night over again. Or at least I wish my brain would play that night in full during one of my dreams. But memory is a funny thing. Even though it's all up there swishing around your brain pan, it doesn't just allow you to access specific parts of it anytime you like. Sure major life events often stick with you. Such as the birth of your child or that time you walked downtown listening to headphone plays in late October. But often you have no idea how significant an experience will end up being while you're living it.

My friend Jess was always after that life altering experience. And because, like most of us, she didn't know when they were going to happen...she just kept herself open to anything. You could not sneak a potentially unique life experience past her. No. She pounced on those opportunities. And it was exciting to watch.

Near the end of that night I was about to ask Jess about the whole night. The whole hypnotized thing. But I could already see that I didn't need to hear her answer. She was glowing. Her soul had come alive and it was at play. This was Jess in her element and it electrified her. And in turn, that radiant, adventurous energy perked up all the souls around her and demanded their attention. It was intoxicating and infectious. And I miss it so much.

Hypnotist: 2...

Imagine that relaxation spreading through the whole of your body... sweeping down from the top of your head to the tips of your toes... letting go.... let go...let go...

Cayman: It's strange to discover which memories you end up associating with people after they're gone. I used to have so many memories of Jess, but over the years many of them have just dissolved into the ether. Now I'm left clinging to a handful. And this particular night has become one of my favourites. Not really because of how much fun I had, but more for what Jess would end up teaching me about discovery.

As we were leaving the venue I told Jess that I didn't think I'd ever be able to do that. I didn't think I could trust that kind of situation and allow myself to be hypnotized...especially in front of a large, semi-drunk, crowd.

She just looked at me and said... "I can't tell you what kind of experience you'll have...but promise me you'll give it a try."

Hypnotist: 1...

Cayman: I opened my eyes. Did I feel any different? I checked my surroundings and noticed that Preston was approaching the first volunteer on the far side of the stage. Am I really awake? He shakes the first person's hand and tells them to sleep. Sure enough that fully-grown adult just immediately closes his eyes and slumps over in his chair. Is that really going to happen to me? Preston is now making his way through the volunteers and one by one they end up slumping over in their chairs. This isn't really going to work is it? So many questions are darting through my head as Preston approaches and stands two feet in front of me. I look up as he reaches his hand out toward me.

Hypnotist: And what is your name?

Cayman: "Cayman", I say. I place my hand tentatively into his.

Hypnotist: Nice to meet you Cayman. And...sleep.

Cayman: I feel a sudden jerk on my arm and my body begins to slide over. My head feels heavier and everything seems for a moment as if it's going to go completely dark. But it never does. And a moment later I feel the gentle weight of a hand on my shoulder as someone leans in close to me and whispers softly into my ear...

Assistant: Thanks for trying.

And as I walk gently off the stage towards the audience below I wonder if it was just Preston's assistant who had spoken to me... or my beautiful friend Jess.

PLEASE PROCEED TO THE NEXT SECRET CITY LOCATION

SECRET CITY – EPISODE 4

TROUBLE CHILD

written and recorded by Alicia Ashcroft

Sound engineered designed by Brook Ballam

**You should now be standing in front of the apartment building at 35 Seymour Street West.*

[A soundscape of street traffic plays.]

I remember you.

Across the street. Heading home. That little building on the corner of West Seymour Street. Walking with your groovy limp, shoulders hunched just so, a bag horizontal like thread across your shoulder blades. Head held high.

[Street traffic sounds fade.]

.....

[♪ Soft, melodic, instrumental music begins to play.]

The first time I come to your apartment is not by your invitation. Your dreamy new roommate spies me reading outside on that little stoop, invites me for a glass of wine. A casual drink with Mr. Crisp Ambulance attendant uniform sounds perfectly fair. Boxes stacked in his bedroom, a mattress on the floor. The living room. You're sitting on the sofa, legs curled up. The bookshelves stacked with well-loved books, the turntable worn with use. You own Jeff Buckley's *Grace* – a completely unifying and friendship inducing album. Our chatter is endless. Your new roommate evaporates from the conversation and we don't notice.

The apartment is dusty, a disorganized bohemia. Funky thrift store art and old snapshots punctuated by little piles of papers, magazines and thrift store clothing. A jar of dimes. You found them everywhere. Believed in their magic powers.

Tea brewed in a pink orchid tea pot. The spout looked like a vagina. You liked to point that out. Sushi earrings in the kitchen, hanging off the handle of a busted wicker basket holding random bits of dented plastic fruit. In the hallway, a cluster of black and white photographs from your decades old photoshoots.

The bathroom teeming with Christian iconography. A Virgin Mary ashtray from the Vatican—a painting of Jesus praying in the Garden — a copy of *The Last Supper* surrounded by an ornate gold plastic frame. Jesus and his Apostles illuminated by a tiny light bulb when you plug it in. A button declaring: I SURVIVED CATHOLIC SCHOOL. The religious theme bleeds into a general homage to "JC", there's some Jackie Collins book—*Hollywood Wives*, I think. A picture of Johnny Cash aggressively flipping the bird.

I visit you daily. We become family.

.....

I confess a deep dark secret. You cackle, savouring the potential for the theatricality. You thought that loss, loneliness, and emotional trauma was fodder for comedy. “Oh, that would make such a great scene”. Your passion for performance was intoxicating.

[♪ *The music shifts to an instrumental light rock sound.*]

At the end of my English degree you encouraged this Oral Interpretation course. Should be an easy A. Instead it was a B+ at best. Come each presentation day, I would succeed, but never knock it out of the park. *What am I doing wrong?*

Practice, practice, practice. Run it again, you say. Dig deeper, go further, push harder. Reciting Sylvia Plath’s *Daddy* outside a café. You pushing me, pushing me. Again. Again. Again. Chipping away at the shell around my confidence. Gently bullying me to do better. I try again. Not quite what you meant.

“Alicia! Plath is comparing her father to a Nazi, what does that make her? *You know how you make me feel daddy?*”, your face twisting in theatrical formations— “*Like a fucking Jew*”. A patron double takes as she over hears the conversation. Me, shushing, giggling. The world is your stage.

.....

[♪ *The music shifts to gentle church organ music.*]

Once at a funeral, we got an unstoppable case of the giggles. Cherie had lived down the hall from me; looked like a later years Karen Carpenter. Dressed in velour bathrobes. She wore make up but didn’t wash her hair. She never left the house. I think she had a dog... but I can’t remember. Her death isn’t a huge surprise. She was made of brittle glass and blue eye shadow.

Rain, fog and a flat tire make us late for her funeral. Flustered, leaping out of a cab, sprinting into the chapel soaking wet from the rain. Cherie’s ashes in an urn that featured a majestic wolf. We catch our breath in the back row, black-clad drowned rats. I lean in and crack some remark. Church giggles. Holding hands, our spare hand clapped over our mouths.

I’ve never been to a funeral before and I’m glad to go with you. You knew death. Its presence was like freckles across a nose—a sprinkling of morbidity you are forced to look at daily.

.....

Reckless, infuriating, unapologetically slow-moving—my patience wore thin with your antics. The inability to read a room. Extremely long stories with even longer subplots. Your public spectacles. Pretending to smash your face into a shop door. That time in Erwin’s on St. Paul. That sound - which I know now was your foot halting the door as you jerked it toward you. Hunched over, yowling in pain. Customers’s concerned expressions. Blood draining from my face. Tilting your chin towards me and winking twice.

The breaking point. Shopping for Christmas presents. Standing in the Rock and Smoke shop. You. Making a scene. Squawking noisily. The whole world your stage. “What was that drug that fags used to take?” you demand. The clerk stares blankly. “Faaaags used them? Dance all night? Fuck like crazy?”. I die a thousand deaths, a mortified teenager. Why can’t you be like the other mothers? I feign some excuse to leave you. Went home and shut off the lights. My red rotary phone ringing, ringing, ringing. You leave a present on my doorstep and my throat clenches with grief.

You’re human quicksand. Of course, I don’t tell you that, but I think you already know.

[♪ The music stops.]

Opening night. Thursday.

[♪ A dramatic sweeping instrumental score begins.]

You hand me flowers in a glass vase, and slipped me a card. The words “You know” written inside.

There’s talk of the opening night party. Your partner is heading home... and I don’t offer to drive you so you can stay. How you loved to drink and lord over a social event. I denied you that.

I catch a glimpse of your stormy expression as you glance over your shoulder while walking away—

[♪ Dramatic swell in the music.]

That haunts me. Like, everything that happens next could have been prevented if only I had asked you to stay.

Saturday evening. I pop by the box office. Holding a pound of coffee beans. Freshly ground for your press. You aren’t at work and I don’t wonder why.

[♪ Dramatic swell in the music.]

A call for a post-show meeting. The director speaking, ashen expression, the news evacuating her mouth. My heart knows before my head.

[♪ The music stops.]

You are dead. During the show. When I was onstage. Standing in the doorway of your office. Holding coffee beans. Not wondering what happened to you. The faces of your last-minute replacements. Selling tickets. Doing a dead woman’s job.

[Whispered] The show goes on, the show goes on, the show goes on.

.....

[Dramatic instrumental music begins to play.]

I strain my neck to catch a glimpse of your apartment whenever I pass by. See if I can still spot you in the window. I can see the cemetery from my house, but I don’t visit you there. I carry you around in my memory, like a dime in my pocket. Forever draped in wishing that I could have saved you. And wondering if there is still a way to bring you back.

.....

[Dramatic instrumental music is replaced with a soundscape of street traffic.]

Monica! I holler, waving my arms to capture your attention.

Your ears have been struck by my voice but your eyes do not detect me—gait interrupted, stopping to searching about the immediate area, at the mirage beyond the flow of traffic, looking like a disoriented toddler blinded by the sun. You can't see me standing on the other side of the street.

Hardly skipping a beat, you smile anyway, gleaming beauty pageant burst of sunlight across your face, swooping your arm in one gesture of grandiose greeting to whomever was calling out to you.

I remember.

You know.

[The soundscape of street traffic fades away.]

PLEASE PROCEED TO THE NEXT SECRET CITY LOCATION

SECRET CITY – EPISODE 5

STANDING ON THE CORNER OF INDECISION AND I LOVE YOU

Created by Laura Michel-Evans

Recorded by Peter Evans and Laura Michel-Evans

**You should now be standing on the northwest corner of 1st and Seymour.*

[Laura and Peter are speaking via Skype. Peter sounds slightly further away.]

LAURA: You remember... *[she laughs]* We were in front of City Hall...

PETER: Yeah.

LAURA: On a summer evening...

PETER: By the traffic lights.

LAURA: By the traffic lights... and... we'd only been together, it was almost exactly two weeks. *[pause]* ...'cause that factored heavily into the conversation.

PETER: Yeah.

LAURA: and... yeah, it was, it was pretty funny because... we... had, I believe, I... I estimate it to be about a twenty minute conversation on the merits and consequences of saying I love you.

PETER: Hmmm. Twenty minutes?

LAURA: It was about twenty minutes.

PETER: Oh geez...

LAURA: It was a back and forth discussion *[he laughs]* because, my darling love, I was about 23 at the time

PETER: Aw.

LAURA: ...and being a bit older than me... I... the discussion centered around / *[Peter interrupts]*

PETER: Oh well put. That was tactical. *[she laughs]* Yes. Go on. Older. Yes *[she laughs]*

LAURA: The discussion centered around the fact that... was our relationship so successful because... because of the novelty, because I was older and... I was YOUNGER, and you were OLDER... *[she laughs]* Or that is was so new and... yeah, it was twenty minutes of back and forth of "yeah, well, I think we should say it because of this", and "well, would it really mean more if we waited" and... *[she laughs]* It was a pretty funny first experience... because in the end, like, I mean, after... after about twenty minutes, you just looked at me and you, you said it. You said the, the three words. You said I love you and I said I love you back and... kinda started us on this crazy road.

PETER: It took me twenty minutes to tell you I love you? *[she chuckles]*

LAURA: I think, I... I do believe I was the one arguing for the, the, the

PETER: *[overlaps]* Abstinence?

LAURA: the possibility that we should wait. *[she laughs]* But... at the time, we, we'd only been together two weeks and now we are going on... over 11 years so...

PETER: And at 23 telling someone I love you is a very big deal.

LAURA: *[laughing while she speaks]* It is a very big deal in general...

So that was kind of the beginning... but...

PETER: It's good job it wasn't friends off, wasn't it? *[she laughs]*

LAURA: So I was thinking about it, I mean moving from England to Canada...

PETER: Mmmhmmmm.

LAURA: And having, like, all of your adventures before I met you... basically, I think one of the things I was wondering is that... coming from a fairly conservative, English upbringing...

PETER: Uh huh.

LAURA: What was it like for you when you started to experience, like, you lived in Kamloops for a few years before we met... and you got to see Kamloops in general, but, I mean, us being together really... gave you a glimpse into... Secwepemc language and culture...so...

PETER: Right.

LAURA: So... at the beginning, what was that like for you, would you say?

PETER: *[pause]* I... It was a little overwhelming... uuuuummm.... The history that certainly I wasn't aware of, you know, growing up in England, um... we... don't get taught Canadian history and certainly not... the stuff that, you know, people have gone through over the last century. Um, and the effects that that's had on families. Apart from that as well, just the... vastness of your family *[they laugh]* for lack of a better term. I mean, come on, how... how... how many people go to a Christmas dinner... oh great there's like, you know, EIGHTY people here and that's only close relatives. *[she laughs]* So... so... and... and, like I remember going to that one, um, meal... breakfast or whatever at... at... Kye7e's *[key-EH-ah]* there... ah your grandmother's... and... I... I was like well, I need to eat something before I go there so I don't, you know, stuff my face with... with family hors d'oeuvres.... and... and you were like, no, no, no, don't eat, and I'm, like, no I'm hungry, and I get there and there is this spread of like... you know... what three or four... ten foot tables... of... food... and I'm like, aaagh...I really shouldn't have eaten. *[she laughs]* There was so much food that, I mean, literally you could have fed half of Chase on the food that was there at that table, those tables... and... and so... yeah, and it... I don't know....ummm, you know, you hear a lot of, ummmm... you know, people's perceptions and... stereotypical characteristics, ummm... but one thing I think that rang true is the fact that because... *[he sighs]*... I, I... coming from a, I guess, social environment where peoples are a lot more sort of standoffish then they are over here... whereas one thing I find in Canada as a whole is that people are much more welcoming, you know, your family, I guess, is a prime example of, you know, they're like "okay, you're a part of the family now." I'm like, aalright. *[she laughs]*

LAURA: Well and that led to us/ *[he interrupts]*

PETER: The fact that – sorry – the fact that ten years later I, like, still can't remember everybody's name, you know, is just... it's a large family. *[she laughs]*

LAURA: That kinda, I think, led to... us talking the language classes together.

PETER: mmmhmmmm

LAURA: Like, you feeling part of the family and... and feeling comfortable, like just even hearing you now after how many years like comfortably using the word Kye7e... for my grandmother *[she laughs]* instead of automatically saying grandmother. So, I think, what that leads me is to when you proposed, you proposed in Secwepemctsin, and that was... that was kind of a result of the... well, not a result but it was... yeah, it was from taking the language classes. But did you... did you have a specific moment... or like a specific, like, random epiphany that... where you decided... that it would be important to propose in the language?

PETER: Well, I... I... I think part of it is... part of why I did it is... you know, not only, I guess, honouring, yeah, your family... and background, but also, you know, the area in which we live, and it... it just seems.... that it was the right thing to do. Ummmm..... I mean the... the language classes... were... part of a, sorta, I guess catalyst to show that the... the language even for somebody, you know, coming... from the other side of the Atlantic.... Ummm, it... it... that the language is accessible. And, I think, part of, because of the fact that so many traditions aren't written down and are passed down through the language it makes it so much more important. And so, being able to say Me7 Mets meri re tsewe7 [*Meh metch mari re jowa*].

[they both laugh] |

n an area, I mean, Margaret Falls is just so beautiful anyway... and it's all part of the... area, you know, traditional area, that it just means that it... it... it's... *[he sighs]*

To not utilize, to me, I feel that to not utilize the language... and the tradition of those that were there long before, you know, people came over, to not use it would sell it short. And... and so that... it... it seemed the right amount of depth... to bring that in... and, you know, give it the girth and the, and the, foundation that it so warranted.

LAURA: Interesting to reflect on all of this thinking that our son is now in Language Nest and learning the language. You know, we're here and we're on this land, and we are... staying here, and... raising our family together, and after eleven years it all started on that night in front of the, uh, City Hall, there.

PETER: Yes, it did.*[Pause.]* We've come a long way. And still a long, long way to go. And hopefully to be able to share and... you know.... Just, ah... embrace and move forward and, uh, yeah...hey, see where it takes us, right?

LAURA: Absolutely. It's a road we walk together.

[Pause.]

PETER: I love you.

LAURA: I love you, too.

[He chuckles.]

PLEASE PROCEED TO THE NEXT SECRET CITY LOCATION

SECRET CITY – EPISODE 6

SAFE DEEP SPACE

Created by Matt MacIntosh

Based on memories provided by Lori Marchand

**You should now be standing outside of Maurya's Fine Indian Cuisine.*

This play fluctuates between, often overlapping conversations with the speaker. Separate streams have been differentiated in columns, with crossfades in and out noted.

[A woman begins to speak.]

I am Lori Marchand. I am a long time Kamloops resident. Uh, I'm a person with a lot of ties to the community – family, and friends, and history. Uh... and I'm currently the Executive Director of Western Canada Theatre.

My dad is Len Marchand Senior. Well, I guess at the time I was born my dad was doing is Masters, uh, at the University of Idaho in Moscow, so I was actually born in the States. Uh, my brother was born here in Kamloops, at which time my dad was a research scientist at the agricultural research station over in Brocklehurst. He was invited to go to Ottawa, becoming, I believe, the first status Indian to serve a Minister.

[a second stream of conversation begins, as yet too faint to be understood]

... open range, when we decide to bring them down... large pasture by the house, it was a very rustic place. I remember in the early 70s

[Sudden silence]

[The sounds of a busy restaurant begin: people talking, dishes clanking. This underscores all that follows.]

[A man speaks with an automated, robotic sounding voice]

To be erased is to be a man, with all a man's needs and abilities. To be erased is also to be different. It is to speak different languages, draw different pictures, tell different tales and to rely on a set of values developed in a different world. Canada is richer for its erasure component, although there have been times when diversity seemed of little value to many Canadians. But to be erased today is to be someone different in another way. It is to be someone apart - apart in law, apart in the provision of government services and, too often, part in social contacts. To be erased is to lack power - the power to act as owner of your lands, the power to spend your own money and, too often, the power to change your own condition. Not always, but too often, to be erased is to be without - without a job, a good house, or running water; without knowledge, training or technical skill and, above all, without those feelings of dignity and self-confidence that a man must have if he is to walk with his head held high. All these conditions of the erasures are the product of history and have nothing to do with their abilities and capacities. Erasure relations with other Canadians began with special treatment by government and society, and special treatment has been the rule since Europeans first settled in Canada. Special treatment has made of the erasures a community disadvantaged and apart.

[The automated voice begins to fade under the restaurant din and Lori's voice.]

Obviously, the course of history must be changed. To be erased must be to be free - free to develop erasure cultures in an environment of legal, social and economic equality with other Canadians.

[Lori's voice begins to be heard over the automated voice and restaurant din.]

Yes, it was called China Village. It was a real fixture, like I said, in my memory it was the place where everything happened.

[crossfade in] ... respect and admiration and it felt like Peter and Kim Wing were almost like grandparents to us. They were people, um, with whom we shared family meals, and, uh, family celebrations, and a very personal level and it didn't ever feel... *[crossfade out]*

[crossfade in] Status Indians were, uh, only allowed the vote in 1960. So the fact that my dad was there, serving in the Canadian government in 1965, in and of itself was pretty... spectacular. He was then, of course, elected in the... *[crossfade out]*

[crossfade in]... given the real, the real push back against, against that. I think in Canada we can, we can see politically some of that push back through the fact that, that status, status Indians were given the right to vote. The fact that my dad was elected, and the fact that Peter Wing was elected here in Kamloops... *[crossfade out]*

..So some of my early, early memories are about being on Victoria Street, at the China Village, and having, um, lunch meetings with, uh, the mayor, with Peter Wing. And, uh, the gentleness of Peter Wing, who was, uh, and *[pause]* I don't think it was just my six-year-old memory playing tricks, he was a giant of a man... *[crossfade out]*

[crossfade in] ...You know, we were kids at these meetings and, um, you know, Peter Wing making, I'm sure my brother would agree, both of us feel very special and that we were the focus of the attention and that our opinions mattered, and that taking care of us mattered. Um, you know, something as simple as having him teach us how to dip our forks in the soya sauce after a meal and then put it in the sesame seeds and that was like a little bit of a dessert. And teaching us how to use chopsticks. We were very young... *[crossfade out]*

... having them be like another set of grandparents that were, that were here, and sort of part of our lives and, uh, really not... understanding till much, much, much later, uh, how important Peter Wing... had been in Canadian history, North American history, being the first, first Chinese mayor elected in a North American city. And sitting at a table and having lunch with my dad who was the first status Indian elected to parliament, and the fact that we were meeting in a Chinese restaurant which was probably very much based on the fact that the Chinese restaurants were the one restaurant that would serve, ah, Indigenous people... *[crossfade out]*

[crossfade in] ... carry over the traditions, and bring the traditions here, and have them recognized, valued here was also a part of what was going on... *[crossfade out]*

And the fact that my dad's maiden speech, he talked about the very open immigration policy of his people and I think that because the welcome within in the , the Chinese restaurants, within the Chinese community, there was often a respect, and an *[all restaurant noise cuts out suddenly to silent]* honouring of each other's history.

[Silence]

There is a great document that was also part of this, uh, part of this region, part of the local history. It was called the Laurier Memorial,

[an underscore of electronica music begins to play underneath]

and it was presented to Sir Wilfred Laurier in 1910 and it was signed by the Chiefs of the Thompson, Okanagan, and Shuswap... *[crossfade out]*

My mom and dad met at an apartment, it's been around obviously for a good number of years. To think that in that apartment there was my dad, and there was Peter Wing... I think every time my brother and I drive down, will not drive down without looking at it and, and having some sort of connection to place. And, ah, the day of my dad's service...um, my brother went on a run... just to try and calm his nerves before the service, the very public service... and, uh, on the run a coyote ran across the street right at that apartment building... and coyote is a very key figure in our culture as a trickster, a character that causes change. *[crosscut to overlap with the second stream of dialogue.]*

[The electronica underscore is slowly increasing in volume rivaling that of the spoken words.]

[begins and overlaps with current dialogue]

... tradition... he did spend one year at residential school.

[For 45 seconds, both streams of conversation continue, neither indistinguishable from the other. Only the occasional word can be understood. The electronica music continues to increase in volume until the spoken words can no longer be heard. Suddenly the music stops and is replaced by a pulsing sonar sound. A growling, biting animal can be heard. Both fade to silence.]

[A female automated, robotic voice begins to speak. A second, similarly automated female voice says the same thing, slightly off tempo from the first, like a chorus echo.]

Soon they saw the country was good, and some of them made up their minds, to settle it. They commenced to take up pieces of land here and there. They told us they wanted only the use of these pieces of land for a few years, and then would hand them back to us in an improved condition; meanwhile they would give us some of the products they raised for the loan of our land. Thus they commenced to enter our "houses," or live on our "ranches." With us when a person enters our house he becomes our guest, and we must treat him hospitably as long as he shows no hostile intentions. At the same time we expect him to return to us equal treatment for what he receives. Some of our Chiefs said, "These people wish to be partners with us in our country. We must, therefore, be the same as brothers to them, and live as one family. We will share equally in everything—half and half—in land, water and timber, etc. What is ours will be theirs, and what is theirs will be ours. We will help each other to be great and good."

[Lori's voice fades in as the echoing voice fades away.]

...almost like being out on the range, with the horses, it just felt... safe. I knew everyone, and everyone knew me, and everybody was just... family.

[Silence]

[The sound of a coyote howling, followed by three quick barks, and a short howl.]

PLEASE PROCEED TO THE NEXT SECRET CITY LOCATION
