



one • two

aya karpinska

Normal font, read words alone

*Italicized* font, whisper

**Bold** font, read simultaneously

( Smaller font in parentheses,  
make noises with microphone  
as directed )

[ Text in brackets ]

Top section to be read  
by female character.

[ refers to pre-recorded samples ]

[ used as metronome ]

4'00" Time appears here,  
each phrase is 10 seconds.

Bottom section to be read  
by male character.

color-coded msp patch indicator

[ i'm keeping track ]

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

0'00"

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

[ they know i'm here ]

the ventilation system

whirrs to life

( sounds of white noise...

kkkkrrrrhhhhhh...sssshhh

sssshhhh..ssssssskkkh

sssshhhh..ssssssskkkh)

0'10"

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
she presses against it  
to calm the hunger  
for electronic noise  
\_\_\_\_\_

[ i listen for \_\_\_\_\_ ]

crouched before the TV

while the invasion began

(noises like flipping thru channels

tn sekondz...snje hnir off i cannot)

0'20"

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
while they searched her house  
she, wrapped in sitcom stars  
and warm TV glow  
\_\_\_\_\_

Intruder Two in the bathroom

where did she hide it?

**she got this letter**

[ they live in a world ]

0'30"

Number Three dismantles TV

lifts off the plastic ribcage

**she got this letter**

we have to find it

she's in the television

trance... (noises like the cat

noise...wisssssss-tsouuu

keep repeating the cat noise

....noise...wisssssss-tsouuu

...wisssssss-tsouuu)

[ they can't control ]

0'40"

"the letter's here! got it!"

"she was hiding it - "

"are you sure it's the same one?"

*the same one - the same one*

their arguing

became more intense

(aaaaaahh.....gdni, krcze bl-deh

....muffled swearing noises, stop

when you hear him say "quietly")

[ unstable bodies ]

0'50"

she surveyed the corpse

of her TV and swore.

she should leave,

quietly.

before the intruders knew

jump out the window

( quick inhale/exhale.....

hyperventilate - scared to jump)

[increasingly alien]

out to the rain

( ji - bi - at - nung, skrj'it skrrr.....

a niez dear - sht sht srrrrr'ah.....)

scattered, disjointed

[from one to two]

the streetlights were starting

to crackle to life

"How far can it take you?"

( scratch at the microphone... twirl

fingers over surface of mic... )

[and back to one ]

1'00"

before the panic took over

there's no other way

not too far of a drop

1'10"

keep calm, keep calm

she tried to recall the letter

phrases came to her as she

walked, but out of order

1'20"

"Dear Reika, you have been found

*How far can it take you,*

*this search for an outside?"*

( scratch at the microphone...

make soft noises with mouth....

twirl fingers over surface of mic... )

messages swirling around

him, an invisible network

[we're playing a game]

1'30"

holed up in his room

eyes weary from laptop glow

impossible search,

information leading nowhere

( scratch at the microphone...

make soft noises with mouth....

twirl fingers over surface of mic... )

[with words and boundaries ]

1'40"

( scratch at the microphone...

... soft noise percussion .....)

still the lure of data held him

and the dream of

recorded identity

eyes weary from laptop glow

( small sounds of white noise....

ssssssskkkkkkkhhhhssssssss....

ssssssssss...kkkkhhh )

[inside, outside ]

1'50"

*his search leading nowhere*

oooohhhh....stretch....

( exaggerated stretch )

he turned to the draft of a letter

but no words came

[ spoken, silent ]

2'00"

oooohhhh....stretch....

( exaggerated stretch )

he closed his eyes, enjoying

the sputter of afterimage pixels

[ parse every utterance ]

2'10"

*should he even answer it?*

scattered, disjointed

it was an enigmatic jumble

of sentences

he read aloud:

[ for deeper meaning ]

2'20"

"It has been a struggle, but

it was decided to make this

known to you...Feel no doubt,

your way will find you."

( small sounds of white noise....

ssssssskkkkkkkhhhhhsssssssss....

sssssssss...kkkkhhh )

he couldn't think, had to go out

the damp sidewalk smell.

*like electronic noise*

[ too deep to surface ]

2'30"

out to the rain,

the droplets enlarged and fell

in a steady drone

phrases came to him as he

walked, but out of order

( scratch at the microphone...

make soft noises with mouth....

twirl fingers over surface of mic... )

[ who are you ]

2'40"

"...you have two eyes to see

with...breathe in the gray air

...each will seek the other..."

the streetlights were starting

to crackle to life

( scratch at the microphone...

make soft noises with mouth....

twirl fingers over surface of mic... )

[ if not defined by others ]

2'50"

in the dim and clouded evening

( scratch at the microphone...

make soft noises with mouth....

twirl fingers over surface of mic... )

the air grew warmer,

a new sound emerged

muffled but rhythmic.

[ i let them know ]

3'00"

as the night deepened,

more dense.

at the periphery of his attention

one, two.

one...

**footsteps.**

[ when to speak ]

3'10"

one, two.

...two.

**footsteps.**

were they receding,

( one-two one-two one-two

one-two one-two one-two one-two

one-two one-two one-two one-two

[ i sent the letter ]

3'20"

twirl fingers over surface of mic... )

were they advancing?

the sound grew louder.

he was no longer alone.

**the rain paused**

she noticed him standing

some distance away

[we're getting close]

she couldn't take her eyes

from his

at the same time, she was

quite conscious

[soon we may vanish]

( make strange noises derived from

words "inside" and "outside"....

twirl fingers over surface of mic... )

( make strange noises derived from

words "inside" and "outside"....

twirl fingers over surface of mic... )

[into a point]

3'30"

**the rain paused**

he was turned towards her,

waiting,

his gaze held in hers.

3'40"

it seemed the moment

depended on her stare.

that he was looking at her.

3'50"

like inside and outside

were reversed or folded

back onto one another.

this search for an outside,

you have two eyes to see with,

two hands to search with.

each will seek the other.

[ all this to calm ]

4'00"

for some connection.

how far can it take you?

[ search for connection ]

one gray pool at their feet

( make strange noises with fingers

over surface of mic... )

4'10"

their two letters were the same

their two shadows were merged

two silhouettes condensed

into one figure

[ they know i'm here ]

*the two became one*

( make strange noises with fingers

over surface of mic... )

4'20"

a point at which inside

converges with outside.