

Le Morte D'Bogong - A play by BJK

Scene 1

(Sound of a Nuclear explosion) (Flicka lights)

Man and Woman enter, with old cuts, blood and bruises, clothes torn, looking yellow and dirty.

Woman- I think that we are safe here... I came here when I was young with my family... when we were all together.

Man- It seems like a fucken long walk for this.

Woman- No. There is shelter, and in the caves food for months. This is where the Bogong Moth migrates. The Koories used to live off them. The Mountain tribe owned this land, and came here for thousands of years. So I figure that we've got a couple of months fresh food, stored here. In winter we'll go to the coast, and by then it will be calm. We'll return here every year... Live off the land...I've dreamt about it since I was a child.

Man- (Sarcastically) Sounds good...

I can't believe that they fucken nuked Canberra. (repeats it)

Woman- I told you not to talk about it!

Man- What the hell else can we talk about? Work? Politics? Family? They'll all gone. There's nothing left of the States, Russia, China, Europe, the Middle-east. All atomic wastelands. Fuck it! What are we gunna do? (slumps shoulders)

Woman- I said we'll live here, hang low until things cool off a bit, then try and move to the coast.

Man- (More hysterically now, yelling) Don't you understand? We are already irradiated and dying, within hours, days or weeks there will be uncontrollable diarrhoea, vomiting, internal bleeding, massive infection, coma, and eventually death.

That searing wind carried our souls to hell. Now our bodies have been left behind. We are the dead walking. (Yelling now) We are the dead walking!

Woman- (Yelling) Shut the fuck up! Alright already!

(Regains composure and speaks very patiently) We've spoken about this ad infinitum, I am aware of the current declining state of our health, and that we cannot detect radiation without sophisticated instrumentation. Which we do not have. So take these, (offers tablets) and I figure that we might be lucky, and maybe we might just survive.

Man- (Sheepishly) This is medicine? I am unwell. (takes tablets)

Woman- Yes these will help you. We have to sleep.

Man- I am hungry.

Woman- We should rest before we eat.

Man- I need to lie down, I grow tired...

Woman- Yes, it seems that I am tired beyond the bones.
(Duo huddle together under a blanket in a corner)(Fade to black)

Interlude (Dark)
Enter moth person

Scene 2 (torchlight?)

Man- Fuck. I just had the most intense dream.

Woman- Yeah. So did I. It keeps recurring.(holds torch)

Man- I am cold.

Woman- Huddle closer.

Moth- So you want to know...laughter (mic-ed, 1 second delay, pitch shift?)

Woman- (surprised) What the fuck?

Man- Fuck off ! I said fuck off!

SILENCE and PAUSE

Woman- You can't be here. You're already dead.

Man- What is this shit?

Woman- I think it is my sister...

Man- Well your sister is a fool, and I am going to give her a piece of my mind.
(standing, reeling)

Woman- No you don't understand. (pleading)(holding torch)

(Man walks forward toward moth person, trying to look tough)

Moth- ...laughter...

Man- (Yelling) Shut the fuck up!

(calmer now) What do you think is so funny anyway?
Everything that I know has been turned to dust, neither love nor hate spared by
the elemental wrath unleashed on us by ourselves. Maybe that's funny?

I will never know the family that I felt so removed from. Time is destroyed, and
the clock is smashed. (stomps wristwatch) Maybe that's funny?

There are no more children, we have committed general infanticide. Childhood dreams have turned into nightmares, and joys have changed into horror. Naivety now has new connotations that will not be undone. Maybe that is funny?

We have gave the robber the house-key and the hostage was attached to the captor. The executioner has given our planet a warm farewell, and has pulled the lever. Now we can only sit and watch as the execution becomes mass-extinction. Maybe that's fucken funny?

(Silence, woman walks forward)

Woman- It's alright. My sister is dead. I have been waiting for her. (addresses moth person)

Why, why did you leave?

I loved you. When you left I couldn't believe that you had gone. I thought that it was all a bad dream, and we would wake up united. I had that dream a thousand times, and still I was waiting. Now the dream is true again I have to ask you, why did you leave?

Now that you are here, will you disappear again? I want to touch you and keep you, in sickness and in health. I want you to know that I never loved anyone else. My first memories are of you, and now it seems so are my last. I still have to ask- Why did you leave me?

Did you love me? Did you love me? Did you think of me when you were dying, like I am thinking of you? I am scared, it is cold and dark. A wind is starting to blow upon me, yet I must know- why did you leave?

Moth- Enough! (pause)

Even as a painting that longs to be reality, so all of us want independent existence. That brush stroke that represents a person cannot claim existence as a real human being. It may be a close approximation. Yet that is all.

An illusion must be judged by how engulfing it is. A diver's apparition is real to the submariner, yet those around see naught but the horrible effects of decompression. So it is now.

Clouds will emerge, vanish and re-emerge, expressions of an air-current mapped in mists. The faces within those clouds are the same faces, over and over again. Their identity has remained a secret until now. It is they who drive the intricate machine of perception that this world is.

A view, a picture, a rainbow- dependant on the shine behind the eye that views them. That is the reason for our existence, and one day we must be free from the gaze of those All-Seeing-Eyes.

Yes, these pictures grow old and fade, the light no longer reaches the generations of eyes that view the scene. The mists of the past must eventually cover everything. All life, all time is cloaked in that oblivion, providing an uncanny rest that passes all too quickly.

I cannot shake this fog from my wings, nor the poison from my gills. I disappear from the sight of the beings on this plane, and change into something else. We are all united into this mystery of that catastrophic instant, when the present no longer exists.(sound of horses?)

Listen! Can you hear something moving between the trees? Whistling, coming for you and me? A chill is the forerunner to the tumult. This tumult comes from the beating of the wings of the moths in another dimension... from my very wing!

Man- Where are they? (SL)

Woman- Listen. *Hic Iacet Agrotis infusa, reginaque quondam, reginaque futuris.*
(*'Here lies the Bogong Moth, Queen of the past and Queen of the future'*).

Man- What, what shall come of me, now ye go?

Moth- Comfort thyself and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust to trust in;
for I will into the Vale of Avilion, to heal me of my grievous wound: and if thou
hearst never more of me, pray for my soul.

(Falls and is caught by woman)

Woman- Alas my dear sister, why have ye tarried so long from me? Alas, this wound
on your head has caught over-much cold. (stokes face tenderly)

(Lays moth person down)

(Actors bow heads)(1 minutes silence?)

ENDO

BJK