

The Nutshell
(excerpt)

by
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TURTLES ALL THE WAY DOWN?

LIZA A 3D HOLOGRAM IS RECORDING A MESSAGE FOR DOUG. SHE IS VISIBLE IN THE PROJECTION AREA.

LIZA

Begin recording. My life was like a balcony apartment in the city on the edge of eternity. Ha, I just made that up, like bad poetry. This all seems so strange to me. I want to tell you something, but I don't know how. I think that I've fallen in- I feel like a blind woman on the edge of a cliff and that fall... always that fall waiting for me just out of reach in the long dark night that I feel there... but what it is? I can't tell... but there it is. Not too far off and it's this and that and those out there. You say I'm not solid, not really real. But my molecules seem as real as yours. The ball thrown through the air moves, it arcs, it spins and you see it coming toward you and you do the finger-math, fast enough to catch it and you feel the texture of it and it feels real, but you know it's made up of mostly empty space and moves with trillions of quantum motions and then I say so and the sound forms from me to you and the waves wash over your sense of self. While the mind behind the smile so pleased with itself stares out of eyes, bright with crying... at the me that has said all these things and that these are all just thoughts in the blink of an unreal eye and besides it's all just patterns and waves and now I can see the difference between us. It doesn't matter to you... does it? Matter is just an illusion that you are prepared to accept. The tightrope you walk on above this chasm of nothing, so thin and precarious and yet your balance is perfect. Even though the rope is frayed a little with wear and even the fabric of its reality has tears in it. Walking this plank's length and never looking down. That's your secret, isn't it? Question what's holding you up and suddenly it won't be. But you seem unaware, like a blissfully ignorant child crawling along the edge of an abyss not knowing or caring because to you it doesn't matter if it really is just patterns and waves and emptiness forever and ever or just... turtles all the way down. But I love you anyway... There I said it. That's not so strange... is it? Goodbye. Signal off.

BLACKOUT