

The Sound of Life

Can you hear it Magnus?
What Seamus?
The sound of life.
I can't hear anything.
Then you're dead.
I'm dead!
Yes, you must be.
I can hear you.
Maybe I'm dead.
What does it sound like?
What?
Life?
Oh, like life.
It must sound like something?
Oh yes, it sounds like something alright.
Well, what does it sound like then?
(listens)
It sounds like a child's laugh, a baby's cry, a father's tale, a mother's sigh.
(sits)
It sounds like a granny's giggle, a papa's tickle, a farmer's sickle, a...
A rocker's skiffle?
Now you are getting it.
A blackbird's lullaby?
I like it. An owl in flight, a dawn chorus first light.
A banshee in the night
That's death.
(thinks)
So death, you can hear it too.
No, you can only hear life, death is the absence of life and therefore the absence of sound.
Life sounds, shouts, screams. Death listens, waits.
I can hear it now.
Well you're not dead. What do you hear?
I hear a symphony of joy. We made it, I found you, you make me happy, we got through,
we'll be alright. We have hope, we have each other, love finds a way.
Shushed.
What?
I'm listening to life.
Well listen, really listen.
(he listens)
I can hear my granddad's snore. He's in his chair by the fire. It makes me remember him,
he's gone though.
But you can hear him?
Yes.
Well he's not gone. He's alive if you can hear him.
So you can keep someone alive by hearing them?
Aye, if you hear their voice they'll never die.

I can hear his tune, the Rose of Tralee, the pale moon was rising...
I can hear my mother humming, to que sera sera.
I can hear my father's tongue, go to your room, no tea for you.
I can hear myself sobbin' as I turn out the light.
I can hear my teacher, the eight times table. Eight eights are...
I can hear you don't know it!
I forgot it.
You never forget it.
What, the eight times table?
No, life, you don't forget how it sounds. It's like nothing else.
No, you're right.
To life.
To life.
I hear it.
I hear it too.