

Tour Guide

Tour Guide. Well, then, I don't know -- (*looking around*) I guess then maybe that's everything else. Technically. (*referring to the document*) Other than this.

Female Guide. I guess.

Tour Guide. I don't really know what you want.

Male Tourist. Just, something, you know. You're the one with the clipboard.

Tour Guide. Well, okay. Take the air. I wrote on it in school. Take a deep breath. A hundred years ago, someone was digging a hole here, for this very monument, and he rested on his shovel and sighed. You just inhaled a molecule of the air that shoveler exhaled, in that quiet sigh long ago.

Female Tourist. Oh yeah.

Male Tourist. Sweet.

Tour Guide. Yeah. I mean, think of how personal everything is, ultimately - these little sighs, going around in time and space. But then, think of a beautiful sunset on Earth, before human beings had ever evolved. It just beautifully sets. No one there to say "oooooh" or "ahhh" or something breathy like that. It just sets, and then it's night, nothing personal. (*Mrs. Swanson enters*) Morning. (*to the group*) Beneath us, okay, the dirt the sighing man was digging into? It's layers of fossils and broken pottery and things they think had religious value. Maybe some sad little instrument, way down, a hollow bone with three holes in it. Down we go. Maybe a tooth or a piece of cloth. It's people strewn all the way through. Some of the dust on my shoes is from outer space; most of the rest is dead human skin. (*John Dodge enters.*) And there's a person, looking for something in a bag.