

Revival Dream, Part 1

An immersive audio drama

by TyLie Shider

CHARACTERS *(in order of appearance)*

PAT

MAN

HERALD

MOSES DICKSON

The years are 1857 and 2020 simultaneously. We are in Pat's dream space.

The First Movement: The heroine introduces her problem

PAT

(direct address to the listener)

Hey, my name is Pat Dawson. I'm a Twin Cities based community organizer. What's your name?

(quick beat for the listener to respond)

That's a great name. And it's nice to meet you. May I please borrow a moment of your time?

I'm looking for someone who can help me. Sort of like a guide to show me around.

I guess you can call me a visitor. Although I didn't exactly choose to visit. I was sort of transported here by the fire of a revolution.

I'm from the year 2020.

Don't ask.

But it's a dreadful year in the future of our country.

Three months into a quarantine a man was virulently arrested and killed in broad daylight.

Footage of his arrest made news cycles. Then the cities erupted in flames in protest of his death.

Some call it a modern day Civil War. Like history rose up and consumed us. I'm reporting to you from ground zero. Outside agitators are moving in - and my neighbors and me are taking turns watching our block overnight. Late one night while staring into the rebellious smog from my porch, I was consumed by air pollutants and the frequency of dizzying sirens - and siloed, when I fell into a trance and woke up standing in the threshold of this starkly brilliant portal. Feels like a simulation or something.

Shortly after my arrival, a woman met me in a long dark robe and introduced herself as the Herald.

She gave me this note with a description of a man who's been missing for ten years - and told me I was sent here to find him. Then she swiftly informed me of my task. She said in order for me to get back home and contribute to the revolution I had to fill a hole in history because my family's tree is missing a branch - and the missing branch is Moses Dickson. A man who, until now, I didn't know. Are you familiar with the name?

(quick beat for the listener to respond)

You're not.

Oh no, don't be embarrassed. Come with me. We'll find him. I could use some company.

Would you please come with me? Yes you!

I need all the help I can get.

Unearthing the past is no solo task.

The Second Movement: Pat Dawson encounters an agnostic

PAT

(direct address to the listener)

Don't mean to judge a book by its cover, but that man looks like he knows a *Moses*.

Doesn't he look like he knows a *Moses*?

No, not him, the man reading the paper with the salty beard, threadbare briefcase, and the bifocals. A man with those eyes has seen many men!

Come on. There's only one way to find out.

We'll have to walk up to him and ask him.

What do you mean, "You don't talk to strangers!" Pat Dawson has never met a stranger.

Othering people justifies bias. And bias justifies hurting people.

Don't worry. Just leave the talking to me.

You're like my emotional support, friend.

Pat walks up to the man.

PAT

(small talk)

Hey, man, what's going on?

MAN

(dryly)

I can't call it.

PAT

Truth is -

MAN

Nobody believes the truth anymore. It's been all garbled by the newspapers.

Perhaps Man crumbles a fistful of newspapers.

PAT

What's that newspaper ever done to you?

MAN

Lied.

PAT

Well you look like a man who knows the truth.

MAN

The truth is dead. But how may I help you?

PAT

I'm looking for a man by the name of: Moses Dickson. Do you know -

MAN

Moses who?

PAT

Dickson.

MAN

Like the man from the Bible with a staff who parted that bloody sea for those slaves?

PAT

No, not him, but someone like him.

MAN

I see. This "Moses Dickson," is he a real man?

PAT

Well of course the man is real. Why'd you ask?

MAN

I hate to burst your bubble, lady, but some say he's just a myth. A folk hero.

PAT

Folk just means he's culturally specific. It doesn't mean he's unreal.

MAN

(again dryly)

Yes, I see. You're green enough to believe in legend.

PAT

(reads note from Herald)

Says here: ten years of his life is unaccounted for. Says here: he *may* have spent his lost years in St. Paul. Old St. Paul - when Minnesota was just a territory.

MAN

Where? Let me see.

PAT

Look. It says so right here.

MAN

Peculiar.

PAT

A decade's a long time to go missing.

MAN

It doesn't say he went missing.

Says here:" unaccounted for." Not missing.

Unaccounted for could mean anything.

Could mean he was hiding from the census.

Could mean he fell into a sunken place.

Could mean he was working off the record.

Negro records are unreliable.

PAT

S'that all you can do for me, Mister? Finding Moses is my only way home.

MAN

What's in it for me?

PAT

A touch of hope. Truth.

MAN

Proof that there is still truth would be hopeful. Perhaps Moses Dickson is worth finding.

I think I know someone who could help us. She's a herald.

PAT

A what?

MAN

A messenger. But most people know her as the Herald.

PAT

You mean the woman in the long dark robe who gave me my task has the solution?

MAN

I don't know about that but she's helpful and supremely good at finding people because of the nature of her calling.

PAT

Well where is she? Haven't seen her since I transported here. She greeted me and then she disappeared.

MAN

Follow me. She's not far.

PAT

(direct address to the listener)

Hey, are you still with me? Come on, let's go! We're going to see the Herald. **Now there are three of us on this journey: You, me, and our new friend searching for truth.**