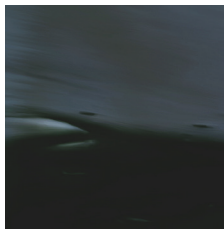


Anamnesis - Letter in a Bottle

A five-act play by SoundDiary

*To all those who set forth
on their journey through
the tunnel of glass during
the creation process of
ANAMNESIS.*



Roles

Protagonist (P)

Melody (M) - a young blind woman

The Prompter - CEO of the country's biggest glass processing company

Hope Buckley - successful employee of the Protagonist's company

Will Buckley - her husband

Radio Announcer

Page - Protagonist's granddaughter

Johnny - an unknown boy, appearing at the Protagonist's funeral

ACT I - BIRTH/A UNIQUE GETAWAY

Glass Prison - A very young boy inside a glass cube

Protagonist/inner monologue:

Locked inside this glass prison, trying to open my eyes. Time seems to stand still.

Fighting for some air to breathe, facing too much impressions. Emotional overkill.

Too weak to cry, too scared to scream, too overwhelmed to shiver. Suddenly light breaks through.

Observing all the mess and all the beauty raises questions. I need to ask you:

Is this what I was meant to be in this life?

Someone please break this cage or at least feel this strife. Can you understand?

Reflections Part I

I was supposed to fly just like the butterflies.

Then they told me that butter is not supposed to fly at all.

And I was designed to play, to look into someone's face.

But they displaced them for displays, tried to turn it off.

The Choice

Fighting for some air to breathe, facing too much impressions. Emotional overkill.

Locked inside this glass prison, trying to open my eyes. Time seems to stand still.

What's behind this bound? What's that crack I found? What's that scratching noise? Do I have a choice?

What's behind this bound? What's that crack I found? What's that sudden chill? Do I have a choice? Still?





Time

*How many seconds 'til this crystal bursts? (Behind the mist)
I'm dying to satisfy my greatest thirst. (I raise my fist)
How many minutes 'til this layer fades? (I hear a noise)
How many hours 'til they break this wall? (I hear a voice)
I'm dying to get out of this scary hall. (There is a broken door)
I'll leave this all behind! Am I still blind? Now I can see. I'm breaking free!*

Temporary Freedom Part I - A very young boy inside a glass cube

*I'm gonna find my peace on the other side, I'm gonna be so satisfied at last.
Finally, I found a way to flee this crystal-like, narrowing, isolating, almost killing me past.*

Reprise

*Lying here in this vacuum space. Watching people through the glass.
What is this place? I don't want to be alone.
Ticking clocks like a cradle song bring to mind that I don't belong here.
What is this maze? I don't want to stay alone.
Feeling ashamed lying naked here. Never before I've seen it so clearly.
With record pace I need to get away from here.*

ACT II - CONTACT /THE MAN OUTSIDE

Voyage of Discovery - A young man taking a ride with the train

Protagonist/inner monologue:

Uncharted waters behind this friendly glance of glass.

The entire world is passing by the window. I know exactly where to go.

Embracing every human being, everything. I'm gonna recover my broken wings.

Never again I shall be prisoned, discovering this life.

Sunny days and moonlight nights, abandoned fights, no fear of heights, so get me to the concentrate.

It is time to exit, because it seems the tracks fit no more to my voyage. This is my terminus.

What means this noise that I've never ever heard before?

Melody - Instrumental - A train station in the countryside. A glass harpist is busking on the platform. Inspired by this first musical experience, P collects empty beer bottles in order to blissfully compose little tunes on his own by blowing into them until ...



Resonance

Protagonist: *Do not look into my songs, I shall lower my eyes.*

Melody: *I am unseeing my dear, there's no need for disguise.*

Protagonist: *Once upon a time I had a dream of bringing something into being.*

Melody: *Being here with you.*

Protagonist: *You appeared so suddenly, reminding me of my past*

Melody: *Once upon a time I had a dream of finding something worth seeing.*

Protagonist: *Seeing here with you*

Melody: *You are just about to do it. This song is going to last.*

Lake Part I / A unique togethaway - A frozen lake

Protagonist: *Down on this lake it seems all crystal-clear. Melody, listen! I'm facing my fear.*

Because I'm trying to find a phrase, that was unknown to me back in times of the vitreous maze.

Melody: *Maybe it's better not to say a word. You desire to fly, trying to catch a bird.*

And I never met someone like you. Dance with me on the ice, hold my hand - that will do.

Protagonist. *Listen!*

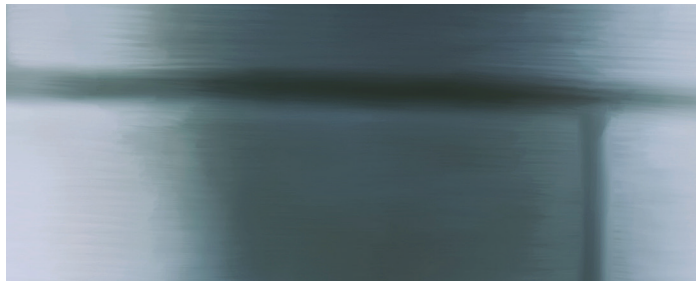
Melody: *I won't, there's no need to - I love you.*

Protagonist. *Melody!*

Melody: *Stop it! You gonna screw it up!*

Protagonist: *But the ice is breaking my friend!*

God I lost her, she's sinking. If I just had held her hand.



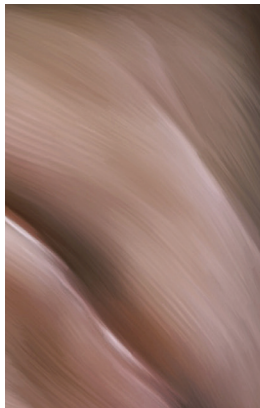


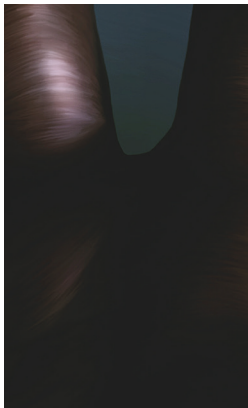
Prequiem - Instrumental

The Incident Part I

Protagonist:

*Down on this lake I lost my love. Down on this lake I heard her plaintive cries.
Down on this lake I lost my self. Down on this lake my soul turned into ice.
Down on this lake I've seen the light. Down on this lake I found my destiny.
Down on this lake I regained my sight. Never again this pain shall injure me.
I need to get away from this forsaken place.
If that's what life's like outside maybe I should have stayed in the maze.
It started all just at the point I played this tune.
If that's what music's all about I'll give these promises to the moon:
I'll let go of Melody in order not to waste away my life.
I'll proof I belong here find some job, a house, a wife.
I'll never gonna get in touch with music anymore.
I'll be giving up this stupid dream I had before.*





ACT III - SUBSTITUTION/THE ABANDONED DREAM

Train Tripper - An adult male taking a ride with the train

Protagonist:

This was a ride to freedom. This was a train of hope.

Looking out of the window - a big kaleidoscope.

But now this is a road to nowhere, there is no way to go.

This is a broken TARDIS, it blew up at one blow.

This is a transformation, I'm ready not to look back.

This is regeneration, I am agreeing to lose track.

Windows - The central station of a big city. P gets out of the train.

Tumbling wasted through this concrete canyon.

Watching allies through the looking glass.

Shelter for abandoned souls, haven for the lost.

Windows to amnesia - whatever it may cost.

The Prompter - Inside a brothel

Prompter:

I watched you walking through this door all alone.

You seem quite lost. Why don't you tell me your story?

Drinks are on me boy.

My experience has shown that if a man's successful there will be no need to worry anymore.

Protagonist:

Thank you for your kindness, Sir. You are right! I've been living in the shadows for too long.

But please tell me what do I have to offer besides an incomplete idea of a song?

Prompter:

You broke that glass just a few moments ago, put it together and destroyed it again.

This is the evidence that you're the man for the job. I will give you a one-time-chance - because I can.

Protagonist:

Thank you for your offer, Sir. It's true, it is time to invent something completely new.

Enough split-ups, I am your man. I'll prove every day to you what I can do.



Temporary Freedom Part II

Protagonist:

I'm gonna find my peace on the construction site, I'm gonna be so gratified at last.

Reflections Part II

Protagonist: *We were supposed to fly just like butterflies.*

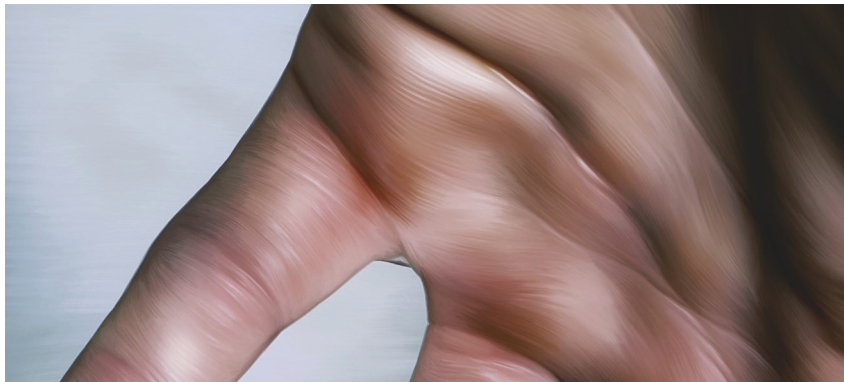
Melody's Voice: *You were supposed to try - to look through your tearstained eyes.*

Protagonist: *We were designed to play - to look into someone's face.*

Melody's Voice: *Now you're condemned to stay - a person that strictly obeys.*

Time Lapse / Got it - The head office of the Prompter's former company. P is the new CEO

Got a drink and got a float and got a tie and got the job and gained the trust and got success and got promoted. Temporarily overloaded. Got a flat and got a girl and got a kiss and got a rose and got a rise and got a car and got admired. Temporarily tired out. Got a house and got a kid and got a wagon, got a pool and got a cleaner and got an induction cooker - sometimes dreaming of a booker. Got the lead and got the firm and got a single office, got a window façade and got the patent for incorruptible glass.





ACT IV - ISOLATION/THE ANSWER WITHIN

The Incident Part II - Family Buckley having breakfast at home

Hope Buckley: *Could you pass me the butter, honey? I must fly. I can't be late for work!*

Did you buy the expensive one again? I told you a thousand times... You're a jerk!

Will Buckley: *We are not seriously having this discussion yet again.*

I'm tired of your discontent - no longer able to sustain.

Hope Buckley: *Would you shut up and just pour me my coffee? I'm the one sustaining this family.*

You gonna wake the kids with all this shouting. Stop looking at me with funeral gravity.

Will Buckley: *Now is it me who's pouring money down the drain? Away you go!*

Your stupid butter's just supposed to fly right out the goddamn window.

Radio Announcer: *A tragic event took place at the country's biggest glass processing company yesterday morning as a giant shatterproof fish tank burst into pieces. Hope Buckley, former employee of the month, who was working in the basement at the time, had been literally overrun by the wave. The young woman is survived by her husband and two children.*

Glass Splinters - An elderly man in his office

Protagonist: *Memories. Flashbacks. Black holes.*

Slide-showing me my subcutaneous splinters of glass, my boarding pass to the economy class.

Psychiatry/Temporary Accommodation

Protagonist: *Ladies and gentlemen thank you for the air escort.*

Finally, I can bear that melody, I apparently was trying to abort since the day on the railway station.

Could you pass me that bottle please?

Finally, I am going to complete. Would you assist me with the release?

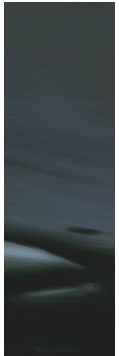
I am the king of the crystalline empire. I am the master of this specular sphere.

Ruling the world with the greatest of ease. I am the one without fear.

I'm such a coward, I'm really the limit. I'm suddenly losing ground.

Asking that network every possible question. The answer is „Page not found“

I won't surrender I am ready for the next round.



Home

Protagonist: *Day of discharge! I'm going back to my family. Finally dumping that company.*

Closing time. Never ever gonna get even close to that cage!

Looking forward to meeting my granddaughter Page.

Da dada dada dadada. All roads lead to Rome.

Da dada dada dadada. I'm not alone.

Da dada dada dadada. Finally I'm going back home.



Page/Letter in a Bottle

*Page: Hello sad-faced grandpa. Welcome back. Where have you been so long?
Won't you tell me what has happened to you? Today you don't have to be strong.
They told me you have lost your love long ago. I feel sorry for your loss.
Whenever I'm sad I use to write a Letter in a Bottle in order to toss...*

Protagonist: No, I can't face it! I'll replace it! Don't remind me! Don't rewind the time!

*Page: I had a dream about a crystal maze. I dreamed you found a cure.
Listen to this lovely melody! There's hope in it for sure.*

So take my hand and let us write it down, please do it for my sake.

Whenever I'm sad I use to throw a Letter in a Bottle into the Lake.

Protagonist: I can trace it! I'll reface it! Just don't leave me alone, turning this page.

Lake Part II - Down on the same lake, where P lost M

Protagonist: Walking down the path, feeling the ground beneath my feet for the first time.

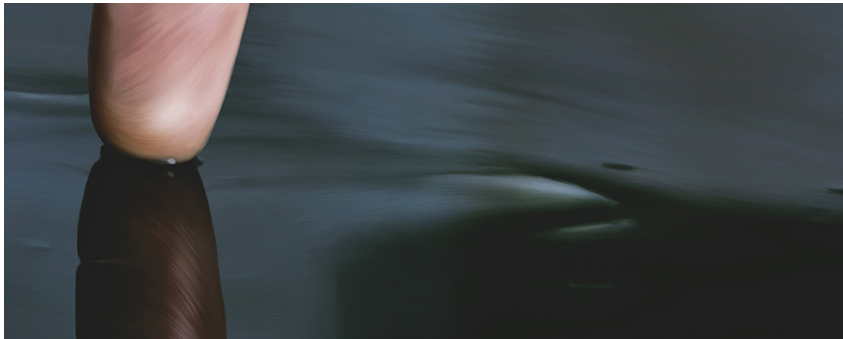
Facing history, my heart palpitating with fear of the upcoming encounter.

Sticking to the bottle, trying hard to let go of my letter, my words of farewell.

I decided to stop living in this crystal-like, narrowing, isolating, almost killing me hell.

I can trace it! I'll reface it! Just don't leave me alone, turning this page.

I've been longing for ages to finally be at peace with myself again.



ACT V - REQUIEM/AN INSEPARABLE CONNECTION

Farewellknown

Protagonist:

*On this field I lay my heavy bead onto the ground,
This is the place I used to go to, the place where I got found.
Watching the clouds, the moon, the stars, the sunsets beauty.
Now it is time to leave this place. I'm passing by.*

Will Buckley:

*Johnny don't close your mind. I know what it takes to let go.
There's no need to act tough, Johnny. Let them have their own show.
I am sure you'll be fine, Johnny. I can see it in your eyes.
Johnny something remains. I know that it's worth all the tries.*

Johnny:

I don't know what you mean, I don't know why you're here, but I'm glad you are.

Choir:

*Farewell known. Well-known farewell.
It is time, but not the end.*

Funeral - Instrumental

Dream

Johnny: *Who is this man in the lake, do I know him?*

Protagonist: *Hop in.*

Johnny: *Looks so familiar, I long just to show him.*

Protagonist: *My face.*

Johnny: *Why are you floating in instruments, scores and notes?*

Protagonist: *My dream.*

Johnny: *I'm jumping into, I should be the one that floats!*

Protagonist: *Stop it! You're going to paint your very own picture.*

You're going to sing your very own song.

Composing your life, you'll be off tune and erring.

If sometimes you please could let sing me along.



Chance Encounter?

Protagonist:

Strolling through this glorious tunnel of glass. Its pull gets stronger and my ego gets less.

It lifts me up to a location sublime. Reviews and outlooks at the very same time.

Some stranger moving to the other side. I turn my heavy head with eyes open wide.

I am – you are – I are – you am. We are – you are – It is good.

Johnny:

You are right. You completed your work. I feel your life was the song you always wanted to write.

Contemporary Freedom - Instrumental

A unique Journey - Instrumental



SoundDiary are

Hannes Pichlmann - *Vocals, Guitars*

Stefan Pichlmann - *Keyboards, Sampling*

Merlin Hochmeier - *Bass*

Clemens Langbauer - *Drums, Percussion*

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Artwork by Patrick Held Morawetz

Layout by Stefan Strauss

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Hannes Pichlmann *as the Protagonist, the Prompter, Will Buckley and Johnny (Act I-V)*

Madeleine Prochaska *as Melody (Act II, III, V) and Hope Buckley (Act IV)*

Madli Oras *as "deceased Melody" (Act II)*

Norbert K.Hund *as the Radio Announcer (Act IV)*

Lilli Mariam Pichlmann *as Page (Act IV)*

Credits/Samples

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