

FERRY PORT – AUDIO PLAY #7

FERRY PORT FINALE - PART I

performed by Fynn (Tyler) and Ruby (Ellie)

The following are a series of letters sent between two pen pals.

TYLER: Dear Ellie,
Though it has only been a day, it feels like a week has gone by since we last spoke.
And if the Postal Service in Britain is as I remember it, you will be reading this a week from when we last spoke, so I can only assume to you it will have felt like a month, and by the time I receive a letter back, a year will have passed in our feelings, even if in actual time it has only been a weekend.
That is, unless, the letter was set to arrive on Sunday, in which case it will move to the next Monday, feeling like a leap year and in actuality being a bakers weekend, otherwise known as three days.
I thought you'd like to know that I've been improving myself.
I've taken up running, and by that I mean I'll start tomorrow, but I've bought a pretty snazzy new pair of shoes.
I sign this from the top of the Eiffel Tower, a structure I paid for admission to, just to gain the height needed to glance at our home country, where you still reside.
Sadly, today, it is cloudy, but the British shores still echo in my mind.
Yours,
Tyler.

ELLIE: Tyler,
I'm not sure how you got my address because it wasn't from me.
I thought I was pretty clear last time we met.
Don't reply.
Ellie

TYLER: My dearest Ellie,
You wound me with your words. I have to assume that your last letter was meant in jest. A joke lost in translation of form, rather than language.
Paris truly is the city of love. I am walking past the Louvre as I write this, so you will have to excuse a dip in my handwriting ability. Is Louvre the French word for Love? If so, why build it like the pyramids of ancient Egypt? And why make it of glass?
These are unanswerable questions.
I have taken to baguettes as a duck takes to water, and by that I mean I eat them like a duck does, ravenously, sometimes feeding the inedible crusts to the ducks at the local park. I imitate them. We learn from each other.
Do French ducks quack in French?
Would a duck from your local park understand one from mine?

I suppose I am feeling curious today, please, do not feel the need to find the answers to my questions above. They are as rhetorical as the day is long.
Answer me only this : would you see me again?
Yours forever, Tyler

ELLIE: Tyler Stewart,
That is the name I will send to the police if you continue to harass me.
Who even sends letters anymore?
In answer to your question : I would not, could not, ever see you again.
Ellie

TYLER: My little Ellie-phant,
Oh my, oh me, what a lovely lovely day!
I have deciphered your code, read between the lines and dotted all the i's and crossed all the t's.
You want me to come back to you!
It's as clear as day through clean windows, you say you would not visit me, because you 'could not' visit me.
This is clearly an issue of the journey!
Perhaps you haven't the funds to fly, or the stomach to take the ferry.
And because you 'can not' visit me, you 'would not' wish my heart to break by making me choose between my newfound motherland and you.
This is why you have raised your hackles, surely,
To keep me from an emotional depthmine.
Well, thank you, but I have a solution of my own,
I'll travel back today. That's right - I am a denizen of Paris no longer.
I'm writing this on the ferry, and will drop it into the first postbox I see.
Maybe, with luck, it will arrive at your home before I do.
Yours to Timbuktu and back again,
Tyler

ELLIE: Dear the only person I've written a letter to in the last five years,
I have no way of sending this to you now, so I'll just leave it stuck to my front door.
If you are reading it, you will have tripped the silent alarm.
That gives you sixty seconds.
So if I were you, I'd change into those running shoes right about now.
Tick tock.