

*Two holes, one next to the other or perhaps very far apart. Each expanding slowly and revealing the darkness behind.*

### **NARRATOR**

Let your eyes adjust, have they? Look closer, let your eyes adjust, where is the violence?

Where is the hole again, have you lost it? Is that because you blinked? That's okay, let me remind you where you are. It's 1708, and you are in a cave in Sussex on south east coast of England.

You're waiting for someone to arrive, but also to be caught.

You are waiting to receive what is coming, and pass it on. It's a lot of responsibility, of risk, of danger but still you shouldn't think about that, especially whilst you're here, when you're inside the cave.

There's water around you, reflecting the little light there is.

### **SMUGGLER 1**

Perhaps there are some cracks somewhere then.

### **NARRATOR**

You're inside what seemed to be an impenetrable rock, or building, or system. You're inside it. And no one, absolutely no one knows you're here.

And, you're seeing 0s and 1s that have never been seen by anyone who wasn't meant to see it.

Let me remind you, you're not meant to be here.

### **SMUGGLER 2**

You're inside what seemed to be an impenetrable rock, or building, or system. You're inside it. And no one, absolutely no one knows you're here.

And, you're seeing 0s and 1s that have never been seen by anyone who wasn't meant to see it.

Let me remind you, you're not meant to be here.

**NARRATOR**

But,

**SMUGGLER 2**

You've done it now. You've done it now. You've done it now.

**NARRATOR**

So, what do you see?

**SMUGGLER 2**

I can see nuclear weapons balancing on big red buttons. I can see windows into courtrooms, windows without curtains and tax returns sitting on the dark wood desks. I can see photos, photos of conversations. I can see phone numbers.

**NARRATOR**

And, what can you hear?

**SMUGGLER 1**

I hear a slow drip of water, who is approaching? Is that foot on wet rock? Or a bat's ear fluttering? Perhaps just my imaginings.

**NARRATOR**

What about over there?

**SMUGGLER 2**

It's my push of a key that breaks the silence. It my chair moving across floorboards. There are no cracks in the walls of this room. There are no bats here, only I am here. The tinkerer, who tinkered too far. I am not the man waiting inside the hole, but the one looking upon it. And I am afraid, I am unmaking the world.