

Between Two Tides

Script by Christian Billing, Becky Spencer and Chloe Waddington

Spurn:

Archie-

Please try to listen.
Even though I speak a language
Some do not seem to want to learn,
Or care to understand.

Some have tried,
For hundreds of years now,
To fence me in.
To turn me from a living, moving muse
Into something tame
Held fast with nails of wood and iron:

Fixed
Mapped
Pinned
Controlled

How many times,
Has will-imposed
Mistaken yielding for consent?

Some have tried to tame - to temper me.
To fix me fast.
Forever held in the pages of books and maps

But
Shaped as I am
As much by the tread of a foot
as by the slosh of a tide

the water's wavering, folding form
slowly steering and drifting
my sands shifting
whilst walkways and pathways...
well, they're no longer fixed
but instead exist as
momentary imprints
mere ridges
scattered along
my softly sanded spine

And now, and now -

I answer no commands, heed no requests
Except, except
The old ones
Those of tide and time and moon,
of gravity and matter
The endless, endless drift, the pull and push
A lifetime, of motion

Photographs:

Ella-

A slither of our lives
Sun blessed on shingle
A click that captures
Working days
And down-time spent
With friends and family

Are we so strange to you?
The lives left long behind
Through time and tide?

Our lungs breathe, like yours,
Our muscles hold
We are watching you watching us
Across time
We look out
Seeing *you* from *our* photograph
Because a gaze will always go two ways

In your heart
You must know that
We are not so un-alike
You and us.

Zack-

Perched high on deck
Leaning in
A father hold his young one close
As you would too,
You know it -
You're the same

Young eye on telescope
We all look out to sea
We know in time
You will look back on us
Into this very frame
And that you will somehow
Still see yourself in us.

Adam-

Peeling potatoes
Long curled brown skin
Falling gently into the bucket
A trestle table, where family sits
Cups, plates and forks
All waiting for the feast
Are you hungry?
Shall we wait for you?

Oliver-

Coastguards stand
In uniform
Light, tower, telescope
We want you to remember us.

Adam-

Day trippers
Off a steamer boat from Hull
Edwardian hats
Each flower-decked -
With boaters for the men

We queue to pass
From ship to shore
Then walk along the sand
Kids stood, cloth caps on heads
Their trousers rolled
For feet on salt-wet sand.

Chloe-

Beside the lighthouse
One more
We seem to state our case
Our focus pulls
To camera lens
The glass is set
A surrogate for you
In it, we see
Your glinting future eyes.

Marram:

Becky-

And yet, we watch, as swift shifting sands unfold themselves upon the dunes. Light grains folding like paper, draping over one another. But still we see, a kaleidoscope of green. Different shades mingling between stem and root. We are talking, of course, about marram grass. Its roots, like dwindled hands clutching on to the nutrients below. Upholding its place, tall and proud, and most importantly not letting go. Loneliness is not something the marram has to experience, for it is rich in company. Humans who share a common will to stay. Webster, Clubley, Tennison... Long rooted clans, Generations as deep as precious ore. Survivors of the ever-shifting sands. United they hold ground, leaf to palm. Long held by the furrowed

lines of the earth, and as fingers and root interlock...They grow, they dig, clutch and cusp. But most importantly. Their long roots still hold fast.

Semaphore:

Ella-

If you listen closely you can hear a voice reaching out to you, speaking a symphony of thirst and hunger, lust perhaps for endless and everlasting energy. The symphony awakens, its slumber rattled by an electronic ripple that rumbles through our veins. Can you see now? Tall giants of fiberglass, with swooping arms that extend their fingers to the sky. And as they turn and revolve like proud ballerinas, we as humans follow. The pied piper has been paid as we march to his command. Allowing the electricity to intertwine within our veins. Ghostly hearts now reawaken and brought to life, With a flick of a light switch, and a tweak of a bulb. And for a moment, the symphony is dulled and almost muted by the voices of others in the distance. We try, but fail, in accepting our "other".

Sam P-

As one sentence comes to a close, a new paragraph awakens. This time with a new reader. Can you see? Locked in limbs stretching out to the sky, our thumbs grappling on flag- faced wood. Watch us, as we cavalcade consonants, and let the wind bluster through our vowels. Of course, to you, our signals are unreadable. Too used to the glare of a handheld machine. A deep-rooted ringing of a hum and a buzz. But as you watch our silent symphony of swirls erupt, you notice our arms spread eagle like, silent pauses creating commas and full stops. High Binks, Long Bank, How Hill, Wyke Bight. Our flag folded fabric now speaking native tongue, as aching arms begin to slow, and our sentences unravel, one more vowel, one more consonant and finally a full stop.

Duet:

Becky, Archie-

Sea: Dear land, can you hear me?

Land: Dear sea, your haunted whisper ripples through my veins.

Sea: Like thunder I come crashing by force.

Land: And the damage leaves my bones brittle and weakened.

Sea: Like lightning I strike, making patterns down your spine.

Land: Until we are both screaming in colour.

Sea: Inhale, exhale I breathe you in.

Land: You consume me, until nothing is left but...

Sea: ... Can you hear me now? as my voice riddles with ecstasy.

Land: The sound of violins tying strings like laces.

Both: A harmony that intertwines our existence.

Sea: A melody that sings so sweetly.

Land: So we shall begin.

Both: Our beautiful love affair.

Gravel:

Adam: - Swiftly move

Chorus: and surrender.

Adam - Heaving and hulking, clattering and clunking, steadily summoning the sandy dunes.

Chorus - Swiftly move and surrender.

Adam - Fingers slip between fragments, mingling hollowed ores within the confetti of grains.

Chorus - Swiftly move and surrender.

Adam - Pebbles and cobbles laying barren awaiting the cusp of a hand, desiring the rippled feel of a fingerprint.

Chorus - Swiftly move and surrender to the sea.

Adam - The paradise lays looming awaiting its treasures, fighting off rugged rope and salty tears.

Chorus - Swiftly move and surrender.

Adam - like a cluster of rock, bodies blend and weave between hard hearted heads and searching souls.

Chorus - Swiftly move and surrender.

Adam - Faded palimpsests are the last thing to see. As the sloop, gravel and shore are consumed by the sea.

Chorus - Swiftly move and surrender to the sea.

Amy Johnson:

Chloe-

In skies of blue, with dreams so high,
Amy Johnson took to fly.
From London's heart to Hull's embrace,
Her spirit soared, her path to trace.
Her mind set high above
To the skies that she does love
With wings of courage, she did roam,
Above the clouds, she found her home.

as she crossed over Humber's waves,
The fog rolled in, the skies a maze
Wisps of smoke surround her plane
But on her path she maintained

Uncertainty loomed, a chilling mire,
In the darkening sky, her fears conspire.
No land in sight,
Fear fuels her fight.

Then, a beacon's light breaks through the night,
Hope rekindled, shining bright.
With resolve renewed, she takes the dive,
Towards Spurn Point, where she'd survive.

Upon that strip of sand so pure,
She touched down with courage, sure.
Spurn Point, her beacon, steadfast, and stable
Her spirit soars, a timeless fable

Her story told for years to come
People longed to hear planes hum
To the skies they began to take
To explore the land that's at stake

Little Terns:

Oliver-

Lift up your wings to breathe!

Push down, fly forwards, and exhale.

Zack-

Free-floating flight of avian form,
a life untethered.

Becky- Un-held by land, or lane.
A life that sweeps and soars
To heights known only by these feathered few

Kain-

Sam P - The air that skims the tips of wings

Adam- is the air that fills the pockets of lungs,
Breath is there in every flight,
and there's flight in every breath
whether you're air-borne or earthbound

Becky- My arms spread out into perfect symmetry, chopping and cutting my way through the salty air. A breeze tickles my face as if a thousand butterflies have fluttered their wings in unison. I feel a slight pull from beneath me. The sand is marvelously magnetic as it inhales the iron within my bones. Its warmth and comfort lures me in until I find myself skimming the tops of waves. I feel dizzily relaxed as my muscles ripple through my body and circle the air in a peaceful tornado. I begin a dance with the sky, bouncing and bounding between shade and shadow. The boom of nature's calling has me encapsulated in a vortex, paralyzed but conscious. I feel euphoric as my beady eyes lay hungry on the shore. Looping and interlocking with the sky, we become one in a race to the end goal. A home, a place of peace and rest. I find it nuzzled into the rugged edges of cliff and brittle sand beneath me. Tiredness and aching bones become a thing of the past as I nest myself into the marram and find the home I've been searching for.

Retreat:

Archie-

Thank you for listening to my ever-beating heart. Watching me as I churn sand, gravel, grass and stone. Ravenous, I have rippled and raged, consuming all I set my eyes upon. Untamed, unhinged and wild... But still, you see beauty. Terns nesting and nuzzling into sand and stone. Long stalks of marram growing gorgeously to the sky. A feeling of divine curiosity as you look out to the sea that stretches for miles. A muse of fascination. And as you sit, think and watch... You listen to my native tongue, a language you forgot but now familiar, like a photograph of time, frozen. A language that speaks of history and triumph. And as the pressure of hands-on clocks slowly begin to release and time leaps forwards. You see an endless love affair between land and sea. Every piece of gravel, grain of sand, every rippling wave and chime of grass. We listen, reflect, learn. So that we can, as we have before, allow our long roots to hold fast.

As we turn to face you now, in some ways, we are back where we began; each one standing as a lost Village, still filled with life, with love, with memory: Old Withernsea, Out Newton, Dimlington, Ravenspurn. Left only in the hearts and souls of those who knew their history. Not quite heartbreak, not quite home sick but rather a subtle tranquility. As the squeezing hand of time clenches its fist, awaiting the next heave and crash of a crumbling cliff, we watch in awe as the moon wriggles with passion to win a game of tug and war with Mother Nature. With glassy eyes, and damp eyelashes, unrelenting, we sit and think and embed our memories into a single tear streak across our cheek. We know we are incapable to stop the force of nature or stop the hands of time. So instead, we choose to release. Freckled faced and sun-kissed we watch as young children engrave chalk- faced portraits into the remains of a snake- winding road. We laugh as the long-nosed dogs bound into the sea with joy and splash pedestrians like paint splatters. And lastly, we smile as we hold hands with our loved ones and talk in mouthfuls of forever. Retreating back to times forgotten, we listen, reflect, learn. So that we can, as we have before, allow our long roots to hold fast.