

Jemma: There's nothing worse in the universe than thinking that you hear someone that you love, and turning around, and it's nothing but a shadow. Cyn, I'm *surrounded* by ghosts. Every time I hear a laugh, for a split second, I can convince myself that it's Travon and not someone that wants to arrest me. When I'm in line for a coffee, I can picture it's Jayara rustling for change, and not some stranger that I don't know. When I'm on the road, and switching through channels desperately trying to find a radio station that isn't playing news about you, I can half delude myself into thinking that it's Iris singing *terribly* among the switching signals, and not some fluke between transmissions.

And I think that's what makes it hurts so much. How could all of those people, [pause] the ones that laughed and the ones that could never find the right change and the ones that sung ridiculously off key... how could they have betrayed us all?

Jemma: You were always so god damn paranoid. I don't mean like, changing the lock on a new safe house and double encryption and Cesarean cipher on email accounts, I mean changing passwords every 3 hours, torching new bases within mere days of setting them up, and keeping everything, and I mean *everything*, on a need to know basis. [pause] You kept *us*, on a need to know basis.

I suppose it was a smart and necessary thing. I mean, one of them did rat all of us out, and left us all to die.

I guess that was one thing I didn't screw up for the rest of us.

Leaving that diner, the one on Istrella, was even tougher than I had anticipated. They had posted those robots, you know, the ones with the fingerprint and facial structure sensors at all exits. I was lucky. Another Korean girl went before me and tripped the alarm, and I was able to slip away with my hair tucked into a cap before the rest of them could figure out what was happening.

Jemma: I could hear her screams, and the last vibrations of a sickening crunch as I drove away. You know how the government tends to have a "tase first, confirm later" sort of policy. I drove farther, and farther, and farther, but no number of miles is able to get those god damned screams and the crunch of god knows what out of my ears.

I half expect to hear my name on the radio alongside yours later, but the only words I hear attached are "still at large."

I suppose hiding was perhaps the only thing I did better than you.

Jemma: I heard you on the radio today. I've been avoiding screens like the plague. Granted, it's not that hard when you're driving all the time, but at diners and gas stations, I always pick the booths and seats not facing the screens with the rolling news. The sad part is... it's nice to see your face. If I can strip away all the layers of anger, and betrayal, and hatred, and sadness, and nostalgia, and context... it's lovely to see your face. You really are still beautiful, Cyn. The reporters weren't lying when they called you the

face of the revolution. A revolution is not something you can run without captivating the hearts of millions of displeased people across a planet who had long since stopped giving a shit.

Jemma: I still tune into our old radio station sometimes. It's long since abandoned of course; nothing but static and ghosts left behind.

Sometimes I can fool myself into thinking that I hear a whisper of a voice long since captured or dead.

There's nothing I can fool myself into hearing today.

Jemma: I can't remember when I stopped caring. Because it wasn't when I started law school, and it wasn't when I fell in love with you, and it wasn't when we organized our first protest, and it wasn't when we had that god awful fight. It wasn't when I first even thought about running away, and it wasn't the first person I saw get shot for this god forsaken revolution, and it wasn't when I finally packed my bag. It wasn't when I decided to not leave a note, and it wasn't when I looked at your face for the last time, and it definitely wasn't when I drove away for the final time.

Who am I kidding?

Maybe I secretly do still care.

Jemma: I'm worried. Because I've been thinking, and thinking over and over and over again, about who else could have possibly survived. Because you trusted those people, Cyn. And above all, there really was nobody else's opinion or judgement I cared about more than yours.

I'm on the road again, and I'm thinking about how much you said that you loved it. I remembered those nights when it was just us, and our hands touching, and you talked about how secretly, you wished that this, everything, this grand change that you wanted to evoke... you just wished that it wasn't your job. That somebody else could care enough to take up the mantle of changing this impossible and unforgiving planet. When it was just us, it wasn't a revolutionary and a failed lawyer. It was two girls, in love with each other more than anything else, and an entire world of possibilities. But then the sunrise would come to chase the lights of the city and the stars away, and it wasn't just two girls in love anymore, and we became a revolutionary and a failed lawyer again.

[music completely drops out]

God, I wish you were here, and that we could fix this together.

Jacqueline: It Was Never Just About the Revolution is a production of the Multiversal Podcasting Network. It's written, produced, and created by Jacqueline Cho, performed by Sunny Chang, composed by Rachel Leotta, and edited by Lottie Dance.

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