Scene 1

It is the middle of the night.

Long lashes open, revealing nothing but blurred dark. A hand moves in the dark and sweeps away layers of cloth. Two legs swing to the side and place feet on the carpet. Five steps later, a hand lifts a switch. The tall woman reveals herself, acknowledging her presence in the mirror. She goes through her routine. Her huge, serious eyes take it all in. Like always, she's thorough. She moves her head left to right, examining her neck and the way the tendons and foundations glide beneath the surface of skin. She observes her mouth and face change as she repositions her jaw and face muscles. Two arms shoot up then lean both ways.

Twiiiiist.

Can she see the ceiling past her shoulders? Standing straight again, she smoothes the skin out from the nose and then down the sides of her face.

Exhale.

A light gown covers the figure. It pulls as it is dragged along the carpet as fingertips follow pathways along the walls. The lace stops and then is pulled to the right. The hardwood of the living room welcomes the toes that brim out from the fabric. There appears to be a little dance. Tips of toes lead the swirling gown while fingers communicate notes left on the wall and direct music. The motion ends with one very precise click. The hands have left the wall and are now grasping a chain beneath an illuminated lampshade.
The woman stares at the shade for a long time and then turns her head to admire the layers of light in the room. In the corner is the chair that she usually perches on. Against the opposite wall is the piano that she sometimes plays. She wants to make her way there, but does not trust the wooden floor that blocks her path. She turns off the light and backs out the way she came.

There is no longer any degree of delicacy. The route along the wall is filled with uncertain texture and a mouth involuntarily grimaces. The carpet really tugs on the gown and for a moment the feet, the legs, and the girl stop. There is intelligence to the darkness. The inkiness fills her nose, mouth, and lungs. It seems to corkscrew into her eyes until there is nothing but the thickness of it everywhere. In a moment of panic, the girl removes herself from the wall. She stretches out her arms in unbelievable contortions, fumbling for any doorway to another room. The only way she manages is due to the reassuring twines of carpet between her toes. Threads lead feet to what she imagines to be a precipice, but no. Linoleum.

The arms manage to lead hands to a light switch, and sweet, buzzing fluorescence floods over the dark. The woman composes herself, bolstered by the cool familiarity of the kitchen. The sink offers her water, and she gratefully splashes some on her face. She walks over to the refrigerator. Once open, it reveals a new room with its own inhabitants and white buzzing. The woman reaches for the pickle jar. As she swirls over to the countertop, the watery contents of the jar swirl and slosh about. There is only one floating piece left. The lid pops off of the jar, and a hand reaches in. The liquid surrounds its new prize, and suddenly there is a large whooshing sound.

Quiet… … … .. .
There is another pop. The only thing inhabiting the humming room is a closed jar of pickles on the counter, its fluid barely rippling.