

Scene 5

A bizarre scene. Willow's dream.

WILLOW

I dreamt I was made of glass, just the skin part of me. The rest of me, the stupid human part, the veins and the bones and the guts, was all held tightly in this glass mold, and I could look down and see every part of it, live, in action. Really pure and clear and when I stepped out into the sun, my insides brightened up, and when I hid or ducked away, my insides darkened too. My whole body was a window, a figurine. When I sipped a glass of water, the liquid filled me up like water inside a flower vase, and even made that sound that water makes when it hits glass. And when I smoked my cigarettes, the smoke filled me up like fog. I breathed in and the glass went cloudy with the smoke, and I exhaled and it all went clear again.

And when I moved you could hear the scratching against the surface of the floor, against itself. I tapped on my skin and I heard the \*ting\* \*ting\* \*ting\* of the thin glass, like fine china.

Ting Ting ting. God it was thrilling! To be so close to spilling all of me out into the world. To just letting the guts of me go spilling out on the ground, to breaking into a million shards and threaten the bare feet of anyone who walked in my path. To be so damn fragile, so beautiful.

But when I touched myself, when I let my glass fingers run across my glass shoulders, it caused this crazy heat. Burning up like the blue part of fire, and it melted me. Even when I tried to break myself, I became unbreakable, burning into liquid glass, unbreakable but unbearably soft. And I started to pull on myself, or bang on myself, trying to break my fingers off, throwing myself against the ground to break, but I just absorbed all the blows and burned up, until I woke up in a heart-racing rage. Looked down at myself and found nothing but this skin. This ugly mess of my skin.

And that's when I slipped out of bed and crawled to the dresser found the mirror in my drawer, and shattered it and used one of the shards to open me up.

Scene 6

AUDREY'S APARTMENT. Early morning. Fresh direct boxes are starting to pile up, but she doesn't notice them. She is watching FORENSIC FILES this time.

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