

herself.

~~It must be my own head again.~~

NARRATOR

~~The ivy grows outside the walls of the house, as if to protect those left inside. There is no prince to climb up for her, nor any probable means to climb down. She could try, but she would fall.~~

CECILIA

~~He loves me. He — loves me.~~

*She goes to sit on her bed,
then lies down as the lights shift to
almost total darkness.*

*The spotlight on the NARRATOR is
reminiscent of a moon.*

NARRATOR

The first night is one of the hardest. There are many restless ones. She turns and she wakes up, falls asleep again. The physician has advised her to rest, so she must rest. The walls breathe out of time with her, as she does not know how to sit still.

*CECILIA sits up, and looks at
the wall across from her.*

*This is the first time CECILIA and the
NARRATOR engage.*

CECILIA

It's so strange.

NARRATOR

Strange?

CECILIA

The moonlight proves itself to be so deceptive. Funny how that is. The walls look different.

NARRATOR

In what way?

CECILIA

I'm not sure yet. The pallid, sickly yellow is different - I still feel it, and I *don't like it*. But it is different. Like it has something else to it. Inside of it? I would like to write that down. At least to think.

NARRATOR

But you can't do that. It makes you tired, doesn't it?

CECILIA

It does. It isn't very fair.

NARRATOR

What can you do instead?

CECILIA

Fresh air?

NARRATOR

At this time of night? They'll be worried sick about you.

CECILIA

Can you see the wharf? Out in the distance? It's beautiful.

NARRATOR

It is. I almost didn't notice.

CECILIA

Much prettier than the walls - nothing beautiful and pure in nature can ever be such a shade.

NARRATOR

How do you know?

CECILIA

I am not a painter but I know enough. I know that those patterns do not serve any favors. How strange they are, how strange they shift. Is the moon yellow, do you think? Like-- the paintings? Do you think there's someone living inside the moon? Maybe they could help with an answer.

NARRATOR

-- I'm not sure.

CECILIA

Neither am I. The moon is supposed to be a mother, you know. Maybe I can learn something from her.

*She looks back to the wall
again, facing away entirely from the
NARRATOR.*

NARRATOR

Time creeps on. The flowers in the garden grow, and so do the ones that crawl up her bones. This is - supposed to be good for her, so she's said. So he's said. The story never has read quite right, depending on who tells it. Only the walls seem to know the truth, and that is what she has been the most afraid of.

*JOHN enters—on the
NARRATOR's side, and they turn to look at
him.*

JOHN

~~The patient's symptoms include the following: irritation, anxiety, insomnia. Prone to nightmares, and the occasional bout of sleepwalking. Mood swings, and fits of hysteria and wavering bouts of sorrow. Reports of the occasional hallucinations are—speculatory right now, at best.~~

NARRATOR

~~Everyone's words claimed to know what was best for her. Everyone always knows what's best for her. Right?~~

JOHN

~~The family is supposed to come by, and visit. But I do fear that it may incite her hysteria. They are a lively and enthusiastic pair of relatives—and she needs calm. Relaxation. Fresh air. Fresh air.~~

*JOHN exits, and the NARRATOR turns back
to their book.
The lights shift again, in a few cycles to offer
day into night, night into day—and then it is
once again daylight. CECILIA gets up again*