

Eleanor closes her eyes. Then the Mystic.

MYSTIC Breath in the Beings around you. Let their voices fill you. Let them hum through you.

Eleanor hums gently, weakly.

Eleanor continues to breath deep and hum. She begins to sway. Far off in the distance the faint sounds of music whisper. Eleanor hums deeper, longer. The music wafts in like a warm breeze. The Mystic hums with strength and they sway together, like limp bodies being thrown through crashing waves.

The music swells. Drums, woodwinds, sitars, drawn strings, flutes, squeeze boxes, a vast rhythm of celebration and joy, each sound a unique voice that once lived.

Eleanor rises to her feet, stretches her fingers, her arms, the whole of herself to the night sky. The forest glows bright with the Beings of all the souls that wander Earth. She's is washed in the warmth of their communal presence. She dances freely as her hair swings, her feet stomp, her chest twists and turns, and her face eases with pure euphoria. Eleanor howls deeply into the night like a lone wolf calling to the pack.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

Everything freezes, the music stops, even The Mystic is frozen and silent.

ELEANOR Wha – No! What happened? Come back! Come back!

Another omnipotent KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK as The Sentry of Death enters. She is all at once beautiful and horrifying to behold. Her form is regal. She wears an elegant black dress adorned with lace, and a long black hooded cloak hangs across her back, revealing her face. Her hair is wild, her eyes completely black and hollow. She carries only a lantern to light the way.

ELEANOR Who... Who are...

Are you... "Her"?...

A broad, toothy grin crawls across the Sentry of Death's face. Her teeth are rotten, her smile mischievous. She beckons Eleanor to follow her and leaves behind darkness as she exits. Eleanor follows.