

Eleanor closes her eyes. Then the Mystic. She takes a long, deep breath.

MYSTIC Reach out with your Being. Let the air fill you. Breath in the Beings around you. Let their voices hum through you.

Eleanor hums weakly. The Mystic hums steadily.

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 clarity. They sway together, like limp bodies being thrown through crashing waves.

The shouts and hollers roll in like breaking surf on the shore. Music swells. Drums, woodwinds, sitars, drawn strings, flutes, squeeze boxes, a vast rhythm of revelry and joy.

Spirits glow bright around Eleanor until she rises to her feet, lifted by their presence. Her fingers, her arms, her whole Being is stretched to the night sky. She twists and turns, awash in glow of lost Spirits.

ELEANOR What's happening??? I can... I can feel them. I feel my skin.

MYSTIC They're showing you the way. Follow them, deary.

ELEANOR It hurts! It... It's amazing!...

Eleanor spins out of control, contorting to the rhythmic sounds of the reckless chant.

Abruptly, she stops. Shaking. Eleanor feels a rush of warmth crawl through her body. Her skin pricks and tingles. She lifts her shaking hands as they to materialize before her.

It's so warm... I can breathe...

MYSTIC Manifest with them! Let them show you the way!

Eleanor lifts her shaking hands before her and grasps them together. Her eyes glisten with pure bliss. The overwhelming sensation continues up her arms and Eleanor melts into her body.

The Mystic raises to her feet and dances. Eleanor moves freely now, swaying her hips. She stomps her feet, turns her chest, and swings her hair in unbound euphoria.

*The music crashes lights that fill the forest **explode**. Beings manifest from every direction; Human Beings. Every one a soul parted from heaven and earth for uncounted ages.*

They dance and revel with no regard for space, bending and stretching for one another in unnatural ways. Melding into one another from one partner to the next.

In their folly they wash over Eleanor, whirling her in their tide. Eleanor touches every Soul she passes until she is awash in an indescribable feeling of synchronal longing and fulfillment she never felt in her life.

Full to the brim with life, she breaks away and howls into the endless night sky like a lone wolf who's found her pack.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

Everything freezes, the music stops. Even The Mystic is frozen. Silence.