

As the lights come up, AMY stands before us. She wears a robe that isn't a total wreck but is obviously well-used. She speaks to us.

AMY

I've been hearing sounds. Coming from

(shakes her head)

I don't know where. It's been happening since ... my episode.

(the sounds of coral reefs start up)

At first it scared me. I walked around trying to find the source. I'm alone all day but it's not like I'm *really* alone because David calls me constantly checking to make sure I'm okay and I haven't gone off the deep end again. I'm not sure if he's more worried about me or himself. How I've made him look. I made an impression, let's just say. People are talking about it. I think maybe David is worried about how it'll affect *him*. His business. People may not want him to do their taxes because they'd have to have contact with him and they might feel like they have to ask about me or – even more awkward! – pretend like nothing happened. They might find it easier to go somewhere else for accounting needs, some office where the accountant's wife isn't a freak-show.

(pause, walks around a moment listening, begins to sway like seagrass)

It's mesmerizing, isn't it? Like a fountain. When we were first married I wanted to get a small fountain for the house, but David was afraid it would make him feel like he has to pee.

(pause, she sways some more)

The sound doesn't go all day. I'll hear it for a bit, and right about when I'm starting to feel myself breathe, right when I'm starting to settle in and accept the sound and enjoy it even, it'll stop. And it'll be quiet again.

(pause, the sound gets lower until it goes away)

After my episode I went to a therapist. She's sort of woo-woo, if you know what I mean. She said my second chakra is likely out of balance, and I need to do some things to bring it into balance. The second chakra is here.

(she indicates her pelvic area)

It's represented by water, the therapist said. I guess that makes sense. I'm a Scorpio. A water sign. She wants to work with me on it, but for now she suggested breathing exercises. And she told me to go for a walk, a Mindfulness Walk she called it. No phone, no earbuds. Just be mindful of what's around you, she said. Be in the moment. Notice.

(pause)

So I walked. I went a few miles and I was mindful, I was in the moment and I noticed ... that there were no bugs. Not one single bug. I got down on my hands and knees on the sidewalk where there's a seam between the concrete pieces and I looked at the line of dirt thinking I'd see some ants marching through? Nope. Nothing.

(pause)

When I was a little I loved doodle bugs. Some people call them roly pollys, but I called them doodle bugs. They look like teeny tiny gray Volkswagens. And they curl up and roll