

EXTRACT: JENNA COLLINS

You mean an 'internal dissolve'?

The ship would already be far away, sailing toward the high seas, an imperceptible point on the blue.

Then it would probably fade...

Remember that it would be filmed in real life, this scene: 'stolen' in cinematographic jargon. So, extras are not necessary, only the three actors and the image of a ship, far away, small, fading into the liquid ground, dissolving into the sea, being ingested by it, or passing so far away that vision reaches its limit, folds in on itself, is forced to improvise. This bright, open image is inhaled with the instruction, with its own 'internal dissolve'. But which internal?

The lungs? Who doesn't breathe deeply when facing the sea...

Or of the interior of the film itself. An accident of filmic jargon in proximity to its own image, its image as forecast, as conjecture.

The picture fades then? Dissolves?

...fizzing away to nothing. What would it be to dissolve internally, to fade? Like *A Night of Serious Drinking*? One can only imagine. An intuition. What it costs, in all senses, to make anything at all.