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### Evolution in the first person

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# Evolution in the First Person

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## **Rochester Institute of Technology**

A thesis submitted to the Faculty of the College of Imaging Arts and Sciences Film/Video/Animation Department in candidacy for the degree of Master of Fine Arts

By Elouise Oyzon  
January 1999

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# Approvals

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10 May, 1999

date

Chief Advisor: Skip Battaglia

date

Chief Chairperson: Marla Schweppe

5/19/99

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## Thesis Report

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Appendix D: techniques

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## Defining the Thesis

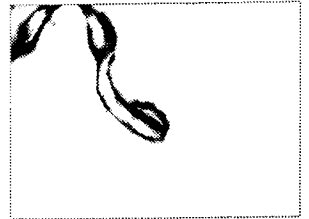
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### *Organic growth*

Organic growth is non-linear. Living things progress this way and that as they encounter various stresses. Life, in general, is non-linear. We make plans and make attempts to forge ahead on schedule, to-do lists in hand, and then *stuff* happens.

I had grand plans of completing a thesis based on a short story I had written. Stuff happened. I became pregnant. Knowing my focus would be inward, I decided to base my thesis on the pregnancy. Art reflects life.

My thesis chair, a fellow mother, knew the potential stresses and strains my body and mind would experience over the next few months. She indulged my fantasy of completing my thesis in an academic year. She also signed off on my withdrawal form when nausea and general scatterbraininess overtook me. So my thesis evolved and grew in starts and stops, interfered with by life and the life within. She laughed and withheld the obvious “I told you so” when I preferred looking at my newborn to making an



Scene 8 - Umbilical

animation about making him. The creation of the animation followed the development of the baby.

When I regained my body, I slowly returned to the work. Stuff happened. A second pregnancy, another newborn and two years later, I finished my animation. All involved, thesis committee members, my husband, and myself all chalked up the second baby to research. (Not really, but it makes for a good story). My thesis had an organic growth that paralleled the life I led.

## Structures

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### Story

I hold my own theory that all expression, art works in particular, are various forms of self-portraiture. These various means of expression reflect the communicator's worldview. The style and mode of delivery are also telling about the source.

In my treatment, I made a conscious decision to communicate feelings about pregnancy. The proposal was open ended, assuming that as I experienced the pregnancy, the visuals and the means of expression would present themselves. I knew my work ethic and style, and thought I had a decent



Scene 3 – Profile and Text

understanding of what was to come. I was supremely confident that I could create what I had planned.

My first hurdle was also the first battle between the linear and the organic. I had preconceived a storyboard (appendix B) that illustrated what I would experience, as described by books I'd read, and reflected what other women had told me of their experience.

Words on a page and thoughts in the head do not even come close to what happens in the gut and in the heart.

Because my preconception was based on others' experiences, it was just a mental experience for me- the things I produced removed. They tended to illustrate events, rather than show experience. (Appendix B, C) I had to shift my way of working.

I could hear Erik Timmerman repeating to a class, "Don't tell me. Show me!"

I abandoned research, wordy voice-overs, and my initial script. Instead, I turned to my journals for inspiration. (Appendix E).

Pregnancy is not a new thing. Women have been doing it forever. However, pregnancy was new to me. My perceptions were unique to me as well. Of course, I could substitute any

experience here: death, first love, struggle, and so on. It is a rudimentary lesson, I guess. Realizing that it is not so much subject matter, but the personal spin that makes the art.

Because this thesis is diaristic, it has changed a great deal from conception to completion (Puns fully intended). The various experiences informed the drawing process. It became clear, for example, that a toilet flushing and a woman bending over and retching were insufficient in carrying the feeling of nausea. Those images merely illustrated the event. I had to look inside for the feeling and then make the metaphor.

I had to decide whom the story was actually about. I wanted to include the characters of baby and mother. Who was paramount? Returning to the notion of the diary, it became clear that the mother was the main character. Looking at traditional story structures, one generally has a protagonist and antagonist. Did this imply the baby was then the source of the problem?

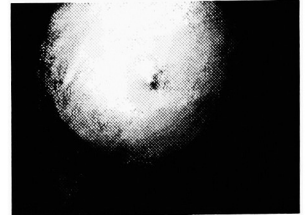
I determined the source of the conflict was not really the baby. The baby caused the psychological conflict, but was not the direct antagonist. (Although some of the physical stresses might support the idea that he was). Instead, I saw in my journals certain themes that suggested natural story-like progressions.

## Themes

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### Conceptual to concrete

In the beginning, there was a lot of thinking and imagining what this baby making process would be like. In actuality, it wasn't even perceived as a baby making process. I was simply pregnant; a state of being that had no tangible difference to what I was before I was given that label.



Transition from scene 5 to 6

“Knowledge is Power,” and “Forewarned is forearmed.” Call it a coping mechanism. I read a lot. Women I hardly knew told me their war stories. It was like I was some initiate in a select club. This barrage of information contributed to a greater knowledge, but also served to distance me from the actuality. The idea of a tiny human being growing in your belly is a tremendous concept and it was beyond comprehension at that point.

Little by little, as I got more tangible evidence of this thing within, I began to understand there was something separate and alive inside of me. Maybe that's why it takes nine months. We need time to prepare ourselves for the shock.

My thesis was like that too. I began it with a vague idea of what it would become, and as it grew it became more concrete,

more alive, and more whole with its own identity separate from preconceptions.

## Love Story

Another theme emerged in my journals. I read passages that had all the trepidation of someone about to go out on a blind date.

The journal entries refer to the baby as this “someone I will meet,” there is anticipation and fear. This was to be a meeting of strangers, with the expectation of a lifelong relationship. There is sometimes a feeling like falling in love. There is sometimes a desire to run from the commitment. It’s all there. It is a love story.

## ***Scenes***

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These themes run throughout the piece.

The animation is divided into eight scenes and the credits. They follow chronological order, and I believe make sense thematically.

### 1 Evolution: the discovery phase

This opening scene sums up the experience. The animation is called “Evolution in the First Person;” it names the theme of evolution inside. This evolution is both physical and emotional for the woman. In the scene, a spark of life becomes a

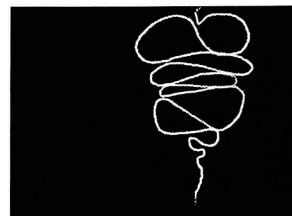


Scene1 floating fetus

baby. A woman grows to bursting. It is far removed from reality, but hints at the cycle of life and its continuity and process in all forms.

## 2 Nausea: a sense of change, insignificance

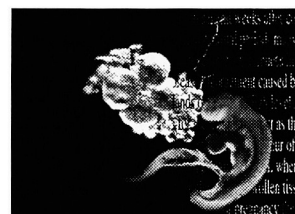
Back to reality. This is tangible evidence number one. The woman feels awful. She's nauseous. She's tired. She feels transparent and fragile. This isn't a celebration of a coming a baby. This feels like the flu.



Scene2 self-portrait

## 3 Daydreams: Armed with knowledge

At a loss to understand what is going on, the woman looks to other sources. She imagines her body as it expands to comic proportions. Ghostly images from all the things she reads haunt her. It is an attempt at understanding. The montage is somewhat factual, but is no help in grounding her.



Scene 3 eggs and fetus

## 4 Evidence of the real

The ultrasound is the first visual of the baby. It still remains abstract. The bones are luminous; the flesh is indicated only by a



Scene 4 - ultrasound

slight lightness in the surrounding dark. But the body moves, and breathes, and for the first time, we see life.

## 5 Acceptance and joy

Here, the baby and mother have their dialogue in movement. She dances for joy. The baby kicks and pushes. When the baby moves, he is real to her. She enjoys her body and plays with it as gravity wreaks havoc with her.



Scene 5 – Baby Samba

## 6 Waiting

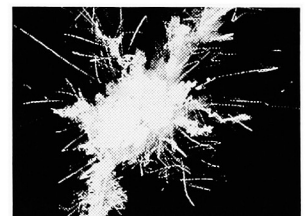
This scene is quiet. The baby is not present. In reality, the baby has run out of room and is no longer free to move as he did. She is large and round. The rocking chair acts as a metronome counting beats. Shots of the woman are juxtaposed with static images of the baby's room. This is the preset. This is the moment on the stage before the actors come out.



Scene 6 – Rocking Chair

## 7 Pain

This is when all thinking stops. This is the interlude. It is the transition from inside to outside. Here, the woman disappears. The pain is pure energy. Labor pain is darkness and periodic waves of intensity. It begins slowly and builds to a crescendo that obliterates everything.



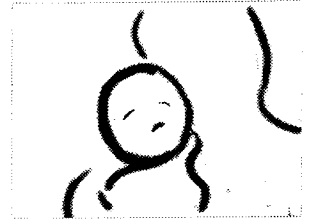
Scene 7 - Labor



## 8 Birth

This scene is movement. It is the equivalent of the lovers in the field running toward one another. The woman on the outside expands and contracts. The baby inside swims outward.

It all builds to the moment where the mother lifts the baby and holds it in her arms. The blind date at the door, the rushing into love, the moment of reality with all the importance of a first kiss.



Scene 8 – Mother and Child

### Method

### Style

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#### Black and white

Before I began to draw, I imposed certain limitations upon myself so I could focus more upon movement. In my previous animation, *Conjugation*, I was concerned with drawing beautiful stills. The colors were rich and the environments lush. I believe my preoccupation with surface was to the detriment of the overall piece. While it was visually rich, it lacked the movement that I now believe is the essence of animation.

So I began with a color limitation. I drew the images in black on white. It emphasized the drawing medium, and the sense of spontaneity inherent in straight-ahead animation. Color

is seductive. It would have been too easy to be lured into concentrating on the pictorial. This does not mean I did not attend to surface and composition. It means that the focus was on motion and individual frames were only to be thought of within the context of that brief moment they were displayed. In fact, it was like a mantra, "It's only one fifteenth of a second." I tried to keep this in the fore of all my thinking and drawing to keep the drawing loose.

When I switched to drawing white on black, the images gained a luminosity that supported the visual vocabulary and metaphor (light in darkness) I was building.

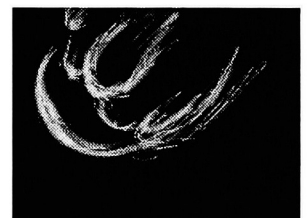
Additionally, I opted to keep the backgrounds either spare or empty. The original storyboard included scenes of the woman in bed with her husband, at a table eating food, and at the toilet throwing up. These scenes established specific environments. By eliminating them, the shots focused specifically on the woman and the child alone. They became both more personal because they were presented in a microcosm, and also more universal because they were not tied to a specific place.

## Expression

The drawing, at its best, is spontaneous- not loaded with too many intellectual constraints or goals. In spontaneity, it is the



Scene 5 – Samba  
BEFORE



Scene 5 – Samba  
AFTER

gesture that matters and the hand that drew them is present in the work. The essence is captured more easily when stumbled on than hunted and killed. Each time I focused upon the static imagery, I would tighten up. The images also became much more literal.

In the early stages, my woman had a face. She was a self-portrait and because of it was a self-portrait, I was self-conscious.

I also found when drawing, I could quickly establish the body, but the details of the face would stop me cold and I would attend to every miniscule line, aware of likeness and whether or not the likeness was consistent with preceding frames.

She lost her face, and she became pure form; a body. She was not necessarily me...but a puppet I could mold to tell my story. This allowed me to focus on her stance, gestures and posture. Again, I gained an openness that allowed the viewers to insert themselves. While she is definitely me, she is not exclusively me.



Scene1 woman sitting

## Form

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Scene 1 - Ontogeny

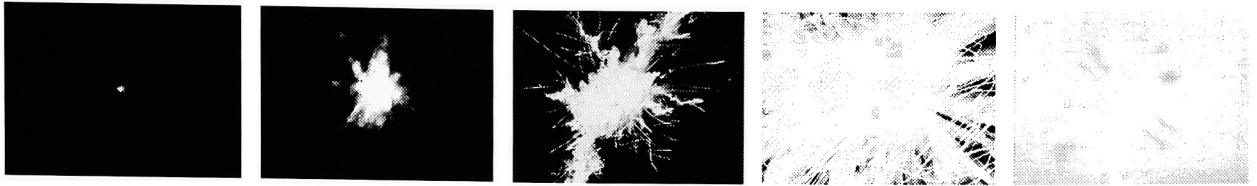
Dark to light

The first shot sets the tone of the entire piece. I had sketched out ideas for the work. I knew how I wanted it to begin. I wanted to show the multiplying of cells. This expanding point would be depicted as a glow- a point of understanding which grows and takes on form...and a variety of forms at that.

Did I plan the metaphor of evolution to mirror my own understanding? I did not make the decision in any cerebral way. I could attach meaning later. I wanted a light in the darkness. That was how I envisioned life. That was how I envisioned my child.

Of course, after I began, I could appreciate all the attendant metaphor. It was good to note the various themes and motifs that emerged in the drawings. I emphasize the word "emerged." I fear that if I had decided them before the drawing began, the shots would have looked and felt labored.

The entire piece, up until the labor, is drawn white on black. This is not accidental. The woman is literally in the dark.



Scene 7 – labor pain

She is in the dark about the process, about her understanding, and about what is to come. The labor pains offer a point of transition.

The beginning of the pain, is exactly the same as the point of light at the beginning of the animation. But in this context, it is the beginning of the end. As the pain expands, the darkness is first fragmented, then obliterated by the light.

The birth is drawn black on white. It is real and tangible. That a child is coming is inescapable. We see the mother and child, in the light, come together. The credits are superimposed over the image of the newborn. He is real, a video clip, that has been lightened to leave the essentials. It's like he is enveloped in light.

### Line and volume

There is a definite progression in the volume of the woman. In scene 2, she is merely an undulating line. In scene 3, she

becomes an outline. In scene 5, as she dances, she is primarily a contour with occasional shading. Her sense of mass is indicated more by her squashing and stretching than by drawing. In scene 6, "waiting," she hits her greatest mass. She is shaded. Highlights emphasize her swollen belly and breasts.

In the dance sequence, the juxtaposition of volumetric and linear forms is more abrupt. I had a general idea of what I wanted. I wanted a dialogue between the woman and fetus, inside and outside. In terms of composition, I played with the notion of vessels and balloons, expanding and contracting.

The best segments began with a scribble. A line, or line segment (I envisioned it continuing its path in the next frame) following the general direction I had set. I would plot this motion without a figure. The line would suggest a form.

Often I would see the breast or belly of the woman. Any curved stroke naturally suggested those contours. The sweep, obtuse or acute, would further suggest where in its arrested motion I had captured the body. That was how I achieved some of the more odd points of view. The swirl of the woman from above was accidental. She was an outgrowth of random line. The drawing had an organic growth that followed the force of motion.



Scene 8 - Labor

## ***Rhythm***

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### Mirroring the mind state

Each scene has its own tempo. The opening is generally languid. The creatures swim in blackness without difficulty. The exception in the scene is the fish becoming the frog and the woman exploding. (See the section about syncopation). In nausea, the movement is jittery. The baby samba is ecstatic. In this way the tempo reflects the mind state of the scene.

### Syncopation

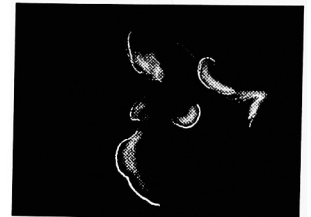
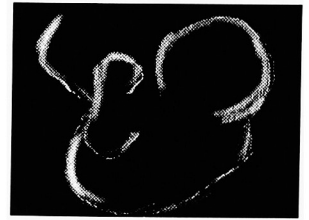
Once a tempo is established, there needs to be a rhythmic contrast- syncopation.

Scene 1, "Ontogeny" and the dance developed with straight-ahead animation. I was guided by my sense of inertia...Not the "what stays at rest" part, but the "what stays in motion" portion. The scenes were physical. I would act out the movement and count the mental ticks.

I would count 30 frames. I'd stand up- hold two seconds. I'd dance. My hands or body moves would mirror the course. I'd draw. I'd review the shot. Then I'd decide to continue the trajectory, or stop abruptly and turn, or change direction, guided

by my gut that what I'd been doing had gone on long enough, or not completed itself.

The reason to continue an established movement or to change it abruptly is ineffable. I know that I desire to establish a predictable rhythm and movement. I also know that after some amount of time I need to break expectation. This is the nature of syncopation. How and when one decides to make the break is a matter of personal style. I have as yet to discern any personal rules for myself. All I know is that I do it, and that I do it predictably in every scene.



Scene 5 – Samba, Interior and Exterior

## Sound

The soundtrack was added in two stages.

I made a rough edit of my animation and gave it to Zak Margolis. We discussed using toy sounds and other found sounds to make the soundtrack. He found an old out of tune toy piano. (We had been searching for the piano for almost a year). We rummaged through my sons' toy chests and gathered a good collection of squeaks, squawks, rattles and pings.

Zak was able to construct a moody and spare sound environment that fit most of the animation. He composed a lullaby on recorder that underscores some of the bittersweet feelings.



The ambient sound helps to convey a seriousness to the work. However, it did not fit the baby samba as I had envisioned the piece. That was one section that I felt was unabashedly happy.

I had asked my brother, John, to create a soundtrack for me early in the process, but was thwarted when he was hired to perform in a traveling show of "Stomp." Luckily, his troupe ended up in Rochester in mid-April, just before the completion of the thesis. During his week stay, between performances, he stayed at my house. Using an in-utero recording of Aidan's heartbeat, a toy xylophone, a rattle, and an upside-down Rubbermaid bucket, he made the music for the baby samba.

John's music was a minute longer than the animation I had created at that point. His music directed my drawing, and the resulting work is, I think, the strongest section of the thesis.

## **Cohesion**

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Because I was concerned with individual sections, I became myopic. I did not concern myself with how these movements would fit into the greater whole.

As I put the shots together, I found I had to eliminate large portions of work and replace them in order to keep a flow from scene to scene. There is a definite order in tempo, and the total

rhythmic movement had to make as much sense as the actual motion of the character within each scene.

I was continually amazed by differences between creating a static work and animation- especially creating a piece over such a long period. Considerations and expectations are different. In a static piece, one seeks overall continuity punctuated by tensions created by contrasts, and resolved within the image plane. The nature of continuity and resolution in a dynamic medium is different. In terms of composition, individual frames may be unbalanced.

The most dynamic and resonant shots were resolved, not within the frame, but over time. The thinking is different. Again I have to think about the differences between constructing a static image and a moving piece.

I had roughed in large portions of the movie and I had been of the mindset that to make everything work together, I had to make the transitions work well. This was the visual equivalent of playing connect the dots.

That is not how I approach a static image, and that kind of thinking was also a mistake in this context. In a static image, after I've roughed in large areas, I don't simply try to connect the dots. I look for motifs: color, texture, pattern, and make certain



Scene 6 – Rocking,  
establishing shot

everything hangs together by relating disparate portions by making certain all areas share the same language...while allowing for points of difference, or focus.

Stylistically, my movie has been all over the place.

Because it is self-referential, I would speak about each experience at different times and tones: the styles would vary greatly. This is not unusual for any artist to work. But in a static image, the temporal aspect is not there, and you're not seeing months' difference juxtaposed next to each other in the space of a few seconds.

I had to look at my vocabulary. Not only do I have color, texture, pattern, and content...but also rhythm and point of view. The answer to the different styles was to change perspective, which also allowed me to foreshadow upcoming styles. I could not just connect the dots. I had to make certain the dots shared something. Previous to this, everything was pretty much straight-ahead animation. Lines and shapes metamorphosed into forms one after another.

It seems that simple cuts provided the answer. By making use of cuts, sometimes within a scene, I could juxtapose the shots. I could also more easily make subtle style changes within a shot.

## Conclusion

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### *Organic growth in the thesis*

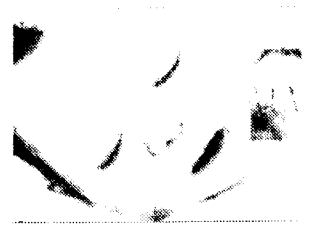
Planning is linear. I had drafted the entire movie, yet in the end, kept only one scene. The baby samba remained, though it was elaborated much more than I had anticipated.

Many things were not as I anticipated: my physical stamina, my mental state, and retaining continuity in a piece that spanned almost three years until completion. I definitely had not expected to be expecting within two years of my first born.

But there is beauty in chaos. The unexpected turns caused me to work differently than I would have previously. I gave up control and accepted the resulting happy accidents. By letting go of the script and the original storyboard, I was able to develop more visual metaphors.

The nausea section came about because I knew the toilet image was not working within the context of the rest of the movie. I asked myself how I felt began to make insane scribbles. Those scribbles were a better solution than what I had planned.

I conducted some ruthless surgery on the movie: eliminating three fully developed scenes, and reworking others. (Scene 3 is radically different than its original form).



The resulting animation has an integrity and life separate than one I had planned, and it is better for the stresses I underwent to make it.

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## Thesis Proposal

### SCRIPT

My thesis will be a five minute animated piece based upon experiences during pregnancy. Since becoming pregnant, it seems I have joined a select club. Women I know, and hardly know tell me their stories – most of them funny, sometimes horrifying, but all visceral and visual.

I would like to give a humorous journal of one woman's experience. In voice-over she will confide her concern or discovery of the month, while her body is squashed, stretched and subjected to internal hormonal/fetal, and external verbal forces.

### AESTHETICS

Focus will be upon movement, expression and syncopation. The figures will be gesture drawings on a white field. Detail will be minimal. I seek to keep the drawing process fresh and avoid overworking any individual image.

I envision the character drawing herself in and abruptly inflating during morning sickness, and quietly exploding as her body grows. Her walk will change from swagger to waddle. Her rhythms will be varied – an attempt at equilibrium interrupted by changing beats.

### METHOD

I plan to complete flipbooks for the entire thesis during my first quarter thereby establishing an underlying framework. I expect, through experience, a better sense of how pregnant women move and will devise better studies, so later I can create an improved flipbook for the shot, insert it into the movie and check for stylistic continuity and flow. In this way, I hope to retain necessary flexibility while retaining structure.

Using the "Painter" program, augmented by a pressure sensitive drawing pad, I draw normally. The program allows the creation of flipbooks and has an "onion skin" feature allowing me to draw on seemingly translucent sheets and to see previously drawn frames.

I will make these flipbooks at quarter size then import them into Adobe Premiere. There, I can check the timing and movement at an exact 15 frames per second. When the flipbooks are satisfactory, I will convert the images to full frame resolution, return to the Painter program and make necessary modifications.

A tow second animation requires:

- 2 MB quarter size Painter flipbook

- 32 MB JPEG compressed full frame Premiere file

- 130-MB full frame uncompressed PICT file

Rendered images will be saved on an optical disc and then transferred to SVHS-video for final edit. Audio track will be comprised of voice actors and, possibly, stock music. (Standard procedure is a \$45.00 one-time buy out per CD, less if several CD's are purchased at once.) There is also the possibility of an original score. I will contact the Eastman School to check feasibility.

The final format will be SVHS video.

## Budget

| Task   | cost      | actual cost |
|--|-----------|-------------|
| Storyboard and script                            | 1,500.00  | 0           |
| Animation  | 48,000.00 | 0           |
| Music, effects, and composition (original music) | 3,600.00  | 45.00       |
| Voice Fee  | 500.00    | 0           |
| Sound editing and effects                        | 1,000.00  | 0           |
| Materials (tape, ODR, SVHS, cassettes, disks)    | 1,000.00  | 650.00      |
|  | 55,600.00 | 850.00      |

## Timeline

I have opted to complete my thesis in four quarters worth three credits each.

## PREPRODUCTION

| Task             | time required | completion |
|------------------|---------------|------------|
| Proposal         | 2 days        | Sept '95   |
| Script           | 1 month       | Nov '95    |
| Storyboard       | 2 months      | Oct '95    |
| Initial sketches | 1 week        | Sept '95   |

## PRODUCTION

Winter '95 3 credits

**Strategy** *Using Painter, create quarter size flipbooks of entire movie*

| Task  | time required      | completion      |
|---|--------------------|-----------------|
| 10 Scenes   | 10 weeks           | end Winter qtr  |
| Meet thesis committee for Approval of scenes, sequences | 3 – 1 hr. meetings | end Winter qtr. |
| Record soundtrack- voice-over                           | 1 week             | Nov '95         |

## Spring '96 3 credits

**Strategy** *the flipbooks will be converted to full screen size using Adobe Premiere. Most of the image will retain its fresh and gestural quality. Only small portions of the image area will be developed to create focal points in each shot. The goal is to keep the image making process loose.*

| <b>Task</b>   | <b>time required</b> | <b>completion</b> |
|---|----------------------|-------------------|
| Complete remaining shots                                | 8 weeks              | late April        |
| Meet thesis committee for Approval of scenes, sequences | 3 – 1 hr. meetings   | late April        |
| Dump approved shots to the ODR                          | as needed            | on going          |
| Have baby   | Many hours           | early May         |

**Strategy** *summer session for revision. (Not officially enrolled in thesis)*

## Fall '96 3 credits

| <b>Task</b>   | <b>time required</b> | <b>completion</b> |
|---|----------------------|-------------------|
| Complete remaining shots                                | 8 weeks              | end fall qtr      |
| Meet thesis committee for Approval of scenes, sequences | 3 – 1 hr. meetings   | end Fall qtr.     |
| Dump approved shots to the ODR                          | as needed            | on going          |

## Winter '96 3 credits

**Strategy** *Using Painter, create quarter size flipbooks of entire movie*

| <b>Task</b>   | <b>time required</b> | <b>completion</b> |
|---|----------------------|-------------------|
| Final tweaking of any unsatisfactory shots, re-rendering; dump remaining shots to the ODR |                      |                   |
| Sound editing   | 3 weeks              | late Dec.         |
| Post production, editing  | 6 weeks              | mid-Jan.          |
| Duplicating   | 1 day                | end-Jan           |



## **THESIS SHOWING**

Mid-February '97

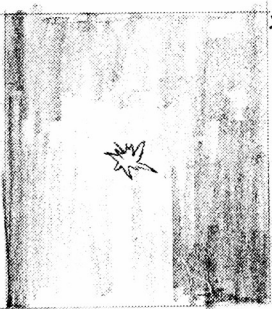
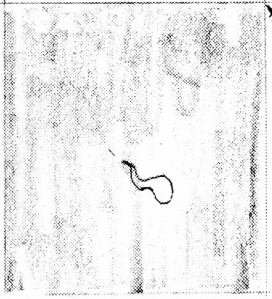


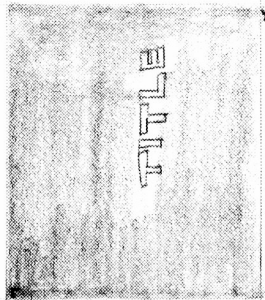
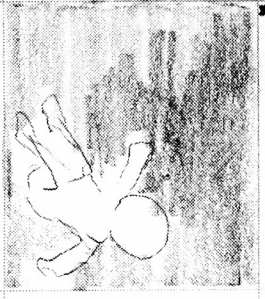
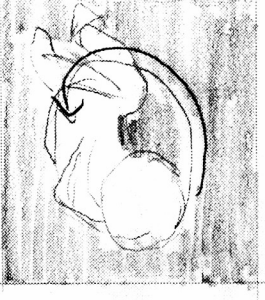
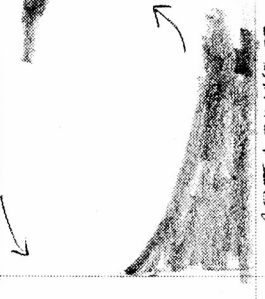
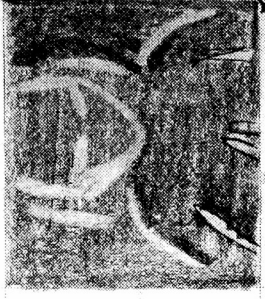



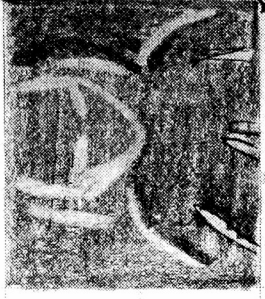


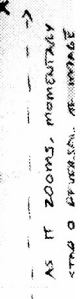

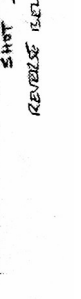
Thesis paper completed end of Winter Quarter '97

**INCLUDED:** Supporting Materials

Storyboard

Script

# Appendix B

|  |  |   |   |
|--|--|---|---|
| <p>SCENE 1 -</p>    |                                  |    | <p>OPENING</p>                         |
| <p>WHITE IMAGES ON BLACK BACKGROUND</p> <p>SCENE 2 -</p>  |                                  |    |                                        |
| <p>FADE IN - FOOT</p> <p>TITLE</p>   |                                 |   |                                       |
| <p>SCENE 2 -</p>                                        |                                 |   |                                       |
| <p>SCENE 2 -</p> <p>SHE TURNS ONTO HER BACK</p>  | <p>SHOT 2X</p> <p>ZOOM IN</p>  | <p>C.U.</p> <p>SHE OPENS HER EYES</p>  | <p>SHOT 3X</p> <p>REVEALS BELLY</p>  |

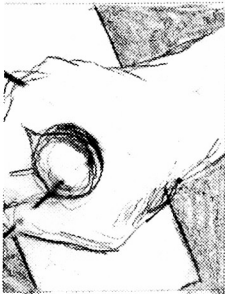
V.O. "PHILENY RECAPITULATES ONTOGENY 'IS THIS NOTION THAT FROM CONCEPTION, TO ZYGOTE, TO FETUS, HUMANS MIRROR ALL OF EVOLUTION..."

POINT & ENLARGE TO PRIMARILY WHITE BACKGROUND

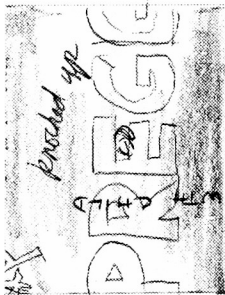
PREGNANCY IS BEING LABELED - a new identity

SCENE 2 - SHE TURNS ONTO HER BACK

AS IT ZOOMS, MOMENTARILY INTO A REVERSE. AN IMAGE



SHOT 4  
SERIES OF STAMPS



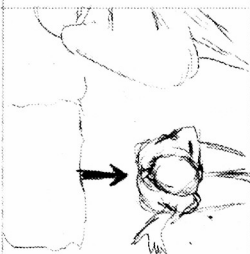
SHOT 5  
REVELE TYPE ON BLACK



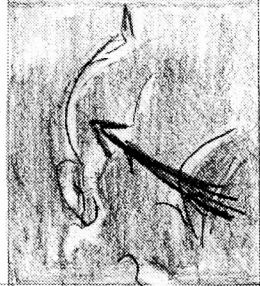
SHOT 1  
C.U. LOOKING DOWN,  
HEAD TILTS (PAINED  
EXPRESSION)



SHOT 2  
HAND MOVES TO  
STOMACH



SHE SITS UP



SHOT 4 X  
REVERSAL - MINIMAL  
FORM OF BODY BACK  
ARCHES ABRUPTLY



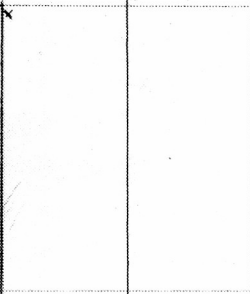
REVERSE  
SHOT 5 X



REVERSE - BOLLY INFLATES  
SHOT 6



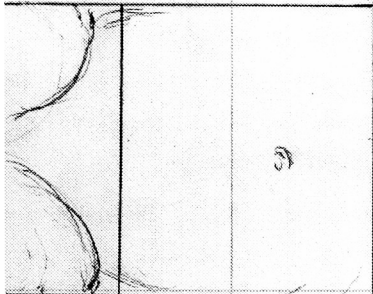
BODY SHRINKS, BELLY  
BRUPTS



SHOT 3  
RETURNS  
LINES FRACTURE & REFORM





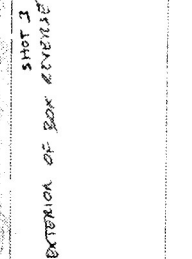
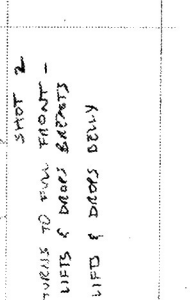
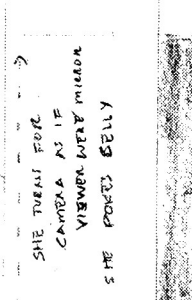
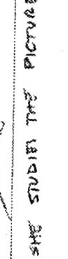

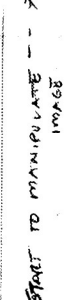
SWIRL (SOUND OF  
TOILET FLUSHING)  
TO WHITE

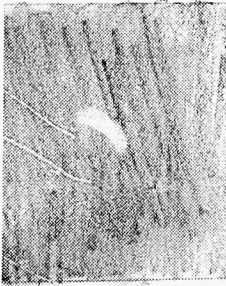


FALL DOWN

... YOUR BODY CHANGING

SHOT 7  
INTERCUT  
REALITY  
(SHOT 5)

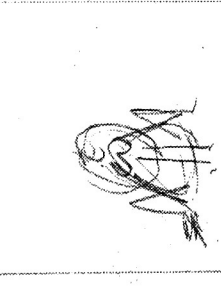
|  |  |  |   |  |
|--|--|--|---|--|
| <p>SCENE 4</p>                          | <p>SHE ENTERS X<br/>SHOT 1</p>                 | <p>REVERSE. SHE IMAGINES X<br/>HER BODY CHANGING<br/>SHOT 2</p>                      | <p>SHE TURNS &amp; WADDLES<br/>TOWARD CAMERA</p>  | <p>WHITE HANDS COVER<br/>HERE UNTIL THE SCREEN<br/>IS FULLY WHITE --&gt;</p> |
| <p>SCENE 5</p>                          | <p>SHOT 1 X<br/>SHE ENTERS &amp;<br/>STOPS</p> | <p>SHE TURNS FOR<br/>CAMERA AS IF<br/>VIEWER WERE MICRO<br/>SHE POKES BELLY</p>      | <p>SHOT 2<br/>TURNS TO FULL FRONT -<br/>LIFTS &amp; DROPS BREASTS<br/>LIFTS &amp; DROPS BELLY</p> | <p>A DOTTED LINE FORMS<br/>AROUND BELLY<br/>CUT-&gt;</p>                     |
|                                        | <p>SHOT 3<br/>EXTENSION OF BOX REVERSE</p>     |   |               | <p>ULTRASOUNDS</p>   |
| <p>SHOT 4<br/>SLIGHT ULTRASOUNDS</p>  | <p>START TO MANIPULATE --&gt;<br/>IMAGE</p>    |  |              | <p>SHE STUDIES THE PICTURE</p>   |



SOME SAY IT'S LIKE A FLAME,  
OR A THROUGH PIPE...  
PERCUSIVE & WIGGLING MOTIONS

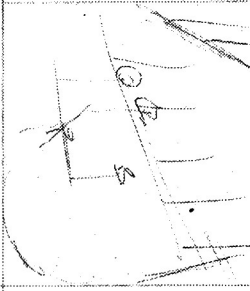
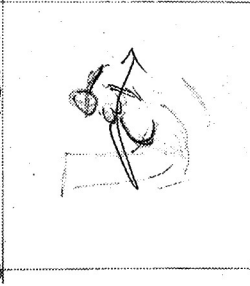


FOR ME, IT'S A GOLDFISH ON  
DRYLAND TRAPPED IN CAUSE



UP & TEETENS

CUT

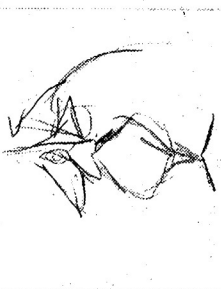


LIGHT ON DARK  
WAITING... ROCKING  
ESTABLISHING SPOT

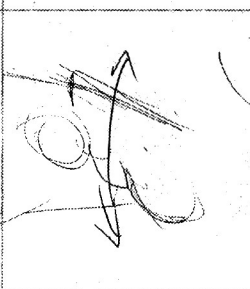
STILL



X



CUT



CLOSER  
ROCKING  
X



CU. THICKS BY X



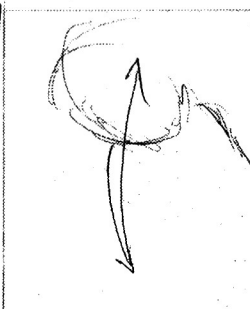
ROLLS OCCASIONALLY  
RECOGNIZABLE FORMS  
BURBIE KNOBS THE  
SURFACE



STILL



SPLATS DOWN



CU X  
ROCKING

## Script

### Month 1

A WOMAN STANDS FAR FROM THE CAMERA LOOKING IN THE DISTANCE.

I'm pregnant.

TURNS TOWARD CAMERA. HANGS HEAD AND SLOUCHES

Found out for sure about three weeks ago, but I think I knew pretty much when it happened. Four days later I'm queasy, and a week after that—*still* queasy—I'm getting suspicious.

SHE GAGS.

One of my friends says, "Take some antacid." Instead I go in for a blood test.

SHE GOES OFF SCREEN

It's five o'clock, can't get the results 'til ten tomorrow.

SHE RETURNS, LEANS HEAVILY AGAINST THE EDGE OF THE SCREEN AND PANTS.

Okay, ten o'clock, I'm by the phone, Jim's downstairs making breakfast (oblivious to this momentous thing upstairs). I call.

"Your test came out positive."

CONFETTI AND RIBBON FLOAT DOWN FROM THE SKY. (UNDERLYING SOUSA MUSIC). THE STUFF LANDS ON HER HEAD. SHE LOOKS UP.

That's soooo...what? Positive? Like I passed? I do some quick mental inversions before I figure out it means I'm knocked up, with child, got a bun in the oven, preggers.

A GIANT HAND QUICKLY STAMPS HER BELLY WITH DIFFERENT LABELS.  
ENTER HUSBAND STAGE RIGHT.

THEY HUG.

## **Month 2**

WOMAN SITS IN A CHAIR. HER STOMACH RUMBLES.

Six weeks and counting. (Gag)  
The parasite is a little less than half an inch.

AN ALIEN BURSTS FROM HER BELLY AND LEAPS MANIACLY AROUND THE WOMAN.

I thought initially, when Jim called the little sucker a parasite, it was unkind, but now I'm convinced it's true.

Makes me throw up...

IT PUNCHES HER BELLY.

Gives me headaches...

PULLS HER HAIR.

Wears me out.

IT LEAPS BACK INSIDE AND ZIPS UP HER BELLY. SHE SIGHS.

My cousin said, "Yup. It'll suck all the life force from your body."

HER HEAD AND LIMBS SHRIVEL. HER BELLY INFLATES.

## **Month 3**

Almost three months.

THE WOMAN SITS IN A CHAIR SLOCHED OVER KNEES TOGETHER.

We've got this representative vegetable of the month.

PAGES FROM A CALENDAR WAFT BY ACCOMPANIED BY SACHARINE GAME SHOW MUSIC.

One month—a grain of short grain rice. Two- a grape. Three- a kumquat. Four- lime, five- zucchini, six, seven- acorn squash.

THE LAST OF THE VEGETABLES FLOAT ONTO A LARGE TABLE. SHE SITS IN FRONT OF IT SURVEYING HER OPTIONS.

I've lost four pounds and the kumquat just lies there...somewhere. My only proof is being really weepy during long distance phone commercials, and weird cravings.

SHE SPECIFICALLY ATTACKS CERTAIN FOODS AND GOBBLES THEM. CRUMBS AND LARGER FOOD CHUNKS DRIBBLE FROM HER MOUTH.

Like, cream of wheat. Cottage cheese. Bananas. White things. I mean, I WANT THEM. This is not some little, wouldn't it be nice if...NO. It's this, make NOW. WANT NOW thing.

HUSBAND ENTERS. HIS HAND SLOWLY APPROACHES HER. HER BINGES ARE OCCASSIONALLY CHECKED BY TOUCHING "EVIL" FOODS. SHE GAGS, THROWS THEM ON THE FLOOR AND CONTINUES.

Chicken wings, soft eggs, and sausage- right now, sound like the most disgusting thing in the world. All I do is eat, gag and weep.

THE TIP OF THE INDEX LIGHTLY BOINKS HER SHOULDER. SHE LOOKS AT HIM, GROWLS LIKE A DOG AND BAWLS.

This has got to be a design flaw.

#### **Month 4**

OPEN WITH CALENDAR PAGE OF FRUIT/VEGETABLE OF THE MONTH. FADE TO:

\*I'm not yet certain what will be the definitive image for the month.  
Possibilities are:

BUTTERFLIES- first sense of the baby's movement.

THE GLOW- this is supposed to be the honeymoon trimester.

THE DOCTOR- go over some of the things that happen during a regular check-up.



## Month 5

OPEN WITH CALENDAR PAGE OF FRUIT/VEGETABLE OF THE MONTH. FADE TO:

SHE RUNS IN WAVING A PICTURE.

We got the ultrasound!

ULTRASOUND SHOVED INTO THE CAMERA. CIRCLES AND ARROWS CHASE EACH OTHER OVER THE IMAGE.

See? It's a girl. You can tell 'cuz the this is the head, and here are where there would be a little penis if it was a guy...but there isn't any, so that's how we know.

Oh. Just take my word for it.

SHE HOLDS THE ULTRASOUND TO HER BREAST. AS SHE IMAGINES VARIOUS NAMES, ACCOMPANYING CHARACTERS "POOF!" NEXT TO HER THEN DISAPPEAR.

Still haven't picked a name. There are books and books of them. What a responsibility! Like the kid is going to become what we name it. Okay, play along with me. What does a "Gertrude" look like? Or a "Tiffany"? How 'bout "Brunhilde"? No offenses to anyone with those names, but names conjure personalities. I only have one picture for an Arnold, and only one for a Marilyn.

THIS NAME HOVERS IN GOLD CALIGRAPHY. A MISTY ANGELIC CREATURE SMILES BENIGNLY.

There's one name in Esperanto. Nobody speaks it, but there's one anyway. "Amara". That's kind of nice, isn't it? Suggests someone with dark hair and eyes, exotic. Maybe intelligent and mysterious.

THE IMAGE POPS LIKE A SOAP BUBBLE.

And it doesn't mean "beloved of God".

## **Month 7**

OPEN WITH CALENDAR PAGE OF FRUIT/VEGETABLE OF THE MONTH. FADE TO:

BABY SAMBA.

MUSIC BEGINS. SHE ENTERS BELLY FIRST. SHE CHA-CHAS. HER BELLY MOVES OPPOSITE HER LIKE A SEPARATE DANCE PARTNER.

SHE MOVES IN CLOSE UNTIL SHE FILLS THE SCREEN. ENTER BABY INTERIOR.

BABY SWINGS WITH UMBILICAL CORD. KICKS KIDNEY. SLAMS AGAINST UTERINE WALL. EXTREME CLOSE UP.

BACK TO MOTHER. SHE DANCES OFF SCREEN.

## **Month 8**

OPEN WITH CALENDAR PAGE OF FRUIT/VEGETABLE OF THE MONTH. FADE TO:

I am going to walk normally.

SHE TAKES A DEEP BREATH AND BEGINS TO RISE FROM HER CHAIR. SHE TAKES A COUPLE OF WADDLES.

I used to be able to do this. Now I'm this ungainly ungraceful whale-like lumbering birth vessel.

SHE HOLDS A BREAST LIKE A WEAPON.

I wonder if I'll be able to write my name in the snow? You KNOW this is the only way I'm gonna be able to do it.

New interesting fact. When the kid sucks on the tit, it helps bring the uterus back up to where it was before.

It's a chemical thing.  
Still waiting.

Not like there's anything I could do about it now. Look! I've changed my mind. I'm not ready for this. Who is? Who's got the money for this? What do I do when it throws a hissy fit at the supermarket? Who's gonna watch it when I work? What if I hate her boyfriends?

Hey! She kicked!

(Whispers to her belly) She's real.

I used to be able to walk. Stand even.

## **Month 9**

OPEN WITH CALENDAR PAGE OF FRUIT/VEGETABLE OF THE MONTH. FADE TO:

SHE ENTERS ALONE WITH HER HUSBAND AND PILLOW. OTHER WOMEN AND PARTNERS ENTER. THEY PLOP DOWN ON THE FLOOR.

ESTHER WILLIAMS LA MAZE CLASS.

\*will attend birthing class to research movement.

## **D-Day**

OPEN WITH CALENDAR PAGE OF FRUIT/VEGETABLE OF THE MONTH. FADE TO:

SHE SITS ON A CHAIR, LIFTS SHIRT AND STARTS TO PLAY WITH HER BELLY BUTTON.

I've never had an outie before.

SHE PICKS A PIECE OF FLUFF AND LOOKS AT IT.

I'm getting out lint I couldn't get at for years.

Someone told me it's like a turkey thermometer. Boop! And you're good to go.

SHE RUBS HER BELLY. FIRST LABOR PAINS. FADE OUT. AS CREDITS ROLL HEAR VOICES.

Jim? Would you come here please? (Suppressed groan)

(Whisper) Yes...I think so...Well, get your butt over here...

\*I need advice on the best way to end this. I'm not sure labor is funny, or if I'll think it is by the time I get through with it. If I do include it, it may increase the movie significantly.

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## Techniques

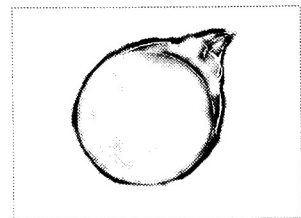
### Modified Rotoscoping

#### 2-D animation

In the labor sequence where the baby swims through the canal, I wanted a very gradual change in dimension as the baby approached the viewer. I also wished a similar pacing as the mother lifts the baby in the final scene.

In each shot, I merely animated a circle in Director, to act as a placeholder and a means to time the action. Once I was satisfied with the motion, I exported the animation as a quicktime movie and brought it into Painter.

Director provided definitive pacing, while Painter contributed the overall surface and texture.



Scene 8 - birth

#### 3-D animation

In the waiting scene (scene 6), I wanted the woman to count out beats like a metronome. To this end, I used Specular Infini-D's 3D animation program to create a simplified model to represent the woman in the rocking chair.

I imported the animation (geometric forms on a black background) into Painter and drew the figure. The figure was merely suggested by four spheres (belly, head and two breasts).

This method allowed me to maintain the same rhythm in each of the successive shots of the woman rocking. I retained the same motion and shot it from the various angles and distances.



Scene 6 - waiting

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Journal Entries

**Your wife will return in a few months.  
In the meantime,  
please take care of the woman  
sleeping upstairs.**

02/21/96

Message left for Jim as a Screen Saver

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10/5/95

This August I became pregnant. And, of course, my mind has turned inward to my body, my life and husband.

I'm still committed to doing thesis this year, and by making it about this process of becoming a mom--I think I can use this focus. Besides, I've got to graduate some time.

In the past, when I've made my work a reflection of my thoughts rather than forcing some inspiration, the process tended to proceed well. The challenge in this format is to keep some continuity, because I will change a lot in the next few months--and my moods as I approach the work each day, each hour, will be erratic.

I already know this. I cry at nothing. I'm manic once every two hours and I've never had to pee so much in my life.

But I digress.

This challenge isn't singular to me, I know, but it will be new to me. Here is the added element of time.

I have worked on a series of monoprints over a period of months, but in a two-dimensional world, it is possible to unite an entire composition by adding and subtracting a few elements. If a piece finished near the beginning is radically different than one completed at the end -- well, you hang them a few feet farther apart.

I will need to develop new techniques (for me) to keep a singular vision over the next year.

---

10/11/95

It's difficult to say important things with meaning and yet not sound like a Hallmark card.

The script so far is full of funny stories...but most are not mine. This is not a bad thing, but the experience is still removed and the feeling that comes with experience is not yet there.

But it's all changing so fast.

This.

This whole thing. It's so big that it can only be understood in a series of epiphanies.

I can tell the stories, and I do so with a sort of bravado and distance that belies something that I didn't admit even to my husband 'til yesterday.

I want this baby. I didn't know how much.

Admission of importance is difficult because it sets up the possibility of disappointment that is directly proportional to how bad you want something. So on the one hand you prepare, and on the other you hold back just in case the whole thing comes down with a crash.

It's like being in love.

---

11/11/95

Each day, I hope the general ickiness will cease: headaches, nausea and tiredness.

My belly is growing. At night I look at my profile in the mirror and find it changed. I'm changed.

You'd think this would no longer be a surprise, but I catch myself at least once a day re-discovering I'm pregnant. I want to throw tantrums. There's just this abundance of STUFF going on.

---

11/17/95

I'm past the gaggy-pukey stage, and I've finally woken up.

It's like leaving your house to someone and coming back to find they've rearranged the furniture.

My body is pretty much the same from a head on view but my profile belongs to someone else. The cute little pot that appeared a few weeks ago was a one-hand cup deal. A very comforting form, really; like palming your chin or holding a breast -- it fit the natural curve of a relaxed hand.

But, I swear to god! In just a week, it g r e w. Now it is a two-hand lift. Humans, and therefore, babies, do not grow incrementally. It happens in spurts. The thing doubled in the space of a few days!

When I made the storyboard and envisioned "Alien" and growth eruptions I thought, "Ha! This will be a cute visual." Nope. It's a truth and the metaphor is a good one, but the feeling attached is a bit more complex. Being on the inside of this body I feel so many things: that I've lost control of my self -- physically and emotionally, and that there's this overwhelming event looming on the horizon. It's not the labor worried about...it's the rest of my life. And unlike the wedding I ditched then came back to, there is no time for me to get my shit together. This thing is speeding ahead on its own time line and ready or not, the happening is predetermined

---

12/1/95

It's been almost 4 months (in five more days...it seems pregnancy is measured in minute increments), and I haven't gained any weight. After conception, and during the first month, I lost five pounds. Since then, my weight hasn't changed. This is not to say that I'm not looking pregnant. There's this lump hovering over my groin that wasn't there.

I'm "showing".

The question is, if the kid is growing, and my belly is growing, where is it sucking the life from? Jim says my face is thinner. I squeeze my thighs and arms. I look at my butt in the mirror and try to figure out where there are any other stores. Apparently your brain is 60% fat. If the kid is eating that we're both in trouble.

For the past few nights I think I've felt movement. Jim finally corroborated it last night. Before that I'd say, "I think I felt



something." He'd dutifully put his hand on my belly and nothing. Last night he felt it. Said it was like air going through a pipe. Seems as apt an analogy as anything else. I'd like to get excited about it, but I can't help but suspect it's a muscle spasm, or maybe stuff moving through my intestine. (I have no idea where it is anymore. I used to know. In the pictures they show the uterus and the kid, but never do they indicate where all the displaced stuff went). It's supposed to be pretty dinky still. Smaller than my closed fist. Maybe a plum size. I don't think something that small could make the kind of movement I felt, unless it's slam dancing. But how much of a running start could it get?

I don't know. I've got an ultrasound appointment in a few days. We'll bring a videotape and count limbs, then toes and fingers. Check out this creature and me and wonder.

---

12/06/95

It's a boy.

We got the ultrasound done yesterday. The images are surreal. His bones are luminous; his heart, a fluttering bit of darkness in his rib cage. His ribs fan out and retract. It's all so delicate and fine.

This is what we got.

It's hard to put skin on this creature. It's a baby. It's some concept of life. It's Geiger. It's in me.

I was joyous yesterday, telling near strangers, "It's a boy!" But today it seems so unreal. A step towards the concrete and then back two. The alien returns until he kicks me again and I turn all my attention inside and wonder at this process and when will we meet face to small face.

We begin to set up his nursery...I begin to set up his nursery. For Jim this unreality is greater. He watches me and wonders where his wife went. I'm nesting.

---

01/30/96

The movie has an organic growth. It's far from straight ahead shooting.

I'm finding my experience inexplicable. I put Jim's hand on my belly. The baby kicks. That is a fact, but the experience is more than that. It seems much more momentous. I look at the video of the ultrasound and it is a document of reality. Maybe, surreality. But that too does not come close to the feeling...the experience.

So I look to metaphors to substitute for documentation.

The first shots I worked on were literal. Physical manifestations: a woman rolling over in bed, retching, studying herself in the mirror. The exaggeration and the implications lie behind in the thoughts and in the moments between the outside manifestations.

As my daydreams fly farther from the pragmatic and logical, the images I make can also make a leap from literal to metaphorical.

I think I've (recently) accepted the idea I'm pregnant. (Good thing too). I'm in the middle of my sixth month. He kicks and squirms and I accept that he is also real.

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1/7/96

I didn't think it'd be this hard to concentrate on work. Everything is so directed toward this production...baby, that is. And as good as I think this thesis can be, it seems so unimportant, dwarfed by my coming boy.

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1/1/96

It's funny; my body is becoming the caricature of itself that I drew two months ago. I thought I was exaggerating the lines, but the nature of this process is to exaggerate the lines. I'm becoming a gourd, a vessel, a swollen pod. The aunts say I look good...it's pretty much all belly. The pregnancy isn't showing in my face, but it's weird. There's a dichotomy between the front and profile.

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02/01/96

This is not a complaint, but for future reference. Pregnancy has a physical reality beyond changing shape.

My mind is scattered, and unlike other times I've been involved with projects, I can't seem to concentrate for more than fifteen minutes at a time. It's not that I'm distracted. I'm not thinking of specific baby things, I'm just NOT thinking. I didn't really consider this when I thought about undertaking thesis.

Marla says it'll only get worse when the kid arrives.

My center of balance is shifting. I move more slowly, and when I do make any sudden movements, there's a greater inertia to overcome. I move, then my belly moves behind me and catches up. Dancing and jogging are a trip. I don't do these things for any sustained amount of time. Just maybe a minute to see how it feels.

My breathing is shallow. There's a uterus in the way. My stomach is smaller so I eat smaller meals...just lots of them.

Oh! And because I'm short, I drive with my seat pulled all the way to the front. It's getting hard to fit behind the wheel. I've got about an inch clearance. Thankfully, in April, I may be wearing fewer sweaters and layers, so maybe I'll still fit. Ah, logistics.

My belly button is a shallow dip along a dark line that goes down my belly like a seam. It used to be pretty deep, so I use my pinky as a sort of dipstick to gauge growth.

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4/3/96

His movements are specific. I can distinguish a roll, from a foot, from a hand. Sometimes he stretches and my ribs and pelvis get a good tickling. I really want to see this kid.

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2/20/96

Leslie Taylor said something the other day that makes perfect sense and may be a pretty good ending concept.

To paraphrase, she said there was a point during her labor when all she wanted was to go home and she realized there was no way that was going to happen. At that moment, she realized this baby was coming out and she had no say, and no control. She was a mere organism and this was something that had been going on for thousands of years. She felt at one with the universe.

Susan Chapel said something similar. That at some point you have to recognize you have no control over the situation and you just gotta give it up.

I said, I try to explain what's happening inside of me to Jim, but he doesn't understand. The response of the women in the room was that was the beauty of a good man. He'll be there to support you and help you and never understand what it's like.

Told Jim this. He said, "Well, yeah."

"But I give you metaphors."

"I understand the metaphors, but it's like me trying to explain to you what it's like to have a penis."

"Well, then, what's it like to have a penis?"

"I can't explain it."

Oh.

So the end concept. We return to the notion of ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny. That moment of luminescence at the beginning that started the whole thing is the luminescence of creation, and the light at the end of the tunnel.

I am an organism and there is a point when all thought is irrelevant.

I am the embryo, and the container.

---

4/13/96

I need a metaphor for waiting.

The material things are ready. My bag is packed. I've read all the books, and I keep thinking I can't possibly get any bigger than I am now. (Not true, but wishful thinking).

I continue to rub my stomach and talk with him. But it's a one way conversation and I don't know if he's listening, or how much he understands. Does he know we're waiting for him to arrive? Does he know he's wanted?

Each action, each task is only a temporary distraction from the baby.

I guess it would be unfair to make my audience wait as long as I am now. What do I give them? A white screen? A black one? The sound of a metronome? Of my heart?

What's it like?

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4/20/96

Swollen. Heavy. Stretched. Sore.

I remind myself of this state. They (the mothers, the ex-pregnant ones) tell me I'll forget how un-fun this part is.

I bend backwards to accommodate this weight in the front. Each movement takes thought and no small amount of momentum to start. Grace is impossible. My bones and joints creak.

Waiting.

And it's only just begun. Then I think, if it's a week or a month, it doesn't matter. That's still only a small amount of time. It is. It's true. But measuring time by how a body sways and moves is different than by thought (which has no weight, no gravity, and definitely no sense of mortality).

I sit on a neck pillow. Basically, a doughnut. It gives my "zone" some relief. Squatting is a pleasure until my legs complain. Sleeping is a necessity like sudden trips to the bathroom that

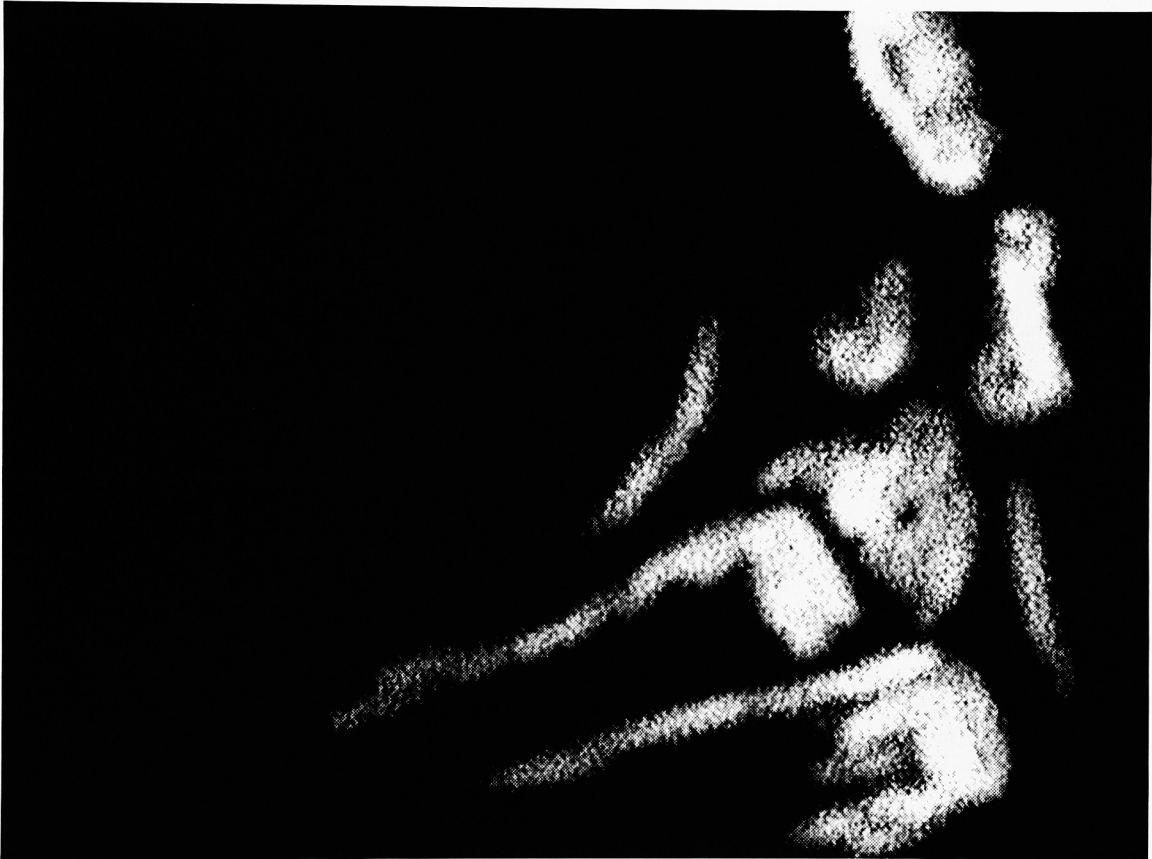
produces a small squirt or a hard won rabbit turd. I'm mostly laughing because it's all pretty ridiculous. I keep looking at myself from the outside lumbering along. This outside observer shakes her head and wonders at how I could have taken walking for granted, or movement in general.

Silly.

I am cute (from the outside). If I can maintain this perspective, I think I can manage not to hurt anyone too badly.

Still Images

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Scene 1 – Sitting

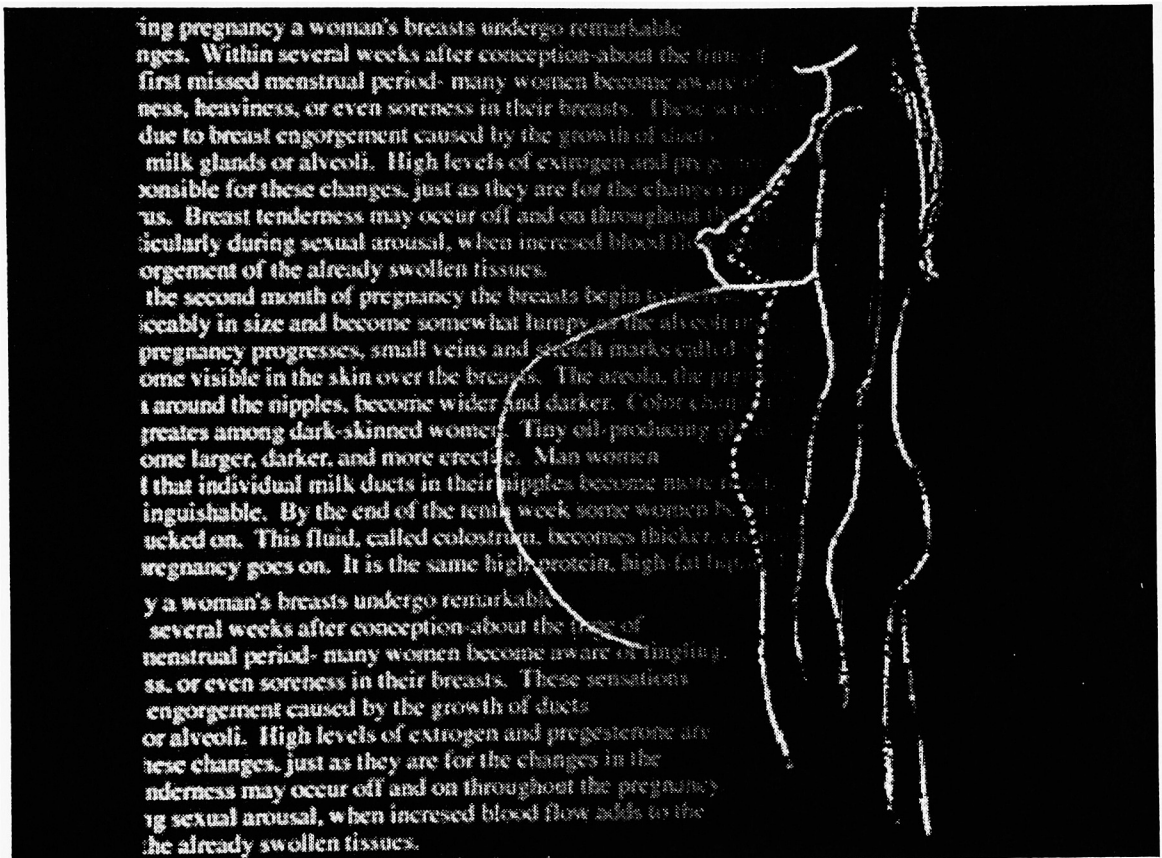


Scene 2 - nausea, self-portrait





Scene 3 - imaginings, egg and fetus



During pregnancy a woman's breasts undergo remarkable changes. Within several weeks after conception-about the time of the first missed menstrual period-many women become aware of tingling, heaviness, or even soreness in their breasts. These sensations are due to breast engorgement caused by the growth of ducts and milk glands or alveoli. High levels of estrogen and progesterone are responsible for these changes, just as they are for the changes in the uterus. Breast tenderness may occur off and on throughout the pregnancy, particularly during sexual arousal, when increased blood flow adds to the engorgement of the already swollen tissues.

By the second month of pregnancy the breasts begin to increase noticeably in size and become somewhat lumpy as the alveoli mature. As pregnancy progresses, small veins and stretch marks called striae become visible in the skin over the breasts. The areola, the pigmented area around the nipples, become wider and darker. Color changes are most marked among dark-skinned women. Tiny oil-producing glands also become larger, darker, and more erectile. Many women find that individual milk ducts in their nipples become more easily distinguishable. By the end of the tenth week some women begin to milk or suck on. This fluid, called colostrum, becomes thicker and more abundant as pregnancy goes on. It is the same high-protein, high-fat liquid that

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Scene 3 - imaginary profile and words



Scene 4 - ultrasound



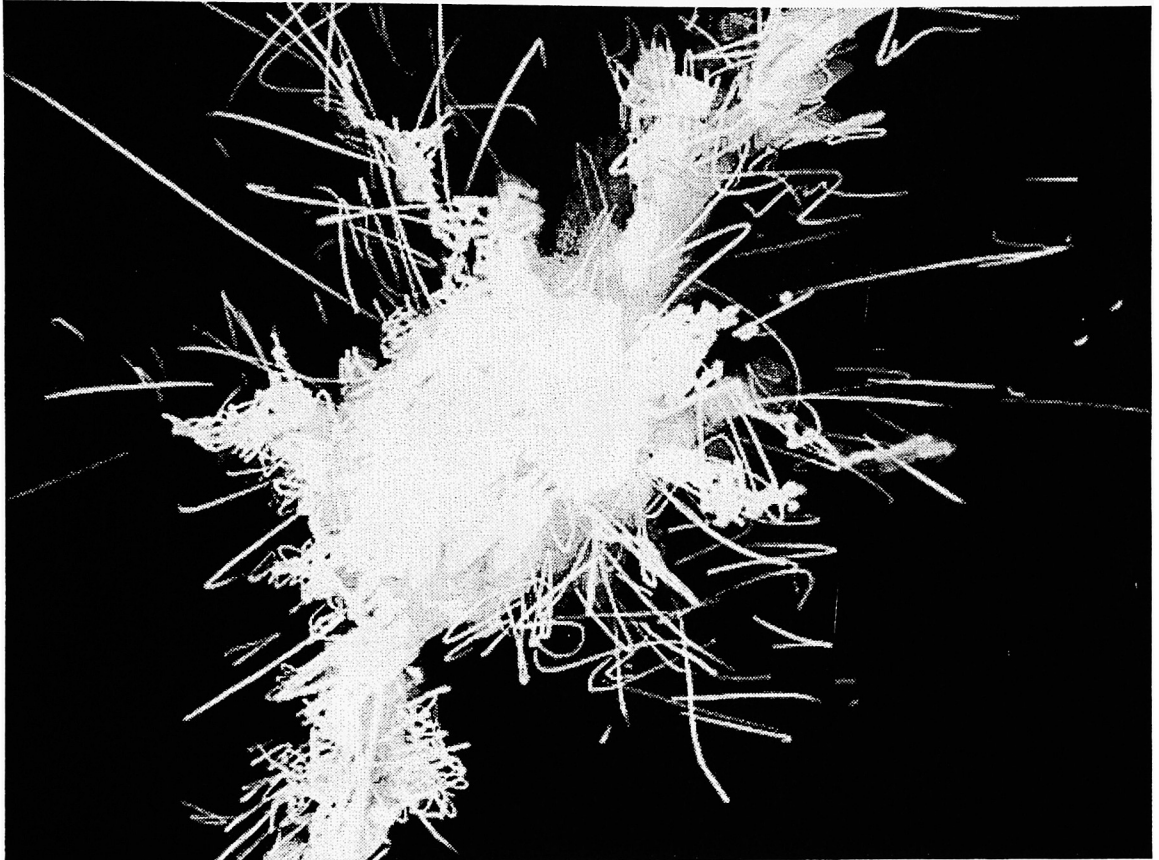
Scene 5 - Baby samba, in-utero



Scene 5 - Baby Samba, just a moment



Scene 6 - Waiting, Rocking (medium shot)



Scene 7 - Labor pain



Credits - Connor