

Water streams down Athena's long legs as she steps out of the shower, wrapping a large robe around herself. She leans in towards the steam condensed mirror and stares at the patterns there. Fascinating.

She wipes away the condensation and checks out her face. She pulls at her cheeks.

"Jowls," she whispers. "Jooooowwllls."

She flexes her triceps and smiles. Nice.

From the bedroom, Charles calls, "Who are you talking to?"

"Nobody."

A calendar hangs next to her sink. Three weeks of weight filled in. The number increases each day. "Gym" appears in 6 out of 7.

"How did I put on 10 lbs. in 3 weeks?" she calls, patting her stomach. "I should stop drinking vodka."

In the bedroom, Charles, reclines in his king size bed. The master of all he surveys. He looks up from his book on bio engineering.

"Be realistic," he says. "You love vodka. Just drink it with soda water. Too many calories in and not enough out...we'll add some more reps. Nip that pudge in the bud."

He laughs.

Athena tightens the belt on her robe. Now that he's mentioned her pudge, she doesn't want to look at it.

She turns on the radio. Blues fills the room. She brightens. In the mirror, she dances using her robe, burlesque style. She's good. She's beautiful.

"Fuck him," she says softly. "I look good."

"How much longer?" Charles calls.

Caught admiring herself, she jumps and quickly turns the radio off.

"Just a few more minutes! Promise!"

She glances at the calendar again.

"How come we do the same thing every day?"

"I'm an engineer," he says. "We stick to what works."

She rubs lotion on her skin.

"Besides....your mind wanders," he says. "Schedules are good for you."

She listens and nods.

She checks out her nails. Is one chipped? Finding nothing wrong, she rubs more lotion on herself.

"What was I saying?" she calls.

In the other room, Charles smiles. Case in point.

"You need sameness, Athena, so you know where you are when you come back from your little lapses."

She frowns. He's such a jerk. She grabs the face moisturizer and begins to apply it vigorously.

"But it's so boring," she murmurs.

She brightens as a new thought occurs to her. She looks again at the calendar.

"Didn't you say there's a company picnic next week?"

"Yes," he says. "Employees only. I told you. Now hurry up!"

Tears well in her eyes. She's so bored! The disappointment is fleeting, though. She stares at herself...daydreaming, again.

The bathroom door opens.

Their eyes meet in the mirror. She freezes, guilty.

He sighs. He comes up behind her. With his pointer finger he taps a spot in the back of her head. A whirring sound and a small device extends from her skull.

Her lifeless eyes stare into the mirror.

Charles studies the bloody device in his hand and nods.

"Ok. I see the problem."

He grabs a small screwdriver from the vanity drawer and tinkers with the piece. He puts the screwdriver on the counter as he slides the piece in part way.

He straightens her hair before he slowly pushes the piece back in. Click.

She blinks, sees him in the mirror and tentatively smiles.

"Hey."

Charles turns her towards him.

"Come on you silly goose!" he says. "What are you doing just standing there? I've been waiting all evening."

He reaches for her hand, but she seems too stiff. He leans back and studies her eyes. Her smile widens.

Relieved, he says, "That's my good girl."

Athena quickly gabs the screwdriver into his throat. One, two, three times. Blood squirts everywhere.

He clutches his neck and stares, stunned, as he slides down the wall and folds at her feet.

Athena watches him die. Then shakes her head.

"Not anymore."

She steps over him and turns the shower back on.