

E SCRIPT: A TALK IN WRITING (2022)

WE BUILT A WALL AND, BETWEEN DARKNESS AND LIGHT, SOUND AND SILENCE, VIOLENCE CAME AND WENT.

THE ROOM ILLUMINATED TO THE SOUND OF A BRUTAL THUD.

THE SLEDGEHAMMER HANDLE BEAT OUT TIME ON THE FLOOR.

A FLOATING WALL SLOWLY REVOLVED, SPLITTING THE ROOM, WHILE

A POLE SPUN DANGEROUSLY CLOSE, DECAPITATING OUR SHADOWS.

WE SECRETLY FILMED THEM BEING INTIMATE IN PUBLIC SPACES.

ROOM AFTER ROOM WAS DIVIDED INTO SECTIONS, EACH SPACE ADJACENT YET SIMULTANEOUSLY A MILLION MILES APART.

I INVITED THEM IN, THEN YOU INSTRUCTED THEM TO PRONOUNCE THEMSELVES DEAD.

WE ASKED THEM TO KISS AND THOUGHT, WHAT HAVE WE DONE?

WE INVERTED THEM, NAKED.

UPSIDE DOWN THEY BECAME WHAT THEY ALWAYS WERE.

THEY KISSED, ONE THEN ANOTHER, OVER AND OVER, UNTIL THEY COULDN'T GO ON.

YOU GRIPPED EACH LEG, AND SLOWLY SLID YOUR HAND UP AND DOWN.