

S SCRIPT: A TALK IN WRITING (2022)

MY TAPED-UP FIST HIT AGAINST A BREEZEBLOCK WALL, AS THE LIGHTS WENT OUT.

BANG BANG, ON AND OFF,

HITTING THE FLOOR, SUGGESTIVELY. A REGULAR BLOW, KEEPING TIME.

PUNCTURED HOLES FILTERED LIGHT THROUGH THE SPACE, AS THE WALL MOVED SLOWLY ROUND.

OUR SHADOWS WERE DECAPITATED BY THE METAL POLE, SPINNING FAST AND CLOSE, AT NECK HEIGHT.

WE KEPT WATCHING THEM, GETTING INTIMATE, OUT IN THE OPEN.

THE ROOMS - AND BODIES WITHIN THEM - WERE IMPOSSIBLY DIVIDED. THEY COULDN'T SEE EACH OTHER'S FACES AND THEIR MOVEMENT WAS DISRUPTED.

EVERYONE SAID THEIR NAME AND THAT THEY WERE DEAD.

THEY STOOD IN A CIRCLE, PASSING A KISS FROM ONE TO ANOTHER, AS WE LOOKED ON.

UPSIDE DOWN, CLINGING ON.

CLOSER AND CLOSER IN.

MY HAND GRASPED, THEN REPEATEDLY MOVED UP AND DOWN.