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A How-to Guide for Expressing Emotions: A Play

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A How-to Guide for Expressing Emotions: A Play

Senior Project Submitted to
The Division of the Arts of Bard College

by
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Annandale-on-Hudson, New York

May 2023

Dedication

To all those who we have lost to suicide.

Acknowledgements

Huge thank you to my advisor, Jonathan Rosenberg, for guiding me throughout this process.

Thank you and a big fat kiss to my cast. You guys are awesome, and brought my vision to life and I can't thank you enough for how much joy you have given me not only through your performance but also through how fucking cool of people you all are.

Thank you to my friends, Tilley and Abby, for tolerating my antics and being so supportive. I seriously can't express how much I love you guys. You both make my heart feel full, and safe, and you make me happy which is not to be taken lightly. I love you dweebs.

Thank you to my fraternal twin, Maya. You are my literal platonic soulmate man. The other half of my brain. Thank you for being there. Thank you for listening. Thank you for being a light in my life. I don't know what I would do without you. And that's why I am going to surgically attach us together by the hip so you can never leave me, hehe :))

Thank you to my family, Mom, Dad, and Jack. You have made me who I am today. Mom, thank you for teaching me how to be kind, eternally empathetic, and how to care for others. Thank you for always picking up the broken pieces and putting them back together. Dad, thank you for being human. I know we butt heads a lot, but I think it's because I'm your carbon copy. You have taught me how to grow as a human being and I will forever be grateful for that. Jack, thank you for being my big brother. I have always looked up to you. I admire your brain and your heart. Thank you for laughing at my jokes and being equally as weird. Thank you for protecting me and being my rock. I love you all.

Thank you <3

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Introduction

Mental health has always been something that I have been invested in because I myself have suffered from mental illness, and have been on a long journey of remedying those ailments. In addition, my generation, Gen Z, is changing the way humans address mental illness. Depression and anxiety are being openly discussed in social spheres in the U.S. and so the topic of mental illness is talked about more regularly. People on the internet and the people I surround myself with are changing the narrative around one's mental state and well-being. By making mental illness less stigmatized, discussing the options to seek help, and validating people's emotions I feel there is a sense of hope; Hope that lives will be saved, suicides prevented, and a more empathetic environment in the discourse around mental health.

My play deals with the human struggles with mental illness, more specifically focusing on the effects of depression and anxiety. The story follows a character that represents anyone who has had similar experiences. This person is shown experiencing the voices of anxiety and depression fully realized in human forms. Initially, I wanted to explore the journey of mental illness and what it's like to live with depression and anxiety.

The Initial Seed

I wanted to write a piece of theater that was meaningful and real. The beginning idea was to write a "normal" play about a girl in high school discovering herself. The play would have illustrated the effects of depression and anxiety through interactions with other characters and the people in her life. Still having the personifications of depression and anxiety, the girl in the story would break the fourth wall quite often but the people in her story would not notice these asides.

This format was very much inspired by the show *Fleabag* by Phoebe Waller-Bridge, where the genres comedy and drama are intertwined. The personifications of depression and anxiety felt boxed in and contained within this initial world of the play. These characters were being shoved into this average setting in order to fit into a format that I thought the audience would generously accept. Therefore, the concepts and ideas I was attempting to portray wouldn't be so jarring.

Depression and anxiety are very serious and widely experienced mental illnesses that the general public has become accustomed to keeping quiet. People have been taught that to openly discuss your “problems” is taboo. So, I was planning on obscuring the intensity of Depression and Anxiety under a blanket of familiarity.

Before I wrote my piece for the fall festival, I wanted to have an understanding of what made up the personalities of my characters. Imagining what the characteristics of Anxiety and Depression looked like, I started to lean towards keeping my piece more abstract and philosophical. Over the summer before starting my senior year, I attended the Berlin Summer Theater Intensive where I saw nearly 13 different theatrical productions. The nature and style of Berlin theater is very extreme and intense in a way that American theater has not yet discovered. They go above and beyond with their ideas because they can. We saw productions where women were fully nude performing stunts and dangerous activities, as well as very intimate performances where you were an arms length away from the actors. I had never seen such a sense of freedom in theatrical performances before. That feeling of creating something new and different was something I started to chase for my own project.

There was a production of *4.48 Psychosis* by Sarah Kane that I experienced and it influenced my idea for my senior project. I already knew that I was going to focus on depression

and anxiety in my piece, but the form was undecided. This production of *4.48 Psychosis* used a set of three or four big treadmills on a turntable stage so that they would be able to face different directions. The play itself has no defined character names; it is mostly through subtext that you start to piece relationships together. The form of the play felt very neutral. The actors wore sheer nude body suits, the lighting was white enhancing this dark, black background, and the entire time the actors would recite the text while walking on the treadmill at a very slow pace. The lethargic walking alongside the depressive thoughts portrayed in the text culminated a perfect energy.

As an audience member, I felt tired and my brain became adjusted to the slowed down movements and speech, making me feel like I was experiencing the physical nature of depression. Although the production wasn't labeled as a movement or dance piece, it incorporated movement in a way that enhanced the performance. I liked how I wasn't expecting the treadmills or the theatrical form of the performance. I had read a summary before the show and I knew it would be intense, but the intensity was illustrated in an abstract form that made it beautiful. The piece was more than a depressed person on stage talking about how sad they are. Instead the performance transformed into poetic mastery, allowing the emotions and feelings of depression to shine through. It was relatable despite the severity of the dark subject matter and the poetic style made me leave feeling human.

Notes From the Depths

When creating the story, I jotted down notes on what I wanted to explore. I wanted to illustrate the journey of mental illness, centering on depression and anxiety. I wrote down the

words self-exploration and discovery in regards to the storyline. Although those points remained in the back of my mind while writing, the main character, Person, discovers the ups and downs of mental illness and the reality of being human. In the beginning, I considered adding an element of dance or movement after learning about movement in the Berlin Theater Intensive program. Dancing is a beautiful form to express a character's emotions and state of being, and I was hoping to find a way to incorporate an aspect of that into my piece. I became interested in constructing an ambience of sounds, thinking of how it feels to be inside the person's head. I pondered on using a cluster of noises that I could record myself such as clapping, stomping, screaming, instruments such as the piano or ukulele. Over the summer, I played with blending these noises to create a soundscape for my piece. I was indifferent about using what I had made, unsure of where it would fit in. I decided to focus on writing the story and add these specific elements later on in the process of the semester.

Before writing, I desired to understand the conditions and characters of depression and anxiety, so that I could imagine how these illnesses manifest in a human form. I jotted down words that came to mind when thinking of depression and anxiety to help formulate characteristics and personalities. Here is the list of words I wrote down for depression: sad, hopeless, eternal abyss, death, harm, loathing, inner turmoil, moving through mud, tears then there's nothing, a shell, then the light peaks through the clouds until the storm comes rolling back in. Depression is illustrated in my mind as dark and gloomy like a storm percolating. It is a strong force, acting as alpha in my brain. These are the words that came to mind when thinking of anxiety: spinning, knot in stomach, nausea, wanting to peel the skin from your body, feeling trapped, brain running in chaos. Anxiety in my brain acts as the omega; they have power but

depression maintains more power over my brain. They may switch off in regards to who is taking up space in my brain but depression is a constant while anxiety can ebb and flow.

These quick lists of words associated with depression and anxiety informed my writing and conceptualization of these characters, as well as the life of the person experiencing them. While figuring out the human personality traits for characters constructed from chemical properties, I was attempting to answer baseline questions about the overall theatrical form my piece would embody. What form would Depression and Anxiety take? Will they appear in the form of shadows or just have their voices come out through the speakers? How will they speak? I was playing around with the idea of mixing colloquial and poetic language, and so I wanted to make that choice of language intentional. I ended up blending colloquial and poetic language, with the purpose of the poetic language to represent some of the harder feelings associated with depression and anxiety. I wanted the characters of Depression and Anxiety to remain present onstage the entire time, even at the end when they supposedly leave, the actors are still visible to the audience. All of this was intentional, because in reality depression and anxiety can not be extinguished fully.

Playing around with the idea of Depression and Anxiety existing as shadows or voices, I focused on voice texture and personality. Using the Laban Efforts, I explored how I can incorporate differing character movements and how that affects speech. The four parts I focused on are as follows: Direction (direct and indirect), Weight (heavy and light), Speed (quick and sustained), and Flow (bound and free). When breaking down these efforts, the characters of Depression and Anxiety felt clear. For the first semester I focused on clearly identifying the characteristics of Depression and Anxiety aiming to construct a whole human life for these

characters. This was important to the entire process of my project, because providing structure allowed differentiation for these two characters from the audience perspective.

Depression was direct, heavy, sustained, and they sat in between being bound and free. The character of Depression is the pure embodiment of the illness rather than what people experience when they are depressed. The character influences those feelings but they do not feel them. Depression's character is seductive in a way that is tempting. Almost like the devil, Depression desires to lead you astray through false promises. Depression symbolizes a festering storm lurking in your rearview mirror slowly approaching your brain. Depression plays a strategic game of evil.

The character Anxiety felt like a different kind of evil. Anxiety was indirect, light in their approach but heavy with their effect, very quick, and free. The character of Anxiety was also the embodiment of the illness, so they do not feel instead they emanate. Anxiety's character is mischievous, jittery, and represents a mean girl. Anxiety thinks they have power and control over the person but they don't. Thus, they overcompensate for the fact that Depression's seductive nature is more alluring.

Research

While writing, I did immense research on the scientific aspect of mental illness and how it can affect people's day to day lives. Looking at online articles, many mentioned, "while it's normal to feel depressed from time to time, more than 6 percent of adults have such persistent feelings of depression that it disrupts personal relationships, interferes with work and play, and impairs their ability to cope with the challenges of daily life" (Brody, "The Devastating Ways

Depression and Anxiety Impact the Body”). The article helped identify and narrow down some of the effects depression has on a person’s daily life. Depression is an obstacle that impedes the aspects of daily life that plenty of other people do not experience. These obstacles could be as simple as getting out of bed in the morning or brushing your teeth, and as complex as deciding whether or not to harm yourself. Another article goes into the physical aspects of anxiety and depression stating, “at the level of neural circuits, alterations in prefrontal-limbic pathways that mediate emotion regulatory processes are common to anxiety and depressive disorders (12, 13). These findings are consistent with meta-analyses that reveal shared structural and functional brain alterations across various psychiatric illnesses, including anxiety and major depression, in circuits involving emotion regulation (13), executive function (14), and cognitive control (15)” (Kalin, “The Critical Relationship between Anxiety and Depression”). The different factors that depression and anxiety plays in the functionality and structure of your brain became something I wanted to explore in the movements and speech of Person.

As part of my research, I read the book *Darkness Visible: A Memoir of Madness* by William Styron which centers on the author’s descent into depression and his path to recovery. I didn’t even read the part about his recovery because I stopped reading about halfway through the book. I noted that his illustration of his experience with depression was illuminating for the way I wanted to portray my characters Depression and Person. Styron’s writing paints an alluring picture of the complexities and disturbing nature of depression and anxiety. However, I did not feel as though his writing was revolutionary. Maybe I was looking at this book from a negative perspective, but I felt that Styron’s experience was not anything I haven't heard before. He

started experiencing depression much later in his life, at 60 years old, while I experienced depression in my adolescence. His revelations were nothing new or significant to me.

All this being said, his writing pushed me to further my poetic capabilities in my writing as well as form a more developed understanding of the illnesses my characters are strictly based off of. Styron writes using a lot of imagery surrounding storms and weather; “for while thoughts of death had long been common during my siege, blowing through my mind like icy gusts of wind, they were the formless shapes of doom that I suppose are dreamed of by people in the grip of any severe affliction. The difference now was in the sure understanding that tomorrow, when the pain descended once more, or the tomorrow after that—certainly on some not-too-distant tomorrow—I would be forced to judge that life was not worth living and thereby answer, for myself at least, the fundamental question of philosophy” (Styron, 28). This passage was incredibly heartbreaking but became something I wanted to write about. The struggle of battling your own mind everyday, winning, and inevitably knowing that this is not the last battle. It all becomes very philosophical when your mind starts to wander, contemplating what the meaning of life is. This happens in my mind when depression is present. Philosophy is complicated because there is never one answer to philosophical questions such as “is life worth living?” inherently leaving your mind a swirling mess of abstract thoughts.

Writing my script for the fall and spring festival felt impossible because the abstract concepts I was attempting to tackle were huge philosophical topics that people have studied and written about for centuries. I made things difficult for myself by constructing characters that are not real and are based solely on intangible concepts; “the twistings of my mind’s labyrinth” (Styron, 33). My play brings up a lot of complex topics in which each topic has a different

definition depending on who you ask; death, happiness, sadness, one's plain existence in this world, what does this all mean? I was exploring the act of being a human with mental illnesses, and what else is being human than the gnawing questions in regards to life. There is an internal battle in your brain for people with mental illness and it becomes frustrating when that internal pain does not relate to external wounds; "they make me want to.. which if I'm being honest I might as well be physically dead because mentally I'm already there. I am already beyond this. Simply wandering" (Part I: *Stuck Like Glue*, 26). Styron has this beautifully tragic line that encapsulates the state of mind of Person throughout the piece; "to accept the reality that my mind was dissolving" (Styron, 16). Person's mind is falling apart which then ensues the rest of their body and well-being to also fall apart. Person fights the storm in their mind, but does not want to accept the reality of their illness.

Fall Festival

I spent most of the fall semester building the world and characters of my play to ensure that not only did I know the intentionality of my piece but as well for the audience to comprehend that Depression and Anxiety were the embodiments of the mental illnesses. By acting in my own piece, it made it difficult to fully center my attention on directing. As a result, I only rehearsed about four times before tech week in LUMA. I was struggling to find the theatrical form that would fully release the text, so I ended up keeping the blocking and set up for the fall simple but intentional. I had the characters of Depression and Anxiety sit in chairs behind Person and whenever they were not speaking they were hidden in the shadows of the light onstage. Always present, never gone, and waiting for the spotlight. I thought of Depression and

Anxiety as competitors fighting to see who can succeed in torturing Person more. Interestingly enough, Anxiety became someone audience members sided with because they prevent Person from killing themselves. The conventions in which Anxiety does this are not healthy. Anxiety guilt trips Person for being ungrateful for their life and for thinking of vile thoughts.

I purposely emitted most phrases in relation to suicide because it was too intense and violent to include the phrase “I want to kill myself” amongst the other painful imagery of depression and anxiety. I left a lot of things to be unsaid and hang in the air, for example Person says, “they don’t think ‘wow the thought of doing any of that makes me want to’... Makes me just...” (Part I: *Stuck Like Glue*, 21). The audience knows what Person is going to say without them even having to say it.

The violent nature of Depression is implied from their presence. I explained to Azalea, the actor who played Depression, that her character has so much power that it emanates off of them when she walks into a room. In the way that she would hold herself and speak, there needed to be that feeling of power and control Depression holds over Person. This means posture is sturdy, feet are planted, and voice should be booming with confidence.

In the fall, I casted myself as Person mainly due to casting issues. I did not dedicate 100 percent of my time during the fall towards directing my actors. I directed them in what I could while also acting in it myself, but this resulted in not being able to focus on the performance as a whole. The fall festival in LUMA was meant to act as a low resolution production so I ended up keeping things simple. Everyone held scripts on stage and the lighting was minimal, so that I could focus on the text and characters. With Person, I discovered a form of movement where they would pull, drag, and crawl across the floor while delivering a monologue about fighting

despair. Before this chunk of text Anxiety says, “you will never find peace” enticing Person to say “Numb. I uh...I don’t feel anything anymore” (Part I: *Stuck Like Glue*, 25). I had Person pull themselves up and begin to crawl, and I identified this crawling as them searching for peace and necessity. Person is too exhausted from the constant battle of Anxiety and Depression by this point to even walk, which displays the physical effect depression and anxiety has on one’s body and health.

I was intent on adding more poetic diction in the fall rendition of my piece. It’s hard not to write in a poetic way when talking about such complex concepts such as death and life. I came to the conclusion that there was an interesting dynamic between colloquial and poetic speech. Poetry heightens the text to a point of abstractness where the poetry almost does not make sense; “the suffocating wave of fog comes rolling back in to smother any fire in my mind. And not the bad fire, the good fire” (Part I: *Stuck Like Glue*, 25). When the text would shift into the discussion of death or dark feelings that are hard to explain, I used poetry to explain the complicated concepts. I incorporated poetic text in bits and pieces in the fall, but I knew moving forward I wanted to mix in more poetry for my spring rendition of my piece.

After the showings in the fall, the burden and weight of my piece hit me like a truck. It was incredibly exhausting physically and emotionally to act with such extreme content, but I felt it was important to perform the rawness of mental illness. It would be near impossible to create a piece about the effects of depression and anxiety without it being painful. Depression and anxiety is sad and that needed to be displayed in the fall. Every person who came up to me after the fall festival gave me a look of shared empathy. As if they understood and felt the same things Person felt at one point in their lives. My friend’s mom came up to me after the show, gave me a hug,

and said, “I hated it. I’m so sorry. It was amazing but I hated it. You know what I mean.” I understood. It was gut wrenchingly sad. For the spring, I decided I wanted to add a few more comedic elements to lighten the mood and not make every moment in the piece relentlessly painful.

Spring Festival

Heading into the spring, there were a lot of aspects of my project that needed to be decided upon and taken into consideration. I was debating whether or not to write a full length play or focus on 15 minutes to perform in LUMA. The desire to write a full length play was mainly because I felt there was potential to develop Person’s story further and create a fulfilling story arc. In order to write a full length play, there needed to be more of a progression of the dynamics within the story. I considered diving head first into the poetic style of writing and following a similar story structure to *4:48 Psychosis*, generating a landscape of text.

A part of the feedback I received focused on the characters of Anxiety and Depression. It was not immediately obvious from an audience point of view that Depression and Anxiety were the embodiment of those mental illnesses. I needed to find a way to fully introduce these characters to the audience where there is a general understanding of who they are and what they are doing before addressing Person. Due to my position as the director and the actor, I did not direct my actors playing Depression and Anxiety in creating distinct personality and physicality traits for their characters. We discussed all these things, but talking about it is not the same as practicing it. This led me to the decision of casting a different actor in the role of Person and mainly focusing on directing and writing my piece for the spring.

One of the other problems I was trying to solve was the theatrical form. I had a difficult time figuring out what would release the text because I knew I wanted to keep things simple in regards to the stage itself. The idea of a boxing ring, a circle on the ground, a wrestling ring where Anxiety and Depression take turns to push Person out of the ring floated around, but these ideas did not feel right. I even thought about having a sandpit on stage, playing with the idea that Person is stuck and can't move or escape their own thoughts. Then, I went back to the boxing ring idea. Maybe Person wears a boxing outfit, illustrating how they are fighting for their life against Anxiety and Depression. All these ideas were intriguing and big, but not what I wanted. So I put this question of theatrical form aside and focused on writing new content for the spring.

I strongly liked the writing for my piece in the fall, so I decided to pull chunks of text from part one and blend the new with the old. While thinking of the theatrical form of the piece, I went back to the idea of shadows and voices. I leaned towards having Anxiety and Depression exist as voices through the speakers of the theater, but I was uncertain about this decision. I felt that Anxiety and Depression needed to physically interact with Person. Anxiety and depression physically affects the body so showing that physical presence was very important for me.

Imagery of the ocean and water began to sneak its way into my writing. Using the ocean to describe the complicated thoughts and feelings of depression and anxiety helped me to imagine something tangible and real to grasp onto. I pictured the character of Depression as a heavy fog causing a lot of pressure in your chest. This then led me to the imagery of the ocean because when you go deeper into the ocean you feel more pressure in your head, your body, your ears. The surge of the waves became the engine that propelled the text, allowing the actor playing Person to have their thoughts follow the rhythm of the waves.

A lot of the text in my piece is inspired by specific phrases or lines from old diaries of mine. Diaries hold an interesting performative aspect because you have to think about what to write down. There is a choice of what you do or do not include. With diaries or journals, there is an underlying feeling of those personal writings being read by someone in the future. A parent could read it, or maybe you will become famous and the entire world will have access to your diary after you die. When writing in a diary, there is a thought process in which the circumstances of your real life are unbearable so you only allow glimpses of the truth to peek through the curtains of performativity. There is a sense of censoring from Person and I identified this censorship as a performative technique to pretend that everything is fine. Person is performing for the audience, putting on a front in order to protect themselves from any further judgement.

With the directness of Person talking to the audience, I needed to decide who the audience was because the audience quickly became a fourth character in my piece. I settled on the audience acting as this public private sphere such as a hair salon or a bench in a park, where the Person entrusts their feelings with a complete stranger. In hair salons you talk about the most personal things with your hairdresser, but will censor the personal feelings that feel too burdensome or intense. If Person sat down on a bench in a park and someone sat next to them, they would talk to anyone who would listen but still be aware of the public space they inhabit. Person also needed a goal that they are trying to accomplish. This goal became attempting to organize and picking up clothes. Creating order out of chaos. Depression and Anxiety inhibits Person's ability to clean up.

For costumes, I decided to have Person dressed in the clothes that the actor, Fiachra, wears on a day-to-day basis. Her style contains a lot of oversized black clothes and that felt right for the character. Depression's costume needed to be official and business-like. Depression needed to look put together wearing dark colors such as brown, green, red. Azalea wore black heeled boots one night for rehearsal and the echoing sound of her footsteps was alluring. The approaching sound was haunting and dreadful. Depression was heard before she was fully seen and that reflected the imagery of fog rolling in. For Anxiety's costume, I wanted it to be chaotic and clashing. The patterns and colors needed to look loud. My actor playing Anxiety, Julia, had the perfect dress, and I added a candy necklace and a ring pop as the cherry on top.

As time was counting down, I gave my actors all tangible relationships they can play with between all the characters. For Anxiety and Person, I told them that Anxiety is the younger sibling who will not leave you alone, constantly bothering you, and believes that they can never do wrong. For Depression and Person, I stated that they were frenemies in middle school. Depression is toxic and manipulative, so they keep Person around as a "friend" but in reality they just play with Person's emotions.

After

Once the entire process of the spring festival was over and I could look at everything with a clear head, I was very satisfied with my piece. Everything clicked for my actors once they began performing in the theater. They all gained a new sense of understanding for their characters, the mannerisms and personality traits, and I could sense a newfound freedom in all my actors. All three of them started to play and have fun, which was everything I wanted. I told

them several times that I am giving them direction but if they have an idea then do it! I won't be mad, only excited. The actors started to add their own ideas which made the process more enjoyable.

The audience's reactions to my piece was incredibly fulfilling and heartwarming. In the end scene when Person states all the things they want, "I want a parade, I want music, I want confetti, I want a standing ovation, for all the times I decided to live" (Part II: *Stuck Like Glue*, 38), there is a sequential string of events with each phrase. For the parade, Anxiety and Depression grabbed streamers to spin around. For music, the song "Dream Sweet in Sea Major" by Miracle Musical began to play. For confetti, heaps of confetti fell onto Person. The confetti was a moment of reprieve from the harsh words of Anxiety and Depression. It is the celebration everyone deserves for deciding to keep fighting and stay alive. It was riveting to see if people would give a standing ovation and clap when Person says this line. I told Fiachra, the actor who played Person, that people may clap and to let them, relish in it, but don't let them forget who's moment this is. Scream that last line if you need to get their attention that it's not over yet.

People every single night gave a standing ovation. There were some nights where people were hesitant, but they still did it. I remember at one of the matinees, the audience immediately jumped up and clapped so loud it filled my heart with happiness. It was an appreciation for the work of my actors, the hard work of the production staff, and me. The confetti and the standing ovation became my favorite moment of my piece. Sitting in the audience I caught glimpses of people expressing their feelings towards my show and every person expressed the truth and realness of the portrayal of Depression and Anxiety. I can say without an ounce of arrogance that my piece touched people's hearts. That is what I wanted. I wanted to create a real representation

of mental illness and the importance of celebrating life. I wanted people to feel heard. I wanted mutual understanding. I wanted to bring justice to the people who suffer in silence. I wanted to be proud of my work. And I am beyond proud. I am happy.

Stuck Like Glue

by Allie Sahargun

PART I: “Stuck Like Glue”

ANXIETY

I am truly terrified. What will happen after death?

DEPRESSION

What's the point of life if it's just going to end.

ANXIETY

I'm scared and I have no clue why.

DEPRESSION

I'm sad and I know why.

ANXIETY

You're nothing.

DEPRESSION

I'm nothing.

ANXIETY

I feel like I'm going to die.

DEPRESSION

I want to die.

ANXIETY

No you don't

DEPRESSION

Yes...

ANXIETY

Do we have a future?

DEPRESSION

No.

ANXIETY

What happens after we die?

DEPRESSION

...

ANXIETY

What happens after we

What happens after

What happens

What...

PERSON

I guess you can't dwell on the future, but say hello to the present. (a forced smile).

DEPRESSION

Don't you feel drained? Like your soul has been tediously pulled out of your body. Like a storm of murk brewing within you. Do you feel as though your mind is leeching energy away from your soul? Your heart?

...

DEPRESSION

How can you smile when everything is fucked? How can you be so ignorant to think that you can pretend everything's okay?

Person begins to put noise canceling headphones on with orchestra music playing in attempts to block out depression.

DEPRESSION

With that fake ass smile, everyone can see through you. They can see what a pathetic, worthless human life you are. Hey! Are you listening to me? I'm talking to you! Stop trying to block me out....

Depression's voice fades away as we sit with the main person, listening to the music, and then they begin to speak over the music.

PERSON

I know this is crazy. The music is blaring so loud right now that I can barely hear myself think. Which is kind of the point. When I start "thinking", I feel like I'm going insane. Cause normal, sane people don't have thoughts like these. Normal people think about brushing their teeth in the

morning, putting on clothes that will suit them well for business attire, get in their car and drive on their merry way to work at the 9-5 job, 5 days a week, go home, eat dinner, go to bed, and think “this is good, i am so good.” They don’t think “wow the thought of doing any of that makes me want to”

...

Makes me just...

Anyways, uh, yeah I think uh

ANXIETY

Drama whore!

The music cuts. Person looks around, looking for where that voice came from, and takes their headphones off.

PERSON

Hello?

ANXIETY

Hi.

...

PERSON

Did you say something just now?

ANXIETY

Yes. I called you a drama whore.

PERSON

A drama whore?

ANXIETY

Attention seeking.

PERSON

I’m not looking for. I am not trying to be dramatic, I just. I don’t know. I-

ANXIETY

I I I, god make up your mind! Are you going to speak or just beat around the bush some more?

PERSON

I'm sorry, I just don't know how to respond to that.

ANXIETY

You just babble speaking utter nonsense, when you *could* be thinking about the more crucial things. Like what your future's gonna look like and how you have no control over anything and you're just a cog in the machine.

PERSON

Where is this coming from?

ANXIETY

How you're going to end up working a 9-5 job and be stuck in a repetitive cycle where nothing will ever fulfill your existence.

PERSON

I. Woah. This is a lot. Why does this even matter right now? I was just saying that I feel-

ANXIETY

You love to feel bad for yourself, don't you? When other people are worse off than you.

PERSON

I. didn't say that. I. I just.

ANXIETY

Just what? Hm?

...

PERSON

I. I don't. Fine, sorry, that was really dramatic. I don't mean any of what I said. I guess I just feel like i... like...uh... that I'm sad. but I don't know these are just like random thoughts, so I'm fine you know. Totally fine. I'm over exaggerating anyways. So. Yea I'm fine. (*slight smile*).

The person goes blank in the face as depression speaks.

DEPRESSION

Oh you said you're fine huh? Just being dramatic? Tsk tsk tsk. Here I was thinking I had convinced you past the point of doubt. Hm. Maybe I need to push you further. Down. Down. Down. Into an eternal abyss. Utter despair. You're hopeless. There is no finish line. Never will there be an end to your pain. Suffering. But don't be scared. I'll never leave you. I will always...always be here. Right here. In your heart and your mind.

DEPRESSION

Aww. Don't cry. Smile. This is going to be fun.

PERSON

I don't understand. How I feel. It's too...complicated. My brain is on fire and I don't know where to start to put it out.

...

God this sucks. I feel like the ball in a pin ball machine, just hitting wall after wall, but can't seem to catch a fucking break. Have you ever felt like that? Like your brain is spiraling? Is that...normal?

ANXIETY

No.

PERSON

If this isn't normal then something is wrong. Cause this hurts. So bad and I don't know how to fix it.

DEPRESSION

I have a suggestion.

ANXIETY

Pray tell.

DEPRESSION

You should...

...

PERSON

I don't want that.

DEPRESSION

Yes. You do.

ANXIETY

How awful, why would you even think that.

PERSON

I didn't.

ANXIETY

You want to leave your family, your friends.

PERSON

No, I never said-

ANXIETY

You would depart this world to just cause endless pain, agony, and despair for others.

PERSON

But - I'm in pain.

ANXIETY

No, you're looking for attention. How selfish.

PERSON

Please stop.

DEPRESSION

Well, if you won't, you know, then you'll be forced to want to.

PERSON

Why? Why can't I just take a deep breath and feel at peace?

DEPRESSION

That's not how it works. Peace isn't in the stars for you.

ANXIETY

And I want you to panic...

Person begins to breathe more and more quickly.

ANXIETY

To feel trapped.

PERSON

Please.

ANXIETY

Suffocating. Like the walls are closing in...slowly.

PERSON

I can't breathe.

ANXIETY

The world is ending and you are at the center of catastrophe. Of attention. Oh my god. Look at this. Look at all the people watching you right now. That's so wild, look at all these faces judging you. Ridiculing you.

...

Person collapses to the floor struggling to breathe, crying, a mess. Silence fills the space. Once the tidal wave passes, calmness envelops the person. They lay down on the floor in a ball.

ANXIETY

You will never find peace.

Anxiety and Depression dissipate, leaving the person in silence.

PERSON

Numb. I uh...I don't feel anything anymore. I can't. My brain and body feels empty. A shell. It's like sadness but worse. The pain just eddies downward, eating my soul, until nothing is left but pieces. Pieces that I have to figure out how to put back together. I don't know where to start. And I just don't really understand why I feel this way...pointless. Desolate. Miserable. Dead. It feels like there's no point in existing if you feel nothing. The joy only comes in spurts. I wish I could feel...happy. Is that unreasonable? Apparently it is because as soon as I feel something other than pain or sadness or despair, it lasts for 10 seconds until the suffocating wave of fog comes rolling back in to smother any fire in my mind. And not the bad fire, the good fire. The type of

fire that makes me excited to live, to have passion and dreams that fulfill my joy. I know that some people say that even if you're sad it means you're still alive. That you're human. But god that doesn't help. Because my sad thoughts make me want to not be alive. They make me want to...which if I'm being honest I might as well be physically dead because mentally I'm already there. I am already beyond this. Simply wandering. Sinking maybe is a better word. I'm sinking. And no one can help me.

...

I think I need to go to sleep. Maybe that will make me feel better. Cause sleep is like death wrapped in a warm blanket. And all I want right now is death to swallow me whole.

Person lies on the ground attempting to sleep. There is restless silence. And then the voices come back...

DEPRESSION

Did you think you could shut me out? You can't escape me.

...

DEPRESSION

Nope. I am the shadow living inside you. Stuck like glue. Our relationship is peculiar, don't you think? Of course you'd love to leave me and yet I'm still here. Haunting you. Poisoning your being. I feel as though you were too quick to shut down my previous suggestion. Submitting yourself to the depths of despair and taking one final leap beyond...this.

PERSON

No, stop. Don't do this to me.

DEPRESSION

I know, I'm sorry. You feel it, right? That never-ending dread culminating inside you. *That* never leaves. That pain, the ceaseless agony... you will be bound by that for the rest of your life. My shadow will grow, bigger and bigger, until it swallows you whole. I'll kill you. Eventually. So let's skip the bullshit, and end the pain now before it gets worse.

PERSON

I just want quiet.

DEPRESSION

And you'll get that. What's more quiet than darkness...

The person begins to lean towards depression. Giving in.

ANXIETY

Wow. You'd really give up that easily huh?

PERSON

I can't do this anymore. I just.. I need the voices to stop.

ANXIETY

I knew you were weak, but come on. This is pathetic. You barely fought it.

PERSON

I tried.

ANXIETY

No. You pretended to try.

PERSON

I don't know what to do.

ANXIETY

Oh stop crying. You're so emotional.

PERSON

I'm made of water of course I'm emotional!

...

ANXIETY

Are you just going to stand there-

PERSON

Shut up!

...

DEPRESSION

Give in.

PERSON

No. I know today that I feel sad. Today I feel wasteful. Tomorrow I'll probably feel numb. But the next day? I'll feel like the fog has lifted. And you won't be here. You both will be a distant memory.

DEPRESSION

I am your shadow. You can't get rid-

PERSON

I can and I will. You don't control me. Both of you. You are just the devils on my shoulder. You only have power if I give it to you. You're nothing.

...

Person sits on stage and starts to do breathing exercises as Depression and Anxiety say their last lines.

DEPRESSION

Whatever helps you sleep at night, sweetheart.

ANXIETY

See you soon.

Person takes one final deep breath and the lights go out. Pitch black.

THE END

ENDNOTES

Page 20:

“Like a storm of murk brewing within you.”

Source: “But with their minds turned agonizingly inward, people with depression are usually dangerous only to themselves. The madness of depression is, generally speaking, the antithesis of violence. It is a storm indeed, but a storm of murk. Soon evident are the slowed-down responses, near paralysis, psychic energy throttled back close to zero. Ultimately, the body is affected and feels sapped, drained.” William Styron, *Darkness Visible: A Memoir of Madness*, 43

Page 25:

“Suffocating. Like the walls are closing in...slowly.”

Source: “For myself, the pain is most closely connected to drowning or suffocation” William Styron, *Darkness Visible: A Memoir of Madness*, 20

Page 26:

“I am the shadow living inside you.”

Source: “yesterday/when i woke up/the sun fell to the ground and rolled away/flowers beheaded themselves/all that’s left alive here is me/and i barely feel like living”/ -Depression is a shadow living inside me” Rupi Kaur, *the sun and her flowers*, 61

Page 27:

“I’m made of water of course I’m emotional!”

Source: “i am made of water of course i am emotional” Rupi Kaur, *the sun and her flowers*, 179

PART II: “Stuck Like Glue”

Person is sitting on stage listening to music through noise canceling headphones. The audience hears the music. The Person is trying to organize the space. Folding clothes, blankets. Stacking books. They are in their own world. Completely oblivious to the world around them. The music fades out into silence as Depression enters. (Sound Cue 1. Sound and Color starts to play. Fades out before Depression speaks)

DEPRESSION

Shadows swarm me. They are black, fuming with restlessness. They are searching. Can you see them? Of course not. You are blind to the shadows that lurk in the wings. Pitiful humans. Me? I am not human despite what you may think. Would you like to guess who I am? I am always present even when you think I’ve gone. I cause an insurmountable amount of discomfort. I turn your brain into molasses. What. Am. I.

ANXIETY

Booooo. An absolute buzzkill is what you are. Holy fuck. I mean why are things so dark and blah when it comes to you talking.

DEPRESSION is visibly annoyed. They’re like this cop and detective duo who were forced to work with one another. The golden retriever and black cat type. I think it’s obvious who’s who.

DEPRESSION

Because that’s my job.

ANXIETY

Well, your job is a fucking bummer.

DEPRESSION

May I remind you that you *also* have a job.

ANXIETY

Hey, it’s not work if you love it.

The joke does not land. DEPRESSION is further annoyed.

ANXIETY

What! I’m kidding, jeez. Laughter is not a death sentence you know.

DEPRESSED

You are going to be the death of me.

ANXIETY

That's ironic.

DEPRESSED

Shut up and introduce yourself already.

ANXIETY

Introduce myself? Where are we, group therapy?

DEPRESSION

Seriously, I might stab you.

ANXIETY

Fine. Okay. Don't get your panties in a twist. Um. I live in your chest as a constant ache. My influence poisons your soul. I consume you until there is nothing left but a storm. What am I?

ANXIETY says this last line mockingly, as a jab to DEPRESSION. They now can get started. Lights dim. Spotlight on PERSON. (Sound Cue 2. Ocean Waves begins to play lightly.)

PERSON

How do you start the beginning of a story? I hate the beginning of stories. Just get to the end already you know. Maybe you're thinking that, right. Like god, won't they shut up already. Get to the good bits. Give me my happy ending! Well happy endings are bullshit. They are. I hate to break it to you but this isn't a fairytale. Life. No one's gonna save you, there's not a godmother looking after you, you can't cheat death simply from a kiss. (laughs) I mean come on, that's ridiculous! Happy endings are reserved for the make believe because they're not real. I'm sure there are plenty of you out there who disagree with me. And I have two answers for you in response. And I believe both answers wholeheartedly. If you believe in happy endings, I envy you. To have such optimism in this world, hah, now that's rare. My second answer...fuck you. Live in the chasms of my brain for a day and you'll realize how distant happy endings are.

PERSON continues to try and clean up.

ANXIETY

Jesus, they sound like someone I know.

DEPRESSION

They're supposed to sound like me, dipshit.

ANXIETY

Yeah, well sometimes there's other ways to torment them without sounding like the grim reaper.

DEPRESSION

Be my guest.

ANXIETY throws a pillow or something soft enough that wouldn't hurt the person but enough to make someone annoyed. They can stomp their way up to the stage. Being a classic menace. Throughout the dialogue of ANXIETY and PERSON, I think ANXIETY is walking around the stage, making more of a mess. And they also can meander in and out of the audience and the stage.

PERSON

What the fuck?

ANXIETY

Woah someone has a potty mouth.

PERSON

Can you please just go away? I'm trying to focus.

ANXIETY

Right right. My bad. I'll just sit here, quiet as a mouse. You won't even know I'm here.

ANXIETY start to almost twiddle their thumbs, looking bored, but they know what they're doing. Surprisingly they are not aimless. PERSON tries to continue what they're doing.

ANXIETY

Sooo, death. Crazy concept don't ya think?

PERSON

I really don't want to think about that right now.

ANXIETY

It's the one thing human civilization has absolutely no solid answers on. Like what happens when you die? No one knows. Well besides the dead, but you're alive.

PERSON

Yes I am alive. Thanks for reminding me.

ANXIETY

Oh well that can change at the drop of a dime. But, then you have to face the unknown. I don't know, what's worse? Living in a constant state of mental torture where you can never escape your thoughts or death. Where your soul leaves your body, and fading into darkness where maybe you confront god, or the devil, or whatever religious, spiritual bullshit you believe in. And then what? Does your soul just exist in this realm of the inbetween?

PERSON

I don't know. Maybe the mind just exists in a purely theoretical space where body, identity, and morals become foreign. But like you said no one knows. So let's just drop it.

ANXIETY

Maybe you can turn into a ghost? Hm, well ghosts are kind of just this stain left in this world. So I guess you can become a stain, like the tire marks left behind on streets. Actually those eventually fade as well. Or just paved over and forgotten about. So I guess the conclusion is you'll be forgotten and it will be like you never existed.

PERSON

What the fuck is your problem??

ANXIETY

What? It sounded like you didn't want to be alive so I was just thinking through the options.

PERSON

Well stop thinking. Stop talking. Just stop!

ANXIETY

Oh I wish I could, but nope. Gotta get the job done. Speaking of wish, do you have heart palpitations yet?

PERSON

No. Yes. Oh my god. I feel like I'm going to explode. Like I need to tear my skin off my body. Fuck.

ANXIETY

You have no control. Over anything. You have no future. You have no purpose. Nothing will *ever* fulfill your existence.

PERSON

I. I don't even know what to say. I don't. I don't understand why you're saying this. I wasn't thinking about my future. I wasn't thinking about dying until you just started screaming in my ear.

ANXIETY

That's the point.

You may think that this is normal. To have these thoughts. But it's not. You're going crazy. Starving for attention. How dramatic, you ungrateful pitiful excuse of life.

ANXIETY exits.

PERSON

Shhhh. Please. Your overthinking is robbing me of joy.

PERSON looks around and realizes ANXIETY has left. They take a deep breath. Sounds of waves and the ocean start to lightly play as background noise. (Sound Cue 3. More Ocean Waves)

PERSON

Why do I let my mind get under my skin? It keeps running off to dark corners and coming back with reasons for why I am not enough. Fuck this. I want to be snapped, cracked, hammered into just to escape my own body. I want to be free so I can feel alive again!

Oh sorry. I was screaming a little wasn't I?

Sometimes I wish I could scream. Like really loud. But I want to do it and not have anyone think I'm getting murdered. Or that I'm in trouble. Or like what if I do it too often that once an actual emergency happens no one comes to help.

Normal, sane people don't have thoughts like these. At least I assume they don't. Normal people thrive on routine and the capitalistic work environment where your energy is used for profit. The world is waiting for my young blood to fuel their free enterprise. Some people could work everyday until they die and be content. The thought of doing any of that makes me want to. Well, I wouldn't. I was just thinking. I don't know what I'm thinking. I don't know anymore. Who would worry if I marched into the sea till it rose around me like honey?

The lighting shifts to something darker as DEPRESSION's voice enters. Music Cuts before DEPRESSION speaks.

DEPRESSION

No one.

PERSON

I think my parents would. They'd be heartbroken.

DEPRESSION

Or relieved.

PERSON

What? Are you kidding? I'm their kid. Their baby. Why would they ever be relieved to have their own blood...gone.

DEPRESSION

Because then they will no longer have to make up excuses for their disappointment of a child.

PERSON

I'm not a disappoint-

DEPRESSION

You sit and mope all day long. You lash out when they don't deserve it. All they have ever done is love you and that is how you repay them. By treating them like shit.

PERSON

I never meant to-

DEPRESSION

But you did. You are a burden to everyone around you. Worthless. Pathetic. Higher powers made a mistake giving you life. And I'm the one who has to clean up the mess of your existence.

PERSON

Those things aren't true. I'm a good person.

(Sound Cue 4. Wind, fades in and begins to lightly play.)

DEPRESSION

You can keep lying to yourself, I'll always persevere. I'll push you further down. Tediously pulling your soul out of your body. Brewing a storm of murk within you. Until you're a shell of who you once were. And all it will take to break you is the breath of my name. The whispers in the wind will blow you away. The utter despair you bathe in will cause you to drift into oblivion. But don't be scared. I'll always be right here.

DEPRESSION touches the person's head and heart. PERSON goes into a fetal position. DEPRESSION returns to the audience.

PERSON

This would be a time when I'd like to scream.

Pause. (Sound Cue 5. Storm, fades in and lightly plays in the background.) They sit there rubbing their hands together, grabbing at their hair. They feel the weight of DEPRESSION'S words.

My brain is on fire and I don't know where to start to put it out. You would think that there would be a solution to this right. Some magical elixir that makes everything normal. But, medication doesn't cure you. It only lowers the volume. My morbid thoughts are still there. Still floating around in there. It's like ... my brain turned into water. Some of the less burdening thoughts will float to the surface and peacefully drift away. Like a boat sailing across the vast sea, away to burden a new person. The intrusive thoughts on the other hand, oh...those are heavy. Like an anchor it sinks, until they hit rock bottom. Where forever they will lie. It's difficult, you see, to lift an anchor all by your lonesome. And much too shameful to ask for help. Cause god forbid someone judges for this vile thought anchored in your mind. They'll believe you to be sick, a liar. So the anchor stays put, never to be moved, never forgotten.

Sound Cue 5 fades out. ANXIETY steps back onstage sometime when PERSON is talking, preparing to jump back in. But DEPRESSION stops them from moving forward.

DEPRESSION

Wait. Let them spin.

They watch.

PERSON

I know that everything I'm saying right now sounds really dramatic. I can hear that it sounds really dark, and tragic, and... ignorant. I'm aware that I seem ungrateful because if being depressed and anxious is the only thing going wrong in my life then I have it better than most people in the world. I have a loving family, access to education, a warm house with a bed, I don't

worry about where my next meal is going to come from. I have everything. And yet I still have this aching feeling of not wanting to be here. But aren't I allowed to feel that way, without feeling overwhelming guilt. The fire is burning brighter. Scorching the nerve endings in my body. Annihilating the place I call home. That glow of embers, that harmful light, it's killing me.

...

This sucks. I feel like the ball in a pin ball machine, just hitting wall after wall, but can't seem to catch a fucking break. Okay. Okay. I need to calm myself down.

They breathe. DEPRESSION pushes ANXIETY forward.

Okay. 5 things I can see. Um. Bright lights.

ANXIETY

Those lights are boiling. Aren't you really hot?

PERSON

I can see people. Someone's wearing glasses I think.

ANXIETY

Oh good. So they can see that you're panicking. That's embarrassing. They probably are thinking what a freak you are.

PERSON

Um. Um. Where was I? I can't remember. Was it 5 things I can touch? Or see?

ANXIETY

That shirt looks really tight. Almost like it's suffocating you.

PERSON

Okay. Uh. I can feel this chair. I can feel this.

ANXIETY

What if the world came crashing down right now and absolutely obliterated you? What if nothing matters, including your life? We're all just floating on a rock in the middle of space. You're nothing but a blip in existence. And now, you're dying. Look at me.

ANXIETY grabs PERSON'S face. ANXIETY talks to the person and starts to push them backwards.

You will never escape me. Us. She's the air you breathe and I'm the disease that riddles your body.

PERSON stumbles and falls into DEPRESSION'S arms. (Sound Cue 6. Drowning Waves fades in and lightly plays)

DEPRESSION

Stuck. Like. Glue. We are a part of you. You can't escape your own shadow. The waves of the sea will continue to push you, pull you, drown you until you're laying at the bottom of the earth where hopes and dreams rot.

PERSON

If I swallow the entire ocean, will I finally be cleansed? Will I be remade?

DEPRESSION brushes hair back from PERSON'S face

DEPRESSION

Shhh. It's okay.

Sound Cue 6 begins to fade out.

Oblivion is around the corner. The Universe is a primal scream. Waiting to swallow you like a furnace. But for now, you can dream. Pretend as if none of this is real. Let the waves take you.

PERSON

i want a parade

i want music

Music begins to play softly. (Sound Cue 7. Dream Sweet in Sea Major)

i want confetti

i want a standing ovation

for all the times I decided to live.

Sound Cue 7. Fades out into silence.

PERSON

Is this my happy ending?

THE END

ENDNOTES

Page 30:

“Shadows swarm me. They are black, fuming with restlessness.”

Source: “I felt myself entering the afternoon shadows with their encroaching anxiety and dread.” William Styron, *Darkness Visible: A Memoir of Madness*, 18

“You are blind to the shadows that lurk in the wings.”

Source: “yesterday/when i woke up/the sun fell to the ground and rolled away/flowers beheaded themselves/all that’s left alive here is me/and i barely feel like living”/ -Depression is a shadow living inside me” Rupri Kaur, *the sun and her flowers*, 61

Page 33:

“Oh well that can change at the drop of a dime...it will be like you never existed.”

Source: “my brain had begun to endure its familiar siege: panic and dislocation, and a sense that my thought processes were being engulfed by a toxic and unnameable tide that obliterated any enjoyable response to the living world.” William Styron, *Darkness Visible: A Memoir of Madness*, 18

Page 34:

“Starving for attention.”

Source: “you might have done/the external work/but your mind is starving/for internal attention/ - listen” Rupri Kaur, *home body*, 111

“Shhhh. Please. Your overthinking is robbing me of joy.”

Source: “*quiet down* i begged my mind/*your overthinking is/ robbing us of joy*” Rupri Kaur, *home body*, 120

“Why do I let my mind get under my skin?”

Source: “why do i let my mind/get under my skin/i am so sensitive” Rupri Kaur, *home body*, 9

“It keeps running off to dark corners and coming back with reasons for why I am not enough.”

Source: “my mind keeps running off to dark corners/and coming back with reasons for/why i am not enough” Rupri Kaur, *home body*, 10

“I want to be snapped, cracked, hammered into just to escape my own body. I want to be free so I can feel alive again!

Source: “i want to be snapped/cracked/hammered into/i want to open where i am closed/find the secret door/let me out of me/i want something to/hold me by the neck/split me down the middle/and make me feel alive again/- *i don't want to be numb anymore*” Rupi Kaur, *home body*, 26

“Who would worry if I marched into the sea till it rose around me like honey?”

Source: “2. She sends the air out of her lungs/Wanting to lie down/And fritter away like ash, thinking/*Who would worry/If I marched into the sea/Till it rose around me like honey?*” Tracey K. Smith, *Life on Mars*, 44

Page 36:

“Brewing a storm of murk within you.”

Source: “But with their minds turned agonizingly inward, people with depression are usually dangerous only to themselves. The madness of depression is, generally speaking, the antithesis of violence. It is a storm indeed, but a storm of murk. Soon evident are the slowed-down responses, near paralysis, psychic energy throttled back close to zero. Ultimately, the body is affected and feels sapped, drained.” William Styron, *Darkness Visible: A Memoir of Madness*, 43

“The utter despair you bathe in will cause you to drift into oblivion.”

Source: “the victim begins to think ceaselessly of oblivion.” William Styron, *Darkness Visible: A Memoir of Madness*, 44

Page 38:

“The Universe is a primal scream. Waiting to swallow you like a furnace”

Source: “Whether it is our dead in Old Testament robes,/Or a door opening onto the roiling infinity of space./Whether it will bend down to greet us like a father,/Or swallow us like a furnace. I'm ready/To meet what refuses to let us keep anything/For long.” Tracey K Smith, “The Universe as Primal Scream”, *Life on Mars*, 57

“i want a parade/i want music/i want confetti/i want a standing ovation/for all the times I decided to live”

Source: “i want a parade/i want music/i want confetti/i want a
marching band/for the one suffering in silence/i want a standing
ovation/for every person who/wakes up and moves toward the
sun/when there is a shadow/pulling them back on the inside”
Rupi Kaur, *home body*, 45

Appendix

Performance Photos From Fall Festival



Photo Credits: Chris Kayden



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Photo Credits: Chris Kayden

Performance Photos From Spring Festival



Photo Credits: Chris Kayden



Photo Credits: Chris Kayden



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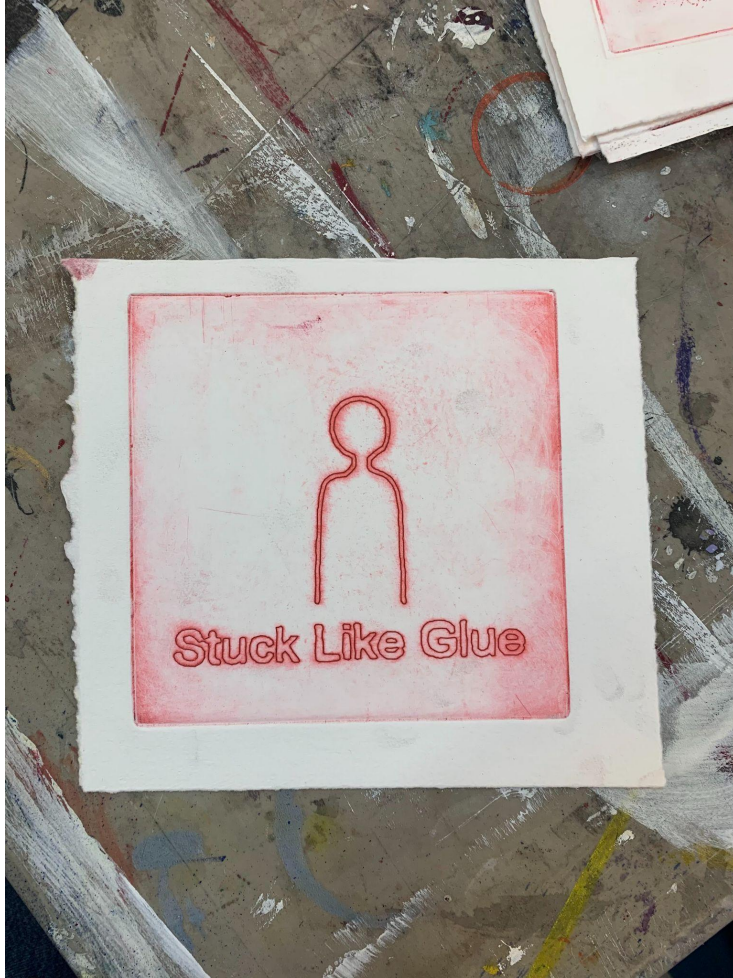
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Printmaking assignment by Allie Sahargun *Invisible Evidence*:
6x8 plexiglass printed on hahnemuhle copperplate bright white paper in red ink.

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