

Megan And Katelyn's scripts from UnRipe 2017

I have a raw unhealthy energy brewing inside of me that has been festering. Someone from the corner says or does an irrelevant gesture and despite my attempts to remain calm, I begin projecting this anger and it begins to leak. This energy manifesting in my external body. I realize that this type of behavior is unhealthy and begin to question my own intentions and motives and the anger shifts to myself as I become angry for my irrational behavior. I'm here, I see, I'm experiencing something growing in me. I hush it, or silence it for now. I'm existing, moving in space. Existing and experiencing. Walking delicate and held. okay with the now. I start retreating, but I'm not running and I'm not afraid. I'm okay with this. I stop. A recalibration. A thought and a look. However this energy is still leaking in the form of a shake. I then realize that it's okay to experience these sentiments because I'm going to do me and I don't give a fuck what anyone else thinks. Do you see me. I outwardly let all of this emotion go. Another look. My movement becoming faster and repetitive slightly from the unmoving. Because I am all alone I am left with only my thoughts and I begin to question and doubt myself. Hating myself for not being sane, for acting stupidly but then feeling that I should be unapologetic. I'm here experiencing myself. do you see me? My arm, forearm comes around passing through my vision of the audience. passing through. Passing through. This leads me to internal Passing through. but then some other external force, probes me sending me back down that same spiral. I attempt looking beautiful through my pain but end up looking stupid because the different movement pattern is unnatural in my body. A fire starts brewing at the disdain of self. no. I turn and expand. Willing. I allow you to see me. My hands touch my skin, is what I'm thinking accurate? I'm questioning but then I release. I release again until I stop. I'm held and collected. I'm allowing you too. I'm presenting to you. Myself. I'm allowing you to see me feel something. Loathing I have. A passing whisper tells me everything is going to be okay. Once again I pull myself together and display some resemblance or normality. But what the fuck do they know? I'm presenting to you. Myself. I'm allowing you to see me feel something. Sensation, The pleasure of movement. Sliding, gliding, touching, releasing, flicking and then holding. Holding. Statuesque. They don't know the pain and

the struggle that has made me so angry what do the words of someone that is so poised really mean to me? How can I find comfort in that? I explode. Than I feel a change, the shifting from side to side. Arms releasing in opposition. My clothes falling off. I turn away. I turn back. I'm okay. Presentation again. I'm experiencing something again yet I don't know what this one is. I'm okay with it. I stop, recalibrate. I'm back. I'm a machine moving through sequences. Yet experiencing this becomes contained and held. An unearthing of all the turmoil and physical anger keeps flying out of me in a moment that is beyond any lived experienced before. Yet moving faster and faster in a circle until I cant. I stop. I'm okay with it because I'm feeling something real. Real. Real. A reverberation of of it through my body. Than a release. Water below me.it's dripping off of me. I peel myself off. I suddenly stand up. WHAT.WHAT.WHAT. I look at you, you looking at me. I'm falling apart. It's okay. I'm allowing you to see this. I sense an energy with me I can feel it with me. I mockingly move around in that some poised movement that everyone else carries themselves in, all looking up with that high and mighty posture and superiority. I stop. This is too much. My energy has been unproductively expounded. She always was. She? We. She.we.she.we.she.we.she.we.I'm channeling, this energy that I come upon. It was my choice. It has always been my choice. It's/she's there with me as I'm feeling, experience and moving. Thinking, THINKNG. She becomes more of me. I'm experiencing her. It's a choice. I can choose. Many I cant choose. That's okay. Acceptance. I see you. I feel you. I glance to my left and I realize those I've claimed as high end superiors are experiencing similar pain but in a different way that looks and feels different. Let's go.

Katelyn summarizing Megan's (flowering)

Raw. Energy, Festering. The corner. Remain calm. A projection. External question self. Rational. Leaking shape. Experience. So me. Fuck. Outward. Faster. Unnerving. All alone, doubt hate. Not sane. Feeling. Internal force. Probe. Beauty, pain, stupidly, unnatural. Fire whisper, all okay. Normalcy. Pain. Struggle. What does it mean. Comfort. Explode. Fall. Experience. Carry. Mock. Superiority. Stop. Energy. Glance. Right alone w/ me.

Binary systems don't work.