

**Wright Now Play Later: November**

*Prompt - Beth Hauptle: The spinning starts when there is nothing to do but to do something.*

Spin

---

A short

By Tegan McLeod

FARAH - young woman of color ideally.

1.

*Farah sits, keeping to herself.*

*She has just been asked by a psychologist/a help-group/an interviewer to describe "her fears". At first she can't put it into words, it's too great.*

*Then...*

*This is the first time she has spoken about this. It catches her off-guard at first. But when she starts she cannot stop. Until the realization of her words hits home and she is made mute by the immensity.*

### FARAH

It doesn't start all at once. Sometimes it's just a twitch of a toe, a spasm at the back of my neck. I'll walk it off, roll my head, pretend to crack my back so that people think I'm just tight. You'd think it's a tightening right? Yoga might help. But I've tried everything: Yoga, weed, counting numbers, medication. I fell asleep in yoga, I carried a knife and called myself a butler when I smoked and the meds made counting numbers a depressive slide towards a hanging rope. Nothing helps. [Beat] No, this is more like a loosening anyway. Everything gets loose and wavy. Not the arms-flailing kind of wavy but the empty-your-bowels-you're-going-to-die kind of loose you do not want to go through in public. [Beat] It's real sneaky- it'll begin with the smallest thought: *will I renew my lease in a month?; what will my body look like when I am forty-five?* And then the rope starts to unravel. And it spreads: *who decides, in locked rooms, to deliver corrosive water into the baths and basins of an entire city? Or If 11% of Syria's population is dead, how will the 89% remember where they are buried?* And so on and so on it uncoils. The rope, right here, in the cavity between my ribs, wants me to pull it out. And so I start, pulling these questions out of my mouth, carrying the *what if's* and the *why's* slick and wet, and I can't make it stop until I am on the ground wailing for the future to never come. *Please please please never come.* [Beat] I know it sounds selfish. *My anxiety. My fears.* [Beat] She was young when she was first diagnosed. My grandmother was in her 40's. Alzheimer's is rare at that age, but not in our family tree. By the time she was 63, she had multi-organ failure and died from multiple lung infections, due to the aspiration of food. That's what the doctor had said. *Aspiration.* But this was no achievement. In reality I watched my mother blow into her own mother's mouth, nineteen times trying to get oxygen past the fluid in her closing chest. My mother continued to give mouth to mouth long after grandmother was dead. [Beat] Now my mother tries to finish the crossword everyday. She plays games that exercise her brain. She's learning her fifth language. And when she calls me by my sister's name, I don't remind her. The more you worry you'll forget, the more you forget. [Beat] Sometime I wonder about the things I would *like* to forget: the amount of coffee-cups I have thrown away over my life-time.

The ways he used to kiss my eyelids when I woke up in the morning. The bodies rolling up on the beach in Greece. That hot weather is a sign that our world is burning not that summer is early. The small moans my mother made, in the back of her throat, when we pulled her off of her mother's body. That I may not have control over my mind in ten years, that I may not know my own body when I look down at my feet. [Beat] Maybe...maybe my panic attacks are my body's way of asking every question my mind can muster before it starts catching and misfiring? [Beat] Before I speak to you in a whisper without knowing we've had this conversation seven times. [Beat] I don't want to forget. *Please*. I don't ever want to lose this, right here. *This*. Please tell me I will remember this.