

green scream – Freya Johnson Ross

Script & Instructions for performance

‘green scream’ is both a text and script for performance, rooted in research exploring modes and situations in which humans employ a ‘mask’ – emotionally, through dissimulation, role playing, miming, lip syncing, or mimesis. You are invited to participate in the performance by voicing the text in square brackets in dialogue with the studio performers.

The expanded radio performance draws on the metaphors of landscape and colour as sites for potential emotion and ambiguity. It is divided into three sections below i. green screen ii. sea bream and iii. how many masks. The audio and performers shift throughout: in the first section a recorded voice speaks the text, with text in square brackets that you can read or speak out loud. In the second section a live performer speaks the text, again with text in square brackets that you can read or speak out loud. In the third section, two live performers are in dialogue with each other.

i. Green screen

Green screen

[scream]

you can project whatever you want

...

onto me.

Watching your face in public there is a barely perceptible moment when you arrange your mask, the opinion it will show.

When you’re very relaxed

[when is that?]

most at home, in company you trust, feeling confident — this leaves you

...

this moves me.

Unfiltered twitching, a rustle instantly to rearrange – your mood – a smile, disgust, confusion, delight, boredom. It sways and shifts, riffled by the breeze.

When I point this out to you you laugh.

I can’t help it.

[But can you?]

Expensive fields of green. I feel a bit sick. The scent of freshly cut grass, the smell of summer feelings, a sneeze, of uncontrolled regret

...

yet still does not beget truth

a momentary twitch of the face is all

[glitch]

ii. Sea bream

Funny how – this has happened & how now I hate the French. Drawing in Giverney, Kanye, not yay, in my headphones.

Could I catalogue all the places we tried – and failed – to have A NICE TIME. Or more correctly all the places we imitated intimacy. All the places I had a miserable time and cried in public without really caring because I was exhausted by it.

Hate the player not the game – that should be the other way round. Or is it A-ROUND? do-do ron ron ron, do-do ron ron. I stood outside and someone flirted with me & all I wanted was for you to be there – but you didn't want to be.

...

slow texts

[what apples do you want me to buy?]

misaligned time. honey crystalised in the squeezey bottle and I think pop it in the microwave & u think throw this bottle in the sea.

Can the sea be a meme?

[me me ME]

Rhapsody in oh so blue, so deep, so wet, lapping at the edges.

[Green gauge]

I don't want to see pain, even if it's only pretend.

sous titre, le bal, gerbil, erbil, errbody... swimming in the deep blue, where is the script, what do I have to say to you. Can you tell the difference between green and blue?

[Which is more transparent?]

Do you have a word for it? the IT crowd, oh crow, oh ckrrrr. IT IT IT

no, we were talking about being blue, no green. oh sorry yes. mis read it's all over your face. mis read me once, fool me, misread me again & again & again, fooled you.

Reading between the lies → at what point does a line become a lie?

What do you mean, how do you do mean? Mean girls, scheme girls, screen girls, scream girls.

Is it in the spirit of MD 20/20, kiwi liqueur, midouri, apple sourz? Puke it back up and it still tastes weird.

Looks weird too.

[Uh-hu that's right]

Writing behind the screen, mood following the cursor. Write it, then leave it for a bit. Then come back to it and take out all the emotion. Anything that could be perceived as angry, mean, careless, crass, hurtful or uncontrolled.

You read an article about matching your make up to your face shape, crime scanning, oval time. I've seen that face before (libertango) now I'm doubting myself though, my reading off your lips.

Thong song, that song song
[sung]

it's got to be on the down low now. Splendid rendang. Portmanteau fan. Artful splendour rendered in papier-mâché.

My head isn't really the shape of a balloon but nonetheless we use balloons as the basis of our papier-mâché mask making. Oh Leonardo, hair baby, no one can age you if you're still fucking 19 year-olds, smooth as dolphins. At least you have that in common eh?

Cruelty free tuna, save the whales, deep blue, or is it sea green?

Porpoise, oinkwise. pink and green, skin perfecting tone.
I love it when you use that correcting tone w me.
Bey.
Boy.

a tiny squirt

Staring at the mirror. Holding, trying to hold the feeling – one eye brow at a time.

You swear it's practice-able – you taught yourself. Eyebrow poetics, what an absolute blinder of procrastination. A master class in arch.

The leaves rustle – the highest hedge in Europe. A green sea but it's poorly according to the sign. Poor leaves.

Turn over a card, no hesitation: <side eye> *calm*

...

pause

<twitch> double bluff. Siiiiickkkk.

iii. How many masks

The big questions.

How many masks do you have?

Do I have?

Can you take it a bit less personally?

What are you wearing today?

Which one are you wearing tonight?

Where does your self reside?

What are the things that seem most you, or actually you?

UUUUUUUUUU

me again

mmm me me me me meme

the double, double take, it me, more me than me? more you than you...

of or around, off, tilt, whirl. Spending time w yourself, mask off. keep a safe distance.

Masquerade, play dough, bumper, doctor, erm, emma.

*I scream. But I make it sound like sadness rather than rage so I don't startle you.
It's so unusual to be rage-ful, it's so un-us-u-al to be loved by anyone – da na na na na na.*

Picking over the bones.

Terroir earth fear, so many worms protruding bones.

*Glowing like a bulb in the dirt. Why do you always sell me the fucking horrible bright ones even when I ask
for something else very explicitly. Learning to obfuscate, dim my views.*

I wish bright young things.

*Sidle by in case you notice my protruding opinion. deedle deedle dee.
Sometimes I actually send smoke signals.
I think I'm being so subtle, but I'm blowing smoke straight into your eye.*

I think I'm being so subtle, but I'm blowing smoke.

It mostly works too well and everyone is happy.

What is the difference between feeling a feeling, describing a feeling, acting what you think a feeling looks like, and lying?

Feeling a feeling.

*Have you learnt to identify them, their range?
Can you use the proper names, or do you need an app to help you?
Close in, I don't want to be mediated by a device, is it mine?*

*My device.
The one I bought and paid for and would now like to throw in the sea.*

Describing a feeling – a little detached, not devoid of, entirely. It is to be communicated calmly, always calmly, why is that?

Cool as a cucumber.

Sometimes you say you aren't sure what you're feeling, and that means you can't describe it more concretely than e.g. hot, confused, a bit spaced out, bad, etc. This takes us back to feeling a feeling – where do you feel it in your body? Ugh. Come out of your head and feel it rather than think it.

Boob job, in between my toes, breath, tits, teeth, bored to death of breath.

Acting what you think a feeling looks like. Downcast eyes, bright eyes. Laugh, forced smile.

Covered eyes, some hot wet tears. tears of frustration that could be taken as sadness. tears of self-pity that could be taken as sympathy. to dissimulate.

If it is open to interpretation is it lying?

Is it deliberate or unconscious. bring to consciousness.

Is it to be in sync, to comfort though similarity and familiarity. To publically mourn, a wake, awake.

Ob-fus-ca-tion fuss fuss fussy pussy pot pan pie.

Temporally close, temper-aly closed, temper-rly closed,
temporarily close to tempt her.

Arch mason little waitrose pequeno sueno caliente tea.

No, it's been sitting there too long, how could it still be hot.

Sip slowly and it might look hot.

Steam?

Blowing smoke.

Brewing, what is brewing. Smoke gets in your eyes.

Can you spot the difference between smoke and steam though?

Can you tell if you squint your eyes. streaming down.

gauzy eye patch. glaucoma , the GC

corona corona.

I love you, you make me happy – but this is so so awkward.

Only soso?

So wise, so true, so astute. temporarily mute.

to lose voice, to lose your friendship would be unwise. sage owl.

even after it survived the frost.

not all my feathered friends are this careless.

I have by now learnt to identify the edges of your form at night, flying through the darkness the outline is enough. It's quite magical to feel delicately round and around the edges with the lights out, no glare just feathers.

Occasionally a sharp beak protrudes.

monumentally, momentarily.

there's something about where time sits in all these words.

bass bass bass kc-kc-kc-kc-kc-kc-kc

amen break, faggy adfghhhh break.

priest not christ. allowed to smoke on special occasions, but never to steal or steam.

tanzen, dansen, dasaen, D&D

– I missed the joke, the root of the meme,

still me though

—> *seen through*

you —>

other —>

all ●