

# *Fear and I*

## **Team Members**

Mary Vaughan - Writer/Director

Polly Regan - Writer/Director

Kat Swift - Cinematographer/Editor

Persis Yoder - Actor

Ean Bowie

## **Description**

Do you face your fears? What are they? What do they say to you? How do you respond?

*Fear and I* is an experimental exploration of fear and hope through Shakespearian sonnets and original poetry. This short film was shot in the dance studio of Baker Hall West and was a trial in the collaborative process and using one's surroundings to effectively communicate. Enjoy!

## **The Film**

<https://youtu.be/w7PkDThjjhk?si=JOy5UQeu1hDSQB7g>

## The Script

[Persis walks into the room]

PERSIS

Stars, stars will shine on me

I'll wait. Stars, diffracting light, synapses through each neuron,

Light pumping blood through my heavy heart.

Rubber through a syringe indeed

But a lone star is nothing to constellations

Though lines nought, what are there but freckles on

Mother Nature's cheek? What is one freckle?

But I am, and I am, and I am. So I'll wait.

[Persis look at the mirror]

And maybe my puddle will become glass.

MIRROR

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry

PERSIS

There are ripples there, at the core. And ripples

Make for waves. I hold hands with the moon, white knuckled,

Gasping for air under each whitecap - -

[MIRROR interrupts]

MIRROR

As to behold desert a beggar born,  
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity

PERSIS

But I float.

I live and so I am, and so we are,  
Strangling each other at the bottom of a lake

MIRROR

And purest faith unhappily forsworn,  
And gilded honor shamefully misplaced  
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted

PERSIS

And so I am trapped, stabbing at the darkness to feel the sun.

But why do I strangle you? And why do you stand so,  
On my chest? I can't help but tighten my grip.

MIRROR

And right perfection wrongfully disgraced

And strength by limping sway disabled  
And art made tongue-tied by authority  
And folly doctor-like controlling skill,

PERSIS

Stars, stars will shine on me!  
I am tired, and I'm too full of life to be half loved!

MIRROR

And simple truth miscalled simplicity,  
And captive good attending captain ill!  
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,  
Save that to die, I leave my love alone!

PERSIS

Rubber through a syringe indeed.  
Freckles on a mother's cheek, where am I?  
And so we stab at the darkness, but you are the knife  
And so it goes, and so we are  
And so I am,  
And I am, and I am

[PERSON walks into the room, opens the blinds, and closes the curtain in front of the mirror]

[PERSIS walks toward window and light shine on them]

[End]