

## Her Palace - Memory Episodes Scripts

1. There is no such thing as silence, not if I listen closely, and more closely. Hiding beneath the surface of silence is the sound of my breath, blood flowing in my veins, and the heartbeat that animates my entire universe. There is a thing called silence. The true silence is language. Words come out of mouths, carrying indecipherable sounds and patterns, meaning one thing at utterance, another at perception. The meanings come from nowhere and go nowhere, because in-between them is only silence.
2. Sometimes on weekends, I get up, eat a light brunch, and go to the painting studio. I would spend all day there by myself, painting. When I come out of the studio in the evening and see the quiet gleam of the stars in the sky, I can feel the peace inside me beyond any words.
3. When I think about the future, the adventure and wonder of it, I can sense a figure next to me, a faceless yet intimate figure, as if we are supposed to share that adventure and wonder together. When things get hard, that figure shows up again. It simply stares at me from a distance, it does not help nor console, its presence only pronounces its absence.
4. I have no control over my heart beating. I have no control over my blood rushing to my face. I have no control over my hand shaking when it takes the things you hand to it. I have no control over remembering the shape of your jaw line but forgetting the lines I practiced. These are the moments that make me realize, I'm so confined in my body and there is no escape. What is more hopeless, is that this absence of control feels...kind of...good, and I have no control over feeling good either.
5. When I think about next morning, the cool air and the sun, walking on the lively street with coffee in hand, I think of you.
6. I feel your presence. All I feel is your presence. Are you part of me or outside of me? If you are part of me, why are you everywhere. This bowl of strawberries, behind me in the mirror, in my Virtual Reality headset. At the touch point between my pen and my notebook. If you are outside of me, where exactly do I find you? I look around and walk around, I see personas and images. They all look like you, but are you really behind them? Which one is really you?
7. I want to be perfect for you, although I know perfection is unreal. I want to be strong for you, although strength always has limit. I want to possess you, notwithstanding that possessions eventually depreciate. I want to belong to you, regardless of how long it lasts. This is not me. This is what you made me.
8. It is already difficult to guard against the world, where every thought, concept, and image fights to get into me, but then there is you, breaking down my guard and laying me bare in the chaos — I start to fear. But I don't know if I'd rather have the fear flash away, or have it last forever.

9. I know you are wrong. Part of me already rebels and marshals the arguments against you, but the other part of me is trying very hard to believe you are right.
10. When I try to open my heart and communicate with you, love disappears. The more I try to see you, the more I find you blurry. It's not about what you did or what you said to me, it's not about you. It's about being human — as you become concrete, you also become impenetrable. It's physics — attraction, collision, and then explosion.
11. Emptiness is the only thing definite, everything that fills it is ephemeral. We could create a harmonious atmosphere with affection and faith, but when that atmosphere fades away, I'm left to embrace this only concrete thing. It feels safe, genuinely safe.
12. Why do you have to sing that song when you walk? Why do you always cross your legs when you sit? Why do you bite your nails all the time? Why are you so passionate about the illusions as if you can hold onto them? Why do you seek adventures? Why do you never agree? Why...why do I know you?
13. We fall over and over again, and we stand up and follow the same path over and over again. Maybe people always remain the same — with the same stupidity, same narcissism, same loneliness, and same love.
14. I'm not even hurt. I think I should be but I'm not. I can't lie to myself.
15. When I turn around, everything still looks the same, except I feel free now, so free that my body feels no resistance, to float, to collapse, to disintegrate. Oh this is what it feels like to be without you.
16. I will always love you. Have a good life.
17. Sometimes I ask what-if questions myself. When I ask, I immerse myself in all the imaginary stories that could have happened, but as the stories unfold, the absurdity of them always quickly pulls me into the reality. They make me laugh.
18. I don't know what to make of you now. You are a priest from whom I ask forgiveness, you are a judge from whom I receive sentence, you are a statue that I look up to for glamor, you are a demon that I stay away from for peace. You are many things and I lock up all of them in a box, which I will keep forever but never appraise.