

Video begins in a nearly black dark red screen

[low womb-like sounds]

Narrator: We are all enfleshed.

A patchy haze fades into the red.

Narrator: Fearfully and wonderfully made.

Narrator: We accept and reject this reality to varying degrees.

The deep red patchy haze sharpens into an appearance like nebula and stars. There are some variations in color.

Narrator: I've found it excruciating

[low sound builds up]

A dark tunnel appears, it is growing closer and spinning.

[harrowing wind blows]

[chaotic noise]

Chaotic imagery and scribbles flash across the screen.

[noise fades to silence]

A child with outstretched arms fades in and out.

[silence]

Screen begins to fade to white.

Narrator: As for many gender dysphorics, the signs & symptoms came early on:

An idyllic outdoor scene appears. The sky is blue, the grass is green, and there is a metallic fence in the background.

Narrator: I identified with girls despite typically masculine interests.

Three girls and one boy appear. They are all holding hands and in school uniforms.

Fade to white.

[children playing outside]

Narrator: ... I thought they were better.

[rumbling noise building]

Narrator: The male figure appeared grotesque to me.

The screen fades to beige and a blurry figure appears. It sharpens into a boy looking down.

[heavy grunt]

A dark blue and reflective muscular action figure appears on a marble floor.

[page turning]

Pink XX and blue XY chromosomes appear next to each other over a pinkish-blueish haze.

They begin to blur.

Narrator: I felt grief upon learning about sexual differences.

Narrator: It hurt to realize the sexes are biologically different.

Fade into scratchy haze over dark background.

[high-pitched screeching builds]

Narrator: There was a slew of recurrent psychiatric issues.

A child in fetal position appears. A succession of chaotic scribbles envelop him.

[screeching continues]

A hand appears over a grey background, holding a medicine capsule.

Cut to black.

Narrator: These dovetailed with taunts and exclusion.

Cut to boy in pain shaking with a haze of scribbles surround him. He fades first and is followed by the scribbles.

[screeching transforms into whirring computer fans]

Narrator: I picked up a habit of escaping into virtual worlds.

A floating figure drifts closer into a glowing and flickering screen over a bluish-purple dark background. It fades and the screen fades as well. A formless haze briefly appears and fades.

[computer fans]

Narrator: Spending hours playing with dolls.

A screen flicks on and shows a female figure with hair styles and clothing changing. The figure appears to be in a sort of virtual dollhouse video game interface.

[grotesque creaking]

The screen cuts off and various electronic flickering lights appear floating in darkness. They also fade.

Narrator: Bizarre bodily fixations.

[cavernous ticking and rumbling]

There is a succession of two dark fleshy, cave-like formations. A third appears with a candle burning within it.

Narrator: Above all I experienced a deep sense that something was wrong with me.

[noises fade]

Narrator: A marked inability to be in my own skin.

[silence]

A warm light brown begins to fade in.

Narrator: I was about 13, visiting Mexico City.

Narrator: An encounter brought light into my life.

A boy before an image of Our Lady of Guadalupe fade into focus, they are very slightly panning in opposite directions. Light gradients from above Our Lady. They fade away into the warm brown. The brown fades into black.

White fades in.

[low-pitched drone]

Narrator: However, the effects of puberty were ramping up.

Little hairs appear floating behind the text; they alternate in position.

A close up of a hairy leg zooming in appears.

Cut to white.

Narrator: It felt like being caught in a whirlwind.

Fade to dark.

Narrator: I developed bad habits.

A descending zig-zag of light appears behind the text and a belt of light moves across it.

A frame of floating screens flashes. It quickly cuts to an uncomfortable male adolescent hunched over a school desk.

Narrator: The discomfort was near-constant.

[loud synthetic buzz]

It cuts to the screens again. They are multi-colored and floating in different angles. They fade and blur into darkness.

Narrator: I sought further escapes...

[droning]

A pearlescent formless mass appears changing in intervals. A sharper formless mass flashes and then an adolescent male stands shirtless before a mirror, in place of his reflection is a figure made of dark gray scribbles. All begins to fade into gray.

Narrator: I felt strange things in my body.

Scrawls appear over the background. A vague white sketch of a figure fades in. A red haze of scribbles appears over one side of the body. There is a sudden jolt and it begins to fade into a screen glowing and flickering in darkness, its light reflecting on vague forms. Narration text appears over this screen.

[droning layered with soft grating]

Narrator: Physical pain.

Narrator: Image addiction.

It cuts to darkness, but formless gestures flash in and out of existence across the screen.

Narrator: Ceaseless attempts to fill the void.

A wall of formless gestures fills the screen. Smaller parts continue to flash over this, fitting like puzzle pieces.

Narrator: Permutations.

It cuts to the pearlescent formless mass again. It is transforming faster.

[soft grating]

Cuts to gray.

Narrator: Engrossed in deceptive lights.

Narrator: Becoming repulsed by my own appearance.

Narrator: Unable to see myself.

Cuts to formless mass again, transforming even faster.

Cuts to grey.

Narrator: A hatred of self and embodiment.

Cuts to formless mass again, even faster than before.

Cuts to grey.

Narrator: I wanted to die.

Cuts to formless mass again, even faster.

Cuts to figure over gray background being consumed by the scrawls on side of body. Vague formless blurs appear to alternate over it. It is fading away and into darkness.

[grating grows higher and then fades]

[droning tone]

Narrator: I loathed becoming a man.

Fades into light purple background.

[droning gradually increasing in pitch]

[sound of pills coming out of container]

Two pills appear: a round beige one on the left and a smaller blue oval-like one on the right.

Title:

Spironolactone

Suppresses testosterone in the body.

Title:

Estradiol

Increases estrogen levels in the body.

[droning gradually increasing in pitch]

Pills begin to blur and background color changes.

A close-up of little hairs on skin appears. There are consecutive flashes.

[zapping]

[zapping]

[zapping]

After the third flash the hairs disappear, leaving behind red dots on the skin.

[lower zapping]

Cuts to a textured light pastel background that changes in color.

Narrator: I zapped away my facial hair.

[higher pitched drone layered over existing drone]

Narrator: I grew out my hair.

Narrator: I reset my wardrobe.

A transgender person appears, wearing a crop top and long skirt.

The person disappears.

[droning continues increasing in pitch]

Narrator: I was 20 when I started transitioning.

Narrator: I upset many, but was celebrated by many others.

Narrator: In received more validation than I ever had in my life.

Cuts to transgender person appearing briefly.

[camera shutter]

Cuts to the same person displayed as an image in a social media interface on a phone over a dark background with colors that continue changing.

As it pans in, pink hearts appear into focus around it.

The phone gets swiped upwards out of the screen and the hearts melt away.

There is a vague blurry swirl over the background. The colors continue changing, ever more quickly.

[droning continues]

Narrator: It was the 2010's; the transgender movement was gaining momentum.

Narrator: It was becoming a "thing",

Narrator: and so was I, in the art world.

Narrator: I got a lot of attention for being a trans artist making art about my obsessions.

It cuts to the same screen in darkness shown before, but this time overlaying the dark background that continues to change in color.

The screen flashes, and it cuts to the transforming formless masses over darkness again. This time they are more clearly defined rather than blurry.

[drone reverses course, decreasing in pitch]

Narrator: It is said gender *euphoria* occurs early in transition.

[descending drone]

Narrator: I rode these waves.

Narrator: I glossed over the moments I wasn't okay .

Narrator: I wanted more.

Narrator: I wanted to pass.

Narrator: I wanted facial feminization surgery.

Narrator: I hated my face.

Narrator: My identity eluded me.

Narrator: I was angry.

[drone continues with another descending layer]

Narrator: I burned bridges.

Narrator: I fought against those who didn't see me as I wanted.

A blur appears behind foreground.

Narrator: I still hated who and what I was.

The formless masses fade, a figure begins to come into focus from behind.

Narrator: I became increasingly delusional and paranoid.

The blur sharpens into a figure afflicted by a pearlescent formless scrawl of lines on the side of the body. It is receding away.

Narrator: I was lost.

[silence]

Cuts to black, a cross briefly flashes three times.

[sound of train passing]

Narrator: It was about 4 years since I had started transitioning.

Narrator: I was walking across the Manhattan Bridge in tears.

Narrator: My head spinning.

The protagonist a white trans person with long brown hair and a blue top is walking toward the viewer over a hazy background resembling a sidewalk along a bridge. Anxious specks swarm around the figure. They appear as the same colors as those on the figure.

Cuts to black.

Narrator: It might have been raining.

Figure appears again.

Fades to black.

Narrator: I arrived on the Brooklyn side.

[train stops, background noise fades]

A blur of light begins to fade in.

Narrator: I saw the Cathedral Basilica of St. James.

It sharpens into focus, a church building appears in a light grey haze.

Fades to white.

[silence]

Narrator: I walked in...

Narrator: I prayed.

Narrator: I begged.

Narrator: I pleaded.

It fades to a view of the protagonist's back. The protagonist is kneeling on a pew looking up towards a light.

Narrator: I looked to my side.

It blurs and fades into a colorful stained glass window of Mary. A dove is descending over her and rays of light appear from her hands. The light coming through intensifies and it fades into white.

Narrator: I'm not a woman.

[intermittent cracking noises]

Narrator: For the most part, I still felt the same.

Narrator: In many ways, I still do.

Narrator: The obsessions and delusions continued.

Narrator: Dangerous detours were taken.

Narrator: I quit the medications for misguided reasons.

Narrator: The body pain came back with a vengeance.

[cracking noises increase in frequency]

Narrator: I've lost friends through the changes.

Narrator: I've also received friendships.

Narrator: In the Church I found faith and belonging.

White is fading somewhat.

[cracking noises continue to increase, low tone fades in]

Fades and focuses into a warm and bright radiant glow over a cool background. There is a candle in red glass burning to the side.

Narrator: I've encountered a Presence.

[cracking noises build even higher]

[cracking ceases; low, underwater tone continues]

Cuts to the deep dark red from the beginning.

Narrator: Living as trans no longer makes sense.

Narrator: Though I remain in pain, the narrative fails to stick as it used to.

[low, womb-like sounds]

Narrator: Being in a body is still difficult for me.

Narrator: I receive strength to persevere.

Narrator: I'm being renewed, gradually healing;

Narrator: becoming the likeness of a Person beyond expectations.

Narrator: A transition of another kind.

A patchy haze fades into the red.

Narrator: And I know I am not alone.

Just as in the beginning of the video a deep red patchy haze sharpens into an appearance like nebula and stars. There are some variations in color.

Title:

The angel of the Lord declared unto Mary.
And she conceived by the Holy Ghost.

A beige glow fades over the gradually blurring background.

Behold the handmaid of the Lord.
Be it done unto me according to Thy word.

The warm beige envelops the screen.

And the Word was made Flesh.
And dwelt among us.

Blood vessels sprawling across the beige come into focus, evoking a womb. It begins to blur
and slowly fades to black

[low womb-like sounds fade]

[silence]