I swing frantically between wanting to die and being terrified that I will. And not even right away but at some point, which as far as I’ve heard happens to everybody.

**(image of mental health assessment quiz)**

‘Is there a box between Never and Sometimes for making plans to end my life?’

‘No’ says my therapist

**(click sometimes)**

What do I expect, I’m not paying her.

Make plans sounds too elaborate, or maybe it’s my idea of a plan that’s too elaborate. I am, after all, a Virgo.

**(Image of Co star notification: You are dying)**

I make plans to stay alive everyday. I ordered

**(amazon purchase history screen shots)**

2 houseplants, epsom salt, lavender oil, st johns wort, Shea butter, almond oil, a binder, a table to carry the aforementioned plants as well as my collection of vitamins and: gotu kola tea, rosewater, a poster of the 1995 film *Showgirls* all from Amazon, which my friend said was bad but when you might die tomorrow you start to appreciate your parent’s prime account.

I hadn’t cried in a while since my last therapist qualified and went off to talk to rich men about erectile dysfunction for £80 an hour. I had a month’s wait for another LGBTQI service, which was much faster than the 6-9 month wait for NHS CBT.

**(screenshot of email apologies from lewisham CBT)**

The queers get everything these days, especially mental illnesses. The World Health Organisation recently declared that being trans is not a mental illness, but then what is wrong with me?

I wake up in the early hours of the morning from a nightmare that takes the form of a movie trailer for a film where Michelle Pfeifer turns in to a tree: The Tree Woman.

**Googling Michelle Pfeifer video**

I google for any evidence of this film, but it does not exist. I wonder how I contact Michelle’s agent. This was before I watched that horrible episode of Sabrina where her trans friend uses magic to transition and starts to turn in to a tree.

I’ve never personally felt like a tree but sometimes I do feel like the proverbial boy trapped inside a woman’s body,

which is not such a bad place to be trapped

if you like women

**(It’s a boy girl thing/other body swap trailers play)**

Like a boy in a tasteless body swap movie I woke up one day with real tits and hips. I grabbed my boobs - whoa dude - and then reached down my underwear in mock horror. In year 6 our headteacher told all the girls to go home and look at their vaginas with a mirror. Quite progressive advice, considering. I bent over and examined mine and came to the solid conclusion that there Was No Hole There. He of course didn’t tell us about the clitoris. I remained convinced but weirdly unbothered that my vagina or body or something was broken right up to nearly 15 when my period finally arrived - a pile of black goop in my pants like an alien contagion. The body swap became a body horror and then at the 40 minute mark I did what any of those boys do. I shrugged, put on a trashy outfit and went out in to the world in my best girl mode.

The arrival of my sexy woman body was like getting a new barbie doll. I dressed her up in the top shop changing room with clothes that I couldn’t afford but which always looked good on her. I like barbies, the same way those little girls trapped in little boys bodies are supposed to. Bodies that are so nearly the same but for those things that barbies do not have.

I made my barbies fuck eachother, I tell a dyke friend.

I made my Ken doll kidnap all my barbies, I tell my therapist.

I once confided this to a mentor of sorts, an artsy middle aged straight woman, who said ‘Oh! That’s a rape fantasy’ and shrugged. She thought, inevitably, that I’d been messed with, but she was only partially correct.

I thought, Fuck - am I a rapist?

I comfort myself with the fact that rapists never consider themselves rapists - none of the ones I’ve met anyway.

\*

Much later I thought I’d escaped the movie but it’s turned in to Aliens part 7 and I’ve been abducted by my own desires.

I call the Samaritans hotline. A nice Welsh man answers. There is a long pause on the line and then we both start talking at the same time.

I instantly regret the call but I feel like if I hang up he’ll think I’ve gone and topped myself (sometimes I wish I could top myself - lol - the gays scream). I try to simulate the impression that he’s successfully talking me down. He asks me what my hobbies are and I start sobbing.

- I - make - music - with - computers.

Computers! He says, How do you do that?!

Oh, I don’t know

What kind of music?

Synth pop, I guess

What’s that then? *Synth pop?* Try saying that with a lisp!

I’m really feeling a lot better now, I say

Oh really?

Mmm, yep I think I just need to sleep

Oh, ok are you sure? You know it’s important to remember that a lot of people feel like this. I think it’s maybe (rustling of papers) 1 in 3 people that have a mental health issue… at some point in their… life

I feel like I’m stuck in another of those conversations with men where they won’t let you leave, and look how polite I’m being despite the potential for suicide. I feel guilty for this knee jerk thought at the expense of this probably very kind man who is just trying to help me. I pull out the big guns - I start talking about capitalism.

Oh, I wouldn’t know about that. Have you tried - mindfulness?

I’m going to sleep now bye bye bye bye bye bye byebyebyebyebye, I shout and put on an episode of Riverdale to fall asleep to. Often I wonder if, on my deathbed, I’ll regret rewatching Riverdale 4 times? But these are the thoughts that come to me in my own death bed simulation, when I’ve taken to my rooms like a Victorian child, duvet up to my chin and crumbs everywhere. At least if I was dead I wouldn’t have to think about dying all the time.

Riverdale is too scintillating so I put on Brooklyn 99. ACAB.

I wait til 5pm and then drag myself out of bed and in to the bits of uniform I find on the floor. It’s ok because everyone at work thinks I’m just accidentally ugly rather than gender confused and depressed.

**(‘better smile’ video)**

One day I went in wearing eyeshadow and everyone was so nice to me, I couldn’t cope with how nice they were all being. I was very careful about wearing eyeshadow after that.

I focus instead on cultivating a natural glow. I wipe the rosewater on my face with bog roll which, I don’t know, and I moisturise twice daily. I got totally topped at the Body Shop by this woman who had no eye bags at all and she told me I had dry lined skin so I bought things from her. I put all kinds of shit on my eye bags to make them go away. I stay up til 3am googling natural remedies for it. I think that if my dark circles go, it will trick my brain in to feeling less tired.

Like I read somewhere that Botox can treat depression because it stops you from frowning, expressing negative emotion. The same principle as fake smiling and laughing to get a dopamine hit. There was a huge robbery of a Botox warehouse in Essex last year and I like to think theres a few less depressed women in Essex now. I wanted to make a film about that but I was worried it sounded a bit too much like fucking *Fight Club.*

***Video-talking to camera***

(If you are a film funding person watching this, don’t listen to me, the Botox heist film is very much on the cards. It’s gonna be about a team of trans guerrillas who team up with Essex Mums to steal a whole load of hormones, Botox and fillers. It’s gonna tick all your diversity boxes and it’s gonna bring everyone together, it’s gonna make cis people look really good! It’s gonna be like *Pride* but in the future/present. The only question is, can Imelda Staunton do an Essex accent? Please give me money)

At work, my favourite thing is checking the fire exits. I wonder what would happen if there was a fire. Would I calmly follow protocol or freak out? My grandma was very good in a crisis, because she was nuts too. There’s something about a terrible situation that puts anxiety to rest - I told you so. I’d like to think I’d be that way too, so my tombstone can read ‘Marianne Murray - good in a crisis’ rather than ‘Marianne Murray - killed in unexplained shark attack at leisure centre’

In the fire exits, there’s no one there but me, and nothing to do but walk - and sing.

**Singing videos - vertical videos next to eachother, the first one is automatic and the second one is triggered by a click (if possible)**

\*

I’d just been dumped via text on the day of the double denim dyke night. When I get to the club the first person I see is my therapist. ‘Hi!’ I shout, creakily, waving a bit too much. She waves back. *Sometimes.*

\*

**Images from AI categorisation software**

I’m trying to make art but all I can do is stare at my face

\*

**Video: Maz/Man typing**

Im starting to feel a lot better about my body now that I know someone else sees it. I notice my mannerisms more, and I feel cool. I think - everyone fancies me lol. It’s strange to go from moaning about straight girls and what the fuck’s wrong with them to dating one. It makes me worry about being the basic boy that women want to date. It makes me worry that I’m a blank slate for women’s projections - it wouldn’t be the first time. My capacity for romance is a little stunted but it’s something I really want to learn. I feel more like an alien in a sex comedy than a fuck boy or a soft boy.

I forget that the outside world exists again and I get called madam 5 times in a day and I have to laugh. It’s very funny to me that people think I’m just incredibly bad at being a straight woman, that I don’t know I’m hot, or that I’m some kind of posh camberwell mum.

I want to be the most special boy on earth, not like the other boys lol. I enjoy seeing the confusion behind straight women’s eyes as I help them carry their pram up the stairs. I enjoy seeing men stare at me and look away sharply. Sorry hun, you’re gay now.

But I worry that’s not the case at all. The thing worse than being visibly queer is not being visibly queer. But I can say that, because no-one really wants to beat me up. If they did, I’d raise my voice an octave and say - *oh look, here comes my husband!*

*\**

Me and my girlfriend got hate crimed in a Jacobean mansion

\*

**Image: T trial (females, test out stuff and keep it!)**

**VIDEO: Vlog video of this text**

I’ve been thinking about taking testosterone but I’m quite scared

I’m scared of getting facial hair mostly

Which is basically being scared I’ll turn in to my dad

Which I’m not going to get in to here because I have to save something for my therapist lol

I’ve been worried if I start taking it and I turn in to a horrible man

I don’t know if you’ve noticed

But men like

They’re not good are they?

I don’t know if you’ve spoken to one lately but like

They’re arseholes and that we’ve all read the news

But they’re also so fucking boring

Like, this is a conversation that 2 men will have

Alright mate, how’ve you been?

Not too bad, not too bad can’t complain

Oh yeah what you been up to

Oh, err, actually went up to Manchester last week

Oh sick, sick, you take the A127?

Yeah, yeah I did actually

Nice nice. How long that take you?

Oh, about 4, 5 hours?

Not bad, not bad. You stop at any services?

Yeah I think we stopped at the… Welcome break in Lincoln

Oh nice nice, yeah they got a Leon there now aint they

Oh right yeah I’m not sure mate actually we just used the petrol station, you know how it is

Oh yeah, yeah, so you had to fill up then?

Yeah, yeah did unfortunately

What about on the way back?

Yeah?

You have to fill up again?

Ah, na na not on the way back mate. We were alright

Sweet, sweet

And I just CANNOT ABIDE with my life being like that, you know? I think I’ve already started to notice it a bit talking to guys now I’m more Masc

**Button: speech bubble with *Alright mate.***

The way the men say that to each other comes out like the worst fuck you. It’s frightening and I want no part in it.

**Image of hand moving towards blue button meme (Blank-Nut-Button) acts as button to trigger text:**

At this point though I’m also like fuck it

Like innit a bit boring to go through life being only one gender anyway

Like might as well give it a bash

I just hope this don’t mean I’m gonna actually have to fuckin read Virginia Wolf’s *Orlando*

Maybe ill watch that film with Tilda Swinton but like its been on my to watch list for about 10 years and I just keep watching Netflix original series instead

My girlfriend says the secret is that really men are actually quite nice to each other - correct men, that is. I think I am gradually ascending but only to fag status.

I don’t Have time for a second puberty. The first one was bad enough

This body ... is just a body really and some bits of it are nice and bits of it aren’t. This body is quite a nice body by standards that I’m not really supposed to follow but literally whatever. This body has tits I can’t work out if I want or not. They’re pretty good tits and it feels a shame to waste them - I wish I could peel them off and give them to a friend or use them as a cushion. Nice tits babe where did you get them? Oh, they were Maz’s. And this way I’d live forever. Nice tits babe. Yeah i like em just not sure I like em on me y know? Oh yeah babe that’s ok tho I’ll get you another size.

My pronouns aren’t they but I don’t know what else to say

The self denial is real

I dont think I ever knew what being happy felt like, so it was easy to deny it from myself

My first girl I dated kinda, I didn’t count it as real for ages

What if I just became gay and that made me happy

Unfortunately it didn’t

I remember thinking years ago that maybe id just be happy if I was a trans guy

I was terrified of being happy

What if that was the magic thing to make it happy

I couldn’t imagine being happy

But worse - what if it wasn’t

**Button/trigger text:** My amazon purchase list has perked up a little since I’ve been in love. I think things are going to be ok.

*When the sentence is clicked, the image (****amazon lube pic****) appears and then the words The End scroll over the top in fake calligraphy font.*