

MAKEUP

“There is no greater agony than bearing an untold story inside you.”
Maya Angelou - poet, memoirist, and civil rights activist

MONOLOGUE

You hear your heart thumping. You glance to the right and left while you tip-toe to your bedroom. You find your mother's makeup products and run your tiny hands over the red lipstick, mascara, and sparkingly colorful eyeshadow palette. Quietly lock the bedroom's door. You rush to the mirror. Smile at yourself, feeling accomplished and self-satisfied, like you are finally getting a moment to be yourself. Gracefully apply lipstick from left to right, over and over again. Press your lips together. You are awed, seeing your lips red and radiant. Ceremoniously open the palette. Your eyes widen when confronted with all the colors. You love colors. Your right index finger presses into a color—pink, almost magenta--then you smudge it on your eyelids. Blink many times, checking whether the color is bright enough. Last touch, you reach for the mascara and start applying it. Poke your eyes a few times. You feel elegant, looking in the mirror. A knock from the door. Mak is home. Rub your face frantically. Check your face in the mirror. Mak asks to open the door. Hide her makeup products. Under the bed. Rush to the door. Your mother questions you. "What are you doing in there?" You reply. "Nothing." You escape from her. Smile to yourself. Nonchalant joy.

First Concept





Khmer Classical Dance Concept





Artist Statement:

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1y2yz72RT6nkvfHK6VCcV2tuS5SMweYpy049Of4YiecQ/edit?usp=sharing>