

The protagonist screamed. It was not in the script. She did it anyway. All the others carried on as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. A well-known influencer appeared suddenly on screen glaring at the protagonist -

- who continued unabated.

cuttings

Sarah-Jane Field

a script

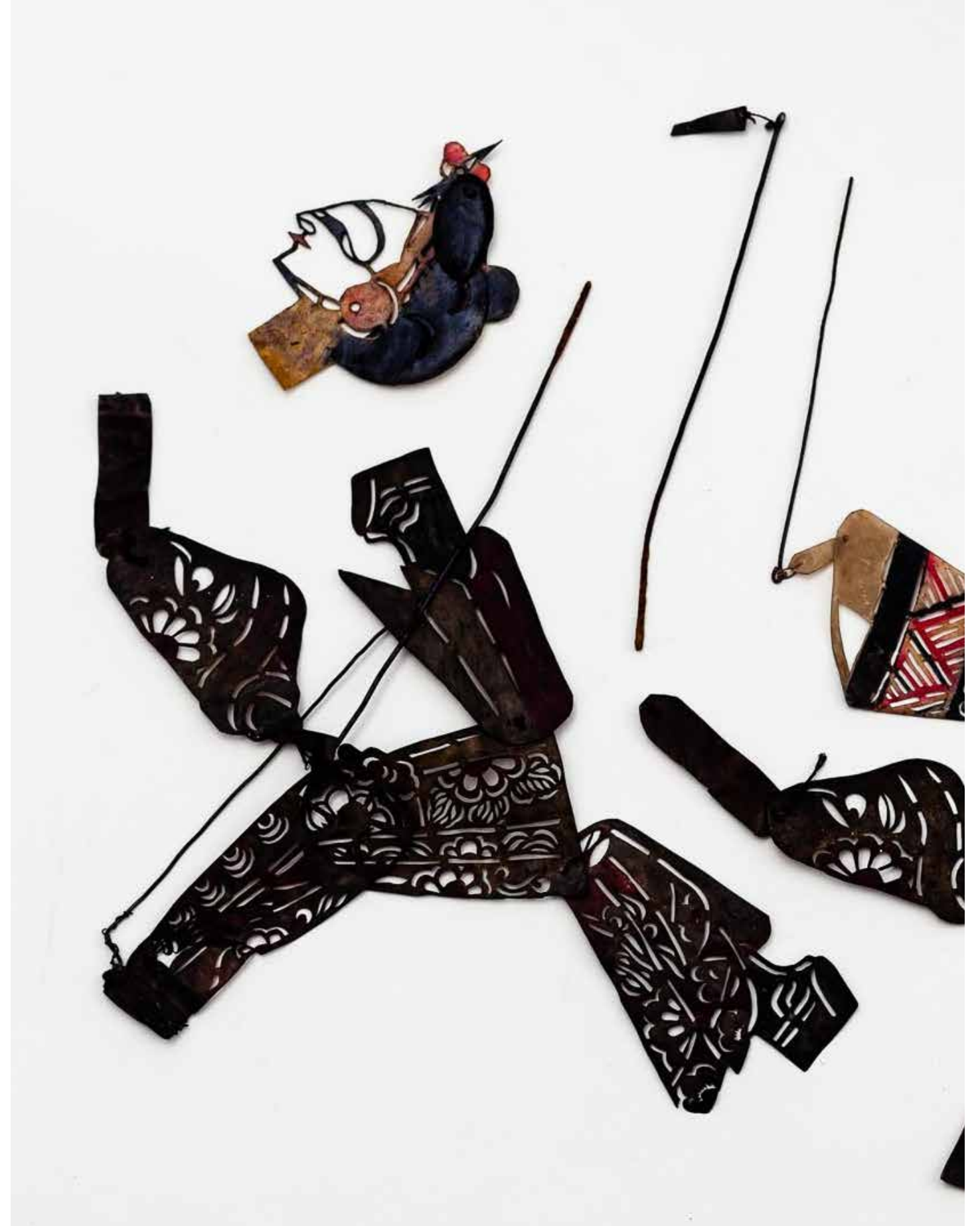


She dozed. But when she woke she picked up the conversation as if she'd never left.

“It’s down to a paucity of the imaginations of writers, when they insist there will be some kind of prosthetic device. Nothing will be inserted beneath the skin.

Technology will simply seep inside. There will be no need for cutting or penetration.”





While staring inertly at an array of indestructible coloured bottles wrapped in promises to remove all scum and offers of instant power too, someone I recognise passes the end of my aisle.

A Rolodex of possibilities spins inside my head and never stops. The school gate? A pub outing a decade ago? An old friend's husband who made an unwanted pass? Maybe he's an actor or a newsreader I've muddled up with life?

It's impossible to know. I shelve the moment of terror about loss of mind, grab my Viakal, peer around the corner and watch as his body disappears into the nursery section where tired begonias, african violets and aspidistras appear to reach out of their pots and grope for the mystery man's bum.

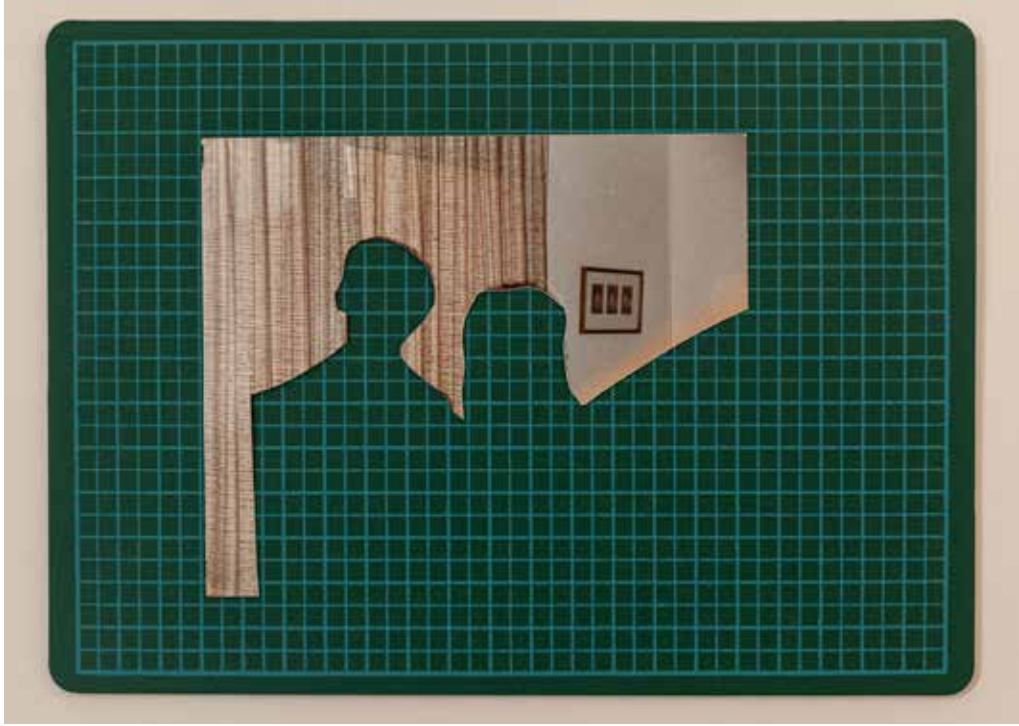
He plays his lyre and hums a dreamy song which floats above the compost section - peat, loam, grit, or bark - and I decide I need seedlings or a discounted Christmas Herb-Cup, or else - to use in my overgrown and under-tended rented garden, home to an accidental mulch of outdoor furniture, broken toys and fox shit - a pair of William Morris secateurs.

Recognition fails but amongst the olive trees in a South London DIY superstore, I listen to his song

and am transported and then madly in love. But there is no accidental Hollywood bump and subsequent comedic meeting.

Instead, I take my destructive unwanted, not-needed consumption to the till, smiling sort-of, so not to be rude when I say thanks to the woman scanning my shopping.

I head home and make the bathroom shine.



selfie, so what?

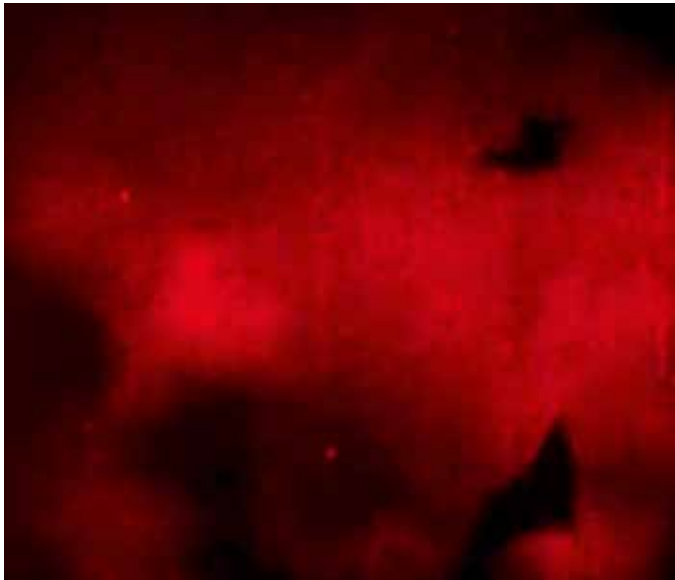
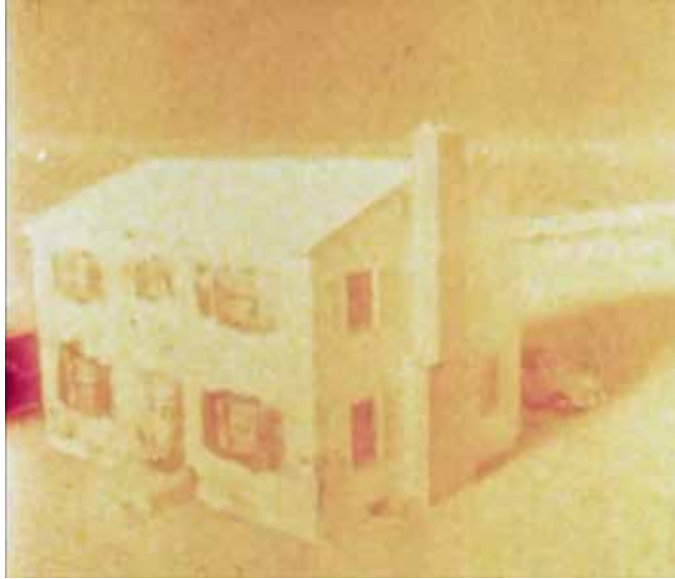
/who sees you?

don't betray me
connect me. I love you
/I hate
/I'm not

you/selfie - digital
homunculus
self

don't answer, don't
speak, let me say
some/thing, you silent

be quiet/





My boyfriend is a fat capitalist.
He's rude to waiting staff and
thinks his bad breath is sexy.

He's got too much money. He stows
it off-shore and moans about the
poor, tax-dogers, scroungers,
single-mothers, drug-
addict scum.

He lies on top of me and fucks like
no-one is there. Bless.







eBay, \$13.05, Vintage 8mm Color
Movie Film, Colorado, 1971: Man
with a movie camera. Woman with a
food processor, baking/washing/
being filmed dressed in

red and blue stripes



Neon pink, orange and green was fashionable that season. Cassie habitually picked through the clothes on sale rails, not really looking.

As she slid her hands over crinoline and nylon cloth, Christmas serenaded the shoppers.

A woman, a stranger, demanded that Cassie tell her which blouse would suit her best. This red one here? She held it up. Or that blue one there? Cassie blinked. She'd no idea. It didn't matter anyway.

The woman waited. And the Christmas song played.

Scarlet O'Hara giggled coquettishly near the till, begging her beaux to tell her what she should do, and where she should go.

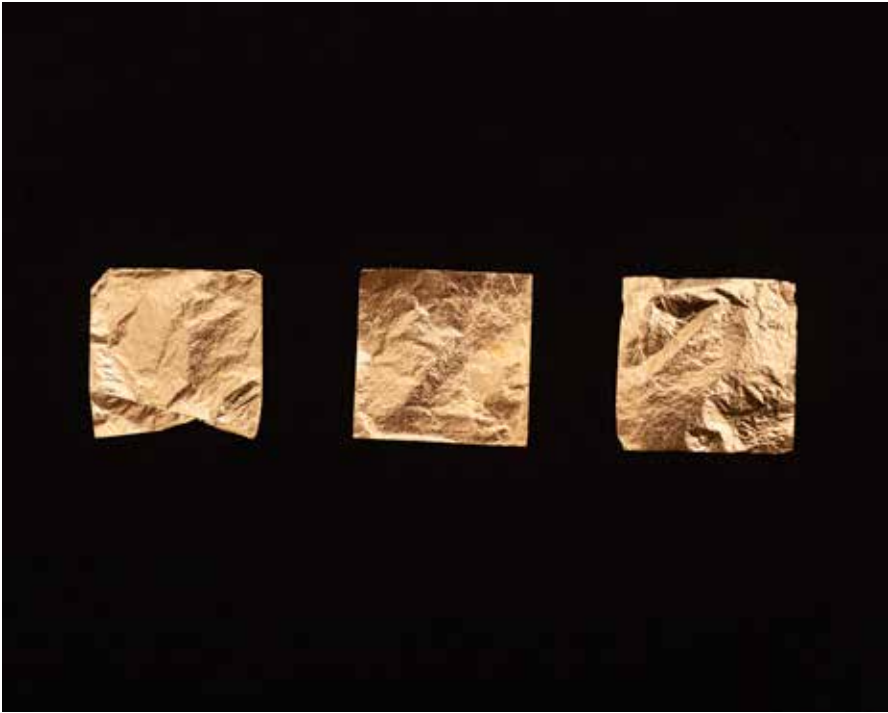
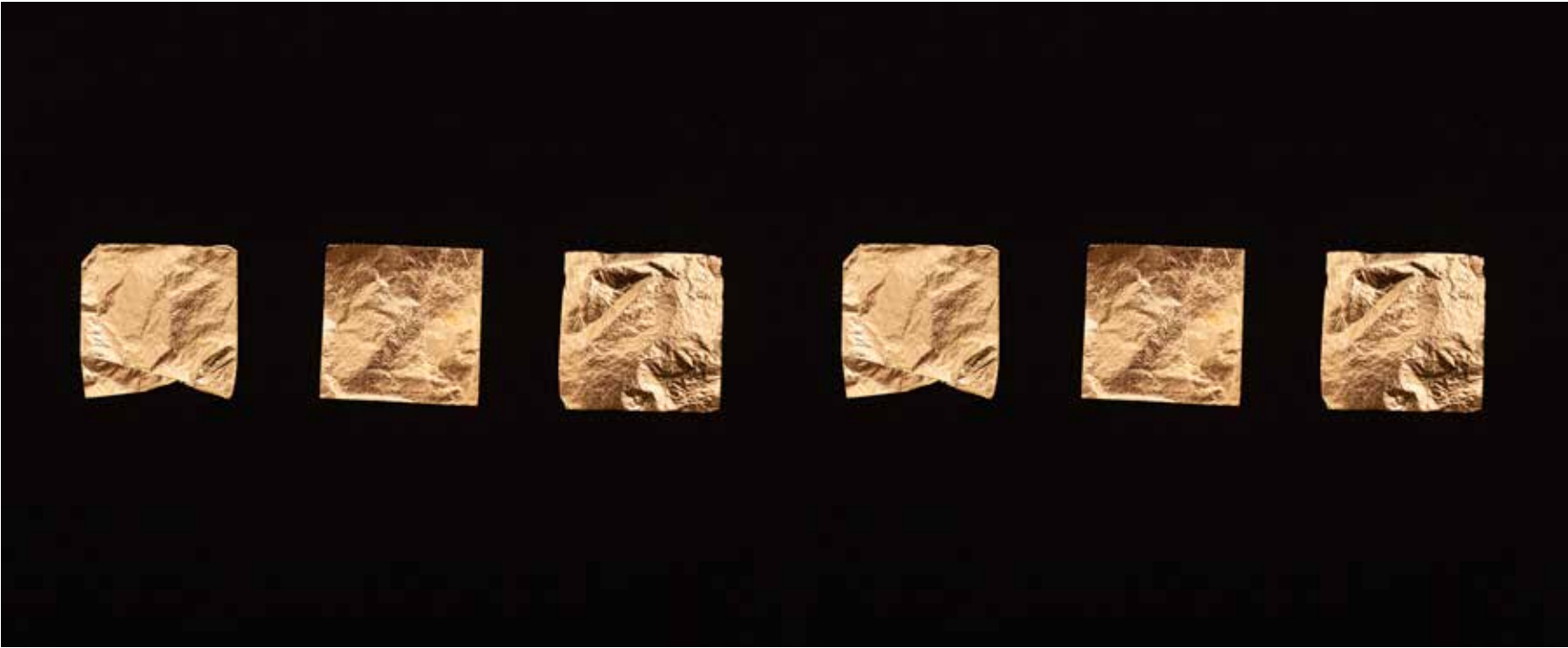
Piped music insisted all were faithful. And the stranger grew impatient.

And Cassie answered.

It makes no difference. You what? The stranger, wounded by her words, disappointed by the real, declared, no need to be a bitch about it and Cassie stared. Customers heard and quite suddenly a crowd formed with

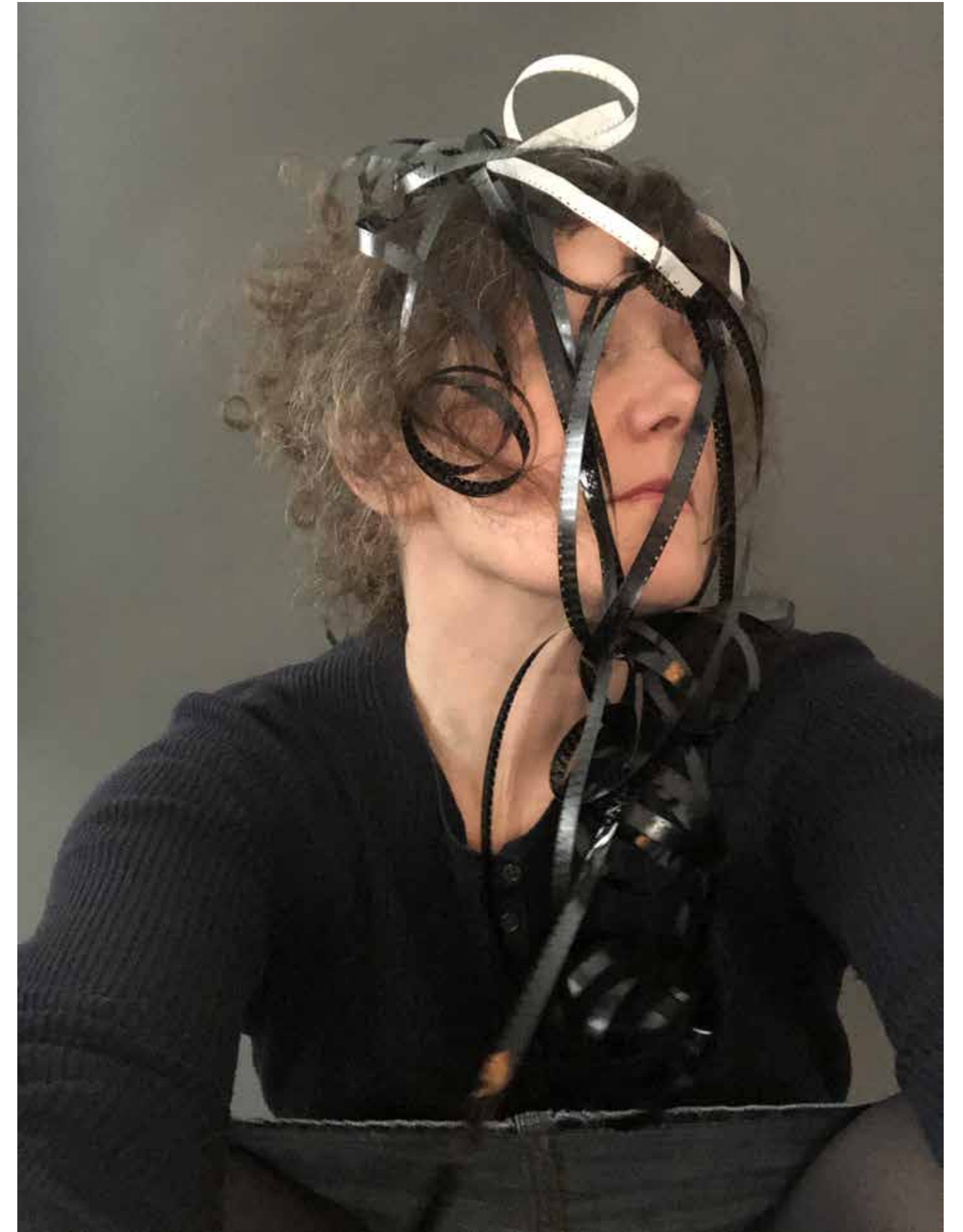
Cassie at its core.

tbc



(Cabaret) At the Paucity:

In the darkness, Poverty sits at the table with nothing to drink, unable to make sound, while shoppers on stage sing brash arias concerned with new kitchens, bulk too roll and multiple threats to mass production. Their lament to failed deliveries and broken logistics is supposed to make an audience cry. But Poverty only notices the chorus line applaud and kick itself blind. From her seat, she sees overnight workers stocking up shelves while dancing and mopping fluorescent-lit aisles. Poverty would like to stand up and share a mournful verse - but she doesn't know any words or a tune. And her dress is shit. So instead, she watches performers with thier dynamic masques being lowered from the lighting rig, dramatically serenading Mental Health, Physical Exercise, Immigration, and expedited Climate-Change - sitting inside and all around, holding hands, growing from and within - her family. But the actors are singing to themselves and blinded by their spotlights, so they never notice.



Shot notes: A diminutive figure, childlike, thin, seen from a distance. Working alone in a storage facility, a warehouse. She seems like the sole employee in a repository of objects: letters, photos, books, rotting fruit, the remnants of things, of lives. As the camera get's closer, it becomes obvious she is not quite human; part digital, part hardware and flesh too. She occasionally glitches as she gets on with her tasks - identifying objects, naming them, classifying them; then transforms each into data. The information will be recycled. Everything must be returned to raw information so it can be used again.

