

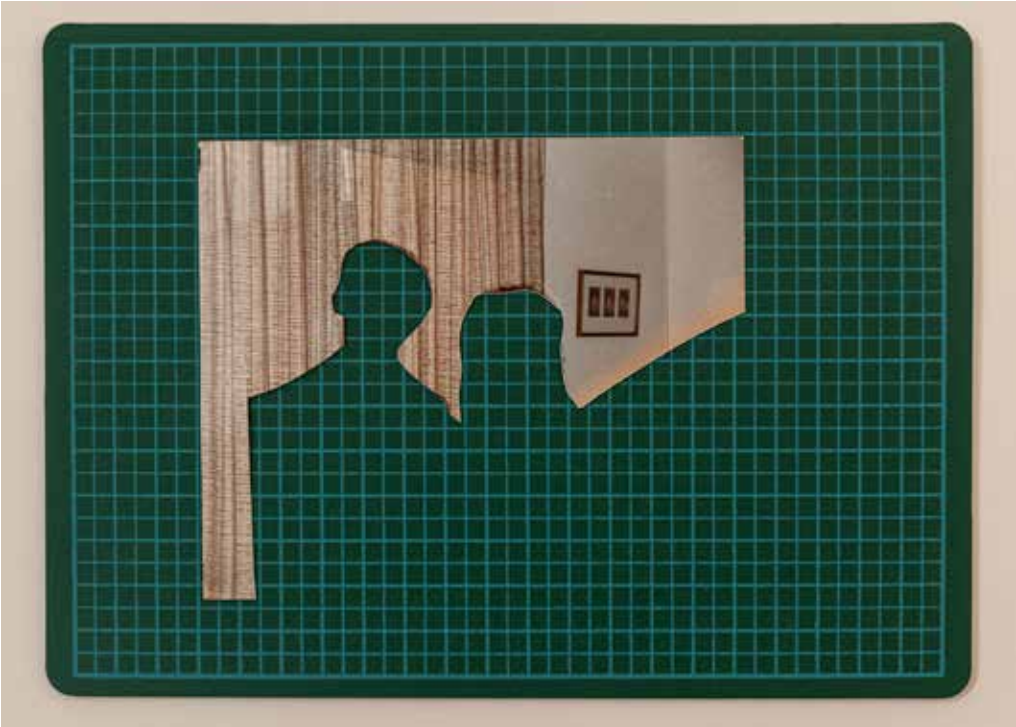
The protagonist screamed. It was not in the script. She did it anyway. All the others carried on as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. A well-known influencer suddenly appeared on a screen and glared -

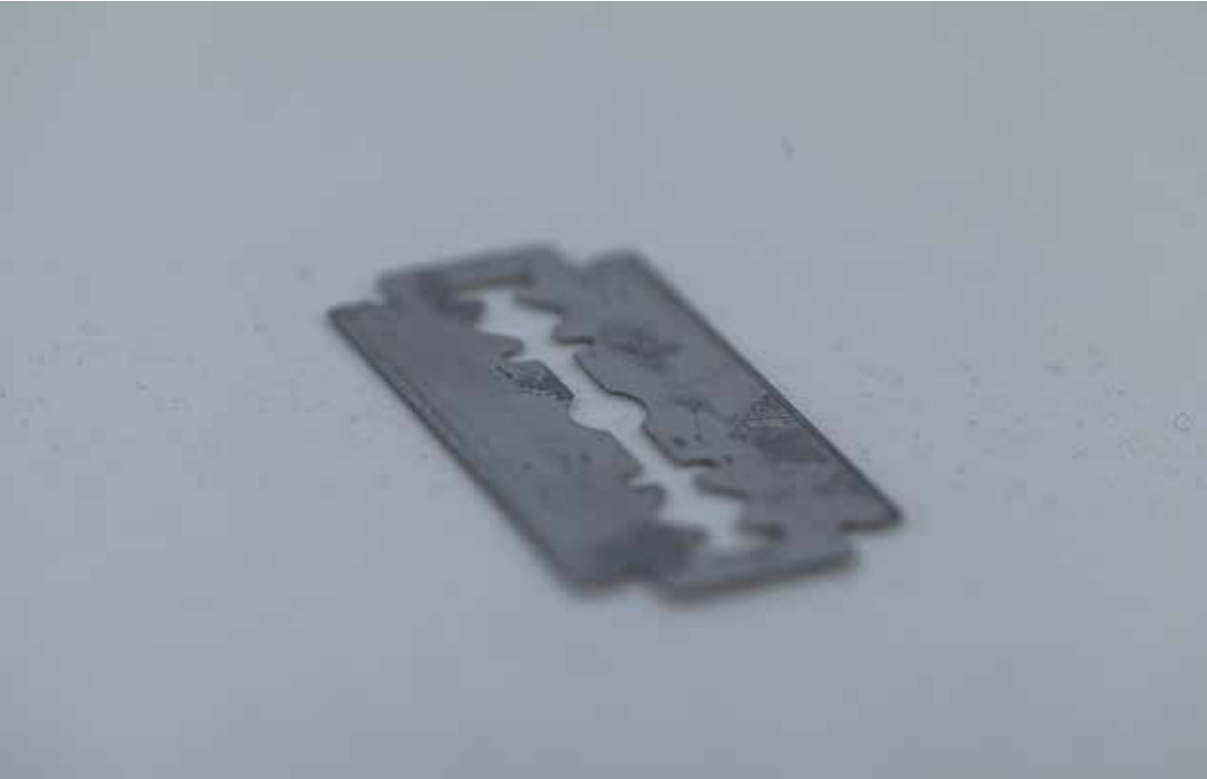
- the protagonist continued unabated

cuttings

Sarah-Jane Field

a script



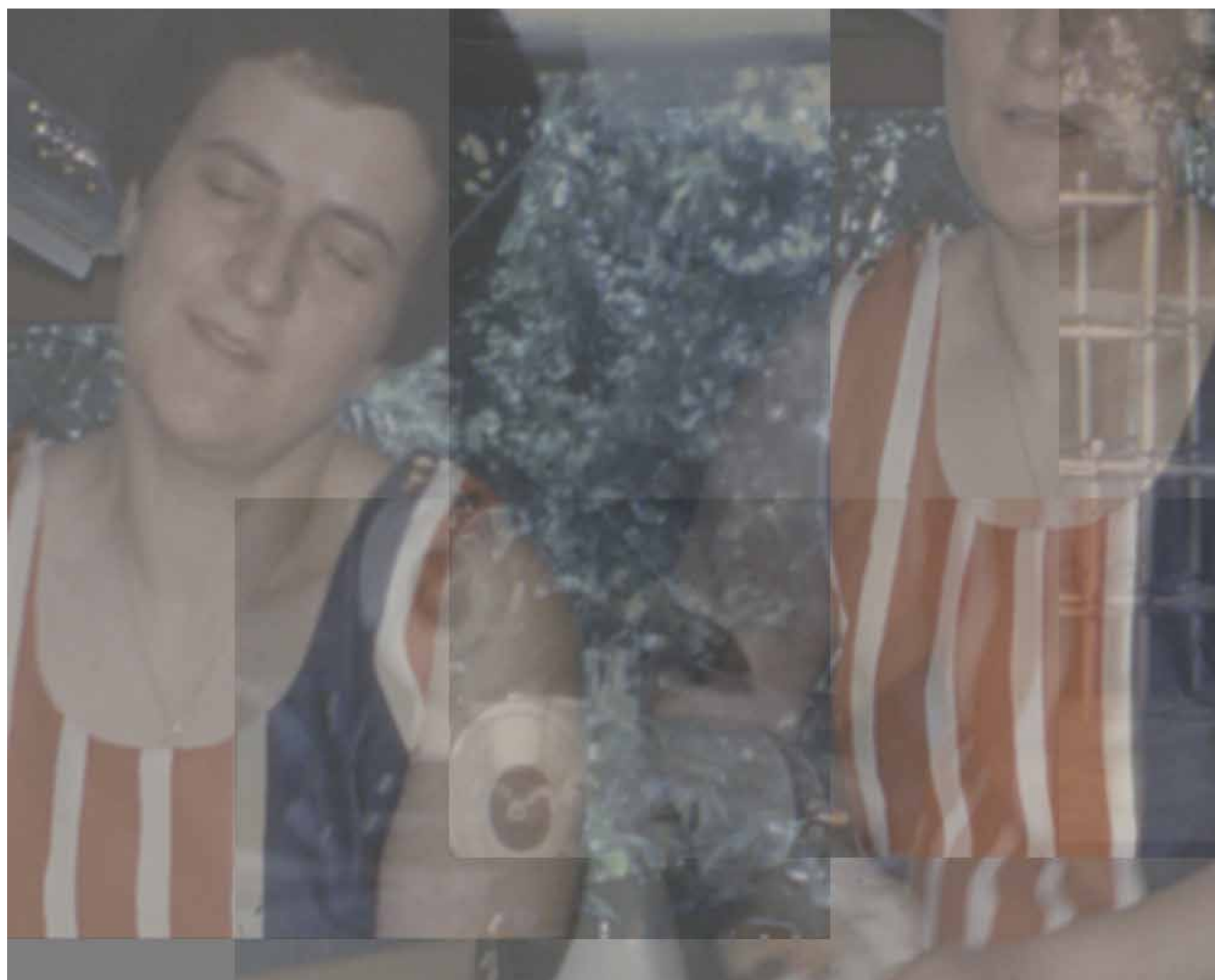


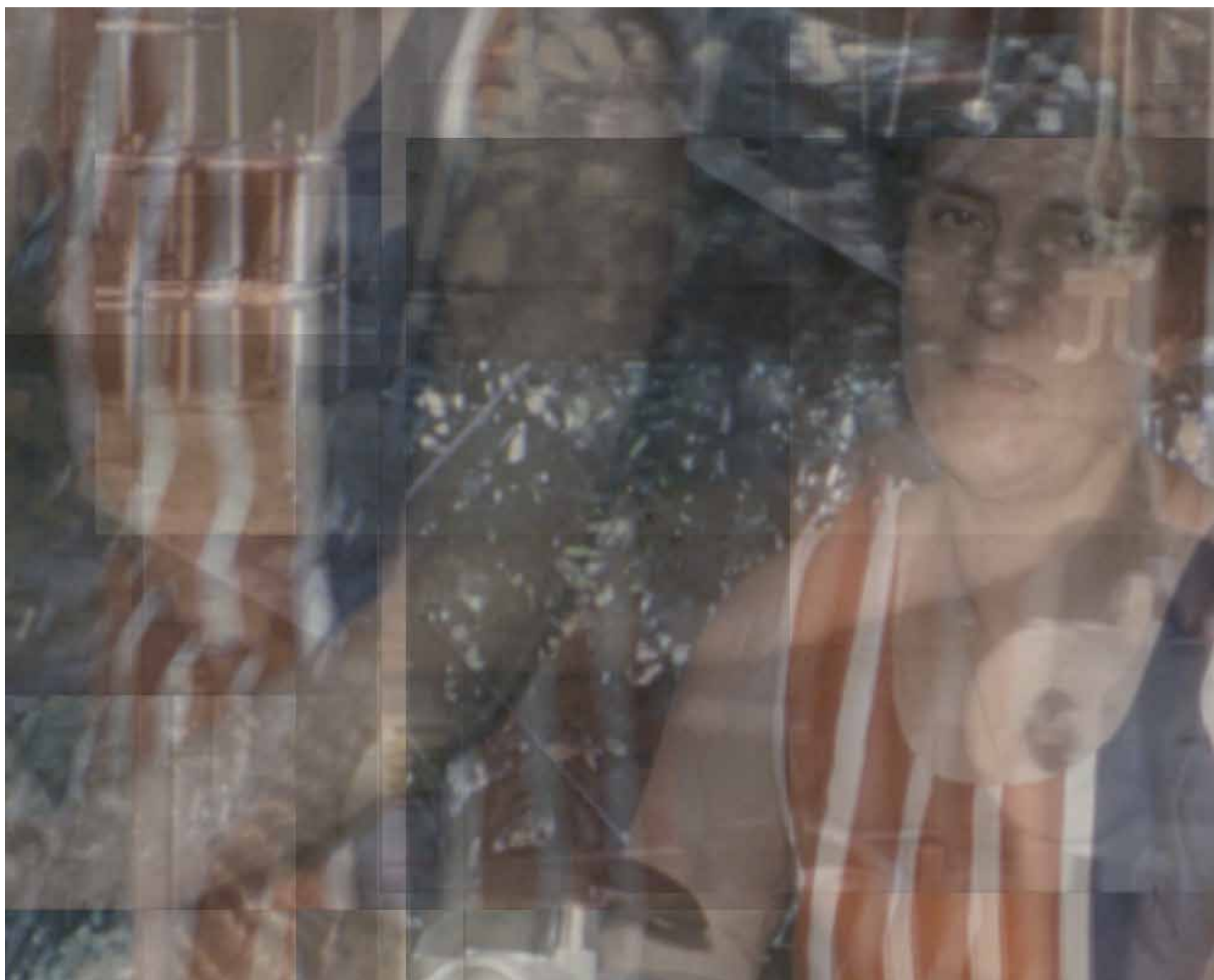


She dozed. But when she woke she picked up the conversation as if she'd never left.

“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.”





Staring - inert -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.

The school gate?

A pub outing, perhaps 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 bum.

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

He plays his lyre and hums a dreamy
song which floats above the compost
- 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.

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.

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.



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.



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.

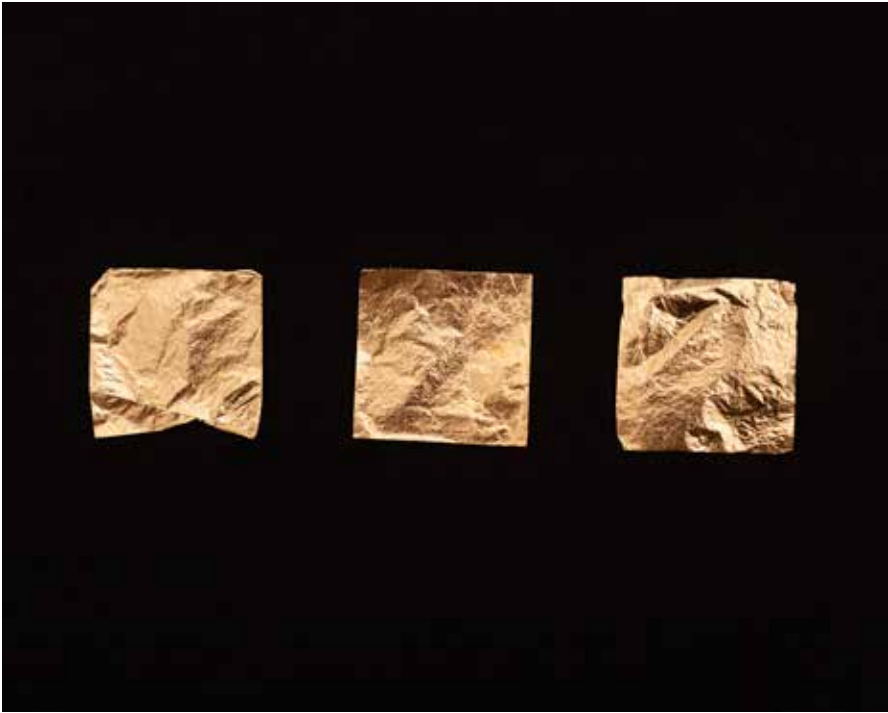
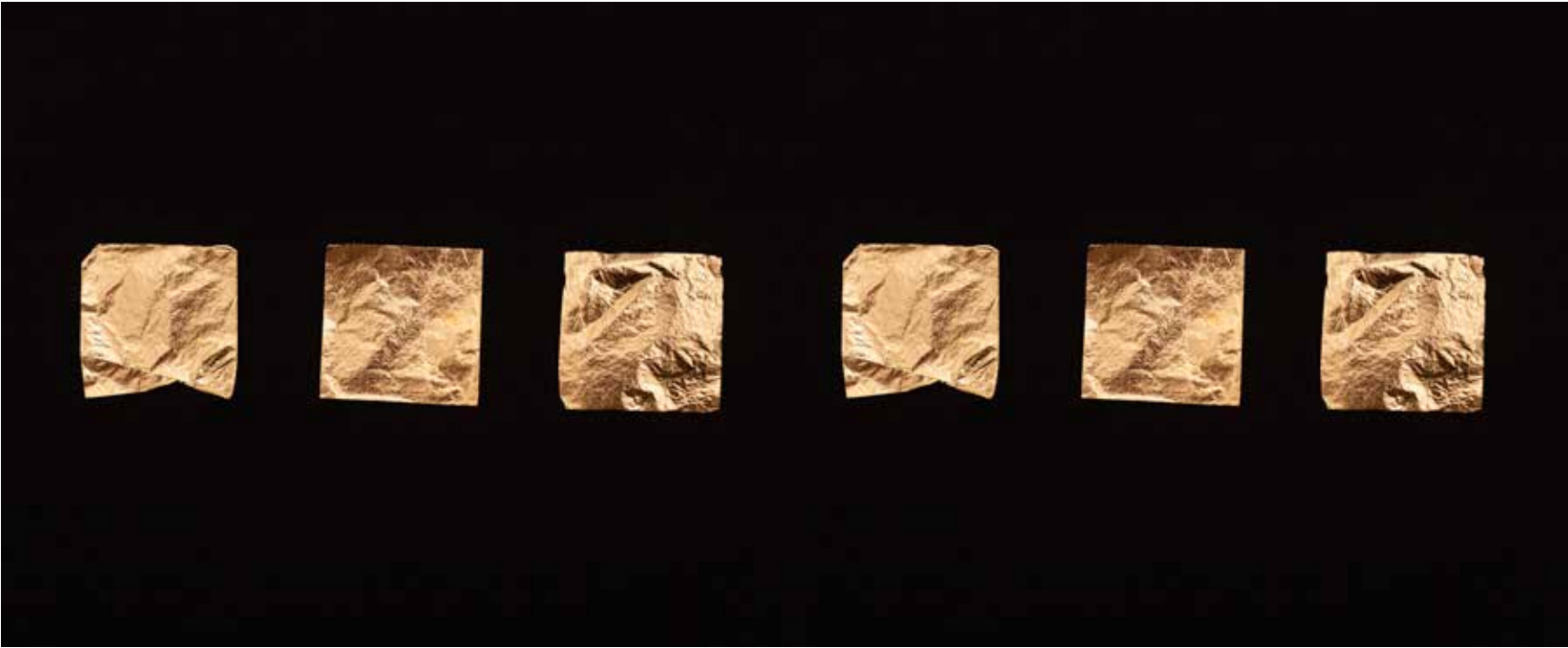
Piped music insisted all should be faithful. And the stranger grew impatient.

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.



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
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, serenading
Mental Health, Physical Exercise,
Immigration, and expedited
Climate-Change - sitting inside and
all around, holding hands, grow-
ing from and within - her family.
But the actors are singing to them-
selves and blinded by their spot-
lights, so they never notice.

(Cabaret) At the Paucity

Greta Garbo sent Zeus a text/
where are you? this ghosting was
too much/how dare he? what had she
said? where had she gone wrong? she
recalled their sunny, hazy,
golden afternoons/ he'd laughed out
loud about the solipsist who
wanted to do it all on his own -
godhood is not a solitary affair
they agreed/ and then they spoke
about his kids/I may as well not
exist for all the notice they take
of me/I love to be with you she'd
told him - and she never heard from
him again/she tried not to make
contact but the urge to know as she
waned through these long
immortal days was strong/Zeus
- my love -



Shoppers turned towards dangerous entertainment. Cassie absentmindedly fiddled with a silver snake round her wrist. The child behind the till discerned a moment of possible excitement in an otherwise nullifyingly-dull existence. She prayed her supervisor would stay outside with his fags. He'd certainly ruin it, march right in, mouthpiece and headset at the ready, demanding, 'what's this person doing in my store?' circling with a flourish to make Merle Oberon proud.

But he'd had have been upstaged because Cassie's ex wandered by just then, accompanied by his newer queen and three blonde cherubs, short, back and sides, all in matching tracksuits on their way to the latest, biggest, loudest, most expensive, superhero 4DX adventure to be had in a mall.

'Oh my flipping God,' groaned the new one with faked exhaustion, 'what's she doing now?', entering the shop, joining Cassie and her crowd. The woman with the which-shirt problem, grateful for what she saw as an avenue of recognition about how she'd undoubtedly been wronged, spoke up: "she's a bloody rude cow."

"Well, this has gone far enough, if it's not one thing, it's another, I'm fucking sick of it!" Before anyone could stop her, the new queen grabbed a revolver out of an embellished alligator shoulder bag, worn with tight designer jeans and a pink Armani blouse, and blew Cassie's head to smithereens.

"Sing in exultation
Oh, come, oh come ye to Bethlehem"

Fragments of Cassie's skull, particles of blood, traces of her brain made their way into shoes and skirts and dresses - and no matter how much they might have been washed, they'd never have left.



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 it all into data. The information will be recycled. Everything must be returned to raw information so it can be used again.

