

I SEE RED.

(NOTE: THE STAGE, BEHIND THE PERFORMER, HAS PINK TORCHES SPREAD OUT STRATEGICALLY THROUGHOUT TO GIVE IT A SENSE OF EMPTINESS)

THE AUDIENCE ENTERS.

A CLOSED CURTAIN SEPARATES AUDIENCE FROM STAGE.

THE SPECTATORS WATCH EMPTY AUDIENCE CHAIRS PROJECTED ON THE CURTAIN IN FRONT OF THEM.

THE AUDIENCE IS SAT.

IMAGE FADES OUT AND AUDIENCE LIGHTS FOLLOW SHORTLY AFTER.

DARKNESS.

THE CURTAIN OPENS (IN DARKNESS) TO REVEAL THE PERFORMER (LIT BY AN OPERATIC SPOTLIGHT) WITH HIS MOUTH OPEN BEYOND HUMAN NECESSITY. HE CARRIES A PINK AND RED TRAY FULL OF PINK AND RED SWEETS AND PAPERS.

SILENCE. THE PERFORMER'S HEAD TWITCHES, HE'S UNCOMFORTABLE BUT KEEPS HIS MOUTH OPEN. PERFORMER: Here. (PAUSE) Look here. Look! (HE SHOUTS THE LAST WORD, KEEPING HIS MOUTH WIDE OPEN)

THE PERFORMER CLOSES HIS MOUTH SLOWLY, LICKS HIS LIPS AND SMILES: See her, and gaze upon her ruin. This child of man. Girl, a woman. No, not quite. A different kind. Different.

THE PERFORMER RELEASES A RETCHING NOISE, AS IF HE'S ON THE VERGE OF THROWING UP. HE SIGHS SOFTLY. AND PICKS UP A PIECE OF HARD CANDY. HE CHEWS IT. THE CRUSHING SOUND FILLING THE OTHERWISE SILENT ROOM. ONCE HE FINISHES: My nerves are bad tonight. Something's up. I don't know what but...

SILENCE. THE PERFORMER'S EYES WIDEN, HIS MOUTH OPENS ONCE AGAIN, INHUMANLY. NOW HE LOOKS AS IF HE'S SCREAMING SILENTLY, WE CAN ONLY SLIGHTLY HEAR HIS WHIMPERS. THEN SUDDENLY: Red! Red! The colour of desire and signs that spell danger, Red! Oh, even in the blackest of night, through veils of shadow she still saw... (PAUSE) Sleep deprivation, that's what they called it... You see, to be deprived you have to be without necessity. It is, to be without, and it got me thinking - or it's just made me think now - that I'm not deprived (PERFORMER SMILES AND SPEAKS WHILE TAKING A CIGARETTE OUT OF THE TRAY) I'm not deprived, I've got everything I need in life. Gotten everything I want out of life . . . A cigarette. (HE SHOWS THE CIGARETTE IN A OBVIOUS FASHION) Maybe I'll have a cigarette. It'll calm me down.

THE PERFORMER THROWS CIGARETTE TO THE GROUND BENEATH HIM AND STEPS ON IT. HE COUGHS.

THE PERFORMER: I hate the way it hits the back of my throat... Wait. Not going to dwell. I'm not going to dwell. Not tonight. Look to HER, Child of Mars. (PAUSE) I saw HER again. The other day.. Watching me. Again in that... same coat and those red pumps. Just standing there. Watching me. It almost frightened me, almost... (SCREAM AND THEN A LOUD WHISPER) She mocks me.

LIVE MUSIC BEGINS PLAYING. A VIOLIST IS SAT BEHIND SPECTATORS. HE PLAYS EXPERTLY.

MUSIC STOPS.

THE PERFORMER: Wendy perks up with a deep breath. She picks up her make-up again and continues to apply it. (HIS EYES CLOSE) Mustn't dwell. Not on HER. I'm not going to dwell on HER, I'm not going to think about HER, I won't even say HER name...

THE PERFORMER PAUSES IN HIS SPEECH. HE GOES TO SEARCH FOR A PAPER IN THE MESSY TRAY. HE FINDS IT. A CRUMPLED PIECE OF PINK PAPER. HE READS WHAT'S ON IT: Slowly, Wendy shambles on. She appears in an almost trance like state as she performs an aborted dance towards centre stage.

SILENCE. THE PERFORMER GLARES AT THE PIECE OF PINK PAPER AND LOOKS BEHIND HIM. HE LOOKS FOR A FEW SECONDS BEFORE TURNING HIS ATTENTION TOWARDS THE AUDIENCE AGAIN.

THE PERFORMER: Her movements are steady and autonomous. She moves as if an animatronic. And, with a sultry grace, Wendy begins to remove her coat. She continues with this dance - a strange burlesque - until she sees something.

THE PERFORMER'S HANDS START TO SHAKE UNTIL HE DROPS THE PAPER. HE CONTINUES HIS SPEECH: Wendy, shaken, continues her dance. She is less mechanical now. Her movements are more organic. Wendy's sultry guise begins to break. She is pained. (THE PERFORMER'S HANDS STOP SHAKING. HE PICKS UP ANOTHER PIECE OF CANDY BUT SPITS IT OUT IMMEDIATELY) Wendy dances and HER watches, there's a brief cut. Mother appears and The Mouth follows. There's music. It intensifies. Until... (THE PERFORMER STRUGGLES TO BREATHE, HIS FACE TURNS RED AND THEN A SILENT PAUSE. HE MOVES TO GET ANOTHER PIECE OF PAPER, HE FOUNDS A FRESH ONE AND WRITES BEFORE SPEAKING, HE THROWS THE PAPER BEHIND HIM) Single frame shot of The Mouth, bearing teeth.

THE PERFORMER BARES HIS TEETH TO THE AUDIENCE.

SILENCE.

THE PERFORMER: Squeezed. From a single labouring orifice, slithered forth, without love and without exaltation onto... (PERFORMER LICKS HIS LIPS AND REPEATS) Squeezed . . from a single

labouring orifice slithered forth without love and without exaltation into *nihil* unto *nihil* six-two-five-to-seven-four-zero which by happy circumstance fell upon the contorted wreckage and blistered brightly booming beatitude unto Bacchae and bastard alike in bolts as defined by Helmholtz whose chromaticity is constituted by chroma and wavelength unforgotten was the colour and agonising was its consequence when MOTHER stooped so lowly into the white place and white mixed with red and red and red ruptured the glass and cracks shot outwards out and into the beyond the landscape beyond the land of barren dust and white bones and dust such as it were would be the remnant for we are but meat going from meat to mould and mould to dust and dust back into the postulations of liminality and the broader notions of revival and rebirth of organic matter symbiotic or otherwise to recompose or reconvene a physiognomy pale white a slightly sad shade of (THE PERFORMER BARES HIS TEETH FOR A SECOND AND CONTINUE) pink but all the same all the same each enactment same as the last and just as it ever was that the dance of the seven veils was performed as if in a dream but a dreamer is one who lives to see the next dawn and another dawn shall break day after day in dynamic dispositions of despair stagnant despondency they yes they too devolve to mould and from mould to dust and from dust into . nothing . . . *nihil* . . just . . . nothing. (SILENCE, PERFORMER BARES HIS TEETH AGAIN, BITING THE AIR) Has her ruin come to pass?

SPOTLIGHT IS REPLACED BY RED LIGHT FILLING THE WHOLE THEATRE SPACE SUDDENLY, AUDIENCE INCLUDED. A MELODY (PLAYED LIVE) ACCOMPANIES THE LIGHTS.

THE PERFORMER: Red! Oh, even in the blackest of night, through veils of shadow she still saw (BRIEF PAUSE) Red and she cowered as she does now, she sees it now, she smells it on the air, she tastes it on her tongue. Red, oh sweet (PERFORMER LICKS HIS LIPS, STILL DIRECTING HIS MOUTH TO THE CAMERA) you will see, you will

look, and just as the girl, daughter of man, just as you, child of men, will see it. Look. Behold. Red.

PERFORMER SMILES WIDELY. HE SHIFTS HIS DIRECTION TO THE TRAY.

THE PERFORMER'S SMILE DROPS, HE PICKS UP A PIECE OF CANDY AND PUTS IT IN HIS MOUTH BEFORE HE SPEAKS: nihil nihil nihil desperandum (PAUSE, DEEP BREATH) peace, the charms wound up.

RED LIGHTS FADE OUT.

A WHITE SPOTLIGHT FADES IN ON THE VIOLIST.

VIOLIST STARTS PLAYING IN ACCORDANCE TO THE LIGHTS.

THE MUSIC FINISHES.

THE SPOTLIGHT ON THE VIOLIST FADES OUT.

THE PERFORMER LITS A TORCH HE FINDS HIDDEN IN THE STACK OF PAPERS. HE SHINES THE LIGHT ONTO THE AUDIENCE AND MOVES FORWARD BUT STOPS MIDWAY. HE'S STARING, LOOKING FOR SOMEWHERE TO SIT.

THE CURTAIN CLOSES ON THE PERFORMER WHO IS STILL SHINING THE TORCH ONTO THE AUDIENCE. BOTH PERFORMER AND LIGHT VANISH FROM SIGHT. THE CURTAINS CLOSED.

DARKNESS AND SILENCE.

THE FILM BEGINS.