

# "THE FILM THAT BUYS THE CINEMA"

## CONSTRUCTED & ASSEMBLED BY

Esther May Campbell, Ben Edwards, Gareth Evans,  
Juan Gabriel Gutiérrez, Graeme Hogg, David Hopkinson,  
Ali Jones, Lady Lucy, Roderick Maclachlan, Elizabeth Mizon  
Annabel Other, Jane Porter, Kate Rich, Chiz Williams

## PRODUCED BY

Lucy Mitchell, Mark Slater, Laura Leigh Kingston, Charlie  
Phillips, Lucy Dawkins, Wendy Harris, Steve Henwood, Nathalie  
Crowley, James Spender Thompson, Gavin Spittlehouse, Jonas  
Rademacker, Simon Rees, Lynne Knight, Ramon Trecu, Gavin  
Lucas, Mark Leaver, Daniel Scoins, Rachael Robinson, Alan  
Smithee, Sanjay DeSouza, Paul Wilde, Martha Kelly, Bob Woods,  
Alex Milton, Mark Thompson, Terri Davey, Mark Locke, Freya  
McLuckie, Neil Pedwell, Matt Taylor, Clive Henry, Benjamin  
Dowden, Jode Mayhew, Paul Cooke, Jos Steinmann, Clement Conti,  
Heather Watts, James Stokes, Tom Lindsay, Clare Kenny, Lucy  
Clarke, Conor Wilson, Terry Game, Sophie Mellor, Nicky  
Cornwell, Guy Denning, Nicola Strange, Steve Comer, Bill  
Campbell, Maurice Carlin, Mark Bould, Philippe Delvosalle,  
Iwona Barszczewska, Inflexion Point, Kathy Hinde, Luke  
Youngman, Karen Dawe, Sue Palmer, David Fern, Shanon Fontaine,  
Karen Di Franco, Macfarlane Family, Eva Manning-Davies, Kassra  
Hamed, Emilie Joy Rowell, Sarah Salter, Mike Karthauser,  
W.A.R.M, Geoff Woodward, Shawn Robb, Mike Gifford, Wes White,  
Simone Osborn, John Parish, Leila Gamaz, Sam Norgate, Sarah  
Tulloch, Ben Slater, Sara-Elaine Giardina, Diana Taylor,  
Guttural Olympiad Legacy Project, Ali Sparror, Sarah Hughes,  
Shannon Smith, Peter O'Brien & Hannah Crosson.

OPENING CREDITS

THE FILM THAT BUYS THE CINEMA

(SILENT)

CLOSE UP - A PLATE OF MOULDED BLUE JELLY

The Jelly shakes, slowly at first but raising to a crescendo, accompanied by intense electronic sounds. The plate has a radiating pattern of six segments divided by strips marked with three coloured diamonds, like those associated with the harlequin. There is a chip on the left (sinister) side.

FADE IN

CLOSE SHOT - A GROUP OF PEOPLE EMERGING FROM DARKNESS BEHIND  
THE CUBE BAR

The camera pans across the people one by one moving and shaking in slow motion as if in the depths. A blue light behind them mirrors the Jelly from the previous shot.

SINGING

Here comes the Man From Atlantis  
He's got an 'M' in his hand  
That gives him certain advantages  
While living life on the land

CLOSE SHOT - A WOLF-FACED MAN IN A MISTY CELLAR

The WOLF-FACED MAN stands in mist staring into the camera which then swoops as the figure mops the floor of a cellar-like space before returning again to the initial standing position. The scene is accompanied by a psychedelic repeating optical effect and experimental rock music.

MID SHOT - ADVANCE INTO THE DREAM

The psychedelic visual effect continues as the camera advances following a figure moving through a doorway in an indistinct interior of fractured lights accompanied by a high ghostly drone.

CLOSE SHOT - FLICKERING LIGHT IN BLACK

Light flashes out of the darkness occasionally suggesting a large crystal or gem, accompanied by gentle piano in a reverberant space.

CLOSE SHOT - THE ECLIPSE

A black circle surrounded by a white glow shudders like a bold eye. Light gradually accumulates from the right and the camera pulls back to reveal the circle is a hole in a card propped up on a domestic gas cooker.

MID SHOT - STREET LIGHT AT DAWN

In front of a slowly advancing cloudy sky, rooftops and electric cables a street lamp glows orange. Processed piano sounds play until the lamp shuts off with a single chord as dawn breaks.

CLOSE UP - THE PHOTOGRAPH

(FADE UP)

A photograph of a outdoor swimming pool incorporating a couple of floating colourful orange balls and plastic tubes, has dappled sunlight play on the image's surface. Accompanied by a gentle summer bird chorus. The morning after the night before.

(FADE DOWN)

CLOSE SHOT - CRASHING WAKE

Turbulent water shot from above accompanied by expansive guitar drone.

SUBTITLES

She kicked a hole in the bedroom wall

that she hasn't got fixed

she's just covering it up with a...

cos after you hit the wall,

she got angry and kicked the wall?

no, this was...

was that when you moved back in?

my mum always complained about me being noisy and smelly and messy in the house

but the other day, she said  
"Oh, I miss all the noise and smell and mess"  
who's he talking to now?  
do you reckon Guy's not actually talking to anyone?  
[LAUGHING] yeah, he just wants to look popular  
I'm going to try and capture a starling  
befriend it, teach it how to  
feed it Chinese food  
that would kill it  
why? I think that's what they eat  
they look like toilet rolls  
the birds?  
yeah, toilet roll tubes look like seagulls to me

The camera pulls out slightly to reveal slightly more of the turbulent waters.

CLOSE SHOT - TWO COLOUR CRT MONITORS SIDE BY SIDE

The camera pans across the two images. On screen the band PORTISHEAD performs a heavy, joyous, repetitive loop. Members of the audience invade the stage and jump around excitedly pumping their fists in the air. Another layer of imagery is revealed in the projections behind the figures on the screens.

CLOSE SHOT - UNKNOWN SUBWAY BUSKERS

Two male MUSICIANS play guitar and saxophone on the subway, filming from the opposite platform framed by the passing trains between, at times in an apparent portrait frame by the train's doors.

MID SHOT - VIEW FROM THE SUBWAY TRAIN

Continuous shot of subway stations shot from the window of a moving train.

MID SHOT / PORTRAIT - THE HYBRID CITY

Street scene. An stationary NYPD cop car with flashing

lights is passed by a red London Bus. Various figures mill around and move through the scene. Accompanied by a moody/playful jazz soundtrack.

VOICEOVER (MALE AMERICAN ACCENT)

Stay inside the Cube

The Cube is good.

The Man can't get you there.

Stay inside the Cube

Another Red London Bus passes.

VOICEOVER

Stick it to The Man

Let him have his money

He doesn't need yours

Stick it to The Man

Stay in the Cube

The Cube is good

You'll be safe there

The camera pans right to reveal a man staggering rhythmically in from frame right clutching a large blue tube like balloon in a blue bag with the words "Happy New Year" on it in white.

VOICEOVER

Stick it to The Man

The Man is a crook

The camera pans back left. A stranger walks across the frame. The man with the balloon stops and looks to his right. Another stranger with an identical blue balloon strides behind the man.

VOICEOVER

He doesn't care about anything decent

Stick it to The Man

The camera pans round back past the cop car, and round to reveal a large-ish group in heavy winter clothing milling in front of glass fronted building. One figure has his face obscured by a scarf, who the camera edges towards.

VOICEOVER

That's right

Stay in the Cube

The Cube is good

The Cube is good

Stick it to The Man

LONG SHOT - VIEW FROM HIGH-RISE

View from high-rise accompanied by the sound of running water. A couple of people slowly move through the frame in the distance.

CLOSE UP - FABRIC TUMBLING IN A LAUNDERETTE WASHING MACHINE

Various fabric objects tumble in a laundrette washing machine in total silence.

CLOSE SHOT - SHAVING IN REVERSE

Fast reverse motion of a man "shaving on" his beard. Sound of continual running water.

CLOSE UP (FIXED) - BEARDED FIGURE

A distressed BEARDED MAN with scrapes on the forehead looks down out of frame and occasionally around, and directly into camera, accompanied by a low pulsing electronic sound. The scene occasionally flashes black as entities pass in front of the subject and the camera.

CLOSE SHOT - THE CHINESE RESTAURANT

A SMARTLY DRESSED MAN is sitting - apparently alone - in an active Chinese restaurant, in the USA. The man rips free a fortune cookie from its cellophane packaging and eats it thoughtfully. He discards the message without reading it and pushes the cellophane packaging into a small dish on the table. A wall mounted television screen is visible in the background. He brings his hands together, runs his tongue around his teeth and finally distractedly slides a glass across the table, towards himself.

CLOSE SHOT - LED MONITOR ON THE BAR

A British pub. There is an flatscreen monitor on the bar. On the monitor screen is 'The Bar at the Folies-Bergeres' by Edouard Manet. The image on the monitor slowly zooms into the female bar worker's face, and dissolves through to a contemporary female bar-worker in the same bar the monitor is positioned in. In the bar behind the screen another bar-worker comes into frame and pulls a pint. On the screen the bar-worker spins around [cut] and goes to serve an older couple [Cut to mid shot] The bar-worker spins around and reaches under the bar in the foreground [Cut to close shot] several customers [cut to close up] Bar worker operating the till [cut to close shot] Older couple [cut] Other customers [cut] The bar-worker looking into camera and then turning away as the camera pulls in. Dissolve to 'The Bar at the Folies-Bergeres' which pulls out to reveal the painting is in gilt frame hung on a dull pink walled gallery.

MID SHOT - SHOP FRONT

A pink painted shop front with two posters of cheese scones and the words "GUESS WHO'S BACK?". A woman pushes a large blue wheelie bin in from the left side of the frame. Laughter emanates from the bin. The woman places the bin down in front of the shop, and looks to camera.

WOMAN ONE

Enough of that [bleep]ing [bleep]

The woman raises the lid of the bin to reveal a second woman inside the bin. A group of three people walks through the frame. The second woman starts to climb out of the bin, while continuing to laugh.

VOICEOVER (FEMALE SCOTTISH)

This is a voiceover by the way. Katie likes to take her time so your patience is appreciated. Thanks very much.

The first woman aids the second to get out of the bin. The second woman laughs continually. The first woman drops the lid

and it slams shut.

SECOND WOMAN

Is that a minute?

No, it's not a minute?

[turns to first woman]

No, it's not a minute.

The first woman starts dancing, and the second woman joins in. After a while the first woman reopens the bin, and the second woman goes to climb in again. However they slip and the bin flies over, taking the second woman with it.

CLOSE SHOT - PAKA PIKI MUSIC

Two hand-made puppets appear side by side against a flat backdrop. There are allusions to nature in the scene - plants and animals at the puppets' feet. They have human mouths, one male and one female, which enter the scene through holes in the backdrop. Simultaneously the two characters sing a children's nursery rhyme. One in English, the other in Japanese. On finishing the camera zooms out to reveal the human operators, and that the take has been filmed upside down.

COMPOSITION - SLACK NATURE OF FOUR

Ambient bird calls and gentle sounds of the forest. Four camera takes are presented simultaneously in a loose cross formation on a black background. They depict four POV shots of a person balanced on a slack rope. The slack rope is tied between trees in semi-open wooded area. The person's presence is signalled only by their shadow.

CLOSE SHOT - WOODLAND BANJO PLAYER

An elderly man sits in a mossy woodland grove. His top half is dressed in shades of green and white - a hat with a polka dot pattern and shirt with a large check. The man is plucking a banjo which reflects the woodland in the shiny surface of the drum.

SINGING

Did you learn your 3 R's?

Your morning

Reading and a-writing



in route 23, love  
Reading and a-writing  
in route 23, love  
Love is a fool, love  
but love don't love no fools, love  
Love is a fool, love  
but love don't love no fools, love  
Love is such a fool, love  
but love don't love no fools, love  
Love is such a fool, love  
but love don't love no fools,love

On finishing singing the man looks wistfully askance and gently taps his thigh.

FADE OUT

MID SHOT - OVERGROWN MEADOW

An overgrown meadow on the edge of the woodland. A puppet proceeds on a teetering cart pulled by a donkey and a one-eyed stripy pig. The puppet whips the animals and all exhibit some signs of distress. The cart collapses with squeals from the creatures, and the puppet ascends in the air above them. To the sounds of harps the puppet descends and is transformed into a donkey wearing a dress, and the cart reassembles itself.

The donkey/puppet takes a place at the yoke, while the first donkey takes a seat at the front of the cart. Meanwhile the pig snuffles into the undergrowth. The donkey/puppet pulls the cart with the seated donkey across the scene and out of the frame to the left.

Yellow flowers fall into the scene congesting the meadow. The pig emerges again from the undergrowth and pushes through the fallen flowers towards the camera with snuffling noises, until its single eye fills the whole frame.

FADE OUT

CLOSE SHOT (FROM ABOVE) - THE PIG'S EYE VIEW (SILENT)

In silence we move through a vivid painterly psychedelic view of grass and flowers seen from a perspective close to the ground.

CLOSE SHOT (FROM ABOVE) - RIVER COUNTDOWN

A shot of a brown stoney river bed. Shallow clear water flows with noticeable sound. After about 6 seconds single frames of celluloid film begin to float past, right to left, one by one taking about 3 seconds each - all from the countdown of the header portion of a 35mm print. First a frame bears the words 'PICTURE START', the next three show numbers in a target, 6, 5, 4 and 3, then a black frame, an indistinct frame and then two transparent frames. The final frame - a black frame with turquoise in the audio track - floats along with the camera tracking it and pulling out to reveal a more turbulent portion of river with larger rocks and deeper water where the frames have been heading. The roar of the water builds with the movement.

CLOSE SHOT (FIXED) - THE FILM THAT BURNS

Wind noise of a similar level to the roar of the water buffers a microphone. A long curling strip of 35mm film snakes from frame left - where it is suspended in the air - into the mid distance across a wet sandy beach at dusk. The film on the ground is ablaze, with three particular points of clumped flaming mass. The suspended end of the film flutters in a reasonably strong wind. The images on the celluloid can be briefly glimpsed as it blows into a position where light from the fire reveals . . . something. The suspended end gently moves down and falls out of frame. The fires slowly consume themselves, leaving a charred black remnants of the film on the wet beach's floor. The sound of wind continues, mixed with the shuffling of a semi-distant train.

CLOSE SHOT - THE SEA

(BLACK AND WHITE FILM STOCK)

Handheld shot of the crashing waves at the water's edge on the beach. The camera moves frantically, like the waves. Much foam and froth. A pier is occasionally visible to the left, and three larger rocks are amongst the waves to the right. At the end of the shot there is a glimpse of a leg and foot

MID SHOT - THE SWIRL (SILENT)

A maelstrom of sepia swirls on the screen, A nineteenth century male SOLDIER in uniform emerges from the right into the swarm. Mid frame the soldier reaches down and pulls up a previously unseen woman in a long white dress. The woman carefully shakes and pats herself down and then looks to the left stretching up an arm, signalling and turning back to the

soldier. The woman tentatively walks to the left, but then turns back. The soldier slowly leads the woman out of the frame to the right, pulling/guiding at arm's length. The woman glances back to the left as they go.

MID SHOT (FIXED) - THE STEENBECK

A flatbed editing suite. A sepia 16mm film is loaded. A male OPERATOR wearing white gloves starts up the film and exits the frame to the right. The screen shows images of men performing lumber work, playing in reverse, although the (indistinct) voiceover appears to play forward (with a reverse reverb).

The operator re-enters the frame from the right, pauses the film and exits to the right again.

MID SHOT (FIXED) - THE BAR

Two men sit leaning on a European looking bar, both have full shot glasses. Many bottles of spirits on the shelves, red walls are crammed with pictures and blackboard menus. The first man on the left of the frame wears a jacket with a camouflage pattern and has long curly hair, he faces outwards. Facing him is a second man with dark rimmed glasses and an earring. Off screen is a third man as yet unseen.

FIRST MAN

Are we doing this? Act natural.

SECOND MAN

Get on with it!

FIRST MAN

(Pointing emphatically)

This is going somewhere, this. Is beautiful thing. It's a beautiful cause. It's going for one minute.

The second man downs the shot in one and bangs the glass on the bar.

FIRST MAN

Fucking Hell!

A fourth man with long dark hair and beard dressed in an army great coat appears silently behind the first person.

FIRST MAN

Jesus Christ!

SECOND MAN

Get it Bang. Come on. Get it bang.

The first man downs his shot and places the empty glass on the bar.

A THIRD MAN wearing a woollen hat and beard enters the frame from the left and also places an emptied shot glass on the bar. This man shudders and retreats out of the frame.

The second man rearranges the position of another full shot glass.

FIRST MAN

(pointing to glass on the bar in front of the second man)

Is that a new one you've got, Alan or what? Is that a new one?

(turns to address the camera emphatically)

Keep it modern cards, you gibbon cos this is going somewhere.

It's for the . . .

(turns to the third man on screen to the left)

You know the Cube Cinema?

SECOND MAN

(Turns to camera, laughing)

It's going somewhere!

FIRST MAN

(Points into camera)

Listen. This. This is a fund-raiser for them.

(turns to third man)

Because they're telling me to shoot, like, one video of whatever you want.

This is it.

(He lets his hands fall to slap on his thighs)

SECOND MAN

What! You're in it!

FIRST MAN

(punctuated with emphatic hand gestures)

No, no, it doesn't matter I'm in it. I don't give a fuck about that. It's a one minute to raise funds and its stringing seventy people together doing it. And I'll be one of 'em. And this is it.

(throws hand up in the air and comes down to slap lap again)

THIRD MAN

(still off screen)

And then they'll do a seventy minute film . . .

FIRST MAN

Yeah. So it's one. Seventy. Yeah, No, well that's for the fund-raiser. It's a fucking good venue.

(Turns to camera)

I said you keep it going.

(pointing)

Is it a minute? Is it a minute?

(beat)

Done?

(stops pointing and brings hands together, then throws them in the air)

Oh then we're done then. Done.

CLOSE SHOT - THE AUTHOR

The MALE AUTHOR wearing a grey jumper over a striped t-shirt, and a heavy anorak, peers down against a black backdrop.

UNSEEN CHILD

What's it like to be an author?

AUTHOR

(blinks and confidently answers)

To be an author is really like somebody who, a bit like a spider. You know when spiders spin a web?

CHILD

yeah

AUTHOR

(with large illustrative hand movements)

And they pull this strand out of themselves and then they make something. Well in a way, being a writer is a bit like that, that you feel like you're pulling words out of your mouth and out of your brain. If you think about where these words come from, then they don't really come from inside - they come from out there, so that's where being like a spider is not actually a right description because a spider doesn't collect its web from somewhere else but a writer collects words and pictures and memories from everywhere so that's what I do - I'm out there collecting stuff, collecting memories - going into my head and finding that stuff, and then spinning and making. But the wonderful thing is when you hear about people who like what you've written. So that's great.

CLOSE SHOT (FIXED) - THE MUSIC TEACHER

A blackboard fills the frame - it is blank but has the layered remnants of previous chalkings.

An elderly but impish man comes in to the right of the frame.

He turns to directly address the camera.

MUSIC TEACHER

(emphatically)

I will now demonstrate the art of writing music.

(Turns towards the board lifting a piece of chalk as if to make a mark, but just before doing so turns back to the camera)

It is believed to be difficult. I shall prove to you that it is simple.

(Turns towards the board lifting a piece of chalk as if to make a mark, but just before doing so turns back to the camera)

Thus.

(Turns towards the board lifting a piece of chalk and writes seven large 'W's on the board, before turning back to the camera.)

What has this to do with music you might ask? I shall show you.

(Turns towards the board and chalks dots inside the curves of the second and fourth 'W's, before turning back to the camera.)

Ready?

(pointing to each 'W' in turn)

Bum Titty, Bum Titty, Bum Bum Bum.

Q.E.D. Mozart did it, Brahms did it - they all did it.

(turns back to the board with a nod)

CLOSE SHOT (FIXED) - THE MOUTH MUSICIAN

A 30 something man looks into the camera, Behind the man is a cinema screen.

The man proceeds to generate a series of rhythms from his mouth, incorporating a variety of "bum" and "tit" sounds, moving towards a sustained raspberry sound cut off with a finger click, followed by a series of clownish faces.

CLOSE SHOT - THE CAR PEOPLE

Two 30 something MEN in the front seat of a car, dressed in matching yellow string vests. One man is BEARDED, one is UNBEARDED. Unbearded drives. The shot is filmed from a fixed position from the dashboard using a wide angle lens.

Electronic music plays

BEARDED

Turn Right.

(beat)

Turn Left.

(SINGING)

I'm your TomTom.

UNBEARDED

(SINGING)

You're my TomTom.

BEARDED

In three-hundred yards.

(beat)

Take the second exit.

(SINGING)

I'm your TomTom.

UNBEARDED

(SINGING)



You're my TomTom.

EXTREME CLOSE SHOT - GLASS EYE

A curve of heavy reflective glass fills the screen against a white background.

Intense electronic sound builds to a crescendo as an eyeball appears to emerge from the edge of the glass on the right of the frame, slowly progressing over to the left and then becoming subsumed into the glass again on that side, as the sound ceases.

ANIMATION - CUBE OF CUBES

A black screen is slowly filled with tiny cubes, predominately white, but also a variety of coloured ones in the central section. To a bold pulsing electronic soundtrack the screen becomes increasingly more populated by these cubes, forming a strange symbol of a stylised hand holding a Cube with a depiction of an eye on one of its sides.

EXT. ROAD BESIDE TRAIN TRACK - NIGHT

BLACK

MAN

(shouting with some distress)

Saaaave iiiiiitttt!

Saaave itt!

A train enters the frame, the track is at a level above the man.

MAN

Saaave iiit!

The person, seen from behind, motions up to the train with outstretched arms.

MAN

Saave iit!

Save it!!

Save, It.

Save. It.

Save.

It.

Save it!

Save it!

Save it!

Save it!

Save it!

Save it!

Save it.

Save it!

Save it!!

Save. It!

(pleading)

Save it.

(softly)

Save it.

(Emphatically)

Save it!

(pause)

Save it.

Save it.

Save it.

Save it, save it, save it!!

Save it!

Save it!

The Man turns on his heel and walks out of frame to the right.

The sound of an airplane overhead is heard.

EXT. PLANE OVER LANDSCAPE - INDISTINCT TIME - WIDE SHOT

FADE IN

A wide winged plane flies over a tree filled landscape. A winding river, and some snow covered areas are visible.

The engines roar, and strong vapour trails are visible.

FADE OUT

CAR INT. DRIVING THROUGH LANDSCAPE - DAY - CLOSE/MID/WIDE SHOT

A WOMAN drives a left-hand car. The person is shown in silhouette, shot from the passenger seat. The car progresses along an empty road in a bleakly beautiful winter landscape - rocks and vegetation push through the partially melting snow.

The camera pans around to show different views of the landscape, and driver, from the interior of the car.

The scene is soundtracked diegetically by moody instrumental music played inside the car.

INT. ROCK VENUE - MID SHOT

A four piece rock band performs on a stage. Shot from the back of the stage with a roaming camera - flashes of the audience are visible, the singer is seen from behind.

SINGER

(over anticipatory pulsing intro)

This is our last song.

(audience responds with cheers and shouts of 'no')

Thank you.

Ha!

This one's our last song.

The drummer counts in four taps of the sticks above her head and the song proceeds with a powerful post-punk energy.

SINGER

Owwhhh!

INT. MOVING TEXTURED SURFACE WITH PROJECTION - CLOSE SHOT

A gently swaying distressed surface fills the frame. Projected onto this are images from a 1990's rave, indistinct and ghost-like.

Diegetic sound from the recording of the rave is heard playing in the room, also distant and distorted.

INT. ILLUMINATED INSTRUMENT - DARK - CLOSE / CLOSE UP SHOT

Roaming shot of a modified gramophone in darkness. Its form is traced with glowing neon-ish tubes in green and flashing red and blue. Accompanied by electronic drone and squealing. The roaming camera eventually proceeds into the gramophone's brass horn.

FADE OUT

INT. WOMAN IN WHITE WALLED ROOM - CLOSE UP SHOT

A 30 something woman lit in a vivid green light looks defiantly into the camera.

Purple, red and gold metallic ribbons emerge from the woman's mouth making tiny crackling sounds. The mass of ribbons increases and increases, then falls from the mouth and out of the shot.

The woman swallows and breaths.

ANIMATION - CRYSTAL STRIP - CLOSE UP

Against a black backdrop a computer generated image of a pulsing metallic strip is centre screen. It shimmers and bubbles copper and silver with synthesised sizzling and popping sounds. From its undulating polygonal surface dark crystalline forms emerge, followed by larger clearer crystalline clumps forcing their way upwards from the busy surface. Eventually the sizzling sounds subside.

ANIMATION - COMMUNIQUE - CLOSE SHOT

FADE UP

Two half cuboid forms generated by oscilloscope are presented side-by-side on black, slowly rotating in tandem.

Large white text briefly flashes over the image "CROSS YOUR EYES"

MALE VOICEOVER

Communiqué for the Cube.

I'm just surfacing from 30 years underground. I fled from a C.I.A. assignment when I finally realised its evil purpose.

SECOND FEMALE VOICE

(Large white text briefly flashes over the image "CROSS YOUR EYES")

Cross your eyes.

MALE VOICEOVER

I managed to escape with the prototype of their stereoscopic mind-control technol...

To elude the C.I.A.'s international network of agents, spies and snitches all this time with the stereo mind control demo still in my possession.

SECOND FEMALE VOICE

(Large white text briefly flashes over the image "CROSS YOUR EYES")

Between the stereo pair a third figure will appear.

MALE VOICEOVER

This experimental psychophysiological project was the first to exploit the agency of the human brain to synthesise 2-D data-graphical models into a fully dimensional visual simulation for the C.I.A.'s Mass Distraction Initiative.

SECOND FEMALE VOICE

(Large white text briefly flashes over the image "CROSS YOUR EYES")

Cross your eyes. This is the Cube taking shape.

MALE VOICEOVER

I have finally emerged from hiding to release these original optical algorithms for a higher purpose. We are turning this powerful mental imagery towards the good, towards the realisation of spatial-temporal autonomy for the Cube.

EXT. COURTYARD OF A GRAND BUILDING - DAY - WIDE SHOT

View of the paved courtyard of a grand, possibly ecclesiastical building. There are well tended trees and

bushes, and a circular garden feature bounded by low hedges, with a central statue.

In the foreground is the bicycle Kommunal Klön Komputer.

A male figure in white t-shirt and black shorts and flip-flops stands uneasily to the right of the frame, before proceeding to walk through the scene, passing between the low hedges and the Kommunal Klön Komputer and then exiting to the left of the frame.

EXT. FOOTBALL MATCH - DAY - WIDE SHOT

POV of one of the players. The two mixed age teams are in blue and red shirts.

PLAYER

(seeing the ball come his way)

Jack!

The player heads the ball towards the goal, but it is caught by the goalkeeper.

PLAYER

Fucking couldn't see it, man.

EXT. SKATE PARK - DAY - WIDE SHOT - SLOW MOTION

A busy skate park with various SKATERS, BMXers and standers-by.

The camera follows a 30 something MALE SKATER riding a skateboard dressed only in skate shoes and white sport socks, a watch, bracelet and necklace.

The SKATER gestures to bystanders with a middle finger as he proceeds and then covers his naked crotch with his hands.

A PHOTOGRAPHER takes a picture of the passing skater with a flash.

The movement is accompanied by slowed down calls and squeals from the supporting cast.

EXT. COMMUNITY BY THE BUILDING BY THE WOODS - WIDE SHOT - INVERSE (i.e. filmed with the camera upside-down.)

The camera circles a group of around a dozen mixed gender, 20 and 30 something figures wearing thin yellow plastic ponchos crudely covered in spray paint over their clothes. Many have

instruments - some conventional (e.g. trombone / whistles) some improvised (e.g. plastic tubs as drums) They beat out rhythms and produce squawks and yelp from their instruments and bodies.

EXT. COMMUNITY SINGING BY THE TREES - MID SHOT

The camera tracks along a line of 12 mixed age FIGURES singing together in measured repetitive droning tones. The figures have bright face paint and dark lipstick. They sport elaborated feathered turbans, beads and patterned tabards and swing their arms in time to their chant, as well as proudly displaying their teeth.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. GATHERING IN THE WOODS / THE DEBT TO THE ANCESTORS - MID TO WIDE ROAMING SHOT

The camera (HANDHELD) moves through a large gathering of people standing in a forest clearing facing towards a person making an address. Some are dressed in hi-visibility tabards. The camera moves through the crowd as we hear the MALE SPEAKER's voice, finally coming round to face the SPEAKER seen in the distance through the standing figures.

SPEAKER

All the things we have. All the rights. They weren't handed to us through the goodwill and generosity of those above. They were won with the struggle and sacrifice of those below. It was our mothers . . . (GATHERING APPLAUDS) SPEAKER

. . . it was our mothers and our fathers, our grandmothers and our grandfathers and our ancestors before them who built this country. They built our welfare state. They won our worker's rights. They built our National Health Service. We stand on the shoulders of giants, and we owe it to our ancestors not to let everything they fought for with such sacrifice be stripped away from us. We stand together . . . (GATHERING APPLAUDS)

SPEAKER

. . . we fight together. We will win this together. A person in the crowd gives a sandwich to another. The applause reaches a crescendo. The camera pans to the PA address speaker.

EXT. THE RED FLAG - CLOSE SHOT (STATIC)

A red flag against a blue sky, rough foliage around the flag pole. Wind flows with some force through the flag's fabric from left to right. Accompanied by distant sounds of nature and traffic, concluding with a whoosh of louder traffic noise.

INT. LOOKING GLASS COUNTRY - EXTREME CLOSE SHOT

The textured terrain of ELDERLY WOMAN'S face. Eyes darting.

OLDER VOICE

What country are we talking about?

YOUNGER FEMALE VOICE

I think it's "Looking Glass Country".

OLDER VOICE

Where?

YOUNGER VOICE

Looking Glass Country!(BEAT)

Alice Through The Looking Glass.

OLDER VOICE

I can't . . . hear it properly.

YOUNGER VOICE

In the Looking Glass. Well, it could be any country couldn't it? I think she starts in Oxford, and then she goes through into the Looking Glass World.

(LONGER BEAT)

Hmmn.

(BEAT)

OLDER VOICE

Where is it? Sorry!

YOUNGER VOICE

In . . . Alice through The Looking Glass, so . . . Mmmmm,  
could be anywhere really. Could be in your head I suppose. Or  
in a book! Or . . . through every looking glass, I guess.  
Wherever you want it to be.



INT. DOMESTIC ROOM, YOUNG GIRL'S PAINTING ON THE WALL -  
MID SHOT.

A GIRL dressed in pink seated on a bench in front of the wall.  
The girl's FATHER is heard off-screen. A reggae version of 'IN  
THE GHETTO' plays on a radio.

GIRL

My feet have gone to sleep.

FATHER

Your leg's gone to sleep again?

GIRL

Papa.

The girl reaches for a paint pot, but recoils on getting some  
paint on her hand.

GIRL

Yuck, papa!

FATHER

(reassuringly) That's fine.

The girl tentatively picks up the pot again, rises from the  
bench and examines the painted wall, deciding on the next mark  
to make.

GIRL

Papa.

(BEAT)

Yuck Hands.

(BEAT)

Eden farted, Papa.

FATHER

Have you farted?

The GIRL lifts the paintbrush to continue painting - filling in the black of the night's sky around yellow stars - all the while singing along to the music on the radio.

FADE OUT EXT. ICY REFLECTION - MED SHOT.

FADE IN

Rippling reflection of a figure holding up a camera in front of their face in the surface of an icy body of water, Slowly moving back and forth accompanied by eerie sound.

INT. CINEMA INTERIOR - MED SHOT (TRACKING)

Slow tracking shot of the interior of a cinema auditorium, starting at the white slated ceiling and moving past the projection windows down to the red velvet chairs. A strip of masking tape marks out the central horizontal point of the building on the wall, and the shadow of the camera filming is clearly visible. Accompanied by a warm drone.

EXT. WOODLAND MESSAGE - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT (TRACKING)

In a tropical looking woodland the camera tracks over a series of pieces of paper, each bearing text.

SHEET ONE

Edwin Light didn't like to use

SHEET TWO

a word like 'magic'.

SHEET THREE

But he said there was something

SHEET FOUR

about those places.

SHEET FIVE

Where every night they would

SHEET SIX

project a dream

SHEET SEVEN

from one end of a room

SHEET EIGHT

to the other.

SHEET NINE

Every single night

SHEET TEN

the dream would play

SHEET ELEVEN

It took years and years

SHEET TWELVE

but eventually the place

SHEET THIRTEEN

would change.

SHEET FOURTEEN

It became magical.

SHEET FIFTEEN

a labyrinth where we'd find

SHEET SIXTEEN

buried treasure,

SHEET SEVENTEEN

mysterious objects,

SHEET EIGHTEEN

the tiniest movement in the eye

SHEET NINETEEN

of a lover,

SHEET TWENTY

lost and abandoned

SHEET TWENTY-ONE

in the middle of a

SHEET TWENTY-TWO

haunted forest.

The camera pulls back to reveal all twenty-two sheets strewn on the grassy floor of the clearing.

EXT. SNOW BLANKETED STRETCH AWAY FROM BUILDING - WIDE /  
MED (TRACKING)

Camera pans down from distant buildings with steam/smoke rising in the cold to the surface of the snow. Words are etched in red in the snow, the camera scans along them . . .

MY CREATIVITY LOST ITS VIRGINITY WITH THE BEAUTIFUL CUBE X

A WOMAN in a fur lined parker like Han Solo in TESB pointedly plants a Heinz Tomato Ketchup bottle into the snow at the end of the words.

The camera pulls out to a mid shot of the figure, with trees poking up through the snow in the background.

The WOMAN unscrews the cup/lid of a black thermos flask with a white letter "g" on it. The WOMAN removes her gloves, fumbling slightly and drops the lid which she stoops to retrieve. After briskly shaking out the snow the cap scooped up, she pours hot liquid into it before confidently flinging it into the air above, where the liquid instantly transforms into vaporous cloud framed by the bare tree branches behind.

The camera falls downwards again to settle on the word "CUBE" marked out in ketchup in the snow.

FEMALE VOICE (OFF-SCREEN)

Done?

INT./EXT. VIEW FROM A FUNICULAR RAILWAY - MED/WIDE SHOT  
Progressing uphill on the funicular line, the other carriage necessarily passing on the way down. The ride comes to a gentle but noisy halt at its apex.

INT. COMPUTER SCREEN - MID SHOT

A computer screen displaying the 'Google' website. The USER types in the words "One Minute Waltz" and presses search. A page of results results. The USER chooses a YouTube video entitled "Chopin Waltz op 64 no 1 Minute Waltz" and starts it off playing. Another Google search window is opened, and placed adjacent to the first. The same search is made, but a different video chosen and set playing. This process is repeated several more times, filling the screen with different concurrently running performances. This cuts abruptly in full flow to the next scene.

INT MUSIC REHEARSAL ROOM - MED SHOT

A MALE 50 something FIGURE plays a slow mournful tune on a grand piano in a theatre. The seats are unoccupied. We start close shot over the shoulder of the main performer, who we can hear is accompanied by languid drums. The camera moves around to reveal more of the player, who wears a dark shirt and wide brimmed hat. Another figure wanders across the background and through a fire escape door, not unnoticed by the player, who continues unfazed rocking back and forth.

INT. WHITE WALLED ART STUDIO - WIDE SHOT

Two male figures close to the camera peer out.

MAN ONE

OK, recording.

MAN TWO

Ooooooh!

(CLAPS)

Both figures slowly move backwards until their backs are against the white wall. The second figure repeatedly spinning round as they make their way.

MAN TWO

What's it be, my homeboy dogs and bouncy bitches?

I am Michael Smith, The Dark Fox.

PERSON TWO turns to face PERSON ONE.

MAN ONE

And I am Tom Stubbs. I am supporting Michael . . .

MAN TWO

Oh SHUT UP!

(PERSON TWO slaps his hand down on PERSON ONE's shoulder)

And today we're going to be talking about art. Not just any art - MY ART! My art is so brilliant it's everywhere. My art is so wonderful and talented it's rude.

(DRAWINGS APPEAR SUPERIMPOSED ON THE SCENE)

It's moving now, Tom. You see it?

MAN ONE

Erm, yeah.

MAN TWO

You see that shit? Look at that.

MAN ONE

Is this your normal sort of . . . imagery?

MAN TWO

Rudeness! Yes it's imagery. It's after your shirt!

(MAN TWO UNZIPS MAN ONE'S TOP TO REVEAL A T-SHIRT BENEATH)  
I think we need to moonwalk out of here, Tom. D'you think?

They moonwalk out of the frame right to left. MAN TWO with more enthusiasm than MAN ONE, who apologises as they leave.

The frame is increasingly filled with drawing, dominated by a purple fox with green eyes.

MALE VOICEOVER

I am The Dark Fox. I have arrived.

FADE OUT

INT. CRUDE WOODEN CHICKEN - MED SHOT

FADE IN

(SOUNDS OF CHICKEN CLUCKING)

A crude wooden chicken incorporating a circular platform is centre screen, in front of some house plants and a window overlooking some other buildings.

An ice cube slowly forms on the circular platform. When it is fully realised the camera pans up to reveal a topless male figure, in a crash helmet holding a hairdryer and making a Trudeau salute with his free hand.

INT NEWSPAPER CUTTINGS - MED SHOT

A series of collaged newspaper cuttings pasted onto sheets of paper fill the screen. The VOICE reads selected words.

FEMALE VOICEOVER

Cool flip smart rich. Cheap fat drunk bitch.

(THE TOP SHEET IS REMOVED TO REVEAL THE NEXT)

Sleepy noseey spooky nervy busty raunchy saucy cocky choosy  
moody lonely clumsy dizzy dotty cissy pushy brassy boozy seedy  
guilty sorry.

(THE TOP SHEET IS REMOVED TO REVEAL THE NEXT)

Dreamer joker cracker worker rocker pauper order power  
blunder.

(THE TOP SHEET IS REMOVED TO REVEAL THE NEXT)

Crack shot new slot royal scoop big boob on song in demand in  
tears two years. Mucking in branching out cashing in counted  
out.

(THE TOP SHEET IS REMOVED TO REVEAL THE NEXT)

Dumped snatched stunned zapped. Rocked picked rapped scrapped  
shunned banned shamed slammed.

(THE TOP SHEET IS REMOVED TO REVEAL THE NEXT)

Dolled up worn out ticked off gunned down. Doing well feeling  
bad fingers crossed throat slashed original hysterical  
inspired forgettable.

(THE TOP SHEET IS REMOVED TO REVEAL THE NEXT)

Mr Smooth action man golden girl beauty queen burger king shop  
queen

(THE TOP SHEET IS REMOVED TO REVEAL THE NEXT)

Glittering sizzling dazzling shattered separated blitzed  
dumped blabbed snatched.



(THE TOP SHEET IS REMOVED TO REVEAL THE NEXT)

Tedious no talent fish wife sweaty hopeless flop.

(THE TOP SHEET IS REMOVED TO REVEAL THE NEXT)

Tragic victim shot dead.

INT. MUSICIAN'S HOME STUDIO - MED/CLOSE SHOT

A series of interconnected pedals and effects units with blinking lights litter the beige carpeted floor. Seen from the MUSICIAN's POV. The musician's outstretched hand operates and tweaks the instruments's parameters which produce clanging space-like drones.

INT. NEW YORK APARTMENT - MED/CLOSE SHOT

(WHISTLING)

Starting on a red curtain, the camera pans round the room passing a large flat screen showing floating still images, a framed poster from 'The Conan O'Brien Show' and a compact kitchen to reveal a male figure whistling into the camera sporting headphones and holding a microphone.

MAN

(SINGING)

I've seen a lot in my lifetime

But I would never leave

The sight of you would sail between the trust of all you would  
hear

'Thank you very much', said the miner to his daughter

Would I be a pension, of a pensive persons, two?

If I've got lots of people waiting in the backing houses

would you see the words that I could save?

Oh-oh!

But if you did what you did

And you didn't leave the sparrow

I'll tell you all the same

I'll kiss your lips.

(SPEAKING)

What's that Brian?

(LAUGHS)

The man exits left out of the frame. The image blossoms back to colour revealing a picture of the pop group Blondie hanging on the wall.

EXT. DESERT PLAIN - WIDE SHOT

Camera pans from the right across a wide open plain at dusk. Large fluffy clouds hang in the pink and gold sky, and the sun is dipping into the horizon. The camera continues round to reveal a FATHER and SON sitting on a makeshift wooden structure, rocks and a distant building behind them. They wear black t-shirts. the FATHER's has an illustration of space scene. The SON's bears the words "I AM BANKSY"

SON

(SINGING) If I were a superhero

(JOINED BY FATHER, ALSO SINGING)

FATHER + SON

A superhero with a super power

My super power, it would be

It would be, honesty

Spin me endless in the universe

Spin me endless in the universe

If I were a superhero

EXT. THE PROCESSION. MED SHOT (TRACKING)

Six people walk solemnly but surely down an urban street carrying a structure formed from scaffolding poles - roughly approximating a cube shape. They are followed by a much larger group of people and a dog processing behind them.

SINGER

(SINGING) If you saw my little backyard

'What a pretty spot', you'd cry  
I makes it on a Sunday look all gay  
With the turnip tops and cabbages  
What people doesn't buy  
I makes it on a Sunday look all gay

(THE CAMERA MOVES FORWARD PAST THE STRUCTURE CARRIERS TO REVEAL MORE PEOPLE IN FRONT, LEAD BY A HORSE DRAWN CARRIAGE WITH THE BACKDROP OF A HOUSING PROJECT WITH MANY BOARDED OR BRICKED UP WINDOWS. SOME HAVE PORTRAITS PASTED OVER THEM, THREE CONSECUTIVE WINDOWS ARE PASTED WITH ORANGE POSTERS EACH FEATURING A SINGLE BOLD WORD : "I", "AM", "HERE". )

The neighbours thinks I grows 'em  
And you'd fancy your in Kent  
Or in Epsom is you gaze into the mews  
It's a wonder as the landlord doesn't want to raise the rent  
Because we've got such knobby distant views.

INT. AMERICAN VINTAGE FILM, CAMERA & PROJECTION EQUIPMENT STORE - MID SHOT

A WOMAN enters through the store's door, which has an hand written 'OPEN' sign, and turns to the camera holding up a stack of three large cards that illustrate the song she is about to present. There are two other people, one woman and one man, behind the store's counter - the female with a baritone ukelele sports a hand-written badge saying "LISA", the male with a single drum sports a hand-written badge saying "JOFF" - they accompany the first woman in her song. They are both dressed in orange t-shirts.

WOMAN ONE holds up the stack of cards so the topmost one (CARD ONE) is visible - a drawing of a hand and a counter top bell.

WOMAN ONE

Women in Shops.

ALL THREE

(SINGING)

Women in Shops

WOMAN ONE

The sound of a counter bell

(SOUND: A COUNTER BELL RINGS OUT OFF CAMERA)

Like a rally cry

Saying, "Come one, come all, to this abundant garden of  
commerce!"

(THE CAMERA PANS DOWN AS WOMAN ONE DISCARDS THE TOP CARD TO  
REVEAL CARD TWO : A DRAWING OF A WOMAN STARING UP AT A WALL OF  
IDENTICAL BAGS OF SUGAR, EACH FEATURING A NINE POINTED STAR.  
THE CAMERA PANS UPWARDS OVER THE SONGS NEXT TWO LINES TO FOCUS  
ON THE FIGURES RATHER THAN THE CARDS)

WOMAN ONE

Whether taking time to choose the choicest bag of sugar

(SOUND: THE RUSTLING OF PACKAGING OFF CAMERA)

Or the tenderest animal leg

(AS THE CARDS ALMOST DISAPPEAR FROM FRAME WOMAN ONE DISCARDS  
THE TOP CARD(CARD TWO))

Or maybe, the perfume counter?

(THE CARD PANS DOWN AGAIN TO REVEAL CARD THREE - A DRAWING OF  
A FEMALE SHOP ASSISTANT SPRAYING A PERFUME SAMPLE ONTO A  
FEMALE CUSTOMER)

Will it be 'Sunlight Midnight'

(SOUND: TWO SWIFT SQUIRTS FROM A PERFUME DISPENSER)

or 'Somnambulist's Forethought'?

But wait!

(WOMAN ONE TOSSES THE FINAL CARD AWAY WITH SOME FORCE)

I am not just some slideshow!

I too am a woman

In a shop

Why women?

Why shops?

That fabled Bristol cinema

In order to buy itself  
Required a film  
A film to be made up of . . .  
One minutes shots

ALL THREE

(SINGING)

One minute shots.

WOMAN ONE

And when said in marbled mouth in English accent

Was misheard by her

When said by him

as

"Women in shops"

It seemed a worthy topic.

BLACK.

(CREDITS)



