

EXTRACT: NATASHA SOOBRAMANIAN & LUKE WILIAMS

*She leaves the room.*

She walks through the rooms of the museum. As wonderfully deserted as the *Gemäldegalerie* in Berlin. You remember?

*Of course. Not a soul. Do we continue to follow her?*

We don't really get a chance to see her face, only what she sees, a view from behind her head. There is a chill in the museum, a definite draft. She is blessed at that moment with the memory of a child running up to one of the Rothko's at the Tate Gallery and slapping its large flat surface – seeing the calico or whatever it was ripple like a wobble board, as a security guard stepped up to extract the now terrified four-year-old from the hall. Afterwards, as she made her way home from the Tate, she saw a man in a hi-vis vest, walk through the crowded space with a megaphone, urging people to move out of the way. He was followed by two people who were carrying a sofa. They were also wearing fluorescent vests. Every now and then they stopped to rest, sometimes sitting on the sofa right in front of her. Ladies and Gentleman, the man with the megaphone called, Ladies and Gentleman and whether he was calling for their attention, or still warning them to move out of the way, it was not clear. They marched off along the street and she was left standing for a moment, having watched them pass and somehow she was deeply shaken, as though all that lay between her and raving madness was a very thin layer of cellophane. And she understood the wild abandon of the child in slapping the Rothko. Sometimes she wants to run amok in a display of porcelain with a lump hammer and a megaphone. She descends to street level on a ramp, unnaturally smooth, she finds it nightmarish. She would have preferred any amount of jolts to this...

*Do we follow her then?*

No, we go in the opposite direction, a camera eye, only loosely related to gravity, wandering through empty exhibition spaces, gradually narrowing to brightly lit corridors of a huge building, its halls and stairways, as we float through double doors, along passageways and further sets of stairs leading down, down to become concrete steps which access the kitchens, the storage facilities, the lowest part of the service elevator, the heating and waste disposal, the ceiling becoming ever lower and more populated by ducts, wiring, conduit and always a little less well-lit at every level downwards, fluorescent lights giving way to single bulbs until even they disappear and the eye descends into blackness and then there is a pause as motion is suggested by sound, audible now for the first time: breathing, active breathing, though no person is seen to be present, the sound of steps on damp stone and the breathing becomes a voice.

*A man or a woman?*

A woman.