

EXTRACT: LUCIE McLAUGHLIN

*The room is empty. The screen is blank...*

The sound is the next feeling. Thunderous tremors crest and peak in a slow building murmur: this noise, then silence. A still shot, then floating up to the top floors of a city, glimmering on each side. All this contained by a great roof, suspended, where the walls are invisible. The floor is grey marbled stone, the ceiling a polished mirror. Slowly tracking towards bushes and trees, a wisp of smoke; dense as a network. A pause here until bush, plant and tree shatter in unison. The horizon moves at a quick pace, a smooth motion. Colossal heaps of metal, resting in rows, glide by. Parts of windmills and junk laid out amongst ruined stones, weathered at all the edges. Now softened shacks, domed tops, missing walls and empty fields carrying off into impossible depths of distance. The screen flickers and glitches, then jumps onto skyscraping pylons, reduced to the height of fence posts along a line blurred out by dried grass. It is twilight, the golden light giving way to a colder grey, kissing the tips of weeds and leaves to cast shadows on all the rocks' faces and shapes. Then, in stillness, the trickle of a cave, its mouth a gaping 'o', speaking water to a river below. The next shot is slower, the camera blocked by a human back, curved by the driving force of sinking in water, limbs bent and held inwards. Upon raising up, a directional shift, the body uncurling into weightlessness, the lens following right to the line between water and air, whilst light filters past, all warped and the wrong colour. Cuts to black. Silence punctuated by the sound of car engines and violence, shouts and screams just for a few seconds until the loudness become complete, extreme, wavering and unrecognisable, it loops, loops and then repeats.