

EXTRACT: BEATRICE GIBSON

...an entire scenario. An entire film.

I mean, is she the protagonist?

No. Or yes and no. Or the story itself. Or its very particular atmosphere.

Tell me what happens.

After her abortion, a woman wanders the streets, embarking on series of quiet encounters, under a neon glow. In a Chinese takeaway, she befriends a waiter, who reads her fortune and tells the story of his families' immigration to the UK. Later it would cut to a scene in the bathtub, a flashback to a tender moment with her six-year-old son, cold spaghetti spilled on a blue tiled floor and then, to a lone karaoke performance in a bar, a heart wrenching rendition:

'When we out in the moonlight looking up at the stars above...'

Later deep underground, on a subway to different part of town, she experiences a violent altercation, a tender moment with an animal and a mysterious encounter with something not altogether human. Dreams pervade. Later in a late-night hair salon tucked away behind a busy night market, a host of women appear, each one with something to say about: sex, work, money, babies, freedom and love. She recounts giving birth, the bone cracking pain, the red moon. Later she goes to the movies, and then afterwards to a club. Lights, veins, throb. A cold body catches the light.