

Night Sequence

The Church

Another warm chlorinated night
The pool throws blue light
The harbor sprawling in the garden
The spirit of the earth
Coming up through the ground

Tonight there is no weather
As if out here
You're on a set
Of painted on yachts
Fake glittering stars

The pool turns out to be blue cellophane
The grass is actually paper
The camera moves in
We detach from our unit
Actors uncertain
He motions to someone out of view
Shares a joke
And accepts a drink
From some accomplice
Sipping quiet he's waiting for his monologue
Mynah birds still whirr and click
But all else is still and listening
A makeup girl does his hair and disappears
The actor is actually playing you
We dissolve in close
He finishes his drink
He begins, ahh
'A long time ago...'
He leaves off
Someone hands him a phone
Something terrible has occurred

Is this part of the story?
The audience may at this point choose
If you want a happy ending
Then you may jump to another story
If you wanted to see some more of the yachts
They'll be back in other scenes
Yeah!
If you think you can move along a little faster
Here we go...

The actor is having an argument
We overhear:
'Bu... But... But that's... but that's not possible!
I... I... I know, but why... but when... why wouldn't know...
They'll never know... but why wouldn't... I...
Cue in music
Moonlight Sonata
Sped up with some subtle disco beat
Bring up more starry light
Let a zephyr blow through this garden

A woman appears on the set
It's that famous actress who is the actor's girlfriend in real life

But who is actually also playing your wife in this film
They embrace
She takes the phone from the actor
And dismisses the crew
We're left dangling
We can't wait to find out
If, how, why
If, how, why

We think about the nature of performance
And we see the garden darken
Clouds now cover the stars
The yacht's completely gone

The harbor was a projection
Actress was a hologram
The garden was a stage
Aww, the night is suddenly gone
We're blinking in the sudden light
People push past
The air is filled with smoke, perfume, sweat
Voices shout, some whisper

A cab pulls up
Now this is strange
We climb inside
The actor is in there
He slides over begrudgingly
Wow, he really looks like you close up
We begin our journey
Him on one side, you on the other
I fall asleep
Ha! When I awake I'm confused
Who is who?
Who is who?
Who is who?
Who is who?

The driver turns around
'This would be your stop'
And the cab stops
You get out
We drive on
The actor decides to act like you
He mimics your lazy minions
He has perfected your accent
His makeup and hair are amazing
Even from here
I can't believe they even knew where you live
We pull up outside your house
The actress playing your wife comes out
Out of your house
Carrying a phone
She climbs in the front seat
She hands you I mean, the actor the phone
You deny everything
I mean the actor
No, but that's not true
That's just not true
Cars speed past
The hum of the city
Song of the day
The actor hangs up

On closer examination the phone is a prop
He reads from a script all but concealed
Why?
Why did you give Kilbey my number?
She answers with:
'Maybe this is an imposter
Kilbey is your friend, what do you mean?'
[He replies:]
'I feel like he's watching us all the time
Incorporating us into one of his songs
Writing about our lives
In his dispassionate way'

The cab turns into Cleveland Street
The driver turns around
'Just after these lights then'
There's so much I would like to ask the actress
I lean forward to say something
The taxi stops
We climb out
We come to a warehouse
We go in where they are making a film
We go in where they are making a film
We go in where they are making a film

The garden
A harbor
The pool
The chlorine
The alcohol
A hot night is invoked
A breeze maker emits a gentle breeze
The recorded sounds of a distant drunken party
People, laughter, drifting on the air
Woozy music
Glasses clinking
Ice tinkling
Yachts on the harbor
People on board waving to us
Drinking
Laughing
Waving
Summer
Holiday
Night
Antics
Rockets go up
Framing the bridge
Push out of the crowd
Crowd of extras and wardrobe people
Some wearing swimming costumes
Some in evening wear
More fireworks
More fireworks
Their soft explosions thumping the night
Revelry
Abandonment
Music swelling up
Credits roll
You leave the premises