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Extract from Working Hot

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Extract from Working Hot

Abstract

It won't be a long movie - fifteen to twenty minutes. Shot in a combination of black-and-white and colour. It begins with two women - Evie and Toto - meeting in a Paris cafe at night. They are both in their early thirties. They were lovers for six years but have not seen each other for ages after a fairly disastrous break-up which left them both bitter and damaged - Evie just walked out one night to go and live with another woman. Despite everything, there is still some deep attraction between them. They meet and talk. Evie says, with deep satisfaction, 'You were wrong about a lot of things'. Toto says, 'What happened with us? I still don't understand. Did you ever love me? How could you have stayed with me so long if you didn't and how could you have left me like that if you did? I still don't understand'.

KATHLEEN MARY FALLON

Extract from *Working Hot*

ETVOITEO
OR
DEAD WOMEN TELLING
THEIR OWN LIES

Rough notes for a movie script – some scene breakdown

It won't be a long movie – fifteen to twenty minutes.
Shot in a combination of black-and-white and colour.

It begins with two women – Evie and Toto – meeting in a Paris cafe at night. They are both in their early thirties.

They were lovers for six years but have not seen each other for ages after a fairly disastrous break-up which left them both bitter and damaged – Evie just walked out one night to go and live with another woman. Despite everything, there is still some deep attraction between them. They meet and talk. Evie says, with deep satisfaction, 'You were wrong about a lot of things'. Toto says, 'What happened with us? I still don't understand. Did you ever love me? How could you have stayed with me so long if you didn't and how could you have left me like that if you did? I still don't understand'.

'Oh god, really Toto, you're not still harping on about all that are you? Honestly, it was all so long ago.' Toto, cursed with her trap-door heart. 'My heart is like a trap-door spider-once you get in, you never get out.'

SCENE FIVE

[Black and white]

Toto imagines herself.

There is an image of Toto fishing around in the fluff of her pockets, fumbling for the bit of a question, forever and for ever going on, asking of occasional lovers, asking it desperately of occasional lovers. She believes 'if only someone would give me a straight answer' she could take stock of herself.

As Toto and Envie talk there are shots of an exhibition of Toto's work and as the shots of various paintings and sculptural pieces are shown, the

catalogue is read out in the voice of Archangel Mademoiselle Montgolfier
[See Appendix]

SCENE EIGHT

[Colour]

Backyards of derelict terrace Squats in London – rubble and rubbish everywhere except for one back garden which is wild with hundreds of different kinds of roses. Toto is climbing along the broken stone-fence, cutting dozens of roses with a long pair of silver scissors. She filling a green gladbag with roses.

SCENE NINE

[Colour]

There is a big Jamaican practising his flame throwing and she has to keep ducking as he belches his flames over the rose garden.

There is also another old black guy stoned out of his mind leaning up against the back of the Mecca gambling house crying out like a muezzin from a minaret, 'ohgodjesusrasta-why-is-life-so-hard'. Over and over he wails to the sound of the rapid clicking of dominoes being played in the gambling house and glass being broken by kids throwing stones through windows.

SCENE TEN

[Colour – there is a pervasive rose-gold colour in these shots]

Toto emptying hundreds of roses out of the gladbag onto Evie's bed.

SCENE ELEVEN

[Colour]

Evie standing in front of Toto in a pub screaming angrily, 'Yes, but roses have thorns. You know they do'.

[Black and white]

All this is interspersed with shots and bits of conversation in the café while they drink.

SCENE FIFTEEN

[Black and white]

They leave the café and walk through the dark Paris streets.

There is a full moon and deep cloud creating a sharply chiaroscuro effect. They walk beside the Seine.

Superimposed and reversed footage creating a mirror/doppel-gänger effect. They are walking toward and through each other. This is all a bit skewiff, hologrammed as they walk arm in arm, talking intimately. They

walk beside the Seine along cobbled walkways. The water is bright and dark. Sometimes they seem to be walking down stone steps. They eventually go into one of the stone grottoes let into the stone wall beside the river and they make love.

The lovemaking denies nothing.

They realise what has been lost.

Toto is left sitting on the stone ground.

Evie lies behind her on the bench, naked.

Toto only has her jeans on.

Evie has a leg draped over Toto's shoulders.

Toto turns to look at her.

This turn is repeated a number of times and each time it is a falling together, a falling into each other's eyes.

There is an inevitable course of action.

It has been thwarted for years.

THE erotic act.

THE course of action.

Toto lifts the long, silver knife above her head.

It is a totally satisfying act.

It is all understood between them.

She falls forward onto the other and the blade comes up red.

Something has been accomplished.

The final act between the assassin and the assassinated and the vice versa.

They have wiped their hands of each other forever.

Now they are both free

It is the orgasm in which both are sated.

It is the end.

SCENE TWENTY-FOUR

[*Colour – but still only yellow night lights on water and, of course, the full white moon*]

Toto thinks 'falling into each other's vacuum, falling into each others eyes'.

As they cross the Pont Neuf, Toto says to Evie 'See that seat down there.

I dreamt I stabbed you there. We'd just fucked and I killed you, stabbed

you with a lovely long blade. I dreamt it before I came to Paris or even

knew I was coming. I dreamt about that place right there. Imagine how

freaked out I was when I saw I was living just across the road from the

place.'

'Oh, honestly', said Evie, 'You talk nonsense. Are you trying to scare me or something?'

SCENE TWENTY-FIVE

[*Black and white*]

The full moon is the sad moon face of poor old Oscar Wilde reciting pompously a verse from his *Ballad of Reading Gaol* –

Yet each man kills the thing he loves,
 By each let this be heard,
 Some do it with a bitter look,
 Some with a flattering word,
 The coward does it with a kiss,
 The brave man with a sword.'

SCENE TWENTY-SIX

Toto laughs, 'Sorry, I'm a bit pissed. I didn't mean to scare you. Honestly'.
 Evie: 'You've always thought that was enough. Just saying you were
 pissed was excuse enough for everything'.

SCENE TWENTY-SEVEN

Evie writing on a postcard to a friend, 'What did I ever see in her?'

SCENE TWENTY-EIGHT

Toto talking to a friend on the phone. 'I suddenly realised that the whole
 purpose of the meeting was to prove to ourselves that the other was a
 deadshit to justify vindicate ourselves and yet she was fishing around for
 something and you know what I think it was I think she expected me to
 tell her I still loved her I think she came all this way for what she has
 always considered was her due her entitlement I think she wanted me to
 tell her I still loved her and would always love her ... and everytime I'd
 try to talk about our past just mention things we'd done she'd say I don't
 remember did we or I can't remember would we ...'

SCENE TWENTY-NINE

Toto's bedroom

'She has been granted the gift
 of forgetfulness' soothed

Archangel Mademoiselle Montgolfier

'It's a sickness', Toto woke up yelling.

SCENE THIRTY-FOUR

Images of Toto asleep in Paris and Evie asleep in London are
 superimposed. Evie's head and torso at one end, facing right. Toto's head
 and torso the other end, facing left. Joined at the genitals. The effect
 created is reminiscent of the royals in a card pack. The move ends with
 the following poem read by Archangel Mademoiselle Montgolfier.

a bad patch**target area**

do

we

know when death enters us

like a dart

sinks

into cork board

and

is

all this flailing of arms

the manic

activity

around the knowledge

of the black flight feathers

I can touch no place

I have been loved

gently

but I can put my finger

on the sore spot

of entry

APPENDIX**Catalogue****No 1 *Rosegold Afterglow***

This painting almost creates a scent, a perfume – the perfume of flesh after lovesex. The transparent layers of pastel watercolour blur the surface between skin, sheet, duvet, sky.

No 2 *The World Drained of Colour*

A huge serpent stretches into the foreground from a green point of light at the other end of the universe from which tremendous arrows of light plunge toward you. A pale corpse of a woman floats upside down in space. The serpent bites her in half and as its jaws close, a pale blue cherub flies up into cyan-blue space. It metamorphoses into a magnificent Aztec-type stylised bird with a red and blue body, black and white wings, gold and black head. It lowers its wings at a forty-five degree angle and speeds off.

I painted this and the next morning when I woke up the whole world seemed to be drained of colour and my first thought was that all the

colour had drained between my legs. The whole world had gone grey over night. When I was fully awake I realised we had had our first snow of the season. Later that morning I heard that a neighbour's son had been killed when his bike smashed through a plate glass window. His mother had to identify the body and apparently his hair was completely white. I had already sent Evie a chunk of my white pubic hair'

No 3 *Medusa Head*

Medusa head showing the shadows of the wings of death— only the shadows, mind you - and the arrow head of determination containing the bud of potential and the triangle of protection.

No 4 *Peace*

Completely different to the rest of the exhibition, this abstract expressionist painting occurred to me one day in Edinburgh at a Kandinsky exhibition and I could not rest until it was painted and when it was I felt peace for the first time in my life. [Red, yellow and black geometric shapes on a gold-ochre background]

No 5 *Lesbian Punk Love*

The Kundalini serpent goes the wrong way.

No 6 *Sheila na gigs*

I painted this after I'd seen photographs of Celtic rock carvings of female figures called Sheila na gigs.

No 7 *Big Grey Mother*

With her barbed wire fanny.

No 8 *Beyond the birth trauma*

There is a Prussian Blue figure ascending the bone white steps in my head.

It was the vision I had the night I went - holy hell and hang onto your hats for this one - beyond the birth trauma. It all started happening and I thought 'OK OK fine I've read about this' but it all kept happening and I wasn't out of it on anything either and, shit a brick, there I was - become the bloody egg and this bloody sperm stuck in me 'Rape' I screamed but apparently it's best to yell 'Fire'

No 9 *The Beautiful and Shining Flower Woman of Spring*

Outside in the derelict yards, bits of green were starting to show after a particularly bitter winter. It had been one of those terrible London winters and I saw her one day growing in moss and lichen and small flower colours on our backyard brick wall.

