

[6]

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From no where, from the cloud, comes a jet of orange, piercing, railing, curving through the blue like a firework, fizzing, then it pounds into the wing, the wing kind of buckles, crumples into two, like it's made of cardboard. The fire penetrates the fuselage, and through the other side fizzing and dying in the sky behind. A black hole gapes open at the side, opened up like a tin, smoke spewing out, trailing through the sky. The plane starts to dip, waiver, you see him freaking out in the cockpit, eyes squinting, face pouring sweat, skin stretched by the g-force. One of them, the blond one, moving over to the side, taking her partners hand half way and then dropping it, leaving a dark distance between them. From above a massive tracer arcs through the sky and lands just short of the building, the ground erupts, earth spurts up all over the place, bits of stone and shit fly up all over, guys all smoky and muddy rush out and fire up at the clouds, reels of bullets streaking through the fixed machine gun, swinging from side to side, firing madly at nothing, pelting through the distance, the guy shuddering crazily behind the gun, the sound is excruciating, bam, bam, bam... bam, they keep on coming, the guys face blurred and jarred from the kick-back. Then another tracer comes out of the cloud and explodes right in front of him, the sand erupts like a massive flower, the bloke flies backwards. Smoke and mess shatter the foreground, the building behind starts to fall, machine gun fire still sporting from the blown out window, pelting nothing, bam, bam, straight out into the cloud of smoke. Three or four bodies, warped, useless, fly out of the carcass of the building, landing thud, fucked sacks of flesh, on the charred, fucked-up ground. She's standing there in the doorway light dripping off her shiny skin, neon colours cascade across her, stuck, glistening in the weird, slow, dappled multi-coloured light. Estranged, not smiling, not otherwise. Light catches her cheeks, like tears glistening under her eyes - cool, hot. Lips slightly apart like she might say something but she doesn't, closes them, and licks them, thinking something you'll never know. The light moves round, it's like she's moving, it's strobing slightly, blinking her on and off, her head falls back, hair following, falling away from her shoulders and neck, so you can see the tiny bones in there, poking through her slippery stretched skin, and her face bleached out in the light, two dark dots for nostrils. Skin gray, close, lost in the gloss of sun. Loads of glare making it hard to see, everything explodes into a sudden flash, like an indoor photo, it's just the sun on the wing making it impossible to see shit. Full face of gunmetal gray. The engine roaring auburn fire into the cold blue, leaving a scar of white in its wake. The plane's twisting and turning, showing off to the blind sky. A mad looking face shaking and gagged behind the helmet and snorkel, so all you can really see is his wet forehead and narrow, glare on the cockpit. Nothing happens, just the slow gazing light, blue, purple, pink, a whole orgy of colours, eyes closed, or look closed with the her head so tilted, one strand of hair

caught in her lips, looks like her mouth stretched all across her cheek, like her face has divided in two by her smile. Her head falls forward unconsciously, hair curtains her face, falls onto her breasts, dark against the pale skin, hiding one nipple, bisecting the other, shadow falling into her cleavage and line beneath her breasts, where they rest on her skin, making purple shadow beneath, her pubes a scribble inbetween her long thighs, ending in pointed, perspex, vein popping shoes, toes puce, one heels spikes the ground. As if she's waking from a trance she swings a hand onto her hip and walks, slowly, self-consciously forward, smiling a lipstick smile at the dark room. Her hips sway out, much more than they need, her waist cracks a shadow as she sways one leg in front of the other. Blue veins popping through her silky ankles. Body shining all over, long tapered arms, to red fingertips, fingers sparkling from the gold and coloured stones on her fingers. Nails sharpened to points. The infernal plane is incredibly close now, there's no other way, it's falling onto it's own weight, you can't even see the cockpit now, because the flames are all over it, it's burning like mad so you can't hardly see anything but the flames and smoke, then in a flash it explodes and you realize it's impacted with the ground and flames now just leap up into the air, the wing cracks off and then there's another explosion, a huge seamless ball of fire explodes up into the sky, fluorescent against the black sky. She steadies her self with one hand on her hip, denting the flesh, just below a line where her suntan ends, and pressing into the flesh. Pink denting fingernails, dark all round, not a straight line exactly but something like a blur where it all joins, onto her flat brown stomach - dot in the middle, tiny line of hairs going down to the flat pubes, hips wide on each side, bones pushing through on one side, where the skins lighter. Then down at the side onto her skin the light strobing, all colours at once, making her blush, and then go blue and purple, pink, orange, all colours. Can't make out anything - all blurry for a moment, everything smearing, then you see her face up close, blurry and her eyes white as, and lined with black, like her eyes are painted onto her face, greasy tears spilling out beneath, cheeks sparkling, hair falling over one side, questions passing across her vacant face, and her slick skin, arm up around her face, hand running through her hair, smashing up the neat wedges of the stuff, so you can only see half of her face now, lips cracking through the auburn pelts on one side, eye by eye, she walks forwards, gaze right in front and then looking down, suddenly it's as if she's in a different room but she isn't, just the lights changed and she's shaking her hair down so you can see her whole face, and her blinking eyes, smiling, half smiling, twisting up her whole mouth, she parts her lips and her gleaming teeth show through, then another girl comes in from the side, confusing arms legs, both the same as each light skimming flesh. The other planes on the left, coming in from somewhere else, no more cloud, it's there on it's own, then they're both in

view, the tracers there, moving like lightning, leaving a fizz in it's wake, like a long trailing cloud, but it's all happening very quickly and the tracer lands on the wing, the wings on fire, smoke spewing off it, blackening the sky so all you can see is the smoke spewing all over the place and then all you can see is the nose, and the tail fin, fin moving so fast that they almost look still, but for the cloud being tugged behind like a parachute. The jet tips down onto one side, flat, like birds eye view, and you can see the guys helmet, shining through the cockpit, red like a billiard ball, then the plane pulls up, still spewing smoke, somehow it rises through the cloud, and does an entire loop, like a ferris wheel, leaving an almighty cloud of smoke behind, then it swoops up and circles the wisp of cloud, another fire spitting across the distance. It misses fizzes off in the sky, and then there's another. Instantaneous. It pelts into the fuselage and more smoke erupts from the wound, fire leaping from it the plane begins to dive, nose pointing down, twisting and pointing further towards the ground, not that you can see the ground, you can't see much just the blur of the wounded plane, shit else, but the plane, sky, and the fire exploding from it's wing, and as it noses downwards the guy yelling like a moron inside. Grounds getting closer and closer, blurry as hell but coming into focus, you can see the burnt out, shot up shell of a building, and the bodies bloodstained, and the carcass of the fucked up helicopter, and the bits of fuselage and shit, bits of building, limbs, rotor blades, all kinds of stuff spewed out all over the place so the scene looks like its been wrecked by a tornado. Fingers splayed, the gap between them closes, glint of light between her thighs as she pulls the other one closer, then there is no gap between them, their arms twist around each other embracing, pulling them in, and twisting together so it's like one person with four arms and four legs and the rest, all bathed in the weird neon light. The blond hair mingles with the auburn, they embrace without stopping for an instant, and move around each other so smoothly it's as if the ground is rotating and they're gliding around with it as if on ice - so seamless. They shove him in headfirst, pushing his bum, then kindov folding his legs behind, they bundle in behind him. Before the last guy is in the copters lifting, the blades going round faster, bat, bat, bat, deafening sound, ripping up the ground and everything all around, lifting higher, one guy still struggling to get in, one foot on the runners, he's being blown around like crazy, then the other foots up on the runners, he's about to step in, then there's an explosion, like a mighty crack, then a spurt of fire and the fuselage starts oozing smoke, one, two, holes ripped into the side of the metal, leaving it torn and juddering, the guy in the cockpits blurred, face locked in a panic - eyes madly focused on the windscreen, smoke belching out in front, the copter wobbles from left to right, then there's another explosion, it rips into the side of the fuselage, the nose dips and the copter starts twisting, tail up behind, rotors still

spinning, out of control, the guy in the cockpit screaming inaudibly into his mouthpiece, the helicopter twisting absolutely crazily down towards the ground, the guy holding onto the runners falls off howling, legs and arms all splayed, he lands on the ground like a sack, moments later the copter crashes nose first right by him, the rotor blades still spinning though the fuselage is crumpled, spewing smoke and fire, men exploding out of the gaping open side of the copter, two of them on fire, throw themselves onto the ground yelling, and rolling around trying hopelessly to kill the flames, the blades still ticking round pathetically as the fuselage is eaten away by the flames. The spotlight hovers, perfect white vacant patch on the ground, then shakes and moves around to where she's standing, jerking, then she's half on the light, half not and half in the dark, then the light moves over more, she's there in it, swallowed up by it almost, bleached by it, so you can't ever really see her - just the blaring light, then it seems to be less and you can see her again. Her face is hardly visible as she looks down at her endless legs, nothing else, just her flesh and her indescribable garb and hair like a scarf wrapped round her face, some glistening sweat on her chest, highlighting the bones stretching the skin up behind, taugth as glass, plunging all weight down in to the toe crunching stilettos, so her ankles her toes and tops of her feet are puce with the pressure and heat - so the nails like tiny shells are popping like crazy - one tiny blue vein popping through the thin skin. Looking down she's still for a whole moment, nothing happens, then she's smiling over at the others, out at some corner of dark, the other girl looks back silently smiling, big mouth stretched across her brown face, eyes deep in their skull, dark, fringed with sad lashes. The neon pink light over them both, she goes across to her and takes her hand, pulls her into the spot light, it's as if they are both straining to be in the core of light. She puts her hand on the girls shoulder and splays her fingers so they are dark against her pale bony shoulder, each finger pointed and tipped red, slightly denting the flesh. The hair falls down onto the dainty fingers, they look at each other, gap between them closing, just a thin crack of light, lips drawing in close, closer. On the ground there's another explosion behind him, huge seamless fireballs rolling up into the sky, way above the shattered copter, the rotor blades only just visible through the plumes of black smoke, one falls off, making a massive clunk as it falls onto the cockpit shattering the windscreen as flames lick up the front drawn out by the wind, winding and flapping up the front. The rotor blades then crack in two, one falling on the ground, black charred in a fit of flames, another runs out of the fuselage, arms up above his head, as if he's surrendering to the flames, screeching so loud from so deep in side. It's worse than every thing else. He's rushing away from the infernal copter, getting bigger and bigger as he gets closer until all you can see is his horrible face, mouth a black roaring hole, and his black charred

lips, flames slowly eating him alive - there's another explosion behind, massive bang, as bits of rotor, fuselage and god know what explode up through the air, slow-motion, then fast as the pieces crash to the ground, someone shouts from the burnt out, bombed out building. Then they touch, the lightest ever of kisses, lips puckering to cover the space, noses touching too, one on one side, the other on the other, like they're meant to jigsaw together, they just meet, and then their hands lightly touch, maybe by mistake. Her naked tits pressing up against the cotton of the other girls top, its white stretched against her knockers, tits poking through shrink-wrapped cherries. The other sighs also exhales, then pulls away, making the gap again, they kind of dance away from each other, swinging their hips in unison, arms up above their heads, stretching their tits up, almost flat to the chest - silvery sweat in the gray armpit, nothing else. The girl standing unsteady, teetering on those high vein popping heels, she swings one leg up onto the chair and plunge her hand into her hair, letting her head fall back, the other girl can get into her more now, really shaking her head so you can't see much but her hair and the other girls hand as it plunges into her hair, pushing her head further in. She's crouched down like an animal. Bum sticking out, one hand clutching her buttock, fingers sticking into the buttocks, making little dents in the pale flesh, like a cushion, pushing her further to her then from the side you can see her tongue going into her lips, making them all wet and shiny, pulling her in, tongue stroking her clit, like it's another tongue kissing it back. They're locked in this long kiss, the standing girl slowly gyrating from back to front and front to back to meet her. The lights changed, orange, purple, pink all in the same moment. A spot light glaring in from the side, just shining on her almost hairless glistening pussy, and her tongue going in there kissing her clit forward then drawing back, lipstick and cunt juice smeared all over her face. Eyes half closed like the cat that got the milk, then breathing deeply she goes back in, all you can see are her lips closing and the other girls waiting pussy, lips parted and thighs sucked in, inner thigh, shadow, skin folded over onto itself on the other - the other leg taut as you could possible imagine - knee almost pushed back to front, palest blue vein showing through the stretched white skin, calf beneath, muscles taut, thigh meeting the round white full buttocks, dark seam, the other one stretched up towards the knee, seam behind her knee, where it's folded up, leading down to her ankle, poised and stretched ankles, toes pointed into the perspex stilettos, head falling back, hair streaking behind, stretched back to her buttocks, and falling behind her shoulders, ending in a jagged auburn fringe ending just above her buttock crack. Her breasts stretched across her torso, cherry dark in the middle, armpits darker, trickle of silvery sweat. The sound's still phenomenal, the guy's behind just behind, you can see his helmet, then the side of his face, as he peers to the side, checking

out the guy in front. Blocked by his helmet, and then he disappears and peers round the other side. Then from no where, from the cloud comes a jet of orange, piercing, railing round, curving through the blue like a firework, fizzing, then it pounds into the wing, the wing kind of buckles, crumples into two, like it's made of cardboard, the face penetrates the fuselage, and through the other side fizzing and dying in the sky behind. A black hole gaping open at the side, opened up like a tin, smoke spewing out, trailing through the sky. The plane starts to dip, waiver, you see him freaking out in the cockpit, eyes squinting, face pouring sweat, skin stretched by the g-force. Then the other girls tongue comes out and is at the tip of her pearly cunt lips, then she's licking all the way up her stomach, tongue pointed, making a silvery line between her pussy and tummy button, then her tongue goes into the navel, black, and red, then further up between her breasts, again a silver thread following all the way through then she's licking the back of her neck, tongue over the bumps, licking slowly, so she's getting nearer her chin still stretched back then her head falls forward and hair all over the place, exploding like a firework of blond tresses then the other girls tongue is on her chin, following the profile of her face, the neon light blurring out behind, everywhere. Making her into a silhouette so all you can see is the profile of her face and the shape of her dark tongue running up towards the lips, her lips part slightly, the pink/gray neon light cracks through from behind, then the tongue on her lips, parting further as it slips inbetween, so there is no gap in between them anymore, the lips fuse, so all there is their merged profile, and the mad blaring neon coming through, then they're apart walking in different directions, the light shafts down in between them, the side of the room is in the shadow, purple is a guy standing there, just wearing trousers, kind of strange with a gap at the back, like chaps, his bum showing through the back, crack dark, buttocks round nudging against the suede, his back shining and muscley and beaded with sweat, running down the gully where his spine is, neck wide, hair short, up over his ears. One guy jumps out and runs over to the beaten-up, shot out building, chased by flames spewing out from the copter. Then just as they swerve, a guy runs and clutching a machine gun, face covered in muck, eyes narrowed on the shouting, burning men - bam! Bam! Bam! The bullets pelt into the running mans chest, he's getting closer, bigger, running right up to the front, the bullets rip through his shirt and blood yolks out of him, he staggers, clutching his chest, keeps on moving forward filling the screen until all you can see is his torso, then he kind of crumples on the spot, just collapses, on all fours, still trying to get closer to the building, crawling, hands clutching the sand, leaving a trail of dark blood behind him, the machine gun still pelting bullets to either side of him, then he's hit, down, still, dead, he spazzes with another bullet then is stone dead on the ground, the guns firing up at the



others, swinging left right, all over the place, like the guns got its own momentum and one by one the other guys fall as they jump out of the infernal copter. Skin brown and shiny, he slowly turns round, and the light, weird, still purple maybe mauve, his pecs smooth, defined by shadows and gloss - his knob stalking out between the chaps, held in place by one hand the other hanging self consciously down by his side, his nob stretched tight and wanting to explode, skin tight as. Thin veins running through, his hand clutching the shaft like he's holding the blood in glossy the purple mushroom, then he moves his hand slowly along the veiny shaft, knuckles wrapped around white and tendonous, fingers just meeting. He goes in and out, meanwhile the other girls gone round the back of him, she's holding a huge throbbing prosthetic dildo sinking it into his buttocks, glistening it comes out and she pushes it in, grabbing his hands at the same time, strapping them up with an industrial size ribbon, blue, winding it around his veiny wrists, behind him, shoulders crumpled up, stretched back, making his chest painfully stretched. It comes railing out of the blue, surrounded by its own jet-stream, consuming the blue, foreshortened the cockpit is stunted, its point invisible, not getting any closer but darting through the sky non the less, nothing else happens but clouds - just hanging there behind the mad roar of the engine, then through the windscreen his silver sweating g-forced face, eyes narrowing on the future, face half obscured by mask, sound of underwater breathing, his image snaking madly, struggling to steady the beast, his hand clasping the joystick, knuckles white from the clutch, fingers just meeting - stretched around the stick. The other plane comes in from the left, it rails round, tiny dot in the blue, getting bigger, huge jet stream behind, wings spanning the white, the plane, wasp like spins and turns and tilts to the right, then pulls up a bit, until it's right up at the top and can't hardly see it small in the distance, then back coming round a full ark, getting bigger and bigger until you can see the cockpit and the guy in there, blurry from the jagged movement, face jarring from side to side, skin pulled back from the force, huge pipe hanging from his mouth, breathing deeply, sound of him inhaling so close and distant at the same time, reflections on the cockpit, the two planes visible at the same time now, one huge too huge to see, right up there, blocking out the sun, other coming in fast from the left, small, pointed, thrusting through the distance, getting bigger and bigger, twisting slightly, front needing the blue, tilts, catches the late sun glancing off the cockpit the other one out there circling, can't see in, just the wing, like a blade, right up close and then gone, sounds enormous, indescribable, deafening then going, going - gone. Everything flash white, blinding then gone, he's staring out through the cock-pit, sweating like mad, gagged with the breathing gear, all shaking all over the place, jarring and blurring so fast it looks slow. She's turning around, her long spine snaking down through her buttocks, all

the way down to the dark dark crack, wider at the end, buttocks, uneven, flesh pink holding the ample cheeks knees apart, light cracking through all the way to her pussycat. One knee slightly cocked catching the vibrating light, shadow folding around behind it. She leans over to her, letting her long auburn hair fall on her shoulder, then she leans onto her, weight on her, her head sliding down onto her chest, tongue on her skin, leaving a sliver of saliva behind, shining on her already shiny skin, then her tongue on her white breast, so pink against the white full skin, and snaking over her skin, looking for her nipple, leaving the sparkly silver spit everywhere it goes, her slippery lips, parted, black hole within, lips deliriously wet, wet like a photo, painted-on wet, getting closer and closer to the nipple, like they're following the blind flicking tongue, circling the cherry, making long concentric circles smaller and smaller, playing her breast like a record, then the tongue, pierced glistening serpent points at her nipple, gently playing it from side to side, flicking the nipple, all wet and shiny, then she falls onto her breast, full face on her breast so you can't see anything but the hair as she nuzzles from side to side, and you can see her shoulders, tiny tattoo on one, bead of silvery sweat running down further over her tummy to the tummy button, tongue disappears into the navel, gone like it's found home, then running down her stomach to her minge, falling into the line of hairs, following it down all the way, then she's licking the edge of her lips tongue probing into her clit, just a little bit, and then down on her thighs, running up the thighs, making them all silver wet, then up onto her lips, then her tongues going into the lips, inbetween, finding a way there. The noise dipping, the muffled sound of him shouting into the mouth piece, can't hear the way, the wing starts to wobble and then tilts out the other side, so you can see the under carriage, laden with big cigar shaped bombs, then the entire planes upside down, and there's a trail of smoke and fire streaming out of it, the sound still of the explosion going off, the planes tilting downwards, now just falling out of the sky, twisting all the time, his shouting voice now just a blur over the sound of the explosions. The plane rockets through the blue, tiny, crumpled, formless in the distance, vast jet of smoke in its wake, as it hurtles towards the ground. Someone flies out of the cockpit, up close the cockpit bursts off the top of the plane, the body, arms akimbo flies out of it and the parachute flies up and inflates like a jelly fish, the speck of a man floats down through the blue, rocking under the parachute, legs apart, hands clutching at the strings, part of the enflamed carcass floats past, leaving a streak of smoke in it's wake, until it hit's the ground and burns in on itself on the ground, like a bonfire, burning flames, a lame bit of fuselage hits the ground just by the side - later black. A figure passes in front blocking her from view, black, bulky, silhouette moving in front, the bare limbs behind him, small in the distance, weird in the strange strange light

of the stage. Whoops and jeers from the audience in front, all dark, the guy from the jet there just sitting down now, swigging from a bottle of beer - the music pumps out over the top of everything, she pulls him up on stage, splayed fingers running over his swollen crotch, his face shining in the fluorescent light, blue, red, pink, purple strobing right across, the dancer comes up to him and pushes her tits into his sweating face - he nuzzles and shakes his head making a wet, almost gurgling kind of sound, like daffy duck, he's playing to the audience, they whoop and cheer a manish, beery kind of cheer - she pushes him off, he almost trips, gains his footing and takes a few steps back, then rushes forwards again, grabbing her ankles as he chucks himself at the floor, hands wrapped around her ankles, veins popping through, high high heels below, spiking the floor, he's pinning her down. She's squinting, bending over nearly naked but for the absurd hoofed feet, shiny black points, one virtually piercing her buttock flesh, like a button in a cushion, she lifts the heel leaving a perfect round welt on her flesh - the skin really white all round, dark slash between her, soles of her feet sticking out behind her buttocks. The girl tries to stand, one knee up off the floor, then she falls forward again as the girl stabs her foot back onto the buttock, slamming her back, then leans over and whacks her with the palm of her hand, making an unnatural slapping sound, she shudders and shouts out high pitched. Until up close you can see one guy, howling barely alive, another runs across and out from his bag pulls a syringe and jabs it into his arm, he spazzes, howls, and is then quiet, still, quietly moaning as he's dragged off, then the outrageous sound of the copters blades wpwppwpping overhead, loud then louder, until you can hear shit else, everything flies up all around, caught in the down draft from the rotor blades, men rush towards it and hurl themselves at the huge wind, clothes battered and tugged, so you can see every bump of flesh, bloodied, torn, they cower under the blades, the guy with the torn off leg comes over, dragged like a sack between the two other guys, leaving a long scuff mark in the sand. Then another slap, leaving both buttocks red, then the other gagged, can't see her mouth anymore, black sash tied around her face, hair all over the shop, streaking her face and hanging forwards like a mane, her back dipped in the middle where the girl sits on her, weighing her down so her buttocks stick upwards, making her cunt open wider like a gash, hairs on each side of the pink smile. There's a massive explosion, broken up into lots of pieces, like a carcass on the ground, the crew fleeing, limbs falling out of the busted out windows, one guys bloody fist falls open, dead, clutching the air as the flames curl up around it, until it's all charred black and then is just bone with some flesh falling off it, like a nored bone. Another guy running across the flat charred ground, dragging his mangled leg behind him, trousers ragged, blood soaked, one hand on his chest holding something in, hands splayed on his livery organ, spewing hot red,

and he staggers and falls forward, only just finding his feet. The deafening machine gun spurting an endless barrage, covering the distance like horizontal rain, the guy behind the gun shaking and jarring insanely - he spazzes all around, then there's a final explosion just behind and the whole copters gone up in flames - can't see anything except the orange flames reaching higher and higher into the sky and the rotor blade, there's only one left sticking out of the side, still moving slightly just ticking round, so pathetic and small - and lame - and then it cracks in two and is gone in the flames. She's gyrating even though she's down on all fours, hair falling all over her face like she's a lion, or a horse, her face hardly visible through the mane, the guy behind on his knee too, mechanically, as if he can do nothing else fucking her, his purple nob coming out then sticking in every time he sticks his buttocks out, his hands embedded in her fleshy buttocks, denting the white, making dark red shadows round each finger the other bloke straddles her waist, riding her, pulling her hair like its a reign, so that her whole head is pulled back, and all the bones show through the neck, making it bumpy, her features stretched back, eyes like slits, the weird light from somewhere else making them dappled and warm looking, but it's confusing because it's hard to tell where one body begins and the other ends - it's like one animal with lots of legs and arms and lots of heads, all swaying with the same rhythm there's a crack and the other one slams the door and walks through, absolutely naked, no shoes, just a big mop of hair - she leans across and sticks her fist in between the girls buttocks, just as he pulls out his knob. Roaring across the whole scene there's a huge gray shape, like the whole sky, then from further back it has edges, like part of a helicopter, everything swerves, blue sky comes in from one angle and all you can see is the side of the wing like a blade at the side of the picture, catching the light and sparkling - back at the sky, then you see the whole beast, hanging underneath like it's pregnant, the plane laden with explosives, bloated torpedo shapes strapped onto the planes belly, sparkling in the light, the planes flying absolutely evenly across the scene - the railing sound is unbearably loud, and you can't hear anything else, the whole picture, the whole sound, blocked out by this vast machine, the shapes pointed to one fire rod right at the top of the nose, seamlessly ripping through the clouds, wings splayed, they too laden with an arsenal of torpedo shaped explosives, which hang underneath, strapped on - the planes so close you can even see the rivets in the metal, and the sprayed on stencil markings - gray all over but the rivets make little dents in the metal, the air sort of folds around it, you can see it like a vapor curling round the wing as it knives through the sky, sunlight glinting off the sharp edge, and off the cockpit, so that you cannot see the guy inside, the whole cockpits like a mirror now, and the jet looks like its floating. Time suspended, eerie light gliding aimlessly across the smooth surface of

stuff. Sunlight and glare. He's holding his dick up as if he's never seen it before pulling, stroking it with his hand, making it puce and huge the girl on the other side of the room comes over, she drags the girl with her, trailing behind, long arms between them, then they're standing in front of the guy, staring at him as if they've never seen a dick before, the guy just carries on wanking then takes one of the girls arms and pulls her over, she's on her knees now, spine snaking shadow down to her buttocks, feet sticking out behind like a duck, her mouth falls onto his cock, lips stretched wide to bursting, skin of her cheek stretched, you can see his knob through the side, stretching the skin pale as she falls on him and his cock sinks into her face, disappearing through her painted mouth. The blue cloudless sky, the fuselage, pointed and windowless sheer pale gray, engines massive, spurts of fire coming out, right at the back like a huge arsehole, the air all around strange, like a mirror from the colossal heat, then from no-where, from the cloud, the nose of another beast, pointed, nosing through the gray, the plane is right there before you can see shit, it's coasting alongside, fin a white, they're railing along side by side, absolutely parallel, like a catamaran - then the first plane peels off, is gone - turns up sharp and is out of the frame, the other plane rails on straight as an arrow - then the other jet, think it's a starfighter, is back on the scene - madly twisting so that you can see the belly, stacked with explosives, long morbid torpedo shaped, strapped on, they're like bloated darts, then you see the guy in the front, eyes narrowed on the sky ahead as he yells into the mouthpiece, muffled, the words come out inaudible and broken, his brow sweating madly, covered in tiny beads, one running right down the middle of his brow into his tiny squinting eye. The sky rushes at him empty. Then head on, foreshortened the plane heads directly for him, distant, so it's barely a dot. The dot gets bigger and bigger by the moment, until it fills the screen like a menacing face, huge monocle at the front, wasp nose jabbing the sky, until its so close the wings disappear and all you can see is the cockpit, reflecting the plane coming at it, like a hurricane, closer, closer about to collide, huge right up close like it's going to eat the other one, then at the very last moment, when it's completely filled the screen it pulls up. So the guy in the cockpit looks up and suddenly. Instead of a face full of gray there's a load of blue sky, his face he looks hazy as he pulls up after him and there's a terrific roar. The roar is deafening - the planes at a ridiculous angle, you can see it's pregnant belly, loaded with darts, sheer, oddly beautiful, then, without warning, no sound, no nothing one of them ejaculates a spurt of fucking fire, it's burning through the blue of the sky itself. The orange so hot against the frozen blue. The fire arks through the sky like a tracer, it disappears into the cloud, then comes out the other end, making a sound I can't describe. Like a very drawn out gun firing, but not like that, then it's gone off frame. The fire spills

off onto the ground, catching onto one of the splayed bloody bodies, norrning away at the ragged clothes. Lash marks on her back, and buttocks, smarting with it, bright red welts where he was lashing her, hair pouring onto her shoulders, tits hanging down in front, ribs showing through, smiling a false red smeared smile, eyes sashed with the light, he kicks her down, and she's on all fours, he slightly looses footing, she's back on all fours, then she rocks again, naked skin, thin translucent, white veined, she's on her back, then she kicks him down, absurdly, she rolls onto him, one hand gagging his mouth, he struggles, arms fly up, he grabs her hair, pulling it on each side of her face, so all her face is stretched, she screams out, lifts one of her hoofed feet and whack him on the back, he falls onto her and is kindov splayed onto her, stuck to her, no space inbetween them, she's got both her legs wrapped around him, her flesh stupidly white against his unnatural tan, he pulls himself up onto his knees and you can see his massive erection as he starts to fall into her and his knob sinks into her flesh - her pussy stretches open as he kneas her legs apart, she still has her hands on his mouth, she whacks him again with her foot, you can't see anymore, but his cock sinking into her, and her legs up around his back - no more, some weird music coming over instead - and the crazy neon colours all over them making them look painted, or like they've got fur. The railing sound overhead is unbearable. Like the biggest storm ever, and the sky is totally dark, cloudless but dark as night - even though it isn't dark - then from nowhere, like a ginormous bird, appears the jet - ripping up the sky, a full face of gray metal, cockpit mirrored in the weird light, the arsenal of missiles hanging beneath. Absurd, loaded, strapped on like bloated arrows.

