

WORDS ARE MY LANGUAGE: THE POETRY OF MARK FISCHER

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et
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EXT. PARK - DAY

A montage of trees and plants, ending on a thoughtful face.

MARK (V.O.)

I'm not the typical stereotype of a poet. (Amused) I don't have a beard and I don't wear silly jumpers but I do take poetry seriously.

We see him jotting down a few ideas on a pad.

If a woman walks past he would stare at her bum.

Now to camera/interviewer.

MARK

It has to be taken seriously. Keats, Yeates, Byron, Fisher. We don't fuck about, you know? Just like a painter takes his canvas seriously. You can't just fling paint around and expect to create a great painting.

INTERVIEWER

What about Jackson Pollock?

MARK

Sorry?

INTERVIEWER

The painter.

MARK

....I'm not familiar with his work.

INTERVIEWER

He tends to throw paint onto a canvas and his paintings are renowned worldwide.

MARK

...Okay. Even if he does do that- let's say for a moment I believe you-

INTERVIEWER

It's the truth.

MARK

"A" truth. Yes, alright. Let's say I "believe" your "truth"- there must be a point- a time when "Jason Pollock" sits in front of his canvas and thinks.

INTERVIEWER

What? Just staring at it?

MARK

Not at it, but through it- beyond the canvas and into the possibilities of what it could hold.

INTERVIEWER

Alright. So if a painter does this what does a poet do? What do you do? What is your canvas?

MARK

I'm glad you asked this question. Very pleased.

Mark nods to himself.

INTERVIEWER

Yes?

MARK

This is my canvas.

Mark opens his arms wide.

We move to a very wide shot. Mark is small in frame.

MARK

(Screams) The whole world is my canvas! The whole wide world!

We move back into close up.

INTERVIEWER

And so you think about the whole world before you commit anything to paper?

MARK

Yes, usually.

INTERVIEWER

Doesn't that take a while?

MARK

No. No, it doesn't.

INTERVIEWER

If the world is your canvas, what is your brush?

MARK

Um. This.

He holds up a notepad.

INTERVIEWER
So, what would your pen be?

MARK
My *pen* is my pen.

INTERVIEWER
No, I mean, to continue the analogy, if the *world* is your canvas, your *notebook* is your brush, then your *pen* is...

MARK
...a biro?

INTERVIEWER
So... what do you see...

MARK
Words!

INTERVIEWER
I'm sorry...

MARK
Words are my pen. No, wait... My notebook is my easel... we need words in there somewhere...

INTERVIEWER
So you've been contemplating your canvas for a while now. Do you feel ready to paint the first line?

MARK
What?

INTERVIEWER
Have you got any ideas for poems?

MARK
No, not really.

INTERVIEWER
Hmm.

Mark's face lights up.

MARK
I saw a squirrel over there though.

INTERVIEWER

.... Mark Fisher, thank you very much.

Mark glances from where he saw the squirrel back to the camera. And back to the squirrel point.

As the credits roll, the camera tilts forward, left on "accidentally".

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Couldn't you write about the squirrel?

MARK

What about the squirrel?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

His quest for nuts?

MARK

Squirrels don't eat nuts.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Of course they do.

MARK

No.

SOUNDMAN(O.S.)

You could write about him looking for a lady squirrel...

MARK

That's too- on the nose. Too obvious.

SOUNDMAN (O.S.)

How about him looking for a man squirrel then?

MARK

It's meant to be a poem not a fucking soap opera! Anyway, you try thinking of a rhyme for squirrel.

INTERVIEWER

The Wirral?

MARK

What?

INTERVIEWER

It's... near Liverpool...

MARK
No it isn't.

They continue to converse as the film ends.

End.

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