

On a clear day you can see forever.  
From the northern elevation the city spread out in the basin of the Thames.  
Aircraft flying downriver.  
The commercial sector, the religious buildings.  
Damp and grey.  
Another elevation, a ghetto funeral.  
A hearse and police on a street corner.



A man walks up a parkland hill. The city below him.



Inside the ghetto home, a black man and his wife, elders, pensioners, suffering and wisdom.  
*He clear now. Clear.*  
His wife squeezes his shoulder.  
Outside they take out the box, coffin.



Up on the parkland hill the white man breathes.  
We see his breath in the cold.  
An observation point over the funeral.  
Police RT chatter.  
The white man breathes.  
Breath.  
Breath.  
*It's clear.*



The police observation, the helicopter, the city.  
The family on the street, respectful, the business associates of the deceased, subdued and mean.



Inside prison a cell door opens.  
A white man joins his escort.  
Outside the prison we see his release.  
He turns to the guard.  
*I am going all the way.*  
Clear.  
He breathes



The crowds outside a fashionable shopping area tube station. A smart young black man. Young women and young men meeting with a kiss.  
John greets Shirlon.  
She says  
*Take me back.*  
*This place ain't for me.*





London's seedy underbelly  
ripped apart by  
razor sharp distilled prose

*'On a clear day you can see forever'*

