

## IT'S MOVING FROM I TO IT

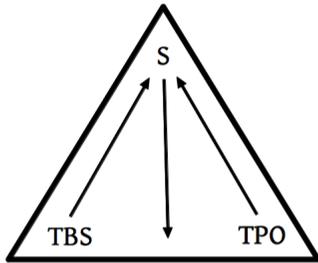
### Scene 1 / The Set

#### Characters:

*The Becoming Subject (TBS)*

*The Stranger*

*The Portable Object (TPO)*



#### Location:

*The Public Square*

The square is not quite an absence of built environment as it is a cleared space. As if, some time ago, there had been a few bad structures that had been pushed aside to make way for this. Within the development are the square's civic utilities and aspirations. Above there are studios, and below a cafe with a few generic tables and chairs, the side entrance to the library and a newsagent come post office. The other sides of the square are made up of older buildings: part offices, part flats. There are shops below these as well, but less visible. The square itself is paved in concrete slabs and defined with earth-filled raised blocks, intended for plants. Across one corner and side is a small semi-sculptural shape of low-level moulded concrete benching, which turns into a half circle suggesting an amphitheatre.

#### Time:

It is a nondescript time, mid-morning or mid-afternoon.

#### Sound:

The sound is of a writer's room. This has been recorded, then played back four times faster and recorded again at the same fast speed. Played at standard speed, this second recording has an amplified sound space four times larger than the writer's room.

#### Stage notes:

The new block is represented as one large flat-coloured rectangular board, a little away from, and covering, two thirds of the back width of the stage. The older blocks are two large flat other-coloured rectangular boards, slightly smaller than the new block board. The entire stage, walls and ceiling are a dark mid-grey, and the back of the stage floor curves up in an infinity wall.

#### Movement:

People are either inside the offices, which cover the upper parts or, without schedule, pass through the square to their tasks; letter posting, bank visiting, shopping. There is a feeling as if all the people's roles could be, but are not, interchangeable. As if one person might

The action is consecutive...

#### THE BECOMING SUBJECT

*[Enters back right and walks across the square]*

She is always purposefully careless about her own appearance, and actually careless about others' opinions on it. She wears any available clothes, washed with the rest of the clothes until all are a kind of damp, three-tone duller colour. Her frame is light but she carries herself with weight and force. She is always focused on something ahead, and moves around people like things in her way, sometimes observing their actions without complicity.

*[She stops in the centre of the stage, standing still]*

She is building a structure in her mind, constantly doing and undoing sections, looking at the sections, dismissing them, getting more, starting again. The process is outside the square's time, but the things in the square move in and out of relevance. Fitting and not fitting before being disregarded. Eventual form and disapproval of any particular form mutely block each other in repetition.

*[She moves to sits down on the concrete benching]*

#### THE STRANGER

*[Enters front right and walks through the square]*

#### THE BECOMING SUBJECT

*[seated on the concrete benching]*

There are less people moving through the square now but TBS notices THE STRANGER only as he moves into her line of sight. TBS marks THE STRANGER out by his slow pace, the way he seems to consider everything.

#### THE STRANGER

*[stops in the centre of the stage, standing still, looks at the time]*

#### THE BECOMING SUBJECT

*[seated on the concrete benching]*

TBS watches him as he stands now where she had been standing in the centre of the square. He seems to wait for something. There is a short, heavy, cold noise, not audible. It is more like a weight than a sound.

#### THE STRANGER

*[looks at the time again and moves away from his position towards the cafe]*

#### THE BECOMING SUBJECT

*[seated on the concrete benching]*

Watching him move away from the square, she sees the tightness of his actions as if he is moving away from something.

#### THE STRANGER

*[sits at the cafe and orders a drink facing his previous position. He brings out a few things that he does not look at]*

#### THE BECOMING SUBJECT

*[rises and walks to the cafe]*

She takes a seat at the table behind him. TBS orders a glass of water. The waiter is disdainful but she does not notice. She adjusts her position to THE STRANGER, tries to follow his line of sight to some point of recognition. The sound has continued at a lower tone and perhaps it has now stopped.

#### THE STRANGER

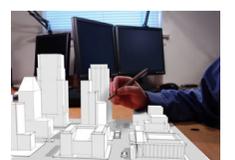
*[Drinks his drink, looks at his watch, then leaves the cafe with his things and exits the square back left]*

#### THE BECOMING SUBJECT

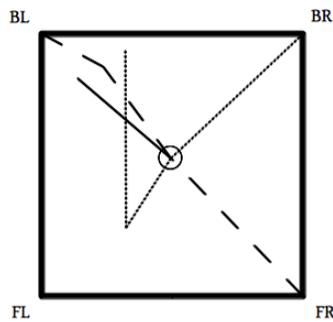
*[drinking water and looking at the shaded side of the square]*

A man walks towards her, he smiles and she looks away. She hears him sit down, turn his chair and begin to speak.

[...]



take on the gesture of another at the point of their crossing paths or lines of sight.



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 Dense\_Blocks\_web; 1285518051FoikUy  
 drawing6; 08-billingham-town-square;  
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Right page - from left to right  
 a-precise-replica-of-the-works-of-  
 john-james-audubon; Replica Next to  
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 Shoulder\_Brown\_Snake\_Bag

#

**Gil Leung** is a writer, artist and curator based in London. She is distribution manager at LUX, London and editor of VERSUCH journal. She writes for Afterall and various independent publications.

This text is the first manifestation of a feuilleton within the framework of *It's moving from I to it*, latest **FormContent's** project. With a nomadic format- a limited lifespan - 15 months - a blurred authorship - *It's moving from I to it* finds the first embodiment in an editable script. It fictionalizes its own mode of production in the attempt to become not simply a reflection on cultural production, but a collective step towards it. Along with the feuilleton with contributions from different writers, *It's moving from I to it* will take shape through a set of events and exhibitions.

Designed by Paulus M. Dreibholz

The action is consecutive...

**THE STRANGER**

*[Enters front right and walks through the square]*

**THE PORTABLE OBJECT**

*[in the cafe]*

The waiter has been enjoying talking with a well-dressed and attractive man - not handsome, but very attractive somehow. This man is THE PORTABLE OBJECT and he is ordering coffee. He always comes to the cafe and orders whatever the waiter recommends. This, like most things, is pleasing to TPO, as he gives any opportunity to adapt himself to others. He wears what others like, speaks as they speak and disagrees with them as they would hope. His clothes, unlabelled and dark, fit without effort. He is by no means tasteful to the point of being noticed, he is more correct than anything else. His adaption to others could not ever be seen as cloying or desperate, more like a pleasing warming touch. He is like very good lighting or a fine finish. This is why others enjoy him and likewise he enjoys this.

**THE STRANGER**

*[stops in the centre of the stage, standing still, looks at the time]*

**THE PORTABLE OBJECT**

*[in the cafe]*

TPO, while talking to the waiter, sees THE STRANGER stop in the centre of the square. He would have noticed this anyway but his glance is further verified by the way in which a strong-faced and light-bodied woman has also been observing his movements. She sees only THE STRANGER, she does not see him look at her. She does not see him looking at them both from the cafe.

**THE STRANGER**

*[looks at the time again and moves away from his position towards the cafe]*

**THE PORTABLE OBJECT**

*[in the cafe]*

Watching with steady disinterest, TPO notices THE STRANGER's certainty as he walks towards him. There is something in his manners: a certain conviction or utility, not something learnt though, nothing solid but fully realised.

**THE STRANGER**

*[sits at the cafe and orders a drink facing his previous position. He brings out a few things that he does not look at]*

**THE PORTABLE OBJECT**

*[in the cafe]*

TPO notes all the movements of THE STRANGER, the precise framing, the exact timing, the type and make of the watch, the things on the table. Each object seems to have a specificity, a logic that wasn't exactly about the quality of the material, more like a precision maybe. The woman has followed and sits at the back in the shade.

**THE STRANGER**

*[Drinks his drink, looks at his watch, then leaves the cafe with his things and exits the square back left]*

**THE PORTABLE OBJECT**

*[in the cafe, rises and strolls to where he saw THE STRANGER first stand]*

Standing, he looks back to the cafe, as if being where he had been would lend him the very qualities that THE STRANGER seemed to care about so little. Noticing the woman, he smiles at her, as he would at anyone, and returns to his seat. He turns his chair and begins to speak.

[...]

