clothes back on over wet skin and shivering limbs. Blue-shirt-and-trainers resists the urge to go for his pen.

'...like birds...'
The street children run off towards the side streets by the cathedral and the crowd disperses. All over in about two minutes. He thinks about notions of economy in story-telling; no acting required!

'But what was funny,' jacket-and-shirt is still talking, oblivious to the scene playing out behind him, 'was that he generally referred to him as Daddy, even in front of us. It was an open secret, I suppose.'

Blue-shirt-and-trainers is thinking about camera angles, but says: 'Daddy?'

'Yes.'

'And this wasn’t... You didn’t all call him that?'

'No, of course not. We just called him “Boss.”'

They continue talking as another tram passes and draws to a halt. Other things happening in the square. A man in red overalls hoses down a section of the pavement. Two backpackers stroll...
'Well, I always found him to be a pleasant, well-educated... Grouchy though, I don't know.'

Blue-shirt-and-trainers looks away; pretends to be less interested than he is; picks up the packet from the bench beside him and lights a cigarette then drops the lighter back in his shirt pocket.

'What can I tell you? This order came through. Maybe more of a request, if you like. That each of the sectors would send maybe a hundred men... They were expecting a big demonstration.' He pauses, 'Tell me more about the script what kind of thing, then, if not the usual clich?' A pause, and then an afterthought, 'You know there's nothing but clich. I mean, that's the problem: it's all one big fucking clich.'

'Well, exactly. No, but a kind of a picaresque thing some familiar situations, but kind of satirical and much more about relationships, flawed characters crazy stuff!' Pause, 'But not all crazy you know, honest. I want it to be honest. But with lots going on in every frame in the background as well. This network of relationships playing out, influencing the bigger events... So you were one of them, these hundred men? Was this when...'

Well, with all this romantic nonsense about his lost

backtrack for maybe a week. He was coming out

were having up and we were concerned to

suppose we got taking one time. When things

we stayed here for months in his unit. Then I

And..."

but he was moody. I told you this.

is this what you mean him?

I don't know. Maybe I'll see it in Africa. Um, so

didn't laugh.

"Don't expect us making some heads together. He

we were all hyed up I suppose. Laughing at the

were making up the numbers. Big guts. Too. All of

ones. Like proper police would wear. Obviously we

these others uniforms. So we were all breaking

year, we stopped on the way and had to get out

'Looking back this is some serious shit, no? It's

constant round of tantrums and sulks.'
Blue-shirt-and-trainers nods, 'Yes, exactly go on.'

The school party has gone, but there are still two
young children standing by the fountain. They are
having a conversation about fishing and nature.

'But he never did....'

And... What can I tell you? This order came through.

'The Scene' was created by cutting up, remixing
and re-narrativising fragments from the following
sources and en-enriching fragments from the following:

Forster, E.M. The Life to Come, And Other Stories
(edited by Oliver Stallybrass). Harmondsworth: Penguin,

and dive in, coming up spluttering and each time
'buckling his holster...'

'No, I'm just curious. I want to get a flavour of
what was like when we got moved to the
mountains. It's really beautiful there. Do you
know it?'

Tony White's Balkanising Bloomsbury project is
supported by Arts Council England through a
Grants for the Arts award.