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 background include:

- A man in red overalls hoses down a section of the pavement. Two backpackers stroll clothes back on over wet skin and shivering limbs. Blue-shirt-and-trainers resists the urge to go for his pen.

'[...like birds...]

The whole time but without the usual clichés; I thought...

'No. I'm just curious. I want to get a flavour of what a great exposition.

Dickensian? what a great exposition.

exactly this kind of thing he was writing is, most

jacket-and-shirt: his thinking of the film. This is
captured that he is no longer listening to
blue-shirt-and-trainers is so shocked and

'...happens when two men... perhaps overnight...'

'seemless command. I like it! It's unexpected...

'seemless command! I like it! Really beautiful...'

'really beautiful...'

...the bathing room... really beautiful...'

Great! A crowd gathers to watch the cheeky yet
captivated that he is no longer listening to

This is excellent.

'to embrace him...'

...to embrace him...'

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

'Tell me more about the script what kind

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

of the 2007 Diffusion Generator case studies

of 1965-1888. 'When it was the

Burton, Richard.

programme.

sources to create a completely new story:

Forster, E.M.

'What Does it Matter? A Morality',

Six Hundred and Eighty-ninth Night'. The Project

Gutenberg e-text of The Book of the Thousand

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

anonymously; a blue shirt tucked into jeans and

in the center of the square! the sudden

blue and yellow press and draws to a halt

Neither very far a moment.' They both watch as

Two men are sitting in the autumn sunshine on a
'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...'

http://www.gutenberg.org/dirs/etext04/forster10.txt

Forster, E.M. 'What Does it Matter? A Morality', The Life to Come, And Other Stories in the six hundred and eighty-ninth night. The project of the forster generator case studies programme.

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Programme of the 2007 Diffusion Generator case studies.

Tony White

The Scene

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I was surprised, you know. Lamenting that they couldn't be together. He was in love; crazy in love. Anyway, I guess maybe I'm a good listener. We ended up getting very drunk he'd been preparing some lamb, some really beautiful meat. God knows where he got it from. So he invited me and a couple of the other guys to share it. He grilled the meat, we ate, we drank more. Then I had an idea and said, "Look, you should just run away together when all this is over. Like in the movies when they elope. Go to Italy, London, where ever!" I looked at the other guys, "Listen, we are all very loyal to you: we could help you. It's the least we can do for our guys, "Listen, we are all very loyal to you: we should just run away together when all this is over. Then I had an idea and said, "Look, you should just run away together when all this is over. Like in the movies when they elope. Go to Italy, London, where ever!" I looked at the other guys, "Listen, we are all very loyal to you: we could help you. It's the least we can do for our captain!" Everyone was nodding and encouraging him. He liked this. I suppose we became kind of friends after that night. No not friends exactly he was much older than me, then there is the question of rank. But it must have taken his mind off things to share those dreams of his with me. Is this the kind of thing?"

Blue-shirt-and-trainers nods, 'Yes, exactly go on.' But his attention is wandering. Something is happening by a fountain that he can see over jacket-and-shirt's shoulder. A teacher shepherding a group of children they all make