# **Becoming the Icon – Transcript with Audio Description**

AD:  
A rehearsal room set with two non-descript black chairs and microphones on stands. Daylight fills the room from right.

A slim woman of Eurasian descent sits at right, legs crossed, her hair pulled back. A bald, burly man of Latvian descent sits at left wearing a black t-shirt with the M-shaped McDonald’s logo rendered in white above the word GUCCI. Both are barefoot. The pair settle themselves, fidgeting slightly in their seats. Their eyes look forward; their faces blank.

The scene shifts slightly. The same room, but the light has a different hue. The woman’s hair is down. The man fusses with his mic. [BEAT] Their hands rest in their laps.

A different room. The same setup - two chairs, two mics on stands. The same people in different outfits. This time, a rug lines the timber floor beneath them. She is still. He fidgets, adjusting his trackpants.

Back to the first room and the first outfits. Both fidget with their mics, then become still, hands in laps.

The man breaks the stillness, dropping his hand off his lap for a moment and letting it twitch.

A new room. The same people. The same setup. A timber floor surrounded by black curtains. They fidget.

The same setup in a darkened room. White light glints off the mic stands and barely catches two chairs against an inky, infinite field of black. The man and woman, dressed in matching black t-shirts and shorts, step in simultaneously, settle themselves in the chairs, and adjust their microphones. The light carves bright channels across their torsos, faces barely lit. They hold their hands above their knees, palms up, fingers curled toward the ceiling.

Text. Becoming the Icon. Lilian Steiner and and Emile Zile.

The man stands side on, facing right, in dim light. He lifts his hands and begins to gesticulate, fists grasping the air. Another pair of hands broaches the frame at right.

Our view slowly tracks right, revealing the woman standing side-on, facing the man. Her hands also move rapidly.

The pair do not make eye contact. The movement of their hands is simultaneous, but distinct. The movements do not call or respond to the other, but flow instead in rapid streams of grabbing, clawing, slicing, pointing.

The field of his movements is large, stretching from above the head to the waist. Hers are more contained in front of her chest and face.

Suddenly, their movements slide into a similar rhythm. The pace of their gestures slows, and the movements become more subtle.

They crawl to a stop, their hands drop, and they step backward out of frame.

Light catches their hands, floating in darkness as if disembodied, hands held with fingers loosely splayed like a conductor about to signal an upbeat.

(RHYTHMIC DRUM BEAT STOPS)

EMILE ZILE:  
Teeth.

LILIAN STEINER:  
Throat.

EMILE ZILE:  
Saliva.

LILIAN STEINER:  
Tonsils.

AD:  
The hands shake slightly.

EMILE ZILE:  
Mouth.

LILIAN STEINER:  
Tongue.

EMILE ZILE:  
Air waves.

AD:  
Small movements enter the hands. They sway gently.

LILIAN STEINER:  
Movement of air.

EMILE ZILE:  
Breathing deeply.

LILIAN STEINER:  
Filling the lungs with breath.

EMILE ZILE:  
Contraction and expansion.

LILIAN STEINER:  
Movement from inside to outside.

EMILE ZILE:  
Breath control.

LILIAN STEINER:  
Controlling the thought.

EMILE ZILE:  
Expressing with clarity.

LILIAN STEINER:  
Delivering a thought.

EMILE ZILE:  
Convincing with an argument.

LILIAN STEINER:  
Saying something important.

AD:  
Their hands tap at the air like an emphatic politician at a podium.

EMILE ZILE:  
Delivering on truth.

LILIAN STEINER:  
Conveying what you want to express.

EMILE ZILE:  
Offering an opinion.

LILIAN STEINER:  
Sharing what is at the essence of you.

EMILE ZILE:  
Welcoming you in.

LILIAN STEINER:  
We want you to be happy here.

EMILE ZILE:  
We are here for you.

LILIAN STEINER:  
This is your space.

AD:  
Her hands open slightly.

EMILE ZILE:  
Blood.

LILIAN STEINER:  
Thick.

EMILE ZILE:  
Mucus.

LILIAN STEINER:  
Fluidity.

AD:  
Their hands soften into small, flowing movements.

EMILE ZILE:  
Eyeballs.

LILIAN STEINER:  
Defining focus.

EMILE ZILE:  
Looking forward.

LILIAN STEINER:  
Going inside.

EMILE ZILE:  
Moving forward together.

AD:  
Their hands now move as if moulding soft clay.

LILIAN STEINER:  
It's beginning to hover.

EMILE ZILE:  
Can you see it there?

LILIAN STEINER:  
I can see it there. It's beginning to float.

EMILE ZILE:  
What does it look like?

LILIAN STEINER:  
Its, yellow.

AD:  
Her flat hand makes small slices in the air. His paddle slowly up and down as if piloting a puppet on strings.

EMILE ZILE:  
Where is it floating now?

LILIAN STEINER:  
It's in the distance, can you see it?

EMILE ZILE:  
I can make it out, barely.

LILIAN STEINER:  
It's starting to come a little bit closer. It's arriving.

EMILE ZILE:  
It's, rolling?

LILIAN STEINER:  
No, not rolling. It's floating. Yes, floating.

EMILE ZILE:  
How do you make it come here quicker?

AD:  
Their gestures begin to flow more quickly now, resembling what came before.

LILIAN STEINER:  
If you look inside you'll start to see it arriving a little bit quicker.

EMILE ZILE:  
How do we talk to it?

LILIAN STEINER:  
You have to speak with the truth.

AD:  
The hands freeze. One fist, one vertical palm. One hand on the other wrist, one splayed out, palm up.

Slow movements resume.

EMILE ZILE:  
What is it called?

LILIAN STEINER:  
I'm not sure what it's called, but it's beside a box.

EMILE ZILE:  
But it looks like a sphere.

LILIAN STEINER:  
It is a sphere. Sphere, box.

EMILE ZILE:  
Take the sphere, take the box. Put the sphere inside the box. It's really simple.

LILIAN STEINER:  
Once you have the box inside the sphere, outside the sphere, your name on the front of the box.

EMILE ZILE:  
You got to try this out. Put your name on the box one time only. One time only.

LILIAN STEINER:  
Once you put your name on the box, look for my name under the box.

EMILE ZILE:  
The names are on the box. One, two, three. They're all there.

LILIAN STEINER:  
One, two. Third name.

EMILE ZILE:  
You can see. It's obvious.

LILIAN STEINER:  
First name.

EMILE ZILE:  
Second name.

LILIAN STEINER:  
On the box. Legacy...

EMILE ZILE:  
Together.

LILIAN STEINER:  
Your name is my legacy.

AD:  
Both pause.

Slow, languid movements resume.

EMILE ZILE:  
Where is it now?

LILIAN STEINER:  
I can't see it. It's gone.

EMILE ZILE:  
Where is it now?

LILIAN STEINER:  
It has gone.

EMILE ZILE:  
We need to find it.

LILIAN STEINER:  
That is the truth.

EMILE ZILE:  
Where did it go? Where did it go?

LILIAN STEINER:  
I see it now. It's over there in the distance. I want it to come closer. You must bring it closer.

EMILE ZILE:  
Let's bring it closer. Come on, it's time to bring it closer.

LILIAN STEINER:  
You can bring it closer to us. Look inside, find yourself.

EMILE ZILE:  
We can do this. Togetherness. Bring it closer to unity.

LILIAN STEINER:  
Unity. Together we will find the box, put it inside the sphere. My name on it. Your name on it.

EMILE ZILE:  
On the box.

LILIAN STEINER:  
Third name...

EMILE ZILE:  
In the box. Put the sphere in the box.

AD:  
Her right hand shakes violently. The other is soft, palm upturned. He pressed a solid fist into the other palm. Both are still.

Snap to Black.

They stand side by side in matching black t-shirts and shorts, against a black backdrop, visible from the knees up. He’s a foot taller than her. They hold their arms in front of them.

Their gazes pierce the camera, starting directly at us as their arms begin to move slowly. Their fingers are soft and curled as their curved arms pulse through gestures suggesting a welcoming embrace but without warmth.

The gestures shift, hands turning up, now moving as if showing off imaginary products. His posture hunches over slightly, and he looks at us from under heavy brows.

The movements take on a robotic manner, loosely-curled fingers fixed on the end of waving arms as if cast from metal.

The movements become larger, more exaggerated, as if in flights of grand oration.

Both step one leg back slightly, adopting a small lunge, making their movements more energetic and insistent.

She takes two steps forward, reaching up, head tipping back.

He shakes his head, upper back hunched, one hand held up, the other flapping at the wrist as if to deter an incoming threat.

Both take small steps forward. She points, then adopts the flapping motion as if asking someone to put an object down, eyes flicking to the floor.

They both back off, receding into the darkness, then gradually advance again.

Both crouch slightly, their gaze now drawn high, arms moving as if signalling from the yard to a second-floor window.

He retreats, and she advances. The focus drifts between them.

Their gestures are large, abrupt, and emphatic.

Slow fade to black.

The man and woman lie on a black floor, him behind her. His head is at left, feet at right, top leg bent at the knee. Her head is at right, feet at left, one hand arm draped back behind her head. Both are angled away from us, and lit in stark white.

His right arm twitches, elbow at his waist.

His hamstring ripples under pale flesh.

Movement flickers through the arm draped above her head. Her hand grazes his heel. The camera snaps closer, slowly tracking across their bodies as small movements build so they twitch like dreamers in a restless sleep.

The small movements ignite larger ones. Both still face away. He lifts his arms at the elbows, fingers curled in the air. His head rests on her thigh.

He draws his legs across the floor in a wide arc away from the camera, torso and body levering in the opposite direction -his head now on her stomach.

Her arm wraps around his as it draws across his chest. He lifts a leg, and slowly wriggles his hips left.

Now, their hands hold black textas in close-up. The inky felt tips hover over a blank piece of paper, which their free hands hold steady.

The texta tips jostle for position, not quite making contact with the sheet. Text appears in blue bands at the top and bottom of the frame. “Have Faith. Anxiety and Fear.”

The text disappears. His texta makes a small smudge on the paper, then retreats.[BEAT] Hers draws a faint line beside it. Tip-to-tip, the textas make tiny marks on the paper in a field smaller than a 50c piece.

New text appears at top and bottom. “There were fears. The perception of some.” The text disappears. Suddenly, his texta draws a thick curl.

Back in the black room, their bodies still writhe. He is slumped over, lying face down, and she is curled over against his broad back. Their bodies shudder with small, persistent convulsions. She uncurls, hidden behind him except for the crown or her head, black hair blending into his t-shirt.

Her hand reaches up, as if seeking a hold, but finding only air. Then, she rolls over, forehead glued to the small of his back.

Her arm hooks under his, drawing it toward her. Her legs scramble, wrenching her higher up onto his back.

He plants a hand on the black floor, pressing himself up slightly. His shoulders round, and she topples off his body.

Now, a new piece of paper in close up. Her hand holds a sky-blue texta, smoothing the paper with her hand’s edge. His hand holds a gold texta and sweeps across the page’s width, back and forth. She draws a shape like a question mark with two dots.

Text appears at top and bottom. War and Peace. Life and Death. He writes “yes” then underlines it. She peppers the page with more question marks. He writes “no”, then underlines it. He fences the markings with a thick curve. More question marks. He puts quotes around “yes” and “no”. She writes Y?. He adds another question mark. Their textas call and respond, building on each other’s marks with accents and squiggles.

Text appears at top and bottom. Let me be clear. Let me repeat it. His gold texta carves thick lines on the page, circling clusters of other marks. Hers makes scratchy additions just out of frame.

Back in the black room. Their limbs entangled, still pulsing. She lies draped over his bent knee, face up. He lies on his side, head resting on an outstretched arm.

A new piece of paper. His green texta draws long, flowing lines.=

The black room. Their bodies still entangled. He struggles to roll over, one arm trapped under her legs, feet crossed behind him. His head comes to rest across her hip, then drags down her thigh.

A piece of paper already marked in pink and gold. Her hand draws with the gold texta. An arch. A dot. An M. A dome. Text appears at top and bottom. “We Recognise/Our Need”.

His hand orbits with the pink texta, not making contact. She switches to black, adding rushed squiggles and hacking lines. The pink texta lands and draws a continuous swerving line, then a huge spiral.

Text. “I have only one thing to say/I have a plan”. A slash of pink, chased by gold. Small pink lines.

The hands meet and jostle at centre.

Text. “To be in it, to exploit it/I say yes, let’s.”

The black room. She’s on her hands and knees. He is tented over her, weight shifting from hand to hand. She wrenches herself up, feet finding the floor, and raising her hips and lifting his chest. His fingertips brush the floor. He stands, pressing her top half down, folding her torso against her legs. Her hands scramble for purchase, then she steps backward. His chest slides down her back. She ducks her head out from under him, and she unfolds to standing, cut off at the waist by the top of the frame.

A piece of paper. Their hands draw cartoonish doodles. His in black, hers in pink. He draws a wide, toothy smile below two eyes. She gives one eye a star for a pupil. She draws another crude star above it. He gives it a smiley face.

Text. “I’ve adequately expressed/my sense of sorrow.” More smiley faces, overlapping chaotically.

Text: “We are not perfect/let me emphasise.” More characters, more abstract shapes, mashed together on the crowded page.

Text. “Abundance, prosperity/Safety and freedom.”

They still the textas for a moment, then resume scribbling. Text: This is not a time for slogans/this is a time for heroes.

Now, their faces fill the frame, side by side, lit in soft white giving their faces a faint, dewy glow. They speak.

BOTH:  
Friends,

EMILE ZILE:  
We are

LILIAN STEINER:  
I give assurance,

EMILE ZILE:  
Thank you, it's a privilege to be here.

LILIAN STEINER:

Well, this is the sweetest victory of all.

EMILE ZILE:  
A message based firmly in realism.

LILIAN STEINER:  
it is A victory for ordinary people.

EMILE ZILE:  
For too long,

LILIAN STEINER:  
Make it clear,

EMILE ZILE:  
We say,

LILIAN STEINER:  
Have faith.

EMILE ZILE:  
desire.

LILIAN STEINER:  
Accountability.

EMILE ZILE:  
Our need

LILIAN STEINER:  
I am happy to debate.

EMILE ZILE:  
this is a victory

LILIAN STEINER:  
it is about the very principles

EMILE ZILE:  
for the rule of law and what is right.

LILIAN STEINER:  
of our democracy.

EMILE ZILE:  
We want to give you the truth.

LILIAN STEINER:  
Not just a place,

EMILE ZILE:  
the truth is this...

LILIAN STEINER:  
A time in history.

EMILE ZILE:  
We want to change all of that.

LILIAN STEINER:  
Every citizen can and should.

EMILE ZILE:  
We recognise,

LILIAN STEINER:  
We are not perfect.

EMILE ZILE:  
I'm glad we argued for what was right,

LILIAN STEINER:  
There is no need for haste,

EMILE ZILE:  
Not what was easy.

LILIAN STEINER:  
nothing will change over the short term.

EMILE ZILE:  
I want to look myself in the mirror.

LILIAN STEINER:  
I've adequately expressed my sense of sorrow.

EMILE ZILE:  
you shall not be diverted from our cause.

LILIAN STEINER:  
That may be the perception of some.

EMILE ZILE:  
Most importantly of all

LILIAN STEINER:  
I have a plan.

EMILE ZILE:  
I demand.

LILIAN STEINER:  
First of all.

EMILE ZILE:  
We fought with honour and valour

LILIAN STEINER:  
Honesty and credibility in public life

EMILE ZILE:  
and the war is over.

LILIAN STEINER:  
starts with policies.

EMILE ZILE:  
this is the kind of vision we need.

LILIAN STEINER:  
We need to start thinking about our future.

EMILE ZILE:  
If you believe the Most important thing is

LILIAN STEINER:  
I love this country and I Have been

EMILE ZILE:  
to give people A better life.

LILIAN STEINER:  
honoured to serve.

EMILE ZILE:  
this is the best country in the world.

LILIAN STEINER:  
to be in it. to exploit it.

EMILE ZILE:  
But First, I want to talk a little.

LILIAN STEINER:  
Behind me stands a wall.

EMILE ZILE:  
We are grateful for a job well done.

LILIAN STEINER:  
the values That inspire people to dream.

EMILE ZILE:  
I'd rather be a loser than a quitter.

LILIAN STEINER:  
This is a victory for the true believers.

EMILE ZILE:  
I'm not gonna let one bad day ruin 25 great years.

SPEAKERDASH2:  
I believe it was entirely right and inevitable.

EMILE ZILE:  
Never lose faith in the power of individuals to make a difference.

There is still A massive disconnect.

EMILE ZILE:  
I said I was going to burn for you.

LILIAN STEINER:  
I'll tell you all I can.

EMILE ZILE:  
Let me be clear.

LILIAN STEINER:  
Let me just say this.

EMILE ZILE:  
Let me emphasise.

LILIAN STEINER:  
Let me repeat it.

EMILE ZILE:  
this is not a time for slogans.

LILIAN STEINER:  
Honesty and credibility.

EMILE ZILE:  
it is A time for real answers.

LILIAN STEINER:  
Make up your own mind.

EMILE ZILE:  
This nation's watched it's

LILIAN STEINER:  
Sneering at Our civilisation

EMILE ZILE:  
sons and daughters with pride.

LILIAN STEINER:  
has become their new pastime.

EMILE ZILE:  
I say yes, let's.

LILIAN STEINER:  
So, that's a yes.

EMILE ZILE:  
Falling down is not our challenge.

LILIAN STEINER:  
the choice between the past and the future.

EMILE ZILE:  
Standing up is our mark.

LILIAN STEINER:  
Now, without waiting for peace.

EMILE ZILE:  
Sustaining hope.

LILIAN STEINER:  
A time to decide.

EMILE ZILE:  
this victory belongs to

LILIAN STEINER:  
A victory of values.

BOTH:  
My friends.

EMILE ZILE:  
I've always believed in miracles.

LILIAN STEINER:  
you are the inspiration for our efforts.

EMILE ZILE:  
Anxiety and fear.

LILIAN STEINER:  
What I believe.

EMILE ZILE:  
In fact, we do know.

LILIAN STEINER:  
I'll tell you what.

EMILE ZILE:  
We're going to restore order.

LILIAN STEINER:  
We have more work to do.

EMILE ZILE:  
There were fears.

LILIAN STEINER:  
Progress is possible.

EMILE ZILE:  
Today we must celebrate.

LILIAN STEINER:  
Tear down this wall.

EMILE ZILE:  
I have only one thing to say.

LILIAN STEINER:  
A statement of what I believe.

EMILE ZILE:  
Abundance, prosperity, safety and freedom.

LILIAN STEINER:  
Head, heart and soul.

EMILE ZILE:  
So, friends.

LILIAN STEINER:  
My friends,

EMILE ZILE:  
We have a lot of work to do.

LILIAN STEINER:  
These are all values worth fighting for.

EMILE ZILE:  
We can't change the past

LILIAN STEINER:  
There's always cause for concern,

EMILE ZILE:  
But my word can we change the future.

LILIAN STEINER:  
But never pessimism.

EMILE ZILE:  
Today we meet in a world blessed by the promise of peace.

SPEAKERDASH2:  
The values that inspired people to dream.

EMILE ZILE:  
We did not seek nor did we provoke

LILIAN STEINER:  
I'm the only one in this room

EMILE ZILE:  
an assault on Our freedoms.

LILIAN STEINER:  
who's actually said where the money is coming from.

EMILE ZILE:  
Let me say this.

LILIAN STEINER:  
War and peace.

EMILE ZILE:  
Let me say this.

LILIAN STEINER:  
Life and death.

EMILE ZILE:  
The true measure of a people's hope

LILIAN STEINER:  
It is no longer right for this country

EMILE ZILE:  
is how they rise to master that moment when it does rise.

SPEAKERDASH2:  
There can be no doubt about the results.

EMILE ZILE:  
This is a means to an end.

LILIAN STEINER:  
I think we can do better.

EMILE ZILE:  
This is a time for heroes.

AD:   
Snap to Black.

Credits.

Becoming the Icon. Lilian Steiner. Emile Zile.  
Cinematogprahy - James Wright.  
Sound design - Nick Roux.

Additional camera - Emile Zile

Editing - Emile Zile and Lilian Steiner.

Producer - Freya Waterson.  
Producer for Arts House - Tara Prowse.

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