

# I HOLD YOU, AND YOU HOLD ME

---

**Character 1**

**Character 2**

**Director**

---

*introductive images:*

*shots of the place where the filming is going to take place*

*or*

*?shots of waves?: some introductive lines spoken by the director or one of the characters?*

*possible lines:*

[Once I was madly in love with a girl  
and I would have this recurring dream of huge waves of water coming and taking me.

I would run away and climb to the top of the surrounding houses to save myself.

Each time I died.

When I came to Donostia-San Sebastián to develop a project about care,  
I was reminded of that feeling of fear  
while watching the waves of the ocean break on the rocks.

And I thought how to care for someone resembles these waves,  
waves of emotion/affect coming over you and taking you away  
to different places, different states of being, different states of mind,  
different states of relation to your surroundings.

And you might find yourself somewhere else, suddenly,  
dissolved between me, her, you and I.]

---

**Preparatory discussions to be held with the two participants, eventually being filmed as well:  
what do they connect with care politically/emphatically/intimately?**

**eventually speaking also about connections between care-activism-solidarity  
what does it mean to take care of each other? how does that position one to another when  
thinking that bodies share different vulnerabilities?**

---

*Shot of three people sitting in a row: both participants and director*

---

**Character 1**

*frontally sitting, only one character in the frame*

She had this idea of making a movie with two queer women,  
talking about care,  
about their implications and desires connected to this word.  
Two women,  
half-fiction, half real,  
scripted, staged, played, enacted, re-performed,  
by multiple characters.

**Character 2**

*frontally sitting, other character in the frame*

She filmed in Donostia-San Sebastián, in Tabakalera,  
a former tobacco factory, now a cultural center.

**Character 1**

*character 1 as a profile, looking towards other woman, who is not in the picture*

She was unsure whether to speak about care in its connection with labor

and how far to engage with the space itself.

She doesn't speak Basque or Spanish, nor does she know the context very well.

## **Character 2**

*character 2 next to character 1 looking into the camera/into the direction of the camera*

The film evolved as a story between women,  
their relation and care towards each other.

---

## **(Director**

*frontal shot of the director, reading this*

I have been thinking what tone to give to the characters.

How to frame them, how to draw them.

How far I am part of them. And they part of me,  
floating between memory and desire,  
mine and yours, hers and theirs.)

---

## **Character 1**

*while this is spoken showing the empty space of the filming - maybe this part should be changed,  
depending on the context of the two performers/participants, should be introductory to the  
characters*

There is this gesture of defining  
someone through stories and concepts  
to create fixed identities:  
a person getting branded,  
forced into a position to have a subjectivity

defined only through and within lines of power.

A subject in need,  
erotic in their resistance,  
object of academic, artistic, theoretical desire,  
someone I can take care of,  
to feel myself powerful, political, aware.

Correct terms projected onto the body,  
to capture where the intersections of power lie.  
Charts, tactics and strategies are designed to decide  
how to use you,  
how to study you,  
how to save you.

If somebody is not seen as a proper object to fit in,  
then they are also not seen as a proper political actor,  
because they fail to be withheld in this pre-written system.

## **Character 2**

*while this is spoken showing the empty space of the filming*

Yet, one is more than the words used to circumscribe me.  
More than the relations of power that structure me,  
even though they crawl into my life  
to reduce me,  
making me deny the contradictions within and between myself,  
me, in difference to myself and to you.

### **Character 1**

*characters sitting close to each other, shoulder to shoulder, facing into different directions*

I ask myself whether care as a concept could be a way out of this.

you know, if it could hold us beyond the reach of violence,

if it enables us to imagine ourselves beyond the borders drawn between me and you,

if it can make us see our subjectivities float,

see them move, redefined, remade, abolished, rejected, multiplied.

### **Character 2/Director**

*characters sitting close to each other, shoulder to shoulder, facing into different directions, maybe also slightly leaning towards each other, or underlying the pronounced sentences with gestures*

I always thought that the word care in English comes from the Latin word "cura",

but it has Germanic roots and is connected to grief and lament,

It seems to be the opposite of a relation to someone else,

since it means to turn inward.

Only later the word implied another person in interaction.

It is quite impressive, this turn from inward to outward,

or that it actually is the same,

movement from me towards myself, away from you

but also away from me and towards you.

### **Character 2**

What does it mean then to take care of somebody?

Is it to take away someone's grief, or would it mean to lament together?

## Character 1

*change of positions, one character sitting in front of the other, facing also into opposite directions, camera maybe behind one of them*

To me, sometimes it just seems to be without any form of substance.

You say you take care of me.

I say I take care of you.

What do these sentences even involve?

Even if we separate them from the paternalizing notions of state-implied care systems,

If we speak about care within each other as women,

how do these words fail to speak about your and my desire

to dominate each other through care?

Of me wanting to take hold of you?

How does it hide and reproduce my desire to be strong,

to be relied upon,

to give help,

to stay respected?

It just puts me or you in a predetermined position that none of us can't leave.

And that's how I might feel strong,

by taking care of you.

It implies that I want to see you incapable of acting for yourself.

I want to see you too weak for that.

Imagine two people having an encounter,

but at the wrong time,  
without being in balance.

Imagine, it is as if:

One person talks, the other remains silent.

One opens up,  
the other one closes down.

Communication becomes a failure,  
everything evades.

Things may be felt, through the trap of empathy,  
but it is just one person taking control over the other,  
deciding for them,  
making choices for them,  
holding on to them.

## **Character 2**

*eventually staying in same position as before, but filming only parts of the body*

It can also be a possibility.

Sometimes borders are crossed that should have been respected  
and others left untouched,  
though they should have become demolished.

It is nothing but fear,  
that frequently provides this framework of anxious interferences.

Caring about you, it might be personally transgressive in some instances,  
but this transgression it can also be a gesture of protection,

of interruption of systemic violence.

### **Character 1**

Well, as if I could not defend myself.

And take decisions for myself.

### **Character 2**

*positioning the characters in a manner that it follows the structure of the room*

It might be.

But not doing anything, not acting, it might also be the wrong decision.

It might keep me within the borders that are not even built by you or me,

but by the structures wrapped around us,

erected under,

over,

between us,

holding us tight to each other or keeping us apart,

fixating our subjectivities as identities,

moving us closer or further apart,

just as they wish to operate and inscribe themselves within our bodies,

creating borders separating them,

visibly invisible.

For instance, thinking too much about whether to act or not,

about being too dominant or not,



too protective or not,  
it can withhold me from acting,  
it can withhold me to counter the violence that you experience.  
Of course, in that case, I don't endure the pain you feel,  
but caring about you, in the very sense of this word,  
it means that the pain you hold, it takes a hold on me, too.

---

*shots of water moving or more informal discussions between performers/actresses to be included or also shots from the window outside*

---

### **Character 1**

Well, this is it.  
Care, this word, it inevitably seems to give this illusion  
that our bodies share the same vulnerability.  
But this is not true.  
They are dominated, taken over, harassed, objectified  
through different mechanisms of power and pain.

Even when coming from the same contexts,  
with similar amount of privileges or experiences of marginalization.  
It is an illusion that we can feel each other's pain,  
be aware of it,  
transform and alleviate it,  
heal it.  
What does it mean,  
what does this desire mean,

to heal a pain that is beyond your reach,  
beyond your body,  
that is not yours?

To even call a body a body to be healed?

A body to be healed of violence,  
through care,  
through my care specifically.

What a form of entitlement,  
of a drive for possession.

Yet I know what you mean,  
how in certain moments  
vulnerabilities and distant events of pain and hurt,  
regain their presence in-between ourselves.

-----  
*focused shots of the camera moving towards the protagonists*  
*framing their hand, their posture,*  
*their bodies moving towards each other and distancing themselves from each other*  
-----

## **Character 2**

Still, I am unable to approach, to touch  
what decides over my and your sameness,  
my and your difference.

What separates and unites me and you?

For it seems that there is commonness in differences  
and differences in commonness.

Sometimes my touch, my care are nothing but an attempt to feel myself complete,  
to feel myself alive  
in the pain appropriated,  
running through me,  
when I touch you,  
feeling myself in your difference.

Appropriating the pain that is not mine.  
me, that is made not to be you.

I wonder what can then the power of this be, politically and personally,  
of my care moving me towards you in a strange moment of intimacy,  
not as empathy,  
beyond it,  
for I am aware that our vulnerabilities can't ever meet,  
never live up to each other's complexity.

What creates this feeling of being one and multiple at the same time,  
of becoming aware of the very materiality  
of the structures shaping us,  
making the borders between our subjectivities palpable for each other.

### **Character 1**

It is for this that I am fighting for the conflicts,

in which our subjectivities become alive  
within the multiplicities that I am together and separated from you.

Made, re-made, dissolved all at once  
before you and with you  
in this moment of mutual care,  
that I always envision,  
feel,  
desire,  
reach and loose,

this state,  
in which I hold you,  
and you hold me,  
without fear or suspicion,  
without guilt  
and without pain.