

A BRICK A BRACK BASED ON EXAMPLES FROM THE SCRIPTWRITING PROCESS OF THE PROJECT:

“Darkness – the enemy inside”

assembled by head-writer and dramaturge Tale Næss

CHARACTERS:

Julian

Emil

Lina

Hunter 1

Hunter 2

and four children pretending to be animals

the text in italic type phase could be read by one actor, shared between the performers or between the performers representing the children

the text in brackets is not be read

Good luck!

Everyone is sound asleep. The characters enter the stage. They sneak around and grab everything they get a hold of, stuff it in bags.

They own the statue of the little girl with the match-sticks.

They own all these danish statues of white children grimacing.

They own these candlesticks.

They own these hand made coasters.

They own this african quilt.

They own this silk.

They own this linen.

They own these napkin-rings.

They own this silver.

They own these silver spoons.

They own these silver forks.

They own these silver knives.

They own this painting of dancing women.

They own this painting of a quiet man.

They own this painting of forms and colors.

They own this turkish rug.

They own this old porcelain.

They own this stereo.

They own these speakers.

They own this TV.

They own this sofa table.

They own this chair.

They owns this chair as well.

And this chair.

And this chair.

The apartment is empty.

Lina

It's so lovely

This island - this time of year

Julian (interrupting her)

Wait

Lina

Don't you just love the flowers and -

Julian

It is not an island

Lina

Excuse me -

Julian

It is not an island

Don't say that

Lina

Say what?

Julian

That it's an Island

It's a peninsula

Its's inaccurate

An island is inaccurate

An island have water

It's surrounded by water

This is not an island

Lina

I'm sorry

Julian (more and more excited)

You all call it an island, but it's not ...

It's a peninsula, we live in a peninsula, a peninsula that's where we live so why does everybody go on calling it an island

Long pause

Julian

We have water, all around the island we have water ...

Julian alone

Julian

it`s not an island, they call it an island, but it`s not ...It`s inaccurate, I hate being inaccurate, inaccuracy makes space for lies, it is moving feelings like furniture ...

Down at the bottom of the guts, there where it`s so so so dark, all shit can disappear ...

It`s a peninsula, we live on a peninsula, a peninsula that`s accurate, a peninsula, that`s where we live

I drove the car, the car drove me, in silence, its electric and it drives in silence ... it stopped by the water, and there I saw – the feeling, there I could finally meet it, there it was inside me, there we met, death and I ...

For an hour, I was by the water, waiting, trying to push the pedal, trying to give gas ...

Shame, I felt shame, we feel shame, we feel shame when our actions are moved by narcissism, I smelled narcissistic shame. It was all stinky with my fucking narcissistic shame when I drove back from my death, from the pier ...

When I came back to the house, to the garden

As Julian speak, - objects slowly fill the room. Scenery, a wood, the sea, a lake.

Julian

It was not enough, the space we would say!

With china, with tables, forks and table clothes. With bicycles. A neighborhood - With neighbors /

Julian

Suburbs, a house, a garden, out of the center, close to the water, perfect for kids, better than this. What could we find?

/ - children dressed like animals

Julian

She works less, I work more, she wants more, she wants more of me
We went to the mountains, the snow went away ... it's not global warming. It's spring, we were to late ...

(silence)

Lina

Remember when you gave me a kiss?

Emil

When?

Lina

It was a long time ago.

You could do it again sometime

And as Lina and Emil kiss, the room continues to be filled. With pedestrians, busses and sailing boats. With desperation. With ponds and puddles and a slow flowing creek. With marshes and birds and two men hunting them.

Hunter 1

Your family has left you.

Hunter 2

Yes.

(silence)

Hunter 1

Your girlfriend has left you.

Hunter 2

Yes.

Hunter 1

So what are you still doing here?

(silence, for a long time)

Hunter 1

Strange, it`s a place, out there – where the waves break.

Hunter 2

Yes, that`s the marbakke.

Hunter 1

Marbakken.

Hunter 2

Where it suddenly gets deep.

Hunter 1

I see.

It's the sun. And the wind, - like now – like a head in the waves. A daudinghode.
Where the waves break. It appears when the wind turns and then - I've seen it. It
breaks the surface – a dead mans head.

Hunter 2

Can't say I have. Seen it, sitting her, seeing the sun go down – I've been here so many
times.

Hunter 1

It's the wind, when it turns. I was a child the first time I saw it. Up by Krokelva. Its
high ground up there. It's easy to see it from up high, but you can see it here too.

Hunter 2

I've never heard anybody else mention anything like that – that there is a
daudinghode in Vågen.

Hunter 1

They all know it, and nobody talks about it.

(short silence)

Hunter 2

You were by Krokelva – and you looked down at it? How old were you?

Hunter 1

I don't know. Nine, maybe ten. It was less overgrown then. More open. There was this glade up by the river, where Kroken used to live. He had cleared some land up there – with that deformed hand of his, on that rugged area by the creek, and one could stand there, and look down on the bay, how the water sparkled on sunny days.

(silence)

Hunter 1

Any way, they are all gone.

Hunter 2

Mainly.

Hunter 1

But not you.

Hunter 2

No.

Hunter 1

You are sitting here.

Hunter 2

Yes, I am sitting here.

(silence)

Hunter 1

Sometimes you can hear it. Like steps.

Hunter 2

Like what?

Hunter 1

Like somebody walking. Up there. In the marsh. The sound of somebody walking. Soft steps in the heather and the tiny dark puddles, all lined up – an archipelago – like strings of beads in an ocean of turf.

Hunter 2

Are we in the marshes now?

Hunter 1

Yes. We are in the marsh. Down by the puddles, by the pond, - and we want to dive in, but we dear not. And we stand there longing to jump into that murky water, but we do not have the guts to do so.

Hunter 2

It`s deep.

Hunter 1

It`s bottomless, that`s what they say. That does not mean that it is without bottom, just that whoever dives in there, whoever touches the bottom - never returns.

Silence

Lina

No.

I don`t need a bed.

No.

I don`t need sleep.

No.

Don`t need a thing, just a back to push myself against.

A resilient back.

The real diagnosis is to like me.

(silence)

I recognize my type instantly, by their walk, like they have a stick up the arse that reaches all the way up to the nape of their heads.

If their facial expression is relaxed their not for me, and if they look me in the eye nothing will happen.

The one before Emil was called Jon, and lived in some other person's closet, drawing sad goth-children in a notebook and penciled poetry in English. He was forty something and his capillaries were busted because of all the water retention, and he collected pacifiers onto a large keyring and his hair was all tangled up in one thick lump that looked like a beaver-tale or shit, and he used tinted glasses for his depression and went to a Dale Carnegie workshop for his panic attacks.

So, when I met Emil I thought he was such a gentleman and he was always supporting me.

My friends sometimes tell me to break up with Emil. They send me links to pages that tell about domestic violence or twelve step groups and they talk about diagnoses and try to separate the mess, sort it out, and solve it. I tell them not to bother because if I break up with Emil the next one might be worse. He might seem better at first but he will be worse. I just have such a horrid taste in men.

Lina

I had this dream

Emil

What dream?

Lina

Oh – it's silly

Emil

Tell

Lina

In this dream, I was a woman

And this woman said –

Emil

What did she say?

Lina as the woman

What am I?

(pretending to be an animal)

Emil

Ok –

Lina

So what am I?

Emil as the man

You are aaaaaa

beaver

What am I?

Lina

No, it`s silly

Emil

I don't think it's silly

It's kind of fun

So - What did she say?

Lina as the woman

Aaaaaa ...

hamster

Emils

A hamster - Come on.

Emils as the man

What am I?

Line

I don't know!

Emil

Guess!

Line as the woman

You are

You are

You are

- a bear.

Emil as the man

Grrrrhh

Emil

And now it`s your turn

Show me!

What are you?

Line

I don`t know

Emil

Show me!

Line

I don`t know!

Emil

Look – it`s a game!

It`s supposed to be fun – Show me!

Lina as the woman

-

Emil

What`s wrong with you?

Line

Nothing`s wrong with me

It`s just -

Emil

Come on

Emil as the man

– show me!

Lina as the woman

-

Lina

No -

Bugger

OK – Wait!

Like this?

Lina as the woman

-

Emil

I love it

No – I really – Really. That`s lovely

Come here

(in a low voice) You are a squirrel – an alley cat – a tiny white mouse

(silence)

Julian

Lately - I don`t know

-

I can't find my voice

It is true

I woke up and it was gone

I opened my mouth - and it was gone

I can't find my voice and I don't own my own words

Not really

I mean in a way

but not really

I don't really own them

I mean, fuck - they are just words

So I tried to speak and I just - No voice - damned it

Lina

-

Emil

-

Lina

I think it's psychological

Julian

Damned sure it's psychological!

Emil

We know how you feel

Lina

I know

Julian

It`s like that - That`s the terrible thing – like when you have the feeling that
you don`t even own your own words

Not even your feelings

They are – They are not even like /

Lina

original?

Julian

Original

Yes - They are – They

feel even /

Emil

Made up?

Julian

Made up –

the moment you say them - As you say them - As you speak

(silence)

Julian

I get so frustrated sometimes

Just so fucking FRUSTRATED–

I just feel like screaming

Just screaming

(silence)

Julian

What if I can't function

What if I'm like

Broken

Like a piece of machinery, like - just

PUFF - and then - no more

Just like scrap

Lina

You are not broken

Short pause

Julian

I mean - There is a certain kind of framework that you are supposed to fit into

Lina

You are not broken, Julian.

Julian

Consensus paralyses action

I mean

When the idea of what you cannot do is stronger than the ideas about what
you *can* do

Like the sniper

Emil

What *about* the sniper?

Julian

When he hits

I mean - there is the voice of reason and then the will to act and then - the sniper

-

These are the days of the sniper

That's what I think

It`s all about what you do and what you say

Cause and effect

Cause and effect

Like when the link is broken then - If what you say – does not mean anything

Like –

There is no effect

Lina

And the sniper?

Julian

That's what I mean

The link is broken, and then

The time of the sniper

Just

BANG !

That's that

*And as they talk
The rain starts to fall
And as they talk
The water sinks into the ground
Into flowerbeds and garbage cans
Soaking the trees lining the roundabout
Soaking the paths leading into the woods
Turning the darkness between the branches wet and moist
And there is a sound
A cracking sound almost
As the peninsula starts tearing itself away from the mainland
As the marshes spreads out between the pine trees
Wetting the roots
Pulling at them
Pulling them down as the puddles grow darker
the ponds grow deeper
as two hunters stop
lowering their guns
listening for a moment*

Hunter 1

Hey – did you hear that?

Says one

Hunter 2

What?

Says the other

Hunter 1

I thought I heard a child

The voice of a child

Hunter 2

Out here?

Hunter 1

Over there

Hunter 2

There?

I think that was a hare

Hunter 1

Or a squirrel

Hunter 2

Could have been a squirrel

Hunter 1

- or a fox or something

(silence)

Hunter 1

So what are you going to do with the house?

Hunter 2

Well, I live in it.

Hunter 1

You know what I mean

Hunter 2

Yes.

(pause)

Hunter 2

Do you see that cleft, like a crevice, between the mountains?

Hunter 1

Crevice?

Hunter 1

Yes, when you see it from here it looks like somebody has put a crack, or a cleft, between the mountains. That little slit, can you see it?

Hunter 2

Hush

Hunter 1

There –

(silence)

Hunter 2

And now it's gone

Hunter 1

But you saw it too

Hunter 2

And now it's gone

Hunter 1

But it was there – big as a child - I'm sure of it

(silence)

A fire

And four children

all of them pretending to be safe

all of them pretending to be what they want to be:

a squirrel, a lizard, a hare and a fox

Four animals

lighting an engangsrill

grilling a chocolate bar and a sandwich and a piece of chicken

The first child

Watch out - the chocolate is melting!

I told you

I told you we should have put it on last

The second child

Scoop it up!

Scoop it up!

Its just like poo - its like soup - we could drink it

Four little animals lighting a fire
It's golden
It sparks
Shines and glistens in the dark far away
Far away from home
That's where they are
Lost in the woods

The second child

Are we really?

The first child

We are

The third child

Are we really like lost?

The first child

Lost in the woods

The second child

Not kind of lost but like

LOST

The first child

Totally

The third child

Like totally fucking lost

The fourth child hisses, dances or turns its head back and forth very slowly

The second child

Like totally – t o t a l l y

The third child

Fuckings -

The second child

Like we have to live on roots and moss and shit, right?

The third child

Right

(silence)

The first child

I have can of beans here - if anybody fancies it

The third child

Does anybody have a can opener?

The second child

We could use a stone or something

The third child

Yeah - lets stone it

They stone the can of beans

As the sun sets over the marshes

*and the peninsula tears itself away
in Julian's sleep
Drifting off
finally an island
As the children fall asleep under the branches
As the hunters wade through the wetlands
Following the traces
tiny footprints of a*

Hunter 2

Wat is it?

Hunter 1

Not sure.

Hunter 2

I think it's a fox. It's not a squirrel, not a hare. Too heavy, - it might be a fox

Hunter 1

Hussjj

Look –

Hunter 2

Where

Hunter 1

There

Under the branches

Hunter 2

It is really big. As big /

Hunter 1

- as a six years old.

Hunter 2

I got it.

Hunter 1

Wait

It`s sleeping.

Hunter 2

I got it

Hunter 1

Should we not – I think its sleeping

Hunter 2

-

The sound of a gunshot

(silence)

They dont have danish statues of white children grimacing.

They have no memory of such statues.

They have no memory of white children.

They have nothing at all.

They have no past that was pleasant but has now passed.

They have no dreams of another life, different and better.

They do not have each other.

They do not have each others body.

They do not have a body.

They do not have napkin rings.

They do not have any memory of napkin rings.

They do not have coasters that are en vogue.

They do not have an understanding of the concept of something, such as coasters, being en vogue.