

The Island

A collaborative play – twin version with *Darkness the Enemy Inside*
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Characters:

Julian
Kate
Emil
Lina
Hunter 1
Hunter 2
and four children pretending to be animals

*All the actors can be on stage all the time.
The scenes and actions run parallel more often than not. Sometimes they overlap.*

The text in italics can be read as stage directions.

*They could also, or as well – be shared between the performers, read by one actor, or
shared between the performers representing the children.*

The text in brackets is not be read.

PROLOGUE

*The characters enter the stage.
The children are watching from afar.
Each of them locked up in a room, in a cupboard, in a grown person's life.*

*They own the statue of the little girl with the matchsticks.
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.*

floating there in an empty space all of a sudden filled with snow, with grit, with
stones and pine forests – thinning out
Thinning out and moving in all kinds of directions at the same time
The world left open to a free-falling chaos, – and I have to pinch myself
and I try to focus on the sofa
on the kids – running, playing laughing.
how they smell
when they sleep
and I want to hold on to them
tie them to my chest and never let go

(silence)

the Fox:

Look at this painting!

the
Squirrel:
Look at this lamp!

the crocodile:
Look at this tablecloth!

the Squirrel:
And this one!

the crocodile:
And this one!
And this one!

(The badger picks up a battle axe)

the crocodile:
It's mine!

the Squirrel:
It's mine!

the Fox:
Leave her alone!

(The badger lifts the axe. Swings it)

the Fox:
She had it first!

the crocodile:
I had it first!

the Squirrel:
Watch out or she'll chop your heads off

(Laughter)

Julian:
I had a dream

Kate:
A dream?

Julian:
I saw this rock that looked like a giant head.
A face

floating like – And the sun was setting

Kate:

That's beautiful

Julian:

I wouldn't call it beautiful

It was more

It was like floating, tipping ever so slowly – up and down in the water

Kate:

A gigantic face, tipping in the water, as the sun sets

I call that beautiful

(Silence)

Julian:

We have everything we need, don't we?

We do – don't we?

Kate:

Yes, it's so lovely

here on this island – this time of year

Julian:

It's not an island

Kate:

–

Julian:

It's not an island – it's a peninsula.

You keep calling it an island – but it is a peninsula. That's where we live

–

I don't like the way you're looking at me right now.

Kate:

How am I looking at you?

Julian:

Like it's my fault.

Like I've done something wrong.

(Lina says:)

Lina:

They gritted their teeth and celebrated Christmas together

They only did it for us

They only did it because of us

Because we were their children

She got us and the house and all the stuff but he got nothing at all.

He left and she stayed and she never threw anything out.

She just packed the drawers without even looking through them,

just bagged them and taped them. There was just this old random mess.

To think how she carried this ugly old mug with her, from apartment to apartment, since early in the nineties

Julian:

It's going to get better.

Lina:

—
So, I saw this badger.

Julian:
Where?

Lina:
In the garden.

Julian::
Shit. You know, when they bite, they don't stop until they feel the bones.

Lina:
Yeah. Until it crunches. It's so nasty.

Julian:
Maybe we were all badgers once.

Lina:
My husband is one for sure.

(Lina does a funny badger face)

Julian:
That's right. That's how he looks! Definitely a badger!

Julian:
Do you think it's gone?

Lina:
What? The badger?

Julian:
Do you think It's gone?

Lina:
What? The badger?

Julian:
Yes, the badger.

Lina:
I think it is. I guess it was migrating from the forest to the water or something like that. I'm not an expert.
Ah – it's lovely on this island this time of year
Don't you just love the flowers and –

Julian:
It's 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

It's inaccurate
An island is inaccurate

An island have water
It's surrounded by water
This is not an island

Lina:
Whatever

Julian:
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!

(A beat)

Julian:
It was not enough

A house, a garden, out of the center, close to the water,
perfect for kids

We came in the marked, such a luck, we were relieved
My wife – 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 too late

(The children are watching him)

the Squirrel:
Who's there?

Says the Squirrel

the Fox:
Who's there?

Says the Fox

the crocodile:
That's my father

Says the Crocodile

Julian:
We had a second child
The dream house

the Squirrel:
He's funny

Julian:
We got the children into kinder garden
this suuupre Steiner place – deep in the woods
we all loved it, but it wasn't very practical

the Fox:
He's strange

the crocodile:
He's mental

And then it was all this with the car
What to do with the car –

the Squirrel:
I don't know
The electric car

The crocodile:
He is an hyper carnivore apex predator.

So I got this *Quasqai*
It's big. It's safe. It's good for the kids.
It drives on gasoline, well hell!
But I just could not get rid of the other one, the electric one – So now I have
two. Two cars.

(Silence)

Kate:
You are lying

Julian:
Am I?

Kate:
Yes

Julian:
You are right

Kate:
So why did you say it then?

Julian:
For you my dear
For you

*A fox is hiding under the bed
A badger lurks underneath the kitchen table*

the Squirrel:
Where are you going?

the Fox:
He's going nowhere

*The badger is packing a battle-axe
a comb
a flashlight*

the crocodile:
It looks like his going somewhere

Julian:
I'm doing it for you,

the Squirrel:
If *she*'s going, then I want to go!

Julian:
It's true.

the Fox:
Let's all go!

PART 2 – THE HUNTERS

*We have water
We have water all around us
We have so much water it feels like an island
An island so huge we almost forget*

*We have seasons, beautiful and long
with colors and leaves and storms
We have it all
We have it all
We have it all*

the Squirrel:
I have a tale!

the Fox:
I have a hoof!

the crocodile:
I have fangs!

the Fox:
I have the sharpest teeth!

the crocodile:
*I have the sharpest teeth, the biggest
grin, superpowers, handicaps, life-skills,
love, a jar filled with sprogs, with
jellyfish, heartache*

the Fox:
We have a battle axe!

the crocodile:
Off with their heads!

the Badger
Grrrrrooaawllllle

*The children are hiding in the cupboards
In the basements
In the sewers
In the innards of a roundabout
They are bumping into furniture
Into shelves and wardrobe-doors*

the crocodile:
Look at me now!
Says the Crocodile

the Squirrel:
Look at me now!

Says the Squirrel

the crocodile:
Listen to the sounds I make

the Squirrel:
Who is to be the bee?

The Fox:

Who is to be the beaver?

the Badger:
Hzzakkkettettethzzz

They are sitting under the living room table, tearing a map to shreds

the crocodile:
Who's in?

the Squirrel:
So we are going?

the Fox:
I'm bringing a bikini!

*The badger is packing a piece of barbeque chicken
Some antiseptics
He says:*

the Badger:
Hzzakkkettettethzzz

*This is an island so huge you could even get lost
This is an island so huge we almost forget – its forests and lakes
valleys and mountaintops
beaches and farms
all drowning in the darkness of the woods
littered with rabbit-holes
with fox-holes
dens and hives*

*two hunters by a creek
waiting for their coffee to boil*

Hunter 1:
Strange. It's a place, out there – where the waves break.

Hunter 2:
Ja, that's the Marbakke.

Hunter 1:
Marbakken.

Hunter 2:
Where it suddenly gets deep.

Hunter 1:
I see.

(Silence)

Hunter 1:
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 man's head.

Hunter 2:
Can't say I have. Seen it, sitting here, 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:
That guy, Kroken. Wasn't he still around when you were a child?

Hunter 1:
Was he? I don't know. I can't remember.

Hunter 2:
He must still have been around when you were that age.

Hunter 1:
No. Not in this area. Not as far as I remember.

Hunter 2:
It was a shooting accident wasn't it? That deformed his hand?

Hunter 1:
No, he was born that way

(Silence
Lina looks at Emil)

Emil:
Come shooting with me

Lina:
Shooting?
At what? What do you want to shoot at?

Emil:
Just at anything at all. We could shoot at some seagulls or at some critters or at this mug your mother left you that you hate so, so much or just at the sky ...

Lina:
No thank you. I don't even know you!
Do you have a gun?

Emil:
I have plenty of guns, we could leave right now and I could let you try all sorts of guns, a shotgun, a handgun, a rifle. I even have a machine gun.

Lina:
And where could we fire all these guns?

Emil:
At my place
You can sleep at my place
We could drink some more
We could just go on a shooting spree
You could shoot at my stuff
At my paintings
My china
My silverware
My pots and pans

A fox
A badger
My horse

Lina:
Not your horse

Emil:
Not my horses
But anything else

Lina:
Anything?

Emil:
Absolutely anything

Lina:
—
It's just ... I haven't even put on make-up or showered or anything.

Emil:
You are fine just the way you are.

Lina:
Right.

Emil:
No, I mean it. I prefer you like this.
I always like you best just in your leisure wear.

Lina:
My husband always says

Emil:
Your husband is a badger

Lina:
But you have never seen me in —

Emil:
It is up to you.

Lina:
Hang on.
Do I have time to get my purse?
It's just I don't like not having my phone ... or money.

Emil:
Just come.

*Lina lies deep in grass.
Can you see her?
She is a turtle too big for her shell
She is a princess shedding her skin*

Says the Crocodile

the crocodile:
This way

The Fox:
I want to go home

Says the Fox

PART 3 – ON THE RUN

*The wood is green and deep and endless
there – where four animals are making their way through the thickets
Who is there in the water?
Who is there resting in the woods?*

The Squirrel:
We shouldn't be here

The Badger, The Fox and the Crocodile:
–

The Squirrel:
We are not allowed
You know it
We should not cross that bridge
We should not swim that river

The Fox:
A puddle!

The crocodile:
Let's cross it

The Fox:
Let's jump it!
Let's splash around

The Squirrel:
I want to go home

The crocodile:
Here comes the boogieman

Says the crocodile

The Fox:
Here comes the hammerfish!

Says the Fox

Emil:
Have you ever shot a gun before?

Lina:
No, never.
Have you ever shot anyone?

Emil:
Many.

Lina:
Who then died?

Emil:
I'm very precise.

Lina:
Always in self-defense?

Emil:
What do you think?

Yes, maybe just start with this one. Look, now it's loaded, here, just aim, and pull the trigger. See.

Lina:
Wow, it's heavy.
Is it still loaded?

Emil:
Yes, just go crazy. Shoot.

(Lina goes crazy. She shoots at everything
A beat)

*The children are crossing the creek
They are never coming home
By a roadside a man stands bent over a flat tire cursing:*

*Bugger
Bugger
Bugger, ass, puke, shit, bugger! Bugger
me!*

As he continues to curse

*Blasted
Cunt!
Cunt-face!
Ass!
Cunt-ass
Damn, damned, bugger, ass-bugger,
motherfucker, fuck!
Fuck, fuck, fuck*

*As he calms down.
As he is saying:*

*I wish I was a child again
I wish I was a child
I wish I was a fireman
I wish I was a goldfish swimming in my
goldfish-bowl*

Saying:

Do you have any tranquilizers?

*Saying: Show me your bags
Show me your teeth
Show me your hopes and dreams
Show me your secret selves
Show me the way home
Tell me my name
Tell me my name
Tell me my name*

*The children watch him
He is crying*

The Squirrel:
What's wrong with him?

Says the Squirrel

the crocodile:
He wants a new name

Says the crocodile

The Fox:
What name shall we give him?

The Squirrel:
Maybe he already has a name

The Fox:
Maybe somebody has taken his name away from him

The crocodile:
He wants a *new* name, stupid

The Squirrel (to the secretary of state):
Don't you like your name?

The Fox:
Do we think he deserves one?

The Squirrel:
Everyone should have a name

The Fox:
What kind of name do you want?

The Squirrel:
Like a human name?
Or /

The Fox:
– like our names?

The Squirrel:
I have a name for him!

The crocodile:
I don't know
He looks like the type who always gets *whateeeever* he wants
and that's /

the Fox:
just never good for anyone

*They lead him to a tree
They tie him to the trunk*

The Fox:
I am the Fox

Says the fox

The Squirrel:
I am the squirrel

*Says the Squirrel
as they fill his pockets with honey
as they fill his mouth with ants*

(A beat)

Lina:
It is so easy!

Emil:
See, I knew you had potential.

Lina:

Who would have thought that it could be so rewarding shooting a gun? Just like this, right into the mud, blah blah.

—

Remember when you gave me a kiss?

Emil:

When?

Lina:

—

You could do it again sometime

Emil takes off his clothes. Underneath he wears shiny prince costume. Jewels falls from his pockets. He drags a chain of pearls from his mouth and puts it around Lina's neck.

PART 4 – LOST

We have forests

We have lakes

We have mountaintops and valleys

We have all kinds of animals

We have creatures, monsters, trolls

We have hidden places and famous ghosts

We have snow, and rain and even darker days

We have it all and it makes us wonder what's real

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 –

Lina as the woman:

What am I?

(Lina pretends to be an animal)

Emil:

Ok –

Lina:

So what am I?

Emil:

You are aaaaaa ...

beaver

Emil as the man:

Now – What am I?

(Emil pretends to be an animal)

Lina:

No, it's silly

Emil:

I don't think it's silly

It's kind of fun

Guess – what am I?

Lina:

Aaaaaa ...

hamster

Emil:

A hamster – Come on.

Emil as the man:

What am I?

Line

I don't know!

Emil:

Guess!

Line

You are

You are

You are

– a bear.

Emil as the man:

Grrrr

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:

–

(Lina tries but gives up)

Emil:

What's wrong with you?

Lina:

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

The children are watching from the bridge
Let's cross it
says one
Let's stay behind
says the other

Julian:
I tried to sign up for online dating
I thought there must be some horny women online
There must be other compulsive liars who'd want to have an affair with me
Someone that wouldn't get hurt
Someone open to the terms
We meet we fuck we keep it secret
I was wrong
I couldn't find anyone like that out there
I ended up spending a lot of money fighting online with women that didn't
want to meet
I mean do they think I'm stupid?
That I don't get it?
I know they're paid to entertain me online
To make me feel special
To send me pictures with the hope that one day we will meet or fuck
But the truth is that they are hired by some company to keep me on the website
chatting
And since you pay for each email you send
It's not convenient for them to let you meet out in real life
They're not people that you can actually spend time with or have fun with
You get it?
They meet liars with lies
That's maybe fair
They make their profit off our fucking sorrow
They use people's problems to suck money out of our pockets
Fuck anyway
I felt so useless when I realized I got depressed because some woman I met
online
was probably lying to me

I was so shocked to realize that she didn't find me incredibly attractive
That she was sitting somewhere unknown getting paid to turn me on
Fuck that's humiliating!
I'm tired
I can't be a good person
I don't believe in therapy to change
I don't believe in art anymore as sublimation

I drove the car, the car drove me, in silence, it's 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 – For an hour, I was by the
water, waiting, trying to push the pedal, trying to give gas

I smelt shame
I felt narcissistic shame

Kate:
You are lying

Julian:
Yes

Kate:
You don't want to die
You've never even watched online porn

Julian:
No, I haven't

Kate:
Kate:
You are lying

Julian:
Yes

Kate:
You don't want to die
You've never even watched online porn

Julian:
No, I haven't

Kate:
It's just something you say to impress me
You've never believed in art as sublimation

Julian:
Yes, I did!

Kate:
– I know
You are just depressed because some asshole didn't want to put on your
performance, that's all

Julian:
I am depressed because I am losing my hair! That's all!

Lina (shouts):
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.

(Long silence)

*A campfire
Four children pretending to be safe
pretending to be what they want to be: a squirrel, a badger, a crocodile and a fox
Four animals
lighting an engangsrill
barbequing a chocolate bar and a sandwich and a piece of chicken*

the crocodile:
Watch out – the chocolate is melting!
I told you
I told you we should have put it on last

the Fox:
Scoop it up!
Scoop it up!
It's just like poo – it's 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*

the Squirrel:
Are we really?

the crocodile:
We are

the Squirrel:
Are we really like lost?

the Fox:
Lost in the woods

the crocodile:
Not kind of lost but like
– LOST

the Fox:
Totally

the crocodile:
Like totally fucking lost

the Fox:
Like totally – t o t a l l y /

the crocodile:
– fucking – /

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

the crocodile:
– lost – Right!

(Silence)

the Squirrel:
I have a can of beans, if anybody fancies
it

the Fox:
Does anybody have a can opener?

the Squirrel:
We could use a stone or something

the crocodile:
Yeah – let's stone it

They stone the can of beans

Hunter 1:
What was that?

Hunter 2:
–

Hunter 1:
I thought I heard something
Some children. Laughing –
Did you hear anything?

Hunter 1:
–

(Silence – they listen)

Hunter 1:
I thought I heard something
Some children. Laughing –
Did you hear anything?

Hunter 1:
–

(silence)

Julian:
I thought about taking a lot of pills.
I thought about cutting open my veins, going out like a Roman, sitting in the
bath and enjoy the end while reading my favorite book, but then I thought,
shit, – we don't have a bath. We never had the money to replace our shower
with a bathtub. She always complains about it. Says the kids should live in a
house with the bath – and anyway – I can't even decide what *is* my favorite
book. It all seems so staged, so thought-out.
I thought about hanging myself, but it's not so easy. Too many things can go
wrong. Maybe the hook isn't strong enough, the rope could break, worst case,
you risk hanging a long time before you actually die!
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 /

Emil:
original?

Julian:

—

Lina:

We know how you feel

Julian:

They feel even /

Emil:

— made up?

Julian:

Made up —

the moment you say them — As you say them — As you speak

Lina:

—

Emil:

—

Lina:

I think it's psychological

Julian:

Damned sure it's psychological!

I get so frustrated sometimes

Just so fucking FRUSTRATED —

I just feel like screaming

—

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

You are not broken, Julian.

Julian:

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

Consensus paralyzes action

I mean — if the idea of what you cannot do is stronger than the idea about what you can do

Emil:

Like the sniper

Lina:

What about the sniper?

Emil:

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

Julian:

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

So – If the link is broken, then –

You have guns?

Emil:

Yes

Julian:

Sometimes I feel

Like I've just lost my voice

I have now voice

I open my mouth to speak – and its just –

Gone

Emil and Lina:

–

Julian:

Why do you have guns if you are not going to use them?

Emil and Lina:

–

Julian:

So you mean –

Emil:

This is the time of the sniper

Julian:

You just get yourselves ready, climb on top of a roof

choose your spot

and then

BANG !

(Silence)

Julian

Lately –

I don't know

It's like - I can't find my voice

I wake up, and it's gone

I open my mouth - and it's not there

Kate

He has been saying that he wants to die

– I'm fine with the dying I just hate
all this talk

It's not that I want him dead

It's just

It's just

I can't find my voice and I don't own my own words
Not really
I mean in a way I do
but not really

I am not his art-project
He wants to wear me like a sweater
Sneak around in me
Try to get below the line,
underneath.

I don't really own them
I mean, fuck – they are just words
So I try to speak and I just –
No voice – damned it

I am under a spell
a spell in which my brain is
like a huge maze
at some point
You've come inside the maze

and I am desperately looking for an exit

but I can't find it.
There are more and more alleys
there are more and more walls
there are more

and more problems.
There are more and more
meaningless actions
meaningless relationships
meaningless locations
meaningless dreams
meaningless worries

You know
the earths' crust –

I like that word – crust

We live on these giant plates
and they keep pushing against
each other - pushing and pushing
we are afraid of global warming
but one day

one day

one day in some part of this place
the tension will just be too great

and they will just

break away from each other

Just flip
and crash down
and that will be that

PART 5 – DARKNESS

We have forests
We have lakes
We have mountaintops and valleys
We have all kinds of animals
We have it all and we know it's precious
And all we can feel, is the darkness
All we can see, is the darkness
All we can think, is darkness

(A beat
Julian alone on the stage)

Julian:
in the beginning was the word you
did not hear me did not see me did
not cover your eyes did not hear
a word think a thought did not hear
me breathing your breathing it is for you
I stand in darkness for you I
am night I am the blackness
that surrounds me it's like
the air in your lungs I
pour gasoline over me can
you hear the sound of it like water

heavy water that swirls
that leaps across the wall the
dam that falls to the ground
spreads itself out touches your
feet you stand barefoot in it it folds
around you you do not hear my thoughts
not a word you do not know that
which is going to happen a work of art
that's what will happen we will
make a work of art
that is what you will do you are all there
you are all invited
you are all a part of my story you
are my work of art your lives
your fears your memories
your thoughts your
feelings the fucking that already
goes on in your heads that which you detest
the punches the caresses the way you
can't stop
thinking about your children your cat
and the wind fills the hall
it caresses our necks it is
so cold a rough hand and even
if it is there the air is still
it is all a totally still as if the
air that's there was constituted by our breath as
if in this hall on this peninsula we are
running out of it the air
we breath it stinks soon it will reek of gasoline
I have begged you to come you
all know each other I know you all
you have all become one word for me that's
enough that you are here that you know
why we know each other we
sleep with one another we kill
each other we make each other
sick we love
one another we hate we have
had enough of one another and still
we want more ... that is all
a complete murky darkness ... you
sit here like blind as
you learn to see with your
senses to read with your minds as your fears are being
unlocked the singing in you and your heart breaks out
into the open out of your
narrow chests but you are
caught here in this waiting in this
silence in the silence of the other and the
silencing of others ... as we avoid
each other's gaze
we are on an island of bliss we are
the makers of Utopia that will arise
from the truth that I speak we will
die you and you and
me and you
and your child in your home and the
dog and the deer as the forest burns down as
it all burns down as
the oceans rise aflame you will be
on this island in an ocean of flames you
as the ice turns to heat you are
the heart of my art

the eye of the storm
I have this gasoline and this matchstick with it
I will draw your portraits ... you will
burn for my art for
our joint venture
each and every one of you will become
an artist and as one finally
like one... you take leave of your personalities you
will become pure colours you
will become my colours you
will become all ears you
can hear every word I say

(he lights a match)

you rise as I
burn for you I stand
afame before your eyes
who of you will take his jacket off which one
of you will take his jacket off and throw it
over me which one of you will try
to put out the fire
... as I run through this dark crowd like
a fireball to put you all alight
you and you
and you and you
and you ...
while we all
turn into language not flesh
not blood not hair heart only
words freedom will blow you wide open turn you into
word-bodies language-bodies all
languages spoken as one
this peninsula is my Babylon and I am
Atlantis...
we are shadows
shadows of words
look
deep inside you there is light
you are all lit up
like through a window you can spot your own
inner selves can you read your
own hearts what is written there
in the dusk
that which makes what's readable
unreadable ...
this night smells of gasoline
hear how I sing

(a beat)

*Its night on the island
Julian stands aflame
The crowd is applauding
The Crocodile is asleep
the Squirrel rests all curled up in the arms of the Badger
he is dreaming of candy floss and little brown nuts
Ekornet ligger i armene på grevlingen
hun drømmer om sukkerspinn og små brune nøtter*

Hunter 1:
Do you see that, wedge? Between those two mountains?

Hunter 2:

What wedge?

Hunter 1:

There. From over here it looks as if somebody has struck a wedge between those two mountains – that tiny crack over there, can you see it?

Hunter 2:

Ah, over there.

Hunter 1:

They say that one day it will crack wide open. That an abyss will open up underneath it. Nobody knows when. It could be tomorrow, or a hundred years from now.

(Silence)

Kate is roaming through the house

She is searching for something, but she cannot find it

She is checking out the breadbin

Where are you –

Have you gone hiding

Come out! She cries

Come home

My little crocodile?

– little fox?

No need to hide anymore!

– let's play a game together

Let me fill your pockets with candy and gold

I will build you a palace – I will be whom ever you want me to be

Look – I am a baby bear

I will get you a spaceship

You'll be the astronauts

I'll be the space-cadet

Let me fetch the sun for you

PART 6 – THE HUNT

Who's there in the woods?

It's a squirrel

She's crying

In her sleep she says

I don't want to play anymore

I don't want to be a squirrel anymore

You are lying. All of you!

(Silence)

Sometimes it is as if we are dreaming

We just keep on walking

Keep on walking and as the children leave the peninsula behind

The hunters are hunting

The children are deep in the woods

They are leaving a trail behind them – a plastic bag, a rubber band, a chocolate wrap and a yellow baseball caps

The badger has lost his shoes

He does not know what way to turn

the Squirrel:

Do you think they still remember us?

the Fox:
They remember us

the crocodile:
AU!

the Fox:
This way

the Squirrel:
This way

the crocodile:
WAIT!

Hunter 1:
Hey – did you hear that?

the Fox:
What happened? Did you fall?

Hunter 2:
What?

the Squirrel:
Are you ok?

Hunter 1:
There it was again

The crocodile:
I'm alright. I'll manage.

Over there

Hunter 2:
Where

No
Are you sure?

Hunter 1:
Ja – I heard something. I saw something moving

Hunter 2:
Could it have been a fox or something?
Or a squirrel?

Hunter 1:
It could have been a squirrel

*The hunters stop
They lower their guns
Listens*

Hunter 1:
Hush

There –

(Silence)

Hunter 2:

And –
then – Nothing

Hunter 1:
–
But you saw it too?

Hunter 2:
Ja – I think –

Hunter 1:
It was there – as big as a child?

(Lina turns to Emil)

Lina:
Maybe it's not such a big deal
Whether one lives or dies

Emil:
If you get hit, you mean?

Lina:
Maybe it's all the same
What would you miss?
Don't worry – I am not going suicidal on you

Emil:
It's a possibility

Lina:
–

Emil:
I've always considered it a possibility. Sort of a privilege even.
That you can shoot yourself in the face if you wanted to

(Silence)

PART 7 – GARBAGE

Julian:
Did you hear what happened!
One of the neighbours, that old maths-teacher, he went to pick up his grandson
at the kinder garden and came back with the wrong kid.
Imagine
Returning all happy and content with the wrong kid

Kate:
Why are you telling me this?

Julian:
It's funny

Kate:
Is it?
Are you scared?
Are you scared of messing up?
Forgetting your children
of something being wrong – going wrong
of not doing the right thing?

Julian:

What do you mean – “doing the right thing”

I’m always right t

Lina:

Before I was careful. I recycled every little item.

If I wasn’t sure I just put it to the side until later. I started thinking about it like raw material. Paper, plastic and all that. Hazardous waste, electronics, wood, aluminum

Now it seems endless.

Little by little I’ve just lost my patience. The emotions got me. First it was just a little carelessness. A framed photograph that I just couldn’t deal with dismantling it in order for the paper to go with paper, glass with glass, aluminum with aluminum, wood with wood.

I just threw it in a garbage bag and as soon as I did that – the entire system was flawed

So, in the end – that’s what we all do

We just stuff it all in garbage bags and drag it to the front lawn and there they just stand

hundreds

thousands of black garbage bags.

No one no longer has any idea of what *is* what: photo albums with kitchen appliances and stereos and books and pamphlets from every organization – clothes.

Heaps of winter coats

one for each winter, and all the tiny fibers in all the other coats,

all the filling

filling the garbage cans

all this winter

heaped up in the front yards

Five thousand pairs of shoes.

in the roundabouts

Smelly old crusty leather piles

In the school yards

dragging with them some filth from some long gone

It nauseates me.

Sometimes I just wish it would all explode, all of it, just so that we don’t have to worry about it anymore.

Lina keeps roaming through the fur coats

The shoes

The filth

A piece of art

A piece of shit

Lina (shouts):

I hate things!

Why can’t they just self-terminate!

Why can’t they just explode!

(Silence)

This is where we are living

This is our home

Kate parks her Qashqai

She’s been out looking for the kids. She can’t find them

What is it Kate?

Lina enters the kitchen

She enters the living room

She walks upstairs and then down again

What is it Lina?

Lina:
I cannot bear it anymore
It's everywhere
It's like acid – corrosion

What is it –

the smell /
– like a cat breaking down inside me
a porcupine
a badger
a seagull, a lumpfish,
an old rat

To think how she carried this ugly old mug with her, from apartment to
apartment, –

No

She says

No

*She is leaving the basement
She is in the living room
She is holding the jug
She has these candlesticks
She has this Danish statue of white children grimacing
She has these hand-made coasters
She has this African quilt
this silk.
this linen.
these napkin-rings
these silver spoons
these silver forks
these silver knives
This painting of a quiet man
this chair
and this chair
and this chair – and she starts to shoot
at random first
just randomly at her stuff
at her paintings
her china*

Kate:
I can't find them

her silverware

Julian:
You can't find who?

her pots and pans

Kate:
They're gone

all the leftovers

Julian:
They're not with the neighbours?

her mother's jug
the window in her living room
the windows in her bedroom
one, two, three, four

Kate:
I can't find them

Julian:
I thought you said they were with the
neighbors

Drop the gun Lina
Drop the gun!

She goes out
She is heading for higher ground

Let go of the gun!

She lets go of the gun
She is not thinking about slugs

(Long silence
A beat)

Hunter 1:
Ja

Hunter 2:
Ja

Deep in marsh
In the cold
In the dark – the children are no longer playing
Soon it will be snow
The hunters do what hunter do
They are hunting
They are getting their guns ready
They are sharpening their knives

Hunter 2:
—
I was thinking about doing some fishing. Putting out some nets.

Hunter 2:
Nets here?

Hunter 1:
Ja.

Hunter 2:
—
But that's illegal, isn't it?

Hunter 1:
Maybe

Hunter 2:
And you are going to do it anyway

Hunter 1:
It's only for the good
Thinning it out

Hunter 2:

Thinning it out?

Hunter 1:

The fish are too small. And there's too many of them. So, I am thinning it out

Hunter 2:

In the river?

Hunter 1:

Ja

Hunter 2:

You are thinning the river because there are too many small fish in the pond?

(Silence)

They sit

Darkness is falling

Snow soon covers the silky slopes

The moons up

Only the Fox is awake

She has gone hunting

She does not care about the snow, or the moon

She is not gazing into the fire

She is hunting

She is a turtle too big for her shell

a princess shedding her skin

She is just like her mother –

Kate:

It's snowing

Lina:

Yes

Kate:

–

Did you hear that?

Lina:

What?

Kate:

Nothing

The sound of nothing

All quiet

Lina:

–

Lina:

You know, when I started shooting, I just could not stop. I just kept doing it. I thought – I'll just go on doing it until there is nothing left. Until it's all reduced to pieces. Until it's all gone.

The hunters are in the marsh

Following tiny footprints in the snow

Hunter 2:

There!

Nei.

Hunter 1:
There. No.

Hunter 2:
There.

Nei –

Let's look further up the river

(Silence)

Hunter 1:
Krokkelva?

Hunter 2:
Ja.

(Silence)

Hunter 2:
That's what it's called
Because of that guy that lived down there
Kroken.

Hunter 1:
–

Hunter 2:
His hand was so deformed that it looked like a hook, all crooked. Like this
(he shows him) That's what they say, anyways.

Hunter 1:
These things happen

Hunter 2:
They do

Hunter 2:
What is it?

Hunter 1:
I'm not sure.

Hunter 2:
I think it's a fox. It's not a squirrel, not a hare. Too heavy

Hunter 1:
– it might be a fox

Hunter 2:
Hussjj

Look –

Hunter 1:
Where

Hunter 2:
There
Under the branches

Hunter 1:
It is really big. As big /

Hunter 2:
– as a six year-old.

Hunter 1:
I got it.

Hunter 2:
Wait
Are you sure it's an animal?

Hunter 1:
I got it

Hunter 2:
Should we not – I think it's –

Hunter 1:
–

The sound of a gunshot

Kate:
What was that?

Julian:
What was what?

Kate:
It was as if fire touched my back.

Julian:
I felt nothing

Emil:
What was that?

Linda:
I don't know

Julian:
It was as if the ground moved

Hunter 2:
Did you get it?

Hunter 1:
I think so

Hunter 2:
No
Look it's running – there – between those two big pines

Julian:
Did you feel it too?

*This is no island, it's a peninsula
It is what it is. What it'd always been
And there is a quiver
and Kate takes Julian's hand as the hunters hold on to their guns*

Hunter 2:

This isn't right

And the snow swirls as the children awakes from their sleep and looks at each other

the Squirrel:
Where is she?

the crocodile:
—

the Squirrel:
She was here — but where is she?

*And they get up
And they start running
And the badger starts falling behind
But they cannot find her*

the Squirrel:
She's all gone
We cannot find her

the crocodile:
The snow must have covered her tracks

*the Fox is deep in the woods
she is not running, she is falling
she gets up
and she falls
she gets up
and she falls
She is panting
bleeding
alone on a slippery slope
underneath the branches*

the Squirrel:
It's impossible
She is nowhere

the crocodile:
She could be anywhere

the Badger
MMMMRRrrrrr?

Says the badger, putting down her battle axe

the crocodile:
I know, I know — it just won't do
Let's go home

*That no longer pretending to be a squirrel
Let's go home*

*No longer pretending to be a crocodile
He wants his mother
And the Fox says nothing
It's just breathing. That's all it does, and then it stops
And the ground is shaking
And the fox lies there
And a woodcock says:*

Says the Squirrel that is a girl

Says the Crocodile that is a boy

(the sound of a woodcock)

And a little brown field mouse says:

(the sound of a field mouse)

And the hunter says:

Hunter 1:

There it was again – did you feel it!?!

*And an owl, and the minx, and a weasel
and the bear and the hare and the beaver
And a deer and a fink and even a tiny lemming is there
What's wrong?²*

They say

With the forest – why is it so restless?²

What's wrong?²

They say

With that little fox?²

Why is she just lying there?²

Why is she not moving?²

She is beautiful

Says the weasel

Will she just lie there?²

Says the mouse

Will she never move again?²

And the wolf howls

And the birds stops singing – as stones and rocks starts rolling down the slopes

and the rumbling grows higher

and the river spills its water unto the marshes

and the lake rips open like a ripe fruit

Pouring its sweet water into the ocean

as the rivers ripple – as the Badger clings to the Crocodile

As the Squirrel clings to the Badger

*And the Crocodile keeps slamming its tail in the mud shouting to see if her voice is bigger
than the rumble*

*As the peninsula starts tearing itself away from the mainland
as if it had a will of its own*

The Squirrel:

Look at the trees!

Look at the trees!

Look at the trees!

the crocodile:

Look at the hill!

the Squirrel:

look at the forest!

the crocodile:

It's shaking!

the Squirrel:

It is! It is!

the crocodile:

Look at my belly!

Says the Crocodile he jumps and shout between twigs and branches

the Squirrel:

Look at my tale!

*Says the Squirrel as the world rips open
Julian stands*

*All still now
The petrol station is gone
The roundabout*

Julian:
It's gone

*Bye bye children
Bye bye mainland
Bye bye hunters*

Julian:
How can it be gone?

Lina:
Emil!
Are you there?

Emil:
What?

Lina:
Are you there?

Julian:
Kate – I don't want to die now

Kate:
You are not going to die

Lina:
Can you just hold me!

Julian:
I think this is it

Emil:
What?!

Kate:
What?

Lina:
Can you just hold me!

Julian:
This is the world coming to an end

Emil:
What did you say?
Just my luck.

Kate:
We're not that lucky

I cannot hear anything for all the noise!

No?

Julian:

Kate:
No need to celebrate. We'll survive

How strange – I don't get it
I feel like this is all a metaphor

Maybe it's all just a metaphor
I don't get it Julian
You've always been so good with metaphors

Lina:
Can you just hold me
Can you just hold me, just for a minute

(Silence)

*If you were a bird
You would see it
A peninsula tide to the mainland and then a crack
Straight across eide
You would see the suburbs, and the lake and the kindergarten
You could see eide
And then the wood and the marshland and the little dead fox
The roundabout gone and a trail of ants
and a tree, with a man tied to it and then suddenly a crack
and you would see how the crack open wider – chewing up the tree – the man – the trail of
ants
leaving the interior on one side
and the peninsula on the other*

PART 8 – THE ISLAND

Lina:
I've always thought of this as an island anyway

Emil:
Well, at least the ferry is still running

Lina:
But no petrol station –

Emil:
—
Do you know, I tried bungy-jumping once. That really worked for me. You
should try it some time.

Kate:
Do you miss them as much as I do?

Julian:
That little fox that used to hide under our
bed?

Kate:
Yes

Julian:
That little crocodile that always wanted
to eat
his slippers for breakfast
Calling it crocodile-food

Kate:
—

Lina:
—
Ah – Smell the grass
So fresh in the morning

*There it is
The island that once was a peninsula
Floating like on its own like a giant scull, it tips
ever so slowly in the water*

Lina:
Isn't it lovely?
It's so lovely here, this time of year – on this island?

*swaying then stabilizing
Swaying
then stabilizing
Drifting further and further from the mainland
Away from the woods
Away from the children –
Fox lies under the branches
a little yellow fink watches over it
Insects are building nets in its pointed ears*

(Silence)

the Squirrel:
I am hungry

the crocodile:
We'll eat soon

the Squirrel and the Badger:
–

the crocodile:
We'll find some berries
Or mushrooms
Or a house

the crocodile:
I hate mushrooms

Let's make a snowman!

the Squirrel:
Look!
Over there – a path!

the badger and the crocodile:
–

the Squirrel:
Let's take it!

the crocodile:
What if it takes us all the way into town!

the Squirrel:
I have a twenty-dollar bill

The crocodile:
We could get a hot dog, or a pizza,

The Squirrel:
Or a steak
I want a big, fat bloody steak

*The Badger that really is a boy starts humming
The Squirrel is right behind him*

the crocodile:
Here comes the boogyman

Says the crocodile

the Squirrel:
Here comes the hammerfish

Says the Squirrel

EPILOGUE

(As the characters leaves the stage)

*They own the statue of the little girl with the matchsticks.
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 own this chair as well.
And this chair.
And this chair.*

(The room is empty)