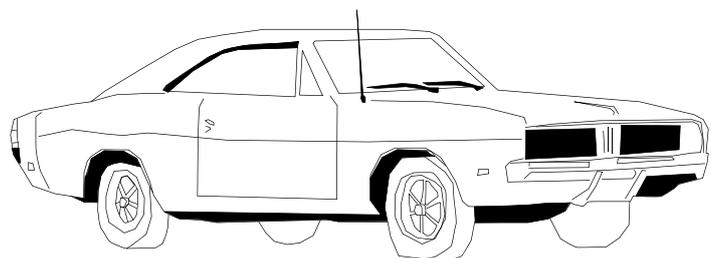


Out in the Open.
Malin Ståhl



A Chamber Play. Out in the Open.

The characters. *A Mythical Creature; The Deer-Leopard.
the Clown.
Nature; A Tree.
MethestorytellerandliarDeath.*

The Mythical Creature is a Deer-Leopard and looks like one. Medium-sized antlers and spotted all over. The omnipresence and detachment of Nature is here manifested through A tree, the being upon which all other things depend. the Clown looks like a clown, mean and lean. He carries a knife, a butterfly. MethestorytellerandliarDeath is dressed as a stripper. Nipple-tassels, a thong and nothing more. Suspender belt and stockings. Golden heels.

Setting. *Seedy. A dark back alley, smoky. A fan is slowly turning, backlit. Somewhere else is a parking lot, a burnt out car wreck towards the far end. A Dodge Charger (1969 year model). The basement of a house of someone barely known. Old, brown and with a lingering un-recognized smell.*

The four characters come and go. They only talk to each other, if they talk.

Scenario (what takes place):

the Clown:

Fucks and pisses. Mhrrr. Mhhraa.

MethestorytellerandliarDeath:

They tie with one rope and all the arms and legs and the head bend backwards.

(pause)

I can smell it.

A tree:

it is dry, so dry

MethestorytellerandliarDeath:

They stand and watch.

A tree:

youngest boy warm his hands in the pool of blood

the Clown:

Mhrrra. It is of no importance.

The Deer-Leopard:

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MethestorytellerandliarDeath:

The smell is getting stronger.

A tree:

the girl, even younger, tilts her head backwards, smiles



the Clown:

Hrr, hurr.

The Deer-Leopard:

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(One can almost hear it breathing).

the Clown:

Fucks and pisses. I would like to slobber-lobber. Haaraahha. Mhrra.

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Sssslobber

--

obber.

All goes silent and only the fan slowly turning disturbs the stillness. The fan is old and one of its blades has been bent, it scratches against the wall at regular intervals, shhrrhh, hhrsch, ssrrach.

MethestorytellerandliarDeath:

It lies in the back of a car. A piece of rope, strong shiny. Cut into two,

A tree:

only the young ones bother to wave their hands

MethestorytellerandliarDeath:

The smell is fierce, like cold metal. Almost tangible.

the Clown:

Infatuation of the lovely ones... Infatuation. Hrr.

The Deer-Leopard:

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the Clown:

Hrr. Hmhrma. The sweet kiss of lovely love lovers.

A tree:

the girls older sister, the oldest of the lot, raises her hip lowers her shoulder and looks straight

MethestorytellerandliarDeath:

That's what I mean. Let your lungs fill with the smell.

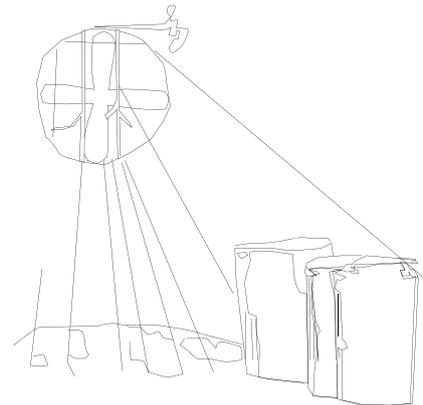
The Deer-Leopard now walks towards the left. There is a narrow alleyway leading up some stairs, water is dripping from a set of pipes. The Deer-Leopard walks off and up the stairs. (the clopper of its front hooves is audible, its hind legs move in complete silence).

The Deer-Leopard:

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MethestorytellerandliarDeath:

Let your lungs fill with the smell. That stale air of been there done that. The smell I find it difficult to remember.



the Clown:

I remember once IN love, oh sweet bitterness of the lovely love gone. Hrraha. Hrrmm. Fucks slobber pisses. No good. No no more.

A tree:

strung in pearls, and the younger one closes one eye, winks, cuddling a teddy bear

the Clown:

No nothing. Hrra. Hrrmmh.

the Clown:

Look at this.

The Clown brings out his butterfly and swings it around. But his movements are so swift noone can see what he is doing. When he attracts no attention he puts the knife away again and walks off up the same alleyway as the Deer-Leopard.

The next time we see them they are in the parkinglot with the burnt out car wreck. An amount of time has passed.

A tree:

Madonna is playing on the walkman, she bends her back turning her face away from the sun *La Isla Bonita*

MethestorytellerandliarDeath:

That is the car. As the night fell all moved, starting the engines, drawn by the same desires, heading for darkness and the clearing. Parked in a circle, someone played music from their car stereo. Minutes passed and then golden stilettos stepped a hood and the dancing started. Slow at first, always slow. Bending slightly forward, bending a knee, shifting weight, turning, bending. Stepping from hood to hood the dance closed the circle, no words were spoken. The rope was brought out, but by someone else, shiny new. They tie with one rope and all the arms and legs and the head bend backwards.

Later in the night, when it is nearing morning and the break of dawn, the car stereo is silent, the engines start and one by one they drive off. Headlights turned off.

A tree:

the light falls beautifully over her white and innocent looking flesh she stretches and swings her little sister watches

the Clown:

Schlosser ossch. Arsch. Hrraffssch.

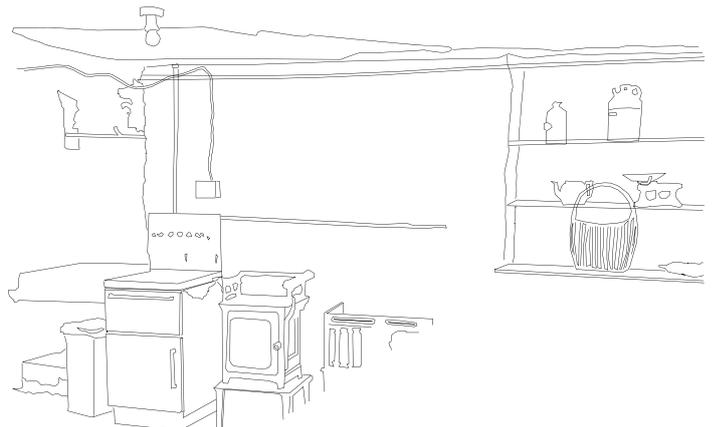
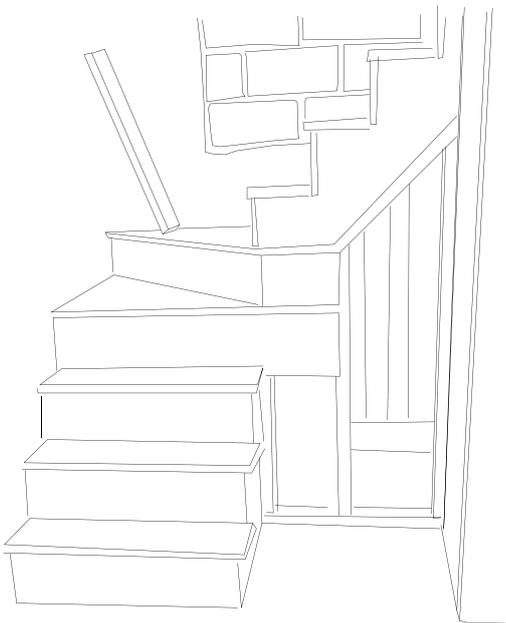
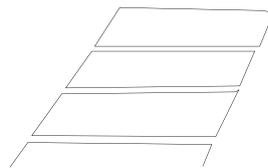
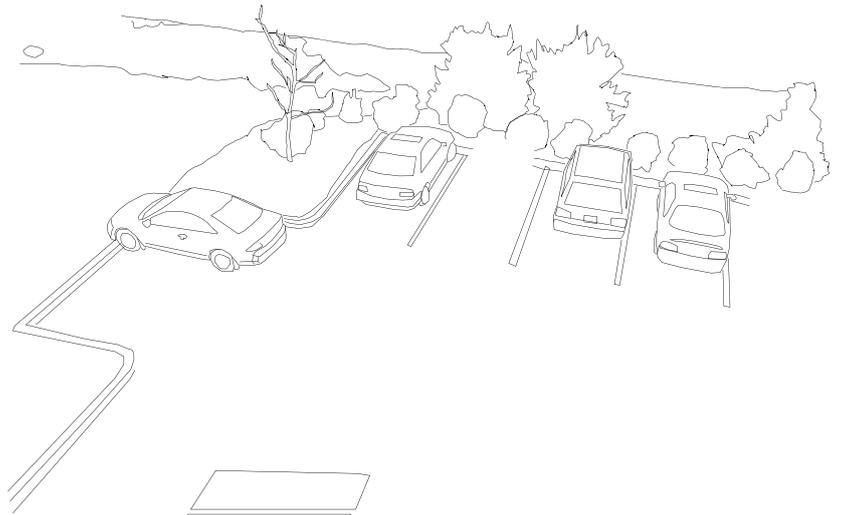
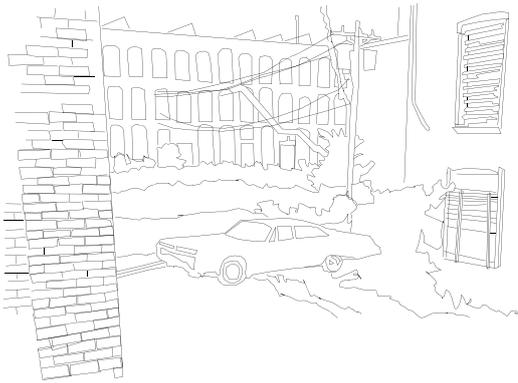
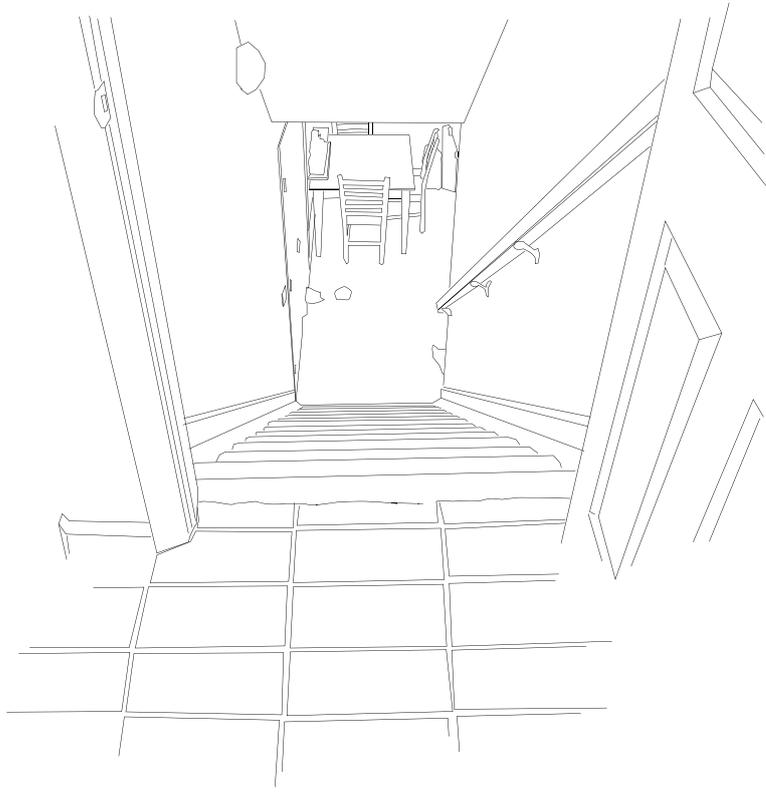
The Clown has tried to do something about his miserable yearning and put a smile back on his face. With the help of his butterfly he has slit the sides of his mouth to create an ever-present grin. The result is macabre, blood is dripping down on his suit and he can't speak in an understandable fashion any longer. The Deer-Leopard walks off again, not looking back. He walks past the burnt out car and vanishes in the dark. The clown goes and sits in the back of the car wreck.

A tree:

on their bicycles they go to secret places in the forest, the girls find a deer skull, they count its teeth and pull them out, it is difficult but their fingers are small and strong

MethestorytellerandliarDeath:

The smell is dizzying, it is that metally smell of blood or of something.



It is now nearly morning. In the basement of a house of someone barely known the Deer-Leopard is fucking MethestorytellerandliarDeath. The surroundings are old, brown and there is a lingering un-recognized smell.

The Deer-Leopard:

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MethestorytellerandliarDeath:

It is the smell of something.

In the street outside of the house with the basement that has a lingering un-recognized smell.

A tree:

when they come home they put the teeth in a row on the top of the porch fence (in the gap between the deck and the bottom of the porch fence), they count them again and they go inside and forget about everything

