

1.1. Who the fuck drew the stick figures on the grey wall?

When audience is seated, DAD comes in, picks up the remote and turns tv on. Audience lights go down and stage lights flicker as if the whole stage was an old tv turned on. A video of a choking child starts on the screen and loops throughout the post-mortem of the postmodern love poem (scenes 1.1-1.3). DAD sits on the chair, picks up a newspaper, headline "Notre Dame burns". THE VOICE is like announcer at the mall.

TEEN, lazily to someone in the audience:

TEEN

Shatter a window, won't you - I feel bored. Out of myself.

TEEN picks up a trash can and throws trash out of it but gets bored halfway.

Please use only trash that is already trash.

TEEN

There are no stories left to tell.

TEEN kicks the trash around while the announcement plays, and dad rustles his paper and burned pieces of Notre Dame fall out.

VOICE

Most alluring fragrance, for her – revolution, the ritual of youth – 20 % off with the loyalty customer card. The perfect present for an adventurous woman

MOM comes to the stage, sees the stick figures on the wall

MOM

Who the fuck has drawn on the wall? We can't afford to paint over them how could you be so thoughtless? Reckless! Nonsense!

MOM picks up a spoon and tries to feed the teen

MOM

Chooga chooga here comes the porridge you should EAT to become TALL like your father!

DAD rustles his paper; more pieces of Notre Dame fall out

DAD

We can't afford to paint THAT anew now that Da Vinci is dead

MOM

Well he could draw on the wall all that he liked, a bastard child he was. Nonsense. Reckless to have children when parents aren't married, who will take care of them? Thoughtless

MOM uses the spoon to lower the paper DAD is reading

MOM

There's stick figures on the wall! Why don't you get a job? Who has drawn them!

DAD

They are closing the factories. It's not my fault.

DAD stands up, folds the paper and goes to stare the stick figures on the wall, picks up a brush. There is no paint.

TEEN

Who taught us that stains must be hidden? The consumerist consumption machine
chooga chooga chooga chooga chooga chooga here comes the -

Rain dance!

Wild awkward movement to the sound in their head.

MOM, to DAD who is not painting:

MOM

Stop painting! Who draw the stick-legged men? They should paint over them. Without the fear of punishment, you would do anything and harm others around you.

MOM to TEEN, waving the spoon in the air, while dad sneaks back to his newspaper

MOM

You should eat to become tall like your father. Have you enough clothes on? Why are your ankles so bare, are you TRYING to catch a cold? You'll regret that when you grow old and your ankles are all wonky. Did you draw the stick-legged men?!

TEEN

SHUT UP MOM! Would you?

TEEN to audience, expecting a response

TEEN

I grew up and they are still fighting over who draw the stick-legged men.

Would you harm others if there were no consequences? Would you hurt someone if there was no fear of punishment? Why would you do that? Why would you?

We grew up to see our parents still fighting over who spilled the oil and plastic. But... how do you recreate a forest? How do you get back to yourself?

MOM

Now what is all this talk about forests? Don't become like that Swedish girl! She will never get a job, reckless thoughtless to quit school like that. When I was sixteen, I was in school. She should listen to grown-ups. She will never get a job and I will not pay for her retirement!

TEEN

Do you think I still can get a job from which to retire?

DAD *insulted*

I told you, they are closing the factories. It's not my fault!

DAD switches the channel, lights flicker like the whole stage was a changing channel, go back steady, the child keeps choking on the screen. Scene 1.1. ends.

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