

ME AND MINE HORSIE

Written and directed by Johanne Fridahl Willman, 2023

at Amsterdam Academy of Theatre and Dance

Mentors: Helena Muskens and Quirine Racké

Characters:

The Woman

A speak

A wooden box/ Mine horsie

(A woman enters with a wooden box.)

WOMAN:

Erste step in surviving. Overleving. Overlevelse.

Remove yourself from potential danger.

Done.

Danger? where's the danger you might ask. Everywhere.

Everywhere! If it's not someone in this room plotting to knife me down in the hallway and use my skin for a pair of new leather boots, it might as well be a big bear gaslighting me with an incel breath of romanticized homicide.

Fuck you. fuck all of you. I'm done. I am planning to survive this cold and hoarse wilderness.

Survival step twee: if you're lost and cold, alone, don't know what is the right road - you need food, water and light.

Yes, cool... I have this..

(Points towards wooden box)

this

WOMAN (contd) :

Survival step dree: keep your eyes and ears open for potential help, in need of emergency

A priest once told me that in need of help, it won't help calling your mother. Who should I call? Who am I gonna call? GOD. GOD is the one to call, he said, and took a deep holy breath all the way down to his yellow toenails. "call the godliest of the god-dest hotlines of the hottest, my child. call god".

(Points towards the priest with an imaginary gun)

Fuck god.

(shoots)

If gods existed we wouldn't have guns.

And I don't need advice from someone I don't know. My whole life everyone and everything has been trying to nudge me towards becoming something.

I am disintegrating. Melting a-fucking-way.

I am here because I want to survive.

WOMAN (contd) :

I should be my own god.

Survival step four: Trust you gut

SPEAK :

I was laying in my bed, with a bowl of instant noodles, and my warm gezellig blanket. I just ended the latest season of "farmer searching for love" and it happened.

I must have been dozing off, because I suddenly was feeling myself rise and float in the air. I heard the sound of hooves mixing with my own heartbeat, and when I looked down I saw the ground racing away under me. The sound was weird, like the horse was missing one leg, but i felt.. light

I woke up, because TV2play - the danish version of HULU - randomly selected a program for me, and the theme song for "alene i vildmarken" "alone in the wilderness" bursted out and took me back to reality.

In shock I sat up, and suddenly remembered the hot bowl of instant noodles, when the burning instant-soup made love to my inner thighs.

SPEAK (contd) :

I screamed, jumped up, throwing my computer to the ground, ripping the screen, and shattering the porcelain instant-bowl.

When I looked at the mess I just made, the noodles on the floor were spelling something. two perfect words. "survive bitch"

WOMAN:

In the wilderness you need to find game. kill to survive. Hunt to not be haunted.

(The person is getting ready for hunting - drawing (imitating) mudlines on the cheeks, and lifts an imitated bow. laying low. Cat-ish. Hunting, shooting the box, jumping with a imitated knife raised in the air, and making an end to the animal's suffering (the box). Blood spilling, splashing, as the person cuts the animal open in blood-rush. Intestines is thrown all over the stage (could be rope and fabrics).

(Suddenly the woman realizes what she is doing, backs away, scared, from the dead animal (the wooden box))

What are you? A deer? a rabbit? a raven?.. a horse?

SPEAK

Step vijf in surviving: If you're cold and alone and find a dead animal. As a last resort you should crawl inside, to keep warm.

(The woman hesitates, but walks towards the "dead animal". She stops, looks at the mess she made and walks away)

SPEAK:

Hello everyone. This is your pilot speaking. chrrrsss.
We might be a little bit, chrrrsss, late for takeoff because of a very silly situation. We are, chrrrsss, at the moment waiting for a push-back car that will push the plane out on the runway.

chrrrsss, hello this is your captain speaking. Again.

Hooves

We are very sorry to inform you that we still need to wait a little longer.

chrrrsss, hello this is your captain speaking. Again.

But only three of them.

SPEAK (contd) :

Again. So sorry for this logistical nightmare. chrrrsss, I did just see a push-back car coming towards us, but he suddenly stopped, put in reverse and left. So. Yes. chrrrsss We are ready. we are just.. waiting as well.

step six, seks, seis, in survival: have patience.

(The woman has found a piece of chalk)

WOMAN:

I think it's a horse. Yes. You have a horsie kind of feeling, box.

(She writes "HORSIE" on the box)

Better. Thank you for lending me your skin.. and.. sorry for killing you.. It's just a part of my path to survival.

Don't take it personally horsie. Pretty sure you were a good horsie. Good and fast, and running, and eating grassy or whatever horsies like you do. Runs freely!.. or maybe you were a trained horsie? dressaged? Never mind. Thank you for lending me you skin. Huid. Hud.

WOMAN (contd) :

What's your name horsie? Blaze? Buttercup? Flash?

(Silence)

oh you don't have one?

SPEAK :

Step vijf in surviving: If you're cold and alone and find a dead animal. As a last resort you should crawl inside, to keep warm.

(The woman, takes a deep breath and crawls inside the box)

This whole situation with us kind of reminds me of a story about winning a war. Some greek strong, mandly heroes cuddling inside a big tree-horse to infiltrate Troy.

Who is the hero even?

Wasn't the whole war centered around men raping and fighting over Helen?!

but only three of them.

Whose beauty made her more of a gift than a person.

SPEAK (contd) :

Whose own skin, was her life-long sentence in a prison she would never escape. Whose skin made her a self-declared, zelf verklaard, selverklæret property!? egendom, eigendom.

(The woman crawls out of the wooden box, writes "mine" on the side so it now says "mine horsie")

WOMAN :

Your name is now "mine" and in the name of survival your skin is now my kingdom, horsie!

You and I are both victims in this world. prayed upon by people who want to own us, name us and control us. Did I tell you about my room?

(She hugs Mine Horsie)

My bed? the one I left filled with instant-noodles?

The only place I didn't feel the tightness of the prison I was born with?

SPEAK (whisper) :

Hooves

WOMAN:

The place where I didn't feel the hunger in people's eyes
around me?

You know, it is pretty hard escaping your own skin.

SPEAK (whisper) :

but
only three
of them

WOMAN:

You should thank me for invading yours actually. I'm here,
with you horsie. "mine" and me forever.

(Silence)

You wanna hear a story? Maybe about another horsie? A story I
was told when I was younger about the birth of Sleipner. The
8-legged horse. When the Æsir, aserne, the gods in the world
of the old norse, kind of Used both the sun, the moon and the
goddess of fertility Freja as an award in a bet with the troll
giants, jætterne.

SPEAK:

Sadly for Freja, she was as beautiful as Helen, and that means she can't be her own property.

(The woman is drawing and participating in the storytelling by using the intestines on the floor)

To win the bet Loke the half-jätte and half-brother to the strong and mighty Thor, wore his horse skin and became a beautiful mare. He seduced a great stallion, and won the bet. Freja, the sun and the moon remained with the gods.

Loke birthed the 8-legged horse Sleipner after this.

SPEAK (contd) :

He birthed more kids actually. Fenrisulven the fenrir wolf, Midgaards ormen, the big worm that lays around the earth and licks its own tail. Loke also birthed Hel: the god of the underworld, death. They will all become a part of the end of the world. Ragnarok. Love that look for Loke.

(The woman has found the chalk on the floor and is decorating Mine Horsie (the wooden box))

WOMAN:

Survival skill numero vijvendredig don't panic if everything seems lost

Even your skin! Don't panic If your skin is lost. I mean, even the Faroe seal woman got hers back!

This one is almost a horse. The horse in the sea: the seal.

VOICEOVER:

Once, a Fisherman from Mikladal fell so so so so so purely and fairytale head over heels in love with a seal-woman dancing in moonlight. She was dancing as a naked human, without her sælskind, seal skin, and he fell so so so hard that he had to steal her seal-skin, and hide it in a box, and keep the key away from her, and marry her and get her pregnant, because she was so so so beautiful that he just had to.

(The woman is drawing more and more angrily, and stops at some point)

WOMAN:

She didn't panic. That bad ass bitch, stole the skin back and returned to her seal family! And when the former human husband slaughtered her seal kids and seal husband and had her human-kids eat them, she return in her newly made troll skin

WOMAN (contd) :

and ripped every limp of the fisherman into viertig pieces and cooked his balls on a bonfire made from the wooden box in which he had kept her sælskind, seal skin, huid, hud locked away from her!

(She has thrown the chalk away, and something horse-like inside her body is taking over, breaking out. The room is in transformation/movement)

Don't panic.

Don't panic.

SPEAK :

Maybe I can turn into a troll as well? Change my skin for good?

BOTH :

Wouldn't that be amazing, Horsie? us forever!?

WOMAN :

chrrrsss, we are finally ready to take-off. We will try to catch up with the delay by flying extra fast today. Sit back and enjoy your flight.

(Person jumps onto the box her movement has a horse-kind of
vibe)

BOTH:

It's simple. I just need to be a bad-ass bitch. Be the hero I
need in my own story. I have BIG main character vibes as well!

(The sound of a three legged horse(maybe salsa drums))

VOICEOVER:

Hooves. but only three of them.

WOMAN:

I recognize this! It's you.

VOICEOVER:

The fresh breeze

WOMAN:

The hell-horse, Helhesten. buried alive beneath a danish
church.

VOICEOVER:

Its you.

WOMAN:

Hooves, but only three of them.

VOICEOVER:

I see the ground beneath me run before my eyes.

BOTH/CHANGING:

Helhesten, hel-horsie

Hooves, but only three of them.

One glance is enough

The bearer of death.

Close your eyes

WOMAN:

Don't close you're eyes!

(The woman is galloping, and merging into a horse. She is dissolving, becoming a part of the room, and the box.)

(Blackout.)

SPEAK

If God is dead I am my own creator.

SPEAK (contd)

A shapeshifter. Ragnarok

Let's end our kingdom. Let's be reborn together, as one horse.

I don't want to survive.

I want to live.

(Light up, only "Mine Horsie" - the wooden box - is present)

Me and "mine", Horsie.

THE END.