

prowlings



a microplay issue

issue five **march 2016**

FROM THE EDITORS

Five issues of Prowlings calls for a celebration, and we choose to celebrate by experimenting with words. Unlike most Prowlings issues past and future, this issue contains only one piece - a microplay, or in the author's words, a dramaticule (defined as 'a miniature or insignificant drama') which packs two characters and the workings of their relationship, a strange landscape, and strands of religion, science, and the fragility of the future into just under 500 words. Read on...

And when you're done, visit our website: prowlings.com. You'll find an eager email address waiting for your own words, instructions on how to fold what you're holding, past and current issues to download - and a fervent encouragement to hijack a printer and print off a dozen copies for your friends. ¶

THE DREAMING STRIP

A DRAMATICULE

LOUIS KLEE

CHARACTERS

ESTH, woman, in her late adolescence

DA, man, in his late twenties, her brother

TEXT NOTE

/ indicates a point of interruption.

ACT I SCENE 1

The bombed-out shell of a stargazer. A charcoaled ruin, once a telescope hub. Around bushland.

Above stars. ESTH is inside the hub. DA approaches from the outside. The acoustics of the hub amplify the lines spoken inside. The voices reverberate, dream-like.

ESTH I've been thinking about what you said...
that we don't have any role models.

DA I said that?

Pause.

DA Do we need role models? We could be the first.

ESTH Like Hevel and Qayin?

DA Don't take them for models.

He enters the hub.

ESTH That's all they are really. Hevel the first to die. Qayin the first to kill. They're just... actions.

DA Aren't we all?

His voice reverberates louder than he wishes.

What are you doing up here? This place creeps me out.

ESTH Why?

Silence.

DA Dad worked here when it was / a telescope.

ESTH Why should that creep you out?

DA I mean look at this place. It's all... / bombed out.

ESTH It's just empty. Quiet.

Pause.

DA We should go.

ESTH Where?

DA Anywhere.

ESTH Well I like it. Here.

Pause.

ESTH He took you up here as a kid, right?

DA Once.

ESTH And?

DA Well... I wanted to see the planets.

ESTH [Amused.] Really?

DA I imagined them to be like huge, graceful animals. That I would see them up close. Their valleys and mountains. Everything. But all I could see were these blurry shapes. Smudges of light. "That's Saturn," he said. It was just a tiny blur.

ESTH But that's incredible.

DA Hardly. I was so disappointed I cried.

ESTH You didn't.

DA I did. I was five.

ESTH Did you see the rings?

DA What?

ESTH Of Saturn.

DA Maybe.

Brief pause.

God I don't know.

ESTH The rings were actually a moon... a moon that got out of line. It was minced up into little pieces by the planet.

DA Oh God.

ESTH Though the pieces aren't that little. Any of them would be bigger than this strip. Than all of this.

She gestures to the land beyond the hub.

DA That's not saying much.

Pause.

I'm glad he didn't tell me that. I probably would have had nightmares.

ESTH I had nightmares. The same one for years.

DA About Saturn?

ESTH Well... you know Dad. He couldn't resist adding that Saturn was some Roman god... who, fearing his own children, gobbled them all up / as each was born.

DA Fuck.

Pause.

He really said that?

Silence.

ESTH Why do we know the first murderer but not... say... the first to dream?

DA Well, I guess murdering, that really started something. A cycle that goes on

and on to this day. But not dreaming.
There are no reprisals for a dream.
It's just a thought made by your body.
Like a twitch. Nothing.

He exits the hub.

ESTH But what would it have been like -
waking up from the first dream?

DA I don't know.

Black-out.

the author

Louis Klee - Playwright and poet, studying at NIDA. Loves Pinter, riding bicycles, protests and languages.

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