

**EXCERPT FROM "INGEN FATTAR UTOM VI" ("NOBODY GETS IT BUT US")
By Anders Duus**

SCENE 9:

ROXANA:

Was it you or me who arrived first?

WILMA:

Me. You sat as far away from me as you could. Then you came, Ida.

The dressing room. IDA enters.

IDA:

Is this where the dance thing is? Which one of you stinks?

ROXANA:

It smelled of sweat here before we came.

They change clothes.

WILMA:

You go to my school.

IDA:

Maybe you go to mine.

WILMA:

But...that's the same thing.

IDA:

No. You know who I am. I have no idea who you are. Are we the only three, or what?

ROXANA:

There's a bunch of old ladies. They all took the other dressing room.

WILMA:

But the teaches is like eighteen. She hardly has any clothes on.

IDA:

Yay, how exciting this is going to be.

ROXANA:

I think it will be fun.

IDA:

"Ifinkitllbefuhn".

SCENE 10:

THE INSTRUCTOR:

One-two-three-four-five, one-two-three-four-five, these are the basic steps! Super simple, riiiiight? But here's the important bit. In salsa you can't just drag your feet back and forth like some boring Swede. We're not moving a refrigerator here! You have to relax your hips. The bum is supposed to swing! One-two-three-four-five, hip-hip-hip-bum-BUM! Image your lower body hanging by a thread from your spine here, aight? Move-those-hips-four-five, shake-that-ass-four-five. Hey you, what's your name?

ROXANA:

Roxi. Roxana.

INSTRUKTÖREN:

You have a butt, don't you Roxana? Or I mean, just barely, but you have one? Let's see now, four five! (to IDA) Where are you going?

IDA:

Toilet.

INSTRUKTÖREN:

Hurry. ONE TWO THREE FOUR FIVE look at me Roxana! ONE TWO THREE FOUR FIVE!

SCENE 11:

IDA changes back her clothes. ROXANA enters.

ROXANA:

You're not leaving, are you?

IDA:

Yeah.

ROXANA:

But we have to stay until class is over.

IDA:

What do you mean, "we"?

ROXANA:

Yes but surely we have to-

IDA:

Why?

ROXANA:

But when you have chosen to be here.

IDA:

So why are you in the dressing room? Go back out there and hang your butt in a string instead.

ROXANA:

I just need to drink some water.

WILMA enters.

WILMA:

Where did you go? I don't want to be by myself in there! What, are you leaving?

IDA:

I am.

WILMA:

I can get you a ride if you want to.

ROXANA:

Are you quitting too?

WILMA:

I'll call my dad and ask him to pick us up early.

IDA:

Not going home.

WILMA:

Where are you going then?

IDA:

Not home anyway.

WILMA:

Could I...tag along? To do something.

IDA:

No. I'm going to find my mates.

WILMA:

Okay.

IDA:

They are older.

WILMA (*to ROXANA*):

What about you? Do you want a ride?

ROXANA:

I have to stay until it's finished.

IDA:
Bye then.

ROXANA:
Only I don't want to. And I don't want to go home. I've got like a...completely free hour.

IDA looks at them.

IDA:
Ugh, come on then. I know a place. Are you coming or not?

SCENE 13:

WILMA'S MUM:
So how was the dance class? Let's see!

WILMA:
I have nothing to show yet.

WILMA'S MUM:
But you can just show me the basic steps!

WILMA:
No.

WILMA'S MUM:
YES!

WILMA:
It's sort of like this. One two three four five. Not refrigerator.

WILMA'S MUM:
I'll be the guy and you can show me!

WILMA:
That's enough.

WILMA'S MUM:
But it was fun, right? You want to continue going?

WILMA:
Yes. I think so.

WILMA'S MUM:
I knew it!

SCENE 13:

POLICE 1:

But in fact you three instead went to the furniture store's loading dock.

WILMA:

Yes.

POLICE 1:

Why on earth there, exactly?

SCENE 14:

The loading dock. Some pieces of furniture. Lots of packaging and pallets. Under the dock a container. IDA climbs onto the dock, sinks into a comfy chair.

WILMA:

Why are they just standing here?

IDA:

It's furniture that's waiting to be delivered, I guess. Or thrown away. There's a vent here that blows hot air, too. Nice, right?

ROXANA:

Is it allowed to be here?

IDA:

What are you, scared we'll sit their sofas apart?

ROXANA:

But are you allowed to be here?

IDA:

Probably not.

WILMA:

Do you come here often?

IDA:

Not anymore. But we hung here sometimes this winter, my mates and me.

ROXANA:

"Hung". Doing what?

IDA:

I don't know. We sat around, I guess.

ROXANA:

Couldn't you had done that at someone's house? Instead of crouching behind the furniture store.

IDA:

We jumped into the container, too. From up there. It's full of cardboard, so you land softly.

ROXANA:

What, from up under the roof?

IDA:

So? Are you too scared?

WILMA:

Can I ask you something?

IDA:

You're too scared!

WILMA:

Why did you come to the salsa class?

IDA:

It was free.

WILMA:

For real? That's why?

IDA:

Or whatever. Dad thinks I should, like, be doing something.

ROXANA:

Don't you do anything?

IDA:

I do a fuckton of stuff. But perhaps not that many that he thinks are great. What about you?

WILMA:

I'm new in town and...I suppose it's my mum who wanted me to.

ROXANA:

I decided myself.

WILMA:

You want to do the salsa, one two three four five.

ROXANA:

Not particularly.

WILMA:

So why then?

ROXANA:
Do you have...I dunno. Okay, do you have a lot of friends?

WILMA:
Yes.

ROXANA:
Do they copy you?

WILMA:
How do you mean?

ROXANA:
Do as you do. Agree with everything you say. If you start playing basketball, then Nelly and Tova also want to start basketball. If you cut bangs, then Aisha and Tova and Nelly and Jasmin and everybody else in the whole world also want to cut bangs. If you start listening to classical music-

IDA:
Alright we get it. Why don't you just stay home then?

ROXANA:
Because there it's the homework and the persian and the deadline on the column for the newspaper and the student council and Nelly and Tove and Aisha constantly calling and bla bla BLA.

ROXANA kicks a piece of furniture, hard. One of the legs snaps.

WILMA:
What are you doing?

ROXANA:
I didn't mean to!

IDA looks at it.

ROXANA:
Is it broken?

IDA:
What does it look like?

SCENE 15:

POLICE 2:
So you're saying it was an accident?

ROXANA:
I didn't kick it hard.

POLICE 2:
Why kick it at all?

ROXANA:
I don't usually kick things to pieces if that's what you mean.

POLICE 2:
So why did you now, all of a sudden?

SCENE 16:

IDA props up the leg under the comfy chair.

IDA:
There. Noone will notice.

ROXANA:
Can it be fixed?

IDA:
Will you let it go already?

WILMA:
So, woe is you because you have too many friends?

ROXANA:
It don't mean it like that, but...

WILMA:
And so now you're going to salsa class to, what, get a little privacy?

ROXANA:
Only it was totally weird there.

IDA:
You have a butt, Roxana, don't you? Don't you?

WILMA:
Things truly seem very hard for you.

IDA:
You have a butt, don't you??

WILMA:
MOVE THAT ASS FOUR FIVE.

ROXANA backs away. ROXANA and WILMA end up in the comfy chair, the leg folds again, they fall to the floor. They start to laugh. They are laughing, together.

IDA:

Okay, someone *might* notice that it's a little broken.

SCENE 17:

VANNA:

You're twelve, Ida, it's time. Right?

IDA:

I dunno.

VANNA:

You know Natte's mum, she's got this dorky drinks cabinet that looks like that robot from Star Wars. She never uses it. So he swiped some of those small bottles.

IDA:

Right. Nice.

VANNA:

If you mix vodka it doesn't taste like anything.

IDA:

Okay but...where should we do it then?

VANNA:

Psst!

WILMA passes. She and IDA looks at each other for a second.

VANNA:

What do you want?

WILMA is on the verge of saying hi, but IDA looks away. WILMA exits.

VANNA:

Do you always have to wear that jacket, by the way?

IDA:

This one? No. I'm getting a new one. Soon.

SCENE 18:

Class is over.

TEACHER:
Could you stay behind a moment, Roxana?

ROXANA:
She doesn't sound strict like that.

TEACHER:
Roxana, your group project on Ireland.

ROXANA:
Was it bad?

TEACHER:
Quite the opposite, it was very good. You did all of the work, didn't you?

ROXANA:
We all helped.

TEACHER:
And what did Tove and Nelly do exactly?

ROXANA:
Maybe I did most of it.

TEACHER:
They look up to you. You know that, don't you? Very much.

ROXANA:
Uh huh.

TEACHER:
I'd like to ask you to...try and motivate them a little bit. Teach them some study technique. You know these things.

ROXANA:
Uh huh.

TEACHER:
They'll listen to you much better than me. Junior high is just around the corner, you know. Things'll get serious then.

ROXANA:
I can try.

TEACHER:

Demet and Markus too. And Aisha. And Mats who teaches the C-class has asked if you could talk to Kevin D and Kevin P, so if I could lend you out to him for an hour tomorrow after lunch?

ROXANA:

Okay.

TEACHER:

I trust you, Roxana. You're the one everybody trusts the most.