Tupu Tupu Tupu
By Scott R. Adkins

CASTING:

NORA

PETER

SVEN

BOY

ZOO DIRECTOR

DENTIST

WOLVERINE – SCOTT – V.O.

Locations:
The Cabin which is a single room cabin in a valley surrounded by a farm.

The Room of Rooms: The Cabin

The Room for Negotiation: The Orphans

The Room of Tupu Land: The Great Höktanden

The Room that Never Existed: The Lakeside Castle

**THE ROOM OF ROOMS: THE CABIN**

Nighttime. Loud thunderstorm, wind, rain, etc. Pause.

Storm has past. Sun has risen. Sound of a ticking clock. Slow drone sound.

NORA
First you need to understand what Kruger park is to know Peter's dream.

***In the background a shadow puppet safari presents itself. Large format on c-stand screen. Background pre-drawn. Place animals, birds, and trees. Rear projection.***

To know Kruger Park is to know the South African Safari (**react to puppets being placed** examples: with trees, giraffes, elephants, and rhinos. And birds. Antelopes. Hyenas) with its rivers, vast swaths of desert interrupted by the occasional waterfall interrupted by breezes wafting from a field of calla lilies and blocked by the scent of pools of standing water filled with mosquito larvae. The pools are like self-contained eco-systems thriving with mosquito life – like a typewriter with an endless spool of paper. The animals roam free and the visitors roam among the animals.

**take down the safari**

I am Nora and Peter and I lived in Lapland. Near Helsinki. All we ever wanted was a park like Kruger park so when visitors came to Lapland they would leave pretense at the curb of Oslo. We populated our park with a lynx named Amanda, a wolverine named Liisa, whistling swans, elk, all variety of other birds. The whistling swan is the sacred bird of Carelia. Eventually, we would build a lakeside castle in the park.

Peter had a fondness for wolverines. When I say fondness I mean he captured them as babies and tamed them.

**show image of boy feeding wolverine. Project from the overhead projector.**

That’s our boy with the one called Rosa, we sing Tupu Tupu Tupu and she comes to us for a bite of chocolate. She is tame. But in nature, the wolverine is not to be trusted because you know, the wolverine is in league with the devil.

** projection blacked out **

From a different part of the stage the boy sings while walking in the snow.

THE BOY (sings)
Frozen head to toe
My Reindeer lay in the snow
Some say by a devil
The hunters say so

Some say by a devil
This beast likes to kill
Furry round the size of a fox
Eats other's prey already still

Furry round
The Tupu makes no sound
Without end or beginning
Tracks on the snowy ground

Frozen head to toe
Some say by a devil
Furry round
Without end or beginning

****show one room cabin set-up****

NORA
This is our home. A one-room cabin.

A desk.
My typewriter.

Tea pot.

A phone.

A bed.

NORA (Cont'd)
A comfy chair
Stove

The tea is good.

We use wild edibles. Dry them out for tea.

PETER
And this. A pre-depression banker's chair with a green seat cushion that reads like a history book telling of past successes and past failures. Never learning, never changing, only ever knowing that it is a bankers' chair. Still here in our time against all odds. The chair sits here, performing the history of the pre-depression bankers' chair.

Bigger coat. Bigger bootz. Yah?

The snow is deep. I am going to dig a tunnel from our door to the road.

I like tunnels.

Hmmm.

NORA
Peter?

PETER
Yes dear?

NORA
Where is the coffee?

PETER
We have no coffee, dear.

NORA
Peter?

PETER
Yes dear?

NORA
Are you going somewhere?

PETER
No dear.

NORA
You mentioned your coat.

PETER
Yes dear.

NORA
Where are you going?

PETER
I sent our boy to get coffee dear but we have no money.

NORA
Yah.

Terribly cold. He would lose his toes. For coffee? Peter?

PETER
We have tea.

NORA
Yah.

NORA finds tea bags and a pot for steeping.

The phone rings several times before PETER answers it.

NORA
The landscape is melancholy. Monochromatic white and gray. Empty of trees. Full of snow. Peter spends many weeks in that world while Philippe and I wait for him in our single room house. We do not have much because we do not need much. This life we have is filled with curiosity. Our park is for Lapland, we preserve the animals, for the greater purpose. One day, Peter will trap a wolverine and fall in

PETER
Hello, this is Peter Krott.

Yah. Yah.

I don't. I am.

Of course. A bit short.

Are they?
How soon?
Yah. Yah. Okay.
Yah.

love. He will tame her and she will be part of our family. Her name will be, Liisa, the Princess from the wilds of Tuupovaara.

Three weeks.
Yah. Okay.
See you then. Good-bye.

PETER
That was the Zoo Director from Prague.

They have two Elk.

Charles the XI had a tame Elk.

Our park would be good with a tame Elk. Very useful a tame Elk.

PETER moves to the wall and pounds it with the hammers until he breaks a hole in it.

NORA
What in heavens name!

Peter.

Peter!

PETER
Ya.

NORA
What are you doing?

PETER
Digging for treasure.

PETER pulls a bottle of whiskey from the wall

See? Whiskey.

NORA
Peter?

PETER
Yes Nora, I am right here.

NORA
I know this Peter but I am asking you

PETER
What are you asking me, you are always asking me.

NORA
The boy.

PETER
Of course.

NORA
He was not ready/

PETER
/that is a fear but he was more than ready or I would not have let him go. Yah?

NORA
Yah. The tea is nearly ready.

PETER
Ah good.

NORA
You are staring at me.

PETER
Yah. I watch you make the tea and that makes me, happy. You stare at me.

NORA
Yah, I like your tea drinking style.

Will you leave the hole like that?

PETER
We must discuss what to do for money.

NORA
Always money, yah?

PETER
Not always, just we run out, always.

NORA
No.

PETER
Yah. I must travel to Stockholm. Yah?

NORA
Again. Again. Always to Stockholm.

PETER
It is true, they pay the highest price for the lynx.

There is a knock at the door.

NORA
Perhaps.

PETER
Three weeks.

NORA
Was it three weeks? The sun rises and it is cold. The sun sets and it is colder. The snow is white and always coming, yah?

More knocking at the door. NORA and PETER look at each other. More knocking. NORA turns and pulls a third bowl from the shelf and pours soup in it. More knocking.

In my memory Peter doesn’t answer the door so quickly. I let the knocker keep knocking so I can watch Peter sitting in his chair a little longer. Sven had returned, he will go to Stockholm with Peter. Then on to Prague for the Elk.

PETER
Yah, we are here.

PETER sets his pipe down and answers the door. It is SVEN, he is a massive Swede and fills the entire doorway. As he enters a blast of cold air fills the room.

Sven! Did you have to bring the whole of winter with you!?

SVEN gives PETER a bear hug.

SVEN
Peter. (SVEN goes to the fire first. Warms his hands before settling in.) Nora. Yah. It is cold. It is winter. Good you have a fire. Just the smell of wood smoke warms me. Yah?

**note: the settling in of SVEN takes some time, he is carrying a lot of camera equipment, backpack, skiis, wearing snow shoes, layers and layers of clothing. He unlayers down to his long johns top but keeps on his wool trousers.**

NORA
Sven, you smell like death.

SVEN
Yah, I know I know.

PETER
Well, put your sweater back on

SVEN
Yah, okay.

NORA
How can a man smell that bad I'll never know.

PETER
Which is why maybe I go to Stockholm by myself.

NORA
You think I couldn't handle a snowfield with you, I am a better skier than you, a better tracker/

PETER
Skier yes, tracker no.

NORA
My sense of direction is much better/

PETER
Ah, how do you say?

NORA
Is Stockholm to the right or left as you leave our house?

PETER
I'd have to open the door first.

NORA
Exactly.

SVEN
Is this better? Yah?

PETER
Much.

From a different part of the stage the boy sings while walking in the snow.

THE BOY (sings)

Some days are sunny
Some days are not
Today’s a stormy breeze
Clouds above this spot

If you were a fish
You could swim away
If you were a dragon
You could fly all day

Some days are sunny
Some days are not
Today’s a stormy breeze
Clouds above this spot

All night you dream
But now you wake
I know it is sad
But this is your fate

Some days are sunny
Some days are not
Today’s a stormy breeze
Clouds above this spot

**THE ROOM FOR NEGOTIATION: THE ORPHANS**

NORA is sitting in the house with the boy.

NORA
Peter arrives in Stockholm and The Zoo Director is sitting behind a massive desk. Neat stacks of papers. The room glows warmly from the sun.

PETER and THE ZOO DIRECTOR are at a different part of the stage.

PETER
What are you going to do?

Zoo Director
I thought of taking the tupu's from you.

PETER
I was surprised to see you sitting there. At first I did not recognize you/

Zoo Director
/That is why you do not say hello. Yah? I thought you were just being Austrian.

PETER
Lapland froze the Austrian out of me long ago Zoo Director.

Zoo Director
Yah.

PETER
Yah.

Zoo Director
I let you take the Tupus.

PETER
They didn't look right. You let me take them/

Zoo Director
/Yah. I let you.

PETER
Because they were sick.

Zoo Director
They are already dead.

PETER
Yah.

Zoo Director
You have a big head Peter. Thinking you can feed a tupu to life. You/

PETER
I killed them in the end.

Zoo Director
Yah.

PETER
But you let me take them.

Zoo Director
They were already dead.

**THE ROOM OF TUPU LAND: The Great Höktanden**

NORA and THE BOY are in the house.

NORA
Peter and Sven are deep in the snowfields of Lapland. Philippe and I wait by a warm fire each night.

PETER and SVEN are on the snowfields.

PETER
If all forms of life were sufficiently protected against all the dangers that threaten them then none of them would be able to exist at all.

SVEN
Yah. Yah.

PETER
The whole landscape seems still in the foot high snow.

SVEN
Relentless. Every bone in my body is frozen.

PETER
keep moving.

SVEN
yah.

PETER
Later we will sleep. That’s the best way to get over disappointment, even for the beast.

I sold a lynx family to the Swedish Modern Museum of Animals for that pair of elk.

SVEN
Yah.

I didn't have my rifle, just the cameras.

PETER
Yah. What happened to your pistol.

SVEN
I am a terrible shot. Might have made it worse. The hunter finished it with one shot. I helped him clean the carcass, it was a mess. The fat client lay in the snow and smoked his pipe saying "I killed a bear"

PETER
But he didn't.

SVEN
Yah. Over and over "I killed a bear". The snow was stained red everywhere. This rich man took shot after shot, first hitting her legs, then her arms, then hitting the ground around her. The bear cubs screaming but do not approach their mother.

Finally, the client is out of ammunition. In the end, the hunter drew his “poroleukas”, big knives, and stabs away blindly at her kits, until their panic-stricken kicking stops.

The hunter took the she-bear coat.

The client took the kits.

The snow was messy.

PETER
No mercy.

I believe I’m the only one who believes a Tupu can be caught Sven.

SVEN
Yah.

PETER
I bet my livelihood on it.

SVEN
They are demon’s Peter. No hunter see’s them because they feed in one reality and sleep in another.

PETER
They disappear behind trees is all Sven. No more demon than you or me. Yah?

SVEN
I can’t see Peter.

PETER
Yah. The trail is cold.

SVEN
My legs are tired.

PETER
We go to the trees then. She would do the same.

SVEN
Yah.

PETER
We sleep there, yah?

SVEN
No. A little tea to warm us and we go on.

PETER
Yah.

NORA
Your papa and Sven were cold, tired, and cannot see. They built a small fire and drank tea. Five cups of tea later they packed up and walked in silence. The snow crunching under their skiis. Luckily, the wind was still blowing against their backs.

PETER
There!

PETER points to a set of tracks.

SVEN
I see it.

PETER
Not Tupu.

SVEN
No.

SVEN gets a camera out of one of his massive gear bags. He is carrying hundreds of pounds of equipment.

Over there. Ski tracks.

PETER
They were looking for the bear but missed her.

Okay? We follow the skis to the blockhouse.

SVEN
Yah.

A card is shoved through the slot in the door at the house. NORA picks it up and reads.

NORA
Look Philippe, a letter from papa.

Dear Nora and Philippe,
I am cold and nearly dead. Eventually we arrive at a blockhouse. Sven always insists on carrying all his cameras and complains of tired legs. He can make a good cup of tea. I sit and shiver while he makes us tea. There is no one

else at the blockhouse. The fire is going. We lost the tupu trail.

SVEN
I am so cold my teeth hurt.

NORA
Sven complains of his teeth now. Sven and I will be home in one week if all goes well.

Love,

Peter

PETER
Now it is your teeth, Sven? What else will it be? I thought you Swede's were bred for cold. That is how you always say it.

SVEN
Yah. I am cold but you move too slow.

PETER
I bring you because I know if I were alone I would die in the loneliness of the snowfield.

SVEN
My teeth, ahhhh my teeth. Pull them out.

PETER unfolds the card and adds a PS

NORA
PS. Sven now complains of his teeth. I couldn't stand his screaming. I think better to pull the swede's teeth out than listen to him scream all night.

The door of the blockhouse swings open. Europe's northern most DENTIST enters.

DENTIST
Ah gute, a fire. The field is colder. Have you been here long?

PETER
We have tea and fire. Not long. Yah?

DENTIST
Yah.

PETER
You are not a hunter.

DENTIST
No no. I am a doctor. A dentist for the Lapland. Making my way to the far reaches. My annual trip.

PETER
Yah. Sven, you are in luck. I won't be pulling your teeth after all.

SVEN
Yah.

PETER
Would you look in my friend's mouth. He complains about his teeth hurting.

SVEN opens his mouth and the DENTIST peers in.

DENTIST
Quite a mess there. But I can fix it.

The DENTIST pulls a contraption from his back. It consists of a spinning wheel that drives the drill he uses to prepare the cavities.

I will need your help. What is your name?

PETER
I am Peter and this is Sven.

DENTIST
I have just enough gold to fill the cavities.

NORA
P.S.S. A dentist arrives at the blockhouse on his annual journey to the northern farmsteads. Lucky for Sven I did not pull his teeth. By midnight Sven had quieted down and was swapping stories with some newly arrived Laplanders.

PETER
I am sad about the bear.

SVEN
Yah.

**THE ROOM THAT NEVER EXISTED: THE LAKESIDE CASTLE**

PETER
A Japanese whaler takes whales from the sea because it is his right, not for gold or survival but because he can, he is not concerned with the consequence, not concerned that one day he may take the last whale. He is only concerned with his right. Yah?

***play deer kill animation, front projection.***

A high wispy song sung slowly in the background

a landscape is bare.
Sounds are important
images are important
smells are there.
The floor is not bare.
The floor is mostly
covered.

Hope is like the
tinsel reflecting the sun setting
design perfection the way
a habitat is designed
to perfection. Hope and order for
happiness.

WOLVERINE
Snow fell forever
A lot of coats keep me warm
Bring me a flower
from a place I’ve never seen
My eyes are closed
for my destiny
My path is my home

The animals called my name long ago
Now they run in random circles

Hoping I am not near
Is the bird the only one to remember?
All the places divided for freedom?
My path gets shorter and shorter
the snow stops falling.

End of Tupu Tupu Tupu