

## Sanna Hietala: STABLE WOMEN (Tätiratsastajat) – Aurinkoteatteri – Synopsis

### *Characters, in order of appearance:*

Benita Stjärnfall ..... a Star Rider; a former stable girl

Helena Palmi ..... a stable woman

Pamela Kåla ..... a teenage naturalist; baby sister of Håkki Kåla

Jarno Salin ..... endangered male; last Predator in the wild

Håkan "Håkki" Kåla ..... Brother of Pamela Kåla; a guy

### *Author's note:*

**Stable Women** is a sequel to my stage play **Predators**, in which the teenage naturalist Pamela Kåla – in the spirit of Dian Fossey and David Attenborough – works her way into a pack of Predators, habituating herself with this prehistoric race of early humans, and is given the opportunity to closely monitor a booze-enhanced fight of survival between the formidable Alpha female and her offspring. A treacherous she-cub usurps power, and the hapless matriarch meets her end on the thin winter ice of the Northern Baltic.

Having been orphaned, Jarno, the last male descendant of the Alpha, refuses to dislodge himself from Pamela's pant leg, and she understands she has become too attached to these capricious carnivores.

After being shot by a poacher, zapped by a taser and bitten uncountable times by these wanton beasts, Pamela decides to shift her taxonomic pursuits to a herd of gentle herbivores: Stable women...

**ACT I****1. A DYING CULTURE**

A stable women ecosystem in the freezing wastelands of the North. A horse neighs in the distance. Huffing and puffing and stomping. Benita Stjärnfall, a Star Rider, is giving a riding class. Something in her posture gives the impression that you mustn't approach this creature unawares or suddenly from behind: *Fucking fatass! Are you drunk to sway like that? Make that horse gallop or I'll come and make it gallop!* Their crop whistles in the air. A horse squeals. A rider is flung to the ground.

Another woman rushes to the scene. She is an older specimen, which shows in her sturdy backside and masculine disposition. This is Helena Palmi, Stable master. She examines the fallen rider, who is bravely sitting up. She is our heroine Pamela Kåla, fourteen, and a naturalist. Pamela raises her arm, holding a snapped halter, documenting: *Here at the verge of nature, hidden from sight, a species of herbivore, long thought extinct, lives in a symbiotic relationship with horses, large animals with a strong instinct to flee.*

Bickering. Stable women are hierarchical herd animals that constantly joust for their position, just like horses. Power goes to who has the widest ass and mightiest voice. Others support this individual by grovelling shamelessly and giving them the thumbs-up.

Benita seizes the arena, gives a fierce speech on the death of the stable girl culture. Nostalgizes how girls became men at the stables: *The greatness of this sport is no longer recognized, the ruthless clashes in the aisles between stalls, the mortal kicks, the blood on the riding arena sand! A whole culture is lost when all manner of social security nags scare the kids off with stupid safety protocols! The girls are asked what they want! Hey you girl, do you want to be a real horseman or would you rather be a bed wetting granny!*

**2. VERTICAL HIERARCHY**

Speaking out has taken its toll. Benita's spine crumples. It is Helena's turn to lash out, restructure the herd hierarchy. Helena attacks Benita cruelly by sweet talking, pandering, belittling, pitying and taking care in a terrifying way. Benita suddenly feels weak, overpowered by Helena. Now she is feeling sick, her head hurts, she is blacking out. Benita pleads she could pass on the weekend competition. She is too weak to ride. Helena whips her mercilessly: *Hey lovely, you're our star, everyone is counting on you! Hey baby, who's your best friend?*

Benita yields: *You're my best friend.*

Helena shows who's boss, crushes Benita in her arms: *You're so special to me!* Hugging. Condescending praise. Helena is moved by her own words. This gives Benita an opportunity to escape. But the older woman has won this round. Pamela informs the audience: *Don't let appearances deceive you. They bite, suddenly and without warning, if you don't read their subtle cues right. And there is another puzzling detail: they are all female.*

**3. THIGHS**

An old stable woman examines Pamela and her wonderfully body positive thighs. Pamela must ride her bike a lot. Those strong thighs remind Helena of better times in the past, when girls eager to work at the stable would hang around on their bikes in droves, there was an abundance of choice material. Benita was different. Helena found her with her pants down in a dumpster, someone had left her there. Benita didn't ride a bike – but what thighs she had! Helena recognizes quality in Pamela: *I only have one special gift, I can always tell if someone has talent.*

She lets Pamela see the horse she is grooming. The horse seems ill. The stable women have a tendency to foster their horses to death. *Pimu is sweet but she bates men, she is severely traumatized. Sometimes I hear her talk to me about her horse thoughts wordlessly. We women are especially sensitive in that way. You must be ready to negotiate with mares, brute force gets you nowhere.* Helena has a secret weapon – a bag of buns. Pimu snorts.

Helena holds Pamela by the thigh as she teaches her how to groom. The moment is broken by the shouting of Virpi Staudinger, the chair of the Horse eventing committee, coming from the next aisle. Helene must go, much to her disappointment. Benita comes out from Pimu's stall, searching feverishly for her wallet and phone. Helena must have hidden them again. She plans to escape, far far away from the smell of pussy. She warns Pamela not to let Helena get a hold of her: *Don't let her mess inside your head. She'll notice the moment you're in trouble and grab you tshakk! Slurp!*

Pamela tries to figure all this out, but is overcome by curiosity. Our young ethologist decides to stick around to see things unfold: *A good rule of thumb is that if you don't know how to act, do nothing.*

**4. HOW TO DRESS PROPERLY**

Helena comes bearing gifts. An invitation to the barbeque of the Horse eventing committee women. Benita makes it clear right away that she's not going

to any *lesbian party of Virpi's*. The Committee is planning the year's main event, the dress riding competition. This is a sort of event that empowers stable women, combining dressage and dressing up. Helena has planned that Benita will go wearing a delicate, thematically appropriate flower dress.

Benita wants to dress up as a guitar hero, like she does every year. Even if one doesn't know how to play, one can always try to look like a guitar hero. But now it seems that this year you can't dress as you want, as the committee has decided on a compulsory theme. What fucking theme? Strong women, brave girls, Helena tells her: *These days it's not enough to just ride, you must also be inclusive and intersexual*. Benita freezes – she has totally lost her whole competitive mood. She tells us what she thinks about the Committee and every other womens' club overall: *This is something so nauseating that I'm going to choke on my own vomit! How could anybody ever agree to pose as a "strong woman!" How can anyone in this world come up with something so phony, fascistic and awful!*

*Look at how Pimu, a horse, a wild prey animal that would roam the savannas, has sunk into a coma because these stables have all been turned into safe recreation facilities for frightened grannies! Latino rhythms! All manner of fucking pussy licking shit! I want to hear the range rumble with a sweeping mass that engulfs me! And takes me away!* Tries to explain her personal dress vision to these artless idiots: *A Kerrang! cover model from nineteen eighty nine. His hair like a horse's mane, billowing like this, his chains jingle like this, his combat boots squeak and those tattoos! All the grannies ride in the competition to the tinny tune of a piano, wearing Pippi-wigs while I ride in on a guitar solo!*

## 5. THE KERRANG! BOY

An electric guitar wails inside Benita. Suddenly, Kerrang! Boy stands in the stable aisle, dreamlike. The long hair of a heavy music hero shines and ripples. Time seems to freeze for a moment.

But the fantasy becomes tangible. This apparition is a guy called Håkki Kåla, Pamela's brother, on his way to perform with his band. Helena is shocked. Pamela is pissed off and tries to evict her brother from the stable, but the task is too much for a small girl.

Guys like Håkki are relatively tame and mostly harmless, but take a lot of space and will lift a leg wherever they fancy. Helena is happy to share the toilet as long as the stable aisle is emptied first.

Håkki is accompanied by the last surviving free-roaming male of the Predators, Jarno, the male cub of the Alpha female, who has since his Mama's death

moved into the garden shed of Pamela's family. Pamela has tried to teach the young buck social habits in order for it to get by on its own, but with little success. Jarno keeps returning to cling onto Pamela's trouser leg. Pamela tries adamantly to fight for her right to a hobby without having to look after the guys, with little success.

## 6. THE ORPHAN

Pamela in the stable toilet with the guys. Jarno is in a funk, missing his Mama and deep in global angst, and his peeing isn't going anywhere. Håkki tries to pressure his sister Pamela to join them on the gig. Someone must watch over Jarno. Håkki has a sensible solution to Jarno's problems – they must find him some Piia or Marika or other wench and he'll stop his whining. Tells Jarno how to behave with women: *You look her in the eye and pretend you're interested in her stuff like her hobbies even though you aren't. That's how everyday feminism works!*

Jarno is terrified, doesn't want a woman: *I'm not single, I'm an orphan!* Tempers are running high, and there's a smell of fuming testosterone. Helena smells it and comes to check if Pamela has the situation under control. Håkki senses an opportunity to show Jarno how to approach a woman. He pretends to be interested in Helena's hobby. Mansplains to Helena why women have this horse thing. It's all just about practicing how to be with a man. Helena flees, Pamela gives in under Håkki's swaggering. Promises she'll join the guys at the gig if Håkki only keeps his mouth shut.

## 7. SAWBUCK

Having subdued Pamela, Håkki runs into Benita in the aisle. She is staring at Håkki through a stall's bars. Håkki naturally interprets her gaze as lust. Women are always lusting after him.

Pamela, who is much better versed in the ethology of stable women, tells us what Benita is going through: Their sexual drive is seriously underdeveloped, but under the threat of a mating situation their reflex is to freeze into a sawbuck position, typical of mares.

Håkki probes the terrain. Some animal instinct tells Håkki to not proceed, and to be careful. Benita is approaching Håkki defiantly. She wants to discuss guitars. That's suspicious. Håkki examines Benita's ass. It seems vaguely familiar. Her name also seems familiar. But from where?

Benita's ass takes precedence over Håkki's misgivings. He invites Benita into the band bus to look at his guitar. Benita understands she is being

invited to join a group of boys, is overjoyed. Yess! Helena turns up and destroys the mood. Realizes she has come in the nick of time. Giggles at Håkki, contorts herself to act vulnerably. But Håkki has already got what he came for and goes. Helena fights for Benita's attention by fawning and groveling even more: *Look at how low I can stoop I totally felt my spine turn to pudding when he looked over my body! Hit me!* Benita obliges, and goes. Helena is heartbroken, and sits down with a guitar to cry. She sings a dark ballad, warning young girls of the terrible tragedy of growing up into womanhood.

## 8. BLING BLING

Helena is having a woman moment, which means she is crying: *A woman is a labyrinth*. Pamela knows nothing of this and gets ready for the gig – she's given her word so there. Helena coaxes her into staying, trying to find some traumatic experience she could help Pamela get over. Abuse, neglect, maybe trouble at home? Or maybe something worse? Helena reminds Pamela that it's dangerous for girls to hang out with guys. You'll get hurt and traumatized. Benita is living proof of this. Like that guy wearing a dog collar. Pamela explains that Jarno is totally harmless. He's just mourning his Mama, which leads to all kinds of spasms.

Pamela tries frantically to fit into her old gig coat. What only a moments ago was so clear has suddenly become murky and restrictive. The coat, Jarno, everything. Pamela can't figure out why. But Helena understands. Helena displays the riding club insignia – the *Star Riders'* stable coat is only for those who deserve to wear it. Helena gives Pamela a coat. Pamela puts it on, and it's a perfect fit. Pamela feels her personality fade, as she is becoming a part of a long tradition.

## 9. THE GIRLS' TOILET

Pamela is applying make-up for the gig. Benita comes in from the parking lot, having spent some quality time with the band guys. She presses Pamela to give her a ride to the gig. Benita is overwrought, and Pamela decides to play along even though her stomach hurts.

Benita knows why Pamela is hurting. She rubs it into Pamela's face: Helena is an awful old pussy who grabs attention-seeking young girls and breeds by laying her old-lady eggs inside them. The eggs will grow into a monster, which will devour their victim from inside, bit by bit, until all that is left is a dry whining prune. Pamela recognizes the description. That is the Alien queen. She's seen the picture all right.

Jarno is squealing in the toilet, having overheard the scary story. Pamela goes into the box to support Jarno. Benita examines herself in the toilet mirror: How the hell did David Lee Roth look so cool in lip gloss, when it only makes me look like an old bitch?

The fluorescent light flutters. Horror old lady music. Benita calls Helena. An alien Helena emerges like she was conjured. She dances, croaks: Beauty is fleeting, all the beauty which is innate to girls – swearing, bullying, cussing, total indifference to the feelings of others, the shameless hubris in the face of imminent death from a seven hundred kilo stallion, the maniacal feeling of omnipotence. All this wonderfulness. Like it never was. Benita screams. Darkness.

## I N T E R M I S S I O N

**ACT II****10. HIERARCHY OF NEEDS**

Benita is getting ready to flee, saying goodbye to her best and only friend Pimu. She gives the horse a relaxing porridge laced with opiates. If it doesn't kill her, at least it will take away the worst pain.

Pamela is doing vocal warm-ups in the toilet, digs through her bag. Her stomach hurts and her pills have run inexplicably low. Jarno is in need. He needs to hold on to something. Pamela sings Jarno a song about how useless it is to hold on to something. The song doesn't help, Jarno keeps getting worse. He stares at Pamela in a strange way, Pamela's cramps are getting worse, she escapes from Jarno's gaze into the toilet stall. Tries to play for time, shift the male gaze elsewhere. Oh of course – her periods have begun. She asks Jarno for a tampon and Tramadol. Jarno finds aspirin and a beer can in Pamela's bag, pushes these under the stall door to her. Pamela tries to figure out where to relocate the male. Tells Jarno he could start looking for a home of his own.

That is a mistake. Jarno goes off his rocker: *You want to get rid of me! You're after someone else!* Pamela comes quickly out of the toilet stall, narrating to the audience that a male must always be treated with respect, you must never scare it, it may totally stop trying, or even worse, it might never stop trying. Tries to soothe Jarno with a teddy bear, but it doesn't work this time: *Why can't you be my teddy?* Jarno grabs Pamela tightly, hugs with a vengeance. His grip is strong and decisive. Pamela is running out of air, commands Jarno to release, too late, Jarno's need to hug has overwhelmed him. Pamela gasps for air. She goes limp, and slides out of Jarno's arms onto the floor.

**11. ANAPHYLACTIC SHOCK**

Pamela is blue and wheezing. Jarno freaks out. What happened? Did she die? He opens Pamela's shirt in a panic, tries to remember how to resuscitate, realizes he's never learnt how to resuscitate. His terrified mind goes blank. Jarno wails. Helena suddenly appears in the doorway, screams like Shelley Duvall: *A grown man is molesting a stable girl! A child has been drugged and raped!* Jarno: *I just wanted to hug her!*

Benita hears the commotion, comes in from the parking lot in an intoxicated happy buzz and with Håkki in tow. Takes in the situation, and she would never have guessed that Pamela is such a slut! Jarno screams that he has raped no-one. Håkki is disturbed by this word and his mood turns foul.

Håkki mansplains to Helena how everything is relative and no-one should be judged one must be loyal and keep one's sense of proportion because who's to say what two people are to each other and such and what does that *word* even mean and it's all about how one perceives it.

Benita agrees. At one time one always had someone's hand on your ass so what. Nowadays one's ass is so special that someone breathes your way you immediately throw such a scene.

They discuss what to do. Helena gets a medical guide. They come upon a diagnosis. This is an anaphylactic shock. This does not soothe Jarno. Is Pamela about to die! Håkki decides to call mom who is by the pool on her yearly vacation trip to Thailand. He gripes to her mom on the phone that Pamela is about to die and it's Jarno's fault. It turns out Pamela is allergic to aspirin. Helena finally hits Pamela on the ass with an adrenaline shot. Pamela draws a breath. Håkki tells Jarno: *Mom no longer wants you to live in our garden shed.* Jarno screams and latches himself back onto Pamela's leg.

**12. THE SMELL OF STALLION**

Benita tries frantically to get the discussion back on track, confides in Håkki: *You know when I look at you I feel like skinning you and putting you on!* Håkki takes this as a compliment, even though Helena explains that Benita means it quite literally. Jarno is distressed, wants to talk about the nasty clash with Helena, but Helena stops him short: *You're not the victim here!* What Jarno is afraid of is that maybe he is guilty! A horrible new feeling, a sea of shame and guilt comes rushing at him and Jarno has no ready way of coping. Screams at the feet of the women: *In a sense I have raped all the women of the world! Boo-hooo!*

Håkki isn't distressed, Benita seems ready to roll, he's going to get a girl to come along. Helena realizes Benita's escape plan. Implores Benita to stay, but she has made her mind up: *There's a guitar battle at the afterparty!*

This is bad news, Helena realizes she must strike hard. Hisses at Håkki: *I remember you, you brat! That vile teen b.o. and the disgusting reek of faint testosterone will never leave my olfactory memory! I have always reminded Benita that she is a **victim!** She was so senselessly drunk that she wouldn't remember a thing if I didn't remind her all the time!*

Jarno is begging for forgiveness but no-one is listening. Benita suddenly realizes Helena's cruel plan: *Shut your ears quick she's trying to paralyze everyone!*

Helena is on a roll, describing a memory from years

ago: *the Agrarian party's Winterfest rock band lineup, better known as the Rape culture festival, these wannabe-guitar heroes taking turns at fucking our passed-out Benita in the dorm!* Points at Håkki: *She decided to abandon her wonderful womanly body for that sloppy joe!* Helena strikes with deadly accuracy. Everyone is stunned numb. Except for Benita: *If I go to a rape culture festival, at least I know what's on the menu! And it's not a fucking line of womanly bodies!*

Benita is not giving in, goes to get her stuff with Helena in tow. Håkki realizes the mood is off, tries to take control of the situation, but Pamela and even Jarno are somehow unreceptive. Jarno demands that Håkki must talk on an even footing. Håkki tries to dodge a discussion by bumping Jarno into a wall, but Helena returns with a tremendous crop. She makes Håkki back up. She handles Håkki like a real horse whisperer.

Helena challenges Håkki into a duel, to fight over his totally undeserved and baseless self-esteem: *Get your guitar! It's time to see who's who!*

They leave for the band bus. Pamela stops Jarno, who is tagging her and apologizing all the time. It was an accident. Jarno is nice. Pamela: *I know. That's why you're not coming with me, I don't want you to be nice.* Throws a feed bucket at him. The confused male hides back in the toilet.

Pamela's cool documentary persona is long gone. She leaves in a furious emotional state. The band bus drives off. Benita comes out with her guitar, ready to go. The yard is empty. We transition to the gig venue. The audience is screaming. Håkki's band is playing. Håkki sings a dark erotomaniacal heavy metal ballad he has written about himself. Women beware.

### 13. THE HORSE WHISPERING

Benita sits in a volatile state in the aisle with Pimu's feed basket in her lap. Eats the opiate feed by hand. Jarno takes comfort in his teddy, tries to sneak out past the stoned Benita. A shotgun barrel appears suddenly in his way. Benita takes Jarno in brashly. A good frame, delicate head. Give us a pretty smile. Benita is in a playful mood: *Shall we play horse whispering? You can ask Pimu what you want and she'll whisper you an answer.*

Jarno is a bit unsure, but agrees as long as there's nothing religious to it and Benita puts the shotgun away. Benita promises him this is all totally scientific. Pimu has had her shots and everything.

Jarno doesn't want to burden a fine horse with his worldly woes, but they all come gushing out. Pimu unexpectedly collapses in mid-play. Benita

is suddenly totally sober. Holds her colicky horse. Passes Jarno the shotgun: *You must have shot an elk sometime!* But Jarno, who is gun-shy, throws himself to the floor from the mere idea. Benita points the barrel at the horse's forehead. Jarno grabs the gun, tries to get it away. Struggling. A gunshot. The lamp explodes, and it becomes dark.

### 14. THE GUITAR BATTLE

The gig venue. The Kokkola Horse Racing Womens' Christmas party. Håkki is working a frenzied crowd. Pamela is spurring Helena, whose fighting morale is gone as quickly as it came. Helena hates competing, she doesn't have the urge. A sound signals the guitar battle is to begin. The drummer is tapping a dense galloping beat. Helena walks stiffly onstage with her daycare teacher guitar. Håkki entertains the audience by making fun of Helena. Helena starts off with a childrens' song, looking for a riff that the audience would like. Jeers. Pamela: *Don't play request-a-songs! Play your own stuff!*

Helena tries out some latin rhythms, Lambada. Gets the hang of it. Applause. Håkki must knuckle down. He plays a dirty game, getting help from the band, but it's not enough. Helena can't be stopped now. Helena plays heavier music, but not music by guys. Irene Cara's What A Feeling.

Håkki trips over his own ego and falls from the stage. Helena wins the guitar battle. The audience is rapturous. A huge female hegemony fills the venue, Håkki's voice is drowned out. The audience is filled with Håkki's ex-flames. You can smell the bloodthirst. Helena celebrates her win prominently.

The mood is growing volatile. Pamela understands it's time to get scarce.

### 15. RICKY

Jarno awakes on the stable floor with his hands and legs bound. Pimu's gigantic form is still alive, zonked and drooping. Jarno tries to escape, but Benita wants to show Jarno her guitar, her only prized possession: *I swiped this from a band rehearsal room. At school my class specialized in music, but we weren't allowed to play guitar. I wasn't let into a band. One could only be a groupie.*

She tries some Metallica, forcing Jarno to listen to some awful playing: *My hands are such fucking mittens! They're only good for boxing! I want to be a silent mute idiot like Ricky! I want to burn down the world!* Looks for her smokes and her lighter. Benita's unpredictability is reassuring but scary. Jarno tries to play for time. *Who's Ricky?* Benita gets up forcefully: *Listen to this song.* Skid Row's 18 and Life: Ricky was a young boy, he had a heart of stone... Benita: *That*

*Ricky. That's me. Sorta like. I don't want a dick or anything else unnecessary. See?*

Jarno sees all right. Benita identifies as a juvenile delinquent. Good. Jarno identifies as a youth instructor. Jarno tries fiercely to come up with how to address a youth. Here goes: *I think it's wonderful, Ricky, that you found the courage to talk with a grown-up. Even though it's tough at times, it's so important to persist on one's own path even if the whole world gets you wrong.* Benita smokes and is moved by her own predicament. It's bloody time to go and maybe even die with one's boots on! Wakey wakey Pimu! She forces a saddle onto the dizzy horse, forgets to attach the girth. Tries to get upon the horse, but falls down at the horse's feet, saddle and all, and passes out with a burning cigarette in her hand. Jarno calls Ricky, but Ricky is gone. Too much Tramadol. Something is smouldering and flickering. Smoke. Now, Jarno – think.

## 16. METAMORPHOSIS

The guitar heroes return to the stables. Helena is high on victory, leading the guy in a reluctant lope. He's not bad, he just hasn't been shown how to be with people. Helena will teach him. They realize the stables are empty. Jarno appears, pushing a wheelbarrow. There's a pile of blankets in the cart.

Helena is overcome by womanly emotions. She is hysterical: Benita is dead! Benita has become Laura Palmer under the rugs! Jarno explains that Benita has only morphed. Like a butterfly that grows wings and flies away. Benita is Ricky now.

But Helena is not fooled: *Benita! Get up this instant! You're no Ricky! I gave you the wonderful name Benita Stjärnfall and only I can take it away! You used to be a nobody! Just some insignificant Minna or Jenni!*

The indignant whining of Virpi Staudinger can be heard from the next aisle. There too much noise. Helena's sensitivity bowl flows over. She is suddenly overcome by invigorating and healthy misogyny: *I – FEEL – HATE – FOR – WOMEN – NOW!*

Helena attacks the pile of blankets. But they are empty. Jarno is shocked to learn that Benita has actually turned into a butterfly and flown off. Then they hear a shot. It is the violent boom of a shotgun slug. A thump. A great big herbivore falls to the ground. Benita comes to the door all covered in blood. The shotgun barrel points at Helena. Stable women fighting music begins to play. Helena: *Don't you dare! Don't you dare!* Benita tosses the gun aside, they attack each other: *You bloody fucking whore die you fucking bitch I'm going to make a fucking chandelier from your skull you fuck!*

Now we get to see a gripping wildlife drama, the catfight. Pamela, Håkki and Jarno settle down to watch. Helena attains the highest degree of emancipation: *Why has no-one told me how wonderful it is to beat a woman's face! This must be a natural thing to feel so right!* Benita: *That's what I've been trying to tell you all along!*

They have a wonderful time bashing each other until they run out of steam and lie still in a wrestling grip. Helena is speechless with satisfaction. She comforts Benita, who has bravely put an end to Pimu's suffering. Jarno wants to join in the hug. It looks fun.

Håkki is squirming, looking at the sudden camper spirit. He'd love to join but it's hard to bend down to a woman's level. Jarno asks Håkki to get the drum kit from the band bus for Ricky. Håkki shudders. Any thought of playing brings on an unbearable sense of wrecking shame. He is stuck in a no man's land between machismo, shame and a desire to hug. Helena has made an everlasting impression on Håkki. Håkki tries in the only way he knows: *Let me Helena heal you from your fear of heavy metal men – now that even Benita has become a man!* Helena: *She hasn't changed into a man! How stupid can you be! Pamela! Can you silence that moron!*

Pamela steps onto the stage, begins to sing. Benita sings too. Everyone joins in.

## **THE BLACK HORSE**

*I'm not stealing I'm just returning a part of me that was lost when I went to pieces*

*I won't hide in the toilet to cry I will come forth and scream right here*

*I can't shout any louder nothing teaches like what hurts the most*

*Still I rise into my saddle though I know I shouldn't I'm asking for it*

*Suddenly hits the dirt spitting blood all pretensions of self-esteem gone*

*I bet on defeat put my money on the black horse*

*I won't profit from that and I'll be saved*

*That's all I have to go on*

*Without protection I am*

*Unpredictable*

THE END