

Etched in Skin on a Sunlit Night

By Kara Lee Corthron

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Characters:

JULES – a black woman in self-exile in Iceland; early 30s, takes her beauty for granted.

ÓLAFUR – her husband, a white Icelander; 30s, the masculine caretaker in distortion.

KINA – their daughter, biracial; she’s somewhere between 7 and 10, but should be played by an older actress with a very youthful quality.

WARTON – a young black man, in his 20s; not fully formed yet.

JÓNSI – a guitarist, a vocalist, an ideal, and a painting; a white Icelandic man who could be 12 or 30. Androgynous.

GUY ON THE STREET – played by the same actor that plays JÓNSI

Place: A **white** living room with a nearby kitchen, a small rustic art studio, and a variety of outdoor places—real and imagined—in Reykjavík.

Time: Summer and then Fall, 2008. (The Prologue is an earlier time.)

Notes:

- 1) The music of the group Sigur Rós (pronounced Sig-YOUR rose; short “i” as in “hit” and “rose” is said very quickly) is referred to periodically in this play (i.e., whenever a song title is listed, it is a song by Sigur Rós). The songs I suggest are merely that: suggestions. They should not be considered unchangeable or a way of forcing the audience to feel/think a certain way. It is however important that the music be (omni) present though subtle throughout the duration of the play.
- 2) Subtitles will appear on the back wall whenever a character speaks in Icelandic.

Prologue

The space is dark and undefined. Then an eerie, bright light shines on ÓLAFUR and JULES. They are on a night picnic.

You heard me. ÓLAFUR

Did I? JULES

You know you did. ÓLAFUR

Big question. JULES

Little answer. ÓLAFUR

Hard question. JULES

Your inability to trust frightens me. ÓLAFUR

I trust you. Ólaf. JULES

(ÓLAFUR laughs.)

That's not a nickname. ÓLAFUR

Don't you like it? JULES

Only when *you* say it. ÓLAFUR

Blue sky. White night. Sleeping with the sun. JULES

You'll get used to it. ÓLAFUR

Not if I have to go. JULES

Where? ÓLAFUR

I said "if." JULES

I said "where." ÓLAFUR

Anywhere. JULES

Why would you go? ÓLAFUR

The ghosts that haunt me. JULES

I'm not afraid of ghosts. Leave the past in the past. ÓLAFUR

I try. But it won't stay put. JULES

I'll help you. ÓLAFUR

(A pause.)

Answer my question.

(JULES looks at him.)

All right. JULES

(They speak to one another without using words.)

That's not an answer. ÓLAFUR

I can't give you permanence.

JULES

Why would you want to leave?
You've chosen the best place on earth.
Iceland is bliss.

ÓLAFUR

Bliss?

JULES

Wealth and bliss—

ÓLAFUR

And sky.

JULES

We have joy.

ÓLAFUR

We do.

JULES

Do you want pain?

ÓLAFUR

(JULES looks at him and tells him something without speaking.)

No!

Why not?

JULES

(A small pause.)

Give it to me.

ÓLAFUR

No.

JULES

Give me your pain.

ÓLAFUR

(ÓLAFUR tries to speak to JULES without words, but she turns away, unwilling to listen.)

ÓLAFUR
You think I can't take it?

JULES
If I ever had to leave this—

ÓLAFUR
Don't. Leave.
Marry me.

JULES
You said it out loud.

ÓLAFUR
I did.

JULES
How am I to know this isn't temporary exoticism?

(ÓLAFUR removes a shiny, sharp knife from the picnic basket. He opens his shirt.)

ÓLAFUR
Carve your name into me. Make me your tree.

JULES
I don't want to hurt you.

ÓLAFUR
Do it. Mark me.

Write your name and I'll know your answer is "yes."

(JULES takes the knife, she looks at ÓLAFUR with intensity.)

JULES
If anything ever came between us—

ÓLAFUR
I would stop it.

(A blinding white light floods the stage.)

ACT ONE

-1-

June, 2008. 8 years later. Late at night, but it's summer so fading sunlight still shines through the window. ÓLAFUR is baking and JULES hovers, wearing a blindfold. The mood is warm and cheerful. Sort of night-before-Christmas-ish. The TV plays news in the background. In Icelandic.

ÓLAFUR

Guess.

(JULES sniffs the air.)

JULES

White chocolate?

ÓLAFUR

Fatter.

JULES

Cream cheese?

ÓLAFUR

Fatter.

(JULES takes a long inhale. Then smiles. She knows.)

JULES

French vanilla butter cream!

ÓLAFUR

Já!

(JULES removes the blindfold.)

JULES

Perfection.

(ÓLAFUR stirs the frosting.)

I bet the machines are fixed. Diebold. I bet they stop him in his tracks.

¹ Yes. Pronounced: Yow.

ÓLAFUR

It's a runaway train, *elska*². He's a winner.

(JULES lets out a wild giggle, but stifles it quickly.)

JULES

OK. But—

(ÓLAFUR takes some of his frosting on his finger.)

ÓLAFUR

No buts—

JULES

No, this is a real “but.”

(ÓLAFUR offers his finger to JULES who licks the frosting. Her face shows how amazing the frosting tastes. She kisses him. He pats her bottom playfully.)

ÓLAFUR

This is a real butt.

(KINA enters with her hair in a towel.)

KINA

Can we stay up all night?

JULES

No. Just until we hear the results.

KINA

(To ÓLAFUR:) What are you making?

ÓLAFUR

Triple chocolate fudge cake—

JULES

With French vanilla butter cream frosting!

KINA

YAY!

² Darling, love.

(KINA jumps up and down splashing them with her wet hair. ÓLAFUR quickly moves the bowl away from her. JULES tries to contain KINA's wild mane by gently moving her over to the couch. KINA grabs her Barbie along the way. JULES begins to comb her hair.)

KINA

Ow!

JULES

Oh! Sorry, button.

(JULES turns up the TV.)

(To ÓLAFUR:) But this is my other "but."

ÓLAFUR

You don't need more than one.

JULES

Say he gets the nomination, he gets in office. On inauguration day—Boom!—bullet to the cerebral cortex. Do you know how many expert marksmen there are in that country that would willingly shoot him in exchange for a carton of Marlboros?

(ÓLAFUR takes the cake from the oven and places it on the counter.)

ÓLAFUR

(To KINA:) Tell Mama no one is going to shoot her boyfriend.

JULES

It's not funny, Ólafur.

KINA

(To JULES:) You have a boyfriend?

JULES

No. Pabbi's trying to make a joke.

(ÓLAFUR joins them.)

ÓLAFUR

It's not a bad time to be American. Considering. Five, six years ago it was a *dreadful* time to be . . . but with him in office—

JULES

Shhh! Jinx!

ÓLAFUR

Your collective image is going to improve threefold at least.
Don't worry so much. Things are good. Can hardly imagine them being better.

(A moment. JULES's smile fades.)

JULES

Remember Jesse Jackson?

ÓLAFUR

He's still alive. Isn't he?

JULES

My family had crazy high hopes for him! Then he went to Syria. Too much confidence always looks crazy. My mother poured herself a glass of pinot and said "Guess I won't be seeing a black president in my lifetime."

(JULES laughs a little to herself.)

Wonder if she's feelin' hopeful again.

KINA

You miss your mama . . . Mama?

JULES

I do.

KINA

Call her on the phone.

JULES

I miss her all the time. Grammy was very interested in politics. She was a councilwoman.

ÓLAFUR

I didn't realize you were missing her so much.

(JULES looks at the TV.)

JULES

It's because of him.

KINA
(To Barbie:) Í kvöld borðum við köku³. But you only get one bite. Þú ert þínu feit⁴.

JULES
Did you just call that doll fat?

(A moment.)

KINA
Nei⁵?

JULES
She's not fat. Don't say that.

KINA
OW!

(KINA grabs her head, protecting it from JULES.)

ÓLAFUR
It couldn't have hurt you that bad.

KINA
You don't know!

JULES
I'm sorry. It's just when it's wet, it gets kinkier. I'm doing my best.

KINA
Guðrún says it doesn't hurt when her mother does *her* hair!

JULES
You've discussed this with her?

KINA
Why does mine hurt so much? Because you're black?

JULES
You mean because *you're* black?

³ Tonight we eat cake.

⁴ You are a little bit fat.

⁵ No. Pr: Nay.

KINA / ÓLAFUR

(Correcting her:) *Blönduð*⁶.

JULES

Yes.

KINA

Why?

JULES

Different people have different hair textures. Guðrún's hair is very thin. If her mother pulls it too hard, she might rip it all out. That'll never happen to you. That's lucky, isn't it?

ÓLAFUR

I doubt Guðrún's on the verge of baldness.

KINA

I just want it not to hurt.

JULES

I'll do my best, button. I want it not to hurt, too.

(JULES slowly, gently combs KINA's hair and they are all quiet for a moment.)

KINA

(In Icelandic to Barbie:) Af því þú ert hvít, þá missuru hárið⁷.

(ÓLAFUR grumbles.)

JULES

Speak to her in English please.

KINA

No. Barbie was born here.

JULES

Barbie was born in Malibu.

⁶ Mixed. Pr: Blahn-duh-thor.

⁷ Because you are white, your hair will fall out.

KINA

(whispers to Barbie:) When you're bald you'll be sorry you called me nappy!

(At that moment, there is an announcement on the TV. Obama has secured the democratic nomination for president. They are all still for a moment. Then both JULES and ÓLAFUR jump up and hug. JULES dances around. KINA joins in though she doesn't understand why they're so happy.)

JULES

He did it!

ÓLAFUR

I told you!

(JULES picks KINA up and swings her around. Then she gets an idea, puts KINA down, and runs into the other room.)

KINA

What does it mean, Pabbi?

ÓLAFUR

It's a major historical moment, elska. If he gets to be president, most countries in the world will feel a lot safer!

KINA

But? He's not president now?

ÓLAFUR

No. But now he can run for president against only one person. It increases his chances of winning.

KINA

Then he can still lose.

ÓLAFUR

(Quietly:) Don't say that to Mama, OK?

(JULES return, her arms full of CDs. She dumps them on the floor and searches through them for something perfect.)

One of these days I'm going to convince you to get an iPod.

JULES

Huh-uh. No iPods. / I don't trust computers.

ÓLAFUR

(Overlapping:) I don't trust computers.

(JULES makes a face at him. They look through her CDs.)

Lots and lots of Sigur Rós⁸, but that hardly seems festive.

JULES

Yeah I was thinking Stevie Wonder. Parliament, Commodores. Something like that.

(JULES looks through all of them, puzzled.)

ÓLAFUR

The Smiths, Joy Division, Siouxsie and the Banshees, The Cure—this is all so . . .
mournful.

JULES

Not a black artist among them. Isn't that strange?

KINA

Mama? Finish my hair.

(JULES sits and finishes combing and braiding KINA's hair. ÓLAFUR goes back to the kitchen and frosts the cake.)

ÓLAFUR

It's a matter of taste, isn't it? It's just a certain kind of music you're attracted to that happens to be made primarily by white, pouty northern Europeans.

JULES

Maybe.

KINA

Why *can't* we call Grammy? Because it's expensive?

JULES

(Almost a whisper:) We can't. Button.

⁸ Si-YOUR rose.

ÓLAFUR

(Cautiously:) Things are changing. You should share this moment with your mother.

(Beat.)

Why don't you call her?

KINA

Já. *Why?*

JULES

It's been so long. She might not recognize my voice.

KINA

Then just tell her it's you.

(JULES says nothing. She finishes KINA's hair.)

JULES

We should be happy. Let's have some of Pabbi's delicious cake.

(They join ÓLAFUR; JULES cuts the cake for them.)

Maybe? I'll write to her? Kina, you can draw her a picture. You're getting good at making cats. What about that?

(JULES runs to a shelf and in the middle of a stack of papers, books, and other stationary, she pulls out a large red envelope.)

We'll put it in this.

ÓLAFUR

Bit early for Christmas.

JULES

This way she won't miss it.

(JULES immediately gets out a sheet of paper, turning her back on ÓLAFUR and KINA and begins to write.)

KINA

(To ÓLAFUR:) Hvers vegna er Mamma hrædd við Ameríku⁹?

ÓLAFUR

(To KINA:) I don't know.

-2-

Four months later. The mood has changed. Late at night. Fall, so now it's dark. JULES sits, the flicker of the TV on her face; she is intently watching Obama at a rally.

JULES

I'm beginning to think I've grown soft in my old age because you are so tame. But you kind of do it for me. Whitewashed and corporatized as you are.

(JULES stands, walks over to the TV and licks the screen. Keys in the door. She runs back to the couch as ÓLAFUR enters, looking demolished, devastated. But for just a moment, he watches the TV set, transfixed.)

ÓLAFUR

The great black hope. Could use him here.

JULES

We could all use hope.

(ÓLAFUR turns off the TV.)

What's wrong?

ÓLAFUR

(Disbelief:) Have you been watching the news? *Our* news?

JULES

Not today.

ÓLAFUR

Kaupthing has been nationalized.

JULES

Jesus.

⁹ Why is Mama afraid of America?

ÓLAFUR

That's all three. Biggest banks in the country. It's over.

(Beat.)

JULES

I'll get a job. I'll go back to work. I used to work. I can do it again.

ÓLAFUR

It's bigger than that.

JULES

I don't really have marketable skills. But I can bartend again.

ÓLAFUR

It's not so much the *amount* of money that's the problem. It's more the money itself that's the problem.

Unless you can find a bar in Reykjavík that can pay you in Pounds Sterling, I don't see how we'll be better served.

JULES

So? There's no hope. At all?

ÓLAFUR

I need a drink.

(ÓLAFUR goes to the kitchen and pours himself a brandy. He pours one for JULES as well and gives it to her.)

JULES

I want to help us, Ólaf. Tell me what I can do.

ÓLAFUR

You're an artist. You're not supposed to worry about money.

JULES

An artist. To what end? I used to be — Focused. Now? Just another artist. Onanism with oils.

(ÓLAFUR laughs.)

I scream into an empty well. No one hears.

ÓLAFUR

I do.

(Beat. They have a brief silent conversation.)

JULES

Ég mundi gera hvað sem er til að hjálpa okkur¹⁰.

ÓLAFUR

Íslenskan hjá þér er hræðileg¹¹.

JULES

I know.

ÓLAFUR

(Laughing:) It really is remarkable! It's almost like you're intentionally savaging my tongue.

JULES

This is an elitist language! A whole language for 320,000 people?! In America, that'd be like giving Cincinnati its own language. It's ridiculous!

ÓLAFUR

Það er ekkert að Þjóðarstolti¹².

JULES

Það er það sem að Goebbles sagði¹³.

(They kiss. It quickly becomes passionate. During this, they may undress slightly, but ÓLAFUR won't remove his shirt. They pull a cover over themselves and have sex on the couch, quietly so they don't wake the child. It can be stylized and rather fast, but that should not appear to be a comment on ÓLAFUR's abilities. They finish. A beat.)

ÓLAFUR

That was what I needed.

¹⁰ I'll do whatever I can to help us.

¹¹ Your Icelandic is horrible.

¹² There's nothing wrong with national pride.

¹³ That's what Goebbels said.

JULES

I do what I can to help.

(ÓLAFUR gets out a cigarette.)

Thought you quit.

ÓLAFUR

Post-coital smoking isn't *really* smoking. Don't be so strict.

(ÓLAFUR lights his cigarette. He opens a window and exhales out of it. He may still be naked from the waist down. He doesn't care.)

ÓLAFUR

We could always move to the States. It's only logical. I've always wanted to live in New York. I'm certain I could get hired at Citigroup or Bank of America.

I realize you left home under . . . unpleasant circumstances. But I think enough time has passed that you should reconsider your stance.

JULES

Nothing good can come from going back there.

ÓLAFUR

Come on! You *must* miss your family—

JULES

Some of 'em.

ÓLAFUR

Kina's never even met them.

I mean? These things happen. All the time, unfortunately. The country is huge. We wouldn't have to ever visit your hometown if you don't want to.

JULES

I don't want Kina to be in any danger.

ÓLAFUR

Danger is present everywhere.

JULES

Not like there.

(ÓLAFUR pours himself another brandy.)

You're being unreasonable. ÓLAFUR

You're being impetuous. JULES

You're thinking like a child. ÓLAFUR

You're thinking like a MAN. JULES

I refuse to take that as an insult. ÓLAFUR

Exactly. JULES

(He sighs.)

I respectfully ask you to reconsider. ÓLAFUR

No. JULES

Why? ÓLAFUR

(Beat.)

JULES
I wrote Mama almost two months ago. I invited her here. I never heard anything. Maybe they moved. Maybe she hates me. Maybe she's dead. Maybe she doesn't *want* to know me anymore.

ÓLAFUR
Call home. For the love of God.

(A long moment. Slowly JULES walks over to the phone and picks it

up. Her hand starts shaking violently. And then her whole body shakes. She tries to control the tremors with the other arm, but nothing works. She looks to ÓLAFUR for help. He takes her in his arms and the shaking subsides.)

ÓLAFUR

What the fuck happened to you?

(JULES considers her answer for a moment.)

JULES

You know what happened to me.

ÓLAFUR

(Uncertain:) Já.

Is there anything you left out of that story?

JULES

Being violated by a close relative that I trusted completely isn't enough for you?

ÓLAFUR

OK.

JULES

You don't believe me?

ÓLAFUR

How'd you make that leap?

(Beat.)

Is there anything else? I should know about?

JULES

You can't make me go back.

ÓLAFUR

What if I want to go?

JULES

Kina will stay with me. Always.

(ÓLAFUR begins to dress angrily.)

ÓLAFUR

You're going to have to start selling your paintings.

(JULES is shocked by this sudden news.)

JULES

But I've tried. No one's interested in my work.

ÓLAFUR

Time to get them interested.

JULES

But my content, my work - it's childish. It's esoteric.

ÓLAFUR

Of course it is. It's art.
And we can't keep the studio.

JULES

What?

ÓLAFUR

You'll just have to paint here.
This month is paid for. Use it while it lasts.

(JULES stares at him. ÓLAFUR softens.)

You know, Julia? There is nothing you could tell me that would make me love you any less. But if there's some other reason you don't want to return, it's important that I know what it is.

(Beat.)

JULES

Not all secrets are bad. Some secrets serve a very useful purpose. They protect the people we love.

(ÓLAFUR exits into the other room. JULES sits still for a moment. She turns on the TV and stares at it. After a bit, ÓLAFUR returns and sits next to her on the couch.)

JULES

Sorry.

ÓLAFUR

Já.

JULES

You still mad?

(ÓLAFUR shrugs. They're quiet for a while, just staring at the TV. Then ÓLAFUR reaches into his briefcase, pulls out a bookstore bag and holds a book up. It's *In a Frozen Sea: A Year with Sigur Rós*. JULES stares at it in awe.)

ÓLAFUR

Found it in the bargain bin. Before my day turned to shit.

JULES

Wow.

(She reaches for it, but he won't give it to her.)

ÓLAFUR

Tell me your stupid secret.

JULES

Don't be a dick.

ÓLAFUR

I am not a dick. I am a concerned husband. And I'm not playing with you.

(JULES sighs loudly. She leans over toward ÓLAFUR as if to whisper something in his ear and then she nibbles on it playfully. He's ticklish there so she gets the book.)

I will find out.

JULES

Find out what?

(JULES starts leafing through it.)

ÓLAFUR

Why do you paint him so much?

JULES

Easier than painting other things.

(JULES looks in the bookstore bag. There's something else in there.)

ÓLAFUR

That's not for you. Kina's.

(JULES pulls out the picture book and looks at it in astonishment.)

JULES

Ten Little Niggerboys.

ÓLAFUR

Negro.

(JULES stares at him, dumbfounded.)

Oh. No. No no no. In the states this would be weird, yes. But it isn't here. It's actually a classic. We read it when I was in school. I just happened to see it. Rereleased!

JULES

(As she's looking at it:) You don't see anything wrong with these – oh my *god!* – these disgusting pictures? Exaggerated, alien-looking mouths and eyes and the violent—

ÓLAFUR

OK.

(He takes the book back and stuffs it in the bag.)

Hadn't thought of it like that. I'll return it.

JULES

Really? You really didn't know that a book like that would upset me?

ÓLAFUR

Like I said: I didn't get it for you.

(ÓLAFUR turns back to the TV. JULES stares at him, fuming, trying to think of the perfect thing to say. Instead she says:)

JULES

Sometimes you *suck*, Ólaf. Sometimes you suck balls.

ÓLAFUR

Eloquent.

(She turns off the TV, grabs her book, and storms off. As she does:)

ÓLAFUR

You're welcome.

-3-

JULES is in her studio painting and listening to the radio.

RADIO

(In Icelandic:) *With the nationalization of Glitnir and Lansbanki, Iceland's era as a world economic super power has come to a devastating end. Prime Minister Geir Haarde has declared a state of emergency and warns that our nation may have to declare bankruptcy, turning over the trillion krónur debt to—*

(JULES shuts off the radio, a bit shaken, and turns on music: "Með Blóðnasir." The volume rises and rises. From one of her paintings emerges JÓNSI—the lead singer of Sigur Rós—singing. The song bleeds into the scene briefly and then slowly fades. NOTE: When JÓNSI speaks he's often sort of singing and this is sometimes in his falsetto register.)

JULES

Would you feel betrayed if I sold you?

JÓNSI

Slavery.

JULES

Is that a "yes?"

JÓNSI

Bold as bones are your inkings, stainings. Cover for always seems impossible this way.

JULES

I should understand capitalism better. I should understand my enemies.

JÓNSI

Present living abstains from abstractions of which your past leanings have diminished to.

JULES

I'm going to lose this place.

JÓNSI

Perhaps it's for the best. Lighten your load. Consider riding yourself of everything. If you can't sell these silly pictures, burn them.

JULES

I used to own nothing.

JÓNSI

Exactly.

JULES

No reason to run again.

JÓNSI

But you *could*.

JULES

Pathetic.

JÓNSI

No eyes to judge but your own.

JULES

(stops painting:) Are you in my head? Or are you really here? Or does your music subliminally communicate to me on a metalevel that others wouldn't understand? I like to think of myself as a rational being.

JÓNSI

What rational being leaves home, family, and culture in a single day and never looks back?

JULES

I am looking back.

JÓNSI

It's very un-Icelandic. Even the few who leave for years always consider this home. Reinvention. It's an American misdeed.

JULES

I'd go home if I could.

JÓNSI

Of course you would. You always do the right thing. If it's convenient.

JULES

I want him. I want Obama in office. He fascinates me. He's what we all wanted, what we talked about for so long, but he's *real*. He's not a construct.

JÓNSI

Abstractions.

JULES

Do you think I could? Go back? Just for a day or two? Just in November? Slip in, slip out?

JÓNSI

A two-headed lion you've turned yourself into. And neither head has a face. You are a stranger here and a stranger there.

JULES

I don't think I'm a stranger.

(JÓNSI regards her for a moment.)

JÓNSI

Creation is not your talent. You know in what you excel. And the longer you wallow, the more your gift will fade.

JULES

How much you are you and how much me are you? I can handle the truth. I like to think of myself as a rational being.

JÓNSI

I like to think of myself as a beautiful Taiwanese woman.

(There is a light knock at the door. JÓNSI retreats back into the painting. WARTON enters cautiously, as if afraid of disturbing anyone. WARTON stares at her. JULES is startled. A visitor is rare, but a visitor with a black face is unheard of here.)

WARTON

Hi.

JULES

Hi. Can-? Can I help you?

WARTON

Maybe.

JULES

What brings you here?

(WARTON look around at her paintings.)

WARTON

Art.

(He looks around and JULES watches him.)

JULES

How did you know about this studio?

WARTON

Word of mouth.

JULES

Whose mouth?

(WARTON looks at her.)

WARTON

I just arrived. I'm a little tired.

(JULES brings him a chair.)

JULES

You a student?

WARTON

No.

JULES

You here on vacation? Layover on your way to regular Europe?

(WARTON smiles at JULES. It is weird.)

WARTON

For the first time ever, I set out to do something and I did it and it worked.

JULES

What did you do?

(WARTON turns to her paintings.)

WARTON

They're so weird.

JULES

Thank you.

WARTON

Who's the man in all these? Your husband?

(JULES laughs momentarily then stops herself.)

JULES

Um. No. No this is Jónsi. He's the lead singer of Sigur Rós. The band?

WARTON

(No clue:) Oh yeah. They're from the 80s right?

JULES

No.

(JULES plays Track 1 or 2 from ().)

When you listen—if you really listen—a crack opens up somewhere and you can fall through the ice into the cool water of their sound. And vanish.

(They lock eyes for a moment. Then WARTON turns back to one of the paintings.)

WARTON

He's a blur.

JULES

I know how he feels.

WARTON

Why's he screaming?

JULES

Singing.

WARTON

Screaming.

JULES

What do you want?

WARTON

That one. How much?

(JULES tries to conceal her growing anxiety.)

JULES

You can't afford it.

WARTON

How would you know?

JULES

You have a name?

WARTON

Warton. You?

JULES

Jules.

WARTON

Like family jewels?

JULES

No like short for Julia Jules. With a "u."

WARTON

Pretty. You name yourself after the Beatles song or the mediocre movie star?

(A moment.)

JULES

Who the fuck are you?

(WARTON stares at her a long time.)

WARTON

I never make any promises.

I swore to your mother that I'd try my best to find you.

Try my best to convince you to go home.

I never make any promises though.

(JULES is speechless. WARTON pulls out the red letter she sent in the earlier scene. He reads from it.)

I'll just skip to the end.

I love you, Mama. I miss you, Mama. I want you to come and see us. Do you think you can? I know you love cryptograms so here's one just for you: Q-L-M-P-P-Y-Z-P-S-R space D-C-C. Come Mama. It's a new day. Things are getting better I can feel it. Love.

(JULES tries to snatch it from him, but he won't let her.)

While your mother does love cryptograms, she's getting older and I suspect she's losing her patience with these games. I'm a pretty gifted cryptologist so she asked for my help. All you did was a basic alphabetical transposition. You just started with the letter C instead of the letter A. Snorrabraut 211. This was nothing for me to crack.

JULES

How did you know where Snorrabraut was?

WARTON

Google.

JULES

Fuck me! Goddamn computers.

WARTON

I think you wanted to be caught. You may as well have sent a map.

JULES

How is she?

WARTON

Fine. Considering . . . you know? Everything.

JULES

And my Dad?

WARTON

Less fine. He didn't say much about you. I think he's given up hope.

JULES

Who are you and how do you know my parents? No more bullshit.

WARTON

Nobody special. I ran into your mom. I guess you'd say it was a coincidence, but like Jung, I don't really believe in coincidences.

JULES

(Carefully:) You're weird.

WARTON

(A compliment:) So are you.

(He stares at her.)

JULES

What?

WARTON

I've never had this much power before.
I could have an impact on your life.

(Beat.)

JULES

Do you want a drink? I want a drink.

(JULES goes to her cupboard and pours herself a glass of vodka.)

WARTON

I'll take a beer if you have it.

(JULES looks in her cupboard. She brings him a bottle of Maltextrakt¹⁴.)

JULES

I don't. Try this.

(As JULES speaks, WARTON takes a sip.)

Why don't you tell me why you're here and—

(WARTON spits out the drink.)

WARTON

What the *HELL* is that?

¹⁴ A malt soft drink.

JULES

(Dry:) what you want.

(She finds a towel and cleans it up.)

I suppose it's an acquired taste.

WARTON

Sorry.

God! Tastes like cream soda got vinegar pregnant and that was the abortion.

(JULES laughs.)

JULES

Tell me what you want!

WARTON

To be like you.

I want to disappear.

(JULES stops smiling.)

JULES

Do you know about me?

(WARTON considers his answer.)

WARTON

A little. We have some things in common.

(She stares hard at him.)

You mom showed me one of your baby pictures. You were wearing Piglet pjs and you had your whole foot in your mouth.

(JULES smiles.)

JULES

Do me a favor? Tell my parents that I love them and I'll pay for their plane tickets to come see us? She's afraid to fly. Shit. Maybe she'll make this one time exception. I hope. We'll do it for the holidays. It'll be like old times, but special because they've never been here. My dad's never left the States. Least . . . I don't think he has.

WARTON

Don't write me off.

(JULES turns to him.)

I'm nice. But I'm not weak.

JULES

OK. What is it you want to know?

WARTON

Everything. This will take longer than an afternoon so get used to my face. Don't leave anything out. I want to *erase* my old existence.

JULES

It never works.

WARTON

Yes it does.

JULES

My mother still remembers me. That means it didn't work.

WARTON

Give her some more time. She'll forget.

JULES

What do you need my help for?

(WARTON stares at her wanting to say something that he cannot.)

WARTON

We're the same. You and me. We're connected.

(WARTON raises his shirtsleeve. He reveals a tattoo, which can somehow be projected in the space if necessary. It is an invisible man—hat, shades, and trench coat with no discernable facial features. JULES laughs.)

JULES

What is that?

WARTON

Me. The invisible man.

JULES

Like Ralph Ellison?

WARTON

OK yes and no. Yes in reality, but *that* Invisible Man can't really be illustrated. So this one is the H.G. Wells version. It's . . . esoteric.

(JULES suddenly kisses him. He is surprised.)

Why?

(JULES shrugs. She runs her fingertips over the tattoo.)

JULES

Did it hurt?

WARTON

Nah.

If you pinch him, you can give him a nose.

(JULES does it. They laugh. She does it again, but this time she pinches a little too hard.)

Ouch!

That's enough.

(He rolls down his sleeve. JULES pinches him again.)

OW! What are you doing?

JULES

I don't know.

Do it to me.

(WARTON stares quizzically.)

JULES

We are the same. Make us even.

(WARTON pinches her.)

Harder.

(WARTON pinches JULES.)

Harder!

(WARTON pinches JULES.)

(Deadly serious:) I just touched your bicep. You can do better than this.

(WARTON pinches JULES really fucking hard.)

Oh!

OW!

Oh my -

Yes

Shit

Fuck

OK. That was it.

You can stop now.

(WARTON does not stop.)

You can stop now.

(WARTON does not stop.)

Get off me!

(He does. JULES takes a moment to recover. She cracks open an ancient pack of cigarettes.)

WARTON

I'm sorry. I -

JULES

Shhh. Don't do that.

(JULES offers a cigarette to WARTON. He refuses. She smokes. They sit in silence for a moment.)

So? Do you think you'll come back? Tomorrow?

(WARTON nods.)

WARTON

I really do want this painting. I have money.

JULES

OK.

What kinda trouble are you in?

(Long moment.)

WARTON

You aren't what I expected.

JULES

I'm not what I expected, either.

-4-

JULES enters the house. It is empty. She has a painting under her arm. She sits on the couch. She turns on the TV. She flips around. She finds Obama making a speech.

JULES

You are a rhetoric machine, my man, but you are so good at it.

TV/OBAMA

There are many to blame for causing the crisis we are in. It is an outrage – an outrage – that we are now being forced to clean up their mess . . .

JULES

An outrage.

They've already taken your rage away, haven't they? I'm so sorry, Barack. You're gonna miss it.

(JULES slides her toe seductively down the length of the TV screen. JÓNSI emerges from the painting she's holding.)

JÓNSI

The intellect is another disguise that protects the interiors caged within the lust house.

JULES

So?

JÓNSI

How big do you think he is?

JULES

Shh!

(They watch.)

JULES

I wonder what you're really like.

JÓNSI

Me or him?

JULES

Him.

JÓNSI

In real life, I'm quite genuine. Quite sincere. I'd hate you.

JULES

I wish I could ask him a few questions.

JÓNSI

I'd pity you.

JULES

He can stop the war.

JÓNSI

Which war?

JULES

He can reverse the legacy of American foreign policy. I *think* he can. That would be so sexy.

JÓNSI

Mind needs obstacles, cartwheels over faultlines.

JULES

It has them.

JÓNSI

Hardly. You're a walking lobotomy. What happened to your spark?

JULES

It's in there.

JÓNSI

Then break out of this masturbatorium and put your hands to work.

JULES

You think my mother really misses me?

JÓNSI

You look to me for *hope*? Have you no idea what I am?

JULES

My friend?

JÓNSI

Language of the lobotomized.

JULES

So I'm wrong?

JÓNSI

Naïveté is only charming in twenty somethings, you naughty little narcissist. Get a new act.

(JULES watches the TV. She stares longingly at the telephone. After a moment, she picks it up and holds it steady. Convinced she can do it this time, she starts to dial but the shaking comes back and though she tries to continue dialing, it as though a force shocks her and she is violently repelled from the phone. JÓNSI laughs.)

JÓNSI

You think you're worthy of so easy a solution?

(JULES angrily bangs the receiver against the floor. Keys are heard in the door. JULES quickly recovers and JÓNSI vanishes. ÓLAFUR and KINA enter.)

KINA

Mama? We got chocolate!

JULES

Well, that's good. You'll be awake for the next 48 hours.

KINA

Yay!

(KINA eats a melting chocolate bar. She offers some to JULES, who refuses. ÓLAFUR brings in groceries.)

ÓLAFUR

Get work done?

JULES

Uh-huh.

ÓLAFUR

You all right?

(JULES reaches into her pocket and pulls out a check.)

JULES

I sold a painting.

ÓLAFUR

(shocked:) *Really?*

JULES

Yes. An American. He's interested in my . . . oeuvre.

ÓLAFUR

Congratulations!

(ÓLAFUR looks at the check and is surprised by the amount.)

Guð minn góður¹⁵! I hope he showed you some I.D.

(JULES says nothing.)

KINA

(Chewing:) Can we do it now?

JULES

(To KINA:) You need to start eating more vegetables.

¹⁵ Oh my God.

(KINA shakes her head as in “no.” ÓLAFUR takes out a book.)

ÓLAFUR

Kina? Komdu¹⁶. A little later, OK?

KINA

No now!

(KINA pulls out the book and begins to read aloud to herself.)

Tíu litla negra stráka¹⁷.

(JULES freezes. As KINA opens the book to read it, JULES pulls it from her hands.)

Hey!

JULES

You said you were going to return this.

ÓLAFUR

Lost the receipt.

JULES

Kina? Do Mama a favor? Go wash the chocolate off your hands and face. And close the door.

KINA

Why?

JULES

Do it.

ÓLAFUR

Why?

JULES

Don't you do that.

¹⁶ Come here.

¹⁷ Ten Little Negro boys.

ÓLAFUR

We're just having a discussion. Why can't she be a part of it?

JULES

(clenched:) Because Mama's getting mad.

(ÓLAFUR chuckles.)

ÓLAFUR

Always so emotional about these things.

(Beat.)

JULES

Fine. Kina? This is a bad book. This is a book that proliferates damaging and detrimental stereotypes about black people.

KINA

Prolifer. . . ?

JULES

(To ÓLAFUR:) See?

ÓLAFUR

(To KINA:) This book upsets, Mama. How about this? We will only read it when she's not at home. OK?

JULES

NO! You will not read this to her at all.

ÓLAFUR

Why don't you calm down a little, huh? It's an old, *old* kids' book. Not *Birth of a Nation*.

(JULES stares at him a long time.)

JULES

Do you think this is funny? These pictures that make black people look like creatures. This rhyme. Does this make you laugh?

KINA

Why are you mad, Mama?

(KINA and ÓLAFUR look at JULES, waiting for her answer.)

JULES

I just want you to like yourself. That's what I want more than any other thing.

KINA

I do.

ÓLAFUR

You should be happy. You sold work today. It's a good day. It's a time to celebrate.

(There are suddenly loud sounds from outside. Loud clatter and the marching of many legs and angry shouts. KINA looks out the window. ÓLAFUR does not. JULES continues looking at the book. ÓLAFUR pours himself a brandy.)

KINA

They don't think it's a good day, Pabbi.

ÓLAFUR

So, Kina? What do you think we should have for dinner?

-5-

JULES paints. She scrapes something off the painting. She paints. She scrapes again. This time, it doesn't work.

JULES

Goddammit.

(JÓNSI appears with his guitar and bow. His mouth is extremely crooked in a cartoonish way.)

JÓNSI

Fix it!

JULES

Once it dries, I'll paint over it.

(JÓNSI begins to play his guitar with the bow.)

JÓNSI

Faced with your past, you run amok. You become more beast than woman. Even your hands know it. They betray you.

JULES

It's not my "past." It's that book. I gave you a mouth like . . . them.

JÓNSI

It's just a book. You can't blame early 20th Century racial attitudes for your deteriorating skills as a painter.

JULES

Should I blame you?

JÓNSI

I am your creation, am I not?

JULES

You tell me.

JÓNSI

I am . . . somewhat your creation. While in your presence, my being is limited to the scope of your lackluster imagination. You made me in this form, but—

JULES

In someone else's presence?

JÓNSI

Isn't it obvious?

(JULES says nothing.)

You bore me, my dear. You have so much potential but you do nothing with it. I inspire nothing in you. You've become satisfied with navel gazing. I have to move on.

JULES

You want to leave?

(JÓNSI plays music. He sings "Ny batteri." JULES speaks to him as he sings.)

I don't want to hold you captive. That's colonialism.

JÓNSI

You were confined to a tiny corner inside your head with no one to share your secrets. I am a collector of secrets. They nourish me. We were right for each other for a time.

JULES

You're free to go.

JÓNSI

You think anything you do can be undone. Actions reverberate.

(They hear footsteps approaching.)

Fix my mouth, bitch.

(WARTON timidly enters.)

WARTON

Goatin . . . dyin? Isn't that what they say?

JULES

No.

(They stare at each other for a moment.)

Gimme a sec.

(JULES fans the painting for a minute with her hand. She delicately paints something as WARTON looks around at other paintings. JÓNSI grabs his mouth, rubbing it with his hands. He removes them and his mouth is normal again.)

JULES

(Quietly:) Betri¹⁸?

JÓNSI

Já. Paint me outside the lines.

JULES

What?

WARTON

¹⁸ Better?

What?

JÓNSI

Try it. It might work. If you're serious that is. Can't tell. A woman of honor you are not.

JULES

I don't think of you as having lines anymore.

(JULES touches JÓNSI delicately.)

JÓNSI

We're all defined by our borders.

(JULES stares at her canvas for a moment. She wildly paints over what she's done, going outside the lines and beyond. WARTON watches her. She stops. She waits.)

JULES

Are you going to leave?

JÓNSI

Já. My soul's house has unexpectedly encountered a melancholic force.

JULES

I'll miss you, too.

WARTON

What's happening?

(JULES is startled; she's forgotten he's there. She turns back and looks, but JÓNSI is gone.)

JULES

Nothing.

WARTON

I brought something for you.

JULES

Like a . . . gift?

WARTON

Sort of.

(JULES looks at him.)

JULES

It's really possible that we followed a very strange momentary impulse yesterday. It's possible that we should try to forget about that.

WARTON

Possible. But not probable.

JULES

I'm married, you know? I have a daughter.

WARTON

What's her name?

(JULES shakes her head.)

JULES

That's not for you to know. I'll tell you whatever I can. But that's it. And then.

WARTON

And then what?

JULES

And then nothing. And then you go on your merry way. Or morose way. Whatever. The point is, you go.

(WARTON impulsively bites JULES on the arm. She gasps then looks at him in shock.)

Why did you do that?

WARTON

It was – ? I thought that was the type of thing you might enjoy. Perhaps I'm way off.

JULES

You're not.

(She bites him back.)

WARTON

(Laughing nervously:) I don't like that so much.

JULES

Can't take it? I can.

(WARTON bites her again a bit harder.)

Ooh. That's gonna leave a mark.

(She examines the wound with an odd sense of pride. Then looks up at WARTON with oodles of meaning.)

What else?

WARTON

Talk to me first.

(JULES sighs and begins to do some mundane task.)

JULES

I was a fugitive from justice. I picked a country, I went there and I stayed. The end.

(Beat.)

WARTON

It can't be that easy. An idiot could do that.

JULES

Thanks.

WARTON

No I mean what about your whole history? Financial records, credit cards, the *IRS*? How did you just burn that trail?

JULES

I'll tell you a secret. The hardest part is how easy it is. After awhile, NO ONE misses you. Not enough to actually *find* you. Have you ever gone to a party where everyone seems to know everyone else and you're the one left alone to drink and try to squeeze into these already in-progress conversations filled with private jokes that you don't get?

WARTON

Yes.

JULES

Eventually you tire of making the effort and find a chair by the wall where you can get quietly hammered in peace. If you sit there long enough, people will stop asking you if you need another drink or if you're OK. They'll stop *seeing* you. You won't exist.

I honestly thought a cavalcade of cops and other law enforcers would be here to snatch me up days after my arrival. A week went by. Then months. Then years. Nobody's coming.

(Silence.)

WARTON

They will if I call them.

JULES

To say you found a ghost?
What would you get out of it anyway?

(WARTON says nothing.)

WARTON

I brought you something.

JULES

I don't want it. No gifts. This is not a
(Distaste:) *relationship*.

WARTON

Jesus it's not like it's from De Beers or something!

(WARTON takes an iPod and speakers from his bag.)

JULES

Don't give me that. I don't even have a computer.

WARTON

Relax, MILF.

JULES

What?

WARTON

Nothing. Just listen.

(He turns it on. It plays "Ain't Too Proud to Beg" by the Temptations.
JULES doesn't know how to react.)

WARTON

Stuff you like is so mopey. Thought you could use a little sunshine.

(JULES says nothing.)

You don't like it? Damn. I can turn it off.

(WARTON moves to turn it off, but JULES grabs his hand stopping
him and impeccably sings:)

JULES

*Now I heard a crying man,
Is half a man with no sense of pride.
But if I have to cry to keep you,
I don't mind weepin'
If it will keep you by my side.*

(She dances a wild, goofy dance. WARTON clocks her dance.)

WARTON

(Judgmental:) Wow.

JULES

Haven't heard that song since I was a kid helping Mama make the corn puddin on
Thanksgiving morning!

WARTON

Hey! I been to the Macy's Day Parade.

JULES

God I miss Thanksgiving. Sweet potatoes with melted marshmallows, roast
turkey—

WARTON

Cranberry sauce—

JULES

Onions and celery in the stuffin—

WARTON

Hot buttered rolls—

JULES

Pumpkin pie.

WARTON

Sweet potata pie.

JULES

Pumpkin pie.

WARTON

Sweet potata pie!

JULES

You're deluding yourself, but I forgive you. Tell me about the parade.

WARTON

It was *fareezing* and still crowded. Think that was the year they introduced the Shrek and Hello Kitty balloons.

JULES

Nice.

WARTON

You gonna kiss me again?

(JULES snaps out of her nostalgic cloud.)

JULES

Let's play "Anything Goes."

WARTON

I'm not really into musicals.

JULES

No. It's a game.

(She fiddles with the iPod, trying to turn it off. WARTON finally helps her. She blindfolds herself.)

JULES

You can do whatever you want. To me. And I won't see it coming.

WARTON

I - I really don't want to hurt you. It just doesn't do it for me.

JULES

You put too negative a value on pain. Pain is just a part of life. Like a tickle, or a caress or . . . a kiss. It's just another sensation. I am helping you, you know? This is all good practice. This takes Pain's power away.

Go ahead. Whenever you're ready. *Surprise* me.

(WARTON mouths a curse at JULES that she cannot see. Then he quietly picks up a paintbrush and begins to paint JULES's face. She is startled.)

What are you doing?

WARTON

Is this a sensation or not?

JULES

Yes.

WARTON

Then don't question it.

(He finishes. He's given JULES cartoonish cat whiskers. He takes off her blindfold. JULES looks at herself in a mirror.)

Surprise!

JULES

(Confused:) I guess you win.

(She begins to clean her face. As she does, it smears and it momentarily seems like she's giving herself blackface. She quickly wipes it off.)

JULES

My husband gave our daughter this book. *Ten Little Niggerboys*. He says it's "Negro" boys, but I know better and he has no idea how bad *both* words are. Or that's what he claims.

WARTON

He sounds like a real catch.

JULES

Hey! That's not *all* he is. Not even half.
This island is full of contradictions, Warton.

WARTON

You sure you're not making excuses for him? Or you?

(JULES stares at WARTON.)

JULES

Your IQ is way too high to fuck around like this.

(WARTON says nothing.)

Go home. I want you to be back by November 4th. I want you to be my vote.

WARTON

You and that damn election.
I thought you'd be—I don't know. More? Politicized? Thought you'd be a young
Angela Davis.

JULES

Thought about me a lot, have ya?

(Beat.)

JULES

What is it you're running away from?

WARTON

I will not tell you that.

JULES

You don't trust me.

(WARTON says nothing.)

It isn't worth it. Whatever it is.

(WARTON picks up his iPod. He plays "Baby I Need Your Lovin'.")

JULES

If you tell me, I'll take off my bra. And give it to you.

WARTON

(Firm:) No.

JULES

(Impressed:) Good.

(Awkward pause.)

WARTON

My turn. Gimme the goddamned blindfold.

-6-

ÓLAFUR stands holding his briefcase looking out. Staring. Staring. He stares a long time. GUY ON THE STREET approaches him.

GUY ON THE STREET

Sæll¹⁹.

ÓLAFUR

Já.

GUY ON THE STREET

Hvað segir þú?²⁰

ÓLAFUR

I am an investment banker. You decide: *am* I well?

GUY ON THE STREET

We don't blame you.

(GUY ON THE STREET hands ÓLAFUR a flyer.)

This is the government. Parliament. They allowed this to happen. No accountability. What did they expect?

(ÓLAFUR reads the flyer.)

¹⁹ Hi.

²⁰ Are you well?

ÓLAFUR

I always find protesters annoying.

GUY ON THE STREET

You're already one of us. And I feel like I already know you.

ÓLAFUR

Islanders are too nice. That's how we get into trouble.

GUY ON THE STREET

You don't seem so nice.

(ÓLAFUR eyes him suspiciously.)

ÓLAFUR

I'm too connected to reality to be nice.

GUY ON THE STREET

We could use someone like you.

ÓLAFUR

I'm not gay.

(Beat.)

GUY ON THE STREET

Too bad for me, but we could still use someone like you.

-7-

JULES and WARTON are outside. It's cloudy and a little windy. Bits of steam rise around them. They stare intently at a spot on the ground.

WARTON

Are you sure it's active?

JULES

Positive. Only a few more minutes.

(They wait.)

JULES

How are you paying for your hotel?

WARTON

It's a hostel.

JULES

Still. It isn't free.

WARTON

Don't worry about it.
I could . . . stay here. For a while anyway.

(He looks at JULES. She stares at the spot.)

(Referring to the weather:) Couldn't we have waited for it to clear up?

JULES

No! This is the best time to do it. No tourists. Nobody but us! Everybody is somewhere cozy having a coffee. Personally I like the feeling *before* you get cozy best. I like craving warmth. Makes it that much better when you finally get it.

WARTON

You just like being arbitrary.

JULES

Used to do this all the time with Kina. Once she started school . . . It's harder for me to know what I'm doing here. Sometimes it's clear. Sometimes I feel like an actor playing a role.

WARTON

You are.

(JULES glances at him.)

JULES

OK. Here it comes. Get ready.

(They wait and after a few seconds a small fizzle spurts up from the ground. It is really not impressive at all.)

WARTON

That was it?

JULES

Some days are better than others. We picked a bad day.

WARTON

Can we go back now?

JULES

No. It's my turn to pick her up from school.

WARTON

Oh.

(JULES reaches in to her purse and pulls something out. It is a key. She then flings it on the ground near WARTON. He looks at it and looks at her.)

What's that?

JULES

What does it look like?

WARTON

It looks like a key.

JULES

Then I suppose that's what it is.
Take it if you want it.

(WARTON picks it up from the ground and puts it in his pocket.
Awkward silence.)

Who won the last Super Bowl?

WARTON

Giants. Why?

JULES

I can't talk to anyone about these things. I can't really talk to anyone.

(Beat.)

WARTON

The Patriots were the heavy favorites, but the underdogs prevailed. Eli Manning was MVP. Big brother Peyton musta been proud to pass the torch.

(JULES nods. WARTON smiles and exits. JULES sits staring out for a long time. Slowly JÓNSI crawls out of the geyser. He sweats.)

JÓNSI

Hot in there.

JULES

I set you free.

JÓNSI

Yes and no. Freedom is a state of mind. Much like God. It only exists when you feel its absence.

JULES

Why don't you go somewhere? Travel the world. You didn't even leave Reykjavík.

JÓNSI

There is much pain on your horizon, old friend. Are you prepared?

JULES

(Shrugs:) Pain is everywhere.

JÓNSI

You are you. Ólaf is him. Kina is her. A lion, a scorpion, and a guppy all in one condo. We each contain within us a unique ecosystem. When you incorporate a foreign body into an existing ecosystem you have to ask yourself "How will it fit?"

JULES

You know? Your Jiminy Cricketing has lost its edge. Maybe you should retire.

JÓNSI

"Out, damn'd spot! out, I say!" she says. She has but one spot over which to fret. *Your* hands are awash in red. Your cup runneth over and over and over and over—

JULES

(Savage:) LEAVE ME ALONE!

JÓNSI

It was never about you. You were merely a weigh station it turns out. Now. Your yummy hubby? A different matter entirely. He and I are carved from the same bark. He and I are etched from the same ink. I could be a friend to him.

JULES

You have no power. You're a little fairy! You're not real!

JÓNSI

Do I look real now?

(In a flash, JÓNSI transforms and he now has lips, eyes, to some other body parts that belong to one of the nigger boys. JULES screams and runs away. JÓNSI returns to normal.)

(Sings in the tune of "Wish Upon a Star":)

*When you wish upon a star,
Demons come from near and far.
When you have a shitty soul,
Your dreams fuck you.*

-8-

Late at night. Dark. JULES paints something furiously in the dark. She speaks in a weird voice that is part whisper, part mumble. And the words tumble out at great speed. The audience can't see what she's painting.

JULES

A change we can believe in.

What is it? You didn't say.

You are you the change are you the only thing different because if you're the only thing different I'm afraid that isn't a real change at all. What are you? Marketing. You are marketing a product a Pop-Tart I take a bite from you OW hot too hot. Do you know what you're doing? You're brilliant and beautiful black and beautiful like the 70s. Retro. I follow you I know you I read your book (the first one) and you're good you're really good but are you good enough are you brave enough are you balls enough are you shrewd enough are you animal enough are you the one we've been waiting for? Who's we who's we who's we not me I'm a secret did you know my name is Frances Anne and they used to call me Frannie and I hated it? No you don't know no one knows I'm nobody I'm invisible woman like the boy in my studio like the boy at my birthday party in the closet the boy who wanted to see if I was black down there before Mama said: "time for cake time for cake" She's gone he's gone I'm gone I'm not there I'm here I'm not here I'm there I'm in between in between days like the Cure

(KINA enters sleepy.)

KINA

Mama?

JULES

what is the cure I'm sick I'm lame I'm out of frame out of time living in the fog in the highlands I'm mommy I'm artist I'm performance artist I'm nobody I'm nothing—

KINA

Don't say that!

JULES

What are you gonna do Mr. Chicago Mr. Harvard Mr. Hawaii? What will you do for my family my people those little kids with semi-automatics in Iraq in Afghanistan are you gonna leave them there to get the southern vote wait you'll never get the southern vote you'll never get anything you're just like me YOU and ME are the SAME. YOU WILL FAIL—

(KINA drops a heavy glass. It doesn't break but makes a loud clatter. JULES snaps awake and looks around.)

What are you doing out of bed?

KINA

You were sleeptalking and sleeppainting again.

JULES

I was?

(KINA nods.)

My dreams are vivid. They won't always stay inside me like normal people.

KINA

I think you're normal.

(JULES awkwardly kisses KINA.)

JULES

Go back to bed, button. Everything's all right.

KINA

I have to pee.

(JULES nods, waits.)

You don't have to wait. I'm not a baby.

(JULES awkwardly puts the brush down and exits. KINA picks the brush up and adds a few things to JULES's painting on the wall. She giggles and exits.)

-9-

The white living room is empty. The sun slowly rises and lights slowly come up on the night painting. It is not a painting of Obama, but one of the Ten Little Nigger boys. A groggy ÓLAFUR enters, goes to the kitchen and turns on the coffee pot. As he turns to go back to bed, he looks at the wall and sees the painting.

End of Act One

Act Two

-1-

WARTON sits in the studio alone. A little pensive. He examines one of the paintings and then gets freaked out.

WARTON

Stop looking at me.

(JULES enters carrying boxes. When he sees her, he plays a Motown song.)

WARTON

I was thinking. Creatively. What if I pluck your eyebrows? I can do it really hard. That'd be both painful *and* irritating, but also practical.

JULES

I don't know. . .

WARTON

I was just thinking we should maybe give your arms a break for awhile. Focus it elsewhere.

JULES

That's very thoughtful. But – maybe instead of being creative about that you should start thinking about your future. Where you're going to live.

(JULES turns off the song. She plays "Hjartað Hamast" on her CD player. She slowly begins packing her things into boxes.)

I'm sure Iceland was never meant to be your final destination.

WARTON

I *have* thought about it. Think I wanna try Zambia.

(JULES glances at him then goes back to her work.)

WARTON

Football's the national sport (*real* football). Literacy is over 80% there so maybe I could teach. I love cassava. And I've always wanted to see Victoria Falls.

JULES

You'll have to register for vaccinations. Can you handle that?

WARTON

(The tiniest gulp:) Yes.

JULES

I think you can go to Senegal without them. That might also be an easier flight.

WARTON

But—? Senegal is Senegal and Zambia is Zambia. They're two totally different places. What? Is Africa all the same to you?

JULES

Fine. Go to Zambia. Say "Hi" to Mugabe for me.

WARTON

That's Zimbabwe.

(JULES thinks and realizes he's right, but shrugs it off. JULES continues gathering things and packing them in boxes.)

WARTON

Why are you cleaning? You never clean.

JULES

I'm not. I'm packing. I - we can't afford to keep the studio.

WARTON

Were you ever gonna tell me?

JULES

No. I figured you'd see me packing and use your cryptology skills to add it all up.

WARTON

I'm just a non-entity.

JULES

Warton? We have to stop this.

WARTON

Oh thank God! I thought you'd never say that.

(WARTON tries to embrace JULES, but she resists.)

JULES

No. You can't be here anymore. I have to do my best to be a good Mom and a good wife just - a good *person*. This is bad for both of us. I'm sorry. I fucked up. I sincerely apologize.

(Silence.)

If you bring the painting back, I'll return your check. We can go backwards. We can revise.

WARTON

It's like you're looking through me.

(JULES stops for a moment and looks at him.)

JULES

Isn't that what you wanted?

WARTON

Not from you.

(JULES packs.)

JULES

Don't look so sad.

I think you're a mostly, pretty - pretty cool person. You're interesting. You should probably work on being a little less creepy. But? You have a lot to offer.

WARTON

Who said I didn't?

(JULES notices some papers that she doesn't recognize.)

Are these yours?

(JULES inspects one.)

Give me those. WARTON

But these look like— JULES

Give them to me. Now. WARTON

(JULES does not.)

Did you *create* these? JULES

(No response.)

Holy shit. You're like that guy Russell Crowe played in that movie with whatsername!

You don't understand— WARTON

Who chooses to communicate in code? In 2008? JULES

YOU DO! WARTON

(JULES stops. He grabs the sheets. JULES holds tight to one of them and it tears.)

Sorry. JULES

Dammit! WARTON

(Reading/decoding:) I'm not a . . . *beast*? I no longer need you. I found someone who— JULES

(WARTON grabs JULES. It is powerful, but awkward. Despite her best

efforts, he wrestles the page from her.)

WARTON

It's my business. Not yours.

JULES

Is that a letter?

(Beat.)

WARTON

I'm not supposed to contact her anymore.
But she needs to know I'm better. Better without her.
We were both residents of the same Second Life community.

JULES

Is that a cult?

WARTON

Second Life is life lived in cyberspace. It's virtual. But it's real. In Second Life you get to be the person you always wanted to be. I had these plans for us and she liked them and she liked me and she was down for everything I wanted to do and I wanted us to be revolutionaries.

JULES

Why?

(WARTON eyes her for a moment.)

WARTON

Family legacy.
She liked the disruption we caused. In Second Life. It turned her on. But I wanted to achieve that feeling in First life. Wanted to feel it with all my senses. In three dimensions. I couldn't find her anymore. I looked for her in all her favorite haunts. But she wasn't anywhere. So I looked for her. In First life. Phone book. Facebook. Google Maps. I just wanted her to listen to me before giving up. In First Life we were both nothings. Nobodys.
I wanted us to be immortal.
But
It never works out, does it?
One half always wants it more
Than the other half.

JULES

So? You wanted to immortalize yourself. As some kind of revolutionary? And yet you want to vanish. That seems like a paradox.

WARTON

Not really. To be a legend is to be a memory. To no longer exist.
I know I'll never be a legend.
If I'm to always be inconsequential,
then I want no more consequences.

JULES

I can't help you.

(WARTON seems to slowly be coming back to this moment.)

Give me your key.

(WARTON doesn't move.)

Send me a postcard from Victoria Falls. OK?

(No response.)

Give me your key, Warton.

WARTON

Or what? You'll get an Order of Protection, too?

(He laughs bitterly.)

JULES

(Quietly:) Should I?

WARTON

I don't know. What do you think?

(Beat. JULES is scared.)

JULES

Can you just tell me very simply what it is you want from me?

WARTON

I want - *you*. You know that.

JULES

Is it that easy?

WARTON

Find out.

(Silence. For a bit. Then JULES begins to take her clothes off. JULES puts a comforter on the floor and gets under it. WARTON joins her. They begin kissing.)

JULES

You need a condom.

WARTON

I – yeah. I have it.

(He does some under cover maneuvering. Then there is some activity under the covers.)

JULES

Ouch. What was that?

WARTON

Sorry.

(More activity.)

JULES

Wait. What are you doing?

WARTON

Oh. Oh. Sorry.

(JULES stares at him.)

(Quietly:) It's been . . . awhile.

(JULES nods. They work it out. They have sex. It doesn't last long and this *is* a comment on WARTON's abilities. WARTON falls back, overjoyed. JULES dresses.)

Thank you.

JULES

Don't thank me. That's tacky.

Now. You got what you wanted. Time for you to go.

(WARTON stares at her a loooonnnnggg time.)

WARTON

I used to hate you.

JULES

You . . . hated me?

WARTON

Your kind. The First Lifers. It's always been easy for you.

JULES

I wouldn't say that.

(Beat. They stare at each other for a moment. JULES looks down at her arms. She offers one to WARTON.)

JULES

(Delicate:) A little friction. Please?

(WARTON leans in and they kiss. While they kiss he takes his hands and with one going in one direction and one going in the other, he burns JULES's arm. Beat. He moves closer and whispers the word:)

WARTON

Zeke.

(JULES gasps. WARTON gently covers her mouth and holds her.)

You don't need to be afraid, Frannie.

You can trust me.

I'll never tell.

(Suddenly they hear footsteps running up the steps. They panic. They hurriedly dress and the footsteps come closer. Then JULES shoves him in a closet, tripping over all the boxes in the room right as the door flies open and KINA enters.)

Button! What are you doing here?

KINA

I told Amma to bring me here so you could take me to the ducks. Can we go to the ducks today?

JULES

Um yeah. Sure.

(JULES isn't quite sure what to do for a second then she gains her composure.)

Let me just thank the fix-it man.

(She opens the closet door. WARTON is frozen with fear.)

Remember him? You met him once before.

KINA

I don't remember.

JULES

Well he's freelance so he doesn't come here very often. He just came in for a minute to check on my light. In my closet. It wasn't working.

WARTON

Oh yes. Yes yes that's true. But it seems to be working fine now.

(He pulls the string.)

Perfect.

JULES

(Get out!) Takk²¹!

WARTON

Of course. Bless Bless²².

(He starts to leave when:)

KINA

You're from America?

WARTON

Uh - yes I am.

KINA

Mama's from America.

²¹ Thank you.

²² Goodbye.

WARTON

I know.

KINA

Did you know her there?

(A pause. JULES looks at WARTON, now unsure.)

JULES

Answer her.

WARTON

(To JULES:) No. No I didn't.

JULES

He's busy, button.
Take care.

(WARTON starts to say something as JULES shuts the door in his face.)

OK. Let me get my coat and we'll go feed some ducks.

KINA

Your cheeks are very red, Mama.

JULES

Are they?

KINA

Like you're embarrassed about something.

JULES

What would I have to be embarrassed about?

KINA

They look pretty red.

JULES

Thank you!
Come on.

(As they walk outside:)

KINA
Do other men besides Pabbi think you're pretty?

-2-

-3-
KINA and JULES are in the living room. KINA colors, JULES stands frozen, holding a bucket of white paint. She stares at the nigger boy on her wall.

KINA
I want to be an artist, too.

JULES
You already are an artist.

KINA
I want to be a grown-up artist.

JULES
There's no such thing.

(Beat.)

KINA
You have to do it. Pabbi said.

JULES
Watch your tone, please.

KINA
I'm just telling you what Pabbi said. In case you forgot.

JULES
Thank you for the reminder.

KINA
Where is that negro book?

JULES

Kina: that book is not a nice book. It was written to make black people feel ashamed and to allow white people to laugh at their shame.

(Beat.)

KINA
Does Pabbi like to laugh at black people?

JULES
Kina—

KINA
Does he laugh at me?

JULES
No! He would never do that!

KINA
Then why does he like it?

(Keys in door, ÓLAFUR enters.)

JULES
Ask him.

KINA
Pabbi!

ÓLAFUR
Hi, there!

(ÓLAFUR gives her a kiss on the cheek.)

(To JULES:) Why is that thing still on the wall?

KINA
Do you like to laugh at black people?
(Beat.)

ÓLAFUR
Did Mama tell you that?

JULES
She wants to know why you bought her the book.

(ÓLAFUR sighs.)

ÓLAFUR

Can I have five minutes of rest? Just five and then we can talk race politics?

JULES

I think you should answer her question.

KINA

Yeah. Answer my question.

ÓLAFUR

I bought the book because I had it when I was a kid.

(Beat.)

JULES

That's it?

ÓLAFUR

What do you want me to say?

JULES

Something! That you're trying to show her the ugliness of racism so she's not shocked by it when she encounters it. Anything. You gave her a book called *The Ten Little Niggerboys* out of *nostalgia*?

ÓLAFUR

Neeeeee-groooow! And besides, all this preciousness over the "n word?" That's an American obsession. When I grew up, that word had no meaning for us.

JULES

Does it have any meaning for you now?

ÓLAFUR

Just because you're black doesn't mean you're always right, Jules.

JULES

What?

ÓLAFUR

It doesn't. You are *not* automatically a race expert just because you happen to be black.

JULES

Did I say I was?

ÓLAFUR

IT WAS IMPLIED!

(A silence.)

It's always me who's in the wrong and it's tiresome. I want you to come up with a concrete reason as to why this book is bad. I loved it when I was little and you have no interest in that fact. One reason. One. Not some abstract, philosophical, bubble of air. A real. Reason.

JULES

No matter what I say, you'll disagree with me. So what's the point?

ÓLAFUR

You can't do it. *That's* the point.

I married you and I had a daughter with you in one of the whitest countries on earth and you DARE to suggest I have racist inklings?! Outrageous. You have no right.

JULES

I can't explain it because you have no context for understanding it! I can't really accuse you having a huge hole in your consciousness.

ÓLAFUR

But you just did.

I am a good man. I have feelings too. I'm entitled to them. I'm entitled to my opinions. I'm entitled to my history. I'm entitled to the *fucking* life I led before I met you and I'll be goddamned if I'll let you piss all over that like it's nothing.

(Beat.)

If I let you have your way and I let you convince me that this book is evil and racist? That would mean my móðir and my faðir are both evil and racist. So you cannot have your way.

(ÓLAFUR reaches into his shirt pocket. He pulls out what appears to be a fancy cell phone, but it is actually a flask. He unscrews the top and takes a drink. He breathes. He takes another. All of this happens before he continues speaking.)

Did you know there was a time when Icelanders were considered savages? Lazy, ignorant, childlike peasants who needed the guidance of their superior Nordic parents to keep them from shitting all over themselves. No power. A third world nation filled with pale faces. We created the first parliament in the history of the world. And they treated us like Neanderthals.

Then again, a third of the population *still* believes in elves. This country is a floating contradiction. Geniuses and fools.

But then one miraculous day that ancient dichotomy of greatness and weirdness dissolved. David Oddsson appeared like a Norse God and said "Fuck regulation. We come from Vikings, goddammit. We can rob, and pillage, and rack up debt better than any of you." And for once, it was glorious to be an Islander. Bliss.

An eleven hundred, thirty-four year history.
Eight of those years, we ruled the free-market earth.
Eight of those years, we were envied. And rightly so.
Eight of those years, we were superior.
Eight.

Now . . . we're worse than peasants. We're a joke.

(ÓLAFUR pick up the bucket of white paint and violently paints over the nigger boy.)

I can't believe that Iceland is fundamentally wrong. I can't **live** and believe that.

(Deep silence.)

KINA

(Very cautiously:) Maybe nobody's right. And maybe nobody's wrong. Is there a word that means that? A word that will make you and Mama happy again?

(There are sounds of angry shouting and clattering noises outside, which lead into scene 4.)

-4-

ÓLAFUR and KINA sit on a bench near town hall. It is cold. ÓLAFUR drinks from a bottle of Egills—an Icelandic soft drink—but he's emptied it and filled it with something stronger. They can hear some protestors not too far off and not too many. KINA has The Book.

KINA

Read it in English.

ÓLAFUR

Afhverju²³?

KINA

Svo ég viti af hverju mömmu líkar hún ekki²⁴.

(ÓLAFUR takes a drink.)

KINA

Why does your Egills stink?

ÓLAFUR

It's aged.

(He opens The Book and translates, therefore he reads it a bit slower
then if he were reading the Icelandic.)

*Ten little negro boys went out to drink
One drank a bottle of poison and then there were nine*

*Nine little negro boys went to bed
One overslept and then there were eight*

*Eight little negro boys woke up at two o'clock
One of them died of yawning and then there were seven*

*Seven little negro boys sat and ate biscuits
One of them overate and then there were six*

*Six little negro boys sang a song
One of them gave up and then there were five*

*Five little negro boys thought they were big
One of them was punched in the face and then there were four*

*Four little negro boys went to chase cows
but one of them attacked another so then there were three*

²³ Why?

²⁴ So I know why Mama doesn't like it.

*Three little negro boys didn't dare to do more
one of them exploded out of fear and then there were two*

*Two little negro boys kept completely quiet
then one of them went crazy and only one was left*

*One little negro boy saw a lady passing by
He started talking with her and asked her to marry him*

The negro girl said yes and they went to the movies . . .

(ÓLAFUR pauses for a moment before finishing.)

It did not take long until they were ten again.

(Beat. KINA takes the book and looks at the pictures.)

ÓLAFUR

It's funnier in Icelandic.

KINA

This is a scary book.

ÓLAFUR

No it's not.

(ÓLAFUR watches the protesters.)

They're so weak. Yelling. Hitting pans with spoons!
(To them:) Who cares?!

KINA

(With delight:) The negro boys are monsters.

ÓLAFUR

What? No. No they're not. They're just —

(ÓLAFUR looks at the book.)

This is just silly.

KINA

Scary.

ÓLAFUR

This is not you! Do you understand? Nobody thinks this is you. You are a beautiful, smart little girl. It isn't real. Do you understand?

(KINA nods, but doesn't understand. GUY ON THE STREET appears.)

GUY ON THE STREET

Kondu með okkur²⁵.

ÓLAFUR

Can't. Have my daughter with me.

(GUY ON THE STREET regards KINA with a strange detached amusement. ÓLAFUR notices and is not pleased.)

Do you want anything else?

GUY ON THE STREET

We're friends you and I. You want what I want.

ÓLAFUR

How would you know?

GUY ON THE STREET

The world thinks you are all nitwits. Financial boobs. They laugh at you. Sad. But it is a little bit funny. A Reese's Cup is worth more than the krónur now.

ÓLAFUR

Go back and play with your pots and pans.

GUY ON THE STREET

I command you to find your manhood. Prove to us that you are not just another one of them.

ÓLAFUR

(Dry:) Why don't you *dare* me?

GUY ON THE STREET

All suits are the same!

ÓLAFUR

²⁵ Join us.

Get away from me.

GUY ON THE STREET

ALL SUITS ARE THE SAME!

(ÓLAFUR jumps in GUY ON THE STREET's face as if to hit him, but instead throws his bottle at the building. We hear it smash. People scream, scatter.)

ÓLAFUR

If you are angry, don't stand around whining like children. **DO SOMETHING!**

GUY ON THE STREET

You, my friend, are capable of *anything!*

(GUY ON THE STREET is impressed, infatuated, but flees nonetheless. ÓLAFUR looks in the direction of his destructive act and smiles. Confident he would never be suspected of such behavior, he calmly takes KINA's hand.)

KINA

You threw the bottle.

ÓLAFUR

Yes I know.

KINA

You scared them.

ÓLAFUR

I was angry. But just for a moment. Let's not tell Mama about this, all right?

KINA

About the book or the bottle?

ÓLAFUR

Either.

KINA

(sing song:) Secrets, secrets, seeeeeeeeeeeeeeee-crets!

-5-

ÓLAFUR, JULES, and KINA sit at the table eating silently.

KINA

Today I saw . . .

Then we . . .

(Beat. KINA is trying to remember what she can and cannot tell JULES.)

ÓLAFUR

Why don't you tell us something you learned in school today?

KINA

There's lava under the glaciers.

ÓLAFUR

That's interesting.

KINA

Why don't they melt?

(Beat.)

ÓLAFUR

Why didn't you ask your teacher?

KINA

Forgot.

(JULES tries to pick up a heavy bowl, but her arm shakes and she can't. She tries this twice as ÓLAFUR and KINA watch her. Both times she fails. She decides to get something else. ÓLAFUR picks up the bowl and passes it to her.)

JULES

Thank you.

KINA

Why don't they melt?

ÓLAFUR

I don't know. Science was never my best subject.

(KINA eats quietly. ÓLAFUR stares at JULES.)

That check you gave me? Bad. Dated 11 November, 2011. Eleven eleven eleven.

(JULES think about this for a minute then she laughs.)

I don't find larceny all that hilarious.

(She stops laughing.)

JULES

Do we have any assets other than this house? The car?

ÓLAFUR

(Firm:) I'm taking care of it, Jules.

JULES

I'm not your daughter, Ólaf.

(This makes KINA laugh. ÓLAFUR and JULES look at her and she stops laughing.)

ÓLAFUR

I believe you told me that not all secrets are bad. So maybe I'll keep a few of my own.

(Beat. JULES again tries to pick up something from the table, but cannot. This time ÓLAFUR watches her struggle without helping her. She gives up.)

ÓLAFUR

Don't you like my herring anymore?

JULES

I didn't want to spill it.

ÓLAFUR

What is the matter with your arm?

JULES

Nothing.

ÓLAFUR

Komdu.

JULES

Can we just eat?

ÓLAFUR

I want to know what's wrong with your arm.

KINA

Can I go to my room?

ÓLAFUR

No! You didn't finish eating and food is not cheap.

KINA

I don't feel good.

JULES

For Chrissake, let her go!

(ÓLAFUR stands, takes KINA's plate and places it in the fridge.)

ÓLAFUR

You're eating it tomorrow.

Fine. Go to your room.

(KINA runs into her room.)

JULES

(Tense:) Don't ever take our shit out on her again. You do that, I'll fucking kill you.

(ÓLAFUR stares at JULES for a moment. He then tries to raise her sleeve, she fights him, not wanting him to see, but he overpowers her. All up and down her right arm are welts. ÓLAFUR lets her go, shocked.)

ÓLAFUR

What happened to you?

(JULES cradles her arm. No response.)

WHO DID THIS TO YOU?

JULES

Don't worry about it.

ÓLAFUR

What?

JULES

It's a game.

(Silence. JULES stares at ÓLAFUR, trying to speak to him without words.)

ÓLAFUR

Stop doing that.

JULES

But I don't have the words to explain it.

ÓLAFUR

Find them.

JULES

No one ever punishes me. No one ever has.
(To herself:) In first life . . . or second life.

(Beat.)

ÓLAFUR

Have you - have you had violent thoughts? Voices telling you to do things?

JULES

I need a walk.

ÓLAFUR

I'm trying to help you.

JULES

I don't need your help.

ÓLAFUR

I don't think that's true.

JULES

How many drinks do you have on a typical day?
(He doesn't answer.)

JULES

We all do what we do and that's just the way it is.

ÓLAFUR

If you talk to someone? I'll do it with you.

(JULES heads for the door. ÓLAFUR blocks it.)

JULES

Move.

ÓLAFUR

Nei. Do your damage here in front of my face.

JULES

Ólaf?

ÓLAFUR

I'm not letting you outside until you agree to talk to a doctor.

JULES

I'm not crazy.

ÓLAFUR

I know you're not.

But something is very wrong. And you're not to leave this house until we figure it out. Not without me.

JULES

I'm a hostage?

(ÓLAFUR grabs JULES; it's a little scary, but once he has her in his arms, he softens.)

ÓLAFUR

Why must you be water instead of earth?

Every time I think I have you in my hands, you slip away again.

JULES

I'm not an object. People are changeable.

ÓLAFUR

You're *too* changeable.

(KINA comes back from her room.)

KINA

What are you doing?

(ÓLAFUR releases JULES.)

Nothing. Everything's fine.

ÓLAFUR

I'm still hungry.

KINA

I - I got some chocolate. Want some?

ÓLAFUR

(KINA looks at them. She knows something is wrong. ÓLAFUR carefully moves toward the kitchen, his hand tightly gripping JULES's hand, but he has to let go for a second to open the fridge.)

(whispers to both of them:) Ég elska þig²⁶.

JULES

(She slips out the door.)

She's gone.

KINA

(ÓLAFUR turns around.)

I just turned away for a second.

ÓLAFUR

I'm scared.

KINA

-6-

JULES bursts into the studio. WARTON is there.

I need something. I need it now. Get something sharp.

JULES

I can't do it anymore.

WARTON

²⁶ I love you.

JULES

Worthless!

(JULES looks around, frantic, finds an exacto blade.)

WARTON

I won't use that on you.

JULES

Then I will.

WARTON

Why?

(JULES stares at him for a moment.)

JULES

When I hit that place I see and taste colors. Greens, reds, purples – colors that don't live in the natural world. And when it happens . . . nothing exists but this everything – this everything feeling – and the rest disappears.

(JULES sticks the exacto blade behind her back and into her shirt. WARTON reluctantly grabs her wrist and guides her hand, afraid she'll cut too deep.)

JULES

How do you know the things you know?

WARTON

My uncle. My favorite uncle. Uncle Zeke.
I was a kid. But I remember.
I forgive you.

JULES

(Amazed:) Really?

(He nods. JULES whispers something in his ear. He is surprised by what she says and he presses the blade harder. She cries out. He lets her go.)

WARTON

That went too deep.

(JULES touches his face with uncharacteristic gentleness.)

JULES

Sjáumst. Vinur²⁷.

(JULES staggers out of the door.)

-7-

Home. ÓLAFUR talks to someone frantically on his cell phone.

ÓLAFUR

I don't know why she'd be there either I'm just out of ideas. Can you check the studio again? Yes, but maybe she—

(JULES enters.)

Nevermind! She's here.

(ÓLAFUR hangs up.)

Where have you been?

(JULES walks slowly toward him.)

ÓLAFUR

Answer me! I've looked everywhere. You couldn't talk to me? You had to just disappear?!

(KINA enters giggling. She's painted her face to look like one of the Negro boys from The Book: huge red lips, coal black skin, and bug eyes.)

KINA

Mama's home! Look!
(Pointing to her face:) I'm an artist, too!

(KINA laughs hysterically.)

One drank a bottle of poison and then there were nine. He died! The Negro boys keep dying!

²⁷ So long. Friend.

(KINA laughs and laughs. JULES grabs ÓLAFUR for support.)

JULES

(A whisper:) It was an accident.

(ÓLAFUR reaches around her waist and pulls out his hand. There is blood on it.)

KINA

Then one of them went *crazy* and only one was left!

(JULES passes out.)

ÓLAFUR

JULES!

(KINA notices what has happened. She stops laughing.)

KINA

I'm sorry, Mama.

End of Act Two

Act Three

-1-

The space is dark and undefined, at first.

In dark:

JULES

I don't want to leave this sky.

JÓNSI

Don't worry. You're not going anywhere.

(Lights: The space is a huge, expansive pasture with mountain ranges in the background. It is a glorious summer day. JULES is in a light, summer dress, looking luminous. JÓNSI is with her and he saws his guitar with his bow. Though the resulting music is the song "Ára bátur," which is mostly a soft piano.)

JULES

The sky, the ground, the air. So beautiful. All the colors. *These* are the colors! I feel like I can see for the first time.

JÓNSI

You can.

(JULES turns and sees JÓNSI.)

JULES

I've actually missed you.

JÓNSI

You have.

JULES

I feel like I'm beyond conscious. Hyper-aware of everything. I can feel . . . ev – er – y – thing. And I'm all right with it. There's a word . . . How are you doing this?

JÓNSI

I'm not doing a thing. Don't blame me for this.

JULES

But I do.

You're doing it. With your voice. Your guitar strings. The notes drifting on the air, mating with the mountains in the distance. You've painted this world for me with your songs. You've been doing it a little at a time all along. Thank you.

JÓNSI

You define and shape all things as if they've been tailored to fit you like skin. But your skin is ill-fitting.

(JULES climbs an invisible ladder.)

JULES

It feels snug right now. Perfect.

JÓNSI

Sensuous deception.

JULES

I've never felt like this before. There's a word for it. I finally found a way out. Free from my worries and hate. Free from my silly self.

JÓNSI

Looking for the Judeo-Christian "light?"

JULES

Transcendence! Yes! That's the word. I am Thoreau.

(Magically, the sky seems to grow even bigger as if it might suck them both up into its embrace. JULES is overwhelmed.)

JÓNSI

Happy?

JULES

Beyond happy!

JÓNSI

You've lost too much blood.

JULES

(Still happy:) Have I?

JÓNSI

By modern medical standards: yes. But this is Iceland.

JULES

Where did it go?

JÓNSI

It's here.

JULES

Where?

JÓNSI

There.

(JÓNSI stops sawing the guitar. The music stops with a violent screech. The sky recedes and darkens. JULES snaps out of her joy and there it is: blood everywhere, soaking her clothes, staining the pasture, even in the sky. JULES looks to JÓNSI for help. JÓNSI will now move his mouth, but the voice that comes out is ÓLAFUR's—loud, booming, inescapable, like a wronged god.)

JULES

I didn't transcend. I failed.

JÓNSI/OLAFUR

Elska? Who did this to you?

JULES

I always fail.

JÓNSI/OLAFUR

The police are here. Can you hear me?

JULES

I can't see the colors anymore.

JÓNSI/OLAFUR

You need to tell us who did this to you.

JULES

They'll never come back.

JÓNSI/OLAFUR

Please. Don't leave. Kina needs you. I need you.

JULES

She deserves better.

JÓNSI / ÓLAFUR

Why would you say that?

JULES

Look at what I've done.

JÓNSI / ÓLAFUR

Nothing can be done that can't be *undone*.

(JULES turns and begins to walk to the blood-soaked horizon.)

Come back to us, Julia.

JULES

Where else would I go?

(She exits.)

JÓNSI

The only true transcendence is in music.
Og dauða²⁸.

-2-

Outside by the car, ÓLAFUR throws in a little suitcase and a backpack, maybe some toys. KINA holds her Barbie.

KINA

I'm a bad girl. I hurt Mama.

ÓLAFUR

You didn't hurt Mama. Button. Get in the car.

KINA

You don't call me that.

ÓLAFUR

Am I not allowed to?

KINA

NO!

ÓLAFUR

Get in the car. Now.

(KINA angrily gets in the car, shouting at her Barbie. GUY ON THE STREET appears.)

What do you want?

GUY ON THE STREET

That little bottle you threw was nice.
But what else do you have for us?

ÓLAFUR

How the Hell'd you find me?

GUY ON THE STREET

Reykjavík is small.

²⁸ And death.

And a man like you stands out.
Want to play? Or have you forgotten how?

ÓLAFUR

Fuck off.

GUY ON THE STREET

Look at you. You are now wife *and* mother. You haven't a living left to earn. No pride left to defend. Is this how you imagined life? And the middle years aren't so far off. Are you just going to wither and die?
Don't you even want to try?

(ÓLAFUR tries to walk away but GUY ON THE STREET blocks his path.)

GUY ON THE STREET

No one would ever guess
You're a man of hedge funds, equities, and suits of dress.

You think the fight is done?

ÓLAFUR

No! But whining and marching through the streets is not going to change anything. You have to make the imbeciles in Parliament *listen*. You have to DO something. You can't continue to walk around feeling weak. You can't let them take your power away.

GUY ON THE STREET

Pú ert fallegur²⁹.

(GUY ON THE STREET hands ÓLAFUR a rather large and antique-looking, iron match case. ÓLAFUR may take a matchstick out to be sure of what this thing is.)

It's already begun.

(ÓLAFUR tosses the match case on the ground. GUY ON THE STREET disappears. ÓLAFUR goes back to the car and when he opens the door:)

KINA

(To Barbie:) You are a mean nigger! A bad, bad girl!

²⁹ You are beautiful.

ÓLAFUR

What did you say?

(KINA says nothing. ÓLAFUR snatches the doll from her and throws it in the back seat.)

ÓLAFUR

I don't ever want to hear that word again. Do you understand me?

KINA

I don't know.

ÓLAFUR

You DO know. Never. Again.

KINA

I'm sorry.

(ÓLAFUR looks around again.)

ÓLAFUR

Did you see where that man went?

KINA

What man?

ÓLAFUR

The man I was just—? Remember the man I talked to when I threw that bottle at Town Hall?

KINA

No. You didn't talk to anyone.

(Beat. ÓLAFUR starts to put the keys in the ignition, but KINA grabs his hand and pulls his keys away from him.)

I want to stay with you!

(ÓLAFUR fumes, but tries to hold it together. He pulls a chocolate bar from his pocket.)

ÓLAFUR

Look what I have. Chocolate. The good kind.

KINA

Sirius³⁰? Fyrir túrista³¹!

ÓLAFUR

Why are you making this so hard for Pabbi?

KINA

I'm scared of what will happen to you and Mama if I'm not there.

ÓLAFUR

It's not your job—or your right—to worry for me like that. You are a child. Pabbi will be fine.

KINA

What about Mama?

(ÓLAFUR stares at her for a moment, then he tickles her. She laughs and laughs, though his tickling is not affectionate. He grabs the keys from her. He finally puts the key into the ignition and turns it and the car won't start.)

ÓLAFUR

WHY?

KINA

It's broken?

ÓLAFUR

We need to flag a car down. I have jumper cables in the trunk.

KINA

Is that some kind of tool?

(ÓLAFUR lays his head on the steering wheel and weeps.)

Don't cry, Pabbi! It'll get fixed.

³⁰ Sirius is an Icelandic brand of chocolate bar.

³¹ For tourists.

(ÓLAFUR nods. He quickly tries to regain his composure. KINA thinks.)

He didn't have any tools.

ÓLAFUR

Who, elska?

KINA

The fix-it man in Mama's studio.

ÓLAFUR

What fix-it man?

KINA

The black man from America.

(Silence.)

Do you know him?

ÓLAFUR

No. No I don't.

(ÓLAFUR gets out of the car. He waves at some oncoming headlights. While he waits, he looks over at the match case he tossed earlier for a long moment. He picks it up and puts it in his pocket.)

-3-

JULES waits in the same space from the Prologue, but the weather today is anything but idyllic. It is cold, cloudy, and there is a nasty wind. The fog is thick. JULES paces nervously and she walks a little funny, compensating for her injured back. After a few moments, ÓLAFUR approaches. She starts toward him, but he stops her with his hand, assuring her he is in no mood for an embrace.

ÓLAFUR

Well. What?

JULES

(Quietly:) Thanks for meeting me.

ÓLAFUR

Yeah.

How'd you get here?

JULES

I walked.

Did you come home last night?

ÓLAFUR

What do you want?

JULES

I want to apologize. To you. And I want you to believe me.

(He says nothing.)

Fyrirgefðu³²?

(He says nothing.)

Maybe you're right. Maybe – therapy might not be the worst idea for me.

(He says nothing.)

I don't have you. Don't have Kina. Is this it, Ólaf?

ÓLAFUR

Were you hoping to kill yourself?

JULES

No!

ÓLAFUR

THEN WHY?

(JULES is shaken.)

JULES

Because - ? I like it?

ÓLAFUR

You're fucking twisted.

³² Forgive me.

JULES

I know! I hate it.

ÓLAFUR

Oh you poor thing! They think I had something to do with this! Asking me all these questions about life insurance and shit!

JULES

I *told* them! I said you were nowhere near—

ÓLAFUR

You are not a reliable resource.

(A blast of wind.)

Who is the fix-it man?

(Beat.)

JULES

He knows about me.

ÓLAFUR

Did you fuck him?

JULES

He is not important.

ÓLAFUR

Did you?

JULES

Just once.

(Silence.)

Ólaf? I never meant for all this to happen.

ÓLAFUR

He's the one that hurt you?

JULES

Yes. But I told him to.

(Beat. A light drizzle begins.)

I wanted to come here. This is a sacred place to me.

ÓLAFUR

Do you love him?

(JULES laughs a little. A joyless laugh.)

Elska? If you laugh at me again, I will snap your neck into pieces.

(She stops laughing.)

JULES

I want to see my little girl.

ÓLAFUR

I need to see an improvement in your behavior first.

JULES

I don't love him. I have a soft spot for him. But it isn't love.

(Beat. A blast of wind.)

ÓLAFUR

Tell me your secret.

(No response.)

You've known him for what? A week? A month?

(A little fear:) Longer?

(JULES shakes her head no.)

I've known you for nine years. He knows and I don't. That is an imbalance.

JULES

You'd look at me differently if you knew.

ÓLAFUR

Tell me.

JULES

No.

ÓLAFUR

Tell me. Or I'll be forced to have you committed.

JULES

You can't do that!

ÓLAFUR

You sure?

JULES

I'm not a rabid dog! I'm the fucking mother of your child!

ÓLAFUR

Yeah? I want a blood test.

(A moment. Then JULES lunges into him. He grabs her and violently throws her over his shoulder. JULES screams in pain.)

JULES

(Genuine fear:) What're you gonna do to me?

ÓLAFUR

Oh don't tell me you're scared of a little pain now! You *like* it, right? RIGHT?!

JULES

Are you gonna kill me?

(Silence.)

ÓLAFUR

Is that what you want?

JULES

I want to live. With you.

(He puts her down.)

ÓLAFUR

No.

(He begins to walk away. The rain begins to come down.)

JULES

It was an accident!

(He stops.)

People just – they always focus on the stupid things! Everyone talking about Clinton and Lewinsky Clinton and Lewinsky, but I wanted to talk about Clinton bombing the pharmaceutical factory in Khartoum and the privatization of water in Bolivia and global poverty killing 30,000 children under 5 *every fucking day* and I didn't know how and I'd get my thoughts mixed up and I'd get pissed and I'd sound like a fool so I just shut up I shut up. I'd paint and paint and paint and run and hide and laugh and breathe and paint and paint and paint.

It started as street art and it became kind of a movement and I don't know why. I stenciled a hammer and sickle and superimposed the words "Live Beyond Fear." I did it everywhere. Bus stops, bridges, school buildings, parked cars, abandoned churches. Kids imitated it. Wrote my symbol on their backpacks with White Out.

Zeke. Zeke. Zeke and I. Wanted to make a statement. I chose a multinational bank. Fucking bankers. They had a major convention at a Marriott. Zeke was scared Zeke was smart. I told him to stop being a pussy. To remember the terror these people have caused and profited from. *This* was living beyond fear. He . . . begged me to call it off. He thought maybe we should tag the humungous Welcome Sign outside. He was willing to scale the building in broad daylight to do it. He thought that would be enough. I said: fuck that.

We planted them. We walked out and I made the call. I assured the desk clerk that there was a bomb in the basement and one at penthouse level and that she had to clear out the building completely. Immediately. We waited and waited and when I got tired of waiting we did it.

We heard the news later in our room at an old YMCA we found. Back there. At that Marriott. There was a family on the top floor that everyone forgot about. They didn't hear the alarm. A mom, a dad, and three children. Who were all deaf. All of 'em.

Emery. Mariah. Jason. Courtney. And Andrew. All dead.

(Silence. They don't look at one another.)

I told Zeke to go his own way and I'd go mine. I couldn't look at his face anymore. He left and painted the words "I Am Beyond Fear" on the roof of that Y before jumping off the side.

Jason would be 20. Courtney would be 16 and Andrew would be 12. Now.

(ÓLAFUR stares at her for a moment. Then he removes his shirt. On his chest is the crude scar of letters carved long ago. The word "Julia." JULES touches it.)

ÓLAFUR

What should it say?

JULES

Frances.

(He nods. He thinks.)

ÓLAFUR

The fucking banks still rule the world.

JULES

I was wrong.

(JULES slowly removes her shirt and takes a knife from her pocket.)

Want me to be your tree?

(He looks at her intently.)

You don't want? You don't want to leave?

(ÓLAFUR speaks to her without using words. JULES is afraid.)

ÓLAFUR

Don't worry.

(ÓLAFUR starts walking. JULES follows.)

Don't follow me now.
Take the car. Go home.

JULES

Where are you going?

ÓLAFUR

Just – go home. And stay there.

(ÓLAFUR exits. JULES stays.)

-4-

The house. There are Negro boys all over the walls, floor, furniture, etc. Some crude, some interesting. The living room feels different with all the colors in it. JULES paints wildly, nervously. She drops her brush. She gulps down some brandy. She sits. She stands again. She's all over the place. After a moment, she turns on the television.

TV

(In Icelandic:) "...authorities are still baffled by the mysterious explosion near what was once the residence of President Grímsson. No injuries have been reported and property damage is minimal. Police found several strange, items on the scene including an antique..."

(JULES quickly turns the station until she finds American news.)

TV

(In English:) "...the crowds in Chicago's Grant Park are amazing. I've never seen anything like this, Kent.

(ÓLAFUR enters.)

TV

Clearly, Illinois is ready to proclaim victory, but the results aren't in yet. And all eyes are on Ohio as they have been in years past..."

(JULES turns off the television.)

JULES

You're here.

ÓLAFUR

I am.

(JULES moves toward him.)

JULES

You did it, didn't you? You set off that—

(ÓLAFUR shakes his head at her meaningfully.)

ÓLAFUR

I don't know what you're talking about.

(JÓNSI/GUY ON THE STREET appears. No guitar.)

ÓLAFUR/JULES

What are you doing here?

(ÓLAFUR and JULES look at each other.)

JULES

You can see him?

ÓLAFUR

I'm not blind.

JULES

But he's a—

JÓNSI/GUY ON THE STREET

—sponge. I can take what you both can give. And squeeze it back at you.

JULES

This makes no sense. I don't understand.

JÓNSI/GUY ON THE STREET

Makes perfect sense if you've been paying attention. I belong to no one. I float, I visit, I only stay until I'm no longer needed.

ÓLAFUR/JULES

Needed for what?

JÓNSI/GUY ON THE STREET

Your rage is my blood.

(He sticks his hand into ÓLAFUR's pocket and pulls from it the match case.)

ÓLAFUR

Oh Jesus! I left the lid there. I have to get rid of—

JULES

Burn it!

JÓNSI/GUY ON THE STREET

You think anything you do can be undone.

(He tosses it on the table.)

(To JULES:) Perhaps I'll see you again. But don't wait for me. The world is vast.

(JÓNSI/GUY ON THE STREET touches JULES affectionately. Then he kisses ÓLAFUR quickly on the mouth. He opens the door and a brilliant white light envelops him. He is gone.)

JULES

I don't understand. I painted him. He was in my head.

ÓLAFUR

Mine too.

(They stare at one another and speak without speaking.)

JULES

You did it.

ÓLAFUR

I made my point.

JULES

Do you think we're going to be OK, Ólafur?

ÓLAFUR

Actually—
(He laughs:) I do.

JULES

I'm never going to see my mother again. Am I?

ÓLAFUR

I've an idea: let's meet her in Paris!

JULES

She's afraid to fly.

ÓLAFUR

We'll get her hypnosis.

(JULES hugs ÓLAFUR.)

JULES

I'm going to try my hardest to be good. And normal.

ÓLAFUR

We really should go on a trip. Just for a little while.

(Beat.)

JULES

Yes. You're right.
But we can't right away. You have to wait. And we have to let your family and friends know that we *need* a trip. Otherwise . . .

ÓLAFUR

Of course. You're the expert.

JULES

It's not a marketable skill. But you take what you can get. I suppose.

(KINA opens the door and enters.)

KINA

Mama!

(She runs and hugs JULES. The phone rings.)

JULES

(Happy to see her:) What are you doing here, button? I missed you!

ÓLAFUR

Is mother out there?

KINA

No. I got a different ride.

(WARTON timidly enters. They stare at him.)

He brought me here.

WARTON

I just wanted to make sure you were all right.

(Silence. The phone stops ringing.)

I'll go. But I was planning to stop by the studio tomorrow. I want to take a look at the outlets.

ÓLAFUR

(Deadly:) You have the audacity to walk into my house?

KINA

It's OK, Pabbi. He's sad. But he's not scary. He's not like the monsters in the book.

(She looks around in awe.)

Or the ones on the walls.

ÓLAFUR

(To WARTON:) Tell me about your work. You an electrician? Mechanic? Do you do plumbing? Are you a renaissance man?

WARTON

I do – lots of things. Mostly electrical. But . . . other things, too.

ÓLAFUR

Like?

(WARTON panics, trying to think of a lie.)

Forget it. You have no power, kid. She's told me everything.

(WARTON is unhappy to hear this.)

ÓLAFUR

What is your name? Your full name?

WARTON

(To JULES:) *Everything?*

ÓLAFUR

Kina, go play in your room.

KINA

You never want me around anymore.

ÓLAFUR

Go into your room and we'll have a birthday party later. Even though it's nobody's birthday. I'll bake a triple chocolate fudge cake. Just for you.

KINA

Are you mad at him because he made Mama's cheeks turn red?

JULES

What did Pabbi say to do?

(ÓLAFUR looks at KINA.)

ÓLAFUR

Hvað³³?

KINA

The day he was in the closet, Mama's cheeks were red. Really red. She looked pretty, Pabbi. Prettier than usual.

(JULES swats KINA's bottom. KINA's wimpers.)

But I said you looked pretty!

JULES

(Sincere:) I'm sorry. Button. I didn't mean to do that. But you – you need to listen to us. You're too willful! We've spoiled you!

KINA

I SHOULD'VE STAYED WITH AMMA!

JULES

Yes you should have!

KINA

She would never hit me!

(KINA runs into her room, in tears. ÓLAFUR's demeanor has changed. He is calm.)

ÓLAFUR

He makes you blush?

³³ What?

JULES

Ólaf? It was my fault.

(ÓLAFUR goes into the kitchen and drinks from his flask.)

WARTON

(Hurt, to JULES:) I wish it hadn't been under these circumstances. I wish it had been for real. Why can't it ever be real?

JULES

(Gently:) We're not the same. Sweetie. We never were.

(Firm, but maternal:) It's time for you to leave, Warton. And you must never come back.

(JULES joins ÓLAFUR in the kitchen and they both stare at WARTON. A united front.)

Warton? Go. *Please*.

WARTON

Make me.

(ÓLAFUR picks up the phone to call the police. WARTON is desperate. He approaches ÓLAFUR.)

Maybe it's our age difference or our . . . other differences. But I gave her something she couldn't get with you. Have me arrested. Have me deported. Makes no difference. No matter what you do, nothing will change the fact that I made her blush. *Everywhere*.

(Without a second thought, ÓLAFUR drops the phone, picks up a knife and stabs WARTON in the chest. JULES screams.)

(Glance at JULES:) I wouldn't have done this to you.

(WARTON falls to the floor. He attempts to get back up, but then struggles a little. He dies. Long silence. In a daze, JULES shoves a large chair in front of KINA's bedroom door. She comes back. She and ÓLAFUR stand silently. They don't look at the body.)

ÓLAFUR

You had nothing to do with it.

JULES

Oh god.

(JULES buries her head in her hands, in despair. Silence. Except for their breathing. For some moments. Then JULES raises her head, a queer thought on its way to her lips.)

Well . . . ?

He was unhappy.

ÓLAFUR

Hvað?

JULES

He wanted to disappear.

ÓLAFUR

Was he in trouble?

JULES

I don't know.

ÓLAFUR

What about his family?

JULES

I don't know.

I don't know if Warton was his first or last name.

Or if it was his name at all.

ÓLAFUR

He wanted to—?

JULES

Disappear.

ÓLAFUR

I see.

(Beat.)

Technically . . . he did hurt you. And he threatened you.

JULES

(Ashamed:) And he took our daughter for a drive without our permission.

ÓLAFUR

Anything could've happened to her

JULES

Anything.

(Beat.)

ÓLAFUR

All right then.

(ÓLAFUR dials the police. JULES walks over to WARTON. She caresses his face while ÓLAFUR speaks.)

Yes, I'd like to report a crime. I've just – killed a man who forced his way into my house. He sexually assaulted my wife, frightened my daughter and god knows what he was planning. He is . . . was a blökkumanninn. Yes, a black man from America. My wife is also black, I think that's why he took a special interest in us. Takk.

(ÓLAFUR hangs up the phone. JULES continues caressing WARTON in sorrow.)

ÓLAFUR

Stop.

(She does. She then absently turns the television on. There is pounding as KINA tries to get out of her room. They both ignore it. The phone rings again. It rings and rings and rings. They ignore it. ÓLAFUR looks at the match case. Reluctantly, he picks it up and puts it in WARTON's pocket.)

A vacation would be nice. Where would you like to go? Spain? Italy?

JULES

I'll never see home again. This is it, isn't it?

ÓLAFUR

Já.

(The phone stops ringing. Silence. More breathing. The only sound comes from the television.)

JULES
Ólaf? Do you think it matters if we're sorry?

ÓLAFUR
To whom?

JULES
To God.

ÓLAFUR
God only exists for us when we're lost.

JULES
We're lost. Ólaf.

(Loud pounding from KINA's bedroom.)

ÓLAFUR
(Desperate:) Think of something else, Julia. Think of Sigur Rós. Think of the world outside this room. It's still there.

JULES
I used to be a good person. I'm sure of it. I can almost remember it. I can almost remember the colors.

ÓLAFUR
(Referring to the television:) You have to turn that off. The police will be here. It looks bad.

(From the television, the announcer first speaks in Icelandic then in English: "...and the 44th president of the United States is Barack Hussein Obama.")

JULES
(Numb:) He won.

(She switches off the TV. The lights slowly fade out with one light left on WARTON's lifeless body. And then that light fades out, too.)

End of Act Three

End of Play

