

Blue Eyes

By Tyrfingur Tyrfingsson

translated by Sigríður Jónsdóttir



2.

blue eyes

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Characters

Ella Arndís Hrönn Egilsdóttir

Walter Hjörtur Jóhann Jónsson

Erik Arnmundur Ernst Backman Björnsson

Creative Team

Director Vignir Rafn Valþórsson

**Set Design
and Costumes** Brynja Björnsdóttir

Music Högni Egilsson

Translation Sigríður Jónsdóttir

A large unlocked glass cupboard on stage. Inside the glass cupboard is a wooden chest and bottles of magnum champagne. Walter is wearing a fat suit and a blond Prince Valiant wig. Walter has a laptop. Ella has a phone. As the audience enters they hear pings from a dating app.

Walter: *Slowly.* Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait - hold the phone! The mall?!

Isn't that where the old gays go to die?

Ella: *Quickly.* No, that's the Canary Islands. The mall is actually a very smart restaurant. Hamburger with cabbage, French fries, Tab and ... ice. Like 390 kronur.

Walter: Right. Okay. Was it fun?

Ella: Walter, it was divine.

Walter: You just went by yourself?

Ella: No, with a friend.

Walter: Really?

Ella: No, I'm lying to you.

Walter: Oh.

Silence. Ella eats a Quality Street.

Walter: Have you stopped lying to me?

Ella: Maybe.

The laptop pings.

Walter: Shouldn't I just meet this taxi driver on Thursday?

Ella: I was just thinking the same thing.

Walter: What?

Ella: Yes. And in my opinion you should meet him Friday or Saturday or Sunday, and you know what, I'm going to use your relationship.

Walter: No. For your chick lit book?

Ella: Yes. You two would be absolutely disgusting, get it, like totally pathetic, get it, maybe I'll have you die, get it?

Walter: Cool. And you know Ella, books should be made cool again, you know, if you go home with someone and he doesn't have any books; don't fuck him.

Ella: My book is about kooky young women.

Walter: You don't know any kooky young women.

Ella: Icelandic dating culture, Brazilian wax, chest stubble, unbearable mother-in-law, gender quotas and French kissing at discos also makes an appearance in the story.

Also men who can't handle smart women.

Walter: I told the taxi driver once I could wear a pantsuit, you know, like a smart woman ... He didn't want anything to do with it.

Ella: And one more thing! Maybe the most important thing. Everything in the book has happened in Iceland recently. Actually happened. Some of it a little exaggerated.

Some of it isn't. Some of it absurd, everything else is just fun.

Walter: Wait, and this is a chic book?

Ella: It's all just cocktails and belly dancing and waxing and intimate confessions and a chlamydia pandemic at Kaffibar and ohohoh and my pussy is like the water, and the water is warm and deep.

Walter: What are you thinking? Chick lit?

Ella: Who would buy my poetry collection? I'm neither clever nor twenty.

Walter: And who's going to read this? *Points at himself.* Not this character.

'I Dreamed a Dream', performed by Susan Boyle is played loudly. As the song reaches its climax, Quality Street wrappers fall from the sky. Ella puts on a pair of sunglasses and a black shawl. When the song ends Ella and Walter begin their routine again. Walter is still excited, Ella speaks fast and is cold as ice.

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Walter: What are you thinking? Chick lit?

Ella: Who would buy my poetry collection? I'm neither clever nor twenty.

Walter: And who's going to read this? *Points at himself*. Not this character.

Ella: *Thinks*. I can't be bothered anymore. Perhaps everyone will read what I write. And I'll be famous. I'll tell them about you and us and Erik and Daddy. About our games. Famous, just imagine! I mean, this is a reason to go on, get thin, fit into the dress. It's a reason to smile. Everything will be fine tomorrow. Just think about what it's been like around here. But now Daddy's dead and I can move up to the next floor.

Become an independent woman who battles the extra kilos and drinks white wine on the patio.

Walter: Yeah but Erik is upstairs, first we need to get rid of him.

Ella: Let's talk about it later.

Walter: Talk about it later?! You're talking about a revolution! Us moving out of the basement when we've been just fine down here.

Ella: We've been too scared to go outside for ages.

Walter: We're only... We're just... Resting.

Ella: I don't know about you, Walter, but I'm totally rested.

Walter: Am I so hideously boring?

Ella: Look. Why did we move down here in the first place?

Walter: Really Ella, we have it pretty good.

Ella: I almost finished my literature degree.

Walter: You still needed to write the entire thesis.

Ella: I was going to write a book.

Walter: You were going to write your thesis about that that fairy tale but I doubt you would have ever done it, anyway.

Ella: Oh, come on, there's no need need to be like that! "That fairy tale". We are named after the main characters, Walter. 'Blue Eyes'. Fucking 'Blue Eyes: The Fairy Tale'. Why don't you go and actually meet that taxi driver instead of just talking about it? Daddy's dead! And now we need to get Erik out of the house, out of our lives and then everything can happen. Just think...

Walter: What?

Ella: The magazine cover: "Ella spreads wide open!"

Walter: *Like he is narrating a magazine headline.* Ella (101 years old) moves to the upper floor with her very sexually deviant brother. They're still miserable.

PICTURES.

Ella: Why are you like this? Can we not joke around for one minute. Your Daddy's dead and okay, look at me, at least I'm pretending to be sorry. You're just jerking off

to some taxi driver and making fun of me because I happen to have a tiny dream.

What's wrong with you?

Walter: Are you joking? What's wrong with me? *Quickly.* Acid reflux, flat foot, migraine headaches, osteoarthritis, alcoholism, foot fungus, scalp fungus and armpit fungus...

Ella rolls her eyes.

Walter: ... GAD, PTSD, OCD, gluten intolerance, anorexia - although I'm in recovery from that - As well you know, when all's said and done, I'm a child with a long-term illness. And so, in turn, I ask you this: Why, my dear woman writer friend, do you hate children with long-term illnesses?

Ella: Oh please...

Walter: Is it because they're weird? Is it because they'll die anyway? Is it because they're bald?

Ella: Yes, because they're bald.

Walter: That was very hurtful.

Walter gets a beer.

Ella: Oh, I'm sorry.

Walter: Okay. *Thinks.* So you're going to write a chick lit book and do interviews and cry your eyes out because then the gypsies in the comment section will call you a hero.

Ella: *Startled.* The gypsies?

Walter: "Alone and isolated, the little boy sat, paying no attention to the vulgar celebration of the gypsies."

Ella: Yes, I remember the fairy tale, Blue Eyes, they were stuck in a cave.

Walter: Gypsies are the type of people who are always driving to the mall.

Ella: Are you going to the funeral?

Walter picks up a Quality Street.

Walter: Sometimes I eat chocolate, as you know.

Ella: So?

Walter: And I don't want to drown in my own fat.

Ella: Nono.

Puts castor oil on the Quality Street.

Walter: I discussed this with Daddy and he told me to put castor oil on everything I eat.

Ella: Are you going to the funeral?

Walter: Don't you ever listen to anything I say? There's castor oil on everything I eat and I juuuust ate. And what, are you going?

Ella: To my own father's funeral?

Walter: Yes.

Ella: No. See here.

Walter: Nono, the abominable woman writer of Kópavogur, the daughter of the great statesman, decides just to stay at home and rest. PICTURES.

Walter winces.

Ella: Walter darling, is everything alright?

Walter: No, my stomach really hurts.

Ella: Why don't you take a shit then?

Walter: I can't be bothered! And if I took a shit whenever I needed to take a shit I'd be living in the toilet.

Ella: The only difference between our domestic situation and a toilet is the fact that a toilet can be flushed. We have to move upstairs.

Walter: Why won't you go to the funeral?

Ella: And be surrounded by all those gypsies he hated?

Walter: Oh my god, why won't you go?

Ella: And the former President in an alcoholic daze with her average French.

Walter: There'll also be loads of fancy people... Politicians!

Ella: And that's the reason why I'm not going.

Walter: What?

Ella: These politicians don't want to go to some official wake organised by the Icelandic state. They expect an invitation to your house.

Walter: Here?!

Ella: They might. And then we would have to be prepared.

Walter: No.

Ella: No?

Walter: I mean, as you so rightly pointed out, I'm deeply hideous.

Ella: Don't be like that, I'll fix you up.

Ella gets out some Old Spice and starts spraying Walter with much enthusiasm.

Powders his face with the same vigour and applies lipstick on him as well.

Walter: *Whining.* Thanks. *Thoughtful.* Ella. Am I an accessible persona?

Ella: *Looks at him.* I really want to say yes so you'll stop whining. But no, there's something off about you. Are we ready then?

Walter: For what?

Ella: For what I've just been talking about, do you want to live in this basement for the rest of your life?

Walter: No. But Erik is upstairs.

Ella: Do you want the brat to become some sort of Papa Smurf around here?

Walter: That would make you Smurfette.

Ella: Smurfette's a whore.

Walter: In my opinion, Smurfette's a babe.

Ella: We're not going to argue about the Smurfs again! We're adults!

Walter: I wonder if Erik's going to the funeral.

Ella: We'll show him! He can't handle us! I mean, how old is he? Nine?

Walter: No, he's like thirteen or something. Daddy thought he was a genius.

Ella: A thirteen year old genius is still thirteen. And if we can't handle a thirteen year old brat then we deserve to continue decomposing down here.

Walter: But can't we talk to him and all just live together in the whole house? We can be just like the Smurfs!

Ella: Stop your socialist bullshit. Erik's a child and I can't stand living with some ungrateful little brat. Does he know what we've done for him? No! He doesn't give a shit. *Determined.* We deserve better.

Walter returns to his original position, fixes his wig, smiles and begins the routine again without Ella's participation.

Walter: *Slowly.* Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait - hold the phone! The mall?! Isn't that where old gays go to die? Right. Okay. Was it fun? You just went by yourself? Really? Oh. Have you stopped lying to me? Shouldn't I just meet this taxi driver on Thursday? What? No. For your chick lit book? Cool. And you know Ella, books should be made cool again, you know, if you go home with someone and he doesn't have any books; don't fuck him. You don't know any kooky young women. Once I told the taxi driver I could wear a pantsuit, you know, like a smart woman ... He didn't want anything to do with it. Wait, and this is a chic book? What are you thinking? Chick lit? And who's going to read this? *Points at himself.* Not this character.

Ella and Walter hear a rustling as Erik arrives. Ella and Walter start to tidy up. They are nervous. Erik enters.

Erik: *Carefully eyeing them up.* Wow. Time is a bully. So. My name is Erik, I am seventeen and live in the westside of Kópavogur. My father lived on the top floor of the house. The two mistakes my father ever made in his lifetime are living in the basement. Emotionally bankrupt sister, totally wrecked brother, greetings to you both.

Walter: Hi.

Erik: Shush. I believe in the healthy man. When I step out of the shower in the morning I measure my own body fat percentage. While I measure it I eat three soft-boiled eggs. If the percentage is higher than seven I'll only eat eggs during that day. I believe in serenity. If egg yolk spills on my shirt I will not lose my temper, simply change the shirt. I have seven shirts. But why am I able to have seven shirts? Why, because I live in Kópavogur and not, for example, in... The Democratic Republic of the Congo. Have you studied The Democratic Republic of the Congo?

Walter: Yes, yes.

Erik: Really?

Walter: No, no.

Erik: No, no. The Democratic Republic of the Congo is a free state created at the end of the 19th century to protect its citizens from slavery. The people of The Democratic Republic of the Congo are known for being an exceptionally brave nation, nothing intimidates them. Except one phenomenon. And now I ask you: What do you think absolutely terrifies the people of The Democratic Republic of the Congo?

Ella: *Slightly frightened.* The Count.

Erik: No. Not the Count. The inhabitants of the villages of The Democratic Republic of the Congo become frightened when the teenage army appears. Why? Well, because the teenager's only mission is to eliminate the people. He merely needs to figure out which method to use. Have you exercised at all today?

Ella: Yes.

Erik: Are you lying to me?

Ella: Yes.

Erik: Fifty push-ups.

Ella starts doing push-ups. Erik finds the Quality Street wrappers and drops them on the back of her neck. Turns to Walter.

Erik: Walter, your fat.

Walter: And I smell like a rat!

Erik: Well, you don't smell as rotten as Daddy described.

Walter: Thanks. I'm wearing Daddy's Old Spice.

Erik: Are you stealing a dead man's scent?

Walter: Or, like, she sprayed it on me.

Erik: One hundred.

Ella continues doing push-ups. The dating app pings. Erik goes to the laptop and reads.

Erik: "Taxidriver_69: Well, my little shit. We should go on a boat ride! What are you doing?" Ugh. Good question though. What are you doing?

Walter: I'm working.

Erik: On what?

Walter: Myself. She's not doing anything!

Ella: *Panting*. I'm preparing the wake. The thing is ... My stomach is completely ruined, Daddy made me take castor oil and ...

Walter: *Panicks*. What, no, I'm the one who takes...

Walter guzzles the castor oil.

Erik: Stop it, the funeral is in forty-five minutes. You're going to the funeral, right...?

Ella gives Walter the cue to start.

Walter: "In the olden days most of Kópavogur was covered with enormous trees. And in its mysterious womb the dark, monstrous woods kept numerous things which needed to hide from the light of day and the sunlight..."

Erik: We're not going to play any games now.

Erik throws a Quality Street to Ella which she immediately eats. Attempts to stop

Walter starting the sound system but fails and it plays a mix of songs, including the

Icelandic National Anthem. Erik finally manages to turn it off. Ella gives Walter the cue to start another scene.

Walter: You look really nice.

Erik: What?

Ella: I'd forgotten how incredibly nice you always look.

Walter: You're the nicest looking man in Iceland apart from Daddy, but he's a corpse so you're the nicest.

Ella: But Walter, it's no wonder he looks so nice.

Erik: What do you mean?

Ella: Oh, just you know. He's wearing Daddy's clothes.

Erik: They're my clothes now.

Ella jumps up and fetches a pair of oversized leather gloves.

Ella: In that case, wouldn't you like to wear his gloves as well?

Erik: No, no, that's unnecessary.

Ella: Don't be like that.

Erik: Nono.

She puts the gloves on him. They're way too big.

Walter: They're too big.

Ella: No wonder, he had such large hands. When he held my hand it would disappear into his palm, meld into the creases. - Your hands are far too small for these gloves.

Erik: My hands aren't too small!

Ella: Yes, they are, these gloves don't fit.

Erik: They're too big.

Ella: They fit like gloves on Daddy.

Erik: At the funeral people will come up and ask me: Where are your brother and sister? What do you want me to say? "Oh, they haven't left the house for seven years." Daddy had started saying you were dead.

Walter: Shouldn't I just order a pizza?

Ella: You can tell them that we'll hold the wake down here at ours and they're more than welcome to attend.

Erik: Obviously the wake won't be held down here. Besides, you haven't done anything.

Walter: We haven't done anything. That's a very clever point and I'm grateful that you made it. We haven't done anything, therefore, there isn't any more or less dirt and filth now than this morning, for example, or yesterday or the day before.

Ella: Actually, we've been incredibly busy not doing anything. But now we're going to do something.

Walter: Something very positive. What do you need for a wake?

Ella: For example it's quite important to...

Walter: Smile through the tears. Laugh. Like so: Hahahaha.

Ella: No, more like: Hahahaha.

Walter: Did you squeeze your eye into a wrinkly ball?

Ella: No.

Walter: Yes, you went hahahaha and then you squeezed your eye into a wrinkly ball.

Ella: Why do you have to make everything so sexual?

Walter: I'm just a sexual being like my Daddy.

Ella: He had the hair of a sexual being.

Walter: Thick and luscious, but only on the sides.

Ella: Not a single hair on his head.

Walter: Because he was his own phallic symbol.

Erik: Daddy was one of the most remarkable Icelandic people of the last century. Our only mission is to make sure the history books confirm this. We should fight vicious rumors, speak highly of him, build statues of gold in every town square. Daddy devoted his work to this nation but his free time was devoted to us. You still live in his home, eat the pizzas but you still don't realise that you should be grateful. *Looks at his watch.* Thirty-five minutes.

Ella doesn't like this fact and gives Walter a cue to continue the routine.

Walter: "Hidden in one such forest was a cave dark and deep..."

Erik: We are not playing any games now!

Walter: Ella, tell him a story, I'm so boring.

Erik: I'll decide what we talk about!

Walter: She'll tell you one story.

Ella: I'll tell you a fantastic story.

Walter: A simply fantastic story.

Ella: A very short story.

Walter: I've never ever heard such a short story. I think it's finished.

Ella: Once upon a time, there were three little piggies.

Erik: *Pause*. There were two.

Walter: Oh yes, there were only two. I remember now. Faaaanntastic point.

Ella: Once upon a time, there were two little piggies...

Walter: Disgusting little piggies. Swine.

Ella: Once upon a time, there were two disgusting little piggies. They had almost become swine. They were a sort of ham or bacon or stew...

Walter: Or some sort of produce from the sausage making geniuses at King's. Oh,

King - to you I cling!

Ella: And...

Erik: And now just the end.

Ella: Okay.

Walter: What?

Ella: The way it ends is ... Right ... The two little piggies are trying to escape the brick house. They are at the door but then the good wolf arrives huffing and puffing and blows them back into the house. And shuts the door. And the piggies are ever so grateful to the wolf.

Walter: Thank you kindly. Thank you!

Erik: I have to speak at the funeral so I'm leaving. When I return I'll decide on future proceedings: What do to with you.

Walter: Today?

Erik: What do you mean today?

Walter: Are you going to make a decision about the future today?

Ella: You should decide Sunday or Monday...

Walter: Or Tuesday, I'm totally free Tuesday.

Erik: I can also decide right now, before I leave.

Walter: Nono.

Ella: No, later is fine.

Erik: *To Walter.* Bring the laptop. *To Ella.* Bring the phone. And you won't be going outside again.

Erik takes Ella's phone. He unplugs Walter's laptop, closes it and puts it under his arm.

Pause.

Walter: We can't be bothered to go outside anyway.

Ella: We haven't had time to go outside. *Quickly.* But please don't take the phone.

Walter: And don't take the laptop.

Ella: *Slowly.* Then we can never again see news about...

Walter: *Scrambling.* ... a parrot in a bra...

Ella: *Scrambling.* ... who's best friends with a giraffe. *Quickly.* Or an orphan in ...

Walter: *Loudly.* ... who's been killed!

Ella: Killed? No, who sings exactly like Tom Jones.

Walter: Then we can't comment: Exactly like Tom Jones!

Ella: Exactly like Tom Jones! - We'll stop being a part of society!

Erik: Something tells me society will survive.

Ella: Erik, just think, if you take the phone, I just have Walter and you know he sucks!

Walter: Please! She's been talking about the chick lit book for seven years!

Erik: It's probably best if I take this as well.

Unplugs the sound system and prepares to take it. Lights go off, very dramatic music is played and a blue bin is suspended from the ceiling, then lowered down and ends up in the middle of the stage.

Erik: What the hell is this!

Silence. Erik carefully opens the bin.

Walter: Oh, that's some hippy bullshit from Kópavogur council for recyclable garbage. How should I know what is recyclable? Should I just take an educated guess? *Takes up a stuffed puffin.* This is Kevin, he used to live in the Westman

Islands. In my opinion it is now time to recycle Kevin so he can go and find his fortune in Norway where he will meet a Korean taxi driver in a bush in Oslo and they get together and move into an apartment building and start a music group called IceKor and sing Icelandic songs to Korean poetry. *Throws the puffin in the bin.*

Ridiculous bin. Completely ridiculous!

Erik: *Serious.* Who brought it here?

Walter: Oh, wasn't it... *Ella elbows Walter to silence him.*

Erik: Who brought this bin in here? Answer me!

Ella: *Thinks.* We don't know.

Erik: Has it been here the entire time?

Ella: My opinion is that it has not.

Walter: *Catches on.* My opinion is that we have no idea. *Walter paces. Slowly.* Now...

Pause. You took the laptop.

Ella: And my phone.

Erik: And then the bin appeared.

Walter: That's all we know.

Erik: *Looks at the bin.* Don't you see kids, this is incredibly dangerous, I could have died.

Ella: I mean, maybe you're dead already, I don't know, I'm no doctor.

Walter: And I'm no nurse.

Erik: I have to go. Take this. *Hands them the phone and the laptop.* You just stay down here and do what you want - I'm leaving.

Walter: We want to move out of this basement and be our own masters.

Erik: And live with me upstairs?

Walter: No, we want you gone too.

Erik: Stop this nonsense. You can do whatever you want down here

Ella: The desires of people who are forced into the basement either become absurd or dangerous.

Walter: I, for instance, have mind to hump the following persons living or dead:
Number one, Barbapapa. Number two, all descendants of Barbapapa. Number three,
the Icelandic horse...

Ella: Ridiculous. You see, this won't work! And what if we just start saying what we
want?

Erik turns around in the doorway.

Erik: Like what?

Walter starts singing a campy song.

Erik: Shut up. Like what?

Ella: I feel like I am walking down some sort of hill or mountain or mound which is
covered in enormous glass walls, melded with barbed wire. It is not meant to be
climbed. I ask myself: Where can I step down? I am pleased my clothes haven't
caught on anything so I look decent while I walk down the hill. I hold a large branch
in my hand that looks like a tree, covered in large flowers. When I finally make it all
the way down to the bottom, the flowers have started to wither and the wood is

giving off a rotten stench. Tufts of hair grow from the flowers' thorns. Then, out of nowhere, a prancing satyr arrives and takes a big bite out of the hair, chews, spits and laughs.

Erik: What bullshit is this?

Walter: This is a part of her chick lit book, which tells the entire truth about me, this country's taxi drivers ... Daddy ... you...

Erik: *Looks at his watch.* Thirty-five minutes. You can keep (*points at the bin*) this bullshit.

Walter: This bullshit is a bin.

Erik: So what?

Walter: Nice vintage. Lovely texture. Exciting bin. The colour of Kópavogur and all that. No, that's green. Yesyes. *Sings.* Am I living in a box? Am I living in a cardboard box?

Erik: We'll just have to forget the bin, it's just a coincidence.

Walter: *Sings.* Am I living in a box? Am I living in a cardboard box?

Erik: Stop it!

Ella: *Formally*. Walter.

Walter: *Even more formal*. Ella.

Ella: Do you recall a bin or any other equipment from Kópavogur council simply appearing here on the living room floor just like that?

Walter: Just like that? - Absolutely not! We are in the basement of a seven story house. That's why I'm panicking. And one reacts to panic with serenity. We simply need to relax and rest.

Ella: Perhaps rest in the bin?

Erik: What do you mean?

Walter: We have to use the bin.

Erik: What?

Ella: A blue bin invades our basement and you're just going to a funeral.

Erik: Okay, okay, okay. What should we use it for?

Ella: Something really important.

Walter: I think ... *Inhales deeply through his nose...* I want to sexually assault this bin.

Erik: No, don't be so disgusting.

Ella: What about if we just bin it, you know, in the bin.

Erik: Blue bin into a black bin? No, that's immoral.

Ella: Okay, this is a multifunctional bin that has an important role but we don't know how we should use it. Do we have to use it?

Walter: Otherwise how do we know if it's a bin?

Erik: What?

Walter: *Whining.* Can we play a detective game?

Ella: Can we? We have to investigate this bin!

Walter: I'm Kommissar Rex. Woof.

Ella: I'm Oberinspektor Derrick. I have a sneaking suspicion that this is a blue bin with a matching blue lid. It is adorned with Kópavogur's coat of arms and from that we deduct that some politician somewhere...

Erik: Somewhere? From Kópavogur!

Walter: Woof.

Ella: Fine. That some politician from Kópavogur wants us to use it.

Walter: For good?

Ella: Or evil.

Walter: Woof.

Erik: We decide, this country is a democracy. We just have to use it ... or ...

Ella: Let's use the bin.

Walter: Perhaps it would be interesting to use it at the wake. Perhaps if a guest came and saw such an ugly thing in such a fancy house, you know ... Like it's in style.

Erik: Really? No...

Walter: Why do you always shoot down every single idea that I come up with?

Ella: There, there darling, finish your idea.

Walter: Yes, we could fill it with cocktail sausages or something, I don't know!

Ella breaks the glass cupboard. Gets out the bottles of magnum champagne. Ella and Walter each open a bottle and drink from it. Then start pouring the champagne into the bin.

Erik: What are you doing?

Ella: Did I forget to tell you? I've wanted to do this for a long time. Are you going to stop me?

Walter and Ella fill the bin with champagne.

Walter: Hey, kids, one thing, when people arrive for the wake I'll be like: "Good day, Magister Mayor, gypsy Sheriff Mayor, may I offer you a cocktail sausage or some bin wine?" Wouldn't that be charming?

Erik: No.

Walter: Ella, what are you going to be like? You have to laugh.

Ella: Like this: hahahaha?

Walter: No, laugh charmingly. Hahahaha.

Ella: It's a wake.

Walter: Yes, only in a minor key, hehehehe.

Ella pulls out the wooden chest out of the cupboard.

Erik: It's locked.

Ella opens the wooden chest. It is filled with letters, masks and costumes. Ella takes a letter from the unlocked chest. Walter continues to pour champagne into the bin. Ella reads the letter.

Ella: "I throw suspicion on all my opponents' issues and live by the law of the hunter: you shouldn't only throw bait which you would find appealing because you never know which bait the salmon will take. Therefore I take any case, even though deep in my heart I might agree with the issue, and torch it because I see the opposition as an opposition. Greetings, Daddy."

Erik: Well then, you can put it back into the cupboard now.

Ella digs through the pile of paper.

Erik: If you absolutely have to rummage through this stuff can you please find something where he's not...

Ella: Insane?

Erik: Don't use that word!

Ella: Just one more. It's for you Erik.

Erik: One more.

The letter is unopened. She hands it to Erik.

Erik: "Dear Erik. You and I are permanently horny satyrs. We have no shame. The gypsies took my dignity, my job and my power but power is not something you are given, power is something you snatch. And now, when I am dead, everyone thinks they have gotten rid of me but forget I left you, my shadow, behind in Kópavogur, a lovely place to live. You are young and will seek revenge. But all revolutions start at home. Practice on your brother and sister, that is what I did, then go out and take what is yours. Greetings, Daddy."

Ella: I have to admit something: I'm getting all excited, oh! A permanently horny satyr practicing on me!

Erik: What's he talking about?

Ella: Well, simply that you're a massively well-endowed male goat who constantly fucks people in a mythic Grecian fantasyland. What else?

Walter: You know, kids – if I had to choose a father, then I would choose Daddy again.

Ella: Yes, I'd probably say that I was going to choose someone else but then just choose him.

Erik: But what if he's not completely confident and doesn't know exactly what he's supposed to do?

Ella: It doesn't matter how old he is. Only that he's a man who hates everything others say, barbecues and looks like a practicing satyr.

Walter: Now I'm getting all excited too!

Erik: What else is in there? Anything about the flying bin?

Ella digs further into the chest and pulls out three piggy masks. Then she pulls out a large selection of home-made, very sexual costumes, obviously for children. And one adult wolf costume.

Erik: *Looks at his watch. Getting agitated.* Twenty-eight minutes to the funeral.

Walter: That doesn't necessarily have to be true.

Erik: What do you mean?

Ella: The basement is so far underground time doesn't find its way down here.

Erik: I feel really sick. *To Ella.* Can you give the eulogy?

Pause.

Ella: No, I can't, I'm not ... oh...

Walter: at all charming.

Ella: Let's just play a little bit, Erik.

Erik: *Looks at his watch.* Still twenty-eight minutes.

Walter: Don't whine like that boy! I'm the one who's supposed to whine, not you.

Ella: "Rule number one. All games are the correct games. If anyone has doubts he or she will be thrown out of the house." - Let's play!

Walter puts on the mask and squeals. Ella also puts on a mask and they squeal. The two dance together.

Erik: I can't remember how the game goes.

Ella: It's good practice to remind yourself.

Erik: I don't think this is a good idea.

Ella: Daddy said you should practice.

Walter: Doesn't even obey his dead father. PICTURES.

Erik: *Abruptly*. I don't remember how the game goes.

Walter: Okay, okay, okay, then we'll just talk for a little bit. Refresh my memory...

How do you kill puffins, you wring their neck?

Ella goes back to the chest.

Ella: The Blue Jug.

Walter: Are there puffins in Norway?

Ella: The Blue Jug. The naughtiest one was the jug. He also had to fall on the floor...

Walter: Yeeaaaaah and break into a thousand pieces.

Ella: And then we cured him. *To Erik*. You be the jug.

Erik: Extremely dangerous game.

Ella: I'll be the jug.

Erik: No, you're supposed to be giving a speech.

Ella: *To Erik.* So you're forbidding us from playing The Blue Jug.

Erik: This game was forbidden a long time ago.

Ella goes back to the chest.

Ella: Here's the main event: Blue Eyes, Ella, Walter, Black Erik, the gypsies and the kindly Count.

Ella pulls out a large suit and puts it on the bin.

Ella: The Count sits here. *She hands Erik an extremely disturbing mask.* Erik.

Erik: *Doesn't take the mask.* I'll be the Count.

Walter: Nono.

Ella: No. According to the rules Erik is played by Erik. *Looks at Erik.* Just one more time. Then you can leave and we'll continue to rot in this basement.

She hands Walter a mask. Walter and Ella go to Erik and put the mask on him, he struggles a little but then surrenders.

Ella: "Oh, hear how Black Erik curses!"

Erik is timid.

Erik: "Make haste and capture those cursed little ravens."

Walter: "Oh, woe is me!"

Erik: *Gains confidence.* "Oh, how I long to submerge them unholy water! And then cast them into the dungeon!"

Ella: "If he finds us he will kill us or lock us in the dungeon!"

Erik: "Let us see if they will lose their appetite for escape."

Walter: "Regretfully you are right."

Ella: "All hope is lost. I had good hope that God would help us. But we do not know his intensions in letting this happen."

Walter: "As the Count often says: When the need is vast, help will come at last."

Ella: “The Count, who is so kind, will never abandon us to this danger.”

Walter: “But what is this? It’s the voice of the Count. He is searching for us. Kind

Count, I am here! Help! Help!”

Erik has started participating in the game with full force. Erik throws Walter to the ground and assaults him from behind. Puts his hand under Ella’s clothes and pulls down her trousers.

Erik: “I have caught the wretches.”

Walter: “Count, oh kind Count! Help me!”

Erik: “Count, you will never get these children alive!”

Erik takes off the mask. He is red and panting.

Walter: Oh, Count!

Ella: You were so good, Erik! You simply became ... Erik...

Walter: That was great! You are a star!

Erik: The fairy tale isn’t finished yet.

Walter and Ella are surprised.

Erik: Don't you remember anything? "Walter and Ella felt the day was endless. They were afraid of the gypsies, the cave but mostly Erik. So they used the time to prepare their escape by constantly thinking about how it should be executed. The toughest challenge was to get out of the cave. But Erik did not want them to speak to each other and had repeatedly separated them with blows and cruel words. And finally they learnt how to behave and their eyes became used to the cave."

Erik: And what are you going to do now? Another fairy tale!

Walter: Well... Taxidriver_69. Are you going to take a shit on me or...?

Ella poses as the taxi driver:

Ella: No, I'm just a little constipated.

Erik: Ugh.

Walter: Really? Did you just take some painkillers or ...?

Ella: How sensitive you are.

Walter: No.

Erik laughs.

Ella: *Gains confidence in the role of the Taxi Driver.* So you see that even though, strictly speaking, I wasn't on the local council from '91 to '93 I was, of course, working behind the scenes, but the chaos within the council, and I tell you this in the strictest confidence, was total, it was absolute, it was political warfare and the situation with the town square, just think there weren't even flower pots or blue bins, so I decided that instead of simply quitting the council, what do you think I did?

What do you think I did?

Walter looks adoringly at the taxi driver.

Walter: What did you do?

Ella: Well, I ran for office again! Stood by my council. And so I was elected secretary for the third time, and this is what I live for, as you know, and fishing of course. - So nice to finally see you, I've talked about the council for an hour. You want a hot dog?

Walter: Your hot dog?

Ella: No, in a bun.

Erik: What a disgusting game.

Ella pulls a miniature rowing boat out of the chest.

Ella: See?

Ella shows Walter the rowing boat.

Ella: See here in the back.

Walter: *He sees.* Yes.

Ella: There's a space for you right here.

Walter: *Sincerely.* A boat ride. And where are we going?

Ella: Wherever we want Walter, we'll go wherever we want.

Pause.

Erik: Kiss.

Ella: No, Erik.

Erik: Kiss.

Walter kisses Ella. Ella pushes Walter away.

Erik: *Laughs manically.* You're so fucking disgusting. Ugh.

Silence.

Ella: *Devastated.* Walter and I have to prepare for the wake so it would be good if you could just go to the funeral ...

Erik: *Looks at his watch.* The funeral has started already.

Ella: So what?

Erik: So it's time for someone to give the eulogy. Ella, take it away.

Ella: No.

Erik carefully places Ella in front of the bin like it's a podium. The stage looks like a church.

Ella: Wow, it's so bright in here. Sorry... sorry, I didn't mean to get off to such a bad start. Hi. Oh. Well, now. Good afternoon. That was good, not great, but right, Daddy said that we were black angels whose wings touched. I know very little right about now, maybe I'm just that stupid, but he promised not to go without taking me as well, he was going to take me as well, he seems to have forgotten to take me as well because he's gone, the man who taught me that even though other people didn't want me he desired me and for that I'm grateful. His fingers were too large to play the

piano otherwise he would have; sonatas about a fat little princess in a tower in Kópavogur. Daddy taught me how to love, how to make love and be loved and yet somehow I've forgotten. I probably wasn't listening hard enough because when he spoke I used to just watch the hair that grew on his cheeks and Old Spice. Daddy is dead. And I'm too filthy and sweaty to be at his funeral so I'm not. My Daddy is dead. He made sure I was a virgin, right, boys, a virgin, one chica here on her way to a party, or maybe later? When the wings of black angels touch, something happens, which you gypsies don't understand because you don't want to understand. You don't want to understand because this happens to you every single day. And now I'm alone, completely alone, so wonderfully alone that I become frightened and then I'm cold but maybe my Daddy's out in the auditorium listening and then I feel warm again. Maybe you're my Daddy, if you are don't leave, we all want to have you with us again and again and again. Maybe I'm just weak, the weakest note, or at least a sick black angel but my Daddy, the black one, is somewhere else, and maybe but just maybe I'll find him again and he'll pull my hair and treat me like a dumb whore and

I'll be so happy but I won't stop being frightened I'll be frightened in the right way -
you know what I mean - so frightened I'll start to feel good. I threw up yesterday,
what day is it today?

Walter: Ella, stop it now.

Ella and Walter, frightened, watch Erik who hides his anger.

Erik: Remember the last time I came down here? I had rescued those seagull eggs
from the shitty creek. I was so happy. I kept them warm. Daddy wasn't at home when
they started moving. So I ran downstairs to show you the eggs. Sometimes I would
dream you were my mum. Instead of waiting with me like mummies do, you told me
to hurry up and peel the eggs. And my seagull family from the shitty creek died. I
killed them. And this is how you speak at the funeral.

Ella: I'm sorry. I'm just tired of my entire life revolving around saving you from the
old fucker.

Erik: Daddy was one of the most remarkable...

Ella: *Interrupts.* At night while you slept upstairs we serviced him down here.

Walter: And during the day you were his genius. During the night we were his little piggies.

Ella: He could do whatever he pleased with us and around us, as long as he left you completely alone. And he left you alone. *Pause.* He did leave you alone, right? He promised. Erik, answer the question.

Silence.

Erik: Daddy was one of the most remarkable Icelandic people of the last century. Our only mission is to make sure the history books confirm this. We should fight vicious rumors, speak highly of him, build statues of gold in every town square. Daddy devoted his work to this nation but his free time was devoted to us. You still live in his kingdom, eat the food but can't be even bothered to show up at the funeral. And you won't allow me to say goodbye to my Daddy. You're ruined.

Ella: But dear Erik, let's just say goodbye now, together. And then I can be recycled, the people of Kópavogur can be recycled, the people the world can be recycled, you can be recycled.

Erik: *Points at the bin.* Isn't this a recycling bin? Why don't you just climb in? You're nothing but garbage anyway!

Silence.

Walter: *Abruptly.* Just listen to yourself. You're the same disgusting bastard as Black Erik.

Erik: What did you say?

Ella: You have become the same disgusting bastard as Black Erik in Blue Eyes.

Erik: *Points at Ella.* She's total garbage!

Walter takes Ella's head and shoves it deep into the bin.

Walter: Then finish it!

Walter lifts Ella's head.

Ella: Walter, don't!

Walter: Then finish it, boy! Finish it, boy! Finish it! Drown the fucking whore!

Walter grabs Erik's hand, placing it on Ella's head. Erik holds Ella's head in the bin.

Ella stops struggling. The Icelandic National Anthem starts playing as the lights go

down. It's seems that Erik has drowned Ella. Walter watches, takes of his fat suit and wig then when it's pitch black he lights a cigarette, completely naked.

Erik: "Of course the Count adopted little Ella when Blue Eyes had settled in the kingdom. Now you couldn't find anyone who was more content or happier with life than the Count and his family." And now a new fairy tale begins.

Pause. Ella coughs up champagne. Walter burst out laughing and shits himself.

Ella: *Sings 'Get Happy' with Judy Garland*

Forget your troubles

Come on get happy

You better chase all your cares away

Shout hallelujah

Come on get happy

Get ready for the judgment day

The sun is shining

Come on get happy

We are waiting to take your hand

Shout hallelujah

Come on get happy

We're going to the promised land

Erik puts on the Count's suit and prepares to leave.

Walter: What, are you going upstairs?

Erik: No, I'm leaving this house. You can keep it.

Ella and Walter are shocked. Silence.

Ella: Don't leave.

Erik: Counts live in palaces.

Ella: I don't want you to leave, I want to talk to you.

Erik walks towards the door.

Walter: And what - you're never going to give us another thought?

Erik: I might, from time to time.

Walter: Can I write to you?

Erik: No, you cannot.

Walter: But can I help you?

Erik: I need to start a new fairy tale.

Ella: But what if we need help?

Erik: I'll become the Count. I'll have my own little Walter and own little Ella. And when I show them pictures of you they'll giggle and I'll tell them off for making fun of sick people. We'll be strangers.

Walter: But can't we get to know you?

Erik: My dear boy, amazing things would have to happen first.

Walter: Like what?

Erik: We would have to change. And I've stopped believing in amazing things.

Walter: But what if I have to believe in amazing things?

Erik: Goodbye.

Erik walks to the door. Opens it and walks out. Silence.

Walter: Well. That went well.

Walter puts on the fat suit.

Ella: That went veeeeery well.

Walter: Now we hurry upstairs.

Ella: Well, now we hurry upstairs.

Walter: And do what we like.

Walter throws the rowing boat into the bin. Ella sniffs Walter and likes the smell.

Ella: I was thinking... Maybe I will make the chick book into a chic show: Blue
Eyes.

Walter: And me and the taxi driver will be the stars!

Ella: I might decide to kill you off. You know, kill your darlings.

Walter: That's fine.

Silence.

Walter: We're moving upstairs.

Ella: Yes we are!

Ella looks at Walter.

Walter: What?

Pause.

Ella: You look tired.

Pause.

Walter: Well, obviously, I haven't had any rest at all!

Ella laughs quietly.

Walter: What?

Ella: No, just ...

Walter: What??

Ella: If we were, you know, walking up the stairs and you ... just fell asleep, because you know, you haven't rested at all ...

Walter: I could just collapse. *Thinks.* Maybe ...

Ella: Academically speaking, my evaluation is that it's safer to move upstairs tomorrow.

Walter: The day after tomorrow. Because, I mean, just think, if the taxi driver came and saw me on the stairs, just ... *Snores*. ... Scandalous ...

Ella: *Plays the taxi driver*. “Walter, Walter, hi, nice to see you, at last, now I can finally shit on you and love you. Hello! Walter! Walter! Oh well, we’ll never see each other again.”

Walter snores and they laugh.

Ella: You really shouldn’t move on *names the actual day of the performance*.

Walter: No.

Ella: *Gets excited*. And I still have to tell you something!

Walter: Really?

Ella: Yes!

Walter: What?

Ella: I went to the mall the other day ...

Lights out.

End.

Tyrfingur Tyrfingsson's award winning plays have been featured at Festival d'Avignon, La Mousson d'été and during Island, terre de théâtre at Théâtre 13 in Paris. In January 2020 his play *Helgi Comes Apart* was a part of the 2020 Nordic Spirit Festival in Chicago. In October the Teatr Dramatyczny in Warsaw will perform a reading of Tyrfingur's *The Potato Eaters* which will also be a part of the final event of Fabulamundi in Rome. Toneelgroep Oostpool has bought the rights to that same play in The Netherlands. Tyrfingur's plays have been translated into Dutch, Italian, French, Polish, German and English.

Tyrfingur Tyrfingsson was born in 1987 and grew up in the small town of Kópavogur, Iceland where all his plays take place. He studied at the Iceland University of the Arts, Goldsmiths University of London and Janáček Academy of Music and Performing Arts.

Tyrfingur's first play *Grande* was his graduation piece from the Art Academy and earned him recognition in Reykjavík and a nomination to Gríman, the Icelandic Theatre Award. Two years later *Blue Eyes* premiered at the Reykjavík City Theatre where Tyrfingur was made resident playwright.

Tyrfingur has received seven Gríma nominations and won the award once and is now up for the Play of the Year for *Helgi Comes Apart*. In the fall of 2018 *The Potato Eaters* were nominated for the Cultural Awards (Menningarverðlaun DV). He has taught at both The Iceland Academy of the Arts and the University of Iceland.

Blue Eyes (Bleus) was given a staged reading at the Avignon festival in July 2018 during a forum dedicated to contemporary writings. *Bleus* was also performed at La Mousson d'été in France in August 2019.

The Potato Eaters received five star reviews, with critic Jakob S. Jónsson naming Tyrfingur as Iceland's preeminent playwright. *The Potato Eaters* were featured at Théâtre 13 in Paris during the festival on contemporary Icelandic playwriting called Island, terre de théâtre in April 2019. In September *The Potato Eaters* will be read at the final event of the Fabulamundi project. And in October 2020 the Drama Theatre of Warsaw (Teatr Dramatyczny) in Warsaw will perform a reading of *The Potato Eaters* as well.

His play *Helgi Comes Apart* premiered at The Reykjavík City theatre on the 17th of January 2020 to raving reviews: "Chekov is fine and Bulgakov is fine, but they do not raise the audience's blood pressure. Tyrfingur's work does." *Helgi Comes Apart* was featured at the 2020 Nordic Spirit Festival in Chicago in February.

Blue Eyes and *Helgi Comes Apart* were performed online by the ensemble of The Reykjavik City Theatre in April 2020.

Tyrfingur's next play *Seven Fairytales about Shame* will premiere on the big stage of The National Theatre of Iceland in April 2021.

Tyrfingur Tyrfingsson lives in Amsterdam.

www.tyrfingsson.is