

# **BANK IS AGA**

an Economic Tragicomedy

by  
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## CHARACTERS

### *Humans*

**Vikki Johnson:** American who just graduated from MIT; 22 years old.

**Gunnar Gunnarsson:** Investment banker and former Sloanie; 25 years old.

**Egil Guðmundsson:** A published poet and Member of Parliament; in his mid-fifties.

**Bryn Frímansdóttir:** From a tiny unpronounceable village known only for sheep; in her mid-fifties.

**Skarpheðin Olafsson:** Manager of the savings bank Sparisjóður Ásgarður; in his forties.

### *Gods*

**Loki Laufeyjarson:** Half-giant, half-god, eternal trickster, and husband to Sigyn.

**Sigyn of the ásynjur:** Businesslike goddess of fidelity and occasional agent for the IMF.

**Óðin the Allfather:** One-eyed god of wisdom, warfare, poetry, and death; chief of Valhalla.

**Frigga of the ásynjur:** Goddess of marriage and the home; wife to Óðin.

**Þór Óðinsson:** Powerful and short-tempered god of thunder and battle; son of Óðin.

### *Also Featuring*

**Artist**

**Riot Policeman**

**Various Protesters/Anarchists**

The first performance of *Bankisaga* (a staged reading) was given on 20<sup>th</sup> April 2011, at Killian Hall, MIT, when the cast was as follows:

Gunnar / Þór	Sean Faulk '11
Egil / Óðin	Yoni Gray '10
Sigyn	Grace Kane '11
Vikki	Elise Kuo '11
Bryn / Frigga	Rachel Nagin W'12
Skarpheðin / Loki	Chris Smith '12

Directed by Catherine Redfield '11  
Tech by Paul Romer '12

## ACT I

### SCENE 1: BRYN'S HOT TUB

(The metal song *Trollhammaren* by Finntroll begins. GUNNAR, SKARPHEÐIN, and EGIL are sitting in the hot tub in bathing suits, drinking beer and typing on their iPhones. There is a pile of towels beside them. As the music gets intense, the volume fades down.)

EGIL:

Are we still the biggest country in the world?

GUNNAR:

We're a tenth the size of Brooklyn if you don't count the fokking sheep.

SKARPHEÐIN:

Never forget the power of leverage, Gunnar.

EGIL

With a lever and a fulcrum you can move the world.

GUNNAR:

Not when your third biggest bank gets *nationalized!* Without Glitnir—

SKARPHEÐIN:

Blame the Americans.

EGIL:

I can't believe they let Lehman Brothers fall.

SKARPHEÐIN:

Those bankers get so caught up attacking their rivals, they forget about the rest of the world.

GUNNAR:

We're no better in Iceland— *helvítis*, this whole Glitnir debacle is another episode in the  
5.

vengeful saga of Davið Oddsson.

SKARPHEÐIN:  
Oddsson brought us out of the Iron Age, Gunnar.

EGIL:  
In my pappi's time, central heating meant sleeping above the sheep to keep warm.

(The music stops suddenly. Everyone is confused. The song *Venus As A Boy* by Björk comes on, to GUNNAR and EGIL's annoyance.)

EGIL:  
Ay, Bryn must be home.

SKARPHEÐIN:  
So the American has landed?

GUNNAR:  
(excited)  
Já, Vikki!

EGIL:  
Made the bed in the honeymoon suite?

GUNNAR:  
Don't, Egil.

SKARPHEÐIN:  
It's hard to find a smart girl in this day and age, Gunnar. You need to move fast.

EGIL:  
Smart as a supercomputer, that Vikki.

GUNNAR:  
Yes, well— just as likely to fall in love.

SKARPHEÐIN:  
The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy has this to say on the subject of love: avoid, if at all possible.

(EGIL and GUNNAR laugh as BRYN enters with VIKKI, who has just arrived from the airport.)

BRYN:  
(to VIKKI)  
And everyone who's anyone in Reykjavík has a hot tub. What's so funny, boys?

(The BOYS look innocent.)

BRYN:

You just can't appreciate Björk.

(to VIKKI)

Gunnar listens to black viking death metal, it's like a tiger hacking up hairballs—

GUNNAR:

Hallo Vikki.

VIKKI:

Gunnar!

BRYN:

Hae hae, everyone! This is my removed cousin Wictoria Jonsdottir.

VIKKI:

Actually, Johnson—

BRYN:

You don't look like a son to me.

VIKKI:

And it's Victoria with a V, like viking--

BRYN:

That's just what I say, Wictoria like wiking.

GUNNAR:

Our ancestors were too manly for V's, Wikki.

VIKKI:

You mean— *wikings*?

BRYN:

Of course you know Gunnar from the MIT, and that's your boss Skarpheðin Olafsson—he's the bank manager— and my husband Egil the poet, who you met in California that time. But Egil's a member of Parliament now.

VIKKI:

That's great! And Mr. Olafsson—

SKARPHEÐIN:

*Skarpheðin*, we're all first names here. Now let me get this straight, your grandmother was Gudný?

VIKKI:  
No, Svana—

BRYN:  
My *other* half-sister, Skarpheðin— daughter of Þorgeir from Keflavík. Who ran off to America with a Yankee soldier, the naughty girl!

EGIL:  
Wasn't Þorgeir's great aunt a cousin of yours?

SKARPHEDIN:  
Nei, it was his second cousin--

BRYN:  
Ooh, and she's got a direct line to Björk! Show Wikki the Íslendingabók, Egil—  
(EGIL takes his iPhone from the side of the tub and starts typing as BRYN watches.)

VIKKI:  
Gunnar—

GUNNAR:  
(to VIKKI)  
They always do this, Icelanders of a certain age. It's either find the relative or discuss the weather, and we haven't had any meteorological excitement for *hours*—

VIKKI:  
Gunnar, about my apartment—

GUNNAR:  
They'll finish the refurbishing by next week— you're welcome to stay at my place, if Bryn and Egil overwhelm you with elves or politics.

BRYN:  
No elves around here, you'll have to get out into the countryside.

GUNNAR:  
Bryn, I told you Americans don't—

BRYN:  
You listen to me, Wikki: it's a sad world without an elf in it.

VIKKI:  
Really.



BRYN:

At least we don't have creationists— ooh, have you ever met one? I've always wanted to meet a creationist...

GUNNAR:

So you've seen the apartment?

VIKKI:

It's lovely, I just don't want to own it.

SKARPHEÐIN:

You intended to *rent* it?

VIKKI:

It's a lot of debt to add to my student loans, and the whole point of putting off grad school was to work until I could pay off my undergrad.

EGIL:

Gunnar says you'll own the flat in six months—

(BRYN shows VIKKI the iPhone)

BRYN:

Look, Wikki! Björk is your seventh cousin!!

VIKKI:

Nice.

SKARPHEÐIN:

In Icelandic, *loan* is synonymous with luck— your flat'll sell for double the value in a year!

VIKKI:

But your banks are getting *nationalized* 'cause they can't pay off debts—

GUNNAR:

Glitnir's a minor setback— remember, Iceland had *nothing* to do with the derivatives market.

BRYN:

But *everything* to do with the rest of it, já.

EGIL:

Our krona will rise again.

VIKKI:

Then what happens to my loan?

GUNNAR:  
Nothing— it's in Japanese yen. Far more stable than—

VIKKI:  
I owe my apartment to *Japan*?

GUNNAR:  
Japan owns half the cars and real estate of Reykjavík.

EGIL:  
The rest is property of Switzerland.

VIKKI:  
What about the *risk*?

GUNNAR:  
You know how the Norse gods built Valhalla, Vikki? They subcontracted to a giant.

BRYN:  
Then killed the poor fellow because the gods couldn't afford the payment.

EGIL:  
The giant defaulted on his promise—

BRYN:  
Because Loki the trickster seduced his work-horse!

VIKKI:  
How about I sell the apartment and rent something—

SKARPHEÐIN:  
Vikki, you're in Iceland now— time to take advantage of every opportunity! Find our old president's speech, Egil— the one to the London bankers.

EGIL:  
Já. Iceland was so backward, beer was banned until nineteen eighty-nine to prevent alcoholism.

SKARPHEÐIN:  
It would've been full-on Prohibition, only Spain wouldn't take our fish unless we bought their wine.

VIKKI:  
So, what happened?

(EGIL reads from the iPhone, dramatically.)

EGIL:

*It was our tradition that gives honor to those who venture into unknown lands, who dare to journey to foreign fields, interpreting modern business ventures as an extension of the Viking spirit—*

BRYN:

Gah, just skip to the end.

EGIL:

*Let me leave you with a promise: You ain't seen nothing yet.*

SKARPHEDIN:

No you ain't. It's a good time to do finance in Iceland.

GUNNAR:

What they're saying is, keep the apartment.

BRYN:

The capitalist pigs are right this time, Wikki. But you must be freezing! At least take off your shoes—

EGIL:

Who's got the beer?

(VIKKI removes her shoes and socks, and sticks her feet in the hot tub.)

VIKKI:

No thank you, I don't—

(GUNNAR opens a bottle and passes it to VIKKI, who checks her watch.)

GUNNAR:

Never say no to a free beer, Vikki.

VIKKI:

It's not even noon—

BOYS:

Skal!

(EVERYONE clinks glasses, and VIKKI eyes her beer dubiously.)

GUNNAR:

So, how do you like Iceland?

VIKKI:

Your hot tub's warm. And the drive in looks a bit like the moon—

GUNNAR:

Our ancestors cut down all the trees to terrorize Europe and burn epic funeral pyres.

EGIL:

But our scenery's still gorgeous— sailing in to Gunnar's island, you've got the morning mists and crashing waves on the bluffs, the call of the albatross...

SKARPHEÐIN:

We're the land of the sagas!

GUNNAR:

Very melodramatic.

EGIL:

And the nightlife is to die for.

SKARPHEÐIN:

Literally. That flavored liquor— Just don't stay out too late, you lovebirds are lined up for my private helicopter tour tomorrow morning.

VIKKI:

Oh, thanks!

BRYN:

This, Wikki, is what happened to Scandinavian socialism. Private helicopters—

EGIL:

Where would Iceland be today if we were all equal? Fishing and sheep farming and fleeing volcanic eruptions. Your mother, Bryn, spent twenty years with only three dresses in her wardrobe.

BRYN:

(to VIKKI)

The Independence Party, that's who Egil represents, is all about making as much money as soon as possible. Like if Ronald Reagan and Maggie Thatcher had a baby that took steroids!

EGIL:

Bryn's a Left-Green. They're a minority coalition, a hop, skip and jump away from tree-hugging, granola-crunching hippies. They'll only win an election if they campaign to elves.

GUNNAR:

Not that either one of 'em gets anything done.

EGIL:  
And Gunnar's the anarchist of the extended family.

VIKKI:  
(surprised)  
*An anarchist?* You never told me—

SKARPHEÐIN:  
You must come to Iceland to learn our dirtiest secrets.

GUNNAR:  
We support direct democracy. Governance for the people, by the people, where anyone who wants can have an equal say.

EGIL:  
Which translates to complete and utter chaos.

GUNNAR:  
Christ, there's a difference between anarchy and chaos!

EGIL:  
Surely you have *some* relationship with chaos—

SKARPHEÐIN:  
I can't imagine it's platonic.

GUNNAR:  
A bit of flirting, at most. An anarchist meeting is the most orderly thing you'll ever attend. You'd like it, Vikki, all very logical. We use hand signals to communicate— no one interrupts, everyone gets a fair chance to speak. Egil, I'd like to see you try *that* in the Althing, instead of putting your ear where the money is.

EGIL:  
Say what you like, Gunnar, *you're* working for Skarpheðin and the dastardly financial institution.

SKARPHEÐIN:  
When your only choice is between banking and following in the family fisheries...

BRYN:  
Ooh, lunch! I'll be right back...

SKARPHEÐIN:  
(to VIKKI)  
But don't get me wrong, I've nothing against a good fish.

(BRYN runs off.)

GUNNAR:  
You did tell Bryn you're vegetarian?

VIKKI:  
It was the only thing we talked about for forty-five minutes.

EGIL:  
Ah, Gunnar, Bryn found some of your old poems! We shall have a reading after lunch—

GUNNAR:  
(annoyed)  
Don't, Egil.

EGIL:  
All girls love a poetic sensibility.

VIKKI:  
Gunnar has a poetic sensibility?

GUNNAR:  
It won't translate.

EGIL:  
Icelandic poets were all warrior-skalds— like Egil Skallagrímsson, composed his first poem at the age of three and split his first skull at the age of seven.

GUNNAR:  
Vikki's an applied mathematician.

EGIL:  
Applied?

VIKKI:  
If pure math is about describing itself, then applied math tries to explain the *world*.

GUNNAR:  
Where everything's non-linear, right?

VIKKI:  
And you need these crazy impossible things, like functions jumping suddenly to infinity—

SKARPHEÐIN:  
This explains the world?

VIKKI:  
First we re-invent everything. Then the *pure* mathematicians come in and make sense of our equations.

EGIL:  
So you do violence to the rules and everyone else cleans up the mess—

GUNNAR:  
That sounds remarkably like a poetic sensibility.

VIKKI:  
But it's very rigorous—

EGIL:  
Math and poetry... two sides of the same salted herring?

(BRYN enters.)

BRYN:  
It's lunchtime for wenture wikings! And I've cooked up something special for our wegetarian here...

(The BOYS get out of the hot tub and towel themselves off.)

VIKKI:  
Thank you!

BRYN:  
I haven't had my daughter around to spoil for *ages*.

(BRYN, EGIL, and SKARPHEDIN exit. GUNNAR waits around, shivering in his towel.)

GUNNAR:  
It's nice to see you again, Victoria Jonsdottir.

VIKKI:  
You too, Mr. Wenture Wiking.

GUNNAR:  
Sorry about the apartment. But it's a good asset—

VIKKI:  
I'll have to trust you.

(VIKKI and GUNNAR start walking offstage.)

GUNNAR:  
Call me presumptuous, but... I took the liberty of downloading the entire fokking run of Star Trek.

VIKKI:  
You did?!

GUNNAR:  
I couldn't remember which ones you'd recommended, so I went ahead and—

VIKKI:  
(taking out her notebook)  
Gunnar, that's awesome! So I've got to catch up on some things this weekend, but... how about Monday, after work?

GUNNAR:  
That'd be good, yeah.

BRYN:  
(offstage)  
Hoi, Wictoria and Gunnar! Whale steaks are getting cold!

VIKKI:  
(horrified)  
Whales are endangered.

GUNNAR:  
No, they're tender and delicious!  
(Beat. VIKKI's horror grows.)  
Look, this kind isn't even threatened, it's more humanitarian than killing dozens of cows.

VIKKI:  
I'm *vegetarian*.

GUNNAR:  
In Icelandic, that just means bad fisherman.... Gah, maybe Bryn's got some turnips.  
(VIKKI rolls her eyes; they exit.)



SCENE 2: BRYN'S KITCHEN.

(VIKKI and BRYN are sitting at the table over breakfast. BRYN is doing VIKKI's makeup, and VIKKI is not happy about this.)

BRYN:

And how do you like Iceland? Now that you've seen it all from a helicopter—

VIKKI:

And I went out with Gunnar to the Danish pub—

BRYN:

You went *out* last night? Without any heels, and your hair all... fluff fluff fluff?

VIKKI:

I'm not putting on heels just to go to a pub—

BRYN:

How about for Gunnar?

VIKKI:

What?

BRYN:

We'll have to smooth out the anarchist streak, of course, but Gunnar's such a good fellow, very smart, steady job in— well, banking, but that'll change— And he's great with kids!

VIKKI:

Oh.

BRYN:

*Really* great with kids...

VIKKI:

Look, I just woke up and it's my first day at work—

BRYN:

But you've only had one boyfriend— and he was your lab partner! Must've been horrible in bed, poor dear.

VIKKI:

One boyfriend's a lot for a math major, infinitely more than the mode.

BRYN:

Did he have a small penis? It's always a shame when—

VIKKI:  
(affronted)  
We didn't *sleep* together!

BRYN:  
Heavens, why not?

VIKKI:  
What would I tell my parents?

BRYN:  
(confused)  
They're not the ones sleeping with him!  
(There is a knock on the door.)

Come in! When I was your age, American culture was banned from our TV and radio stations for corrupting the youth of Iceland. Now look at you, a nation of twenty-two-year-old virgins! It's those creationists, I'm sure of it, spreading abstinence like the black plague!  
If you don't elect Obama—  
(SIGYN enters. BRYN hugs and kisses her on the cheek.)

Sigyn! This is my mum's half-sister's granddaughter Wictoria Jonsdóttir! She's a mathematician from the MIT, working for Skarpheðin at Sparisjóður Ásgarður.

SIGYN:  
Hi hi.

VIKKI:  
Pleased to meet you.

BRYN:  
Sigyn's an *old* family friend, now she's an investigator with the International Money Fund.  
(to SIGYN)

We were just talking about boys, you should join right in.  
(to VIKKI)

Sigyn has all sorts of problems with boys, she married *Loki the fire-god*—

VIKKI:  
The what?

BRYN:  
(to SIGYN)  
Wikki studied computer science *and* electrical engineering!

SIGYN:  
Did you?

VIKKI:

Programming, mostly. Lots of mathematical modeling, basic chaos theory—

BRYN:  
Sigyn's husband does chaos theory!

VIKKI:  
Very cool!

SIGYN:  
(to BRYN)  
More practice than theory, I'm sure.

VIKKI:  
That's how I got into econ, actually, measuring how world markets depend on boundary conditions—

SIGYN:  
What do you mean?

VIKKI:  
It's a system where any tiny disturbance affects everything else— so the economy suddenly turns into this web of interconnected causes and effects, like swirling smoke—

BRYN:  
Just what I've been telling Egil—all these supermarkets and fashion chains aren't money, they're smoke in the wind. Don't trust anything until you've got it hooked and wriggling, that's viking wisdom, *já*?

VIKKI:  
I studied *math*, not econ, I'm not familiar with—

BRYN:  
What's the difference?

VIKKI:  
One is based on logic.

(SIGYN laughs; VIKKI grins.)

BRYN:  
No math jokes at this table, thank you very much. We were talking about *boys*.

VIKKI:  
(disappointed)  
Oh.

BRYN:  
(to SIGYN)  
You know Egil's old friend Gunnar from Vestmannaeyjar?

SIGYN:  
Of course.

BRYN:  
His son was at uni with Wikki! Wouldn't they make a perfect couple? With a little house on Vestmann Islands, catching puffins with those big nets and roasting 'em for dinner—

VIKKI:  
(horrified)  
You eat *puffins*?

BRYN:  
Tastier than chicken, you'll have to try some—

VIKKI:  
But I'm—

BRYN:  
So what do you think, Sigyn? Get some MIT genes in the next line of Gunnarssons and Gunnarsdottirs?

SIGYN:  
It's up to Vikki, of course.

VIKKI:  
(gratefully)  
Thank you.

BRYN:  
Wikki's not up to anything except mathematics! Still a virgin at *twenty-two*, a tragedy worse than Hamlet.

SIGYN:  
There's nothing wrong with—

BRYN:  
You've just had bad luck with boys, dear. But Wikki's still young— she has no idea how pretty she is!

SIGYN:  
So you're interested in Gunnar?

VIKKI:  
I don't have time for a relationship.

BRYN:  
Wikki, I'll tell Gunnar to take you to the penis museum up in Húsavík— they've got over two hundred fifty of them, it's the perfect introduction to—

VIKKI:  
Why is this country obsessed with penises?

BRYN:  
(to SIGYN)  
I wouldn't say we're *obsessed*—

SIGYN:  
We've got the penis whale, there's penis-fjord in the north—

VIKKI:  
Penis *fjord*?

SIGYN:  
And Þór's magic hammer— the most renowned phallus in Scandinavia.

VIKKI:  
I was just thinking of the shopping mall—

(BRYN draws a phallic shape in the air and VIKKI checks her watch.)

BRYN:  
Ooh, Smaralind! I never realized.

SIGYN:  
The floor tiles even resemble sperm.

VIKKI:  
Sorry, I'm afraid I should get going--

BRYN:  
But what do you think of the new Wikki?

(BRYN holds up a mirror for VIKKI, who's bewildered.)

VIKKI:  
Doesn't look much like *Vikki*--

(BRYN takes a map and a pen out of her purse.)

BRYN:

Here's the map, dear— to get to Gunnar's, walk straight down Baldursgata, left at Lokastigur  
— that's easy to remember, Baldur and Loki.

VIKKI:

Who?

BRYN:

*Oh, the great gods of Asgard are noble and free,  
They are upright and forthright (as great gods should be),  
But there's one in their midst doesn't follow the rule —  
That sly mischief-monger called Loki the Fool...  
They say he's corrupted and wicked indeed,  
'Cause he mothered the Allfather's whimsical steed;  
It's not he's perverted or easily led —  
Let's just say he's not very choosy in bed!*

(BRYN winks at SIGYN. VIKKI is anxious about the time.)

SIGYN:

(annoyed)

Loki *also* brought creativity to humankind and invented the fishing net—

BRYN:

But really he's just a bastard. He killed Baldur the Good, the poets say that's the worst thing that *ever* happened! It's the beginning of Ragnarök, Twilight of the Gods, when Loki breaks free and everyone dies no matter what Óðin and his slain warriors do to prevent it.

VIKKI:

Excuse me, I'm just looking at the time and—

BRYN:

Icelanders are never early, not unless they're German! And here's the tragedy: the goddess of the dead *promised* to send Baldur back to the realm of the living if every creature on earth cried for his death—

SIGYN:

But Loki never shed a tear.

BRYN:

(looking at SIGYN)

There's always *someone* who won't cry for beauty.

(Beat. VIKKI looks at the map.)

VIKKI:  
Then if I sprint down Lokastigur to Týrsgata, could I—

BRYN:  
Týr! That's the brave, one-handed god who—

VIKKI:  
Bryn, I said I'd meet Gunnar in five minutes—

BRYN:  
Gah, I'll drive you over. Get your bag!

VIKKI:  
Thanks!

(VIKKI runs offstage. BRYN hands SIGYN a tissue, and SIGYN blows her nose.)

BRYN:  
Loki doesn't deserve you, Sigyn. You need to call Óðin and Frigga down here, get yourself a proper divorce.

SIGYN:  
I've been considering it.

BRYN:  
What about all those boys you keep talking about? I'd vote for the Chinaman with the monkey tail.

SIGYN:  
Sun Wukong— he's intelligent, charming, took down the Heavenly Kingdom single-handedly...

BRYN:  
Good in bed?

SIGYN:  
Agile— but it just didn't work out between us. Sun's mellowed out since his youth, he meditates every morning.

BRYN:  
Gah! What about the American foxy fellow?

SIGYN:  
Coyote.

BRYN:

Nice tail?

SIGYN:  
(annoyed)

He stole fire for mankind and helped design the universe...

BRYN:  
Sounds like a good match.

SIGYN:  
Not much of an intellectual.

BRYN:  
And Puck?

SIGYN:  
Robin Goodfellow? Too frivolous. But Seth, the Egyptian scientist—

BRYN:  
Nei nei, *he* chopped up his brother.

SIGYN:  
Osiris put his personal honor above the good of the kingdom. It served him right.

BRYN:  
Seth has a tail too, doesn't he?

SIGYN:  
But he changes the weather with every mood swing. You need a personal lightning rod if you want to disagree with him—

BRYN:  
I'm afraid you have a type, dear.

SIGYN:  
I do not.

BRYN:  
They're all wily, arrogant bastards who can't stand authority— bonus for tails.

SIGYN:  
Nothing wrong with a proper tail.

BRYN:  
So let hope triumph over experience, find another soulmate! Just stop thinking about Loki all the time.



SIGYN:  
But we've been married for millennia...

BRYN:  
I stayed with my first—bless his heart— for nineteen years before I realized how much he bored me.

SIGYN:  
Loki couldn't bore me to save his life.

BRYN:  
Is it *love*?

SIGYN:  
Have you seen his CIA profile? By Óðin's eye, he's so pig-headed—

BRYN:  
That doesn't answer whether—

SIGYN:  
Brynhildur, how do you and Egil get on so well with such opposite views of the universe?

BRYN:  
There's a rule, no politics at the dinner table.

SIGYN:  
That solves everything?

BRYN:  
Also I vote for him whenever he runs for office. Then I make Egil vote Left-Green in the next election so it's all fair, but don't tell anyone... Dear, your marital problems are worse than political differences. Why does Loki want to end the world?

SIGYN:  
Basic law of thermodynamics: things fall apart.

BRYN:  
That *certainly* won't keep marriages together—

(VIKKI enters with her briefcase. BRYN stands up to leave.)

VIKKI:  
Good-bye.

SIGYN:

Pleasure to meet you Vikki. You're working at a savings bank?

VIKKI:  
Ásgard Savings Bank, down on Borgatun—

SIGYN:  
Good luck— you'll need it.

VIKKI:  
What do you mean?

BRYN:  
(glaring at SIGYN)  
Bles bles, Sigyn. Let's go! You're already late!

(BRYN and VIKKI exit, leaving SIGYN alone.)

SCENE 3: LOKI'S CAVERN, under the earth.

(LOKI is loosely chained to some rocks. There is a serpent coiled above Loki's head, dripping venom into a cauldron. The rhythmic sound of dripping venom echoes throughout the scene. Scattered around are old radio transmitters and bits of technology. LOKI is dressed as a sleek banker, with a Celtic knot on his tie. He has a MacBook on his lap, a phone to one ear, and headphones in the other ear.)

LOKI:

(on computer, male Southern American accent)

Danny my boy! It's Rodriguez, I'm here in Reykjavík and the krona's gonna kick the fucking bucket!

(Loki's cell phone rings with the Mika song *Grace Kelly: I could be brown, I could be blue I could be violet sky I could be hurtful, I could be purple I could be anything you like*. LOKI picks up his phone, looks at the number, covers the microphone on his computer, and switches to the exaggerated falsetto of an Oxbridge grandmother. SIGYN enters, unnoticed, and stands watching.)

LOKI:

(on phone)

Top of the morning to you, Mr. Mayor!

(computer)

Did you go to Harvard, or Chico State? It's the sub-prime shebang all over again!

(phone)

I just hope Kent County will invest more in the Central Bank of Iceland...

(computer)

Just get outta this icy hell-hole!

(phone)

Was that 48.9 *million* more pounds?

(computer)

My best to the wife and the mistress, bu-bye.

(phone)

I'm sure you won't regret it—

SIGYN:

Loki Laufeyjarson.

(LOKI pulls out his headphone. Beat. He has not seen his wife SIGYN for over a century.)

LOKI:

(on phone)

I'm awfully sorry, Fitzwilliam's come in with mud on his galoshes, if I may--ta, cheerio!  
(LOKI closes the computer and straightens his tie. He returns to his normal voice.)

My darling wife, it's been over a sesquicentennial! Welcome—

SIGYN:  
I demand a divorce.

LOKI:  
A di...

SIGYN:  
(grabbing his computer and cell phone)  
With help from international intelligence agencies, I've been tracking your communications with the realm of men. 1941, sending nuclear secrets to Nazi Germany in Morse code. 1974, sabotaging Soviet-American communications.

LOKI:  
Halfhearted radio transmissions hardly—

SIGYN:  
1996 to 2008, attempting to bring about the greatest economic meltdown since the twenties.

LOKI:  
I have a perfectly legitimate job in investment banking.  
(Beat. SIGYN looks at computer and raises an eyebrow.)  
And that's my personal property—

SIGYN:  
Confiscated by the CIA. We haven't been this close to Doomsday since the eruption of Katla  
— did you just miss me?

LOKI:  
Dodging drops of snake venom wears on the nerves. What do you say we make love?

SIGYN:  
1995, you taught a Japanese cult to synthesize anthrax.

LOKI:  
So... I missed you?

FRIGGA:  
(offstage)  
We must be halfway to Hel's Gate, Óðin! Or Australia...

LOKI:  
Sigyn, is that—

SIGYN:  
This will be an official divorce, by the laws of the Gods. Óðin, Frigga, and Þór shall serve as  
our—

LOKI:  
Nei nei nei, Sigyn—

(LOKI tries to grab SIGYNN as FRIGGA, ÞÓR and ÓÐIN enter, in full viking-era attire. ÓÐIN wears a traveler's cloak and a patch over one eye.)

FRIGGA:  
Góðan daginn, Loki!

LOKI:  
Frigga! Tell me, how are my children?

FRIGGA:  
Sleipnir misses you terribly, or at least I think he does, it's hard to tell with stallions— but Hel sends her regards. She also sent you some pickled herring, but Þór went and ate it all.

(LOKI glares at ÞÓR, who raises his hammer.)

ÞÓR:  
You murdered my brother, you halfling traitorous fiend! I'll smash your brains with Mjollnir and drink mead from your shattered skull—

ÓÐIN:  
That'll do, Þór.

ÞÓR:  
(mumbling)  
...or eat all your pickled herring.

LOKI:  
Hi hi, One-Eye.

ÓÐIN:  
My former blood-brother.

LOKI:  
The follies of youth.

(ÓÐIN and LOKI stare at one another. Pause.)

FRIGGA:  
Let's begin, shall we? What's past is past.

LOKI:  
Unless the retribution happens to continue ad infinitum.

SIGYN:  
Loki, don't—

LOKI:  
One-eye loses a son; I lose a son. That's fair— but the rest of my family is banished or held in thrall, I'm doomed to eternal torment and now my wife is demanding a *divorce*— how is this justice?

ÞÓR:  
Because you don't deserve a wife, you womanly wretch.

SIGYN:  
Thank you, Þór, but—

LOKI:  
I'm not the only one who dressed as a lady in Giantland.

ÞÓR:  
You *also* gave birth to a horse. You can't get more womanly than—

LOKI:  
Þór darling, *women* don't give birth to horses.

FRIGGA:  
Now boys, this is hardly the time for—

ÞÓR:  
How many giants have you slain, huh? You spend all your time as a salmon or damsel or hiding behind the Blind God so no one sees you murder Baldur—

LOKI:  
Thunder all you like, I slept with your wife.

(ÞÓR takes out his hammer and threatens LOKI, who cowers in fear.)

ÞÓR:  
I'll pound your bones to marrow!

LOKI:  
(terrified)  
It was her idea, I didn't mean to! And I gave you that hammer--

FRIGGA:  
He's chained to a rock, Þór, this is hardly honorable.

(ÞÓR slams his hammer down next to LOKI. The sound of rolling thunder. ÞÓR glares at LOKI and steps back.)

SIGYN:

Let's get this over with, I've got a conference call at thirteen hundred. Þór, do me a favor and destroy everything Loki's built.

LOKI:

No, not the—

SIGYN:

(inspecting the technology)  
How do you have a transmitter?

LOKI:

I modified a Victorian vibrator— Wait, Þór! Those took months to—

(ÞÓR keeps smashing things, to LOKI's chagrin.)

ÓÐIN:

Já. This session of the Althing is hereby called to order. We are gathered to judge the marriage of Sigyn the ásynja and Loki, son of Laufey the Giantess. Sigyn, state your cause for divorce.

SIGYN:

Loki is attempting to bring about Ragnarök and end the world.

LOKI:

If you have any better suggestions for how to spend my copious free time—

SIGYN:

Last time I was here, we made an agreement: either you mourn for Baldur and promise to fight with the gods come Ragnarök, or you are no longer my husband.

LOKI:

(serious)

About that agreement...

SIGYN:

Yes?

LOKI:

(winningly)

Let's say I was desperate for some sexual attention.

SIGYN:

Among all the giants, dwarves, elves, gods, and men I have never met a more selfish or inconsiderate creature!

LOKI:

You married me! And the world has to end someday—  
(ÓÐIN glares sharply at LOKI.)  
Don't give me that look, Gallows-God, I'll poke out your other eye! Chaos increases.

FRIGGA:

That's no excuse.

LOKI:

It's the only excuse... You've seen the future, Frigga, nothing but ashes and tundra until Baldur comes back to start it all over again. Isn't that right?  
(LOKI stares at FRIGGA, who says nothing.)  
By Ymir's toenails, what kind of goddess knows the fate of every quark in the universe and *says nothing?*

FRIGGA:

A wise one, perhaps.

(Beat.)

ÓÐIN:

Loki— will you betray your blood-sworn family and join the forces of darkness?

LOKI:

The forces of darkness *are* my family, One-Eye.

(Loki's cell phone rings, from SIGYN's pocket. ÞÓR looks around, confused. SIGYN takes out the phone.)

SIGYN:

(reading the phone)  
Davið Oddsson?

LOKI:

Iceland's Central Bank manager! Sigyn—

(SIGYN answers, glaring at LOKI.)

SIGYN:

Góðan daginn? ...Ms. *Kalinowski* has unexpectedly left the country, may I take a message?

LOKI:

This is a very important—



SIGYN:  
(narrowing her eyes at LOKI)  
I will inform her at once.... Of course, takk fyrir.

LOKI:  
What happened?

SIGYN:  
None of your business, but Davið would like to send a *kiss* to Ms. Kalinowski.

LOKI:  
(feminine Polish accent)  
Darlink, zat is so sweet—

SIGYN:  
You're despicable!

LOKI:  
To quote a famous Icelfander, you ain't seen nothing yet.

SIGYN:  
God of disorder, that's what you are. The patron deity of entropy—

FRIGGA:  
Sigyn—

(SIGYN is furious; FRIGGA puts her arm around SIGYN's shoulder.)

SIGYN:  
You sow seeds of destruction wherever you go and deserve every disaster that has ever befallen you!

LOKI:  
(bored)  
We've already gone over this, Sigyn—

SIGYN:  
What happened to our summerhouse under the midnight sun, to soaring over the glaciers on hawk's wings? Why won't you relent?

LOKI:  
Entropy is relentless.

SIGYN:  
You swore an oath on change itself—the only eternal constancy, you said. You promised to

love me until death do us part. And?

LOKI:

You think I haven't tried to convince myself that Ragnarök is some tale told late after supper to frighten Þór under the table? That the gilded halls of Glitnir will last forever, and perfection and beauty will—

ÓÐIN:

You slew the god of perfection and beauty.

FRIGGA:

And never wept a tear.

ÞÓR:

Heartless bastard!

LOKI:

I couldn't cry for Baldur when all my life depended on it— it'd be hopeless to--

ÓÐIN:

Nothing is entirely devoid of hope.

LOKI:

*You're* just better at self-deception, darling.

SIGYN:

My poor harbinger of the apocalypse.

LOKI:

(plaintive)

You think I *want* an army of darkness?

SIGYN:

Yes.

(Beat.)

LOKI:

Granted— but *only* if I have someone to share it with.

SIGYN:

You can't have both.

ÓÐIN:

Sigyn, your petition for divorce is well-founded. I see no reason to deny your request.

FRIGGA:  
(in agreement)  
So, so, so.

LOKI:  
Objection, your honor— I've got absolute control over four nuclear submarines and if they  
don't hear from me within—

ÞÓR:  
You scoundrel!

ÓÐIN:  
(defeated)  
We may wish to reconsider.

SIGYN:  
Loki can't hold a candle without lighting something on fire. He doesn't have the patience for  
blackmail.

LOKI:  
The question is, are you feeling lucky?

SIGYN:  
I don't gamble.

(SIGYN tosses her gold ring to LOKI, who struggles against his bonds to retrieve it.)

ÓÐIN:  
Góðan daginn, Loki.

ÞÓR:  
Enjoy your eternity.

LOKI:  
Wait! I've got a sesquicentennial worth of jokes to tell, seventy percent of them aren't even  
phallic—

ÓÐIN:  
She is no longer your wife.

FRIGGA:  
But I'll give Sleipnir a carrot for you, já? Bye-bye, dear.

(ÓÐIN, FRIGGA, and ÞÓR exit.)

LOKI:

(dangerous)  
You forget whom you've divorced. I could tremble the waves until the great Mitgaard serpent swims free. I'll rend the foundations of this earth, paint the sky red with ash, crumble the walls of Valhalla and engulf the sea in flames.

SIGYN:  
I'd like to see you try.

(SIGYN leaves.)

LOKI:  
Wait, wait... Óðin— Frigga, you can't let her— Sigyn!! Sigyn... Fokk.

(Silence. LOKI picks up Sigyn's ring and despairs.)

#### SCENE 4: SMOKE VALLEY HOT SPRINGS

(The barren valley of Reykjanes, with a large, bubbling hot spring center stage. The sound of strong winds and boiling water continues throughout the scene. GUNNAR and VIKKI enter, freezing cold and carrying backpacks for a day hike.)

GUNNAR:

So it's 1973, my mom's family is all home for the afternoon. But my mom—she's sixteen, right, *and* she's got her boyfriend over. They sneaked into her room and no one knows he spent the night. They're stuck in the bedroom when the neighbor comes over and starts yelling about how his lawn's on fire.

VIKKI:  
His lawn?

GUNNAR:

Haemey's a pretty slow volcano—the magma was just spewing out of this chasm on the neighbor's lawn, and my mom and dad—the boyfriend turned into my dad. Anyway, he decides a bit of lava's nothing compared to facing my mom's mom if she finds out he's been sleeping with her daughter. So he waits in the bedroom while— watch out, the water's boiling!

(VIKKI jumps back from the hot springs, surprised.)

GUNNAR:

In medieval times, Iceland was the gateway to hell.

VIKKI:  
The whole country?

GUNNAR:

Just one volcano, but there could be a back entrance or two— careful, there's ice everywhere.

VIKKI:  
Should we try those eggs?

GUNNAR:  
Sure.

(GUNNAR sets down his pack. He takes out a six-pack of eggs and an improvised mesh scoop with a long string. He places the eggs in the scoop, and lowers them into the water.)

VIKKI:  
Anyway, your mom's stuck in her room—

GUNNAR:

She comes out pretending she's alone, and finds her parents are packing up some sandwiches for the evacuation to Reykjavík. They issued a volcano alert to the whole island, but everyone thought they'd be back by morning—

VIKKI:  
Your dad stayed in the bedroom?

GUNNAR:  
He was going to, then caught sight of lava creeping towards the house and realized he didn't want to miss the boat. So he tries sneaking out the back-door and ends up face to face with my grandmother. Who looks at him for a looong time with those gray eyes of hers... and finally she says, *you should come in for some coffee.*

VIKKI:  
She didn't try to kill him?

GUNNAR:  
She packed him an extra sandwich and served him some coffee— that's Icelanders for you. Your daughter brings home a boy, your volcano erupts, and still you can't leave without your coffee... Grab the eggs a sec, I'll mix us some drinks.

(GUNNAR hands the eggs to VIKKI and takes things out of his bag: a flask, a bottle of vermouth, a martini shaker, a bag of ice cubes, and two plastic martini glasses.)

VIKKI:  
What's this?

GUNNAR:  
Present from Egil— martini picnic set. You haven't tried Iceland's lava-filtered vodka.

VIKKI:  
I wasn't expecting it on a picnic...

GUNNAR:  
Cultural integration. You've been in banking for a week and *no one* has given you classy liquor.

(GUNNAR pours the liquors into the shaker, and begins packing it with ice.)

VIKKI:  
I doubt I'll appreciate it—

GUNNAR:  
The tax on the vodka *alone* was thirty dollars, fokking socialism. You have to at least make an effort.

VIKKI:  
I thought we were in a recession.

GUNNAR:  
Not when I bought it last week. But this is nothing— if I were a real venture viking, we'd have our martinis in my private helicopter.

VIKKI:  
Maybe next year.

GUNNAR:  
If we survive this Glitnir debacle.

VIKKI:  
I can't believe I owe an entire apartment to Japan.

GUNNAR:  
Not to mention it's already been depreciated—

VIKKI:  
What?!

GUNNAR:  
That's how these things work.

VIKKI:  
God, I can't deal with this! What happens when the rest of the banks fail?

GUNNAR:  
Then we're fucked. Have a drink.

VIKKI:  
It's too cold—

GUNNAR:  
It'll warm you up.

(GUNNAR hands VIKKI the martini glass, and retrieves the eggs.)

VIKKI:  
No, alcohol just draws blood towards the skin, causing a feeling of warmth which *actually* decreases overall body temperature—

GUNNAR:  
Helvítis, Vikki, give it a break. To your very own apartment.

VIKKI:  
I won't drink to that.

GUNNAR:  
Then here's to—

(There's suddenly a mini earthquake; VIKKI panics and spills her drink.)

VIKKI:  
What was that?!

GUNNAR:  
Just a little earthquake. More martini?

VIKKI:  
What on earth is a just a little earthquake?

GUNNAR:  
It means it's not a big earthquake.

VIKKI:  
But there might be a—

GUNNAR:  
Sometimes we get four hundred little earthquakes in a day out here in Reykjanes— but yes,  
there might be a bigger one.

VIKKI:  
So what happens if—

GUNNAR:  
(cheerfully)  
The rift cracks open, we're boiled alive. Or the road back to Reykjavík falls apart and we  
freeze to death. Plenty of options!

VIKKI:  
Your country's insane.

GUNNAR:  
You've heard of the trickster god Loki?

VIKKI:  
He killed the handsome guy?

GUNNAR:  
Baldur, já. And as punishment, Óðin and the other gods got one of Loki's sons to turn into a  
40.



wolf and kill his brother, then used the dead son's entrails to tie up Loki underground. The son's guts turned into iron, and this giantess stuck a poisonous snake over Loki's head so venom is constantly dripping into his face.

VIKKI:  
Nasty.

GUNNAR:  
So now Loki's wife sits beside her husband until doomsday, catching the snake venom in a bowl. Every time she empties the bowl, Loki writhes in agony and the earth shakes.

VIKKI:  
His poor wife... are all Norse stories this depressing?

(GUNNAR considers)

GUNNAR:  
There's one where the giants steal Þór's hammer— Loki and Þór have to dress as women to pretend to marry one of the giants and get the hammer back.

VIKKI:  
Þór cross-dresses?

GUNNAR:  
But Loki has to keep saving his ass.  
(deep voice)  
*I didn't know a woman could drink three casks of mead and eat two boars in one sitting, my lovely bride-to-be,* says the giant.

(falsetto)  
*She was so eager to marry you,* says Loki, *she couldn't eat or drink for a week.* Then Loki asks for a bridal gift, the giant finally brings out Þór's hammer— and Þór kills the whole wedding party in a berserk rage.

VIKKI:  
Was that a happy ending?

GUNNAR:  
*Delightful.*

VIKKI:  
So how long do we boil these eggs?

GUNNAR:  
No idea.

VIKKI:

(annoyed)  
Internets?

GUNNAR:  
Grab the eggs.

(GUNNAR hands VIKKI the eggs, and takes out his phone.)

VIKKI:  
So we don't even know if this'll work?

GUNNAR:  
(reading on his phone)  
Google says eight minutes.

VIKKI:  
Full bars? I can't get reception in the middle of Boston!

GUNNAR:  
We're very civilized here at the gateway to Hell.

VIKKI:  
Yeah, I met some of your hackers—

GUNNAR:  
Hackers?

VIKKI:  
From the Reykjavík hackers' club. One MIT alum, and some guys I know from the IRC channels.

GUNNAR:  
(jealous)  
What kinds of guys?

VIKKI:  
Don't tell anyone, but some of them are Wikileaks volunteers— their crypto is just gorgeous!  
(excited)  
I think one guy's in Anonymous—

GUNNAR:  
What's that?

VIKKI:  
That's the point—*Anonymous*. They took down Scientology—

GUNNAR:  
But you went *out* with them?

VIKKI:  
Not *out* out, we were coding all night and reading Sarah Palin's private emails— that woman's insane.

GUNNAR:  
You hacked her email account?

VIKKI:  
It was a team effort— Wikileaks' contribution to the Obama campaign.

GUNNAR:  
So what happens when you start threatening national security? When entire regimes are at stake?

VIKKI:  
I dunno, I'm just a *recreational* hacker.

GUNNAR:  
You only take down governments on Tuesdays, after tea-time?

VIKKI:  
Gunnar—

GUNNAR:  
Don't get me wrong, I'm fully in favor of some healthy sedition.

(GUNNAR lifts up the eggs. They examine them carefully, then GUNNAR shrugs and takes one out. He cracks it open; it's hard-boiled. He takes out some bread and cheese and starts making egg sandwiches.)

VIKKI:  
Crazy anarchists.

GUNNAR:  
Wait until the krona collapses, you'll hate the establishment more than I do.

VIKKI:  
You think that'll happen?

GUNNAR:  
If it does, you're cordially invited to live on our fishing boat out in Vestmannaeyjar.

VIKKI:

On the side of a volcano.

GUNNAR:

Most islanders returned after the eruption. Every last person made it out alive— Egil gave my dad a lift, he couldn't find his family and the house was completely flattened by magma. Thousands ended up with nothing except the clothes on their back and a bag full of sandwich crusts...

VIKKI:

That puts our apartments into perspective.

(GUNNAR pours more drinks.)

VIKKI:

No thanks, I'm not—

GUNNAR:

You can't let it go to waste. And I'm driving.

VIKKI:

Just a sip...

GUNNAR:

Vestmannaeyjar's nothing compared to Laki, that's our biggest volcano. Erupted in seventeen something and killed a few million people around the world.

VIKKI:

Around the *world*?

GUNNAR:

Huge ash cloud, lots of sulfurous gases. Destroyed crops throughout Europe and fucked with weather patterns in Egypt, Japan, America. A quarter of Iceland starved to death. The famine in France helped spark the revolution.

VIKKI:

But now it's dormant.

GUNNAR:

Not necessarily.

VIKKI:

So you're *all* living on active volcanoes.

GUNNAR:

Anarchists aren't the only Icelanders who like flirting with chaos.

(Beat.)

GUNNAR:  
What do you say we go skinny-dipping?

VIKKI:  
The water's boiling.

GUNNAR:  
This river meets a cold stream up ahead. It's the perfect temperature.

(GUNNAR and VIKKI start packing up.)

VIKKI:  
Or, we could go home and watch some Star Trek...

GUNNAR:  
No.

VIKKI:  
You downloaded it!

GUNNAR:  
Vikki—

VIKKI:  
I'll make hot chocolate.

GUNNAR:  
Gah, have it your way.

(GUNNAR and VIKKI leave.)

SCENE 5: BANKING OFFICE

(In the meeting room at the Credit Bank Ásgarð: EGIL, GUNNAR, VIKKI and SKARPHEÐIN are seated around the meeting table watching the end of PM Geir Haarde's 6 October speech.)

TV:  
Guð blessa Ísland.

SKARPHEÐIN:  
Já.

GUNNAR:  
Fokking fokk.

EGIL:  
(translating for VIKKI)  
... and God bless Iceland. No—save—May God *save* Iceland. (beat)  
Because only God can help us now.

GUNNAR:  
(turning off the projection)  
We didn't elect a prime minister to *pray* for us! Who the fuck does he think we are,  
Americans?

SKARPHEÐIN:  
That was... unexpected.

EGIL:  
(in shock)  
Unprecedented.

GUNNAR:  
Er Ragnarök.

(Silence.)

VIKKI:  
So, all *three* banks have been nationalized?

SKARPHEÐIN:  
Kaupþing and Landsbanki have joined the ranks of Glitnir.

VIKKI:  
What happens now?

EGIL:  
Kaupping's assets and liabilities alone are worth more than two-and-a-half times our entire gross domestic product.

SKARPHEÐIN:  
That's confidential, Egil.

EGIL:  
Someone's bound to find out. The ice is so thin, we're walking on water.

VIKKI:  
But how the hell—

(GUNNAR's phone rings with the beginning of Blind Guardian's song *Valhalla*. GUNNAR picks it up, then goes to the corner and speaks quietly in Icelandic.)

GUNNAR:  
Hae, pappi! ... Já...

EGIL:  
(to SKARPHEÐIN)  
How could you have that many toxic assets without anyone—

GUNNAR:  
(on phone)  
Nei nei! ... We'll be fine... já, bu-bye.

SKARPHEÐIN:  
Everything's been *nationalized*, Egil. Surely that's your jurisdiction now.

(GUNNAR hangs up and comes over.)

GUNNAR:  
Here's what I don't understand: we're *Icelanders*. We defeated the British Navy three times with our cod fishermen. We own half of London's High Street. Per capita, we've got more chess grandmasters, Olympic winners—

EGIL:  
And now the most debt.

SKARPHEÐIN:  
At least we're still good at setting records.

EGIL:  
You called yourselves the poets of enterprise— but there was no craft, nothing but brute force and smashing in skulls! Prosperity always corrupts character.

SKARPHEÐIN:  
Time to return to your fishing boats.

GUNNAR:  
(vehement)  
I will *not*—

SKARPHEÐIN:  
I bet the industry's booming on Vestmannaeyjar. Everything's exported to mainland Europe, any fall in the krona means windfall profits for Pappi and the rest of the islanders.

EGIL:  
Could be nice going home, Gunnar. Get back to journalism again, give up on these high-rises  
(motioning to SKARPHEÐIN)  
and exploitative bastards—

SKARPHEÐIN:  
I resent that.

GUNNAR:  
But I've got a masters' from MIT!

SKARPHEÐIN:  
I wonder, Gunnar, what's it worth now?

EGIL:  
Good god, at least seven or eight times our GDP in debt--

VIKKI:  
Are you serious?

GUNNAR:  
Unto our children and our children's children, and—

EGIL:  
Fishing has its charms.

GUNNAR:  
Haltu kjafti, Egil— shut the fuck up.

VIKKI:  
We don't know anything about *debt* management. The new employee training was all dealing with *positive* assets, and once our clients start...



SKARPHEÐIN:  
We'll have to learn quickly.

EGIL:  
Presuming your little savings bank doesn't go under, a casualty of this kreppa—

VIKKI:  
We might lose our jobs?!

GUNNAR:  
Better believe it.

SKARPHEÐIN:  
Of course everything will be done to prevent the—

VIKKI:  
I haven't even been here a week!

EGIL:  
Iceland's all going to hell and socialism— I should retire this April.

GUNNAR:  
I bet a round of drinks you'll be out of Parliament before elections.

EGIL:  
It's only a bet if you can afford it.

VIKKI:  
My apartment's still being renovating, I haven't moved in yet and I already owe—

EGIL:  
What's the krona trading at?

(GUNNAR takes out his iPhone.)

GUNNAR:  
1.36 to the yen— it's been frozen.

VIKKI:  
So what does that mean?

SKARPHEÐIN:  
If you'll excuse me...

(SKARPHEÐIN dials on his mobile; Loki's phone rings from offstage with *Grace Kelly*.)

SKARPHEÐIN:  
Mr. Rodriguez, it's Skarpheðin from—

SIGYN:  
(offstage)  
I'm sorry, Mr. Rodriguez is unavailable and facing charges of fraud in three different international courts. Perhaps I can help you?

SKARPHEÐIN:  
Who is this?

(SIGYN enters, with a briefcase. Everyone is surprised. SIGYN hangs up and shakes SKARPHEÐIN's hand.)

SIGYN:  
Sigyn Ásgrímsdóttir from the International Monetary Fund. I've come to discuss the economy.

GUNNAR:  
What economy?

(EGIL laughs hysterically; everyone glares at him. He stops.)

SIGYN:  
Hi hi, Egil. Do call your wife, she says--

EGIL:  
Brynhildur, of course!

(EGIL takes out his mobile, starts dialing, and goes offstage.)

SIGYN:  
Skarpheðin, I've been reading up on your economic exploits— may I take a seat?

SKARPHEÐIN:  
If you'd like to discuss something with the board—

SIGYN:  
(sitting down)  
This will do just fine. I've got a few questions about your apartment in Manhattan—

GUNNAR:  
(suspicious)  
An apartment?

SKARPHEÐIN:

Gunnar and Vikki, if you'll excuse us—

(GUNNAR and VIKKI reluctantly head offstage.)

SIGYN:  
(motioning for VIKKI)  
Wait, Vikki. Would you mind?

SKARPHEÐIN:  
If you want to meet in private, Sigyn, it's hardly reasonable to invite our newest intern to the table.

VIKKI:  
I can just—

SIGYN:  
She's a mathematician; I trust mathematicians.

SKARPHEÐIN:  
We do plenty of math here.

SIGYN:  
There's a difference between doing math and knowing how math is done. Vikki, take a look at these figures and tell me if there's anything unusual.

VIKKI:  
Sure.

(SIGYN takes a laptop out of her bag and hands it to VIKKI.)

SKARPHEÐIN:  
What, exactly, is your purpose?

SIGYN:  
A study from the Wharton Business School reports that it's quite difficult to distinguish, based on a hedge fund's track record, whether a manager who can deliver excess returns is simply lucky, or—and I quote—*an outright con artist*.

SKARPHEÐIN:  
You had a question about my New York flat.

SIGYN:  
Yes: about your million krona apartment in New York and the even pricier manor in West London. And a helicopter which, if I'm correct, is currently in the legal possession of your deceased mother. May she rest in peace.

SKARPHEÐIN:

I don't see what my mum's helicopter has to do with—

SIGYN:

She appears to have registered the vehicle while in a coma.

SKARPHEÐIN:

Did she really?

SIGYN:

And just a few weeks ago, you gave both the London place and the Manhattan flat to your wife. What provoked such a sudden rush of marital affection?

SKARPHEÐIN:

It was our tenth anniversary, see, and—

SIGYN:

Four of the hedge fund managers whom you regularly invite to sushi have *profited* off Iceland's collapse.

VIKKI:

(looking at the laptop)

What the *hell*?!

SIGYN:

Yes?

(SKARPHEÐIN sends a quick text on his phone as SIGYN and VIKKI look at the laptop.)

VIKKI:

Was someone trying to add in base 13? Look at that sum—

SIGYN:

(to SKARPHEÐIN)

I'll give you ninety seconds to come up with an explanation.

SKARPHEÐIN:

Do you recall Gunnar from Njal's saga?

SIGYN:

I do.

SKARPHEÐIN:

When Gunnar's exiled from Iceland, he packs his bags, kisses his family goodbye, sticks his halberd into the ground outside his longhouse. But as soon as he looks back toward the countryside, he vows to stay in Iceland though he knows it will be the death of him.

(There is the sound of a helicopter getting louder. GUNNAR enters.)

SIGYN:  
What are you getting at?

SKARPHEÐIN:  
I wish I had that sort of courage.

GUNNAR:  
Skarpheðin, why's your helicopter—

SKARPHEÐIN:  
Vikki, Gunnar... so long, and thanks for all the fish.

(SKARPHEÐIN salutes them both. GUNNAR leaps up and rushes toward him, but SKARPHEÐIN tips over a chair to block GUNNAR's path. SKARPHEÐIN grabs his briefcase and runs offstage followed by GUNNAR; there is the sound of rushing wind as the balcony door is opened, and the helicopter fades away.)

SIGYN:  
I didn't know you had a balcony.

GUNNAR:  
Fokking fokk!

(GUNNAR slams the balcony door, and rushes back onstage.)

VIKKI:  
You won't catch him.

GUNNAR:  
We could call the airport, hire some Poles to slit his throat—it's a fucking Ponzi embezzlement scheme!

SIGYN:  
Not worth the effort.

VIKKI:  
Then who is?

SIGYN:  
The eternal question:  
whom can we kill in the name of justice?

(GUNNAR and VIKKI turn to SIGYN expectantly. Beat.)

GUNNAR:  
(to SIGYN)  
Well?

SIGYN:  
Any one of the three hundred twenty thousand citizens of Iceland.

VIKKI:  
But the loans on our apartments—

SIGYN:  
If you need a new job, Vikki, meet me at Bryn's around eight on Wednesday morning.

(Loki's phone rings with *Grace Kelly*. SIGYN picks it up and exits. GUNNAR paces back and forth and VIKKI writes in her notebook as EGIL enters.)

EGIL:  
Gunnar, the member of parliament has got an idea.

GUNNAR:  
Yeah?

EGIL:  
Let's go drinking.

GUNNAR:  
Egil, that is *brilliant*.

VIKKI:  
Shouldn't we do something about—

GUNNAR:  
Life is short and death is certain; drink today and regret it tomorrow.

EGIL:  
You haven't forgotten all your skaldic poetry!

GUNNAR:  
Not the useful bits.

(EVERYONE exits.)

SCENE 6: LOKI'S CAVERN

(LOKI is reading *The Essential Thor* comic book, and giggling to himself. ÓÐIN enters; LOKI stops laughing abruptly.)

LOKI:  
What are you doing here, Gallows-God?

ÓÐIN:  
Þór sent you another jar of pickled herring.

LOKI:  
How uncharacteristically civil of him. And your ulterior motive?

ÓÐIN:  
I have come to visit.

LOKI:  
Have you, Captain Obvious?

ÓÐIN:  
To uphold the vows of our brotherhood. Together we shall drink, in fair winds and storm-tossed waves—

LOKI:  
But where was this brotherhood when you arranged my divorce? Or sentenced me to—

ÓÐIN:  
If you do not care for a drink...

LOKI:  
Gah, make yourself at home.

(ÓÐIN sits down and carefully pours from a flask into two drinking horns. LOKI approves.)

LOKI:  
Skal.

(ÓÐIN silently holds up his horn. They drink.)

ÓÐIN:  
My wife tells me you still love Sigyn.

LOKI:  
(surprised)  
Gods of destruction don't fall in love.

ÓÐIN:

You used to enjoy a considerable amount of it—

LOKI:

That was *sex*— Put that eyebrow down, I'll poke out your other eye!

ÓÐIN:

When we bound you to these rocks, Sigyn was convinced you strove to bring about Ragnarök through Baldur's death. She watched you writhe under the venom and declared your marriage annulled— until you swore to never deliberately end the world.

LOKI:

Maybe.

ÓÐIN:

These past few decades, you've had a personal computational device and access to the World Wide Web, yet—

LOKI:

Ymir's beard, One-Eye, you are such a Luddite. Tell me, do you still use floppy disks on your personal computational device? Does Valhalla run on dial-up?

ÓÐIN:

I was inquiring as to your designs.

LOKI:

Eh, global warming...  
(with growing excitement)

It's all politics, nothing can get done without the cash flow. So you take the money out of the equation, et voilà! Millions of homes flooded, global pandemics, violent seizure of resources—

ÓÐIN:

Or you could commandeer a nuclear armament. You, Loki, are more honorable than you would care to admit.

LOKI:

Loki Lie-Smith the *Honorable*? I'm positively appalled.

(ÓÐIN grins, then takes a jar of pickled herring out of his bag and starts opening it.)

LOKI:

Don't mock me, I know every detail of your death. The wolf would open his mouth wider, say the poets, were there more room in the cosmos—



ÓÐIN:  
Yet you kept your promise to Sigyn.

LOKI:  
(furious)  
I shall laugh as Valhalla burns and dance on the ashes!

(Beat. ÓÐIN pops the lid.)

ÓÐIN:  
Loki—

LOKI:  
What?!

ÓÐIN:  
Sild?

LOKI:  
Ooh, pickled herring.

(LOKI takes out a piece, savoring it very carefully. He gobbles down several more, ravenous, then reluctantly offers some to ÓÐIN. ÓÐIN refuses; LOKI keeps eating herring.)

LOKI:  
This cauldron's about to overflow.

ÓÐIN:  
That would be painful.

LOKI:  
Remember that time you impaled yourself upside-down on the world-tree, starved for eight days, gouged out your eye, and then learned the world will end anyway?

ÓÐIN:  
It's not easily forgotten.

LOKI:  
Then add the fact that your wife doesn't care about you. That's what one drop feels like—  
(Beat. They both look at the cauldron.)

LOKI:  
I'll give you anything— a ballistic missile to defeat the frost giants. A theory for dark energy in the cosmos? Sexual favors?

(ÓÐIN looks blankly at LOKI. LOKI makes eyebrows at ÓÐIN, then gives up.)

ÓÐIN:

I will not meddle in your domestic affairs.

LOKI:

Because you love to see me suffer, don't you? Is this just rollickingly hilarious? Loki's locked in a box, Loki's mouth is sewn shut, Loki's getting dragged over mountaintops, Loki's giving birth to an eight-legged horse, Loki's getting castrated by a nanny-goat—

ÓÐIN:

*You slew my son...* And the nanny-goat was your own idea.

LOKI:

How would *you* teach a berserker giantess to laugh again?

ÓÐIN:

Obviously, tie my genitalia to a goat's beard and stumble squealing about the feasting hall.

LOKI:

You would *never* have come up with that.

ÓÐIN:

Likely not.

LOKI:

You made a pun about a fjord— fjords aren't funny.

ÓÐIN:

Well, sometimes—

LOKI:

Never.

ÓÐIN:

(disappointed)

Oh.

(Beat. LOKI looks up at the cauldron.)

LOKI:

Look, I just saved the universe—

ÓÐIN:

You did that for Sigyn, I owe you nothing. Of all the crimes that love commits, 'tis worst when wise men lose their wits.

LOKI:  
I told you, I'm not in love with--

ÓÐIN:  
There's no shame in loving your wife.

LOKI:  
I don't.

ÓÐIN:  
I'm afraid you do.

(Beat. LOKI considers this.)

LOKI:  
(horrified)  
Fokk, you're right...

ÓÐIN:  
(laughing gently)  
You saved all three worlds for her, and she'll never see you again.

LOKI:  
I despise your sense of humor, Gallows-God. Stick to fjords.

ÓÐIN:  
You must appreciate the irony.

LOKI:  
I wake up every morning chained to a rock with the disemboweled guts of the only son who ever called me father, and I realize my wife's forgotten about me and there's a bowl of venom dripping into my face and I've nothing to do until the world ends on its own accord and then — oh yes, I revel in appreciation of the irony!

(ÓÐIN stares at LOKI. Beat. LOKI despairs.)

I'm so *lonely*, Óðin. Eternity is an *ungodly* duration of chronology— I'd go out of my wits if I hadn't already, and it didn't even help...

ÓÐIN:  
Ah, I brought you a newspaper.

(ÓÐIN takes an Icelandic newspaper out of his bag. LOKI glares at him. ÓÐIN packs up the drinking horns, and LOKI suddenly panics.)

LOKI:  
You can't leave now—

ÓÐIN:  
You have no hold on me.

LOKI:  
You're the only one who cares I exist!

ÓÐIN:  
You have made your choices.

LOKI:  
I regret everything.

ÓÐIN:  
Honor is not won through regrets.

LOKI:  
You damned Vikings and your damned morality! May your shields rot and your helmets  
shatter like the fucking world economy!

ÓÐIN:  
Fare well, Loki.

LOKI:  
(vicious)  
When I arrive with my army of darkness—

(ÓÐIN exits. LOKI falls back and glares at the cauldron.)

SCENE 7: BRYN'S KITCHEN

(Beer and brennivín bottles are scattered around the table. GUNNAR sleeps on the table and VIKKI lies sleeping on the floor. BRYN enters and starts singing loudly in Icelandic.)

GUNNAR:  
(waking up)  
What day's it?

BRYN:  
Wednesday the eighth. October. It's nearly eight-thirty, Gunnar, haven't you usually gone swimming and— have you been drunk since Monday afternoon?

GUNNAR:  
How's the economy?

BRYN:  
Hopeless.

(EGIL wanders in, dazed and fully dressed.)

EGIL:  
It's gone— poof. A national treasury of leprechaun gold.

GUNNAR:  
Any more alcohol?

BRYN:  
Ach, you've cleared out the liquor cabinet! Don't you have work this morning?

GUNNAR:  
The manager's gone, our funds have evaporated, I've already been attacked by two grandmothers and an incoherent sheep farmer demanding their savings— gah, I've got a headache to kill a troll. Wake me for Christmas.

(GUNNAR goes back to sleep.)

BRYN:  
Egil, you fool, get yourself some breakfast— How in God's name are we going to get out of this mess if our people's representatives are snoring away the workday? Jesús minn!

EGIL:  
We built an economy out of fish, lava, and ambition— Iceland was *nothing* before the Independence Party.

BRYN:

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

EGIL:

Last month, Bryn, I was spreading caviar on toast with the crown prince of the Netherlands  
— I don't understand...

(VIKKI wakes up and looks around, bewildered. BRYN hands EGIL a coffee.)

BRYN:

It's the law of the world, Egil— one hell of a party, one hell of a hangover.

VIKKI:

I think this is my first hangover...

GUNNAR:

Congratulations.

BRYN:

Would you like some coffee, dear?

VIKKI:

Yes, please. (looking around)  
Where am I?

GUNNAR:

Frozen bankrupt rock in the middle of the North Atlantic.

EGIL:

Abandon all hope, ye who enter here...

GUNNAR:

Why are you on the *floor*?

(GUNNAR gets up and helps VIKKI to her feet.)

BRYN:

(to VIKKI)

I tried to get you a bed, you were too busy dancing around Gunnar—

VIKKI:

I don't *dance*.

GUNNAR:

It's amazing what you learn after a few shots of brennivín.

VIKKI:

(panicking)  
Brennivín? What's—

GUNNAR:  
Black death. Like the plague. (points to EGIL's bottle)  
Comes in a little green bottle.

EGIL:  
(picking up the bottle of brennivín)  
Ooh! Ohhh... none left for the coffee?

BRYN:  
(to VIKKI, confidentially)  
If you want to lose your virginity, dear, a night of drunken debauchery's the best--

GUNNAR:  
(surprised)  
Vikki, you never told me--

VIKKI:  
Bryn!

(Beat. There is a knock on the door.)

BRYN:  
(gratefully)  
Ooh, someone at the door!

(BRYN runs off to answer the door.)

EGIL:  
If it's Skarpheðin, *do* say something obscene about his mother.

GUNNAR:  
Skarpheðin! That mömmuriðill rasshóla—

(SIGYN enters with BRYN.)

SIGYN:  
Now that the British are demanding their share of the Icesave funds—

EGIL:  
Ay, the Icesave investors— they'll bankrupt us all over again.

GUNNAR:  
Helvítis!

(GUNNAR and EGIL panic; they both take out their iPhones as VIKKI looks on.)

SIGYN:

They claim to be acting in the best interests of their citizens, but there's just a handful of fish in the net and dozens of fisherman demanding their fair share—

BRYN:

But where did all the money *go*?

(GUNNAR and EGIL stare speechless at their iPhones; they have just realized what happened to the krona.)

SIGYN:

There's wasn't any money to begin with, that's the root of the problem—  
(LOKI's phone rings, and SIGYN picks it up.)

Góðan daginn? ...I'm sorry, Ms. Kalinowski is a fictitious persona and is therefore unable to...

GUNNAR:

Djöfullis andskoti fokking rækallsins!

SIGYN:

(to GUNNAR)

Would you mind?

(On the phone)

I understand you've dialed Poland, sir, but your call has been re-routed to Iceland...

GUNNAR:

Vikki— Vikki, I'm so sorry, the debt on your apartment—

SIGYN:

Yes, *that* Iceland... hello, sir? Are you there?

(GUNNAR shows VIKKI the currency exchange; she chokes on her coffee.)

BRYN:

Do you think it was elves? Like the sausages that time, remember Egil? When the elves ran off with all those sausages we'd hung in window?

VIKKI:

(irate)

Elves?!

BRYN:

Here's what I'm worried about, the kids in Denmark. Ooh, Frosti puts *everything* on his



credit card— he hasn't gone shopping in a week, his girlfriend's out traveling, his bank account's been frozen! Sigyn, he's going to starve!

SIGYN:  
Bryn, tell him not to buy anything until—

VIKKI:  
So my apartment has halved in value, but the loan has doubled... Anyone have painkillers?

(SIGYN's own mobile rings with some standard ring-tone; she picks it up. BRYN hands SIGYN coffee and wanders offstage.)

SIGYN:  
Takk fyrir.

BRYN:  
I'll get the Advil, Vikki. We're all dooooooomed...

SIGYN:  
(on her phone)  
Góðan daginn?

VIKKI:  
I came here to pay *off* my student loans—

GUNNAR:  
Just thank god you never bought a car.

EGIL:  
(in shock)  
I owe Switzerland four range rovers.

VIKKI:  
How is this the krona?!

EGIL:  
But yesterday, I had *half* a range rover, don't maths entail the conservation of—

VIKKI:  
I've got no idea.

SIGYN:  
(on phone)  
Of course, sir, I understand that the people of Britain are concerned, but you must realize that this would affect the entire nation of Iceland...

EGIL:  
(panicking)  
What do I do?! And what about the kids, Bryn?

(BRYN returns with a bottle of painkillers for VIKKI. GUNNAR and EGIL take some, too.)

BRYN:  
First things first, dear— breakfast! There's chocobanana skyr, your favorite--

(BRYN goes offstage again. VIKKI takes GUNNAR's phone.)

VIKKI:  
Guys, if we just approach this logically—

GUNNAR:  
Fuck logically, Mr. Spock.  
(to EGIL)  
Destroy the evidence.

EGIL:  
Destroy the... that's brilliant. If I don't have a range rover, I can't owe *anyone* a range rover...

SIGYN:  
This isn't just a matter of your customers, sir— I'm talking about each and every citizen of Iceland....

EGIL:  
Nothing can come from nothing, Gunnar, nothing! No matter the exchange rate!  
(EGIL jumps up and runs offstage. GUNNAR looks around the table for more alcohol.)

VIKKI:  
That's not actually true—

SIGYN:  
(phone)  
Have you realized the ramifications of this measure?

(VIKKI reads a message on GUNNAR's iPhone.)

VIKKI:  
Gunnar, an email from the secretary, Ásgarð Bank has completely collapsed. Our jobs--

GUNNAR:  
Thank god. I couldn't survive another bankrupt grandmother.

SIGYN:  
(phone)

*Anti-terrorism* laws?! There's no precedent for a country in good standing to—

VIKKI:  
I'm supposed to be here for two years— I read the offer on Skarpheðin's letter and declined my acceptance at Berkeley!

GUNNAR:  
Ever considered cod fishing?

VIKKI:  
This isn't funny.

GUNNAR:  
I am so far from trying to be funny.

VIKKI:  
Another email—

(GUNNAR takes his phone back. EGIL enters with a box of fireworks.)

SIGYN:  
With all due respect, sir, Iceland hasn't had terrorists since the middle ages... Egil, where are you going with those fireworks?

(EGIL shrugs and walks offstage toward outside. Loki's phone rings; SIGYN takes it out and waits to answer it.)

SIGYN:  
If you follow through with this, you're looking at a deterioration of international relations—  
Egil, at least put on your safety goggles—

(on her phone)

I'm not threatening you, sir, I'm begging you on behalf of Iceland to... no, please!

(on Loki's phone, Icelandic)

Góðan daginn-- this isn't a Kent County office, one moment you'll have to excuse me...

(GUNNAR gets up and walks over to examine the battle-axe on the wall.)

GUNNAR:  
This belonged to my namesake, Gunnar the Bloody— a gift from my grandfather after Egil saved my pappi from the volcano.

SIGYN:  
Gunnar, don't get any ideas.  
(Sigyn's phone)

Your terms are entirely unacceptable, call back with a reasonable proposition.  
(Loki's phone)

Hae hae, this is Sigyn from the IMF...

(BRYN enters from inside with a tray of toast, pickled herring, skyr, and juice. GUNNAR hides the battle-axe behind his back.)

BRYN:

Was it the British? Have they got all our money? They might act respectable, but I remember the Cod Wars—

SIGYN:

(to BRYN)

Bryn, may I use a computer?

BRYN:

Of course! Downstairs, second door on the—

SIGYN:

(on phone)

Nei nei, this has *never* been an English landline! I'll explain....

(SIGYN takes a few pieces of herring and goes offstage inside.)

BRYN:

I knew the English had something to do with it, ooh, greedy bastards! Where's Egil?

VIKKI:

(pointing)

He went that way with a box full of—

GUNNAR:

(realizing)

Oh god.

BRYN:

Hvað?

(From outside, the sound of exploding fireworks.)

BRYN:

Jesús minn! The range rover!

(BRYN runs offstage. GUNNAR waves the battle-axe experimentally.)

VIKKI:

What happened to— why are you waving that around?

GUNNAR:

Skarpheðin came by the office at three this morning— to erase all the evidence, I'm sure of it. I worked at that bank for twenty-five months, Vikki, and I had no idea...

(GUNNAR takes a whetting stone off the counter and sharpens the blade of the axe.)

VIKKI:

It's not worth *killing* anyone—

GUNNAR:

My ancestors sailed to Iceland to find freedom. They died defending their property from viking chieftains and other tyrants—

(BRYN enters in a panic, holding the box of fireworks. EGIL runs after her.)

BRYN:

Gunnar! Ahh, you've got an axe— be a dear and go after Egil, will you? He's trying to blow up the car—

EGIL:

I swear, the insurance policy covers both fire damage and acts of God. If this economic kreppa doesn't at *least* equal a volcanic eruption—

BRYN:

If you explode the range rover, you'll still have to repay your loans and on top of everything else you *won't even have a range rover!*

EGIL:

I've read and re-read the literature!

BRYN:

How will we visit my family in the wintertime?!

EGIL:

We've got to act *now*, before everyone else comes up with the same idea—

(EGIL tries to steal the fireworks from BRYN; they struggle.)

GUNNAR:

There you have it, Vikki, a perfectly rational way to proceed.

BRYN:

Gunnar, don't just stand there!

GUNNAR:  
I'm teaching Vikki a valuable lesson in economics.

(EGIL grabs the fireworks and runs offstage; BRYN follows him out.)

BRYN:  
Egil dear, what will the Americans say when Vikki tells them we explode our cars...

(GUNNAR hefts the axe.)

GUNNAR:  
Well, I'm off.

VIKKI:  
If you're going to commit homicide, at least find a sensible weapon.

GUNNAR:  
I'm not a mafioso, I don't *shoot* people. Now Victoria, if I don't return, you should know that

—

(SIGYN enters; GUNNAR runs offstage to avoid her.)

VIKKI:  
What?

GUNNAR:  
I'll write a note.

VIKKI:  
(yelling after him)  
Battle-axe on stun, Gunnar!  
(SIGYN raises an eyebrow at VIKKI, as SIGYN opens a packet of skyr.)  
Hi Sigyn...

SIGYN:  
This is your first job out of college, isn't it?

VIKKI:  
Yeah...

SIGYN:  
Should've stuck with maths. Random numbers are predictable.

VIKKI:  
Sigyn, what the hell is going on?

SIGYN:  
To quote our illustrious Olafur Grimsson, you ain't seen nothing yet.

(Beat.)

VIKKI:  
You mentioned a job...

SIGYN:  
Mathematical modeling— using data from foreign loans and investments to figure out what caused this kreppa.

VIKKI:  
God, that'd be fantastic.

SIGYN:  
Brilliant, I'll come find you this weekend. Did Gunnar—

VIKKI:  
He's still drunk. I'd better run...

SIGYN:  
May Óðin guide your travels.

(VIKKI runs offstage. Fireworks explode outside the house. SIGYN eats her skyr, dialing a number on her phone. She waits impatiently for the answering machine.)

SIGYN:  
Hi hi, it's Sigyn. Still in Reykjavík, London froze the nation's assets under anti-terrorism legislation— we're in the glorious company of the Taliban and North Korea. Hope Geneva's warm, it's been miserable here. Bye-bye.

(SIGYN eats her skyr as more fireworks go off. Blackout.)





## ACT 2

SCENE 1: OUTSIDE ALTHING, mid-January.

(Fade in sounds of a protest. The temperature is below zero, and windy. VIKKI, GUNNAR, and a CITIZEN (Bryn) come up from the audience banging a few pots and pans. The CITIZEN holds a sign: *CTRL+ALT+DELETE INSTALL ICELAND 2.0*. Onstage is a microphone and an impromptu podium, and a RIOT POLICEMAN (Loki).)

VIKKI:

This is a non-trivial fraction of the country.

GUNNAR:

That's herd mentality for you, as soon as the revolution becomes fashionable we all take to the streets. *Three months* after the krona collapsed, we still haven't held a general strike--

(The ARTIST (Egil) comes onstage with his guitar, and puts down his pot and ladle to pick up the microphone.)

VIKKI:

(pointing at the CITIZEN's sign)

Gunnar, I'm making one of those for the next protest. That is *awesome*—

GUNNAR:

You're not Icelandic, go home and fawn over Obama. If you leave tomorrow, you'll make it to Washington for the Inauguration.

VIKKI:

But I like it here.

GUNNAR:

Can you say the same about our debts?

ARTIST:

(on microphone)  
Hi hi, good citizens of Iceland—

CITIZEN:  
Que todos se vayan! O stjórnina burt!

GUNNAR:  
(looking at his watch)  
I've got to meet the anarchists.

VIKKI:  
Good luck.

(GUNNAR almost kisses VIKKI, but she turns away. GUNNAR pulls a black anarchist mask over his face.)

GUNNAR:  
Bye bye.

CITIZEN:  
Farðírass! Get the motherfuckers out of Iceland, stjórnina burt!

CROWD:  
O stjórnina burt! O stjórnina burt!

(ARTIST bangs loudly on his pot in front of the microphone; the CROWD quiets down.)

ARTIST:  
Takk. Ahem, good people of Iceland, for those of you who haven't come before, we're gathering every day until Geir Haarde and Davíð Oddsson and the rest of their Incompetent Party get the hell out of Parliament, and the hell off the board of the Central Bank, and the hell out of the Financial Regulatory Authority. Stjórnina burt!

CROWD:  
O stjórnina burt! O stjórnina—

ARTIST:  
And we demand immediate elections!

CROWD:  
Já!!

ARTIST:  
Because treason by incompetence is treason nonetheless!

CROWD:

Já!!

ARTIST:

(Taking out his guitar and plucking at it, folk-style)

Now, I'd like to sing a little song I wrote for the occasion. Please join in, you'll get the chorus in no time. Ahem...

*Before our banks and krona fell,  
I sailed and fished for cod;  
And now the market's gone to hell,  
I'm right back with my rod.  
The herring can't buy fashion chains,  
With Swiss or Polish loans,  
The salmon don't own aeroplanes  
Or trade on the Dow Jones.*

REFRAIN:

*Hey la hey to catch my own damn fish  
Hey la hey Is all I ever wish*

*The cod forgive, the cod forget,  
They come back every spring.  
And still the bank that's deep in debt  
Will never pay a thing.  
The system's got to be revised,  
I'm feeling double-crossed,  
When private debt gets socialized  
Then my fish pay the cost!*

REFRAIN

*And as I bait my hook again,  
I must make one thing clear,  
I've got no grudge against the men  
Who drink Icelandic beer.  
But fuck the foreigners, I say,  
Their debts I will not ever pay,  
The Netherlands and the UK  
And those who rule our banks today—  
Can catch their own damn fish!*

REFRAIN

*For that's my only wish  
That they catch their own damn fish*

CITIZEN:  
Catch their own damn fish!!

CROWD:  
(applause)

ARTIST:  
Takk fyrir, takk. I can't say I'll see you next weekend, because if the fokking authorities aren't gone by then, I'm joining my cousin in Norway. Bles bles!

(ARTIST leaves with the microphone. SIGYN and ÓÐIN walk onstage, separately. Loki's phone rings; SIGYN takes it out of her purse, looks at the caller, rolls her eyes, and answers.)

SIGYN:  
(really bored)

Góðan daginn, your call has been re-routed to Iceland. I'm Sigyn with the IMF, how can I help you today? ...I'm awfully sorry, Madame Kalinowski was a fictitious entity used for fraudulent purposes... If you should like to file your claims with...  
(ÓÐIN comes to stand next to SIGYN, and waits patiently for her to finish. SIGYN is surprised by his presence.)

By Yggdrasil! —Sorry, I... No, ma'am, but please— yes of course... good evening.

(SIGYN hangs up and inspects ÓÐIN.)

ÓÐIN:  
Góðan daginn, Sigyn.

SIGYN:  
Allfather! What're you doing back here in Midgaard?

ÓÐIN:  
The ravens informed me of a battle.

SIGYN:  
The War of the Saucepans?

ÓÐIN:  
(dubiously)  
The most violent conflict in Scandinavia for the past half-century...

SIGYN:  
What about Iceland's Cod Wars?

ÓÐIN:  
The British Royal Navy would not engage with civilian fishing vessels.

SIGYN:  
Hard to stack the ranks of warriors for Ragnarök?

ÓÐIN:  
(disappointed)  
What happened to Iceland? When the currency collapsed in Argentina it was civil war.

SIGYN:  
The Norsemen have civilized themselves, it's a fascinating sociological phenomenon.  
(Beat.)

ÓÐIN:  
(motioning to the protesters)  
These economic theatrics were Loki's doing?

SIGYN:  
Being stuck under the earth for a few millennia hasn't changed anything about his character.

ÓÐIN:  
(exceedingly awkward)  
Sigyn, have you met any gentlemen lately?

SIGYN:  
There's a Ghanaian, Kweku Anansi— we went on a date for Winter Solstice, but the sun's hot as a lava floe, sky so blue it's disgusting--

ÓÐIN:  
Go visit Loki, when your schedule permits. There is something he ought to tell you.

SIGYN:  
Ymir's bones, I can't deal with him right now, I'm trying to salvage what's left of Iceland's dignity without selling out to the IMF or the Russian— Óðin? Hae?

(SIGYN looks around for ÓÐIN, but he has already gone. SIGYN shrugs, annoyed.)

SIGYN:  
Ciao, Allfather.

(SIGYN leaves humming the fish song as GUNNAR and an ANARCHIST (Bryn) enter with masks, black cloaks, and black flags on flagpoles. They wear orange bands. The masked ANARCHIST picks up a mike to address the crowd. She is obviously drunk.)

(The ANARCHIST glares at the POLICEMAN.)

ANARCHIST:

And what do you think you're doing here, fighting against your fellow Icelanders?

(The ANARCHIST throws a pot at the POLICEMAN; the POLICEMAN sprays pepper spray into the ANARCHIST's eyes.)

ANARCHIST:

Ahhh! Fokking hell, we've become a police state.

(The ANARCHIST throws a rock at the POLICEMAN's shield.)

ANARCHIST:

We just want elections! Send these sheep-fuckers out of Parliament, give us permission to vote, and we'll go home!

(GUNNAR takes the mike as more CITIZENS enter (Vikki and Sigyn).)

GUNNAR:

Is that all this revolution is for, *elections*?

CITIZEN:

(Sigyn)

Who are you?

GUNNAR:

An Icelander.

PROTESTER:

Take off the damn mask!

GUNNAR:

You want me to give a name, age, occupation, whatever ancestor we had in common six generations ago. But we're all in this together, we're all equal--

PROTESTER:

Coward!

GUNNAR:

This revolution needs no heroes, no Che Guevara or Egil Skallagrímsson— all we need is us. We're too fokking complacent without our masks, we trundle along like a herd of sheep and when one hoof is out of place the whole country complains. But we who survived plagues, raids, famines, volcanoes, cycles of booms and busts for over a thousand years— we independent Icelanders, are we to become slaves to the establishment?

CROWD:

Nei, nei!

GUNNAR:

Then we're fighting for more than the permission to vote. We're fighting against any system that allows a handful of men to bankrupt a nation. We're fighting against all power pyramids and financial inequalities. We're not fighting for elections, we're fighting for democracy!

CROWD:  
Democracy!

(CROWD bangs pots and pans. EGIL runs onstage, dressed in a long coat and exiting Parliament.)

EGIL:

You madmen, we're holding an emergency Parliamentary session—

GUNNAR:

Three months after the kreppa and finally it's an emergency.

EGIL:

Watch your tongue, we've gathered to consider the peoples' demands.

ANARCHIST:

Our demands are clear:  
get the fuck out of Parliament.

EGIL:

Have you no respect for—

GUNNAR:

None whatsoever.

(The ANARCHIST throws a rock at EGIL, and runs to attack him with the CITIZEN. The POLICEMAN chases after the ANARCHIST and takes out a megaphone.)

EGIL:

You know not what you do... Ruffians! Anarchists!

POLICEMAN:  
(on megaphone)

*Everyone must vacate the square at once.*

(EGIL flees. The POLICEMAN disperses the CROWD with tear gas; people scream. GUNNAR covers his eyes and fights to keep his mike away from the POLICEMAN.)

GUNNAR:

(into the mike)

Icelanders, we must rock this leaky boat before it drowns us all! Then we can talk about

justice. Then we can talk about change. Then we can talk about a revolution!

(The POLICEMAN drags GUNNAR off. EGIL steps out again.)

EGIL:  
Gunnar!

(GUNNAR turns involuntarily. He sees EGIL, and pretends not to recognize him.)

EGIL:  
(coldly)  
I'm talking to you, Gunnar.

(The POLICEMAN holds GUNNAR, who struggles to break free as EGIL comes over.)

GUNNAR:  
I don't know you, sir, I—

(EGIL rips the mask off GUNNAR's face and the POLICEMAN releases GUNNAR.)

EGIL:  
There will be no place for heroes in this depravity, this age of axes and split shields, this age of winds and wolves— what have you done to my country?

GUNNAR:  
We've reclaimed it.

EGIL:  
You've destroyed it. The municipality estimates damages to exceed twenty million.

GUNNAR:  
A small price for democracy. Is no one held accountable in Iceland?

EGIL:  
You're not looking for accountability, you're looking for revenge.

GUNNAR:  
I'm looking for a reason not to pack up and go home to Vestmannaeyjar.

(VIKKI and BRYN enter.)

EGIL:  
What about Vikki? Aren't you two--

VIKKI:  
Hi, Egil. We're not dating.



BRYN:  
Gunnar, I keep telling you buy her more brennavin--

GUNNAR:  
Can't afford it.

EGIL:  
(to GUNNAR)  
Look, we all shared the risk--

GUNNAR:  
Except every one of *your* loans has been covered by con artists like Skarpheðin—

EGIL:  
*Skarpheðin is dead to me!* My range rover, I'll have you know, was covered by the Central Bank of Iceland—

GUNNAR:  
They don't give a fuck about my debts, or Vikki's--

EGIL:  
If you'd served our country for a decade--

GUNNAR:  
You can't scuttle the ship *and* steal the lifeboats!

EGIL:  
You can't blame the skipper for the perfect storm.

VIKKI:  
Actually, 'storm' is a bad analogy.

BRYN:  
Don't get into all this, Wikki, you're *American*, you can go home to Obama!

VIKKI:  
The debt on my apartment is as Icelandic as skyr. Look, there's no law of the universe that currency exchanges tend toward chaos! I've done some research, what we have here is a failure of the system. Banks don't communicate with the government, the government doesn't communicate with the financial analysts—

GUNNAR:  
Oh they do, sitting in hot tubs behind closed doors.

VIKKI:

Well, yes, but the point is—

GUNNAR:  
The only point worth anything nowadays is on the tip of a battle-axe.

EGIL:  
We're doing the best we can, Gunnar—

GUNNAR:  
This is the way the world ends, Egil, not with a bang but with a fucking whimper!  
(GUNNAR turns to leave.)

EGIL:  
(to BRYN)  
How dare he use Eliot against me— I taught him that poem!

BRYN:  
Egil, dear, let's forget about—

GUNNAR:  
See you later, Vikki.

(EGIL strides over to GUNNAR; he grabs GUNNAR by the lapel and points to the POLICEMAN.)

EGIL:  
Is this what you want, Gunnar Gunnarsson? Chaos in the streets? Turn our welfare state into a miasma of feuding warlords?

GUNNAR:  
(furious)  
You're getting your *car* written off as a government expense. Prosperity always corrupts character, Egil.

EGIL:  
Are you—

GUNNAR:  
You're no different from Skarpheðin— you've brought all this upon yourselves.

EGIL:  
(coldly)  
*What* have we brought upon ourselves, Gunnar?

(GUNNAR throws an egg from his pocket at EGIL. EGIL punches GUNNAR in the face.

GUNNAR stumbles back, surprised and in pain. The POLICEMAN runs over.)

EGIL:

Had I known this is how you'd turn out, I would *never* have risked my life to save your father.

(EGIL turns and walks back to Bryn, who starts wiping off the egg. GUNNAR kicks the POLICEMAN's riot shield; the POLICEMAN wards him off with pepper spray and takes out his baton. GUNNAR runs offstage.)

BRYN:

Egil, is everything—

EGIL:

[Stupid fool!] Bölvaður asninn!

VIKKI:

What the hell is Gunnar--

EGIL:

Being an anarchist.

BRYN:

He's young, dear, we can't blame him.

EGIL:

Do they expect re-elections to erase their debt? Or if they cover us all in rotten eggs—

BRYN:

Egil, let's go home. Are you coming, Wikki?

VIKKI:

I'm meeting Sigyn at Kaffebarinn— I'll be back in time for dinner.

BRYN:

Don't cause too much trouble.

VIKKI:

I'll leave that to Gunnar.

BRYN:

Good, good.

(BRYN and EGIL walk offstage. VIKKI writes a text on her mobile.)

EGIL:

And the worst of it is, the Left-Greens will *sweep* the next election—

BRYN:

Come on, dear. I've got some lamb marinating as we speak—

EGIL:

Have you ever thought about moving? The krona keeps sinking, we could join the kids in Denmark...

BRYN:

Over my stone-dead body, dear!

EGIL:

Just a thought.

BRYN:

Move to Denmark, how could you...

EGIL:

(sudden thought)

Does Gunnar still have our battle-axe?

BRYN:

Leave him his fantasies, he's got nothing else to go on.

SCENE 2: A COFFEE SHOP

(VIKKI gets a glass of beer and sits down at the table with a folder of papers and her old laptop. SIGYN enters with a mug of coffee. VIKKI sifts through her papers.)

SIGYN:  
Happy New Year, Vikki.

VIKKI:  
Hey Sigyn. I'm really sorry, I worked on a model for you over Christmas, but there's so little information it's pretty much useless so I pursued a different—

SIGYN:  
I'm sure it's fine. So how were your holidays?

VIKKI:  
Bryn and Egil's kids came home, we had a big feast for Christmas. Then Reykjavík exploded in fireworks, we all went out to Vestmannaeyjar for some giant troll-banishing bonfire party  
—

SIGYN:  
(concerned)  
Trolls?

VIKKI:  
Don't tell me you believe in trolls.

SIGYN:  
Of course not! Trolls in Iceland are a conspiracy—perpetuated by the elves and frost-giants.

VIKKI:  
Ah.

SIGYN:  
So, your IMF project—

VIKKI:  
Modeling these Icesave loans is like trying to deduce quantum mechanics from the back of a ramen packet.

SIGYN:  
We knew it was a chaotic system.

VIKKI:  
I love chaotic systems, that's not the problem. Every investor was acting on a different set of inaccurate assumptions. *This* is the kind of chaos you get when all your information disappears and the whole damn universe ends!

SIGYN:

Perhaps you can write it up in a report?

(VIKKI takes out some papers from her folder and shows them to SIGYN. VIKKI is furious.)

VIKKI:

Here's what to write in a report— *this* is a list of the bankers in Parliament, and *these* are the bankers who edit the newspapers investigating the economy, and the bankers who determine their *own* credit ratings, and the bankers who work for the financial regulatory bodies— a *third* of the people regulating banks in this country serve on the board of a major bank themselves--

SIGYN:

Vikki--

VIKKI:After Lehman Brothers collapsed, the bank's top five executives made over a *billion* dollars in bonuses. The only reason we can't say the same about Kaupping, Landsbanki or Glitnir is because they've probably shredded their damn paperwork!!

SIGYN:

How do you know all of this?

VIKKI:

Research...

SIGYN:

Bryn's got a cousin in some Reykjavik hacker's club. Sigurbjorn. He says you're quite the coding wizard.

VIKKI:

(flattered)

Oh!

SIGYN:

He was also investigated by the Icelandic police for something related to confidential Scientology documents.

VIKKI:

Oh.

SIGYN:

The International Monetary Fund has strict privacy protection regulations, we can't accept *anything* from criminal sources...

VIKKI:  
Isn't this useful?

SIGYN:  
I asked you for a mathematical model, not private banking records.

VIKKI:  
You can't do applied math without real world data.

SIGYN:  
You have too much data already, I'll have to pretend I never saw it.

VIKKI:  
There are about thirty bankers who ruined the lives of every citizen in Iceland, you can't let this stay a secret.

SIGYN:  
We can't very well publicize it. If you give me any of this information, I can't keep you on IMF payroll.

(Beat. VIKKI finishes her beer, then hands the folder to SIGYN and crosses her arms.)

VIKKI:  
Then fire me.

SIGYN:  
(annoyed)  
Unemployment in Iceland has tripled since October— what will you do if you lose this job?

(Beat. VIKKI realizes the severity of the situation.)

VIKKI:  
I got my diploma seven months ago and I've already ruined my entire life.

SIGYN:  
How much do you owe on the apartment?

VIKKI:  
Ninety-eight thousand, four hundred and seven bucks— four times the damn market value! I only went inside the building *once*, the toilet was still in the dining room...

SIGYN:  
Your folks can buy you a plane ticket. Your flat will go up for foreclosure, you'll likely be banned from Iceland, but credit ratings don't transfer internationally —you'll be debt-free. Work at the local hot dog stand until you can re-apply for schools.

VIKKI:  
I was just settling in...

SIGYN:  
Vikki, are you dating Gunnar?

VIKKI:  
I don't have time for a boyfriend!

SIGYN:  
How much time do they take?

VIKKI:  
I'm in debt, unemployed, stuck in a foreign country— a relationship is the *last* thing I want to be dealing with.

SIGYN:  
Gunnar's a man you can trust with your life.

(Beat. VIKKI looks skeptical.)

SIGYN:  
Then get out of here. How about a job in Norway?

VIKKI:  
Bryn says it's boring.

SIGYN:  
The world's most egalitarian society, and sitting on a gold mine of oil— she's jealous.

VIKKI:  
Nah, not Norway.

SIGYN:  
I can find you another job with the IMF, maybe in analytics—

VIKKI:  
I'm sick of the IMF.

SIGYN:  
I'm sure you'll find something, you've got top marks from MIT and you're an excellent mathematician. I'll write you a recommendation.

VIKKI:  
Thanks.  
(SIGYN takes the folder and stands up to leave.)



If you're just shredding those papers, I'll take them back.

SIGYN:  
Too late.

VIKKI:  
Sigyn, this kreppa is going to happen all over again! The system is completely rotten, there's no free flow of information— and not just Iceland, it's orders of magnitude worse in the US and Britain. Can't you guys *do* something?

SIGYN:  
There's an established order to this sort of thing, we'd risk more fixing your rotten system than--

VIKKI:  
Isn't it worth it?

SIGYN:  
I hate corruption as much as you, but I prefer *anything* over chaos.

VIKKI:  
But chaos isn't—

SIGYN:  
I'm sorry, Victoria. Buy yourself another beer.

(SIGYN hands VIKKI some money.)

VIKKI:  
Takk.

SIGYN:  
And do take my advice, get out of this country before the krona falls again. Bles bles.

SCENE 3: LOKI'S CAVERN

(GUNNAR enters cautiously, wearing a head-lamp and carrying the battle-axe. He finds his way with a compass, and lets a ball of string trail behind him. LOKI is sleeping; GUNNAR turns off his head-lamp and looks around. LOKI wakes up and looks about hopefully. GUNNAR sees LOKI and starts. LOKI straightens his tie and smooths his hair as GUNNAR approaches.)

LOKI:  
Góðan daginn—

GUNNAR:  
Who are you?

LOKI:  
No one of consequence. Yourself?

GUNNAR:  
I am Gunnar, son of Gunnar, descendant of Gunnar the Bloody who fought alongside Egil Skallagrímsson.

LOKI:  
(to GUNNAR)  
Lovely battle-axe you've got there. Family heirloom?

GUNNAR:  
Where is Skarpheðin Olafsson?

LOKI:  
Malta, I believe. Enjoying the sun under an assumed name— Jesus, that's a big axe for such a small fish.

GUNNAR:  
But he fooled the regulatory authorities, ruined my career, promised us we were working toward a better Iceland...

LOKI:  
You can't single out one manager, you'd need to slay half the country— but I'll give you a list of the major players if you do me a favor.

GUNNAR:  
A favor?

LOKI:  
The cauldron needs to be emptied, see, and I'm not really in a position to—

GUNNAR:  
(surprised)  
Are you in chains?

LOKI:  
A certain lady of the night forgot the key to my shackles— unpardonable negligence!

(GUNNAR notices the snake and looks down at LOKI, suspicious. He steps back and hits the cauldron with his axe; LOKI recoils and cries out.)

LOKI:  
Ahh! What was that for?

GUNNAR:  
What's in the cauldron?

LOKI:  
(surprised)  
Just water, I—

(GUNNAR moves to strike the cauldron again.)

LOKI:  
(rapidly)  
*But I have this rare genetic disorder, epidermal hydrophobia, so I'd really appreciate your—*

(GUNNAR hits the cauldron again.)

LOKI:  
By Naglfar! You don't need to—

GUNNAR:  
(raising his axe)  
What are you?

(Beat. LOKI gives up and suddenly gains confidence.)

LOKI:  
More powerful than *you will ever be...* Now put the axe away, there's a good viking.

GUNNAR:  
*Loki.* You destroyed our economy.

LOKI:  
*You* destroyed the economy, sweetheart. You suit-and-tied berserkers, mucking about with forces you can't begin to comprehend.

(GUNNAR tries to control his rage; he paces around the stage.)

GUNNAR:  
Skarpheðin sent a MacBook to this address last year—

LOKI:  
This isn't an address, it's a cave.

GUNNAR:  
So you must've had access to the web— you're the biggest fish of them all, aren't you? You planned everything—

LOKI:  
I don't *plan*; I improvise.

GUNNAR:  
Hell, you must've been behind Lehman Brothers, the derivatives market, sub-prime lending...

LOKI:  
Gunnar—

GUNNAR:  
—the nukes in North Korea, for all I know!

LOKI:  
(flattered)  
No need to get ahead of yourself.

GUNNAR:  
You start by murdering the god of perfection and you won't stop until Ragnarök— that's your game, isn't it? Absolute chaos.

(GUNNAR brings his axe toward LOKI's neck. Beat.)

LOKI:  
Does it turn you on?

GUNNAR:  
(derailed)  
What?

LOKI:  
You're running through catacombs with a battle-axe— there must be something anarchic in your character.

GUNNAR:  
Anarchy and chaos are two different—

LOKI:  
But what are *you* going to do, darling? Track down every culprit and splinter his skull,  
devour the Althing in flames? Tear down these decrepit institutions and bomb the Central  
Bank?

(LOKI tilts away the axe, and moves closer to GUNNAR. GUNNAR grows nervous.)

LOKI:  
Gunnar son of Gunnar, is there not something seductive about absolute chaos?

GUNNAR:  
What are you insinuating?

(LOKI grabs GUNNAR and kisses him on the lips. LOKI releases him and he stumbles  
back.)

LOKI:  
Rawr.

GUNNAR:  
What the hell was that?!

LOKI:  
Hel won't help you here— she's my daughter.

GUNNAR:  
(appalled)  
You're a god of the apocalypse...

LOKI:  
You're an anarchist! Let's make love.

GUNNAR:  
No!

(LOKI starts putting on lipstick.)

LOKI:  
I could turn female...

GUNNAR:  
No!!

(GUNNAR starts pacing around, swinging his axe.)

LOKI:  
*No one* spurns Loki's advances. You must be otherwise engaged—

GUNNAR:  
That's not your business.

LOKI:  
Irritability— the first sign of a burgeoning romance.

GUNNAR:  
Shut up.

LOKI:  
(cheerfully)  
True love is nothing but disappointment, Gunnar. Stick to casual sex. Incidentally, if you'd like the names of those bankers...

(LOKI makes eyebrows at GUNNAR, who comes back toward LOKI.)

GUNNAR:  
Where's your wife?

LOKI:  
She left.

GUNNAR:  
Left?

LOKI:  
Divorced.

GUNNAR:  
Ah.

(GUNNAR eyes LOKI suspiciously. Beat.)

LOKI:  
I'll trade Kaupping's loan-book for a mobile phone.

GUNNAR:  
No.

LOKI:  
And a poem—

*When finance becomes all laissez-faire,  
Every bank becomes quite debonair—  
When my loans are risk-free,  
From myself back to me,  
I pull interest right out of thin air!*  
... so by the end, there's an intricate web of irresponsibility— the rich get richer, the banks go bankrupt, and you sods all foot the bill.

GUNNAR:  
It's disgusting.

LOKI:  
(brightly)  
It's finance!

GUNNAR:  
Kaupping's list of debtors— is it online?

LOKI:  
Maybe.

GUNNAR:  
Don't make any deals with me, I've got an axe and you're changed to a rock.

LOKI:  
How could you, Gunnar? I've been condemned to an eternity of torment— *and my wife left me—*

(GUNNAR hits the cauldron with his battle-axe; venom drips on LOKI, who cries out.)

GUNNAR:  
You will download and submit this list to the Wikileaks website, and you will not do anything else on my iPhone. Will you swear to that? On whatever passes for your honor?

LOKI:  
No sympathy for the down-trodden.

GUNNAR:  
(raising his axe)  
If you don't swear--

LOKI:  
(deadly serious)  
By Naglfar, the ship of corpse's fingernails that shall carry my army of darkness across the sea for doomsday—  
(flirtatious)

I'll play nice...

GUNNAR:  
Melodramatic, aren't we?

(GUNNAR hands LOKI his iPhone.)

LOKI:  
Ooh, shiny!

(LOKI keeps hiding the screen from GUNNAR, who wants to see what's happening.)

GUNNAR:  
This better work, I know where you live.

LOKI:  
I hope you'll drop by again sometime.

GUNNAR:  
Don't get your hopes up.

LOKI:  
I never do.

(GUNNAR takes back his phone.)

GUNNAR:  
Takk fyrir, Mischief-Monger.

LOKI:  
Gunnar— you do realize that list is useless? Some investigation committee will publish an encyclopedic tome on the collapse that no one will read, and—

GUNNAR:  
We're getting a new party in Parliament, and now Iceland will know who to blame.

LOKI:  
But the beauty of it is, when the geyser's swell subsides, everyone can return to fishing or battle-axe vigilantism! So life continues, unchanged and unchanging, until entropy demands its due and the universe fades into oblivion.

(GUNNAR approaches LOKI with his axe. LOKI grins.)  
I'd be more cheerful, darling, if this conversation were post-coital...

GUNNAR:  
There's a revolution in Iceland.



LOKI:  
I don't believe you.

(GUNNAR shows LOKI an article on his phone.)

LOKI:  
Is *that* what you're calling this sing-along kitchenware parade? Has Ikea taken to sponsoring revolutions?

GUNNAR:  
(annoyed)  
It's more than a parade.

LOKI:  
(seriously)  
You're right. Your revolution is a *dinner party*.

(LOKI giggles. GUNNAR isn't amused.)

GUNNAR:  
It is not!

LOKI:  
You Icelanders are civilized as tea cozies! You've lost all your natural resources to foreigners, your financiers deserve to be hung from the þingvellir bridge—

GUNNAR:  
Citizens are taking over the news stations, we're breaking through police barriers and cracking windows—

LOKI:  
You're only throwing *rocks* because the price of eggs is too high. If you're not going to at least blow up the country, darling, forfeit your honor and return to your fishing boat.

GUNNAR:  
Shut up.

(GUNNAR turns to leave.)

LOKI:  
Leaving so soon, sweetheart? We've hardly gotten to *know* one another—

GUNNAR:  
I know you too well already.

(GUNNAR exits.)

LOKI:  
Gah, Vikings these days.

SCENE 4: BRYN'S KITCHEN, later that evening

(The song *Kósýkvöld í kvöld* by Baggalútur is playing as VIKKI practices her ballroom dancing and spins around the floor. GUNNAR enters with a bottle of brennivín and his battle-axe, and watches VIKKI dance. VIKKI stops abruptly when she sees him.)

GUNNAR:  
Don't let me interrupt.

VIKKI:  
I wasn't expecting you.

(VIKKI sits down and takes out her laptop. GUNNAR goes to hang up the battle-axe.)

VIKKI:  
I see you've washed off the blood.

GUNNAR:  
Don't be silly, I kept it on stun. Anyway, Skarpheðin's fled to Malta.

(GUNNAR sits down at the table. He pours himself a shot of brennivín and drinks it.)

VIKKI:  
Drinking already?

GUNNAR:  
The most merciful thing in the world, I think, is the inability of the mind to correlate its contents... Krona's trading at 0.7 to the yen, it was 1.7 when I took out the loan! Brennivín?

VIKKI:  
Why are you always trying to get me drunk?

GUNNAR:  
You haven't danced with me since October--

VIKKI:  
It won't happen again.

GUNNAR:  
Ay, women are complicated.

VIKKI:  
You could say so.

GUNNAR:  
That's why my ancestors used to just grab 'em by the hair. It's funny, the men in Iceland are

descended from Norwegian settlers, but almost all the women were kidnapped from Britain.

VIKKI:  
How do you know?

GUNNAR:  
Sex-linked genetics. Y-chromosomes for the men, mitochondrial DNA for the women. Also, viking culture.

VIKKI:  
Lovely.

(GUNNAR pours himself another shot. He drinks it, then types on his iPhone.)

GUNNAR:  
Life would've been so much easier in the tenth century. Clear my debts with that battle-axe, write some poetry, steal a wife from Ireland—

VIKKI:  
Low life expectancy, plagues, famines, no toilet paper— no *internet*.

GUNNAR:  
How barbaric.

VIKKI:  
And revolutions never happened on Facebook. How many protesters have we got tomorrow?

GUNNAR:  
Check for yourself, I won't be around.

VIKKI:  
Where are you going?

GUNNAR:  
My flat's up for foreclosure, I'm about to lose my car— I'm going home.

VIKKI:  
To Vestmann Islands?

GUNNAR:  
Take up the family fishing nets. The industry booms whenever the krona suffers, everything's in foreign currency.

VIKKI:  
But you've got a masters' from Sloan!

GUNNAR:

And two years on record with the most corrupt savings bank in the nation. My financial career is fucked.

VIKKI:

Didn't you study journalism?

GUNNAR:

The year I graduated with my BA, Reykjavík University held a lecture series entitled the death of journalism. I couldn't be more useless if I'd studied the telegraph.

(Beat. GUNNAR pours himself another shot of brennivín and VIKKI confiscates the bottle.)

VIKKI:

Have you ever thought about moving back to America?

GUNNAR:

I don't even have a bank account, Pappi's been sending me cash in the mail.

VIKKI:

You're stuck in Iceland?

GUNNAR:

Until my financial affairs are in order.

VIKKI:

How long will that take?

GUNNAR:

Assuming an average salary and the current fokking Icesave package, forty years. Before I break even.

VIKKI:

But after the revolution—

GUNNAR:

You know why it's called a revolution? Because we go round and round and end up right back where we fokking started.

(GUNNAR reaches for the brennivín, but VIKKI keeps it away.)

VIKKI:

But once you get rid of the Independence Party, you can—

GUNNAR:

Elect a new batch with a new and improved network of fraud. Doesn't matter who's in

power, as long as a politician's human he's corruptible.

VIKKI:

We're too young to be so bitter, Gunnar—

GUNNAR:

Speak for yourself, you're American. You've got sunny winters, a working credit card, Barack Obama, a financial system that's too big to fokking fail. Your bailout package was only 5% of your GDP, and the whole world ignores your trade deficit because you're everyone's favorite consumer--

VIKKI:

It's not like your island erupted, Gunnar! Your houses are intact, you've got all your natural resources--

GUNNAR:

Pappi doesn't own his fishing quota anymore, it was sold to Russia as collateral. China's taking over the smelting plants, Holland and Britain demand our taxpayer money— we've lost everything. Just get the hell out of here, Vikki!

(GUNNAR grabs the brennivín. VIKKI steals his shot glass, so he drinks out of the bottle.)

VIKKI:

Go back to chatting with hackers over IRC instead of in coffee shops...

GUNNAR:

Quit your job with the International Monetary Fuckers.

VIKKI:

Sigyn already fired me for illegal activities.

GUNNAR:

For hacking?

VIKKI:

Some laws need to get broken.

GUNNAR:

Do they.

VIKKI:

The problem is, the IMF likes their misinformation— that's where the internets come in.

GUNNAR:

You and your internets, Vikki.

VIKKI:

We've got Anonymous hackers, the Internet Archive, the Icelandic Digital Freedoms Society, all sorts of whistleblower sites— someone submitted a Kaupping loan-book to Wikileaks this afternoon!

GUNNAR:

Anyone we know make the list?

VIKKI:

It's encrypted, haven't opened it yet... But this is the kind of thing that will change history— the internet, Gunnar, has already won. Whether or not politicians do anything the whole *world* will know--

GUNNAR:

The whole world doesn't care. Turn on the news, all you get is soap opera crisis porn— no one gives a damn about what really happened. There's only one motto for this revolution,

Vikki:

helvítis fokking fokk.

VIKKI:

What's that?

GUNNAR:

Fuckety fuck fuck.

VIKKI:

But here's what the hackers are saying: Iceland can be the Switzerland of bits. Like Switzerland keeps the world's money, Iceland could store all the world's digital information and be a safe-haven for journalists under protection of the constitution—

GUNNAR:

Given the glorious quagmire of Icelandic transparency, Vikki—

VIKKI:

It's already started.

GUNNAR:

(dubious)

It's started?

VIKKI:

A few hackers in their parents' basement, like all good things in life. Because this is the *perfect* place to host a bunch of servers! Tons of clean energy, cold temperatures year-round.

GUNNAR:

We're geologically and politically unstable.

VIKKI:  
Concrete bunkers?

GUNNAR:  
Won't fix the government.

VIKKI:  
That's where your kitchenware revolution comes in. This can't happen in America, but Iceland has *collapsed*, you already have to build everything from scratch!

GUNNAR:  
Not without destroying the foundations—

VIKKI:  
Sounds like a plan.

GUNNAR:  
Don't be stupid.

VIKKI:  
What happened to Gunnar the anarchist? This morning you were throwing eggs and banging some pans and— y'know, flirting with chaos.

(Beat.)

GUNNAR:  
Chaos got presumptuous, I broke off the engagement.

VIKKI:  
You can't just—

GUNNAR:  
Look, it's been fun. I'll miss you. But I've got a fishing quota to fill and the elusive promise of a steady income—

VIKKI:  
But the next protest—

GUNNAR:  
I wouldn't say this if I didn't care about you, Vikki— *get the fokk out of here*. Not your country, not your problem... You've got a future.

(GUNNAR drinks more brennivín. EGIL and BRYN enter. EGIL stands aside, glaring at GUNNAR.)



BRYN:

Gunnar and Wikki! I do hope you'll stay for dinner, our kids are coming over and we're celebrating Þórrablot!

GUNNAR:

Vikki's a vegetarian.

BRYN:

The wonderful thing about Þórrablot, Vikki, is that everything is putrefied.

VIKKI:

Putrefied?

BRYN:

After you bury a shark for two months, all the fishy bits turn to ammonia and it's just like cleaning fluid! Safe for vegetarians.

EGIL:

Þórrablot is a celebration of our ancestors' foods that we'll never need to eat again. Sour ram's testicles, intestine sausage, rotten shark, half-boiled sheep's head—

GUNNAR:

Everything we'll go back to once we're too broke to import veggies...

BRYN:

Won't you stay?

EGIL:

Bryn, we are not inviting Gunnar for dinner.

BRYN:

Blood is thicker than politics, dear. Now let's—

EGIL:

I will not dine with those who dishonor our nation.

(EGIL leaves. GUNNAR stands up.)

BRYN:

Yes you will! ...He'll get over himself, Gunnar, there's no need to—

GUNNAR:

It's fine. I was just leaving.

BRYN:

Gah, it's all talk talk talk, yetna, think think think— what is with you two? Jesús minn,

you're up here  
(taps her head)  
so much that you're forgetting about what's in here...  
(taps her heart)

GUNNAR:  
(annoyed)  
That wasn't what we were—

BRYN:  
When I was your age, if a boy and a girl spent as much time together as you two  
sweethearts, they'd be rolling around in the meadow before sundown, you know what I say?  
Not sitting around intellectualizing!

VIKKI:  
We've got a revolution to uphold.

BRYN:  
Já, all these excuses— it's time to realize what's really important these days.

VIKKI:  
(confused)  
What are you—

BRYN:  
Two degrees from the MIT and you're as dense as a war-hammer!  
(whispers to VIKKI)  
I've got condoms in the top drawer of the study.

(GUNNAR feels left out; VIKKI laughs. BRYN winks at VIKKI and exits.)

GUNNAR:  
What was that about?

VIKKI:  
(snickering)  
Nothing.

GUNNAR:  
What happened to freedom of information?

VIKKI:  
It wasn't important!

(GUNNAR glares. VIKKI sighs.)

VIKKI:  
Something about condoms.

GUNNAR:  
(mortified)  
Helvítis! I'm sorry, that wasn't— It's different in Iceland, y'know. If you haven't sleep together by the end of the first date, there's no hope for the couple—

VIKKI:  
Fascinating.

GUNNAR:  
I'll have to tell Bryn not to come in like that— it's these cultural differences, she doesn't understand—

VIKKI:  
Hey, it's useful data.

(Beat. GUNNAR is suddenly confused.)

VIKKI:  
I'll make you a deal— stick around for the next protest, and I'll go dancing tonight.

GUNNAR:  
If you're not back in America by February, you'll have to officially default on your mortgage.

VIKKI:  
But our hackers' club is meeting twice a week! Everything's happening now, Gunnar. I wouldn't miss it for the world.

GUNNAR:  
How about a lifetime of financial security?

VIKKI:  
Versus the biggest internet movement since Google? No question, let's dance.

(VIKKI spins GUNNAR around. GUNNAR stares at VIKKI, then shrugs and follows her out.)

SCENE 5: Outside Parliament, evening

(The RIOT POLICEMAN is back in front of Parliament, and the CROWD bangs pots and pans with more enthusiasm. BRYN and SIGYN walk on together. BRYN carries a teapot, which she hits with her spoon.)

BRYN:  
Ooh, any new boys?

SIGYN:  
Nei nei.

BRYN:  
But you've been traveling—

SIGYN:  
Investigating economic riots.

BRYN:  
No boys at all?

SIGYN:  
Greece has shut down, everyone's taken to the streets. Latvia arrested one hundred and six demonstrators last week for violence— and Iceland still hasn't held a general strike. All your protests take place during extended lunch breaks!

BRYN:  
It's been dreadful, Sigyn— my cousin Baldur's in the police force, he was standing right there in shiny new riot gear when some lunatic broke his jaw with a flagpole! So the police had to use tear gas for the first time in sixty years--

SIGYN:  
Your municipality set up an official tear gas station to help the injured--

BRYN:  
At least *someone* still cares about us.

SIGYN:  
No one's fired a single gun—

BRYN:  
Anarchists set fire to the doors of the Althing! So me and Baldur's wife and the rest of our knitting group started some protests to protest the protesters. We brought flowers and hot chocolate to the riot policemen, there were free hugs for everyone, even the anarchists...

SIGYN:

This is the most remarkable nation.

BRYN:

We can't take it out on the policemen, they're just as broke as the rest of us!

SIGYN:

Say, did Vikki get that job with the Special Investigation Committee?

BRYN:

Já, but they're too official to be trusted. Her little hacker's club is the one fixing this country.

SIGYN:

What d'you mean?

BRYN:

Something called *Wikileaks*— Wikki didn't start it, the name's just a coincidence— but you can help them with a puzzle! There's a riddle that leads to a password and it goes like this: tell Sigyn to empty my cauldron.

SIGYN:

(startled)

What is this for?

BRYN:

They're publishing a list of who owes the most money to Kaupping Bank!

SIGYN:

That would be confidential.

BRYN:

And awfully useful...

SIGYN:

This is the kind of rash illegality that could take down a government.

BRYN:

This sounds like Loki!

SIGYN:

The bastard.

BRYN:

*To the end of all Time he'll roam free through the land,  
And all things stir and change at the touch of his hand,  
And when the world's old and no fun's left in store,  
He'll blow it all up and start over once more!*

SIGYN:  
(depressed)  
A god of revolutions.

BRYN:  
But that book of loans is exactly what Iceland needs right now! Honestly, is the IMF planning to bring *anyone* to justice?

SIGYN:  
I'm not so sure anymore—

BRYN:  
Legality be damned, Sigyn, I threw a handful of skyr at the Althing this morning and I'm a law-abiding citizen if there ever was one.

SIGYN:  
So you think I should visit my ex?

BRYN:  
Óðin said he has something important--

SIGYN:  
I just want to forget about him, Bryn! We haven't been happy together for centuries—

BRYN:  
If you can't let bygones be bygones, maybe they're not bygones at all.

(Beat.)

SIGYN:  
I'll go on behalf of Iceland.

BRYN:  
You wearing nice lingerie?

SIGYN:  
Yggdrasil! I'm not going to—

BRYN:  
(suggestive)  
You don't marry a boy like Loki unless—

SIGYN:  
*We're divorced.*

BRYN:

Just don't miss out, dear. Bles bles!

(SIGYNN leaves as VIKKI enters.)

CROWD:  
Áfram Ísland!

VIKKI:  
The coalition government has officially dissolved!

BRYN:  
So we've got a democracy again! Ooh, poor Egil...

VIKKI:  
The Prime Minister met with the President to tend his resignation, and—

(EGIL and GUNNAR come onstage from other directions. The ANARCHIST comes over, banging two pans together. She stops and looks at EGIL.)

ANARCHIST:  
You're Geir Haarde's crony, aren't you? [Devil!] Djöfullinn, burn in hell!

(ANARCHIST spits in EGIL's face. GUNNAR menaces the ANARCHIST, who backs away in surprise. GUNNAR removes his mask and hands EGIL a handkerchief.)

EGIL:  
I thought you were leaving for Vestmannaeyjar.

GUNNAR:  
Nei.

EGIL:  
Even to defray your debts? Forge a new life?

GUNNAR:  
I'm no fisherman.

EGIL:  
(kindly)  
Then you're an idealist and a fool.

VIKKI:  
Áfram Ísland! It's victory, Gunnar!

GUNNAR:  
It was guaranteed for the past week.

VIKKI:  
But this is it! A liberal majority, for the first time in decades—

EGIL:  
Brilliant, get the *commies* to fix our markets.

GUNNAR:  
Welcome, Egil, to the ranks of the unemployed.

(Beat. EGIL and GUNNAR stare at each other.)

EGIL:  
So I owe you a round of drinks.

GUNNAR:  
Oh yes. You in, Vikki?

VIKKI:  
Course.

EGIL:  
(to VIKKI)  
You've turned into quite the Icelander.

VIKKI:  
Takk fyrir.

BRYN:  
(to EGIL)  
It's back to writing for you, dear.

EGIL:  
(not entirely convinced)  
I've always secretly preferred poetry to Parliament.

(The POLICEMAN takes off his helmet.)

POLICEMAN:  
Have a good afternoon, hope you enjoyed yourselves.

BRYN:  
(friendly)  
Absolutely, takk takk.

(EVERYONE walks slowly offstage.)



VIKKI:  
I've decided I like this country.

GUNNAR:  
And this isn't because you can't afford to leave?

VIKKI:  
I genuinely like Iceland. Sure we owe Japan a few apartments, but I'm just going to walk away from my mortgage and there's so much potential here—

GUNNAR:  
For volcanoes and earthquakes, you mean?

VIKKI:  
Why is everything so totally hopeless with you?

GUNNAR:  
We're not Obama Nation. Did you know, hope is the name of a river in Norse mythology.

VIKKI:  
A river, that's nice.

GUNNAR:  
There's a prophecy that Fenrir-wolf, one of Loki's sons, will devour Óðin at Ragnarök. So the gods of Ásgarð decide to bind the wolf for eternity— stave off the inevitable, as it were. They go to the dwarves and get a rope made of a mountain's roots and the sound of a cat's footfall and they take this rope to Fenrir-wolf, who grows suspicious, and demands that some god put his hand into Fenrir's jaws in good faith.

VIKKI:  
Does someone stick their hand in?

GUNNAR:  
Týr, a god of justice, who cared for Fenrir when he was a pup. So when Fenrir struggles and realizes he's bound fast, Týr loses his hand and this is why he makes ill-advised judgments. Fenrir-wolf is furious, meanwhile, he snaps at the gods so they prop open his jaws with a sword. Now, somewhere in the frozen wastes at the end of the earth, the great wolf howls in pain and the saliva running from its mouth forms the river called Hope.

VIKKI:  
No wonder you're a nation of pessimists!

GUNNAR:  
It's worse than that, we're a nation of optimists that can't reconcile our own doom.

VIKKI:

I don't get why doom always needs to be reconciled.

GUNNAR:

What are you talking about?

VIKKI:

Life is short and death is certain, so just drink today and regret it tomorrow!

(GUNNAR stops and looks at VIKKI.)

GUNNAR:

You make a compelling argument.

(VIKKI and GUNNAR kiss briefly and walk offstage together.)

SCENE 6: LOKI'S CAVERN

(LOKI is trying to build a strange mechanical contraption to divert the venom from his cauldron as SIGYN enters. LOKI is momentarily astonished, but conceals it with nonchalance.)

LOKI:  
Couldn't stay away from me, could you?

SIGYN:  
Gott kvöld, Loki.

LOKI:  
My one and only ex-darling. Has the world ended already?

SIGYN:  
I should hope not.

LOKI:  
Helvítis.  
(Beat. Each waits for the other to begin.)  
How's the weather?

SIGYN:  
Awful.

LOKI:  
Good, good.

SIGYN:  
Iceland's ruling coalition stepped down after the protests.

LOKI:  
To preempt another egg strike?

SIGYN:  
To accede to the people's wishes.

LOKI:  
Can't go too long without croissants and omelets.

SIGYN:  
Óðin says you've got something to tell me.

LOKI:  
Já, the cauldron!

(Beat. SIGYN looks at the cauldron dubiously.)  
One-Eye came to assess the possible damages. If you remain in the world of men, see, I'll be left alone down here and my throes of agony could make quite a stir on the Richter scale.

SIGYN:  
Óðin's not interested in seismology.

LOKI:  
If I have to suffer this venom until Ragnarök then by Naglfar I will—

SIGYN:  
I'll think about it.

LOKI:  
I'm honored to be the subject of your illustrious neurons, Sigyn—

SIGYN:  
Óðin said, and I quote, Loki wants to talk to you.

LOKI:  
That's much too vernacular, gotta be more erudite:  
(mimicking Óðin's voice)  
*Loki entreats a colloquy with your personage.*

SIGYN:  
Loki—

LOKI:  
I told you, ex-wife, you've got a cauldron to empty!

SIGYN:  
This wasn't what the Allfather had in mind.

LOKI:  
Honestly Sigyn, if you want me to tell you what he thinks I want to tell you, why don't you damn well tell me what to tell you?

SIGYN:  
You're convoluted as a Celtic knot. What did you two discuss?

LOKI:  
I don't have to tell— it's not like you're my *wife*! One-Eye is always sticking his ravens in other peoples' business.

SIGYN:  
If the Wise One was mistaken, I'd best get going.

LOKI:  
(startled)  
Already?

SIGYN:  
It's not like you're my husband.

LOKI:  
Of course not. Go, be self-determined! Sleep through some international conferences and frolic with your Monkey King.

SIGYN:  
How do you know about him?

LOKI:  
Facebook. It's banned in China, he's on every day.

SIGYN:  
Are you jealous?

LOKI:  
Only insofar as I haven't had sex *for a sesquicentennial*.

SIGYN:  
You slept with more women while we were married than most men do when they're bachelors. And that's not even counting the men, elves, dwarfs, giants, stallions—

LOKI:  
Are *you* jealous?

SIGYN:  
It's nothing compared to your infatuation with doomsday.

LOKI:  
It didn't amount to much.

SIGYN:  
I noticed that, yes—

LOKI:  
(panicking)  
Did Óðin say—

SIGYN:  
What?

LOKI:  
I dunno, you tell *me*.

SIGYN:  
You're stubborn as a troll's toddler!

(LOKI grins; SIGYN rolls her eyes.)

SIGYN:  
Did you send a message to some internet hackers?

LOKI:  
Is Sigyn the Righteous getting involved with illegal activities?

SIGYN:  
Never.

LOKI:  
Pity. Wikileaks is infinitely more effective than anything legal.

SIGYN:  
How did you get internet access?

LOKI:  
Seduced a visiting anarchist. You looking for the passcode?

SIGYN:  
Yes.

LOKI:  
My ex-darling, that's a breach of Kaupþing's confidentiality.

SIGYN:  
What if I empty your cauldron?

LOKI:  
And admit you're favoring hackers over the international bureaucracy.

SIGYN:  
Force majeure.

LOKI:  
You've *always* had a soft spot for trickster tactics.

SIGYN:

Just as you secretly wish your life would go according to plan.

LOKI:  
Touché.

(SIGYN pulls a stool over and lifts the cauldron off its post.)

SIGYN:  
The passcode?

LOKI:  
Eight characters, no spaces: sexy Loki. Ahh, fokk!

(SIGYN carries the cauldron to the side of the stage and pours it out. LOKI twitches in pain as the venom falls on him.)

SIGYN:  
For a god of chaos, you're disappointingly predictable. Capital L?

LOKI:  
Doesn't matter, it's locked until April.

SIGYN:  
Locked?

(SIGYN comes over with the cauldron; she doesn't hang it up. LOKI is pleased with himself.)

LOKI:  
I promised some bankers they could flee to London before I released it.

SIGYN:  
Did you really.

LOKI:  
Now put that cauldron—

SIGYN:  
I agreed to empty the vessel, not replace it.

(SIGYN puts the cauldron down on the floor. LOKI panics.)

LOKI:  
Torture is illegal in Iceland!

SIGYN:

Not my fault you're chained to a rock. What did you tell Óðin?

LOKI:  
I have no idea what you're—

SIGYN:  
Take your time, I've got all day.

LOKI:  
Ahhhhh...

(ÓÐIN, FRIGGA and ÞÓR enter suddenly. LOKI and SIGYN are startled.)

ÓÐIN:  
Loki Laufeyjarson.

LOKI:  
You've got to help me, my ex is insane—

FRIGGA:  
Gott kvöld, Loki. Gott kvöld Sigyn.

SIGYN:  
Kvöld, Frigga.

LOKI:  
Please—

ÓÐIN:  
*Please* does not feature into the Norse vocabulary.

(The GODS stand awkwardly around. LOKI whimpers.)

ÓÐIN:  
(to FRIGGA)  
Frigga, you assured me—

FRIGGA:  
Perhaps we arrived too soon...

ÞÓR:  
Hah! Mum prophesized you two'd be married again.

LOKI:  
(to FRIGGA)  
Are you mad?!

SIGYN:  
(to FRIGGA)  
By Yggdrasil, *why?*



LOKI:  
Does this *look* like a happy relationship?!

FRIGGA:  
(to ÓÐIN)  
You said Loki still loves her.

SIGYN:  
He loves me?

LOKI:  
Replace that thrice-cursed cauldron, and I'll—

(SIGYN hangs up the cauldron and LOKI falls back, exhausted.)

SIGYN:  
(to LOKI)  
Is this true?

FRIGGA:  
Why do you think he went into *finance* instead of military operations?

SIGYN:  
(to LOKI)  
So here's what you're not telling me.

FRIGGA:  
Had Loki actually *tried* to bring about Ragnarök, we would be long dead.

ÓÐIN:  
That is not certain.

FRIGGA:  
Let's not get into this now, sweetheart.

SIGYN:  
(to LOKI)  
Is it true? You kept your promise all along?

LOKI:  
(catching his breath)  
I dunno.

ÓÐIN:  
Loki may cheat, betray, and dissemble, but he keeps his oaths sacred.

SIGYN:  
Even after you helped dictators with nuclear proliferation—

LOKI:  
You kept running after guys with tails.

SIGYN:  
You were the least faithful husband in Ásgarð.

LOKI:  
But you were looking for another *relationship*.

SIGYN:  
I'd turned into your cauldron-emptier, there was nothing between us!

LOKI:  
I could've grown a tail if you asked!

SIGYN:  
(to LOKI)  
*If you told me how you felt—*

LOKI:  
No one admits undying love during divorce proceedings.

FRIGGA:  
(to ÓÐIN, in a monotone)  
Aren't they adorable together?

ÓÐIN:  
That wouldn't be my adjective of choice.

LOKI:  
I don't see why you care, you'll run off and forget about me all over again.

SIGYN:  
Why do you think that?

LOKI:  
How could you still love me?

SIGYN:  
Against all my better judgment.

(Beat. LOKI parses this statement.)

LOKI:  
(delighted)  
Sigyn!

SIGYN:  
Loki Laufeyjarsen, will you re-marry me?

LOKI:  
Sigyn Ásgrímsdóttir, there is nothing in all three worlds that would delight me more.

ÞÓR:  
Well, I'm bored.

(ÞÓR rolls his eyes and picks up the *Essential Thor* comic book. LOKI extricates SIGYN's ring from the mechanical contraption, and slips it on her finger.)

ÓÐIN:  
As witnesses to the act, I call upon Þór Óðinson, Frigga—  
(LOKI and SIGYN kiss, passionately. ÓÐIN is annoyed.)

Frigga of the ásynjur, and myself, the highest of the gods.  
(Beat. LOKI and SIGYN are still kissing.)

Thus they are joined once more in marital union. Loki and Sigyn--

FRIGGA:  
We'd best be going, my sweet. We'd hate to overstay our welcome.

ÞÓR:  
Bow chicka wow wow...

SIGYN:  
Já, Allfather?

ÓÐIN:  
I am pleased at your re-acquaintance.

LOKI:  
You should come visit more often, One-Eye— never know when Ragnarök will strike and we're suddenly mortal enemies.

ÞÓR:  
(hefting his hammer)  
Watch it.

ÓÐIN:  
Loki, I am aware that our personal computational device could use an upgrade.

LOKI:

From co-creator of the universe to assistant techie, is that what I've come to?  
(LOKI looks at SIGYN, who raises her eyebrows. LOKI sighs.)

Bring it over, I'll take a look.

ÓÐIN:

Takk fyrir.

LOKI:

Still got that Babbage difference engine?

ÓÐIN:

My Electronic Transactor now has *thirty-two kilobytes* of R.A.M.

(LOKI and SIGYN look at each other, bemused.)

FRIGGA:

Farewell, Loki and Sigyn.

ÞÓR:

Bles bles, half-breed coward.

LOKI:

Irascible dunderhead.

ÞÓR:

Strumpet.

LOKI:

Quite enjoyed the herring.

(ÞÓR grunts in reply. FRIGGA, ÞÓR, and ÓÐIN walk offstage.)

ÞÓR:

Loki's getting sentimental, prepare for doomsday.

ÓÐIN:

That's not a joking matter, Þór.

ÞÓR:

Dad, you dragged me all the way here to watch a *romance!* I thought there'd be mead...

SIGYN:

You know I can't stay forever.

LOKI:  
Okay.

SIGYN:  
I can only come for a week, I'll need to take care of some conference arrangements.

LOKI:  
Okay.

SIGYN:  
I'll stay over in Iceland whenever I can, but—

LOKI:  
Okay.

SIGYN:  
Okay?

LOKI:  
I don't care, Sigyn, you're my *wife!*

SIGYN:  
I'm quoting you on that later.

LOKI:  
You're so cute when you're conniving.

SIGYN:  
*You're* conniving even when you're cute... I'd be better off marrying that serpent.

LOKI:  
(cheerfully)  
Indubitably.

(Beat. SIGYN comes to sit next to LOKI.)

LOKI:  
Sigyn, let's set off a volcano. Give this economy a proper viking funeral and scatter the ashes across Europe— teach those Brits not to mess with the Norsemen. What do you think?

SIGYN:  
I think I missed you.

(LOKI grins at SIGYN; they cuddle.)

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