

From the Norse Mythology Ragnasplosion by Don Zolidis

SAERMNIR, ageless, a giant boar that gets eaten every day in Valhalla, is killed, and then is resurrected the next day, only to be eaten again. Always. Forever.

SAERIMNIR

Hey what's up guys? AAAAAAAAH!

(They try to eat SAERIMNIR again, but he stops them.)

Okay, hold up! Can I get everybody's attention please? Everybody. My name is Saerimnir! You may know me as your dinner. And every day I come to work, and I am trying to make friends with you people, and I am trying to keep a positive spin on this, and everyday all y'all stab me and roast me, and eat me. Fine. I get it. That's my role here. I am destined to have my legs pulled off, placed in a fire, and consumed in an orgy of drunken feasting. That's your thing.

Can I get some dramatic music here please?

(Dramatic sad, piano music plays.)

But I have feelings. You know, when I wake up in the morning, and once again, I have been resurrected, and once again, I am sitting in a bathtub filled with bar-be-cue marinade, I say to myself, today's gonna be different. Today they're gonna respect me. Today they're gonna see that I have more to offer than my juicy, tender flesh. Maybe they'll learn that I enjoy Seinfeld, or learn about my slam poetry. But no.

Has anyone here ever asked about my family?

(turns to one of the warriors)

Have you?

(turns to another one of the warriors)

Have you?

Do you know I have a wife and kids at home? And every day, when I come to work, I hug my little piglets, and they say, "Dad, what are you gonna do at work today?" And I say, "well, junior, I'm gonna get torn limb from limb and watch as my skin burns to a mouth-watering crisp." And I turn AWAY, because I don't want them to see their dad cry.

(He grabs HEITHRUN, a large goat, and brings her forward.)

You know who this is? This is Heithrun. She's the goat that provides all the mead for you people. She eats the branches of Yggdrasil and there is continuous mead flowing from her teats. She doesn't even mind! And you people are literally suckling beer from her udders all night long, and YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW HER NAME!

(She waves, but SAERIMNIR doesn't let go of her.)

Well I say, **ENOUGH! I QUIT! I AM NOT YOUR DINNER ANYMORE! FIND A NEW BOAR TO SLAUGHTER EVERY NIGHT!** Me and this funky goat are going on a road trip and we are not coming back! So you guys can take this job and shove it – AAAAAAAAH!!!

To read this entire play, please visit www.playscripts.com