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The Norse Mythology Ragnasplosion (one-act)

By Don Zolidis

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Cast of Characters

(The show may be performed with a cast of 6, 3M 3F, or any number of actors larger than that.)

Introduction
NARRATOR 1, male
NARRATOR 2, female
THOR
HULK
OLE
SVEN
CHANDRA
LOKI
JORMUNGANDR
SALLY
FENRIR
HEL
TYR
VALKYRIES 1-3
WARRIORS 1-3
SAERIMNIR, a boar
FRIGG
BALDER
LOKI
HOD
COW
LOKI
ODIN
FRIGG
TYR
BRAGI
FREYA
ACTORS 1-3

How to do this show with 6 actors: The Narrators become various characters in each scene as necessary – allow the audience to see all the costume changes, it may be as simple as putting on a fake beard or helmet. Just enough to give a suggestion of character.

Gender of the performers: Since this play is meant to be performed with the "strings showing," it's perfectly acceptable to have any character played by an actor of any gender.

Ad-libbing: The Narrators interact with the audience, so some ad-libbing is required.

(Valhalla. An immense drinking hall. Shields on the walls.)
(Sounds of icy wind blowing. Dramatic music plays.)

NARRATOR 1 *(off-stage, on microphone)*

It begins.
Usually come credits roll.
Then, we meet our hero – the God of Thunder… THOR!
(THOR enters, dressed like the Marvel superhero. He holds his hammer aloft.)

THOR *(with a British accent)*

I pledge to protect the people of Midgard from the end of the world, which is probably my fault.

NARRATOR 1 *(off-stage)*

And with him was his work buddy.
(HULK enters and high-fives him.)

THOR

Avengers assemble!

NARRATOR 1 *(off-stage)*

And they posed. Oh how they posed.
(They all pose dramatically.)
And they shifted poses slightly.
(They all shift poses slightly.)

(NARRATOR 2 bursts onto the stage while they are frozen.)

NARRATOR 2

PAUSE!

NARRATOR 1 *(off-stage)*

They continued to pause. Dramatically.

NARRATOR 2

Not a dramatic pause! *<NARRATOR 2's real name>*, get out here.

NARRATOR 1 *(off-stage)*

It is more dramatic this way.

NARRATOR 2

Get out here now!
(NARRATOR 1 enters.)
What the heck is this?

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NARRATOR 1

Um… it's our show about Ragnarok. I've been working on this for like a couple of hours. That's more effort than I put it into anything else.

HULK

Can we stop posing please? This hurts my face.

NARRATOR 1

It's awesome, and you are awesome. So no – stay where you are.

NARRATOR 2

Why is the Hulk in it?

NARRATOR 1

Um… Hello – he fights Thor in the alien arena thing.

NARRATOR 2

Did you just watch the movie for this?

NARRATOR 1

That's ridiculous and I am insulted! There are 3 movies! Thor 1, Thor 2, which was terrible but I still watched it because of COMMITMENT. And get this, not only is Thor a God, but the Asgardians have laser guns and spaceships and other awesome stuff, which you would totally not expect from a bunch of… gods.

NARRATOR 2

We're doing a show about Ragnarok – the myth. Not the movie.

HULK

Can Hulk stop posing please?

THOR

My arm is killing me.

NARRATOR 1

YOU ARE THE GOD OF THUNDER YOU CAN HOLD YOUR HAMMER IN THE AIR FOREVER!

NARRATOR 2

Why does Thor have a British accent? He's from, like, Norway.

NARRATOR 1

Yeah I guess that's weird.

NARRATOR 2
The real Thor was nothing like the Thor in movies.

THOR
Am I still dead sexy?

NARRATOR 2
No.

THOR
What?! That is hurtful.

HULK
Is Hulk dead sexy?

NARRATOR 2
No one thinks Hulk is dead sexy.

HULK
Mrs. Hulk thinks Hulk dead sexy.

NARRATOR 2
There is no Mrs. Hulk!

NARRATOR 1
You're thinking of She-Hulk. She's your cousin.

HULK
Hulk disturbed now.

NARRATOR 2
All right get off the stage! We're not doing superheroes!
(They grumble, stretch, and leave.)
We're doing the actual Norse myth, okay! Ragnarok! The end of the world.

NARRATOR 1
Does it have zombies?

NARRATOR 2
Of course it has zombies!

NARRATOR 1
Go on.

NARRATOR 2

And are you ready to help me?!

NARRATOR 1

I HAVE NO SKILLS OR KNOWLEDGE BUT I WILL HELP! And I will also happily inform you when you're wrong. Mansplaining, for the win. Am I right, guys?

(looks out to the audience)

Look at them out there. Implicitly trusting me more cause I'm a dude. Sweet.

NARRATOR 2

Now, you may not know this, in fact I know you don't know this, but Norse mythology is from Scandinavia, which is the happiest place on earth.

NARRATOR 1

Like Disneyland.

NARRATOR 2

Why is Scandinavia the happiest place on earth? Because it's also the most pessimistic place on earth. Which is where Ragnarok comes from.

(SVEN and OLE enter.)

SVEN

Ya hello Ole.

OLE

Oh ya hello Sven. How are you?

SVEN

Oh, ya know, preparing for the end of the world. Which is coming.

OLE

Oh ya you betcha.

SVEN

Sure thing. We're all gonna die.

OLE

Fire or ice, Sven?

SVEN

Both.

(OLE and SVEN leave.)

NARRATOR 2

Like most apocalypses, it begins with babies.

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NARRATOR 1

Loki's babies.

NARRATOR 2

Loki was the God of fire, and lies, and some other stuff… he was totally busy. And a single dad.

(LOKI enters.)

So he needed… daycare.

(CHANDRA, a hippie-type daycare worker enters)

CHANDRA

Here at Montessori school, we allow children to make their own choices. What excites them? What do they want to do? A child could play with blocks all day, or even paint.

LOKI

Uh-huh. I've got three kids, actually, and they're a little rowdy.

CHANDRA

We don't believe in discipline, because children are naturally sweet and innocent.

LOKI

Huh. Well… Let me go get little Jo-jo.

(LOKI exits and returns, dragging JORMUNGANDR, a gigantic stuffed snake.)

This is Jormungandr.

CHANDRA

Wow.

JORMUNGANDR

Hissssss! I will swallow the world! Hissss!

LOKI

He's a free spirit.

(JORMUNGANDR starts slithering around the room.)

CHANDRA

He's big!

LOKI

Oh yeah. Ninety-ninth percentile.

CHANDRA

Does he have any dietary restrictions?

LOKI

Anything that fits in his mouth. His mother is a giant, actually. Let's be real: she's huge. It's not a pleasant marriage, but I was young, and I'm not a deadbeat, so I believe in taking care of my kids.

(SALLY enters)

SALLY

Hi I'm Sally!

JORMUNGANDR

Blarrrghgahwhwhw!

SALLY

Aaaaaaah!

(JORMUNGANDR devours SALLY.)

CHANDRA

He just ate one of the other children!

LOKI

He loves to explore.

(JORMUNGANDR slithers around more)

I'm gonna go get my next son. Don't get close to his mouth, or his tail, or his mid-section.

(LOKI exits.)

CHANDRA

So… Jo-jo…

JORMUNGANDR

Hisssss! Arrhrrhghghgh.

CHANDRA

Would you like to do some finger paints?

(LOKI returns with FENRIR, who is dressed like a wolf.)

LOKI

This is my second boy, Fenrir. He's a giant talking wolf. I don't know where the wolf gene comes in – probably a recessive trait or something. Boy was his mother surprised when he came out! Oh look there's a wolf!

FENRIR *(in a growl)*

FATHER, I DO NOT LIKE DAYCARE.

LOKI

He's already talking, isn't that great? Super advanced.

FENRIR *(in a growl)*
I WILL DEVOUR ALL THAT I SEE.

CHANDRA
Someone's gonna love snack time!

LOKI
He is a champion eater, actually.

FENRIR *(in a growl)*
MY JAWS WILL TEAR THE FLESH FROM THIS HUMAN.

LOKI
We have such a hard time with baby-sitters!
(JORMUNGANDR slithers towards FENRIR)

JORMUNANDR
Hiisisssss… brother…

FENRIR *(in a growl)*
DO NOT BOTHER ME, BROTHER.

JORMUNGANDR
Poke.

FENRIR
STOP POKING ME.

JORMUNGANDR
Poke.

FENRIR
I SAID STOP IT!

JORMUNAGANDR *(mocking him)*
I said stop it.

FENRIR *(in a growl)*
RARRRRGGHG!
(JORMUNGANDR and FENRIR start wrestling. JORMUNGANDR gets on top of FENRIR.)

JORMUNGANDR
Why are you hitting yourself? Stop hitting yourself! You need to stop hitting yourself!

Skipping Forward

CHANDRA

Okay… Hel. We have dolls to play with, if you're interested in gender-specific play. But also trucks and um…

(HEL is standing over SALLY's body, chanting.)

HEL *(chanting)*

Mnasrhrhg raggrarr mnash amunn

CHANDRA

I love making up songs! I'm a little teapot –

HEL

Rise, my puppet.

(SALLY's body jerks into the air.)

CHANDRA

Oh!

HEL

You shall serve me in the war to come when the dead rise.

SALLY

I serve you my queen. Brains.

CHANDRA

Wonderful. You're making friends. But Sally here is actually dead.

HEL

The distinction between life and death is meaningless to me.

CHANDRA

Yes. It is hard for kids to understand.

HEL

Slay her, my slave.

(SALLY chokes CHANDRA.)

(Smashing noises off-stage.)

FENRIR *(off-stage)*

OWWW! STOP HITTING ME! OWWW!

(HEL chants over CHANDRA's dead body and she jerks up.)

HEL

You shall be the first members of my legion of the dead.

CHANDRA

Yes, my queen.

HEL

Bring me a pony.

(NARRATOR 1 steps in)

NARRATOR 1

So Hel went to go live in the underworld. And Jormungandr went to go live in the ocean because he was annoyed with his brother.

(JORMUNGANDR slithers across the stage.)

JORMUNGANDR

I'm gonna go live in the ocean cause you're mean!

FENRIR

YOU STARTED IT!

JORMUNGANDR

You started it! You know what I'm gonna do? I'm gonna circle the earth cause I'm so big! And I'm not gonna even talk to you until the end of the world!

FENRIR

FINE! DO THAT!

(He exits.)

(FENRIR cries as LOKI enters.)

(Sad piano music plays.)

LOKI

What's the matter, buddy?

FENRIR

I feel like I'm different than the other kids. Because I'm a giant wolf.

LOKI

Some kids are just different.

FENRIR

I guess. But Dad? I feel like my body is changing. Growing.

LOKI

That's part of life, champ. That happens to everybody.

FENRIR

And I'm getting fur everywhere.

LOKI

Uh-huh. Sure.

FENRIR

And I'm consumed by an urge to eat everyone.

LOKI

…yeah.
(pause)
I got nothing.
(He exits)

NARRATOR 1

So the gods were worried about Loki's kids, and they had a meeting.
(THOR, ODIN, TYR, and FRIGG enter elsewhere on stage)

THOR

I say we kill it.

ODIN

That's your answer to everything, Thor.

THOR

And it's a great answer, Father.

FRIGG

Why don't we just find a nice farm for him somewhere? Let him run around.

TYR

I say we chain him up. The wolf trusts me. We're friends.
(pause)

THOR

Who are you?

TYR

I'm Tyr. God of war? The day Tuesday is named after me. Literally, I'm one of the most important gods there is.

ODIN

Huh. You're expendable.

NARRATOR 1

So it was decided that the totally unimportant god Tyr would put his hand in Fenrir's mouth while they chained him up.

TYR

What?! I didn't volunteer for that!

ODIN

Good idea, Tyr. You're a good egg.

FRIGG

We're totally gonna remember you.
(FENRIR enters.)

FENRIR

What's going on?

THOR

Tyr is going to stick his hand in your mouth while we put a collar on you.

TYR

No I'm not!

THOR *(whispering very loudly to TYR)*

Shhhh! Just go with it! It'll be fine. Trust me. I've got a good feeling about this.
(THOR grabs TYR's hand and puts it in FENRIR's mouth.)

FENRIR

He hasn't even washed his hands! This is icky!

NARRATOR 1

And they put the collar and chains on Fenrir and he was so upset he ate that guy's hand.
(FENRIR bites down on TYR's hand.)

FENRIR

Nooo! Munch munch munch!

TYR

AAARRRRRHGHGHGH! MY HAND! HE BIT OFF MY HAND!!

FRIGG

Thanks for taking one for the team, whatever-your-name-is.

THOR

I'm glad that's over with.
(Pats TYR on the shoulder)

See? It all worked out. High-five.

(He tries to high-five TYR and misses.)

Whoops I forgot about that hand! Ha ha ha ha ha. Let's go have some mead.

TYR

I hate all of you

(They exit)

NARRATOR 1

And they left Fenrir chained up forever until the end of time, when he would get loose and kill everyone. Spoiler alert.

FENRIR

Dad? Daddy? I'm hungry.

(short pause)

YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS.

NARRATOR 2

Now it's time to talk about the warrior maidens, the Valkyries!

NARRATOR 1

I have a hard time identifying with female protagonists.

(NARRATOR 1 leaves)

NARRATOR 2

The Valkyries were super-awesome warrior women who flew on flying horses over battlefields. And when a man fell in battle, they would choose the noblest, greatest warriors and carry their spirits up to Valhalla.

(WARRIOR 1 and WARRIOR 2 enter, mid-battle.)

WARRIOR 1

I have had it with these instructions from IKEA! I will kill all you and your kin!

WARRIOR 2

We used simple pictographs and you're too stupid to understand them! I fight for the glory of cheaply-made furniture!

WARRIOR 1

The Heifdir chest of drawers is an abomination!

WARRIOR 2

You have maligned the honor of IKEA! Your blood shall stain our new throw pillows!

(The VAKLYRIES, riding stick horses with wings, enter upstage.)

VALKYRIE 1

I like that one.

VALKYRIE 2

Oh yeah. I hear you, girl.

VALKYRIE 3

Mommy likee.

VALKYRIE 1

Swing that sword.

VALKYRIE 2

Somebody's been working out.

VALKYRIE 3

Mommy really likee.

(She growls)

(WARRIOR 1 turns to look at them.)

WARRIOR 1

Do you guys mind? I'm trying to fight a battle here and I don't appreciate being objectified!

VALKYRIE 1

Oh sure. No problem.

VALKYRIE 2

Carry on.

VALKYRIE 3

We'll be good.

WARRIOR 2

You're not good enough to talk about lingonberries!

(WARRIOR 2 knocks the sword out of WARRIOR 1's hand.)

(WARRIOR 1 bends over to pick it up.)

VALKYRIE 1

Wooooo!

VALKYRIE 2

Yeah baby!

VALKYRIE 3

Rarrrr!

WARRIOR 1 *(turning on them)*

Stop it! Not cool! This is totally distracting! I am trying to –

(WARRIOR 2 runs a sword through WARRIOR 1.)

Aarrrggh.

(He dies)

WARRIOR 2

I am victorious! I am the greatest warrior. Now, when I die, I will be taken by the Valkyries to Valhalla!

VALKYRIE 1

As if.

VALKYRIE 2

Right?

WARRIOR 2

But I have proven my mettle in battle!

VALKYRIE 3

I guess.

WARRIOR 2

You will choose me then, right?

VALKRYIE 3

Hold on.

(VALKYRIE 3 takes out a rose and WARRIOR stands next to WARRIOR 2.)

(Dramatic music plays)

I only have one rose to give, and this is really hard for me. Warrior 1, even though I've only watched you a short time, I've seen your heart. Mostly because Warrior 2 cut you apart and ripped it out. And Warrior 2, obviously, you have great prowess in battle. But I can only take one of you.

(dramatic pause. Music plays. Both Warriors stand next to each other.)

This is so hard for me. You both mean so much to me.

(she looks down)

Warrior 1, will you accept this rose?

WARRIOR 1

YES! HA! IN YOUR FACE!

WARRIOR 2

I KILLED YOU IN BATTLE!

Skipping Forward

No, they were feeding the glorious warriors, and taking care of the kids, and doing the housework, and all the non-senseless-killing stuff.

ODIN

Well, I guess you got your answer then.

NARRATOR 2

This is ridiculous! This is why you guys lose Ragnarok! Sexism!

(WARRIOR 1 and 3 sit down.)

WARRIOR 1

Can I have a serving girl bring me dinner please?

WARRIOR 3

Ladies bring food! Rarrr. Manliness!

NARRATOR 1

The food was provided by Saerimnir, an enormous boar.

(SAERIMNIR, a huge pig, enters. He looks like Pumba.)

SAERIMNIR

Hey what's up guys? My name is Saerimnir, and I'm a friendly giant boar. I'm delicious!

WARRIOR 1

Let's eat him!

WARRIOR 3

Woo!

(They stab Saerimnir with forks and knives.)

SAERIMNIR

AAAAAAAH!

NARRATOR 2

And every day the boar would rise from the dead and trot back into the hall.

SAERIMNIR

Hey what's up guys? My name is Saerimnir, and I'm a friendly giant boar. I'm delicious!

WARRIOR 1

Get him!

WARRIOR 3

Woooo!

(They stab Saerimnir again.)

SAERIMNIR

AAAAAAAAH!

NARRATOR 2

The next day.

SAERIMNIR

Hey what's up guys? My name is Saerimnir, and I'm a friendly – AAAAAAAAH!

(They eat him again.)

NARRATOR 2

For eternity.

WARRIOR 3

I'm kind of sick of eating the same talking boar every day.

WARRIOR 1

He likes it.

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.

(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. 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.

Well I say, *ENOUGH!* I QUIT! I AM NOT YOUR DINNER ANYMORE! FIND A NEW BOAR TO SLAUGHTER EVERY NIGHT! So you guys can take this job and shove it – AAAAAAAAAH!!!

NARRATOR 2

And they ate him.
(The warriors devour SAERIMNIR again.)

WARRIOR 1
Boy I hope we don't have to sit through that tomorrow.

WARRIOR 3
Don't worry, we'll eat him quicker next time.
(Lights down.)

NARRATOR 2
So that sets the scene for Ragnarok. It began with this dude.
(BALDER enters)

NARRATOR 1
Balder. The God of hotness.
(He looks at himself in a mirror. Poses. Sprays himself with Axe Body Spray.)

NARRATOR 2
Beauty, actually.

BALDER *(sensuous whisper)*
Balder. Ooh. Yeah.

NARRATOR 2
And his death.

BALDER
What?!

NARRATOR 2
Never mind. Carry on looking at yourself in the mirror.

BALDER
You just said I was going to die. Which would be a shame because I am really, really good-looking.

NARRATOR 2
Pay no attention to the narrators. Carry on.

BALDER
Mom! MOMMMM! MOM!
(FRIGG enters)

FRIGG

What is it, honey?

BALDER

That narrator just said I was going to die.

FRIGG

No way. Uh uh. This is not happening. Have you see this face?

BALDER

Balder.

FRIGG

Right?!

(FRIGG gets in the NARRATOR's face.)

I want you to take that back. Say you made a mistake.

NARRATOR 2

Look, I'm just the narrator here.

FRIGG

SAY YOU MADE A MISTAKE! YOU NARRATED WRONG!

NARRATOR 2

It's not the narrator's fault. Anything could hurt Balder.

FRIGG

Like what?

NARRATOR 2

It could be anything.

FRIGG

Fine! Then I'm just gonna have to make everything swear never to hurt him then. *CAUSE THAT MAKES SENSE!*

NARRATOR 2 *(to the audience)*

Balder's mother, Frigg, was a little bit over-protective.

FRIGG

First thing I'm gonna do is playground equipment. Remove the teeter-totters. Balder could get hurt there. I want handrails installed everywhere. And covered in foam! Cover this whole playground in foam!

BALDER

I don't play in playgrounds anymore, Mom.

FRIGG

Sweetheart, Momma is on a crusade right now, and you best get out of the way. All right?

(A COW enters.)

COW

Mooo.

FRIGG

Hey. Hey you. Cow.

COW

Moo?

FRIGG

I want you to promise me that you will never, ever, under any circumstances, hurt Balder. As you can see, he is really, really good-looking. And everything should love him. I've drawn up a contract that I want you to sign.

COW

This seems kind of restrictive.

FRIGG

Does it? Does it sound *restrictive to you?* You wanna keep your options open about whether or not *you'll kill my son?*

COW

You're threatening me.

FRIGG

It would be a real shame if something to happened to you on the way home. Think about it. You're a cow. Nobody's gonna care if you go missing.

COW

Okay.

FRIGG

Pleasure doing business with you.

NARRATOR 2

So Frigg went to everything in existence and demanded they sign the oath.

(the tree gets dragged out.)

FRIGG

Sign it. Sign it. Siiiiiiiiggggggnn itttttttt!

(the tree does nothing, because it's a tree.)

NARRATOR 2

She went a little overboard, actually.

FRIGG

I know where you live. And I'm outside your window at night, watching you sleep, waiting for a moment to creep in ever so softly, and then ever so softly put my thumb up your nose and my two fingers in your eyesockets and use your severed head for a bowling ball. And I'm sure you're like, wait a minute, Frigg, isn't that against the law, and my answer is, my bowling average is 220.

NARRATOR 2

She was very persuasive. And soon everything had signed her pledge. Except one thing.

(FRIGG sits down, next to BALDER.)

FRIGG

Momma's tired honey. It's hard work threatening everything in existence. I had to track down the radioactive elements – that was hard. And all the plants. The plants were tough. Phew.

BALDER

And you got everything?

FRIGG

Except for one thing. But that would be super ironic if that one thing killed you. What are the odds of that happening?

BALDER

You literally made like twenty trillion things agree not to kill me, and you stopped with one left?

FRIGG

Sure.

BALDER

You didn't feel like finishing off the list? That was too tough?

FRIGG

It's never enough for you, is it?

BALDER

I'm just saying, as long as you're extorting twenty trillion things, maybe you should get twenty trillion and one!

FRIGG

Momma is tired, baby!

BALDER

What was the one thing? Was it like a dandelion or something?

FRIGG

I forget.

NARRATOR 2

But Loki knew which thing it was: mistletoe. And while Balder and Frigg threw a party to celebrate, Loki found Balder's blind brother, Hod.

BALDER

Hey everybody. Check me out. I am completely invulnerable except for one thing. Anyone want to shoot arrows at me?

(looks in a mirror)

Balder.

(LOKI approaches HOD on a different part of the stage.)

LOKI

Your mother must really love Balder.

HOD

Everybody loves Balder. Especially Balder.

(BALDER looks at himself.)

BALDER

Balder.

LOKI

Oh I know. That's real love. When a mother gets everything in existence to swear not to hurt her son.

HOD

She really went the extra mile.

LOKI

I guess we know which one the favorite is. It makes sense, though. Balder is really really good-looking and you're… Hod. What are you god of, anyway?

HOD

I don't think I'm god of anything.

LOKI

That's cool. Maybe your Mom will get around to protecting you one of these days.

FRIGG

Who wants to do the limbo?! Woooo!

LOKI

It's a good thing you're blind, otherwise you could see how much more they love him than you.

HOD

I'm feeling kinda low.

LOKI

You know what would make you feel better? Shooting an arrow at him. I just happen to have one right here, and it's made out of mistletoe so you know it won't hurt him.

HOD

Sounds good to me.

(HOD takes out a bow and arrow, LOKI puts the arrow in it and guides him.)

Hey Balder!

BALDER

What?

NARRATOR 2

And Hod fired the arrow. And everything went into slow-motion.

(LOKI carries the arrow across the stage.)

FRIGG

Noooooooo!

(FRIGG tries to dive in front of it.)

(LOKI waits for her to clear, then keeps going.)

(He sticks the arrow in BALDER's chest.)

BALDER

Baaaaalllllldeeeerrrrrrr.

(He poses, then poses again, then dies.)

FRIGG

Aaaaah!

HOD

Did I hit?

NARRATOR 2

Moral of the story: No matter what you do to protect your child, they're going to be killed with an arrow made out of mistletoe.

(NARRATOR 1 enters)

Skipping Forward

ODIN

Let's just ignore him and maybe he'll go away.

THOR

Fine. Let's just have a feast like we do every night.

(A card table is brought out. The other gods (IDUNN, BRAGI, and FRIGG, enter as well.)*

**If you don't have enough actors for these roles, give their lines to the other gods.*

(SAERIMNIR enters as music plays.)

SAERIMNIR

Hi there. It's me, Saerimnir. I know you're gonna kill me. Just go ahead and get it over with. That's fine. Whatever.

NARRATOR 1

But just then…

(LOKI enters.)

LOKI

Hey guys.

(Music stops suddenly. They all stare at him.)

What's up?

THOR

Get out of here before I kill you.

LOKI

Is that any way to treat your brother, Thor? I'm just here for dinner.

TYR

Nobody wants to have dinner with you! You're a jerk!

LOKI

Right. Or is it left? Which hand did my kid eat?

ODIN

Loki, get your butt out of here. You're not welcome.

LOKI

Odin, when you took me in, you said that I was always welcome at your table. We became blood brothers, remember? And spit sisters? And we pinky swore?

FRIGG

Did you pinky swear with him?

ODIN

I have to respect the pinky swear. All right fine, you can have dinner with us.

NARRATOR 1

So they killed Saerimnir again –

SAERIMNIR

Think of my children!

(They eat SAERIMNIR.)

Arrrrgh.

NARRATOR 1

And it became the worst Thanksgiving dinner of all time.

BRAGI

Sorry I don't have much of an appetite with this loser here.

LOKI

What are you god of? Poetry? How does that pay?

BRAGI

I'm looking for a job, right now.

LOKI

Oh sure. Yeah. I bet that MFA in poetry puts you in high demand. You know I hear McDonald's is hiring. You should get a job there, practice your poetry while you make some fries.

BRAGI

I could kill you.

LOKI

You could try, except I haven't seen you kill anything. Maybe you're the god of sitting on your butt, cause that's all I see you do. Wuss. Are you sad now? You're gonna cry? Maybe you should go home and write in your journal. `Loki was mean to me today.' Maybe you could rhyme that.

FREYA

Stop being a jerk, Loki.

LOKI

Oh I'm sorry Freya. Goddess of love. Literally, every god here has kissed you. Show of hands?

(Gods sheepishly raise hands)

FREYA

You're the absolute meanest, Loki!

LOKI

Sure. I know. But you know what I don't do, though? Fart all the time and blame it on Thor.

THOR

What?

LOKI

She who smelt it, dealt it, Freya. Everyone knows what's going on behind *your* back, all the time.

FREYA

I'm having digestive issues!

LOKI

Try eating less beans in your diet, Goddess of Farts. Whenever anyone breaks wind they should offer it up to you.

(He makes a farting noise with his hands)

`I offer this sacrifice to Freya, may she make use of it in Asgard!'

TYR

That is enough!

LOKI

Is it Tyr? Is it enough? Was it enough when you were ransomed to the giants and they used you as a urinal for six months? Giants talk, Tyr. They make jokes about you. They call you the yellow God.

TYR

That was one time, shut up!

LOKI

Too bad you can't hold an umbrella with your right hand cause my son bit it off.

(THOR stands up.)

THOR

This Thanksgiving dinner has gone on long enough! Now it's time to kill you!

LOKI

I'm gonna see myself out. But first, everyone here is gonna die and your hall is gonna burn to ash.

(LOKI runs.)

(The gods wait for a second, then chase after him.)

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NARRATOR 1

And Loki ran as fast as he could, then he turned into a salmon and jumped into a stream.

(LOKI grabs a fish and throws it on the stage.)

LOKI

Look, over there!

THOR

Get that fish!

NARRATOR 1

And they almost caught the salmon, but he leapt upstream – Fun fact: that is why salmon jump upstream, because they told the goddess of love she farted and they are running away.

(All the gods grab the fish.)

But they caught him.

FREYA

Time him down, Tyr!

TYR

I HAVE ONE HAND I CAN'T TIE KNOTS!

ODIN

I'll do it.

NARRATOR 1

So they tied him to a sharp rock.

(They tie Loki down. FREYA grabs a snake.)

FREYA

Here's a snake that will drip poison on his face until the end of time.

ODIN

Ooh I like the way you think.

(They set the snake on his face.)

LOKI

Arrrrghghghg.

TYR

Well this Thanksgiving wasn't so bad, after all.

NARRATOR 1

So remember, if a relative is bothering you this Thanksgiving, take a page from the Norse gods and tie them up in a dark cave, strap them onto some sharp rocks, and set a poisonous snake on their face dripping venom until the end of the world. Think about it.

LOKI

Arrrgh.

THOR

High-five Tyr.

TRY

STOP IT THOR!
(Everyone exits.)

NARRATOR 2

The end.

NARRATOR 1

That's right! It's for the end! Ragnarok!
(He makes a rock-n-roll symbol.)

NARRATOR 2

It starts with climate change and an endless winter, followed by an invasion of a zombie army, with the addition of trolls and dragons.
(Pause.)
Which is totally different than Game of Thrones. I guess.

NARRATOR 1

But then there's a huge fight!

NARRATOR 2

Millions upon millions of warriors and gods and giants and…

NARRATOR 1

Dude. We don't have millions and millions of actors. Maybe we can CGI them.

NARRATOR 2

We can't "CGI" them, it's a live show! All right fine. Can I get everyone out here for a second? Everybody. Come on.
(4 actors enter, in various states of costuming. Someone is dressed as a COW.)
Where's everybody else?*
*(*If you would like to use more actors in this final scene, you may – adjust the lines accordingly. Make sure they are grouped together in the following, so the audience knows who is who.)*

COW

A lot of them went home.

ACTOR

Some of them are on their phones with their headphones in. It's hard to talk to them.

ACTOR 2

I know Benny said his Mom was coming to pick him up.

NARRATOR 2

What the heck? We're still doing the play!

COW

Oh. Shoot.

NARRATOR 2

All right, here's how this is going to work. Each actor here is going to play an entire army. You're the Gods.

ACTOR 2

All the gods?

NARRATOR 2

Sure.

(she points at the other actors)

You're the legions of the dead. I'll be the Valkyries. You be the warriors. <*NARRATOR 1*> will be the giants, and um…

(she looks at COW)

You're wearing that?

COW

This costume is really hard to get out of.

NARRATOR 1

How do you go to the bathroom?

(COW looks ashamed.)

COW

I don't want to talk about it.

NARRATOR 2

All right, you're the last army. Ready? Can we get some awesome war music please?

(Something inappropriate plays.)

Seriously?

(Gustav Holst's "Mars, Bringer of War" starts playing.)

Ooh. Nice. Can we make the lights cool too?

(The lights become as cool as you can make them. Possibly smoke machines start.)

LET'S DO THIS!

(Everyone runs off-stage.)

NARRATOR 2 *(off-stage, on microphone)*

The armies will meet on the blasted field of Vigrid, three hundred miles across!

(NARRATOR 1 runs across the stage, holding up a sign saying, "Vigrid")

First to arrive is Naglfar, the largest luxury ocean liner ever built, constructed entirely out of fingernails!

(NARRATOR 1 re-enters.)

NARRATOR 1

Eww.

NARRATOR 2 *(off-stage, on microphone)*

I know, right? Like who had the time to pull off all those fingernails and make a boat out of them? That person had a pretty bad internship.

(HEL enters, played by ACTOR 1)

HEL *(ACTOR 1)*

All right, everybody disembark here! We're not going to have much time for shopping, so make sure to make your purchases and be back at the ship by noon.

(She becomes zombie warriors and shuffles in)

Brains.

(switches back to HEL)

Now we shall destroy the gods! Follow me, my legions of unattractive warriors!

(back to the zombies)

Death to the living! We were attractive on the inside… We're nice guys, but the girls were so mean to us. Now we killllll.

(switches back to HEL)

Join me, women, who were totally not let into Valhalla because the gods are super sexist!

End of Excerpt.

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