



UFF-da!

AN AMAZING
VIKING ADVENTURE
WITH UTOPIANS,
GUNSLINGERS,
MERRY MEN,
AMAZONIANS,
TV ACTORS,
AND EVIL MINIONS!

Kamron Klitgaard

Norman Maine Publishing

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Norman Maine Publishing

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AN AMAZING VIKING ADVENTURE WITH UTOPIANS, GUNSLINGERS, MERRY MEN, AMAZONIANS, TV ACTORS, AND EVIL MINIONS!

FARCE. The laughs never end in this side-splitting farce! In the Viking village of Solvang, Kirsten is tired of staying home and sweeping up filth while the men venture forth on exciting voyages pillaging and plundering foreign lands. But Kirsten's life of domestic drudgery comes to an end one night when she encounters the mythical Valkyrie, a band of fierce female warriors. The mischievous Valkyrie have stolen the god of thunder's magical hammer, which has the power to transport them anywhere in the universe. Hilarious mayhem ensues as Kirsten and the Valkyrie head out on an amazing Viking adventure and meet up with gunslingers, utopians, Amazonians, TV actors, Hansel and Gretel, some evil minions, and even Robin Hood and his Merry Men!

Performance Time: Approximately 120 minutes.

ABOUT THE STORY

In Norse mythology, the afterlife is known as Asgard. Valhalla ("Valhöll" in Old Norse) is a great hall located in Asgard and is ruled over by the god Odin. Only the souls of the bravest and most honorable Vikings are permitted in Valhalla. The Valkyrie ("valkyrja," meaning "chooser of the slain" in Old Norse) are fierce female warriors responsible for guarding Valhalla, selecting which souls will be allowed into Valhalla, and then leading those souls over a rainbow bridge called Bifröst to Valhalla.

Characters

(23 M, 28 F, 18 flexible, extras)

(Flexible cast. Doubling, tripling possible.)

ODIN: Supreme Norse god and god of war; male.

FREYJA (Pronounced Fry-ya): Odin's wife, the Norse goddess of love; female.

THOR: Odin and Freyja's son, the Norse god of Thunder; likes to play with butterflies and wields a magical hammer; male.

LOKI: Odin and Freyja's daughter, the Norse god of mischief; wears an outfit covered in layers of plastic wrap; female.

MINION 1: One of Loki's minions who yearns to have a grand name like "Legion"; technically savvy; wears an outfit covered in layers of plastic wrap; flexible.

MINION 2: One of Loki's minions who yearns to have a name like "Pain"; enjoys pain; wears an outfit covered in layers of plastic wrap; flexible.

MINION 3: One of Loki's minions who yearns to have a name like Sally G. Johnson; a bit dimwitted; wears an outfit covered in layers of plastic wrap; flexible.

SVAVA: Leader of the Valkyrie, ferocious female warriors who guard Valhalla, where only the most brave and honorable Vikings who have died in battle are permitted; female.

FRIGG: Valkyrie who works Thor's magic hammer which can transport the user anywhere in the universe at any time period; wears the hammer on her belt; female.

GIERSKOGUL: Impatient Valkyrie; female.

VOLLA: Valkyrie; female.

VISNA: Valkyrie; female.

KIRSTEN: Viking woman who is tired of cleaning up filth and yearns to pillage and plunder like the men; female.

MOG: Leader of the Vikings; wears a Viking helmet and costume; male.

NANNA: Married to Mog and doesn't care for severed limbs as presents; female.

GAMLI: Viking warrior; wears a Viking helmet and costume; male.

BRYNHILD: Married to Gamli; loves to baby talk her husband; female.

BALDER: Viking warrior; wears a Viking helmet and costume; male.

- LATHGERTHA:** Married to Balder; determined to teach Balder some manners and etiquette; female.
- OLAF:** Viking warrior who wishes his wife was a better cook; wears a Viking helmet and costume; male.
- AETHELFAED:** Married to Olaf; only knows how to cook mutton for supper; female.
- SVEN:** Viking warrior who can't bring himself to plunder and pillage women; wears a Viking helmet and costume; male.
- TYR:** Married to Sven; determined to make him a more ferocious Viking warrior; female.
- JEFFERY ELLIS:** An overly cheerful Englishman who has been captured by the Vikings and turned into a slave; male.
- SLAVE 1:** Scrawny Viking prisoner; scrawny; flexible.
- SLAVE 2:** Viking prisoner; flexible.
- SLAVE 3:** Viking prisoner with several teeth missing; flexible.
- GEORGE:** In love with Mary; has a horrible stuttering problem; male.
- MARY:** George's girlfriend; has a horrible problem with bed-wetting; female.
- ROBIN HOOD:** Thief who steals from the rich to make them poor and then gives them back their riches because they are poor; male.
- MARION:** Robin's overbearing wife; flexible.
- LITTLE JOHN:** One of Robin Hood's merry men who is in search of a wife; has several strange, off-putting habits when it comes to meeting women; male.
- MERRY MAN 1, 2, 3:** Robin Hood's merry men; male.
- LADY 1, 2, 3:** Wealthy travelers on their way to Nottingham; female.
- GENTLEMAN 1, 2:** Wealthy travelers on their way to Nottingham; male.
- PETE:** Wild West gunslinger in search of the outlaw, Dillinger; male.
- DILLINGER:** Wild West outlaw; male.
- COWBOY 1, 2:** Wild West saloon card players; both wear a vest with an assortment of stickers stuck on the inside lining; male.
- BARTENDER:** Wild West saloon bartender; male.
- MANAGER:** Prime Manager and leader of the Utopians; flexible.
- UTOPIAN 1, 2, 3, 4:** Citizens of Utopia who believe that no one is ever at fault; flexible.
- JACK:** Lives in Utopia but thinks individuals should be responsible and suffer consequences for bad behavior; male.
- DIRECTOR:** TV commercial director; flexible.

ASSISTANT: Director's assistant and camera person; flexible.

ACTRESS: TV commercial actress; female.

MONSTER 1, 2, 3: TV commercial actors; wear monster costumes; flexible.

FROFRO: Fierce leader of the Amazons; female.

LATRINA: Amazon warrior; female.

PHLEGM: Amazon warrior; female.

STENCHIA: Amazon warrior; female.

VOMITA: Amazon warrior; female.

ENIMA: Amazon warrior; female.

HANSEL: Ravenous German kid; fat with a thick German accent; male.

GRETEL: Ravenous German kid; fat with a thick German accent female.

WITCH: Tired of Hansel and Gretel eating all the candy off of her house; carries a magic wand and has good combat skills; female.

DANCING GIRL 1: Dance hall girl in a Wild West saloon; non-speaking.

PIANO PLAYER (opt.): Plays piano in a Wild West saloon; non-speaking; flexible.

CREATURE: Vicious Amazonian creature; flexible; non-speaking.

EXTRAS: As Slaves, Minions, Wealthy Travelers, Cowboys, Dancing Girls, and Utopians.

SUGGESTIONS FOR DOUBLING

Male Roles

SLAVE 2/JACK
BALDER/MERRYMAN 3/DILLINGER/UTOPIAN 2
OLAF/GENTLEMAN 1/BARTENDER
UTOPIAN/MINION
SVEN/GENTLEMAN 2/COWBOY
UTOPIAN 4/MINION
ROBIN HOOD/COWBOY 1/DIRECTOR/UTOPIAN
LITTLE JOHN/COWBOY 2/MONSTER 3/UTOPIAN/MINION
MERRYMAN 1/PETE/HANSEL/CREATURE/UTOPIAN
MINION 3/MERRYMAN 2

Female Roles

SLAVE 1/LOKI/MONSTER1
SLAVE 3/MINION 1/MONSTER 2
MINION 2/MONSTER 3
NANNA/WITCH/DANCING GIRL/LADY1/UTOPIAN/MINION
BRYNHILD/GRETEL/DANCING GIRL/VOMITA/UTOPIAN 3/
MARION
TYR/ACTRESS/DANCING GIRL
UTOPIAN/ENIMA/MINION
AETHELFAED/LATRINA/DANCING GIRL/MANAGER
LATHGERTHA/DANCING GIRL/UTOPIAN 1
LADY 2/STENCHIA/DANCING GIRL/UTOPIAN/MINION
FROFRO/UTOPIAN/ASSISTANT/LADY 3

Sets

The sets can be simple or as elaborate as your budget allows.

Viking Village of Solvang. There are a few rocks and bits of “filth” on the ground. At USC, there is an opening archway or doorway.

Sherwood Forest. Blank stage or a forest backdrop.

Loki’s Hideout. There is a tall table with a misty crystal ball on it.

Wild West Saloon. There is a bar, two tables, four chairs, and typical swinging saloon doors. A piano is optional.

Utopia. Blank stage or futuristic backdrop.

Set for a TV Commercial. Blank stage.

Fairytale Land. Blank stage or forest backdrop.

The Amazon. Blank stage or rainforest backdrop.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Scene 1: Viking village of Solvang.

Scene 2: Sherwood Forest.

Scene 3: Loki’s hideout.

Scene 4: A wild west a saloon.

Scene 5: Utopia.

Scene 6: Loki’s hideout.

Scene 7: Utopia.

Scene 8: Set for a TV commercial.

Scene 9: Fairytale Land.

Scene 10: The Amazon.

Scene 11: On the trail of the Valkyrie.

Scene 12: Loki’s hideout.

Props

- 2 Stick brooms
- 3 Baskets
- "Filth"
- Rope
- Bag attached to belt, for Mog
- Ring covered in "blood"
- Severed limb
- Swords for Vikings and
 - Valkyrie
- Blindfold
- Viking war hammer
- Spear, for Odin
- 2 Small bags
- Engagement ring
- Gag
- Vine for Robin Hood to swing
 - on (optional)
- Bag with a gold cup inside
- Misc. treasure, riches
- Tall table
- Misty crystal ball that glows
- Extension cord
- Pack of trick gum
- Playing cards
- Western piano music (optional)
- Western clothing, for Mary and
 - George
- Gun belt and gun, for Pete
- Colorful drinking glass
- Can of whipped cream
- Maraschino cherry
- Drink umbrella
- Straw
- 2 Pointy party hats
- Party tickler
- Plastic toy (as in a Happy
 - Meal)
- Gold coin
- Camera
- Pill bottle labeled "Pampridol"
- 2 Large chocolate bars
- Magic Wand
- Spears, for Amazons
- Knife
- Piece of meat or jerky
- Belt with shrunken heads
 - dangling from it, for Vomita
- Amazon costumes covered
 - with plastic wrap, for
 - Minion 2 and 3
- Amazonian necklace, for
 - Phlegm
- Primitive-looking box made
 - from sticks
- Handful of necklaces made
 - with dull-colored clay beads
- Whoopee cushion

Special Effects

Crack of thunder	Jungle music
Strobe light	Rumbling sound
Lightning	Triumphant sounding music
Smoke	Glowing green light
Red light emanating from behind the portal doorway	Romantic music
Sound of wind	Several butterflies descending (on strings)
Puff of smoke	Jazzy dance music
Old Western tune	Disco ball
Fake blood	

UFF-dal
11

"AW, MaN,
SHe got
My SWord
aLL SticKy.
UFF-dal!"

—V!SNa

Scene 1

(AT RISE: Village of Solvang. Nanna and Brynhild are sweeping with stick brooms. Lathgertha and Aethelfaed have a basket and are picking up filth with their hands. Kirsten enters SL and starts to pick up filth and put it in her basket.)

NANNA: So I says to me husband, "What good are you if you can't bring me a decent slave now and again? You think I like cleaning up the filth all the time?"

BRYNHILD: I gave me husband an ultimatum: a new slave or I'm leaving him. The last one ran off not three hours after he brought him home. So I'm stuck with all this filth.

LATHGERTHA: Nanna! Brynhild! There's some exquisite filth over here.

(Nanna and Brynhild approach Lathgertha with their brooms.)

NANNA: Oh, that is some gorgeous filth, Lathgertha.

BRYNHILD: It's lovely, it is.

AETHELFAED: I filled three baskets of the most wondrous-looking filth just this morning.

LATHGERTHA: Where?

AETHELFAED: Down by the pond.

NANNA: Oh, yeah, well you can always find good filth down there.

BRYNHILD: Have you ever tried under the fire?

LATHGERTHA: You mean after it's gone out, of course.

BRYNHILD: Of course. Just pick up the rocks in the circle, and you'll find some outstanding filth.

AETHELFAED: You want to see some terrific filth, just comb through my husband's beard after an evening meal.

(They all laugh except for Kirsten. Tyr enters SL and joins the others.)

TYR: Actually, Aethelfaed, our little village of Solvang is the envy of all the other villages. I went to see my cousin in Aalborg, and she wouldn't stop talking about us. Solvang this and Solvang that. Solvang has the nicest filth in the Viking Empire. She's thinking of moving here just so she can get her hands on some quality filth.

LATHGERTHA: Is that right?

KIRSTEN: Don't you ever get tired of cleaning up filth?

NANNA: Well, I heard there was a village up north of here where the women don't have any filth to clean up. It's all muck.

BRYNHILD: Muck? I've never cleaned up muck before.

LATHGERTHA: Muck is a step down from filth. I think we're better off with the filth.

TYR: Definitely.

AETHELFAED: What about grime? My husband brought back an Englishman's helmet from a raid once that had grime all on the inside.

NANNA: Those Englishwomen must have it made, getting to clean up grime all the time.

TYR: I wouldn't mind a little grime.

BRYNHILD: I heard there's a place where they have both rubbish and refuse within walking distance.

LATHGERTHA: That's way down in Greece.

AETHELFAED: What I wouldn't give for a nice pile of refuse...

KIRSTEN: Actually, what I mean is, don't you ever get tired of cleaning? Whether it's filth, muck, grime, rubbish, refuse, scum, or debris, isn't there anything more to life than just cleaning it up?

(They all ponder this.)

NANNA: So what exactly is "scum"?

BRYNHILD: That's when your husband eats two birds and a leg of mutton for dinner, polishes it off with a barrel of ale, then falls asleep in the pigs' pen. The next morning, the stuff you see in the corners of his mouth...that's scum.

NANNA: Oh, I see.

KIRSTEN: I've never been outside our village of Solvang. I want to see more of the world. Why can't we ever go on raids with the men?

LATHGERTHA: Kirsten, you silly girl, if we were to go on the raids then who would order the slaves about?

AETHELFAED: *(To Kirsten.)* And who would clean up the filth when the slaves ran off?

NANNA: My dear Kirsten, I think you are underestimating our role in Viking society.

KIRSTEN: I know that filth clean-up is important, but I just have these urges sometimes to pillage something. I wonder what it would be like to plunder something...

BRYNHILD: Here, why don't you pillage and plunder this pile of filth?

TYR: *(Looking off SR.)* The men are back!

(Mog, Gamli, Balder, Olaf, and Sven enter SR. They are singing and cheering after their return from a victorious battle. The Viking Women rush to the Men and join the cheering and celebration. The Viking Men drag with them Slaves 1, 2, 3 and Jeffrey Ellis, who are all tied up and linked together with rope. The Viking Men and Women join together in a celebratory chant.)

VIKINGS: Ah-ooo! Ah-ooo! Ah-ooo! Ah-ooo!

BRYNHILD: At last our men have returned to us!

BALDER: *(To Slaves.)* Come on, you! This way, you filthy slaves!

GAMLI: *(To Slaves.)* Pick up your feet or I'll chop them off!

(Viking Women settle into their husbands' arms.)

MOG: Nanna! How's my woman?

NANNA: Oh, the same old filth, Mog. And how was your day, dear?

MOG: Another merciless sweep across Central Britain. I brought you something. *(Reaches into a bag, which is tied to his belt.)*

NANNA: It isn't another severed limb again, is it? I told you how those things creep me out.

MOG: *(Looking at what's in his bag. It's obviously a severed limb.)* Uh, no, no, I brought you a, uh, uh... *(Reaches into the bag, struggling with the limb.)* ...uh, a ring!

(Mog pulls out a ring, hands it to her, sees that it's covered in blood, wipes the blood off on his sleeve, and hands it back to her. She puts it on.)

NANNA: *(Admiring ring.)* Where'd you get it?

MOG: From a barbarian. He "handed" it to me.

NANNA: That's my big bad Viking warrior!

(Mog and Nanna embrace.)

BRYNHILD: (*To Gamli.*) Did you have fun on your little raid, angel drawers?

GAMLI: (*Embarrassed.*) Look, Brynhild, I told you not to call me that.

BRYNHILD: I can't help it. You're just so cute.

GAMLI: Cute? Cute?! I'm one of the most ferocious Viking warriors the world has ever seen! Do you know I lopped off three heads in our raid today?

BRYNHILD: Three heads? Wow, that's very impressive, lum-lums.

GAMLI: See? There you go again.

BRYNHILD: What?

GAMLI: You called me "Lum-lums."

BRYNHILD: So?

GAMLI: Do you know what the others call me? They call me "Gamli, the Terrible." The *Terrible!* You should see me in battle! I go berserk, you know.

BRYNHILD: Oh, Gamli, you'll always be just a big, loveable teddy bear to me.

(*Brynhild gives Gamli a big bear hug.*)

LATHGERTHA: (*To Balder.*) Did you have a nice time on your raid, dear?

BALDER: Not bad, not bad, Lathgertha.

LATHGERTHA: Were the Saxons surprised?

BALDER: I'll say. You should've seen the looks on their faces.

LATHGERTHA: Were you nice to them?

BALDER: Nice?

LATHGERTHA: Balder, you know how you can be sometimes. Like last week when we had Mog and Nanna over for supper. You were in one of your moods. I just hope you were polite and courteous.

BALDER: Polite and courteous? I ran 'em through!

LATHGERTHA: Still, there's nothing more irritating than an invader with poor manners. Remember what we talked about after the meadowlands incident?

BALDER: Yes, I remember.

LATHGERTHA: So next time you run someone through, what are you going to say?

BALDER: Thank you?

LATHGERTHA: That's better.

(Lathgertha gives Balder a hug.)

OLAF: *(To Aethelfaed.)* Well, woman, where's supper? I could eat an entire cow.

AETHELFAED: I've got mutton on the fire right now.

OLAF: Mutton? Why is it always mutton? Mutton is meat from an old sheep! And we don't even own any sheep! But, somehow, all we ever eat around here is mutton!

AETHELFAED: I like a nice bowl of mutton.

OLAF: Yes, but do we have to have it every meal? Like last week when I shot that deer, I thought a nice piece of deer jerky would be delicious. But you cooked it up and we had mutton for dinner. Or how about when the milk cow died? I thought we'd be eating T-bone steaks for a week. But, no, mutton was all we had. I cut up a nice rump roast and you cook it up as mutton. Even that time we only had vegetables. Carrots and potatoes were thrown into the pot, and 20 minutes later, we're eating mutton.

AETHELFAED: Mutton is all I know how to fix! *(Starts to cry.)*

OLAF: There, there. I'm sorry. *(Comforts her.)* I shouldn't be so picky. I really do like your mutton.

AETHELFAED: You do?

OLAF: Sure. And the filth looks great today. Come on, don't cry, my dear Aethelfaed. Forgive me?

AETHELFAED: *(Through her tears.)* Yeah. *(Still crying.)*

OLAF: But you're still crying. What's the matter?

AETHELFAED: Mutton.

(Olaf hugs Aethelfaed.)

TYR: *(To Sven.)* Well, how was the raid?

SVEN: Not bad, not bad at all. Those Saxons put up a pretty good fight, though.

TYR: And the pillaging?

SVEN: *(Trying to look innocent.)* Yep, yep, the, uh, pillaging went, uh, pretty good. We did a little bit of plundering, too. Of course, it's getting harder and harder to pillage and plunder these days. I mean, those Saxons have German-made swords, you know. And their men seem like they're getting stronger and stronger every raid. They must be on some exercise program or something.

TYR: *(Suspicious.)* And the women?

SVEN: *(Trying to look innocent.)* The women? *(Pause.)* Oh, uh, you must mean the Saxon women. Uh, yes, I think there might have been a few women. Although those Saxons don't clean up the filth as well as you, dear, so sometimes it's hard to tell them apart from the men. Heh-heh, uh, and most of them are German, so that makes it even harder. *(Skeptical, Tyr folds her arms and stares him down.)* But, uh, yes, there were, um, some women, I believe. Yes, yes, there were. *(Changing the subject.)* Would you like to see the slaves?

TYR: Did you pillage and plunder them?

(Awkward pause.)

SVEN: *(Playing dumb.)* Who, the women? *(Tyr just stares at him.)* Oh, the women! For a minute, there, I thought you meant the men. I mean, it seemed kind of silly asking me if I pillaged and plundered the men when I already told you I did. And I brought the slaves home, which shows some obvious pillaging. Kind of funny when you think about it, huh? Ha-ha! Ha-ha, huh. *(Her gaze goes right through him.)* But you obviously meant the women. You want to know if I pillaged and plundered any women. *(Pause.)* Uh, yes. Yes, yes, of course, I plundered and pillaged the women. Yes, yes, yes. Consider them plundered. Yep. Yep, absolutely. *(Her gaze burns through him.)* No. Not a one.

TYR: What?! *(She slaps him.)* Once again, you didn't pillage the women? Do you want the others to think you've gone soft? You'll never get anywhere in Viking society if you don't pillage the women! Those Saxons are probably dancing around in their lederhosen and laughing at us right now.

SVEN: It just doesn't seem right.

TYR: Look, you've got to spread fear and terror, and the best way to do that is to pillage the women!

SVEN: But I...well, I mean...Tyr, you're the only one I want to pillage.

TYR: Oh, Sven.

(Tyr hugs Sven.)

MOG: *(To Nanna.)* It's good to be home! Look what we've brought you.

(Viking Men push Slaves 1, 2, 3 and Jeffrey Ellis forward and line them up in a straight line so they can be inspected by the Viking Women. Jeffrey is the last in line. All the Slaves look sad and downtrodden except for Jeffrey, who looks cheerful and upbeat. Nanna approaches Slave 1.)

NANNA: *(To Slave 1.)* You there, you're a bit scrawny. *(She feels his muscles.)* Nothing but skin and bones.

SLAVE 1: It's been a hard winter, ma'am.

(Nanna approaches Slave 2.)

NANNA: *(To Slave 2.)* You there, Saxon, you ever cleaned up filth before?

SLAVE 2: Mostly sewage, ma'am.

(Nanna approaches Slave 3.)

NANNA: *(Grabbing Slave 3's jaw.)* Let me see those teeth. *(He opens his mouth and shows her his teeth. Several teeth are missing.)* Terrible.

SLAVE 3: Sorry, ma'am.

(Nanna approaches Jeffery, who is grinning from ear to ear.)

NANNA: *(To Mog, indicating Jeffrey.)* What's with this one?

(Mog shrugs.)

JEFFERY: *(Cheerful and upbeat.)* Hello, ma'am. Would you like to check my teeth? *(Opens his mouth.)* See? Beauties, aren't they?

NANNA: *(Wondering why he's so chipper.)* You ever clean up filth before?

JEFFERY: *(Cheerfully.)* Oh, yeah! Filth, muck, grime...you name it, I've cleaned it up. Ellis, Jeffery Ellis is my name. *(He extends his hand to Nanna.)* It's a pleasure to meet you.

NANNA: *(Shaking his hand.)* You do realize you're our slave?

JEFFERY: *(Smiles big.)* Oh, yes. Your husband caught me fair and square.

NANNA: We're going to make your life miserable.

JEFFERY: At least I've got company.

NANNA: You'll be whipped and beaten.

JEFFERY: I could use a few stripes. Hey, you know who gives a good beating? My dear old dad. He used to beat me day in and day out. It'll be just like the good ol' days.

NANNA: *(To Vikings.)* There's something wrong with this one.

JEFFERY: *(Agrees.)* Could be. Could be something wrong. You know, my mother always said, "What a gloomy day it is today."

(Vikings wait for Jeffrey to finish but he just smiles at them.)

NANNA: *(To Mog.)* I don't like him. Chop his head off, will you, dear?

MOG: *(Grabbing Jeffery.)* Come on, you.

JEFFERY: Anything you say.

(Mog pulls Jeffrey DSC, forces him down on his knees, and puts a sword to his neck.)

MOG: Any last requests?

JEFFERY: Will you honor it?

MOG: Of course, I always honor last requests. Whatever it is, you shall have it.

JEFFERY: All right, then, I wish to be released.

MOG: What?

JEFFERY: My last request is to be set free so that I may return to my homeland.

MOG: Oh, uh...umm...[uff-da]! I should have seen that coming! Now my honor is at stake. All right, all right. *(Helps Jeffery to his feet.)* You're free! Off you go, then. [Note: "Uff-da" is a Scandinavian term expressing disgruntlement. Pronounced "OOF da"]

JEFFERY: No, no, I was just kidding. *(Kneels back down.)* I just want a blindfold really.

MOG: Oh, that's a good one. Here you go, then.

(Mog hands Jeffrey a blindfold from his belt. Jeffery happily puts it on and sticks out his neck. Mog raises his sword to strike.)

TYR: *(Indicating Jeffrey.)* That's some awfully big filth to clean up.

MOG: What?

AETHELFAED: Yes, do be considerate, Mog. Take him down to the pond.

MOG: All right, Aethelfaed. *(To Jeffrey.)* Come on, you. *(Grabs Jeffery's arm and helps him up.)* Let's go...

JEFFERY: ...down to the pond. Yes, yes, I heard. Happy to oblige.

GAML: *(To Mog.)* Can't it wait till morning? I'm tired.

BRYNHILD: Yes, Mog, do wait till morning.

MOG: All right... *(To Jeffrey.)* ...looks like you've been spared until morning, slave.

JEFFERY: Sure, morning sounds good. Shall we say around ten or eleven? Or how about dawn?! Nothing like a good execution at sunrise! The early light creeping over the mountains, mist rising up over the pond, hotcakes on the griddle, my head flying over the treetops. Nothing more beautiful than that.

MOG: Dawn it is, then. Now back in line with the rest of them, you scum.

KIRSTEN: Mog...could I do it?

MOG: Could you do what?

KIRSTEN: Lop his head off at dawn.

BALDER: You? A female?

KIRSTEN: *(Pleading.)* Please? I've been practicing with one of Gamli's old swords.

GAML: One of my swords?! You couldn't even lift one of my swords!

OLAF: *(To Viking Men.)* You hear that, gents? A female wants to do the execution!

(Everyone laughs except Kirsten.)

JEFFERY: *(Laughing extra long.)* Oh, that's rich.

KIRSTEN: I just want to try something new. There must be more to life than just cleaning up filth all the time.

LATHGERTHA: There isn't. *(To others.)* Now let's go to bed.

SVEN: Who will take first watch of the slaves then?

KIRSTEN: Let me do it. *(Pulls out her sword.)*

JEFFERY: She's bonkers.

KIRSTEN: I can guard them. Watch this. *(Spins her sword around and demonstrates some impressive moves.)* See?

MOG: Not bad. Well, we've never done anything like this before, but I guess it couldn't hurt.

KIRSTEN: Oh, thank you, Mog!

MOG: You'll wake us up if there's any trouble?

KIRSTEN: By Odin's spear, of course!

MOG: All right, then. You've got the first watch. Balder will relieve you when the moon is over the pond.

BRYNHILD: Come on, Gamli, my little schmuckie buns, it's time to sleep.

GAMLI: *(Aside.)* Do you think you could call me something more ferocious in front of the others?

BRYNHILD: Oh, that's so adorable. You're so cute.

(Brynhild takes Gamli's hand and leads him SR, where they lay down and go to sleep.)

LATHGERTHA: *(To Balder.)* Come on, dear, say goodnight to everyone, and remember your manners.

BALDER: *(Takes off his Viking helmet, trying to act properly. To others.)* I'd like to wish you all a pleasant evening.

LATHGERTHA: See? That wasn't so bad, was it?

(Lathgertha leads Balder SL, where they lay down and go to sleep.)

AETHELFAED: *(To Olaf.)* Come on, mutton, your deer can wait till morning.

OLAF: Yes, dear. Wait a minute, what did you say?

AETHELFAED: I called you dear, and I said your mutton can wait till morning.

OLAF: I swear I heard something else.

(Aethelfaed leads Olaf SR, where they lay down and go to sleep.)

SVEN: *(To Tyr.)* I guess we'd better be getting to bed, too.

TYR: Yes, but, tomorrow, you're going to practice pillaging the women.

SVEN: How?

TYR: You'll practice on me!

SVEN: All right, but it's just not the same.

(Tyr leads Sven SL, where they lay down and go to sleep.)

MOG: *(To Kirsten.)* You sure you'll be all right?

KIRSTEN: Don't worry about me. Watch this. *(Shouts.)* All right, you slaves, on the ground and go to sleep!

(Slaves comply.)

MOG: Hmm, not bad.

NANNA: It's unnatural, it is—a female guarding slaves. No good can come from this, Mog.

MOG: Ah, we'll be right here if anything goes wrong. *(To Kirsten.)* Don't fall asleep, now.

JEFFERY: *(Cheerful.)* Oh, I won't. I had a large cappuccino before the raid, so I'm a bit wired.

KIRSTEN: Shut up, you! *(Kicks Jeffrey.)* He was talking to me.

MOG: All right, good night, Kirsten.

KIRSTEN: Good night, Mog.

(Nanna leads Mog SR, where they lay down and go to sleep. Kirsten paces in front of the Slaves several times. Jeffrey sits up.)

JEFFERY: I like the way you handle yourself.

KIRSTEN: Thanks. I want to be a Valkyrie when I die.

JEFFERY: A Valkyrie? What's that?

KIRSTEN: They're female warriors who guard the halls of Valhalla.

JEFFERY: Valhalla?

KIRSTEN: Where Odin lives.

JEFFERY: What's an "Odin"?

KIRSTEN: Look, don't you know anything about the gods?

JEFFERY: I'm an atheist.

KIRSTEN: I don't believe in atheists.

JEFFERY: How about agnostics then?

KIRSTEN: I'm not sure. Maybe...

JEFFERY: No, no, I'm not an atheist, and I'm not an agnostic. I'm a, uh, um, what's the word? Oh, yes, a Christian.

KIRSTEN: I've never heard of a Christian before.

JEFFERY: Well, it explains why I haven't heard of your gods. How about a quick lesson in Norse mythology? It'll pass the time.

KIRSTEN: All right, listen carefully. Odin is the head god over everything. He's also the god of war.

JEFFERY: That explains all the Viking raids.

KIRSTEN: He lives in a place called Asgard. That's like the afterlife where all the spirits of the dead go. He lives there with the other gods: Freyja, the goddess of love—that's his wife—and, Thor, the god of thunder—that's his son.

JEFFERY: And what is this "Valhalla" you mentioned?

KIRSTEN: Valhalla is the great hall within Asgard reserved for the mightiest warriors who have died with honor. It is guarded by the Valkyrie.

JEFFERY: The female warriors.

KIRSTEN: Yes. Odin has made it their honor to collect the spirits of fallen warriors and take them to Valhalla.

JEFFERY: So Valhalla is sort of a heaven within a heaven.

KIRSTEN: I suppose so. The only way to get there is if you die in battle. Then the Valkyrie take you across [Bifröst], the rainbow bridge. Enough now. It's time for you to sleep. [*Pronounced BIV-rost.*]

JEFFERY: You're right. I've got a big day in the morning. I'd better get my beauty sleep.

(Jeffrey lays down and goes to sleep. Kirsten walks around and makes sure everyone is asleep and then she practices her swordsmanship DSR. Blackout. There is a huge crack of thunder and lightning. Light and smoke come from the doorway CS and Volla, Frigg, Gierskogul, Svava, and Visna enter through the smoke. Lights up. Valkyrie stand CS, tightly huddled together. Kirsten just stands there looking at them. They haven't noticed her yet.)

VOLLA: *(To other Valkyrie.)* Are we there?

FRIGG: I don't know. I haven't figured out how to work this thing yet.

VISNA: She almost caught up to us last time.

GIERSKOGUL: They both did. They were both right on our tails.

SVAVA: All right, everyone, shut up and let's try to figure out where we are.

KIRSTEN: *(To Valkyrie.)* Hello?

VISNA: *(Terrified.)* It's her!

SVAVA: Run! *(Valkyrie scream and scramble inward, bumping into each other and falling down. They climb over one another, trying to hide behind each other. Finally, they calm down and become submissive.)*

Hello, Your Worshipfulness. We can explain everything. You see, we were going to bring it back. We actually only borrowed it.
(Kirsten takes a step toward Valkyrie.)

KIRSTEN: Who are you?

SVAVA: *(To other Valkyrie.)* That's not her!

VOLLA: It doesn't even look like her.

(Valkyrie scramble to their feet, draw their swords, and advance on Kirsten, who just stands there, shocked. Valkyrie surround Kirsten.)

SVAVA: *(To Kirsten.)* Who are you?

KIRSTEN: My name is Kirsten.

SVAVA: What place is this?

KIRSTEN: This is my village, the village of Solvang.

SVAVA: Frigg, you've brought us to the wrong place again.

(Valkyrie lower their swords.)

FRIGG: It's not my fault. Thor is the only one who knows how to work this thing. *(Pulls a war hammer from her belt and starts to fiddle with it.)* I'm still trying to figure it out.

KIRSTEN: Did you say "Thor"?

VISNA: Yes, do you know him?

KIRSTEN: The god of thunder?

GIERSKOGUL: That's right. Although I wouldn't think he's rumbling across the sky tonight, eh?

(Valkyrie laugh. Svava tries to help Frigg with the hammer.)

KIRSTEN: What do you mean?

VOLLA: You might say we've stolen his thunder.

(Valkyrie gather around Frigg to see if they can help.)

KIRSTEN: Do you mean to say that that hammer is [Mjolnir]?
[Pronounced myol-near.]

(Valkyrie look up at Kirsten suspiciously. Svava advances on Kirsten.)

SVAVA: You know its name?

KIRSTEN: If that's Thor's hammer, of course I know its name.

SVAVA: *(To Valkyrie.)* She knows too much. She must be working for them.

KIRSTEN: For who?

(Suddenly, there is a huge clap of thunder and lightning. Sound of wind. Strobe light. The Valkyrie scramble in panic.)

GIERSKOGUL: *(To Valkyrie.)* They've found us!

VISNA: Run!

SVAVA: *(To Frigg.)* Use the hammer!

FRIGG: *(Fooling with the hammer.)* I'm trying! But if I don't do it right, we could end up anywhere!

VOLLA: Just open the door! It doesn't matter where!

SVAVA: We've got to get out of here!

(Frigg hits the handle of the hammer to the ground two times and the red light behind the portal doorway begins to glow. They run to the door.)

KIRSTEN: *(To Valkyrie.)* Where are you going?!

(Svava looks in the doorway.)

SVAVA: Anywhere but here!

(Svava jumps through the doorway. She's followed by Frigg, Visna, and Gierskogul. Kirsten stops Volla.)

KIRSTEN: *(To Volla.)* What's happening?!

VOLLA: You better hide! They're coming!

(Volla jumps through the doorway. Kirsten looks around and then jumps through the door too. The door closes. The sound and light show slowly cease. The red light behind the door slowly dims. There is a puff of smoke through which Odin, Thor, and Freyja enter.)

THOR: *(To Freyja and Odin.)* They're not here!

FREYJA: I told you...you weren't fast enough.

ODIN: Uff-da! Yes, yes. You told me.

FREYJA: Thor, how could you be so careless?

ODIN: *(To Thor.)* Yes, my son, how could you be so careless?

FREYJA: Odin, don't try to put all the blame on him.

ODIN: Yes, dear.

THOR: I just put Mjolnir down on a rock for a minute to play with the butterflies, and when I got back up, he was gone.

FREYJA: Thor, you know what powers your hammer has. Why, in the wrong hands...imagine if Loki got hold of it.

THOR: Loki? It's those Valkyrie! They're the ones who took it.

FREYJA: *(To Odin.)* Why would your Valkyrie take Thor's hammer?

ODIN: I don't know. But, by thunder, when I catch up with them—! And what's almost worse is that my son was playing with butterflies!

FREYJA: You're seething again, dear.

ODIN: Sorry.

THOR: I like butterflies.

ODIN: You are the god of thunder—the most powerful god in all of Asgard, apart from me, of course.

FREYJA: *(Annoyed.)* Ahem.

ODIN: *(To Thor.)* And your mother. You shouldn't be playing with butterflies.

THOR: One time one landed on my nose. It tickled.

(Thor giggles, remembering how it felt. Odin lifts his spear to strike Thor. There is the sound of thunder and lights flash to indicate lightning.)

FREYJA: *(Scolding.)* Odin!

ODIN: Sorry. *(Lowers his spear and the thunder and lightning subside.)*

FREYJA: Well, they're obviously not here.

(Jeffrey sits up.)

JEFFERY: They were here.

(Freyja, Odin, and Thor spin around to face Jeffrey. Odin raises his spear and the lightning and thunder return. It lasts longer and is more severe. Jeffrey just sits and watches with a smile. Odin finishes his assault and lowers his spear. The thunder and lightning die out.)

ODIN: *(Shocked.)* You're not dead!

JEFFERY: No, no. Not yet anyway.

FREYJA: My husband just hit you with a bolt of lightning!

THOR: *(To Jeffrey.)* What manner of magic is this? Who are you?

JEFFERY: Jeffery. Jeffery Ellis. That's my name.

ODIN: Why aren't you dead?

JEFFERY: Ah, well, you see, I'm an Englishman.

THOR: An Englishman?

JEFFERY: Yes, and that would make me a Christian.

FREYJA: A Christian?

JEFFERY: Yes, and that means I don't believe in you.

ODIN: You don't believe in us?

JEFFERY: That's right. Not a bit.

THOR: But we're standing right in front of you.

JEFFERY: Yes, I see that. Anyway, the Valkyrie you're looking for were here but they left. A red doorway with smoke opened up and they went through it.

FREYJA: *(To Odin.)* I told you...you weren't fast enough.

ODIN: You were right as usual, dear.

JEFFERY: Will you be staying for breakfast? I'm to be executed at dawn.

FREYJA: Good! I don't like the thought of anyone not believing in me.

THOR: Well, what do we do now?

FREYJA: We'll go back to Asgard and watch for any more activity from your hammer.

(Mog stirs and wakes up.)

MOG: *(Calls.)* Who's there? Kirsten?

JEFFERY: Uh, no, she's gone.

(Gamli sits up.)

GAMLI: What do you mean *gone*?

MOG: *(Indicating Gods.)* Who are they?

GAMLI: Invaders!

(With a war cry, Gamli and Mog charge the Viking Gods. Odin raises his hand and there is thunder. Gamli and Mog are frozen in their tracks. Thor approaches them.)

THOR: I am Thor, son of Odin and Freyja.

MOG: *(Frozen.)* Thor?

GAMLI: Odin?

FREYJA: *(Annoyed.)* And Freyja.

MOG: *(To Gods.)* Sorry, we thought you were someone else.

GAMLI: *(To Gods.)* Yeah, we never would have charged you if we'd known it was you.

JEFFERY: *(To Gods.)* You have to admit it was a very ferocious charge. I would have shrunk from it.

FREYJA: *(To Odin.)* It was a good charge. Spare them.

ODIN: As you wish. *(Lowers his hand and Mog and Gamli become unfrozen with a jolt. They fall to their knees and grovel at the feet of the Gods. To Vikings.)* Okay, that's enough groveling! We don't have time for this.

THOR: I like it.

ODIN: *(To Vikings.)* I command you to stand up. *(Vikings stand.)* What are your names?

MOG: I am Mog, your most high, spectacular, royal, grand, majestic, imposing, magnificent, splendid Majesty.

ODIN: *(To Gamli.)* And yours?

GAMLI: I am Gamli, your most high, spectacular, royal, grand, majestic, imposing, magnificent, splendid Majesty.

THOR: *(Wanting some groveling.)* I am Thor!

MOG: Yes. *(Turns back to Odin.)* Your Incredibleness, Ruler of all the Universe, Master of Asgard, and High Commander of all Vikings, may I ask you a question?

ODIN: *(Unimpressed.)* Yes, but please go easy on the adjectives.

MOG: Where is Kirsten? She was guarding our slaves.

(Odin looks at Freyja and Thor and shrugs.)

JEFFERY: Uh, I can field that one, your Vikingness. She went with the other women.

GAMLI: What other women?

JEFFERY: Let's see... *(Thinks.)* What were they called? Vi...Vi...Vi...Vi...Vile...Vik...Vike...Viking. No. Vi...Vo...Vo...Voo...Voodoo...Voo...Voolish. No. Val...Val! Yes! Val...Val...Val...*(Others just watch him.)* Val...Value...Val...Val...Valum...Value! Val...k...k...k...k. Val...k...Val...k. [Val Kilmer!] No. Valk...Valk...

C...C...C...C...Cry...Cry...Cry...Cry like a baby! No Val...Cry...Val... Cree! Val...Cree! That's it! Vacuum! She went with the Vacuums. Valkyrie! She went with the Valkyrie! [*Or insert the name of another celebrity with these initials.*]

MOG: Valkyrie?! You mean the Valkyrie of Valhalla?

JEFFERY: Valhalla! Yes, they mentioned that.

GAMLI: (*To Mog.*) He's lost his mind.

MOG: (*To Jeffrey.*) The Valkyrie stay in Valhalla, you stupid slave.

JEFFERY: (*Corrects him.*) "Valcry."

MOG: What?

JEFFERY: The plural of "Valkyrie" is "Valcry". Like "octopi."

GAMLI: What does an Englishman know of the Valkyrie?

JEFFERY: They went through that doorway.

THOR: What doorway?

JEFFERY: That doorway. (*Points to the doorway, which is still faintly glowing red.*) The one that is still glowing red from the effects of Thor's hammer—which they stole—but which is also growing dim and will soon be gone, and when that happens, it will be too late to follow them through and find out their dastardly plot. (*Light goes out on the doorway.*) Oops, too late.

FREYJA: So this Kirsten went with the Valkyrie?

JEFFERY: That's right, your gorgeous, beautiful, stunning dazzlingness.

FREYJA: I'm beginning to like you, slave.

THOR: (*To Odin.*) Why would the Valkyrie take one of these villagers with them?

ODIN: I don't know, but we shall bring them along. They could be useful.

THOR: (*To Gamli and Mog.*) You two, you will come with us in search of the Valkyrie.

GAMLI/MOG: Yes, Thor.

THOR: (*Disappointed.*) Is that all? Just "Thor"? No "Highness" or "Majesty"?

ODIN: Come, Thor, we must return to Asgard with all speed.

THOR: Yes, Father.

ODIN: Mog, Gamli, get a move on.

GAMLI/MOG: Yes, your most excellent worshipfulness.

THOR: Yeah, get a move on.

GAMLI/MOG: Yes, Thor.

(Thor gives Mog and Gamli a disappointed look.)

ODIN: It won't be easy to find them. That hammer can take them anywhere on the earth, at any time in the future, or any period in history.

FREYJA: Then we better get going. But let's bring the slave along.

(Indicating Jeffery.) He could be useful. Jeffery, come.

JEFFERY: Yes, your Beautifulness.

(Odin raises his spear over his head, which causes another thunderstorm. Smoke, lightning, and thunder take over the stage and Thor, Odin, Freyja,, Jeffery, Mog, and Gamli disappear into the smoke. Storm ends. All is quiet. Slaves 1, 2, 3 wake up, stretch, and look around. Seeing there is no guard, they run off. Blackout.)

Scene 2

(AT RISE: *Sherwood Forest. George and Mary enter. They walk slowly like a couple out for a stroll.*)

MARY: It's funny, George, us meeting the way we did. It's as if it were meant to be.

GEORGE: (*Stuttering.*) Y-y-y-yes. I-i-i-it i-i-is fu-fu-fu-funny.

MARY: I mean, both of us working on our...personal problems like that, and then, bump, and here we are.

GEORGE: H-h-here w-w-we a-a-are.

MARY: Do you suppose it's safe to be in these woods? I've heard many strange stories about this place.

GEORGE: N-n-nons-s-s-sense. I-i-it's p-p-perfectly safe.

MARY: Oh, George, I love having these walks together. You make me feel like I'm the only woman in the world. I'm afraid I've become rather fond of you.

GEORGE: And I of-f-f-f-f y-y-you, M-M-M-M-Mary.

MARY: Golly, I'm so happy. What a super day. But listen to me, I'm going on and on. What will people say about the two of us? Two misfits—you with your...speech impediment, and me with my chronic bedwetting—perhaps it will never work between the two of us. Is it too much to hope?

GEORGE: (*Stops her and holds her by the shoulders.*) M-M-Mary, I-I-I hav-v-ve somth-th-thing t-t-t-to as-s-s-sk y-y-y-y-y—

MARY: Me?

GEORGE: You! (*Gets down on one knee.*) W-w-w-will y-y-y-y-you m-m-m-m-m-m...m-m-m-m-m...ma-ma-ma-ma...mar-mar-mar-mar-mar-mar—

MARY: Will I what, George?

GEORGE: Mar-mar-mar-mar-mar-mar-mar-mar-mar-mar... (*Trying to say "marry."*)

MARY: Will I mare? I don't understand what you're trying to say.

GEORGE: Mar-mar-mar-mar—

(*Suddenly, there is thunder and lightning. The doorway turns red and it is filled with smoke. The door flies open and the Valkyrie and Kirsten come through. They charge George and Mary and take them captive.*)

SVAVA: (*Pointing her sword at George.*) Our first catch of the day.

MARY: Who are you?

SVAVA: Easy, you wench, we'll ask the questions.

MARY: Did you hear that, George? She called me a "wench"!

GEORGE: N-n-n-n-now j-j-j-j-just a m-m-m-m-moment!

VOLLA: Shut up, you.

SVAVA: Frigg, where are we?

FRIGG: How should I know? I haven't learned exactly how this thing works yet.

VISNA: Well, wherever we are, I say we start the looting.

GIERSKOGUL: Yeah, let's take their stuff.

(Valkyrie search George and Mary and take two small bags from them and an engagement ring. Then they tie their hands behind their backs and gag them.)

SVAVA: Do they have anything worthwhile?

VOLLA: Some gold coins.

VISNA: And this! (*Holds up the engagement ring.*)

GEORGE: (*Trying to protest through the gag.*) Th-th-th-th-th-th-th—

GIERSKOGUL: Shut up, you!

(Kirsten sits George and Mary on the ground.)

KIRSTEN: (*To Valkyrie.*) You're robbing them?

FRIGG: We call it "plundering."

KIRSTEN: (*Excited.*) I've wanted all my life to plunder someone! Is that what you've come here to do? Is that why you have Thor's hammer?

SVAVA: That's right. You see, we've become tired of guarding the halls of Valhalla day in and day out collecting the souls of honored warriors for their trip to Asgard.

VOLLA: (*To Kirsten.*) So, we figured, why not do a little collecting for ourselves?

FRIGG: (*To Kirsten.*) So, we...*borrowed* Thor's hammer, which can take us anywhere in the universe.

SVAVA: (*To Kirsten.*) And we're using it to get filthy rich.

VISNA: (*To Kirsten.*) With the hammer, we can pillage and plunder ten times faster than any conventional way.

KIRSTEN: Isn't Thor going to want it back?

SVAVA: Well, yes. Like we said, we just *borrowed* it. We'll give it back eventually, after we've had our fill.

FRIGG: (*Looking around. To Kirsten.*) In the meantime, we're going to take advantage of it by looting all the treasure we can find.

SVAVA: Where are we, Frigg?

FRIGG: Not sure.

GIERSKOGUL: (*Indicating George and Mary.*) Maybe we should ask them...?

VISNA: (*Pulls George's gag down. To George.*) Where are we?

GEORGE: Sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh...

(*Visna puts George's gag back on and then pulls down Mary's gag.*)

VISNA: (*To Mary.*) Where are we?

MARY: Sherwood Forest.

SVAVA: Volla, you're the topographical expert.

VOLLA: Sherwood Forest. I've heard of that. It's outside of the Viking realm, but not too far. A lot of treasure passes through here.

SVAVA: Good, let's spread out and look for a good place to set up an ambush.

(*Suddenly, the Merry Men spring out from all sides of the stage and surround them. Valkyrie back into a tight circle, completely hiding George and Mary. They all hold their swords on each other and growl. Robin Hood comes swinging in on a vine [or he can just enter]. He stands majestically.*)

ROBIN: Welcome to Sherwood, my lady. What, Sir Guy? No greetings from you? Wait! Wait a minute! This is not Sir Guy. (*Approaches Svava.*) Who are you?

SVAVA: We're Viking plunderers.

ROBIN: Plunderers?! You don't say! Is that anything like robbers?

SVAVA: Yes.

ROBIN: Because we're all robbers! It's nice to finally meet someone in the same profession.

(*Merry Men and Valkyrie all slowly lower their weapons.*)

VOLLA: Well, who are you?

ROBIN: I am Robin Hood, and these are my Merry Men.

FRIGG: Merry?

ROBIN: Yes, men!

(Robin Hood claps and the Merry Men take their positions in a prearranged group like a choir. It's obvious that they've done this way too many times. Robin directs them like a choir director.)

MERRY MEN: *(Bored and embarrassed.)* Ha-ha-ha. Ho-ho-ho. Hee-hee-hee.

ROBIN: You see? Merry. *(Pulls Little John over.)* This one is Little John. You can see why we call him...John.

(Little John extends his hand to Svava. As soon as she extends her hand, he sniffs it.)

LITTLE JOHN: Nice to meet you. *(Sniffs her hand some more and then really big.)*

ROBIN: John, haven't we talked about this? *(John stops sniffing.)* I'm always joking with him that my name is Robin because I'm always robbin' people. *(He laughs hard at this. No one else laughs. To Merry Men, shouts.)* Men! *(Directs them again.)*

MERRY MEN: Ha-ha-ha. Ho-ho-ho. Hee-hee-hee.

ROBIN: *(To Valkyrie.)* Well, you know my name. *(Valkyrie have relaxed a bit and have slowly formed a line with George and Mary hidden behind them. Robin shakes hands with Gierskogul.)* And what's your name?

GIERSKOGUL: I'm Gierskogul.

ROBIN: And have you been a plunderer long?

GIERSKOGUL: Actually, this is my first time.

ROBIN: First time? Really, your first time? I feel like we should bake a cake. *(John grabs a handful of her hair. He looks through it. He tastes it. Indicating John.)* Sorry, he has this thing about hair, you know. But other than that, he's perfectly okay. *(John grabs her hand and sniffs it big.)* And, of course, there's the hand thing.

(Robin approaches Visna.)

VISNA: I'm Visna. You have a lovely forest here, sir.

ROBIN: Thank you. It's very kind of you to say. And you're a plunderer, too?

VISNA: Actually, besides being a plunderer, I'm sort of a demigod.

ROBIN: *(To Merry Men.)* Did you hear that, men? A demigod in our forest. Do we bow or something? *(John puts his palm flat against the tip of Visna's nose and moves his hand in small, fast circles. To John.)* You'll be sorry when she cuts your hand off. *(John puts his hand down. To Visna, indicating John.)* I'm sorry, he has this thing about noses, but other than that, he's perfectly normal. *(Approaches Frigg.)* I say, that's quite a hammer you've got there.

FRIGG: It's Mjolnir.

ROBIN: *Gesundheit.* *(John kneels down and lifts up her foot, puts his cheek down on floor, and brings her foot up and down on his other cheek. Indicating John.)* I'm sorry, he has this thing about feet, but other than that, he's perfectly okay. *(Robin approaches Volla.)* And what made you want to be a plunderer?

VOLLA: Boredom.

ROBIN: Ah, yes, boredom. I can understand that. You should spend an evening with Maiden Marion—that'll give you a new meaning of the word, believe you me. You know, I just noticed that you're all women.

VOLLA: We're Valkyrie.

ROBIN: Good heavens. Valkyrie? You don't say. *(Indicating Kirsten.)* And what sort of person is that?

KIRSTEN: Well, I'm not a Valkyrie, sir, I'm just a Viking warrior. But they're all Valkyrie, female warriors who guard the halls of Valhalla.

ROBIN: *(To Valkyrie.)* Female, huh? Well, Little John, here, has been searching for a wife. He's been so lonely, and I thought if he tickles any of your fancies— *(John sticks his eye on Volla's elbow. Indicating John.)* Ah, I forgot about the elbow thing. Other than that he's perfectly all right. Anyone interested? Hmm? *(Looks at all the Valkyrie to see if any are interested, but they avoid eye contact. He moves back to Svava.)* Well, since we are all robbers and plunderers, I propose a deal.

SVAVA: What do you have in mind?

ROBIN: We're expecting a group of travelers to pass this way. These travelers are extremely rich. In fact, we've robbed them before. I propose we team up and take everything they've got.

SVAVA: You can count on us.

(Robin and Svava shake hands.)

ROBIN: Fantastic!

MARION: (*Offstage. Shouts.*) Robin!

ROBIN: Shhhh!

VISNA: What was that?

ROBIN: Shhhh! If we don't answer, maybe she'll go away.

MARION: (*Offstage.*) Robin! You answer me! I know you're out here!

ROBIN: (*Sighs.*) Yes, dear. We're over here.

(*Marion enters.*)

MARION: Don't you make me tromp all over this forest. You answer me when I call you!

ROBIN: Yes, dear.

MARION: Dinner will be ready at five o'clock. Not five minutes after five and not five-thirty...five o'clock. Do you understand?

ROBIN: Yes, dear.

MARION: And after dinner, you're going to spend some quality time with your children. You're not going to slip off to the bedroom and read your wanted posters. You're going to spend some real quality time. And Little Robin, Jr. needs your help with his lessons.

ROBIN: Yes, dear.

MARION: And then after the kids go to bed...we're going to cuddle.

ROBIN: Oh, not more cuddling!

MARION: You heard me. Now, you be home in time for supper. And when I say five o'clock, I mean you be at the table by five and not just walking in the door.

ROBIN: Yes, dear.

MARION: All right, I'll let you get back to playing with your friends.

ROBIN: We're not playing...we're plundering.

MARION: Whatever you say, honey. Remember, five o'clock. I mean it, now.

ROBIN: (*Embarrassed.*) All right! (*Marion exits. To himself.*) What I wouldn't give for the gift of foresight. (*To Svava.*) If I'd known what it was going to be like, I never would have rescued her. Well, shall we get on with the operation?

SVAVA: Yes, when will the treasure be passing by?

ROBIN: Any moment now. Here's what I propose: I'll take my men and hide over there, and you take your...women and hide over

there. The rich will come from that direction... *(Points off SL.)* ...on their way to Nottingham. *(Points off SR.)* Now, as soon as we've identified them as the rich, we'll jump out, which will signal you to jump out, taking them completely by surprise. They'll be so overwhelmed that they'll probably give up without a fight.

VOLLA: Sounds good.

SVAVA: All right, everybody, get into your places.

FRIGG: What about them? *(Points to George and Mary.)*

ROBIN: Who are they?

VISNA: We robbed them just before you got here.

(John approaches Mary and strangely rubs her cheeks with the palms of his hands.)

ROBIN: Oh, yes, I forgot about the cheek thing. Well, let's just leave them there and they can join the rest of our victims.

MERRY MAN 1: Robin, they're coming!

ROBIN: Quick! Everyone, hide!

(They scramble to their hiding places. George and Mary are left alone onstage. Caravan to Nottingham enters SL. They see George and Mary.)

LADY 1: What's this?

LADY 2: Who are they?

GENTLEMAN 1: Most likely victims of Robin the Hood.

LADY 3: We must help them.

(Lady 3 goes to untie George and Mary. With a war cry, Valkyrie and Merry Men jump out of their hiding places and surround the Caravan.)

GENTLEMAN 2: Oh, not again!

ROBIN: Ha-ha! So, Sir Rathbone, you thought perhaps you would slip by us undetected. And Lady Rathbone. Have you met my Merry Men?

LADY 1: *(Annoyed.)* Several times.

ROBIN: Ah, but what about my Merry...Valkyrie?

LADY 2: Same old thing. New faces.

ROBIN: Well, then, I suppose you won't mind if we relieve you of this heavy burden you're carrying. *(Takes a bag from Lady 2 that she*

has been carrying. He pulls out a gold cup and holds it up.) Looks like we've struck it rich.

MERRY MEN/VALKYRIE: Yeah!

(Merry Men and Valkyrie strip the Caravan of their riches and create a treasure pile DSC. They force the Caravan to sit with George and Mary.)

SVAVA: *(To Robin.)* Is this a good haul for you?

ROBIN: Oh, yes, I should say so.

SVAVA: *(To Volla.)* I knew it. Stealing that hammer is the smartest thing we've ever done.

VOLLA: Here's the treasure we took off those other two.

SVAVA: Add it to the pile.

ROBIN: Yes, by all means. The more treasure the better. *(Volla puts treasure on the pile.)* This really is quite a lot of treasure. The poor are going to be so happy.

(Suddenly, all the Valkyrie become silent and look at Robin.)

SVAVA: The *what*?

ROBIN: The poor. This is going to really make their day.

FRIGG: Why?

ROBIN: Well, once we give it to them, they won't be poor anymore, will they?

VISNA: What do you mean, "give it to them"?

ROBIN: Oh, have you met them? The poor? *(Valkyrie stare blankly. To Merry Men.)* Bring out the poor! *(Merry Men bring the Caravan and Mary and George over to the Valkyrie in a line.)* These are the poor.

GIERSKOGUL: We've just robbed them!

ROBIN: I guess that would explain why they're poor, wouldn't it? *(Picks up some of the treasure. To Lady 1.)* Madame, I am proud to redistribute this wealth in your favor with all merriment.

(Robin hands Lady 1 the treasure and then turns to direct the Merry Men.)

MERRY MEN: Ha-ha-ha. Ho-ho-ho. Hee-hee-hee.

LADY 1: *(To Robin.)* Thank you, kind sir.

(Lady 1 exits past Robin. Lady 2 steps forward. Robin picks up more treasure from the pile.)

ROBIN: *(To Lady 2, handing her the treasure.)* Madame, I am proud to redistribute this wealth in your favor with all merriment.

(Robin hands Lady 2 the treasure and then turns to direct the Merry Men.)

MERRY MEN: Ha-ha-ha. Ho-ho-ho. Hee-hee-hee.

LADY 2: *(To Robin.)* Thank you, kind sir.

(Lady 2 exits past Robin. Lady 3 steps forward.)

KIRSTEN: The redistribution of wealth? Uff-da!

VALKYRIE: Uff-da!

VISNA: He must be a Democrat.

VOLLA: Let's get out of here!

SVAVA: Frigg, get the hammer ready. *(To Robin.)* Hey, listen, Mr. Hood, we're sorry, but we've got to be going.

ROBIN: Are you sure? There's a lot of treasure to hand out. And my sources tell me that soon there will be a caravan coming this way headed toward Nottingham.

SVAVA: Yes, well, I'm beginning to see how it works around here, and it seems that you've got things quite under control, so we'll leave you to it.

(Valkyrie group together.)

ROBIN: Well, thank you for your help. The poor are most grateful. Goodbye. *(He waves. Frigg hits the hammer on the floor and the doorway lights up red. There is thunder. Valkyrie exit through the door and the lights slowly fade. Picking up more treasure. To Lady 3.)* Madame, I am proud to redistribute this wealth in your favor with all merriment.

(Robin hands Lady 3 the treasure and then turns to direct the Merry Men.)

MERRY MEN: Ha-ha-ha. Ho-ho-ho. Hee-hee-hee.

LADY 3: *(To Robin.)* Thank you, kind sir.

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(Blackout.)

Scene 3

(AT RISE: *Loki's hideout. Minions 1, 2, 3 enter and stand around a tall table. There is a misty crystal ball on the table. The Minions are dressed in outfits covered with a lot of plastic wrap. Smoke fills the room.*)

MINION 1: The Master will soon be here, Minion 2.

MINION 2: Yes, Minion 1. Have you located the Valkyrie?

MINION 1: No, there seems to be something wrong with the magic-looking ball.

MINION 3: Oh, sorry! (*Runs off SR, immediately returns carrying an extension cord, and plugs the extension cord into the ball. The ball glows.*) There we go.

MINION 1: (*Looking into the crystal ball.*) That's better. Good work, Minion 3.

MINION 2: Do you see them?

MINION 1: Not yet. I see some activity from the hammer, but I can't seem to locate them.

MINION 3: We must do as Master Loki wishes.

MINION 2: She's sure to reward us handsomely if we can get her that hammer. (*Excited.*) A nice eye-poking would be lovely.

MINION 3: An eye-poking? That sounds like a punishment to me.

MINION 2: Oh, no, I like a good poking. Almost as much as a real deep paper cut on my tongue.

MINION 3: Yeow. I got one of those once when I was sending my wedding invitations.

MINION 1: Quiet! I'm seeing something.

MINION 3: Is it the hammer?

MINION 1: No, it's the Master. She comes.

(*Loki enters and approaches the table.*)

LOKI: (*To Minions.*) Have you found them yet?

MINION 1: Not yet, my master.

MINION 3: (*To Loki.*) Who are you?

LOKI: I'm your master, you idiot. Now, why haven't you located them?

MINION 3: (*Surprised.*) You're Loki?

LOKI: Yes, you fool. Now, out of my way!

(Loki pushes Minion 3 out of her way and advances so she's standing by the table next to Minion 1 and looking into the crystal ball.)

MINION 1: I'm not familiar with the hammer's magical properties, Master.

MINION 3: *(Getting up close and staring at Loki.)* You don't look like Loki.

MINION 2: No, she doesn't look like Loki at all. *(Loki "pokes" Minion 2 in the eye.)* Yeow! It's Loki. Thank you, Master. *(Minion 2 holds his eye like it hurts.)* That was wonderful!

LOKI: So we use this magical-looking ball to track the hammer?

MINION 1: That's correct, master.

MINION 3: If you're Loki, then why do you look so—

LOKI: Powerful?

MINION 3: No.

LOKI: Omnipotent?

MINION 3: No.

LOKI: Supreme?

MINION 3: I was going to say "beautiful."

LOKI: Ah, yes, this body. I've decided to take a female form for the time being. I was bored with the old one.

MINION 3: Quite an improvement, Master.

MINION 2: *(Still rubbing eye. To Loki.)* I like the long fingernails, particularly.

MINION 1: You see, Master, whenever the hammer is activated, we can track it using the ball. The more it's used, the more I can pinpoint its exact location.

LOKI: Excellent. Soon the hammer will be mine!

MINION 3: *(Getting too close to Loki.)* What will you do with it, master? Build a house or something?

LOKI: Bash your head in with it, for one.

MINION 2: *(Excited.)* Me first, Master!

LOKI: The hammer Mjolnir will give me the power I deserve.

MINION 2: But why did you give the hammer to the Valkyrie?

LOKI: I didn't give it to them, you idiot. I could never get the hammer from Thor on my own, so I convinced them to steal it. I whispered in their ears and told them they could get rich with the hammer. Now I just need to take the hammer from them. Then I will be all powerful.

MINION 3: But you have power, Master. You're the god of mischief.

LOKI: Mischief? Mischief? What kind of god is that? There's no power in that.

MINION 3: But, Master, don't you remember that time when you hid a lightning bolt in your palm and then shook hands with Odin? Or the time you slipped a sneezing potion into Thor's ale? No power, huh?

LOKI: I'm tired of whoopee cushions and joy buzzers. I want true power—the power of Odin! Odin gave Mjolnir to Thor and look what he does with it...he protects Asgard. As if we needed protection!

MINION 3: I don't need protection.

LOKI: Of course, you don't! Would you like a piece of gum?

(Loki offers Minion 3 a piece of gum. Minion 3 takes a piece, but when he pulls the gum out of its pack, it snaps his finger.)

MINION 3: *(Jumps in shock.)* Ah! That scared me, Master. You got me with that fake snapping gum again.

MINION 2: Good one, Master. But I thought you were tired of mischief.

LOKI: I am. But I can't resist. The desire to play practical jokes runs through my blood. But with Thor's hammer, I will rid myself of this carnal desire and wield the greatest power of all. And when I have the greatest power of all, I will sit on Odin's throne. And when I sit on Odin's throne, I will be the supreme god of the universe!

MINION 3: Good plan, Master.

MINION 2: *(Excited.)* Oh, Master, I get all tingly inside when you talk like that. Hurt me, Master, hurt me!

LOKI: Maybe later.

(Minion 2 looks dejected.)

MINION 1: Master! They're using the hammer again!

LOKI: Good, good. Watch them. We'll wait for the right time to present itself. Then we'll take the hammer. For now, follow their progress and report back to me.

MINION 1: Yes, my Master.

(Loki exits. Minions gather around the ball and peer into it. Pause.)

UFF-dal

††

MINION 3: Hey, Minion 2, remember that time when the ball didn't work 'cause I forgot to plug it in? And then I went and got the plug and plugged it in?

MINION 2: Yeah, I remember, Minion 3.

MINION 3: I did good, huh?

MINION 2: Yeah, Minion 3, you did good. You did real good.

MINION 3: (*Smiles.*) Thanks, Minion 2.

(Blackout.)

Scene 4

(AT RISE: A Wild West saloon. There is a Bartender and a Piano Player [or Western piano music]. Cowboys 1, 2 are playing cards at one of the tables. Other Cowboys are positioned around the bar. At the other table are Mary and George, who are now wearing western clothing.)

MARY: It's quite amusing, George, us meeting the way we did. It's as if it were meant to be.

GEORGE: (Stuttering.) Y-y-y-yes. I r-r-r-r-reckon it it it is amu...amu...amu...z-z-z-z-zing.

MARY: I mean, both of us working on our...personal problems like that, and then bump, and here we are.

GEORGE: H-h-here w-w-we a-a-are.

MARY: Do you think it's proper for us to be in a saloon? I've heard terrible things about what goes on in places like this.

GEORGE: N-n-nons-s-s-sense. I-i-it's p-p-perfectly prop-p-p-per. W-w-w-would y-y-you lik-k-k-ke a d-d-drink?

MARY: Oh, I'd better not. You know, with my...problem. Oh, I've become awfully fond of you!

GEORGE: And I of-f-f-f-f y-y-you, M-M-M-M-Mary. I-I-I hav-v-ve somth-th-thing t-t-t-t to as-s-s-sk y-y-y-y-y—

MARY: Me?

GEORGE: You! (Gets down on one knee.) W-w-w-will y-y-y-y-you m-m-m-m-m-m...m-m-m-m-m...ma-ma-ma-ma-ma...mar-mar-mar-mar-mar-mar-mar—

MARY: Will I what, George?

GEORGE: Mar-mar-mar-mar-mar-mar-mar-mar-mar-mar-mar—

MARY: Will I mare? I don't understand what you're trying to say.

(Suddenly, Pete enters through the swinging doors. His gun hangs low on his belt. He looks around. He sees George on his knee. He walks over to him, grabs him by the scruff of the neck, and lifts him up to his own face.)

PETE: (To George, threateningly.) Are you Dillinger?!

GEORGE: N-n-n-n-n-n-n-n-n-n-n-n-n-n-n-n-n...

MARY: ...ooo!

(Pete tosses George down to the ground. Mary runs to George. Mary and George quickly exit. Pete moves to the bar, walking a very tough walk.)

PETE: Barkeep, I been looking for a feller. Calls hisself Dan "The Death Dealer" Dillinger. He's a wanted criminal, and I's gonna bring him in and collect the 500-dollar bounty on his head. He's wanted dead or alive...I's not sure which. But me and my forty-four, here... *(Indicating gun.)* ...is planning to make him dead when he's alive.

BARTENDER: *(Corrects him.)* I'm.

PETE: What?

BARTENDER: It's "I'm going to bring him in," not "I's gonna bring him in."

PETE: Is that right?

BARTENDER: I'm quite sure.

PETE: But if "I" is the subject of the sentence and the verb is "is," then isn't it conjugated as "I's"?

BARTENDER: Actually, in this case, the verb "is" is conjugated as "am." So you would say "I am." "I am going to bring him in," or "I'm gonna bring him in."

PETE: Huh. Yeah, I guess that does sound better. Well, I'm gonna bring him in. And, in any case, it's hard and dangerous work. So before I get back to hunting down the bounty, I thought I would...I would, I would, conjugated as "I'd"... *(Bartender gives a nod of approval.)* ...I'd come in here for a man's drink, something that'll rip the lining off the walls of your stomach. Something so strong it'll bring tears to a lesser man's eyes. Something that'll shoot smoke out your ears. *(Slight pause.)* Give me a sarsaparilla.

BARTENDER: What's that?

PETE: It's kind of like root beer but not as good.

BARTENDER: Then we don't have it.

PETE: Then just give me some warm milk with some cow hairs in it.

BARTENDER: The cow died last week.

PETE: Look, just give me the manliest drink you have—something that'll suck the wind right outta ya.

(Bartender reaches under the bar and pulls out a colorful glass. He sprays whipped cream from a can in it and puts a cherry on top with an umbrella and a straw. He quickly pulls out two pointy party hats and puts one on Pete and one on himself. He blows a party tickler.)

BARTENDER: That'll put hair on your chest. Oh, yeah, it comes with a toy! *(Reaches under the counter and pulls out a plastic toy, like something from a Happy Meal.)* If you drink it all, you get a sticker.

(Cowboys open their vests to show the insides lined with stickers.)

PETE: *(To Bartender.)* Thanks.

(Thunder and lightning. Doorway glows red. Valkyrie come through the doorway and enter the saloon through the swinging door.)

COWBOY 1: *(Excited.)* They must be the next floor show! *(Gets up to greet Valkyrie. To Svava.)* Howdy, ma'am.

(Cowboy 1 grabs Svava's hand and kisses it. Svava grabs him by the collar and throws him back across the room.)

COWBOY 2: I think she likes you.

(Cowboy 2 laughs. Cowboy 1 climbs back into his chair.)

BARTENDER: *(To Valkyrie.)* What can I do for you ladies?

SVAVA: We're thirsty.

BARTENDER: Well, have a seat, and I'll bring you out something to wet your whistle.

(Valkyrie congregate around the empty table. Svava and Kirsten sit down. When they are all situated, Dillinger enters through the swinging doors. The saloon goes dead quiet. Dillinger walks slowly downstage.)

DILLINGER: My name is Dan Dillinger. I heard there's a feller looking for me.

(Pete slowly turns around. Note: For the following exchange between Pete and Dillinger, observers turn to look at whoever is talking.)

PETE: Nope. I'm looking for a feller named Dan "The Death Dealer" Dillinger.

DILLINGER: Well, that's me.

PETE: Then I'm looking for you.

(Pete and Dillinger face each other in a classic gunfight stance.)

DILLINGER: Well, you found me.

PETE: That's right. I found you.

DILLINGER: What do you want?

PETE: You're a bad guy, Death Dealer. I'm here to take your rotten scum-suckin' hide in...dead or alive.

DILLINGER: I don't think I likes those options.

PETE: Well, that's all the options you git.

DILLINGER: Let me give you your options. I's gonna count to three, and then you're gonna die of lead poisoning.

PETE: *(Corrects him.)* I'm.

DILLINGER: What?

PETE: "I'm gonna count to three." Not "I's gonna count to three." You conjugated the verb "is" incorrectly.

DILLINGER: The way someone conjugates the verb "is" is nobody's business but his or her own. *(At this, all the Cowboys take cover by jumping over the bar and diving under the tables. Valkyrie remain at their table.)* One...two...three.

(Dillinger and Pete draw their guns and fire. Pause. Pete falls dead right in front of Cowboy 1 and 2, who are hiding under a table.)

COWBOY 1: *(To Bartender, nervously.)* Hey, Mac, when's the next show?

COWBOY 2: *(To Bartender, nervously.)* Yeah, I thought this place had continuous entertainment.

BARTENDER: Every 15 minutes, boys.

COWBOY 2: It's been 15 minutes!

COWBOY 1: *(To Bartender.)* Yeah, bring on the dancing girls!

(Suddenly, an old western tune starts up and the Dancing Girls run onto the stage. They position themselves CS and perform a dance in a traditional saloon dance hall style. The Cowboys come out from hiding and hoot and holler. Dillinger goes to the bar. When the dance ends, the Cowboys cheer wildly. Dillinger grabs Dancing Girl 1 and tries to kiss her. Dancing Girl 1 struggles. Dillinger is about to overpower Dancing Girl 1 when Visna grabs his wrist and slowly pulls it off of the girl. Visna's grip is strong and Dillinger is in pain. Dancing Girl 1 escapes Dillinger's grasp and runs to

the other Dancing Girls. Dillinger is still wincing from the pain. Visna throws him across the room. As Dillinger gets up, he draws his gun.)

DILLINGER: *(To Visna.)* Lady or not, you're going down.

(Dillinger aims his gun at Visna, but Volla is right there to grab his arm and pull the gun away. Volla tucks the gun into her belt, punches him in the stomach, and throws him into the table where Cowboys 1 and 2 are seated. This starts a chain reaction, causing a traditional bar fight. All the Saloon Girls, Cowboys, and Valkyrie are involved in the fight. The Dancing Girls' music starts and some of the Dancing Girls try to perform their routine. Suddenly, lightning and thunder.)

GIERSKOGUL: *(To Valkyrie.)* It's them! They've found us!

VISNA: Uff-da! Use the hammer!

FRIGG: Right!

(Frigg throws off the Cowboy she is fighting and slams the hammer down. More thunder and lightning. The doorway turns red and the Valkyrie exit the saloon's swinging double doors and then go through the red doorway. Fight continues. Thor, Odin, Freyja, Mog, Gamli, and Jeffrey enter the saloon through the swinging doors and watch the fight.)

ODIN: *(Shouts.)* Quiet!

(Everyone stops fighting and is quiet.)

FREYJA: Excuse me, we're looking for the Valkyrie. Have you seen them?

(Cowboy 1 approaches Freyja.)

COWBOY 1: *(To Freyja.)* Howdy, ma'am.

(Cowboy 1 takes Freyja's hand and kisses it.)

FREYJA: Well, aren't you cute?

(Odin throws Cowboy 1 across the room.)

COWBOY 2: *(To Cowboy 1, indicating Odin.)* I think he likes you.

ODIN: *(Shouts.)* Boys! *(Mog and Gamli step forward threateningly.)* All right, tell me where the Valkyrie are, or I's gonna let my Viking Warriors loose on you all.

DILLINGER: *(Corrects him.)* I'm.

ODIN: What?

DILLINGER: "I'm gonna let my Viking Warriors loose on ya'll." Not "I's."

(Odin looks furious. Thunder and lightning. Blackout.)

SCENE 5

(AT RISE: Utopia. George and Mary enter. They are dressed like the Utopians, for they are part of their society. Perhaps they are descendents of the George and Mary from the Wild West or Sherwood Forest. They walk slowly like a couple out for a stroll.)

MARY: It's humorous, Georgie, us meeting the way we did. It's as if it were meant to be.

GEORGE: (Stuttering a lot.) Y-y-y-yes. I-i-i-it i-i-is hu-hu-hu-humorous.

MARY: I mean, both of us working on our...personal problems like that, and then, bump, and here we are.

GEORGE: H-h-here w-w-we a-a-are.

MARY: Do you suppose it's safe to walk around with our conditions? I've heard that people like us should stay in bed all day.

GEORGE: N-n-nons-s-s-sense. I-i-it's p-p-perfectly safe.

MARY: Oh, Georgie, I love having these walks together. You make me feel like I'm the only woman in Utopia. I'm afraid my cerebral impulses have become rather accustomed to your presence.

GEORGE: And m-m-my imp-p-p-pulses of-f-f-f-f-y-y-you.

MARY: Golly, I'm so happy. What a super day. But listen to me. I'm going on and on. What will people say about the two of us? Two misfits: You with your...speech impediment, and me with my...well, who wants to stay in bed all day with my problem. Perhaps it will never work between the two of us. Is it too much to hope?

(George stops Mary and holds her by the shoulders.)

GEORGE: M-M-Mary, I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I—

MARY: You?

GEORGE: Yes, I-I-I-I-I-I—

MARY: Georgie, you've already said the whole word "I." There's no sense in stuttering if you've already said it. Just go on to the next word.

GEORGE: Right. (Pause.) I-I-I-I—

MARY: Stop! Now I want you to focus. Don't say "I" again. Just start the next word.

GEORGE: (*Focuses.*) Haaaa...I-I-I-I—

MARY: Georgie! I get the "I" part! Just say the rest of it, for crying out loud! (*Suddenly.*) Oh, look at that flower. (*Looks away at a flower.*)

GEORGE: (*Speedily.*) I have something to ask you.

MARY: (*Didn't hear him as her attention was on the flower.*) I'm sorry, what?

GEORGE: I-I-I-I—

(Suddenly, there is thunder and lightning. The doorway turns red and it is filled with smoke. The door flies open and the Valkyrie and Kirsten come through. They charge George and Mary and take them captive.)

MARY: Oh, Georgie, what do we do?

GEORGE: I-I-I-I—

VOLLA: Shut up, you!

FRIGG: They don't have any treasure.

VISNA: No treasure?

GIERSKOGUL: That's just our luck.

(Utopian 1, 2 enter SL. They casually look at the Valkyrie.)

UTOPIAN 1: (*To Valkyrie.*) Good morning.

UTOPIAN 2: (*To Valkyrie.*) You must be strangers to our land.

SVAVA: Uh, yes.

UTOPIAN 1: (*To Valkyrie.*) We welcome you with open arms.

VOLLA: We've come to plunder your treasure.

UTOPIAN 2: By all means.

(Utopian 2 shakes hands with Frigg.)

FRIGG: You don't mind that we've taken some of your citizens captive? (*Points to George and Mary.*)

UTOPIAN 1: It's not your fault.

GIERSKOGUL: It isn't?

VISNA: (*To Utopians.*) What do you mean "it's not our fault"? We did it.

UTOPIAN 2: Yes, but you're not to blame.

GIERSKOGUL: Who is to blame?

UTOPIAN 1: Certainly not you. It's not your fault.

VISNA: But we're the ones who did it.

UTOPIAN 2: Yes, but it's not your fault.

SVAVA: Is there someone else we could talk to?

(Utopian 3 and Prime Manager enter SR.)

UTOPIAN 2: Here comes the manager.

MANAGER: What's going on here?

UTOPIAN 1: We have visitors.

UTOPIAN 3: Visitors, wonderful!

UTOPIAN 2: They've taken two of our citizens captive.

MANAGER: Well, we can't blame them for that.

UTOPIAN 1: Of course not.

(Svava points her sword in the Manager's face.)

SVAVA: *(To Manager.)* We've also come to take your treasures.

MANAGER: I understand, and it's not your fault.

SVAVA: I don't care if you think it's not my fault or if you blame me.

I'm going to do it anyway, and there's nothing you can do about it.

MANAGER: I understand that. But let's all remember that just because I can't do anything about it, that doesn't mean that it's my fault.

(Utopians 1, 2, 3 adlib "Oh, no," "Of course not," "It's definitely not your fault," etc. Other Utopians enter and Jack is with them. Utopians now outnumber the Valkyrie and have them completely surrounded. It is clear that the Valkyrie feel threatened. Valkyrie ready their weapons.)

MANAGER: *(To Utopians.)* Everyone, everyone, may I please have your attention? These visitors to our land have come here to plunder our treasure. *(Utopians mumble.)* I have informed them that it is not their fault.

(Utopians mumble in agreement.)

UTOPIAN 1: Of course not. How could it be their fault?

MANAGER: That's my point. Now, they have said that there is nothing I can do about it. Now, most importantly, I want everyone to understand that that is not my fault.

UTOPIAN 3: Certainly not.

UTOPIAN 2: It's not my fault, either.

UTOPIAN 3: Nor mine.

UTOPIAN 1: It's nobody's fault.

MANAGER: Exactly. They will plunder our treasure, and it will be nobody's fault, and there's nothing I or anyone else could've done about it.

JACK: You could've initiated a civil defense strategy.

(Utopians gasp.)

MANAGER: You can't hold me accountable for that.

UTOPIAN 1: Don't worry, Prime Manager. No one is going to do that.

JACK: *(To Manager.)* Or we could take up arms to defend our treasure.

UTOPIAN 2: We don't have any weapons.

UTOPIAN 3: *(To Utopians, indicating Jack.)* He speaks blasphemy!

MANAGER: Jack, why would you say such things? You know our laws and our ways. You know we have no weapons of any kind.

GIERSKOGUL: This is not turning out to be as fun as I thought it was going to be.

MANAGER: That's not my fault.

SVAVA: Then whose fault is it? *(Points her sword at the Manager's chest.)*

MANAGER: *(Shaking.)* It's no one's fault.

SVAVA: And what if I run you through with my sword? Then would it be my fault?

MANAGER: Certainly not. It's no one's fault.

UTOPIAN 1: Actually, sir, if you remember correctly, we can assign the fault on this situation.

MANAGER: *(To Svava.)* Oh, yes, it would be your sword's fault.

SVAVA: My sword's fault?

UTOPIAN 2: Yes, because if you didn't have the sword, you couldn't run her through.

MANAGER: *(To Svava.)* That is why we have no swords in our society.

SVAVA: What if I were to use a dagger?

UTOPIANS: Dagger's fault.

MANAGER: *(To Svava.)* We also have no daggers.

SVAVA: And if I shot you with an arrow?

UTOPIANS: Arrow's fault.

MANAGER: *(To Svava.)* No arrows.

SVAVA: What if I bashed your head in with a rock?

UTOPIANS: Rock's fault.

MANAGER: *(To Svava.)* Do you see any rocks lying around?

UTOPIAN 3: *(To Svava.)* We banned all rocks from our society.

SVAVA: All right, then, what if I were to drag you to death by your posterior on that newly paved road?

UTOPIANS: Asphalt.

FRIGG: *(To Svava.)* Let me try one. *(To Manager.)* What if I strangled you with my bare hands?

(Utopians look at each other and mumble a bit. They seem stumped. Pause.)

UTOPIAN 1: I've got this one, Prime Manager. *(To Frigg.)* Let me see your hands. *(Frigg shows her hands.)* You've got quite a bit of filth on your hands. The filth would have been the one actually touching her neck and, therefore, it would've been the filth's fault.

(Utopians agree.)

VOLLA: *(To Utopians.)* So, in short, you're not going to put up a fight, are you?

MANAGER: Of course not.

JACK: Maybe we should! They're going to take our treasure! We worked hard for that treasure year in and year out. We need to defend ourselves!

(Valkyrie position their swords, ready for a fight.)

VISNA: *(To Valkyrie, indicating Jack.)* I like this one.

MANAGER: Jack, Jack, when are you going to get it through that thick skull of yours that it's not their fault?

UTOPIAN 3: Nor mine.

(Utopians adlib "It's not my fault," "I'm not the one to blame," etc.)

JACK: *(To Manager.)* So we're just going to let them take everything we've worked so hard for?

MANAGER: Yes. *(To Valkyrie.)* Perhaps you would like something to eat as well?

SVAVA: Yes, that would be nice.

MANAGER: To the treasure-slash-banquet room!

(Manager leads the Valkyrie and the rest of the Utopians past Jack and they merrily exit SL. Jack watches them exit. Jack thinks he is alone, but Kirsten has stayed behind.)

KIRSTEN: *(To Jack.)* Excuse me. Jack, isn't it?

JACK: Yes.

KIRSTEN: I just wanted to say that I respect what you said.

JACK: You do?

KIRSTEN: Yes, very much so. Forgive me for saying so, but you seem out of place here.

JACK: I feel out of place.

KIRSTEN: I know exactly what you're going through. I felt out of place, too.

JACK: Tell me, in your society, are people held responsible for their actions?

KIRSTEN: Oh, yes, very much so.

JACK: There are laws and punishment for breaking those laws?

KIRSTEN: Yes, sometimes very harsh punishments.

JACK: Gosh, that sounds great!

KIRSTEN: I'm Kirsten.

JACK: I'm Jack. Nice to meet you. *(They shake hands. They look into each other's eyes. It is love at first sight. They hold the shake extra long.)* Will you be staying long?

KIRSTEN: Just long enough to plunder your treasure.

JACK: Of course. Can I show you around?

KIRSTEN: I'd like that.

(Jack and Kirsten walk slowly around the stage during the following exchange.)

JACK: Utopia is actually a wonderful place. It's just that when anything bad happens, whether it's an accident or on purpose, it's

never anyone's fault, and no one ever learns from the incident, so it just keeps happening over and over.

KIRSTEN: That's pretty weird. I remember Gamli spilled his soup all over his wife's new fur, and she never let him hear the end of it. She must've yelled at him for an hour. Then every day for the next week, she'd treat him like a baby when she gave him his soup. (*Baby talk, imitating.*) "Here's your soup, my little Viking Warrior. Now, be a big boy and try not to spill." Then she made him put a bib on. You know, stuff like that. He hasn't spilled his soup since.

JACK: Sounds wonderful!

KIRSTEN: You know, accepting the consequences of your actions also applies to the good stuff, too.

JACK: What do you mean?

KIRSTEN: Well, if you're good at something, you reap the rewards of what you do. For example, if you're a good Viking raider, you get to enjoy all the riches you plunder.

JACK: So, in your society, if I'm a farmer and I work hard and grow a good crop, I'll have lots of food to eat?

KIRSTEN: Exactly.

JACK: I wish that were the case here. It seems like I'm the only one who grows anything.

KIRSTEN: Well, what do the others eat?

JACK: My crops. They just walk into my fields and help themselves.

And then when I don't have enough food for myself they just say—

KIRSTEN/JACK: It's not my fault.

(Jack and Kirsten look at each other understandingly.)

JACK: Would you like to see our central area?

KIRSTEN: Sure.

(Jack and Kirsten exit SL. Blackout.)

Scene 6

(AT RISE: Loki's hideout. Minions enter, carrying the table and the crystal ball. Minion 1 looks into the crystal ball.)

MINION 3: (*Depressed.*) I wish I had a better name.

MINION 2: What do you mean, Minion 3?

MINION 3: Well, "Minion 3" isn't very tough sounding.

MINION 2: Mine's "Minion 2" and his is "Minion 1."

MINION 1: They are kind of generic...

MINION 2: Yeah, I guess they are.

MINION 1: Well, what do you want your name to be?

MINION 2: Something menacing sounding...like "Pain."

MINION 1: "Pain." That's pretty good. I think I would like my name to be "Legion."

MINION 2: Ooooooh! "Legion." Scary. What name do you want, Minion 3?

MINION 3: I think I would like to be called "Sally G. Johnson."

MINION 2: Sally G. Johnson?

MINION 3: What do you think?

(*Trying not to sound sarcastic, other Minions adlib "Yeah, that's pretty good," "I like it," "It sounds tough," "You should go with it," etc. Loki enters.*)

LOKI: What news from the ball?

MINION 1: I found them, Master. They're at Utopia.

LOKI: Utopia? I hate that place.

MINION 2: But, Master, you created it. (*Loki punches him in the stomach and he doubles over in pain, enjoying the punch.*) That was great.

LOKI: Yes, I created the place...in a sense. I merely suggested to them that no one should be held accountable for anything they do. There would be no punishment.

MINION 3: But, Master, you love punishment.

LOKI: Only if I'm the one giving it out. (*Kicks Minion 2 in the bum and he falls down.*) But I certainly do not like to receive punishment.

MINION 2: Like that time Odin punished you for that mischief you caused at Thor's birthday party?

MINION 3: *(To Loki.)* Oh, yes, that thing with the melons. That was a good one, Master.

LOKI: Yes. *(Picks up Minion 2. Holds him to her face.)* And thank you for bringing up such a painful subject!

(Loki looks threateningly into Minion 2's eyes.)

MINION 2: Yes, Master, do it! Do it! *(Loki gives Minion 2 a Wet Willie.)* Oh, thank you, Master, thank you!

LOKI: Who does Odin think he is, handing out punishment like that? Lobbing lightning bolts in the direction of anyone who breaks his precious rules. If I was the supreme god of the universe, I would make obeying the rules...optional. You certainly wouldn't be punished for breaking them. Everyone would go straight to the Halls of Valhalla.

MINION 3: Sounds wonderful.

MINION 1: But, Master, the warriors in Valhalla are there because they have advanced far beyond all others.

LOKI: Are you questioning me?

MINION 2: I'll take his punishment, Master!

LOKI: *(Thinks.)* No! No punishment. *(Approaches Minion 1.)* Utopia is too far away. I want you to figure out how to get them to come closer. No, not closer, I want you to get them to come all the way here, my minions.

(Pause.)

MINION 3: Uh, Master, we've been talking...and we don't like being called "minions" anymore.

LOKI: What?

MINION 3: We'd like to be addressed by our proper names.

LOKI: Your proper names?

MINION 3: Yes.

LOKI: And what is your proper name?

MINION 3: Sally G. Johnson.

(Minion 1 makes a drinking gesture to Loki to indicate that Minion 3 has been drinking.)

LOKI: Oh. Oh, I see. All right. Uh, how can we get the Valkyrie here, Sally?

MINION 3: We could tempt them!

LOKI: Yes! Tempt them. What is it that they seek?

MINION 1: Treasure.

LOKI: So we will tempt them with gold!

MINION 1: With silver!

MINION 2: With jewels!

MINION 3: With string beans!

(Loki rolls her eyes.)

LOKI: *(To Minion 1.)* You will continue to monitor their progress. *(Turns to the Minion 2, 3.)* And you two will go down to them in disguise and get them to come here.

MINION 2: How do we do that, Master?

LOKI: Show them this gold... *(Hands Minion 2 a gold coin.)* ...and tell them there's more. Get them to stick the coin to the hammer. The next time they activate it, it will act as a homing device and bring them straight here to my lair.

MINION 2: Brilliant, Master! Brilliant!

MINION 3: Yes, brilliant. Master, I made sure it was plugged in.

LOKI: *(Not knowing what Minion 3 is talking about.)* Uh...okay...thanks, Sally. *(Exits. Blackout.)*

SCENE 7

(AT RISE: *Utopia. Valkyrie enter and Utopians follow. Valkyrie are carrying armfuls of treasure. Kirsten and Jack are not present. When they get CS, the Valkyrie stand upstage facing downstage.*)

MANAGER: (*To Valkyrie.*) So tell us...how did you escape?

(*This cues that it is story time for the Utopians. Utopians sit facing Valkyrie.*)

SVAVA: Well, so there we were surrounded by the Germanian hoard. They were closing in on us from every side. Unknown to us—while we plundered their treasure room—Gierskogul had taken their golden statue of fertility, a prize so valuable that it can not be traded for gold or silver. So valuable was this statue that they believed that they would all wither away and die if it was taken from them. This was the only reason they dared come against the might of our steel.

UTOPIAN 1: Of course!

UTOPIAN 2: (*To Svava.*) They'd be crazy to do otherwise.

UTOPIAN 3: (*To Svava.*) So what happened?

SVAVA: Well, just then, Gierskogul realized what she was holding and threw the statue into the air. They tried to catch it, but they were too slow. The statue smashed on the rocks into a million pieces.

MANAGER: That wasn't her fault.

UTOPIAN 1: How could it be?

UTOPIAN 2: There's really nothing else you could've done.

SVAVA: Yes, well, instead of shriveling up and dying, they were only more infuriated. They charged us and would've overcome us simply due to their sheer numbers. But Frigg was quick to act. She brought Mjolnir down to the earth, and with a crack of thunder, the hoard was stunned and the portal was opened just in time for our escape.

MANAGER: Uh, what's Mjolnir? (*Frigg looks to Svava, who nods. Frigg lifts Mjolnir and shows them.*) So when she strikes that hammer on the ground a magic portal appears?

FRIGG: Yes, that's right.

VOLLA: That's how we got here.

VISNA: In fact, I think we've had our fill of this place.

GIERSKOGUL: We've got all the treasure we can carry.

SVAVA: I suppose it is time for us to be moving to our next victims.

MANAGER: So you'll use this hammer to open the portal?

FRIGG: Right.

MANAGER: Oh, how exciting. *(To Utopians.)* Everyone, stand back while they activate the hammer. *(Utopians don't move.)* That's far enough. *(To Frigg.)* Okay, go ahead. *(Frigg raises the hammer above her head.)* Hold it! I just want to make sure I understand. *(Frigg lowers the hammer.)* When you strike the ground, that's when we'll hear the thunder and the portal will open?

SVAVA: Right, when she strikes the ground.

MANAGER: *(To Utopians.)* Right, so when we hear the thunder, everyone—no one panic—it's just them activating the hammer-slash-portal-slash-magic-thingy. *(To Frigg.)* All right, go ahead.

(Frigg again raises the hammer, but before she can strike the ground, there is a huge crack of thunder and a flash of light. Confused, Frigg looks at the hammer. Other Valkyrie look panicked. Storm continues. In a panic, the Valkyrie start running around.)

SVAVA: They've found us!

VOLLA: It's Thor!

VISNA: It's Odin!

GIERSKOGUL: It's Freyja!

FRIGG: We're finished!

SVAVA: *(To Frigg.)* Quick! Open the portal!

(Frigg cracks the hammer down and another flash of light and thunder fills the sky. The doorway glows red. Kirsten and Jack enter.)

KIRSTEN: *(To Jack.)* So what would happen if you didn't plant any crops at all?

JACK: Holy jumpin' Siamese catfish! What's going on?!

GIERSKOGUL: Kirsten! They've found us!

VISNA: *(To Kirsten.)* They're coming! We must leave!

KIRSTEN: I don't want to go!

VOLLA: Come on!

(Frigg goes through the portal first. Svava motions for the other Valkyrie to come. Volla, Visna, and Gierskogul grab Kirsten and try to pull her to the door but she struggles.)

KIRSTEN: I don't want to go!

JACK: What's happening?! Where are you going?!

MANAGER: *(To Valkyrie.)* I thought you said that the thunder would happen when the hammer hit the ground!

GIERSKOGUL: *(To Kirsten.)* No time to waste! Get in there!

(Volla, Visna, and Gierskogul throw Kirsten through the doorway and then jump through themselves. Svava is the only one left.)

MANAGER: The thunder happened before the hammer hit the ground!

SVAVA: That wasn't us!

MANAGER: What?!

SVAVA: That wasn't us!

MANAGER: What?!

SVAVA: You'll see!

(Svava jumps through the door and it closes. Storm dies down.)

JACK: *(Shouts.)* Kirsten!

(All the Utopians look at each other with blank expressions. Thor enters.)

THOR: Here, Father! Mother! I've tracked Mjolnir to this point. It should be here. *(Odin and Freyja enter. Thor steps to where the Valkyrie had been standing. Mog, Gamli, and Jeffery enter and stand behind Odin and Freyja.)* All right, which one of you has my hammer? *(Utopian look at him blankly.)* Come on, speak up! Who has it?

FREYJA: Thor, dear, these aren't the Valkyrie. I'm afraid they're Utopians.

THOR: Utopians? Man! I hate Utopians!

MANAGER: That's not my fault.

(Thor gives him a sharp look.)

ODIN: *(To Utopians.)* Has anyone seen several female warriors with a hammer?

UTOPIANS: *(In perfect unison.)* Yes, we have.

THOR: *(To himself.)* That was creepy.

ODIN: *(To Utopians.)* Where did they go?

MANAGER: You won't hold us responsible?

FREYJA: For what?

MANAGER: For anything.

THOR: We'll see.

MANAGER: *(Hesitant.)* They went through a portal after smashing a hammer on the ground.

FREYJA: Thor, come here, darling. Perhaps you could use your tracking skills.

(Thor joins Odin and Freyja.)

JACK: *(To Odin.)* Excuse me, but do you know if Kirsten will be coming back?

ODIN: Who is this Kirsten?

(Jack joins the Viking Gods and they talk silently in a small circle. The Manager comes up behind Odin and taps him on the shoulder.)

MANAGER: Excuse me. Who are you?

ODIN: *(To Mog, Gamli, and Jeffery.)* You three, keep them busy.

(Mog, Gamli, and Jeffery move CS where Thor had been standing. The Utopians all stare at them.)

MOG: *(To Jeffery.)* You heard Odin, keep them busy.

JEFFERY: What should I do?

GAMLI: Tell them a story. *(Points his sword in Jeffrey's back.)*

UTOPIANS: *(In perfect unison.)* Yes, tell us a story.

JEFFERY: A story, right. *(Obviously making it up as he goes along.)*

Well, once upon a time there was a...uh...spoon.

UTOPIAN 1: A what?

JEFFERY: A spoon. And one day he was sitting by his friend...the fork.

UTOPIAN 2: The what?

JEFFERY: The fork. He had a friend who was a fork.

UTOPIAN 3: A friend who was a fork? Who ever heard of a fork for a friend?

JEFFERY: The spoon, that's who.

UTOPIAN 2: A fork friend?

UTOPIAN 1: (*To Jeffrey.*) And I suppose they had a set of steak knives for their parents?

JEFFERY: No, no, I'm afraid you've got it all wrong. Now, the fork and the spoon were walking along the table—

UTOPIAN 2: How could a spoon walk? What...did it have legs?

JEFFERY: As a matter of fact, it did.

UTOPIAN 3: Did the fork have legs too, or did he use his prongs as legs and walk sort of upside down?

JEFFERY: Look, it doesn't matter. Now, the fork and the spoon spied a soup bowl.

UTOPIAN 1: What kind of soup was it?

JEFFERY: There wasn't any.

UTOPIAN 2: You just said they spied a soup bowl.

JEFFERY: They did, but it was empty.

UTOPIAN 3: Then how did they know it was a soup bowl?

JEFFERY: Because it was a bowl that you put soup in.

UTOPIAN 1: Couldn't you put other stuff in it?

JEFFERY: I suppose.

UTOPIAN 1: I mean, what's the difference between a soup bowl, a gruel bowl, or a mush bowl?

UTOPIAN 3: (*To Jeffrey.*) Or a cereal bowl?

JEFFERY: There isn't any. They're all just bowls.

UTOPIAN 2: Then why did you say *soup* bowl?

JEFFERY: Look, it doesn't matter what kind of bowl it was. It was just a bowl.

UTOPIAN 3: Without soup in it?

JEFFERY: Without soup.

UTOPIAN 2: Or gruel?

JEFFERY: Or gruel.

UTOPIAN 1: Or mush?

JEFFERY: Maybe I should just get to the point of the story.

UTOPIAN 2: Just what is the point of this story?

JEFFERY: The point is that each one of you has his or her own separate and distinct personality. Each one of you is unique. You are all different.

UTOPIAN 4: I'm not.

JEFFERY: Except for you. *(To Utopians.)* But, as such, you need to take responsibility for yourselves.

(Utopians gasp.)

JEFFERY: What?

MANAGER: He speaks blasphemy!

JEFFERY: Yes, fluently.

UTOPIAN 1: He told us a parable with responsibility as the message!

UTOPIAN 2: He broke our only law!

MOG: *(Getting uneasy.)* Uh...he was just making it up as he went along.

GAMLI: Yeah, I could tell. It was total improvisation.

JEFFERY: What law?

MANAGER: The law that no one will be held responsible.

UTOPIAN 1: He broke the law! We must hold him responsible!

UTOPIAN 3: Get them!

MANAGER: It's their fault!

(Utopians charge at Mog, Gamli, and Jeffery and engulf them. Odin smashes his spear to the ground and a huge thunder strike is heard. The Utopians are knocked to the ground.)

ODIN: Come along, servants.

JACK: Sir! May I come?

(Odin looks at Freyja.)

FREYJA: *(To Jack.)* Of course you can.

(Freyja, Thor, Odin, Mog, Gamli, Jeffrey, and Jack exit. Utopians stand up and brush themselves off.)

UTOPIAN 1: *(To Manager.)* They got away.

MANAGER: That's not my fault.

UTOPIAN 2: I'm hungry.

UTOPIAN 3: Everyone, to Jack's garden!

[END OF FREEVIEW]