

The Myth of Baldr

CHARACTERS

BALDR

FRIGG

ODIN

LOKI/RANDOM WOMAN/THOKK

HODR

NANNA

HERMODR

HEL

PROHPETIC GOAT 1/MODGUDR GOAT 1

PROPHETIC GOAT 2/MODGUDR GOAT 2

FLESH AND BONE

NARRATOR

Naught but darkness filled the void—save for a small, flickering light of pure, unadulterated sexiness. Yes, it was none other than Baldr, his very testosterone radiating off his silky skin, illuminating his hazy surroundings. However, he was alone, and to the dismay of mortals and gods alike there was no way for a single soul to take advantage of his present situation.

BALDR: What is this murky place? Last I remember, I was lying in my bed, telling my garments to control their insatiable urges.

Indeed, for even the clothes Baldr wore could not resist the occasional taste of his manliness.

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BALDR: Perhaps this is a dream, in which case, I best keep my wits about me. There is no telling what foul omen may be imparted by the wicked temptress that is fate.

Baldr did his best to walk forward, for there was no sense of direction in this place. Days, months, years may have passed with each sensuous step, until an eternity later, when a distant melody could scarcely be heard.

PROPHETIC GOAT 1: (in the style of Wagner's *Ride of the Valkyries*) Baah baah baah baah baah, baah baah baah baah baah, baah baah baah baaad to the bone

BALDR: This eerie song that chills my marrow. Hello? Who's there?

PROPHETIC GOAT 2: BAAAALDR!

BALDR: Gaah!

Baldr hastily spun around, face to beard with a regal goat adorned with a wreathed headdress and a wooden staff.

PROPHETIC GOAT 2: My, what an experience. I never knew mixing a *baah* into my words could be so refreshing. However, I believe the novelty has since worn off.

BALDR: (dumbfounded) A goat?

PROHPETIC GOAT 2: What is with that tone, mister? I shall entreat you to address me with even a modicum more of the respect I am due. Just because you are a sublimely sexy sire does not mean you can look down on an equally attractive figure just because he so happens to be a tad shorter than you.

BALDR: Does not you being the shorter require me to look down upon you?

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PROPHETIC GOAT 2: Enough! Your looks are already too much for me to handle. Do not further ensnare me with your velvety voice and indubitably attractive logic!

BALDR: (scratching his head) Anyway, what are you doing here? For that matter, what am I doing here?

PROPHETIC GOAT 2: If you cease to distract me, then perhaps I can tell you as I intended.
(clears throat) Cue the music.

Out from the darkness, another goat stepped forward, this one dressed in an unfamiliar garment consisting of a white shirt with buttons, a black coat with tails at the end, and a black bow wrapped around its neck.

PROPHETIC GOAT 1: Baah baah baah baah baah, baah baah baah baah baah, baah baah baah baaad to the bone

PROPHETIC GOAT 2: (in a prophetic voice) Baldr! Beware the milky berries that, once blossomed into bloom, shall serve a trickster's ends and be your sad, untimely DOOM!

PROPHETIC GOAT 1: (suspensefully) Baah, baah, baaaaaad to the bone

BALDR: Milky...berries? What's that supposed to mean?

PROPHETIC GOAT 2: It would seem that looks can only get you so far in life. Although, they have certainly gotten me quite far. Allow me to put it in simpler, sexier terms: You are going to die...and make the ladies scream (winks)...in despair.

BALDR: You speak a grim tale, goat. Is it true that I am soon to meet my end? Even though I am a god, the beloved son of Odin?

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PROPHETIC GOAT 2: Death holds dominion over even the hottest of hunks. Indeed, your future seems to be...

PROPHETIC GOAT 1: Bad to the bone.

PROPHETIC GOAT 2: For lack of a better phrase. Anyway, goodbye.

BALDR: Wait, that's it? Aren't you going to tell me more?

Without another word, the mysterious goat launched a spit ball straight at Baldr's face. He immediately woke up in his familiar bed, sweat and another mysterious fluid coating his lips. His wife, Nanna, woke up alongside him—groggy but still beautiful—anxiously putting a hand across Baldr's smooth, chiselled chest,

NANNA: Dear Baldr, what's wrong? Was it a nightmare of some sort?

BALDR: My Nanna, I am alright with you beside me. Although...

NANNA: What is it? You look perturbed. Is that...saliva on your face?

BALDR: It was a dream. There were goats, darkness, and a disturbing message. Then, I awoke to this slick sensation on my face after serving as the target of a bovine spitball.

NANNA: Oh my, a wet dream.

FRIGG: A wet dream? This bodes ill for us all.

Frigg suddenly appeared in the doorway to Baldr's bedroom, hair dishevelled and wearing a panicked look.

BALDR: Mother?

FRIGG: I heard your cry in the night. Come, out of bed you two. We must assemble a thing to discuss this grave matter at once.

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NANNA: Is a wet dream really that bad?

FRIGG: The worst.

Baldr and Nanna followed Frigg to the main hall, letting her depart to stir the rest of the Aesir. Despite it being the middle of the night, all the gods gathered with great diligence upon hearing that their beloved Baldr's beauty sleep was interrupted. After all, they needed hear nothing more than the briefest mention that the divinely sexy deity was perturbed in any way.

ODIN: Luscious Baldr, tell me what ails you so. Should not sleep be a time of comfort and repose? For we Aesir, everlasting as we are, need too a reprieve from the day's toils.

BALDR: Father, accept my apologies for disturbing everyone's rest. See, tonight I was ailed by the most peculiar dream. In it, a goat prophesised my imminent death.

FRIGG: (despairingly) Oh!

All the gods cried out in woe upon hearing these words. The thought of losing Baldr was the thought of losing sexiness itself. Half of the Aesir's reason for waking up in the morning was simply in the hopes of laying eyes upon Baldr's delectable feet.

LOKI: Am I the only one thoroughly intrigued by the goat?

ODIN: This is indeed a most pressing matter. Such a prophecy is not to be taken lightly, especially so as it came from the mouth of a goat. We must take measures to hinder these ominous forebodings to the best of our abilities.

LOKI: Have fun with that. I, on the other hand, shall be going now.

FRIGG: Do you have no compassion at all for my dear Baldr and the dread that must now overwhelm him?

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LOKI: Oh, boo-hoo. The bodacious Baldr had a nightmare and needs his mommy to comfort him. Do I look a bee attracted to Baldr's sweet nectar?

BALDR: Let him go, mother. No one should feel obligated to come to my aid in this moment. Loki, my best wishes go with you.

The gods swooned at Baldr's display of kindness, truly befitting of a god attractive both inside and out. Loki rolled his eyes and left the thing with all due haste.

ODIN: The matter yet remains. How shall we protect Baldr from the future's harm?

HERMODR: Who would even want to do harm to someone as good-looking as him? I think we might be overthinking this a bit.

HODR: Never underestimate the power of a prophecy-bearing dream. I am blind, so I would know. 'Tis the right of all blind men to know such things.

FRIGG: I shall swaddle my dear Baldr in my bosom like he was a wee child and protect him with my motherly love.

ODIN: Unfortunately, I doubt that will be enough to assuage destiny.

NANNA: What about *my* bosom?

ODIN: Even the love of a wife and mother combined will not suffice, I'm afraid.

NANNA: In that case, why not receive a solemn oath from all things in the world to never do any harm to Baldr? I doubt any would be so heartless as to refuse.

HERMODR: Well of course not. Have you seen the man?

HODR: I haven't seen him, and I still know how sexy he is. I can feel it in the air that passes by him, still smouldering hot.

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ODIN: Dear Nanna, Baldr is lucky to have a bright woman such as yourself as his wife. Your solution may just be the answer we need.

NANNA: Father, you flatter me. I am the lucky one, being betrothed to the light of the Aesir himself, and getting to share a bed with all his sexiness each night.

This statement earned the ire of every god and goddess in attendance.

ODIN: (awkwardly clearing his throat) In any case, let us proceed with Nanna's plan. Such is our best recourse.

FRIGG: Allow me, my husband. Give me but an hour and I shall have everything in the world swear to protect my Baldr's future.

ODIN: The task is yours, Frigg.

FRIGG: Oh, flesh and bone that adorns all living things, tell me, will you swear to never do harm to Baldr, sexiest of all the gods?

FLESH AND BONE: We would never! After all, are we not ourselves partly responsible for such an attractive visage?

HERMODR: (stunned) Did my skin just talk?

HODR: Even those without eyes have voices.

In this manner, Frigg traversed the Nine Realms, retrieving the solemn oaths of all things that inhabited the universe that they would never do harm to Baldr. After fifty-nine minutes, Frigg returned to the grand hall of Asgard, exhausted but overjoyed. Baldr stood up, also worn out from fending off thirsty gods who insisted on taking a sip of his sexiness before he ultimately left the embrace of life.

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BALDR: Well, mother? Did you succeed?

FRIGG: Not a thing in this world will ever do you harm. You have been saved, Baldr.

The gods cheered, rushing to embrace Frigg for her feat of motherly devotion and Baldr for an excuse to hug him.

BALDR: Mother, if this news you bring is true, then that is wonderful. Yet, can you blame me for having trouble believing what you say?

FRIGG: If you doubt me, Baldr, then take a sword and try to stab yourself. This request comes from your own mother, who would sooner die before wishing harm upon you.

BALDR: Very well.

All watched in trembling suspense as Baldr took hold of a deadly blade. Expelling a deep breath, Baldr drove the sword point into his gut. However, the cold steel bent upwards like it was smelted by Baldr's hotness.

HERMODR: What just happened?

HODR: Didn't you see? The blade bounced right off Baldr's shapely abs.

HERMODR: Aren't you blind?

HODR: Just because I'm blind doesn't mean I can't see.

HERMODR: That's literally the definition of blind.

HODR: Oh, right.

Enthralled by the wonder of Baldr's imperviousness, the Aesir joyously proceeded to take turns pelting and hitting and stabbing Baldr with anything they could find. The racket caught Loki's attention, who slunk in the shadows until he could just peer into the hall. There, he witnessed all

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manner of weapons bounce off Baldr, leaving not a scratch. The sight left a bad taste in his mouth, but he transformed into a female stranger to get closer regardless.

FRIGG: I've not seen you before, miss. What brings you here in the middle of the night?

RANDOM WOMAN: Well, I was sleeping peacefully when I suddenly heard my whole body cry out that it would never do harm to Baldr. Then, the same promise came from my quilt, and the wood in my bed, and all other manner of things. I just had to come and see what all the fuss was about. So, is it true? Will nothing in the universe ever do harm to Baldr?

FRIGG: Not so long as they keep their solemn oaths. Things are different from people. They stand by the promises they make.

RANDOM WOMAN: Do you mean to say that a human could still harm Baldr if he so wished?

FRIGG: I could not take a promise from anyone's will, so the intent to hurt Baldr may yet be possible. Still, with what could they ever hope to hurt him, when not even their own flesh and bones would obey?

RANDOM WOMAN: I see, how wondrous. Yet, I can't imagine that you received a promise from everything that makes up existence.

FRIGG: Everything.

RANDOM WOMAN: There must be even one exception, something that slipped your mind.

FRIGG: (thinking) Actually, there was this one plant to the west of Valhalla, a small shoot of a thing. It was far too young for me to demand a promise from it. Mistletoe, it was called? But a flimsy plant like that could never hope to do harm to my dear Baldr. Wouldn't you agree, miss? Um...miss?

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Frigg glanced around, but the stranger was nowhere to be seen. Loki had disappeared, rushing towards Valhalla with the intent of locating the single sprig of mistletoe residing there. He soon found it attached to a massive poplar, its berries like white cream against the thick wood. Loki greedily yanked the mistletoe by its roots and fashioned its thin limbs together into a dart.

Grinning, Loki quickly returned to the hall, the Aesir still engrossed in their newfound pastime of watching Baldr deflect every lethal instrument thrown at him. Any excuse to watch sexiness supreme was well appreciated.

LOKI: (in a disguised female voice) Hodr, what ho! I'd call you a passive observer of this charade if you could see. Why do you sit there not trying Baldr's invincibility like the rest of us?

HODR: Is that you, Fulla? I would give it a go myself, but I don't have the discerning eye to tell apart a sword from a bread knife.

LOKI: Well, try this. It's a dart made from a very special plant. If anything could kill Baldr, I bet it'd be this.

HODR: As if. Nothing has even been able to scratch him so far.

LOKI: Then prove your mettle, if you would.

Standing up, Hodr let himself be guided by Loki's verbal directions until he stood in perfect aim of Baldr. Smirking, Hodr let the dart fly with all his might, confident that such a miniscule construction would not even be able to harm Baldr regardless of its oath. The dart flew right through Baldr's skull, killing him instantly.

He silently crumpled to the ground, even his eternal sexiness quickly beginning to fade. The hall was still, speechless. Loki slipped out, struggling to contain his laughter.

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HODR: What just happened?

HERMODR: Baldr...he dead.

A silent tear simultaneously slid down the left cheek of every god and goddess present. The serenity of the moment would not be broken by their cries. For, even in death, his glorious light extinguished, was Baldr a sight to behold.

ODIN: Alas, even the sexiest of all beings is but a slave to fate.

FRIGG: (holding back sobs) Anyone...please. Whoever among you wishes to earn all my love and favour, travel now to Hel and bargain with its queen. Whatever she demands as ransom I am willing to pay, if only I can get my sweet Baldr back.

HERMODR: Allow me to go, but you do not need to pay with your affection. It is my duty, seeing as it was Hodr, a brother to both me and Baldr, who was responsible for the killing.

HODR: No, it wasn't me! Fulla, s-she gave me the dart, told me to throw it at him. She even guided my hand, blind as I am.

FRIGG: Lies! Fulla has been right here by my side the whole time. She watched the fateful dart pierce Baldr's skull and now weeps the same tears I do.

ODIN: Let us not taint Baldr's moment of passing with such slander. The day of proper retribution shall come. Hermodr, you have volunteered to undertake the task of bringing Baldr back. Asgard trusts you to succeed.

HERMODR: It will be done, great father.

With that, Hermodr mounted the grand steed Sleipnir and rode for nine days and nights towards Hel, the realm of the dead. Once there, Sleipnir leapt over the towering gates of the underworld

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before collapsing from exhaustion. Hermodr dismounted and approached a castle enveloped in green flames, the domain of Hel, queen of Hel. On the bridge leading to the portcullis, he was stopped by a woman dressed in black.

MODGUDR GOAT 2: Stop! You shall not pa—

HERMODR: Are you a goat?

MODGUDR GOAT 2: Gasp! How dare you assume my species identity? I am no goat but Modgudr, the battle-tired maiden who guards the bridge to Hel's castle.

HERMODR: Then why do you have a beard?

MODGUDR GOAT 2: Women can have facial hair too.

HERMODR: Your body is covered in fleece.

MODGUDR GOAT 2: A new fashion trend. Get with the times.

HERMODR: I'm not convinced.

MODGUDR GOAT 2: Such ignorance. My other distinguishing features aside, you cannot deny that I am far taller than any goat could ever be. Is that fact not irrefutable proof that I'm—

MODGUDR GOAT 1: Bad to the bo—

MODGUDR GOAT 2: SHHHH!

HERMODR: You're a goat...standing on top of another goat.

MODGUDR GOAT 2: Blasphemy! Who would even come up with such an absurd idea?

MODGUDR GOAT 1: I'm bad to the bone.

MODGUDR GOAT 2: (hushed) Enough!

HERMODR: Goat or not, I only wish to know if Baldr has passed through here.

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MODGUDR GOAT 2: Yes, he came through a short while ago with Nanna.

HERMODR: What? Nanna too?

MODGUDR GOAT 2: Indeed, quite the depressing affair. That first night without Baldr's steaminess was the longest and darkest that ever passed. Eventually, the Aesir overcame their grief enough to organise a proper funeral. Well, all except Nanna, who died right there from her sorrow. So, they threw her on her husband's funeral pyre, and now they're here.

HERMODR: I see. All the more reason why I must leave you now. Farewell.

MODGUDR GOAT 2: Goatbye—I mean, goodbye!

MODGUDR GOAT 1: Bad to the bone.

MODGUDR GOAT 2: Oh, you shut it.

Hermodr carried onwards, passing through the raised portcullis until he stood before Hel's throne. Much to his joy, next to her in the seat of honour was none other than Baldr himself, just as sexy in death as he was in life.

HERMODR: Baldr, it's really you!

BALDR: Hermodr! What brings you all the way down here?

HEL: Yes, I would like to posit the same query.

Hermodr quickly bowed in reverence to the terrible queen.

HERMODR: Accept my humblest apologies, queen. I was caught up in my excitement at seeing my departed brother and did not pay you due respect.

HEL: You are forgiven, only because you spring from the same stock as this delicious boy. How may I help you?

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HERMODR: I come to beg your magnificence to allow Baldr to return to the realm of the living. Frigg, our mother, as well as the rest of the Aesir are willing to fulfil any reasonable demand.

HEL: Hmm. I must say, I frown at the thought of letting such a fine man leave when he's only just accepted my company. However, I can hear the Aesir's cries even down in Hel. I have not gotten a wink of sleep in nine days. If the promise of a bargain would assuage their tears, that is to me worth letting Baldr go.

HERMODR: Oh, thank you, queen. Please, name your demands.

HEL: I have but one, and it is a condition. I am quite sick of all this sobbing, so I would like for everyone and everything to get it out of their systems. If all things both living and non-living weep for Baldr, then they shall all see him alive once again.

HERMODR: Queen, you are truly generous and compassionate. It shall be as you say. I cannot conceive of anything capable of holding back tears when they learn of Baldr's death.

HEL: Indeed. Accept this parting gift of mine, as a sign of my hospitality.

Hel shed a single tear and gave it to Hermodr. Overwhelmingly grateful, he bade farewell to the queen of the dead and Baldr, promising to see his brother again soon. In high spirits, Hermodr sped back to Asgard with all haste, informing all present of the deal. After expelling a wave of new tears, the Aesir sent messengers throughout the Nine Realms, tasked with bringing the news of Baldr's death to all.

So they did, and it was as Hermodr said. All creatures and things, upon learning of Baldr's passing, shed tears in their own way. After but a single day, the messengers reconvened with Hermodr in front of a cave in Asgard, informing him of their success.

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HERMODR: You have served us well, messengers. Now rest, and when you next wake Baldr shall be among us once again.

The messengers departed, and Hermodr smiled jubilantly. However, he heard something stir in the nearby cave, previously thought to be abandoned. Curious, Hermodr entered and found a lone giantess sitting next to the embers of a fire.

HERMODR: Hail, giantess. I am Hermodr, son of Odin, brother of Baldr. Have you heard the news yet?

THOKK: What news? I've just been in my cave, doing my cave thing. I never get any news.

HERMODR: Have you always resided here? What is your name?

THOKK: Me? I'm Thokk.

HERMODR: Well met, Thokk. As for the news, it is filled with melancholy. Baldr, the great light of the gods, is dead. His radiance has been extinguished.

THOKK: Oh, so that's why everything has been so glum and gloomy of late. Makes sense, makes sense.

HERMODR: Does this news not tug at your heartstrings? Will you not shed but a tear to send Baldr on his way?

THOKK: Huh? Why should I? Night or day hardly makes a difference when you're in a cave.

HERMODR: You see, if all things in the universe shed a tear for Baldr, then Hel will allow him to return to the realm of the living. Nearly everything in existence has already cried for him, but only one tearless being remains: you. So, I beg you to weep for Baldr and bring him back to us.

THOKK: Hmm...and what do I get in return?

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HERMODR: Must you ask? Is not beholding Baldr's beautiful body enough?

THOKK: I'm a self-identified equusexual.

HERMODR: Umm...okay. In that case, all the riches you can imagine shall be yours, as well as Baldr's personal gratitude. For what more could one ask?

THOKK: Hmm...very nice. And all I need to do is cry?

HERMODR: Yes, such a small task for a reward so great.

THOKK: Yes, I see. Give me Sleipnir too.

HERMODR: The horse? What do you want him for?

THOKK: How crude, prying into the private affairs of a woman. You should be ashamed!

HERMODR: My apologies. Yes, that can be arranged. Sleipnir in all his majesty is a small price to pay for beholding Baldr once more.

THOKK: Good. Will one tear suffice?

HERMODR: Yes, but a single tear will do.

THOKK: Quite simple, really.

HERMODR: The simplest.

THOKK: Which will make it all the sweeter when I reject your offer!

HERMODR: (stunned) What?

THOKK: The only tears I shed for Baldr will be waterless, for I never had any love for that pretty boy. Let Hel enjoy his company eternally for all he's worth!

HERMODR: Thokk, I implore you to reconsider your words. For the price of a mere tear all can be yours!

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THOKK: Sure, material wealth and tangible riches, but there is one thing acquiescing to your request could never grant me, and that is the succulent satisfaction of the look that is now on your and everyone else's faces.

HERMODR: You...Loki. You deceitful bastard. Only you would be so heartless as to withhold your tears for Baldr.

THOKK: Loki? I'm flattered, but I'm just Thokk, a cave-dwelling giantess. Although, I hear Loki is quite the catch.

HERMODR: He is a snivelling fiend who has ruined us all.

THOKK: Oh, I see how it is. Well, in that case, you can get your rear-end out of this cave and go engage in coitus with yourself. Adieu.

Hermodr thought of countless ways he could manipulate Thokk's innards to cultivate her agony, but all he could do was bow his head in defeat. After all, there was nothing to be done against someone who refused to weep for the departed. Silently cursing her name and Loki's, Hermodr left the cave, preparing himself to break the devastating news to the Aesir: that Baldr would know life no more.

The eve of Baldr's death was honoured each following year as the longest night of the calendar, the twilight when Asgard lost their glowing idol. The vigil was forever shrouded in darkness, but Sol in her diligence knew that the next day needed a ray of light, of hope, ever looking towards the moment when Baldr in all his sexiness would grace the living once more with his body.

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