

VALHALLA
"PILOT"

written by

Brian Morabito

EXT. FIELDS OF VALHALLA EAST- DAY

OPEN on a statuesque female warrior, ÞRÚÐR, (th-rood-yer) standing steadfast, self assured next to her shield & spear which are planted in the ground beside her. Opposite her is a viking, GORM, trying to look as confident but is clearly winded.

He swallows his exhaustion and charges her, swinging his axe wildly hoping to land a death blow. She deftly slips each swing, mocking him with a muted "nope" after each miss.

ÞRÚÐR

Nope. Nope. Nope. Nope.

Gorm's frustration grows with each miss. He lets out a big battle cry. His yell carries across the fields and causes some goats to perk up from grazing and take notice.

GORM

GRRRAAAAAAAHHHH

He swings across her stomach and narrowly misses. Then, as if encouraging a child who failed a simple task:

ÞRÚÐR

Ohmygod that was so close.

Her face quickly shifts from encouraging parent, to a determined "I'm gonna kill this fucking cockroach." She grabs the collar of his chest plate and-

GORM

No no no no no-

WHAM headbutts his metal helmet. Then again. And again. The metal is denting and contorting with each blow. With each successive hit Gorm lets out a yell.

GORM (CONT'D)

OW. OW. PLEASE. FUCK.

The goats happily chew cud and look on, punctuated by the sounds of Gorm's protestations in the background.

Gorm now on his knees and his helmet now sufficiently fucked up, he gives up.

GORM (CONT'D)

I YIELD. I yield. Please, valkyrie.

Þrúðr looks at him a moment. Rolls her eyes then releases him and turns to walk away.

Gorm breathes a sigh of relief, then a smile comes across his face. He takes a dagger from his boot and charges her from behind.

Hearing his approach, Þrúðr side steps the attack, grabs her spear, sweeps Gorm to the ground, spins the spear above her head and cuts off Gorm's leg.

ÞRÚÐR

If I turn around you're not gonna try to stab me with your leg are you, Gorm?

The tone of their interaction, like most in Valhalla, is completely disparate from the intense violence they just enacted. Familiar and casual.

GORM

Gaaahh... haa haa. Very funny. Everybody hear the queen of jokes over here? Come on guys, Þrúðr's gonna do a *quick set* over my fucking corpse.

ÞRÚÐR

Ugh. Such a baby. You'll be fine in like five hours. Plus you should be thankful this didn't happen at Ragnarok. This is why we train! Don't be a sore loser just cause you're bad at fighting which is the only job you've ever had.

GORM

I'm not a sore loser.

ÞRÚÐR

Oh no?

GORM

No. I'm actually a really gracious loser.

ÞRÚÐR

Oh interesting.

GORM

Yeah it is interesting. Because, you know, when it's fair, I'm usually like "Oh, hey, good job."

ÞRÚÐR

I've never heard you say that. No one has ever heard you say that.

GORM

That's because it's never been fair.

FRÚÐR

HOW was today not fair?

GORM

UCK. Let me count the ways. First of all- I was dehydrated. I started the fight very thirsty-

FRÚÐR

Not my issue.

GORM

Please let me finish. Second of all the goats were very distracting.

The goat is facing away from them looking into the distance.

GORM (CONT'D)

AND my helmet was all fucked up so I couldn't see so *basically* you just got lucky.

Beat

FRÚÐR

Lucky?

Gorm is not reading the room.

GORM

Yeah during the fight you were kind of shrill? You didn't really say anything but, you know, if you *had*. It was just a little off putting in my imagination. Oh and that spin move at the end?

(chuckles)

Definitely don't do that in battle. Very dumb. Good attempt but very dumb.

WIDE SHOT. FRÚÐR stands over Gorm's dismembered body. FRÚÐR nods to herself.

FRÚÐR

Okay.

She bends over, pick up the dismembered leg,

GORM

Wait. What're you doing. I was just giving you notes! At least take the shoe off, my leg will grow back but I need the-

and javelins it a tremendous distance over the horizon.
Silence.

ÞRÚÐR

Any other notes?

TITLE: VALHALLA

EXT. HILLS OF VALHALLA WEST - DAY

A massive armor-clad viking, HUGI, stands staring up at the sky. His grip tightens around the handle of his mace. His eyes narrow and he lets out a low rumble as he scans the horizon. Then a voice behind him:

SJÓÐA (O.S.)

Hey.

Reveal SJÓÐA, (See-yo-tha) a significantly less imposing viking wearing simple pelts & carrying a basket rather than a weapon. The kind of guy who asks questions during movies.

SJÓÐA (CONT'D)

Whatcha doin?

Without breaking his gaze

HUGI

I am staring at the sun.

SJÓÐA

Been there. Is is cause you're afraid of the moon?

HUGI

No.

SJÓÐA

I won't tell anybody.

HUGI

The moon is not what I fear.

Sjóða is now talking to a bird that is perched on his finger

SJÓÐA

Maybe it's a childhood thing, I
don't know we're not that close.

Hugi gives Sjóða side eye

SJÓÐA (CONT'D)

Sorry I am bad at keeping secrets.

Hugi looks back at the sun

HUGI

It is said the day that Ragnarok
comes the demons will kill the gods
and destroy our world. The wolf
Fenrir will kill Odin. And it will
swallow the sun whole.

(to Sjóða)

Though our time here seems an
eternity our days are numbered. And
I will spend mine looking upon the
glory the gods have made for us
before it is gone forever. How will
you spend your time, boy?

That was a lot.

SJÓÐA

Uhh I don't know if that was
rhetorical but I am actually a
little bit older than you, so.

Nothing

SJÓÐA (CONT'D)

Yeaaahhh I was actually the first
viking to die and come to Valhalla.
So I know all the stories and
stuff. It was actually kind of
lonely because no one died for a
while so I couldn't really have any
conversations or exchange
ideas...BUT then Odin made me the
chef- which was pretty cool so.

Silence

SJÓÐA (CONT'D)

Okay well let me know if see any
raspberries. I'll tell you if I see
the moon.

HUGI

I don't care about that.

Sjóða turns and trots down the hill with his basket and mutters

SJÓÐA
Yeah well that's not what I've been telling people.

As he walks down the hill he hums a tune and picks plants as he goes. He gets pricked by a plant & is more scared than hurt.

SJÓÐA (CONT'D)
Ah!

Embarrassed by the sound that came out he makes a fist at the plant, then realizing what he's doing relaxes & shakes his head.

SJÓÐA (CONT'D)
(exhales)
I'm sorry. I know you didn't mean it.

The sound of men jeering starts to percolate. Just what he needed, some fellow strong boys to pal around with.

He heads over to see what the fuss is about. It's a classic game of watching two men punch each other in the face. Sjóða scooches in to get a better view, hugging his basket to take up less space.

SJÓÐA (CONT'D)
Yes! Oh that's good. Ooooooohh that was a reeeally really nice one. Right, boys?

The surrounding vikings are doing their best to ignore the guy who keeps trying to engage them. It's too much for one viking, ERIK, who tries to nip the distraction in the bud.

ERIK
Hey. This is not really a talking thing. Just, ya know, enjoy it.

SJÓÐA
Ah. Totally. Just- keep it to yells.

ERIK
Yeah.

Sjóða watches for a moment then begins to yell. Unfortunately he doesn't really feel it, so his mouth is yelling but his eyes dart around to make sure no one thinks he's weird.

Erik notices but ignores it because at least this is better than talking. Sjóða's yells become crazier & start make him laugh.

Other vikings are noticing, including the two punching each other. They all stop & turn to Sjóða. Realizing he's making a scene, he tries to contain himself & explain.

SJÓÐA

(clears his throat)

Sorry fellas. I was just watching & yelling, as is tradition, & it reminded me of a funny thing Sæhrímnir did the other day-

A confused & impatient viking, KNUD, interrupts him

KNUD

Who are you?

SJÓÐA

HA. That's eh, a good one. Uy, Knud you know who I am.

KNUD

I don't.

SJÓÐA

Yes, you do.

KNUD

I really don't.

SJÓÐA

Erik will you please tell-

ERIK

How do you know my name?

Sjóða hangs his head

SJÓÐA

Okay that sucks.

(then)

You're probably just forgetting cause there are so many strong guys around here it's hard to keep track. But you know me... Sjóða...?

Silence. Some vikings are squinting to see if they remember, some pursing their lips hoping someone else will place him.

SJÓÐA (CONT'D)

You guys definitely know who I am.
I was the first viking to come to
Valhalla.

KNUD

Wasn't that Bjørn?

ERIK

Yeah I think it was.

SJÓÐA

No, it fuckin wasn't, because it
was me.

KNUD

Are you sure?

SJÓÐA

Am I sure I wandered the halls
alone for thirty years with no food
or water & somehow missed fucking
Bjørn? Yeah pretty sure. I'm the
chef??

ERIK

Ooooohhhhh

SJÓÐA

Yes! Thank you. Okay, you know who
the chef is. Now we're putting
names to faces.

ERIK

You're the viking who got over
eager charging an enemy tribe &
died ass up in battle.

The rest of the vikings all know this story & give collective
acknowledgment

KNUD

Yeahh, it was so funny the tribes
decided not to fight, so no one
died. That's why you were here
alone for so long.

All of the vikings laugh & Sjóða forces a pursed smile &
nods.

SJÓÐA

Yeah. Yeah, pretty crazy story.

KNUD

(to the other vikings)
 Alright, let's get back to it.
 (to Sjóða)
 Oh do you mind heading out? We
 gotta focus & you're kind of
 ruining the vibe.

SJÓÐA

Yeah, of course.

Sjóða swallows his pride & heads to The Great Kitchen

EXT. FIELDS OF VALHALLA EAST- DAY

Gorm, still on the ground with his hands on his hips takes a deep sigh & gives Þrúðr a look of disappointment.

GORM

I want an apology.

ÞRÚÐR

Excuse me?

GORM

I can't read so if you write it
 down you'll have to read it anyway
 so I wouldn't bother. Unless you
 think it'd give you more time to
 reflect on what you've done.

ÞRÚÐR

Not gonna happen. You've been here
 hundreds of years, how have you not
 learned to read by accident?

GORM

A bet then! You can't say no to a
 bet.

ÞRÚÐR

Yeah, it's a disease.

GORM

This afternoon you'll take my place
 in the tests of strength. I can't
 make it cause some dragon's asshole
 of a woman chopped my leg off. But
 if you lose, you have to say sorry
 for cheating in the fight, chopping
 my leg off, & not taking notes.

Þrúðr considers his bet

FRÚÐR

And if I win?

GORM

I'll tell Odin himself you're the greatest warrior in Valhalla and your time would be better spent searching out enemies of Asgard instead of being the sparring partner of any viking sober enough to fight.

Frúðr knows Gorm has as much pull with Odin as he does copies of *Infinite Jest* but is desperate for any chance to prove herself more valuable

FRÚÐR

Deal.

GORM

Great. I hope you find your stuff before the games start.

FRÚÐR

What?

Frúðr turns around to where her stuff used to be only to find it's missing

GORM

OOOOO WHAMIE. Hahaaaa! It pays to have friends in places.

Frúðr is pissed. None of the other valkyries have to put up with this shit.

FRÚÐR

Where's my shit? And I have friends.

GORM

Yeah I don't think so. And how am I supposed to know, you're the one chatting my legs off over here.

Frúðr clenches her jaw & looks around to try & spot anyone running in the distance. Nothing.

FRÚÐR

Fine.

Frúðr marches away.

WIDE SHOT Þrúðr comes back, takes Gorm's knife, cuts his foot off & throws it in the opposite direction as she threw his leg & walks away.

GORM
 Are you fuckin serious?!
 (then to himself)
 I don't even like my feet.

INT. GREAT KITCHEN - DAY

Chants of "Chef! Chef! Chef!" echo as Sjóða enters The Great Kitchen. He reacts like a coach being cheered on by his team after a big game, smiling, pointing back in the direction of the chants as if to say "no YOU guys."

SJÓÐA
 (bashful)
 Wow. You guys are crazy.
 (game time)
 But! We're here, we've made it this far, but we've got another big one ahead of us. And I just wanna say I really appreciate you guys & all the work you do &... you're my closest friends here. And I know I'm the mushy one but- I love you.

Reveal that he's talking to piles of pots, pans, wooden spoons & goblets. Out a window a group of vikings can be clearly seen & heard cheering on a viking names JEF eating dirt. Sjóða notices them & exhales.

SJÓÐA (CONT'D)
 At least heat it up.

ÞRÚÐR
 Hey.

Sjóða jumps & exclaims. ÞRÚÐR is standing in the doorway. Sjóða is perhaps the only viking ÞRÚÐR would not feed to Fenrir herself.

SJÓÐA
 THOR'S FUCKING HAMMER.

ÞRÚÐR laughs

SJÓÐA (CONT'D)
 How long have you been there?

FRÚÐR

Long enough for to hear you tell a pile of spoons you love them.

SJÓÐA

That could've been anybody.

FRÚÐR gives him a slightly more amused version of the deadpan look everyone has given him all day

SJÓÐA (CONT'D)

For the love of Odin please don't look at me like that, I've been getting that look all day & it's like, make a painting it'll take longer.

FRÚÐR

Yeah I know what you mean. I spent the morning training with Gorm.

SJÓÐA

Why does Odin heal him?

FRÚÐR

"Because it is never certain when the grey wolf will attack the house of the gods."

SJÓÐA

Yeah but *Gorm*?

FRÚÐR picks an apple from SJÓÐA's basket & takes a bite

FRÚÐR

I know. Total pencil penis. But he bet me if I win the tests of strength this afternoon he'll tell Odin I should be out killing giants instead of training you losers.

SJÓÐA

Oh you'd love that! What if you lose?

FRÚÐR rolls her eyes

FRÚÐR

I have to apologize to him & say I'll be better about taking notes.

SJÓÐA

You have to win.

FRÚÐR

I know.

FRÚÐR eats the apple core

SJÓÐA

(under his breath)

At least heat it up.

(then)

Well at least he knows your name.
Everybody knows FRÚÐR the Valkyrie.
A group of like 30 guys not one of
them knew who I was today.

FRÚÐR

Noo.

SJÓÐA

Yes! Eventually they remembered me-
as the guy who died ass up in
battle. I'm perpetually reminded of
my most shameful moment of
existence. Because not only was it
the best thing I've done for my
people in stopping the bloodshed,
but it was also the cause of my
total lack of social skills once I
got here since no one was dying in
battle & I talked to trees & bugs
for 30 years.

FRÚÐR

And then some others came & Odin
said "Go in the kitchen you're
weirding everyone out."

SJÓÐA

Pretty much.

FRÚÐR

Well I know who you are, SJÓÐA.
You're the only viking here I
wouldn't feed to Fenrir myself.

SJÓÐA

Thanks. I should head to the
enclosure. Sæhrímnir isn't going to
slaughter himself.

FRÚÐR

Yeah I should go too. Oh, by the
way did you happen to see anyone
with my spear & shield run past
earlier?

SJÓÐA

That was yours? I would've stopped them but I didn't. They were taking them toward the far end of the hall. But, be careful. I heard them say talk about some pretty awful things they were gonna do to your stuff.

ÞRÚÐR

Cunts. Thanks.

ÞRÚÐR turns to leave

SJÓÐA

Oh & hey, I'm sorry you have to deal with all of this shit. You're better than all of those pencil penises.

ÞRÚÐR smiles, then spits an apple seed in his eye & leaves

SJÓÐA (CONT'D)

GAH. INCREDIBLE AIM.

INT. GREAT HALL - DAY

Þrúðr stands at the threshold of The Great Hall. It is magnificent. Long wooden tables, animal skins, massive pillars holding up vaulted ceilings with ornate carvings and paintings of great battles & monsters of the past.

At the near end is Odin's chair. Imposing, wooden, covered in pelts, it is where he drinks mead and presides over his men. Þrúðr takes a moment to admire the depictions, focusing on painting of Valkyries. It also shows Odin with his two ravens and two wolves.

MUNINN (O.S)

Over there.

Startled, Þrúðr turns to see one of Odin's two ravens, MUNINN, perched on Odin's chair. He has a deep voice and speaks in short bursts. Along with Huginn, the other raven, Muninn travels all over Midgard to bring information to Odin.

MUNINN (CONT'D)

Armor. Over there.

Muninn indicates with his beak to the other end of the hall.

ÞRÚÐR

Oh. Thank you Muninn.

Þrúðr turns and walks towards where Muninn indicated. Muninn does not leave his perch but cranes his neck to see if she is going the right way. As she walks away.

MUNINN

Keep going.

Þrúðr gives a polite nod and smile over her shoulder. On the other side of a pillar she finds her spear and shield.

Wide shot of Þrúðr tuning back to Muninn. She gives a thumbs up

ÞRÚÐR

Found it!

Wide shot of Muninn down the long hall still perched on the chair. He lifts a wing as if to give a thumbs up back.

Close up on Þrúðr who finds a crudely written note that reads "Farted on these." She clenches her jaw and lets the rage wash over her. Staring at her armor:

ÞRÚÐR (CONT'D)

For this I vow to watch you die at Ragnarok. You will not heal. And I will be the one farting then.

EXT. SÆHRÍMNIR ENCLOSURE - DAY

Sjóða merrily walks outside past stables. He sifts through some axes leaning against a barn and chooses one. As he gets a feel for the axe he calls out:

SJÓÐA

Sæhrímnir! Hey buddy I was thinking instead of doing the whole song and dance we could just skip it and be done like right away.

Sjóða rounds the corner to see a massive trench dug into the otherwise pristine pasture that leads up to a dark woods. Sjóða lets out a sigh as he scans the trench, and sees something propped up against a tree.

SJÓÐA (CONT'D)

Is that...?

It is a strawman in the same distinct old viking garb only Sjóða wears. The giant boar, SÆHRÍMNIR, is first heard, then seen emerging from the woods. He is gargantuan.

Once fully out of the woods, he positions himself facing away from the tree where the strawman is propped up, then with a kick of his hind hoof, stomps the head of the Sjóða effigy with such force the tree trunk is shattered.

Close up on Sjóða

SJÓÐA (CONT'D)

That could be anybody.

Sæhrímnir lets out a tremendous bellow, ready to fight

EXT. FIELDS OF VALHALLA EAST- DAY

Þrúðr strides up to a group of vikings readying themselves for their daily tests of strength. Some of the snicker as she approaches. Gorm is among them but on the ground.

GORM

Hello Valkyrie. So glad you could make it. Did you eh, like the little note we left?

ÞRÚÐR

No.

Gorm shocked and a little saddened, scooches on his hands and reaches out to comfort another viking who is on the verge of tears.

GORM

Whao, hey Jef you did great.

(to Þrúðr)

What the hell? He worked really hard on that.

(back to Jef)

Forget her man she sucks.

A viking, GULBRAND, calls the games to order

GULBRAND

Warriors! The tests of strength are about to begin. Today, we have a special treat! We are joined by a Valkyrie.

Gulbrand claps alone

GULBRAND (CONT'D)

Okay. The first test will be the rock smashing race. You'll notice we have a bunch of different sized rocks lined up, thank you Halvar-

HALVAR in the crowd

HALVAR
Happy to help.

GULBRAND
And the idea is to smash as many
rocks with your mace or whatever as
fast as you can until someone is
out of rocks. Okay?
(to Þrúðr)
Do you want me to go over that
again?

ÞRÚÐR
I got it.

GULBRAND
I really don't mind.

Þrúðr stares at him

GULBRAND (CONT'D)
Okay! Everybody at your starting
positions!

Þrúðr lines up along with several other vikings in front of a
row of rocks. Gorm cups his hands and yells from the
sidelines.

GORM
Hey Valkyrie. I hope you do very
poorly because I'm still mad about
earlier.

Þrúðr is steely eyed and focused

GULBRAND
Annnnd BEGIN

Vikings race to straddle their rocks one by one and smash
them with their clubs and maces. It takes two or three hits
per rock before they can move on. Þrúðr is still at the
starting line.

GULBRAND (CONT'D)
(to himself)
I knew I should've been clearer.
(to Þrúðr)
Hey so-

BOOM a sonic wave blows back his hair as she takes off from
her spot. In brutal succession she pulverizes each rock with
her bare fist, propelling herself forward.

Gorm and the other vikings on the sidelines look on in astonishment. Then Gorm cups his hand over his mouth again

GORM
Booo slow down!

She continues punching until she reaches the final rock which, in one fell movement she picks up as she comes to her feet and defiantly headbutts it into dust.

ÞRÚÐR
LET'S GOOOO.

A montage of events like tree climbing, axe throwing, odds and evens. Þrúður is as good or better than all of the vikings at every event. Gorm is booing throughout.

EXT. SÆHRÍMNIR ENCLOSURE - DAY

In an impressive display of physical prowess Sjóða hurdles the ditch & battles the giant boar. Deftly dodging Sæhrímnir's bites, charges & swings of its tusks.

He hooks his axe around a tusk & throws himself on the boar's back, gripping with his whole body.

SJÓÐA
Ha haaa! I'm on your back you
fucking idiot!

Sæhrímnir bellows, spins, & flings Sjóða off his back sending him flying into a tree. The boar recognizes this is the same position the straw man was in and turns around to deliver him the same fate. The boar lifts his back hoof ready to deliver the final blow and-

WILLOW (O.S.)
OH MY GOD.

Wide shot: Sæhrímnir & Sjóða freeze & look over. Reveal a young woman, WILLOW (30's)

Sweet, chaotically charming, can and will talk to anyone, and perpetually self deprecating. Dressed in modern clothes. Sjóða & Sæhrímnir look at each other.

SJÓÐA
(to Sæhrímnir)
Is that yours?

Sæhrímnir puts his hind hoof down and takes a few steps back and looks at the woman then back at Sjóða as if to say "don't look at me."

WILLOW
Are you okay??

SJÓÐA
(confused)
Yeah I was just about win.

Sæhrímnir snorts at him

SJÓÐA (CONT'D)
(to Sæhrímnir)
Yeah, I was. I was gonna slip the
hoof, cut your other back leg so
you'd fall back then I'd run up
your back, do a flip and axe you in
the head.

The woman watches in awe as this man talks to a giant boar.

SJÓÐA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It was gonna be cool as hell
actually.

She now realizes Sjóða was not in the danger she thought he
and was, seeks to be forgotten again.

WILLOW
Oh. Uh, nevermind!

Willow attempts to slip away

SJÓÐA
Wait!

Sæhrímnir punctuates by stomping the ground with tremendous
force, breaking the earth beneath him. The woman shrieks.

WILLOW
AH! I'm sorry!

SJÓÐA
(to Sæhrímnir)
You are so scary.

Sæhrímnir shrugs

FADE OUT

END ACT ONE

FADE IN

EXT. SÆHRÍMNIR ENCLOSURE - LATER

Clearly out of her element, the woman faces a man with an axe and a giant boar who are now suspicious of her. Sjóða is proud he discovered the trickster.

SJÓÐA

You know I never thought I'd see it for myself, but you're as good an actor as they say, Loki.

Sjóða triumphantly looks to the boar to see if he's impressed. Sæhrímnir is withholding judgment.

SJÓÐA (CONT'D)

It's very clever. Disguise yourself as a middle aged woman screaming in the woods so you could slip into Valhalla undetected and kill Odin. You're as good as they say.

Taking slight umbrage but wanting nothing more than to be forgotten and get away.

WILLOW

(to herself)

I'm gonna compartmentalize a lot of that.

(to Sjóða)

But I am so sorry I interrupted you, I'm not here to kill anyone and this is not a disguise it's just what I sort of have going on today...

She motions to what she's wearing. Sæhrímnir cautiously approaches and sniffs her. Then seems to relax a little and looks at Sjóða.

SJÓÐA

What?

The boar looks back and forth, clearly not as tense as it was initially.

SJÓÐA (CONT'D)

(to Willow)

Can you give us a second?

WILLOW

Oh. Sure.

Sjóða and Sæhrímnir take a few steps back and sidebar. Their conversation is muted but can be heard as they have only moved a few feet while Willow watches on.

SJÓÐA

You don't think it's him?

Sæhrímnir grunts

SJÓÐA (CONT'D)

Why cause she doesn't smell like a god? Can you smell gods?

Sæhrímnir grunts

SJÓÐA (CONT'D)

Wow that's cool. Okay let me try something.

(to Willow)

Hey what's your name?

WILLOW

Willow. Honestly I don't know where I am or how I got here I...

SJÓÐA

(turns back to Sæhrímnir)

Yeah Loki would've chosen a way cooler name. Okay well should we kill her and bring her to Hugi just to be safe?

Sæhrímnir rolls his eyes.

Willow's heart starts racing. She's looking around but has no idea where she'd run. The sound of blood pumping in her ears gets louder and begins to muffle Sjóða's words.

SJÓÐA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Tell me about it. You know that guy's afraid of the moon?

Everything snaps back into focus when Sjóða says

SJÓÐA (CONT'D)

(to Willow)

Okay! So here's what's going on. Personally I think the most prudent thing would be to kill you and take you to one of the guys and let them sort it out- but Sæhrímnir thinks you have not come to kill Odin and has bargained that he will let himself be slaughtered today if I agree to hide you for the time being.

This makes no sense but is a huge sigh of relief to know she will not be murdered in the immediate future. She looks to Sæhrímnir.

WILLOW

Thank you. I don't know how I'd ever repay you for your sacrifice. But you are magnificent and I will never forget you.

SJÓÐA

Don't be too impressed. I murder him every day.

Before she can ask anything Sjóða turns and lodges his axe right between the eyes of the giant boar.

WILLOW

WHAOHoly shit.

Sjóða, blood splattered on his face, is ready to get back to work and motions to a large wooden cart

SJÓÐA

Could you, uh, grab that?

Willow looks at the large cart, then back at Sjóða and in an effort to be low maintenance says

WILLOW

No problem!

Sjóða goes about hacking away at the boar and Willow goes to investigate the cart. She gives a pull and it does not budge.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Yep. Okay. That is one *thousand* pounds. Which is a reasonable thing to ask a middle aged woman to do.

(to Sjóða)

Is there a giant horse that maybe usually does this?

SJÓÐA

(teasing)

Yeah Sleipnir usually does but he's busy cleaning the spoons.

Willow looks at him blankly. Sjóða looks up from hacking realizing his joke didn't land.

SJÓÐA (CONT'D)

Oh come on, Odin's eight legged horse cleaning spoons with his hooves? He would be very bad at this.

Willow tries to think of the right thing to say

WILLOW

I'm... sure he has potential!

Sjóða looks around as if to make sure he's not being pranked

SJÓÐA

Yeah he's... the king of horses.

WILLOW

Absolute.

SJÓÐA

He's Odin's grandson, he could figure out washing spoons if he wanted.

WILLOW

Totally. But he probably doesn't need to.

SJÓÐA

Right.

Silence.

WILLOW

So um, who are you?

Sjóða picks up large slabs of meat freshly cut off the giant boar.

SJÓÐA

I am Sjóða.

Sjóða throws the slabs from where he's standing into the cart which has not moved. They thud in the cart with considerable weight and startle Willow

SJÓÐA (CONT'D)

The greatest chef in Valhalla.

Cut to Sjóða and Willow outside of the kitchen, Sjóða sets down the cart he has been pulling as they continue their conversation

SJÓÐA (CONT'D)

I was also the first viking to die and to come here. So really don't be self conscious about your age, odds are I have you beat.

WILLOW

I'm actually in my early 30's but we can breeze past that- we are in... Valhalla?

Cut to Sjóða and Willow are now talking in the kitchen

SJÓÐA

Yeah! Home to the einherjar, warriors who died in battle after pledging their loyalty to Odin and are brought here by the Valkyries to serve in his army.

Willow absorbs this information

WILLOW

Mkay. So uh-

Sjóða cuts her off

SJÓÐA

Look. I really appreciate the conversation, but I seriously have to focus. I know I seem totally cool and under control but I'm kind of stressing out in a big way I- I can't think of any stews that can be ready in time for the feast tonight.

Willow looks around at the raw ingredients in the kitchen. She sees bread, meat, greens, some sauces.

WILLOW

Why don't you just make sandwiches?

SJÓÐA

It doesn't matter if I do it or a witch does it, the issue the amount of time.

WILLOW

No- here.

Willow moves through the kitchen preparing a sandwich. Sjóða is in the way at each step, he is not used to sharing the space & is curious as to what she's doing.

She hands him the sandwich. He looks at it with suspicion. As he chews he is almost angry with how good it is.

SJÓÐA

You were the witch the whole time.

WILLOW

I am not a witch.

SJÓÐA

Teach me how to make this meat book witch and I will answer any questions you have.

WILLOW

How can I get out of here?

Sjóða thinks as he takes another bite.

SJÓÐA

How can you go back to Midgard...?

Then realizes with a mouth full of food:

SJÓÐA (CONT'D)

Valkyrie! They bring warriors here maybe she can get you back!

Willow is excited he has an answer but he is still so gross

WILLOW

Great!!! Let's go to one!

Sjóða very serious, gesticulating with the sandwich

SJÓÐA

First you must teach me how to do this.

WILLOW

Oh! Yeah, you just take a piece of bread-

Sjóða chews and watches like a hawk

WILLOW (CONT'D)

Pile whatever meats, greens, cheese - I'm actually off dairy so-

Sjóða hangs on every word and nods along

WILLOW (CONT'D)

-not important- and then you put another piece of bread on top.

Sjóða swallows

SJÓÐA

I love you.

WILLOW

That's okay. Can we go?

SJÓÐA

Yes. But you'll need a disguise.

EXT. FIELDS OF VALHALLA EAST- AFTERNOON

A whittled down group of vikings remain in the competition along with Þrúðr. The vikings are looking a little worse for wear, Þrúðr has expended some effort but keeps her composure & is ready for more.

GULBRAND

Well. This has been a, uh, hard fought afternoon. I will speak for myself when I say I will leave here today with new found respect for each of our competitors and a genuine fear of one of you.

(sheepishly smiles at Þrúðr)

You.

(to everyone)

But we have one more test left and it is worth all the points.

(to Þrúðr)

(MORE)

GULBRAND (CONT'D)

That way there is still some hope
for all of the, uh, men you
emasculated earlier.

(to everyone)

The final test today is: Staring
competition!

Most of the men have black eyes and all of the men are afraid
to look Þrúðr in the eyes. Þrúðr laughs.

GORM

Oh great why don't we just have
testicle punching relay.

GULBRAND

We did, she won. Alright, let's get
started! Everyone who's left circle
up, when you blink you're out.

Þrúðr and the remaining vikings circle up. Staring intensely.
Þrúðr holds up a flower, then crushes it.

ERIK

(sneezes)

FUCK.

He's out

ÞRÚÐR

(to another viking)

If you punch yourself in the face
and it hurts, does that make you
weak or strong?

KNUD

I guess it depends on how you
define strength- DAMN IT

He's out. Þrúðr smiles. Two down, one to go. It's Jef. Then,
from a distance she hears

SJÓÐA

Þrúðr! Hey Þrúðr!

Sjóða has a blanket over a wheelbarrow he has wheeled behind
a tree that he is motioning towards. Þrúðr tries to stay
focused

SJÓÐA (CONT'D)

Þrúðr! There is a *thing* I need your
help with. It's *important*.

Þrúðr tries not to break eye contact but in her periphery she sees a person try & get up from out of the blanket that Sjóða quickly shoves back down. Upon being pushed down she hears Willow's voice.

WILLOW

Ow! I just hit my tit on the side
of the...

Þrúðr's eyes widen. There are 9 valkyries, she knows each of their voices & that was not one of them. She makes her decision. She blinks and strides away towards Sjóða. The vikings rejoice.

GULBRAND

Jef has won the competition and so
the tests of strength!

GORM

AAAHHHH! JEF YOU FREAK I LOVE YOU!!

Þrúðr, keenly aware that she has just lost makes her way to Sjóða & his wheelbarrow behind the tree. She rips off the blanket & reveals Willow with some boar hair on her face to approximate a fake beard.

WILLOW

Hi, you must be -

Without hesitation, Þrúðr grabs Willow with one hand, throws her up against the tree, & with her other hand punches through her chest.

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO

FADE IN

EXT. FIELDS OF VALHALLA EAST- AFTERNOON

Þrúðr stands with her fist through Willow's chest, staring at her dead body. The commotion has caught the attention of some of the vikings from the tests of strength.

GORM

Hey Valkyrie. Where are you going?
Aren't you forgetting something?

Þrúðr does not answer or move a muscle, her attention fixed on Willow. Gorm begins to crawl over on his hands.

GORM (CONT'D)

(to the other vikings)
Can you believe this? First she cheats in our fight then cheated in the tests, now she's trying to cheat me out of what's owed.

GULBRAND

Come on Valkyrie, a deal's a deal.

Þrúðr does not answer. Sjóða is getting panicked as they approach and tries to dissuade them.

SJÓÐA

Oh don't worry she's just casting a rune spell to forget what happened today.

This only incites the vikings more

GORM

Oh no you don't, if I have to remember the smell of my foot nubs so do you.

Just before the vikings are close enough to see what's happening on the other side of the tree, Þrúðr can see Willow's wounds are slowly beginning to heal.

FRÚÐR

Wait!

The men stop.

FRÚÐR (CONT'D)

Gorm, I'm sorry. I'm sorry for cheating in our fight earlier today, and for chopping off your feet.

Gorm, still suspicious.

GORM

And...?

FRÚÐR

And for not taking your notes. I was just mad that I lost hearing your advice felt like salt in the wound. Thank you for your guidance.

She smiles. A beat

GORM

I accept your apology. And look! Odin has heard our amends and heals me as we speak!

On the other side of the tree Frúðr removes her hand from Willow's chest and put her hand immediately over Willow's mouth as a groggy Willow returns to consciousness.

GORM (CONT'D)

Look, Frúðr, now that I'm sort of your mentor here's some friendly advice.

FRÚÐR

Mhmm?

GORM

Don't be so hard on yourself. You fought hard out there.

FRÚÐR

Thank you.

GORM

As a woman you should consider lowering your expectations. For everything.

ÞRÚÐR

That is good advice.

GULBRAND

Hey Gorm! Jef says he's got a second wind and can eat some more dirt, come on!

GORM

Twist my arm. Coming!

Gorm and the vikings leave, Þrúðr removes her hand from Willows mouth who inhales as if she has just come back to life. The pleasant smile leaves Þrúðr's face.

SJÓÐA

Holy shit that was stressful. I hate lying.

ÞRÚÐR

You're terrible at it.

WILLOW

What, uh, just happened?

SJÓÐA

Þrúðr killed you then you came back to life because Odin heals all by the day's end in Valhalla.

WILLOW

Right, stupid question.

SJÓÐA

(to Þrúðr)

And was that really necessary?

ÞRÚÐR

Yes. If it were Loki in another form he would have shifted back upon his death.

SJÓÐA

Oh. Good point. But we knew that already, Sæhrímnir smelled her and said-

ÞRÚÐR

Sæhrímnir? The boar you have mercilessly slaughtered every day for centuries told you not to worry about an intruder and you, took his word for it?

SJÓÐA

...I feel like we have a bond.

Relieved that Willow isn't the harbinger of doom, but still pissed to be put in this position, Þrúðr, addresses Willow.

ÞRÚÐR

Now, what is your name, why are you here, and how did you get here?

Willow waits a moment, unsure if she's about to get killed again

WILLOW

Okay, yeah, no, sorry I just didn't know if I should talk or if some other horrific nonsense was going to interrupt me. Um, hi. I'm Willow. I do not know how I got here, just recently learned where here is - thank you Sjóða-

Sjóða gives gracious prayer hands

WILLOW (CONT'D)

and I'm here *specifically* looking to get back home- again Sjóða thank you-

Sjóða waves her away bashfully as if to say "no you." Willow looks at Þrúðr as if to say "moving on..."

WILLOW (CONT'D)

he mentioned you might be able to take me to Midgard. Which, I'm hoping is close to Groton Massachusetts. But in the larger sense, why am I *here*? I do not know.

(sing song)

Why are any of us anywhere?

(normal)

I mean, if it's prison you usually know. But honestly not always... And what's really fucked up is the people that don't go to prison but should absolutely be locked in a tower with no plumbing.

Þrúðr absorbs what Willow has said.

ÞRÚÐR

I believe you.

SJÓÐA
What's plumbing?

ÞRÚÐR
I don't know how you got here, and maybe you died in battle but you don't strike me as the type of person to have pledged your loyalty to Odin before you died.

WILLOW
Uh, no. I did not do that.

ÞRÚÐR
Regardless I do not think you're here to fight. I'm not sure how yet but I will help you. You'll have to stay hidden until we can figure something out.
(to Sjóða)
No one else goes to the kitchen but you, correct?

SJÓÐA
Yeah it's kind of like my sanctuary.

ÞRÚÐR
Great, then she can stay there and talk to you about who should be in prison.

WILLOW
(to Sjóða)
I promise I won't speak a word if you don't want... Unless you know something about rashes because maybe Odin will do something, but anytime it gets hot my neck breaks out and it's...it's bad.

Þrúðr motions towards the sunset

ÞRÚÐR
Better get going, almost dinner time.

INT. GREAT HALL - EVENING

Willow peaks through the door and marvels at the spectacle of the great hall, and the number of vikings.

WILLOW

So everyone here is a viking?

SJÓÐA

Yep.

WILLOW

But they don't all look like vikings.

SJÓÐA

Oh! Sort of a fucked up thing to say.

WILLOW

Ohmygod.

SJÓÐA

Vikings aren't a race or cohesive people, per say. We're a group of related tribes and come from all over. We've conquered England, Ireland, Scotland, France, the first king of Russia was viking. Vikings worked as the Byzantine emperor's personal guard for 400 years. We were even in Baghdad, and Canada. Of course I died before all that so I only get to hear from the guys who died after me. But, thanks to Odin we can understand each other.

WILLOW

That's really sweet.

SJÓÐA

The Canadian vikings fuck the trees.

WILLOW

Seems unlikely.

Two wolves enter the hall.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

Oh my god Sjóða, there are wolves. You have to warn them!

SJÓÐA

We need no protection from these wolves. They are the wolves of Odin, Geri and Freki. 'Greedy'

Close up on one wolf

SJÓÐA (CONT'D)
And 'ravenous'.

Close up on the other.

SJÓÐA (CONT'D)
They guard the borders from the
giants that live beyond Asgard, and
protect Odin as well. And they-

He indicates to two ravens that fly over the head of the men
and perch on Odin's chair.

WILLOW
Are crows.

SJÓÐA
Are Odin's ravens. Huginn and
Muninn. "Memory" and "thought."

WILLOW
I was close.

SJÓÐA
They fly through the nine realms
and bring news to Odin.

WILLOW
So he always know what's going on?

SJÓÐA
No one can know everything but,
he's pretty close.

WILLOW
So.. does he know about-

ODIN (O.S.)
Sjóða.

A deep, resonant voice echoes through the hall. It belongs to
ODIN, an incredibly ripped man who appears to be in his 70's.

Larger than any human, he carries a spear and other than his
sandals & a fur cloak that covers his shoulders and top of
chest, he is completely nude.

WILLOW
Okayyyyy, that's that's sort of a
lot??

SJÓÐA

Yeah, total power move, now hide.

Willow retreats further into the kitchen. Sjóða come out into the hall. Odin has made his way to his chair and sits down.

SJÓÐA (CONT'D)

Heil Alfǫðr.

ODIN

Huginn tells me you have done something quite unlike you.

Sjóða, nervous

SJÓÐA

Doesn't sounds like me.

ODIN

Indeed not. It seems there is another chef in the kitchen.

Odin raises his eyebrow at Sjóða. Willow is found out. All their efforts were for nothing and they will face the wrath of Odin for deceiving him.

ODIN (CONT'D)

There must be because you made something other than soup for the first time in 500 fuckin years.

The tension in the room disappears. All the men laugh at Odin's joke. He grabs the massive pint of mead stationed next to his chair and toasts the room.

ODIN (CONT'D)

SKOL.

EVERYONE

SKOL.

They all drink. Sjóða laughs like someone who just saw their life flash before their eyes and turns to the kitchen.

ODIN

Oh and Sjóða. What did you call these?

Odin feeds his wolves

SJÓÐA

Meat book, Alfǫðr.

ODIN

Mmmm. Might I suggest, "sandwich?"

Odin smiles

SJÓÐA

Great name. First time I've heard it. More people should be in prison. Okay bye!

Sjóða hyperventilates and walks back into the kitchen.

WILLOW

Good job!

Sjóða continues to walk and goes outside

SJÓÐA

AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

EXT. FIELDS OF VALHALLA EAST- NIGHT

Brooding, Þrúðr throws rocks into the stratosphere. She is approached by Three Valkyries; RÓTA, URÐR, and VERÐANDI.

ÞRÚÐR

They done drinking already?

RÓTA

No but they're drunk enough to not notice we're gone.

Róta picks up a rock and beams it like Þrúðr as if they're skipping stones. The other two take a load off and relax on the grass.

URÐR

We heard about what happened today.

Urðr hands her a horn flask of mead, she uncaps it and drinks

ÞRÚÐR

Don't get me started.

Verðandi pumps her fist and chants

VERÐANDI

Start. Start. Start. Start.

ÞRÚÐR

I literally spent my day proving I was better than a group of brainless men, who are only here because I killed them and brought them here after they agreed to join a suicide cult. My time would be better spent proving to a dog I am better at rowing boats. And after a long day of pretending their nominal progress is anything other than a constant reminder that when Fenrir comes these testaments to celibacy are gonna be the first to go, why the fuck do we have to serve them mead??

RÓTA

Tattoo that on my fucking skull.

VERÐANDI

Yeah!! Serve ME mead you big-eared fucks!

They laugh

URÐR

For what it's worth you were incredible.

RÓTA

The testicle punching relay was my favorite.

ÞRÚÐR

What's crazy is *they* make up the tests.

VERÐANDI

I think an eternity of good weather and no consequences takes its toll.

ÞRÚÐR

Yeah.

Perhaps truer than she intended, the share a reflective moment

RÓTA

Well as far as we're concerned losing a staring contest isn't gonna tip the scales on you. Skol.

Þrúðr knows it doesn't need to be said, but appreciates the vote of confidence

ÞRÚÐR

Skol.

URÐR

Also they're illiterate which is incredible because- we have books. They've been here hundreds of years, how do you not learn by accident?

INT. GREAT KITCHEN - LATER

Sjóða is back in the kitchen, his nerves now calmed as he's cleaning. Willow is eating cheese.

WILLOW

You would think he'd be traumatized by getting killed every day but he seemed more annoyed than anything. I mean you guys stopped as soon as I showed up.

SJÓÐA

Yeah, all things considered we have a good relationship.

WILLOW

I love that.

SJÓÐA

How are you holding up with the fact that you are, uh, dead.

Willow inhales, and eats a piece of cheese as she thinks

WILLOW

Well. I'm not really processing it, if that makes sense.

SJÓÐA

Sure.

WILLOW

I mean I know that
(rolls her eyes)
There's a good chance everything is a simulation, or our tits are controlled by aliens- blah blah blah whatever-

Sjóða narrows his eyes

SJÓÐA

Okay...

WILLOW

and I was never particularly religious but it is sort of jarring to be like... this was the one?

SJÓÐA

Right...But, um, why do they want our tits?

ÞRÚÐR (O.S.)

Same as everybody else, because they don't have them.

Þrúður enters and sits next to Willow. She motions towards the cheese

ÞRÚÐR (CONT'D)

May I?

WILLOW

Oh, yeah, I don't touch the stuff so. Go for it.

(then)

Hey can I ask you guys something? Who's Loki?

The mood shifts. Þrúður and Sjóða look at each other. The air is sucked out of the room. Then

SJÓÐA

He's a piece of shit.

ÞRÚÐR

Total shithead. Unbelievable asshole.

The tension is totally gone. Þrúður goes back to eating.

WILLOW

Oh. Gotcha.

SJÓÐA

Yeah I mean he's Odin's son who's going to bring about Ragnarok which is the battle where Odin is fated to die and Asgard will be destroyed at the hands of demons, a giant snake and a giant wolf who will swallow the sun. But hasn't been an issue yet so.

BLACKOUT