

HAMMER TIME

Written by

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INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

LOKI (Player Character) blinks awake on the floor next to a low-burning fireplace in a richly decorated room, his vision blurry and distorted. THOR is reclining on a couch nursing a drink. He looks at Loki, noticing he's awake, and takes a large gulp before burping loudly.

THOR:
(#mocking)
Well, look who finally woke up.
Figured you couldn't handle your
mead, but I didn't think you'd be
out *that* fast.

LOKI:
(#sullen)
Pass me another drink, will you?

THOR:
(#boistrous)
Haha! He rises again like the
mighty worm!

Thor reaches behind him and grabs a pitcher. He rises from his seat slowly and stumbles to a cup on the floor, nearly toppling over as he tries to grab it.

LOKI:
(#mocking)
Careful that big head of yours
doesn't tip you over, brother.

Thor grabs the cup with a drunken flourish and begins pouring slowly.

THOR:
(#joking)
It's not just my head that's big,
eh? But you knew that already. You
remember the time I pretended to be
a woman, don't you? Heh, didn't
wear a stitch under that dress.

Loki crouches by the fireplace and holds his hands out to the embers. Thor finishes pouring the mead, spilling a little as he walks carefully over to Loki and hands it to him.

LOKI:
(#moaning)
Oh gods, not this story again.

THOR:
(#burp)
We are the gods. You're not making
sense. You're drunk.

Loki snorts dismissively.

THOR:
(#wistful)
Oh, I remember it like it was
yesterday. A bit embarrassing, but
every good story is.

LOKI:
(#mock disgust)
You really don't have to tell me. I
remember it all far too... vividly.

Loki takes a sip of his drink.

THOR:
(#boistrous)
Skål!

Thor drains his dramatically.

LOKI:
(#under breath)
Skål.

THOR:
(#serious)
You know I only dressed as a woman
to save you and the others, right?
It wasn't my idea, though I have to
say I did have fun with it.

LOKI:
(#sarcastic)
Yes, yes, of course you did. We'd
all be dead a thousand times over
if not for you and that hammer. As
I said, I do remember. Probably
better than you in fact.

THOR:
(#serious)
It all started with that damned
jötnar. He stole my hammer.

LOKI:
(#serious)
I seem to recall that *I* was the one
who found out that he had it.

LOKI STARES INTO THE FLAMES AND BEGINS TO REMEMBER

INT. ASGARD COURTYARD - DAY

Loki approaches Thor and FREYJA having a conversation in a wide courtyard. Thor appears distraught while Freyja attempts to console him.

LOKI:
(#breathless)
Well, I've found it.

THOR:
(#excited)
YES! I knew you could do it,
brother. Now tell me the good news.
Where's my hammer?

LOKI:
(#hesitant)
It's not exactly good news. It's in
Jötunheimr with a particularly...
obsessive... jötnar by the name of
Thrymr.

THOR:
(#confused)
Obsessive how?

LOKI:
(#hesitant)
Let's just say he has a very
particular taste. For Freyja.

FREYJA:
(#surprised)
Excuse me?

LOKI:
(#reluctant)
He wants to marry you.

FREYJA:
(#disgust)
He what?!

LOKI:
(#reluctant)
He says he'll return Mjöllnir in
exchange for your hand in marriage.

FREYJA:
(#anger)
Absolutely not. Out of the
question!

THOR:
(#pleading)
You haven't even seen him yet,
Freyja! Maybe he's your type?

FREYJA:
(#anger)
My type? What would you know about
my type, Thor? You can hardly
string two sentences together on
your best day, let alone have an
opinion on my type.

THOR:
(#under breath)
Ok, ok I just thought I'd give the
guy a chance, you know?

LOKI:
(#reassuring)
We'll find another way.

FREYJA:
(#serious, under breath)
Damn right you will. Suggesting I
marry some strange jötnar.
Unbelievable, the both of you.

Freyja storms off across the courtyard muttering to herself
in anger.

LOKI:
(#sigh)
Well that could have gone better.

THOR:
(#joking)
HA! Not with her it couldn't have.
You're lucky you still have your
head on your shoulders after saying
that.

LOKI:
(#serious)
I suppose we'll just have to figure
something else out.

THOR:

(#serious>joking)

You mean you'll figure something out. You're the clever one, I'm the strong and insanely good-looking one. Just find a way to get Mjöllnir back, and I'll do all the heavy lifting.