

Thor in a Dress  
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Sources

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Parts

Thor

Loki

Freya

Thrym / Heimdall

Odin

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Thor (waking up): Mjolnir- come here. (silence)

MJOLNIR! (silence)

(Frantically looking around for Mjolnir)

Oh no.

Let's see... did Loki steal it? I mean, when something bad happens, that's always the first thing to ask. But I can't think of how this is funny or would benefit him.

So... I guess I'll move on to the second thing I do, and ask him for help fixing it. LOKI!

Loki: (Appearing as if from nowhere) I didn't do it?

Thor: I'm assuming not, but that makes me suspicious.

Loki: Well, if it helps, I have no idea what I didn't do.

Thor: Don't tell anyone, but the hammer of the gods has been stolen.

Loki: That is not good news, let me see what I can find out. I'm going to see if Freya will let me borrow her amazing cloak to fly around.

(Pause)

Freya, the most beautiful of all the gods. Your golden hair glints in the morning light...

Freya: What do you want?

Loki: I'd like to borrow your feathered cloak.

Freya: Absolutely not. That cloak is one of the most valuable things the Aesir possess. It's more valuable than gold. I'm not having you wearing it and going around and making trouble.

Loki: Thor's hammer has been stolen. With the speed of your cloak's falcon form, I could find it much faster.

Freya: Oh! In that case, let me get my cloak for you. Wait here for just a minute.

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Loki: Ah! Flying high above the land like this is fantastic! I've already searched all of Asgard, Vanaheim, and Alfheim. I'm far from Asgard and I've found no clues about what could have happened to Thor's hammer.

Oh, that's the ugliest Jotun I've ever seen. It looks like he's mending something. What is he doing?

Thrym: What's up with the Aesir, Loki? What's the news from the elves? And what are you doing here... all alone?

Loki: I, ah.... There is nothing but bad news from Asgard and nothing but bad news from the elves.

Thrym (with a very suspicious chuckle): Really?

Loki: Do you know something?

Thrym: Maybe.... (long pause where he stares at Loki) How's Freya? Is she as beautiful as they say?

Loki: If you like that sort of thing...

Thrym: Oh... I *do*. And, I have Thor's hammer. I've hidden it so deep beneath the earth that nobody could ever find it; not even Odin. I am the only one who could bring it up again. And I will return it to Thor only if you bring me what I want.

Loki: I can ransom the hammer. I can bring you gold and amber, I can bring you treasure beyond...

Thrym (interrupting Loki): I don't need treasure. I can get all the gold and jewels I need. I want to marry Freya! Bring her here eight days from now. Then I'll return the hammer as a bride-gift on Freya's wedding night!

Loki: Well... I need to know if your name if I am to propose this to Freya.

Thrym: I am Thrym! Lord of the ogres!

Loki: Okay then, great Thrym... I will return soon.

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Loki: Oh, Freya's not going to like this. Aack!

Thor: Well!? You know something. I can see it in your face. Tell me whatever you know! And tell it now! I don't trust you and I want to know what you know right this moment. Before you've had a chance to plot and plan!

Loki: Can I at least finish shapeshifting back, and maybe do this with my feet on the ground?

Thor: I'm unsure if that much delay is wise.

Loki; That's fair... I mean... Your hammer has been stolen by Thrym, lord of the ogres!  
I have persuaded him to return it to you, but he demands a price.

Thor: Fine, what is the price?

Loki: Freya's hand in marriage.

Thor: Just her hand?

She has two!

Maybe she'll give up one?

Loki: All of her. He wants to marry her

Thor: Oh. She will not like that at all. Well, you can tell her the news. You are much better at persuading people to do things than I am. At least, when I'm not holding my hammer. Let's go talk to her now.

Loki: Oh, great.

Freya: Do you find out who stole Thor's hammer?

Loki: I did!

Freya: Well? Out with it!

Loki: It was Thrym, lord of the ogres.

Freya: Oh, yuck. I've heard of him. He's a piece of work.

Loki: He wants to marry you.

Freya: Oh, how nice for him.

Thors: Put on your bridal crown, Freya, and pack your things. You and Loki are going to the land of the giants. We need to get you married off to Thrym before he changes his mind. I want my hammer back.

Loki: Is... the earth shaking? Wha... why are all the cats mewling and hissing? Freya? Oh, queen of the elves... you could, maybe unclinch your fists...

Freya: (hands squeezed into fists and fire in her eyes.) What kind of person do you think I am?  
Do you think I'm that foolish? That disposable?  
That I would marry an ogre just to get *YOU* out of trouble?  
If you two think that I am going to the land of the giants, that I'll put on a bridal crown and veil and submit to the... the lust of that ogre... that I'd marry him...well...  
GET OUT!

Thor: But- my hammer!

Loki: Shut up, Thor. We are leaving. Right now.

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Odin: All of the Aesir have been gathered in my great hall for an entire day... All except Freya. We have debated how to get Thor's hammer back. Loki, you have shot down each idea as it has been proposed. What do you propose?

Loki: Well, there is one person here we haven't heard from. Heimdall, what say you?

Heimdall: You're not going to like my idea.

Thor: Tell us the idea!

Heimdall: I think we should dress Thor as a bride. Have him put on Freya's necklace, the necklace of the Brisings. Have him wear a bridal crown. Veil his face. Drape him in jewels.

Thor: I don't like it! People will think that I dress in women's clothes! Absolutely not! I don't like it! I'm not dressing up in a bridal veil. I have a beard! I can't shave that off. This is a terrible idea.

Loki: Shut up Thor. This is a great idea! We need your hammer back to protect Asgard. All you have to do is put on a wedding veil, which will hide your face and your beard. What think you, Odin?

Odin: This is not only the best idea I've heard, it's a fantastic idea!  
Goddesses! Prepare Thor for his wedding night!

Loki: Fulla, Sif, Idunn, bring the finest clothes; the kind a highborn goddess would wear to her wedding.

Odin: My wife, Freya, will bring the necklace of the Brisings, and hang it about your neck.

Thor: Sif! Wife! Why are you hanging your keys at my side?

Loki: Now we cover your face with a veil, so that only your eyes can be seen. Then, finally, Var, the goddess of marriage, will place a shining headdress upon your head: a bridal crown, high and wide and beautiful.

Odin: Marvelous!

Freya: Outstanding!

Heimdall: Better than I could have imagined!

Loki: I'll be your maidservant (transforming into a beautiful young woman).

Let's get into the chariot and get on the way. Just remember- DO NOT SPEAK. I will do all the talking. If you speak, you WILL ruin everything.

Thor: I can't believe we're doing this.

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Thor: So... here we are in the land of the Jotun.

Loki: Yes, and this is where I met Thrym before. The fortress is new though.

Thor: That's a huge courtyard. At least it's decorated for a royal arrival!

Loki: Hush, hush, here comes a giant woman. She must be Thrym's sister, come to lead us to the wedding hall.

Thor (whispering to Loki): What if he wants to sit next to me?

Loki: Then sit next to him! That's what a bride does.

Thor (whispering) But he might put his hand on my leg!

Loki: I'll sit between you. I'll tell him it's our custom.

Thor: Ooooh! A feast!

Loki: Yes... I can see five whole oxen, 20 salmon, and dozens of trays of pastries being brought in.

Thor: Maybe this won't be so bad. I can just get this under my veil.

Loki: You don't need to gulp the mead.

Maybe don't just upend the platter into your mouth?

The Jotun are staring...

Thrym: So...the lovely Freya has just polished off her... third cask of mead. That is amazing, I've never seen any woman drink so much mead! Or eat so much!

Loki (talking slowly as he tries to come up with an explanation as he talks): There is an obvious explanation.

Thrym: That makes eight salmon she has eaten!

Loki: Eight days and eight nights! She hasn't eaten for eight days and eight nights. She was so keen to come here and make love to her new husband. Now that she is in your presence she is finally eating again! (Turning to Thor) it's so good to see you eating again, my dear.

(Thor glares)

Loki (quickly): Isn't it time for the wedding ceremony!

Thrym: Yes! Bring in the hammer to sanctify the bride! I want to see Mjolnir placed on the beautiful Freya's lap.

Let Var, the goddess of pledges between men and women, bless and consecrate our love.

See how it takes four giants to bring the mighty Mjolnir from the depths of the hall?  
Yes! Placing in in my beloved's lap.

Now! Let me hear your beautiful voice, my love, my dove, my sweetness.

Tell me that you love me. Tell me that you will be my bride!

Tell me that you pledge yourself to me as women have pledged themselves to men, and men to women, since the beginning of time.

What do you say?"

Thor (picks up hammer and starts laughing): What I say is that you should not have taken my hammer!

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Loki: So, there we were! Thor stood up laughing and tore off his veil. He hit Thrym just once, but the giant did not get up. All the Jotun in the hall rushed at Thor, but with his hammer they were quickly slain.

Thor: (Laughing) I mean, it wasn't as bad as I feared. I've got my hammer back. And I had a good dinner.