

Cast of Characters

HELA

MANDY

TROY

Acknowledgments

Hela and Troy was first presented in February 2009 by Gravity & Glass Productions as part of Bell, Book, & Candy—curated by Kate Kenney & Renya de Courcy with Michael Hoch. It was directed by John Hurley and featured the following cast and crew:

HELA Shashanah Newman
TROY Benjamin Ellis Fine
MANDY Alish Spielmann

Lighting Designer Solomon Weisbard
Costume Designer David Withrow
Stage Manager Sarah Locke

HELA AND TROY by Kelly McAllister

(A restaurant. HELA sits at a table, glaring at someone who has just left.)

HELA. I find you lacking!

MANDY. *(Approaching the table.)* How're we doing over here?

HELA. We are weary! What little there is of my heart weeps ice—

MANDY. I'm sorry—

HELA. I'm a loser—an ancient freak! A rotting corpse grafted onto a young woman! To put it in the modern parlance—it sucks to be me. *(Sighs.)* And for some reason, guys don't like me.

MANDY. I think you're being a little hard on yourself.

HELA. That's how I'm wired.

MANDY. I bet you meet someone really nice before this is over.

HELA. Speed dating—such torture was once only doled out in the afterlife to those who were deemed unkind.

MANDY. I'm so glad I don't have to deal with the whole dating scene anymore.

HELA. You're not helping me.

MANDY. Listen, if I could find a guy, anybody can.

HELA. If Odin himself could were here tonight, he'd pull out his remaining eye and feed it to a toad.

MANDY. Odin?

HELA. The All Father—he gave one of his eyes for wisdom. Didn't you go the school?

MANDY. I'm at Tisch.

HELA. I see. What's your name again?

MANDY. Mandy.

HELA. Let me ask you something, Mandy of Tisch—what is wrong with people? I tell that little bastard over there a funny story about my big brother Jörmungander—

MANDY. Wow—that's a mouthful.

HELA. It's Norwegian. Anyway, I was telling him about how Jormy is so wrapped up in himself that he's eating his own tail—

MANDY. Tail?

HELA. Jörmungander is be the great Mid-Gard serpent, wrapped around the world, ready to breathe poison on all of humanity—

MANDY. Sounds like my last boyfriend. I mean the one before Brad. That's my honey bun.

(HELA stares at MANDY for a moment, downs the rest of her wine.)

HELA. Does the honey bun love you?

MANDY. Oh, yeah. He's the best thing that ever happened to me.

HELA. And you love him?

MANDY. Yeah—I do.

HELA. Love doesn't seem real to me.

MANDY. Oh, come on—love is real, and it's awesome.

HELA. I want something I'm not really sure exists.

MANDY. Sure. (Pause.) Would you like another glass?

HELA. I avoid the usual small talk bullshit, try to actually discuss something that has meaning—and off he runs.

MANDY. Yeah. (Pause.) So can I get you another glass?

HELA. I found this too...oakey. Are you sure there's no mead?

MANDY. Do you want to try the Riesling? It's pretty dry.

HELA. A dry wetness? Perfect. And could you make it colder?

MANDY. The wine?

HELA. No. The room. It's hot in here.

MANDY. Uh, sure. Anything to eat with that?

HELA. No. Now go, my next possible consort approaches.

(MANDY leaves. TROY approaches the table.)

TROY. Hi. I'm speed date number 10—also known as Troy. This might sound strange—what doesn't when you're speed dating—anyway, I'm asking everyone—all my dates of speed—the same question: do you want to steal a car with me?

HELA. I don't know—if I told you that my little brother was a huge Wolf named Fenris and that he once bit off the hand of Tyr in anger at being tricked by the Gods, would that disgust you?

TROY. I don't know—I've never met your brother, so it isn't really my business, is it?

HELA. Sit down. (He does.) Shall I summon the maid for dry wetness?

TROY. No, I'm good, thank you.

HELA. You are good. No doubt Valhalla awaits you.

TROY. Are you flirting with me?

HELA. (Pause.) Flirting is for ice trolls.

TROY. Um, okay. (Pause.) So, you haven't answered my question.

HELA. About stealing the car?

TROY. Yeah.

HELA. Why do you want to steal a car?

TROY. 'Cause it'd be different, you know? From my life as it is.

HELA. I do not understand this game.

TROY. Forget it. It's stupid, I know—

HELA. I don't understand why you're asking me to steal it with you.

TROY. On the well intentioned but still quite bad advice of my friends—in an effort to help me get over getting dumped—I'm here at Metro Speed Date asking a bunch a ladies I never met if they want to steal a car with me. Obviously, this whole thing is a mistake. No offense, but it's degrading.

HELA. I degrade you?

TROY. What? No—

HELA. I am the daughter of Loki and Angrboda—

TROY. I'm sorry, that was a little harsh—

HELA. I rule the nine realms Neiflheim!

TROY. Take it easy!

HELA. I degrade you?

TROY. Did you say Goddess of Death?

HELA. I did.

TROY. Great—so you're crazy?

HELA. No—I am Hela, Goddess of death.

TROY. Let me guess. Nobody understands you, you write poetry similar to your hero, Sylvia Plath, and—

HELA. I degrade you? (Looks down, dejected.)

TROY. No—not you—this night—speed dating—

HELA. Of course I degrade you—the half dead daughter of a lunatic and a monster—do you know what I do all day, everyday? I hang out with dead people. I watch them numbly wander from cave to cave—and I envy them. I am cold, and I don't really know if I can ever be warm. Of course it's degrading to be seen with me.

TROY. Hey, listen—you don't degrade me. I just never thought of myself as the kind of guy who'd end up speed dating.

HELA. And you thought I was that kind of person?

TROY. No—of course not—

(MANDY arrives with a glass of wine, which HELA downs in one drink.)

HELA. More. I am unquenchable.

MANDY. Coming right up. Anything for you sir?

HELA. He desires nothing—

TROY. I'll take a dirty martini.

MANDY. All righty then.

TROY. Thanks. *(Smiles at MANDY as she exits.)*

HELA. You find the bar maid attractive?

TROY. What? No—

HELA. It is of no matter to me. *(A ring tone goes off.)* Excuse me—I think I just got texted. *(Takes out cell phone:)* It's Tyr—

TROY. The wolf guy?

HELA. No, that's my brother. Tyr works with the valkyries.

TROY. Who?

HELA. I'll check it later. *(Puts phone down.)* So, where were we?

TROY. I think we were telling each other that we're lonely.

HELA. Is that what we were doing?

TROY. Yeah. I know I am. Lonely, and more than lonely—

HELA. Lost.

TROY. You want to know something funny? I think you're really pretty.

HELA. Why is that funny?

TROY. Oh, you're being pretty isn't funny. That's fantastic. It's my saying it—I never tell a girl I think she's pretty.

HELA. Why not?

TROY. I don't know—because then it seems like all I'm interested in is how you look.

HELA. Are you interested in more than how I look?

TROY. Of course I am—why do you think I told you about stealing the car?

HELA. I thought it an attempt at wit.

(MANDY arrives with the drinks.)

MANDY. How's it going over here?

TROY. It's going great.

MANDY. Fantastic. Here's your drinks. I'll let you two enjoy. *(Exits.)*

TROY. We don't have much more time before I'm supposed to switch tables.

HELA. No! I'm enjoying this.

TROY. Me too.

HELA. Then let's keep it going.

TROY. What do you mean?

HELA. I'll steal that car with you, if you really want to.

TROY. Seriously?

HELA. Seriously. *(Phone rings again.)* Oh, damn it. *(Takes phone, reads message. She becomes quite upset.)*

TROY. Is everything okay?

HELA. No. It appears the Norns are watching us. *(Reads more, then furiously texts a message.)* I told them I am on vacation and to fuck off.

TROY. Who are the Norns?

HELA. Three sisters. Very old, very powerful, and very bossy. *(Phone rings again.)* See what I mean? *(Reads message on her phone, slowly puts it down, and takes a long sip of wine.)*

TROY. Are you okay?

HELA. What?

TROY. Bad news?

HELA. Yes.

TROY. I'm sorry—uh, what's your name?

HELA. Hela.

TROY. I'm sorry Hela.

HELA. Me too. *(Pause.)* Do you really think I'm pretty?

TROY. Yes, I do.

HELA. I come from a really fucked up place.

TROY. Me too.

HELA. You don't understand what I'm trying to tell you.

TROY. Hela—what's wrong?

HELA. Troy—I like you. I really do. You seem nice, and thoughtful—and you're very cute.

TROY. I am?

HELA. Even the way you say that is cute. I think I could—I mean—somehow you make me feel warm. And that's impossible.

TROY. Then let's go somewhere and see what else can happen.

HELA. We can't. They're already on their way.

TROY. Who?

HELA. Listen. My name is Hela. Some people call me Hel, some call me death—it doesn't really matter.

TROY. What's in a name? That which we call a rose—

HELA. Troy, I'm not kidding. I am death, and the Norn sisters just sent me a message that the thread of your life-span has come to its end—

TROY. Enough with all the death stuff—

HELA. Troy—look around the room. Notice anything strange?

TROY. *(Looks around.)* Where did everybody go?

HELA. They didn't go anywhere—we did.

TROY. *(Shivers.)* Why is it so cold all of a sudden?

HELA. Your thread has been cut—you're dead now. *(Pause.)* Listen, Troy—I don't like my life, and yours is over. Do you still want to steal that car?

TROY. What? Oh, yeah, the car. Sure.

HELA. I can't go on being half dead, half alive hanging out with the damned. Promise me we'll have fun.

TROY. What?

HELA. Promise me we'll do something different—just for one night—and I'll help you steal a car like you wouldn't believe.

TROY. I don't understand.

HELA. Listen to me. We're going outside now—we're going to steal a flying horse from a big Viking woman, and then we're going out on the town.

TROY. I don't know—

HELA. It's either that or spend eternity with a bunch of lost souls—most of whom don't even realize they're dead—bitching and moaning about how terrible everything is.

TROY. *(Looks around the room, back at HELA, and downs his drink.)* Let's do it.

(HELA reaches out, TROY takes her hand, and they exit. A horse is heard whinnying outside, as the lights fade to black.)

End of Play