

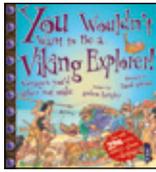
Location, Location, Invasion

A TV reality show where the presenters try to find the perfect place to live, conquer and pillage. This play is a Viking-themed parody of television documentary shows like the British TV series Location, Location, Location that follow ordinary people as they hunt for a new home to live in.

Parts:	Kirstie	presenter
	Phil	presenter
	Erik the Beige	a Viking invader
	Helga the Horrific	his scary battleaxe wife
	Tyra the Tyrant	his scary battleaxe sister
	Frode the Frozen	her chilly husband

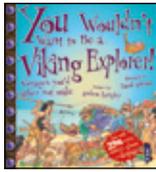
Theme Music

- Kirstie: Welcome to this week's 'Location, Location, Invasion' – where Phil and I have the task of finding the perfect place for home-seekers to live.
- Phil: And we've got quite a job on our hands this week, Kirstie. We've got to find somewhere suitable for some tricky customers from the north.
- Kirstie: What's their budget? How much have they got to spend?
- Phil: Ah, that's the tricky bit. Nothing. They don't want to buy. They take, conquer and pillage.
- Kirstie: You mean they're violent thieving invaders with attitude?
- Phil: Exactly. But apparently they can be friendly at times, so no need for that long face. You've got a face like an 'orse!
- Kirstie: What do you mean, Phil?



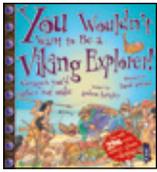
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- Phil: That's my clue. Our clients are from Scandinavia. They're Norse people. That's why I said you had a face like 'a Norse' - for a joke.
- Kirstie: Well I don't find that very funny. It's scary. Are you talking about Norse pirates, raiders and murdering explorers?
- Phil: That's right. A bunch of delightful marauding Vikings. So long as we don't upset them, we'll be fine.
- Kirstie: But the Vikings from Norway, Sweden and Denmark attacked Scotland, England and Ireland. They weren't very nice!
- Phil: That's right, Kirstie. They also invaded Iceland and even sailed to North America. They're certainly fearless explorers – but today they want our help.
- Kirstie: Yikes! I heard that one of their leaders was a murderer called Erik.
- Phil: I think he was called Erik the Green and he invaded Redland.
- Kirstie: Not quite. He was Erik the Red and he invaded Greenland.
- Phil: I was close.
- Kirstie: So was Ivar the Boneless – too close. He came and conquered York.
- Phil: Was he called Ivar the Boneless because he had a limb missing?
- Kirstie: No idea. Maybe he'd only eat kippers if they were filleted. Mind you, he must have had a massive appetite.



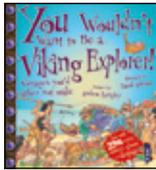
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- Phil: How do you know that, Kirstie?
- Kirstie: Because he ate like a Norse! (He ate like 'an 'orse') Get it?
- Phil: Enough of silly jokes, it's time to meet our first Viking couple who want us to find their perfect place to plunder. They've just arrived by longboat. I'm afraid he's a rather boring relative of Erik the Red.
- Kirstie: Really? What's his name?
- Phil: Erik the Beige. His bossy wife is Helga the Horrific. Let's meet them...
- Helga: (*Enters shouting*) Erik, come here. I want a nice new home and you've got to sort it out. It's getting far too crowded back home so take me somewhere nice where I can live in style.
- Erik: I'll do my best, dear.
- Helga: And while we're about it, we'll conquer the known world.
- Erik: Not today, love. It's raining.
- Helga: For a Viking, you're a proper wimp, Erik. Why can't you be more like my conquering cousin with the funny walk - Ragnar Lothbrok? His name means 'hairy trousers'.
- Erik: More like 'itchy pants'. He can never sit still or stay in one place.
- Helga: That's why he's always on the move. I bet if you had shaggy breeches, you'd have much more 'get up and go'.
- Erik: My 'get up and go' got up and went when it started raining. If I had hairy trousers like Ragnar, I'd just scratch a lot.



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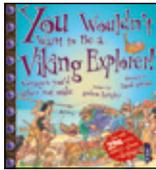
- Helga: But at least he doesn't sit around all day. As soon as he settles in one place, he's off to invade somewhere else. It's about time you did the same, Erik.
- Erik: But it's raining, Helga. I've had enough of exploring in the cold and wet.
- Helga: That's why I've asked these people to help us. If they don't, I'll turn nasty.
- Kirstie: We'll do our best. What sort of place are you looking for?
- Helga: Anywhere we can plunder and take over for ourselves.
- Phil: Are you looking for any particular type of building?
- Erik: Yes, one with a roof. I'm fed up of rain and snow. I'm fed up of being at sea in long ships, too. I spent the last voyage bailing it out and waking up soaked to the skin each day with a goat on top of me.
- Helga: Where's your sense of adventure? It's fun to be afloat with a goat in a boat!
- Erik: Not when you wake up with it giving birth inside your hudfat sleeping bag.
- Kirstie: You must be kidding.
- Erik: No, but the goat was. We had a goat and chickens on board to supply us with milk and eggs. It got very messy and smelly, I can tell you.
- Phil: But at least you made it safely to land so I can now show you your first location to consider. It's a great plot of flat land



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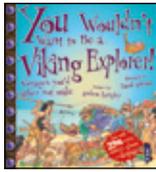
sheltered from the wind.

- Kirstie: And here it is. There are plenty of trees and grass around for making a turf and timber house.
- Phil: You just have to cover the timber frame with layers of turf. The walls will be a metre thick to keep out the cold and wet.
- Erik: Now you're talking.
- Kirstie: There'll be a stone hearth inside for a cosy fire in the middle, with a hole in the ceiling for the smoke to escape. It'll be toasty warm.
- Erik: Now you're talking, too. What about food supplies from hunting and fishing?
- Helga: It's right by the sea so you can go fishing or collect gulls' eggs from the cliffs.
- Kirstie: And just look at all the brambles. There are masses of blackberries and huckleberries for you to harvest for winemaking on your own doorstep.
- Erik: Now you're talking even more.
- Phil: So what are your thoughts on this location?
- Helga: We love it – don't you, Erik?
- Erik: What about wild animals? Is there good hunting here?
- Kirstie: Of course. Plenty of wolves and ferocious bears.
- Helga: Perfect. I've always wanted a bearskin coat. You can catch me one, Erik.



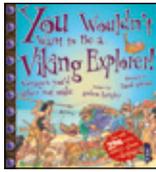
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- Erik: Are you going berserk? Are you mad? Have you taken leave of your senses?
- Helga: Leave of my senses? What do you mean?
- Erik: Get ready for a great Viking joke, folks. It's about Erik the Red's sons, Leif and Thorvald, who invaded North America. Thorvald was buried there but when Leif returned home, he found his name was missing from his town's register. When he complained, the mayor apologised by saying, "I must have taken Leif off my census." Ha ha! Leave of my senses, get it?
- Kirstie: I see what you did there, Erik. And when you said 'going berserk' you were talking about the bearskin shirt that you Viking warriors wear when you go into battle.
- Helga: Talking of going berserk, here comes your sister, Tyra the Tyrant.
- Tyra: *(Barging in ferociously)* Have you found anywhere to live yet?
- Phil: This is the plot right here. Erik is just measuring it up.
- Erik: Where is the exact spot?
- Tyra: He's always losing the plot! Yes, this will do. So long as it's warm enough for my husband. He feels the cold these days. *(Calling)* Frode, come here.
- Helga: Frode the Frozen is always chilly. He spent too long in Iceland.
- Frode: *(Enters shivering)* Brrr, it's nippy here. I'm f f f freezing.
- Kirstie: But what do you think of this location to build a home? You've got a lovely view of the sea so you can keep a look-out for enemies and you can easily go out and catch a whale from here.



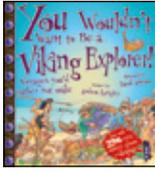
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- Frode: I'd catch a cold, more like. It's f f freezing.
- Tyra: Ooh, you love whale hunting, Erik. We Vikings like whale meat. Whale stew, whale steaks, whale burgers, whale nuggets, whale dumplings...
- Erik: Yeah, we have a whale of a time! Mind you, a whale lasts us ages. I get a bit sick of whale every breakfast and dinner – especially when it goes off.
- Helga: So we have to dry the meat to preserve it or we pack it in ice to freeze it.
- Frode: I hate f f frozen food.
- Tyra: Like I said, he spent too long in Iceland.
- Frode: It was f f freezing.
- Tyra: All we want is a nice warm home where we can sit indoors each evening and play hnefatafl.
- Kirstie: Well that should be easy to do.
- Erik: But not easy to say or spell!
- Tyra: It's like chess but the Viking way. It often ends in a massive fight.
- Frode: I'm f f freezing. My feet are b b blocks of ice.
- Tyra: Then put on your lucky charm of the Viking god of thunder and son of Odin.
- Phil: How will that unfreeze him?



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- Tyra: It's Thor. Nothing will freeze when there's a Thor on!
- Erik: That's not a bad joke, Tyra. Look, I always wear a lucky charm of Thor's mighty hammer Mjollnir. There's nothing like a bit of Viking bling to bring good luck when I go hunting with my bow and arrows. Which reminds me, Helga – you need a haircut.
- Helga: Oh no! Don't tell me you need more of my lovely long hair to use as string for your bow. It's not easy for us Viking girls to keep looking pretty, you know.
- Frode: N n no comment.
- Kirstie: So tell me, you guys – have we found the right place here for you? Will you be able to settle right here and rule this land?
- Phil: Has this week's Location, Location, Invasion got it right for these Vikings?
- Frode: I've f f finished with invading, I'm too old for that now.
- Tyra: He's thirty nine. He's an old man.
- Erik: Did you know half of all Viking men die in their twenties?
- Frode: Very f f few Viking explorers live to be over f f fifty.
- Helga: Viking women don't last long, either. It's a tough life. We spend most of our time going to Viking funerals where we burn bodies on blazing pyres.
- Frode: It's a great way to keep w w warm.
- Phil: Then it's just as well we've found you somewhere to settle in your old age.



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Kirstie:

On that breaking news, we must leave you with the smell of funeral pyres wafting over the ice floes – proving that the only warm Viking is a dead one. Which all goes to show YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO BE A VIKING EXPLORER... EVER!

Theme Music