

Victor Death

By: Mary M. James

Characters

Gary/Victor Death, *less than average guy in the cold light of the cubicle, epic hero otherwise. Give him a sandwich to make him happy, but make sure it's a hero.*

Caroline/Ravauvial Gentleharp the Bloodblade, *stunning, confident, beautiful if you're smart enough to recognize it. She knows she's better than the position she's in. She IS NOT A BITCH, but she could be.*

Libby/Lady Marnys Gellantara, *she is THE princess. She does her job, kinda, sorta, in a way. In high school, she was the C student who got by on being pretty and flirting with the teachers.*

Notes

For good or for bad, Gary, Caroline, and Libby have a genuine relationship from years of working side by side. They are more familiar with each other than they'd like.

Don't be afraid to play up the sexual innuendo. The more uncomfortable you make everyone watching, the better.

Setting: A cold, harsh cubicle environment. The job doesn't matter because it's monotonous.

GARY and CAROLINE are already seated at their desks working on something not important. They are aware of each other's presence, but aren't speaking. GARY is eating a sandwich. LIBBY enters, not bothered by the fact that she's a half an hour late to work.

LIBBY: You two are here early.

CAROLINE: The phrase you're looking for is, "on time."

LIBBY: It's nice to see you so chipper in the morning, Care.

CAROLINE: Caroline.

LIBBY: Gary, do you have to eat that now?

GARY: I tend to get low blood sugar mid-morning. A snack helps keep my levels normal so I don't get drowsy.

LIBBY: You smell like eggs and onions.

CAROLINE: And you smell like a bar.

GARY: I got you something, Libby. It's in the top drawer of your desk.

She stares at him a moment, trying to decide if he's a secret pervert. She sits at her desk without opening the drawer.

GARY: I got Caroline one too. Open your desk.

CAROLINE: I'm wearing mine.

LIBBY: Oh, this is... nice...

GARY: *(Excited)* I was at Steel City Con and one of the artists was selling these handmade pendants. They're from the Victor Death universe.

LIBBY: I'm sorry, what?

GARY: C'mon, Libby. I've told you about Victor Death. Caroline, I got you Ravauvial Gentleharp the Bloodblade. And Libby, yours is Lady Marnys Gellantara.

LIBBY: Gary... Jesus, I shouldn't even ask this... What the fuck is a Victor Death, Lady Jell-O Universe?

CAROLINE: C'mon, Libby, Gary talks about it all the time. Victor Death is an epic hero in a graphic novel series. It was just picked up to be a show this fall. The merchandise is everywhere.

LIBBY: I don't speak nerd. (*CAROLINE glares at her*) Thanks, Gare, looks expensive.

GARY: You can wear it now, if you'd like. (*Libby hesitates and slips it over her head.*)

LIBBY: Pretty.

GARY: Are you in the Victor Death fandom, Caroline?

CAROLINE: Not really. My nephew is though, so I know my way around.

GARY: Because, if you knew Ravauvial Gendtleharp the Bloodblade, you'd love her. I mean, she's an elf bounty hunter warrior. It's rumored that she is the half-sister of Prince Klacik of Vernell, but neither she nor the Prince will admit to that. It would mean civil war. Plus, half the fandom ships them. She is strong, and smart... You kind of look like her. I mean, you even have her hair.

LIBBY: What about me, Gare? Lady Jell-O?

GARY: It's Lady Marnys Gellantara. She's Lord Yaserf's youngest daughter. She started off as a secondary character, but in the latest chapters she's come more to the forefront. She's, um, she's really pretty. Kind of the quintessential princess.

LIBBY: (*Flirty*) You think I'm royalty?

GARY: Yeah, I mean, kinda.

LIBBY: So, if I'm Lady Jell-O...

GARY: Marnys Gellantara...

LIBBY: And Caroline is the bloody elf, who are you?

GARY: Oh... I'm, I mean, I don't look like him or anything, but I'm, you know... (*softly*) Victor Death...

LIBBY: You're the hero?!

GARY: Um, yeah... I mean, when we LARP. I have some pretty sweet costume pieces I've collected for different conventions.

LIBBY: Oh, Gary...

GARY: They're really elaborate. Victor Death is a knight that can cross realms.

LIBBY: And tell me, Gare, does the hero get the girl?

GARY: Yeah, I mean, not like you would think...

CAROLINE: Cut it out, Libby.

LIBBY: So is Lady Marnys the girl the hero gets? (*Pause*) Gary... Do we get to do it?

CAROLINE leaps over her desk and becomes RAVAUVIAL. GARY tears his clothes off revealing VICTOR DEATH while LIBBY transforms into LADY MARNYS. RAVAUVIAL unsheathes her katana and lets out a loud howl.

RAVAUVIAL: Lady Marnys, your virtue and your dignity must be preserved. If we do not deliver you unspoiled, we will have failed our mission. Victor, we have a three day journey to the Highlands. We must press on.

VICTOR: Lady Marnys, gather your belongings. *(Aside to her)* We must sheath our desires and passions, Milady. We are not meant for each other.

MARNYS: Oh Victor! I ache for you, do not push me aside!

VICTOR: I am the harbinger of Death, Milady. And you, you are the essence of life.

MARNYS: Victor! I can feel our souls intertwined. I wish for our bodies to be so as well.

VICTOR: You must not think that way. Our mission is more important than ourselves.

RAVAUVIAL: Lord Perry's men are on the horizon. Victor, Milady, we must move quickly! Lord Perry is gaining on us...

ALL return to the office and their original selves.

CAROLINE: Mr. Perry's coming. Gary. Gary, snap out of it!

GARY: Wha... I'm here.

They ALL return to their computers and assume some semblance of work. LIBBY unbuttons the top of her blouse and smiles as Perry walks past.

LIBBY: Shit, Gary, where the hell did you go?

GARY: Huh?

LIBBY: We were involved in something just then and you completely spaced.

GARY: Oh, I was just... um... thinking about the numbers report I have to have to Perry by the end of the day.

LIBBY: You never answered my question, Gary. Do you and I get to do it?

CAROLINE: Shut up, Libby.

LIBBY: I was just wondering.

CAROLINE: You know what I wonder? How you keep your job when you don't do anything.

LIBBY: Oh, please. I do more than you.

CAROLINE: Ha!

LIBBY: Who is in all the local commercials for the company? Who does all of the planning and decorating for office events and out of town clients? Who organizes the Christmas party? Huh, Caroline?

CAROLINE: Who never turns in her numbers reports?

LIBBY: Whatever, Care.

They ALL sit in silence as Gary finishes his sandwich.

CAROLINE: I'm printing, anyone else?

GARY: Me.

CAROLINE: Printer four?

GARY: Yeah.

CAROLINE: Ok, I'll get it. *Exits.*

GARY and LIBBY become VICTOR and LADY MARNYS again. LADY turnsto VICTOR and begins to paw at HIM. HE allows it.

MARNYS: Victor, at last, we're alone.

VICTOR: Ravauvial only went to hunt for food. She will return soon, Milady.

MARNYS: I'm sure you can be brief.

VICTOR: The temptation swells inside me, but you are meant for another. I must deliver you to your betrothed. Your union will bring peace to the land.

MARNYS: Oh, Victor! How can there be peace in the land when there is so much unrest inside me? Does a woman of noble blood not get to make her own choices? Am I doomed to be used only as a tool of war and peace? I'm a tumultuous torn woman, Victor! I need a man who can calm my passions.

VICTOR: Our mission is of the utmost importance. You must agree. The lands of Garendale and Yuthaca must join together to defeat Lord Perry. Your marriage to Prince Quailan will seal Perry's fate.

MARNYS: You torment me, Victor.

VICTOR: I am made for torment.

CAROLINE returns with the printouts and GARY and LIBBY return to themselves.

CAROLINE: Here you go.

GARY: Thank you. Caroline, how old is your nephew?

CAROLINE: The one who likes Victor Death? He's fourteen.

GARY: Oh. You look really young to have a fourteen year old nephew.

CAROLINE: My sister is a lot older than me. It's cool though. My nephew is like having a little brother. I love it.

GARY: Does he have all the novels?

CAROLINE: Yeah, everything up to the last release. And he's practically giddy over the start of the show. He's really into it, but he gets harassed a lot at school.

GARY: Oh, yeah, that happens. I know some guys he could hang out with.

LIBBY: Great plan, Gary, introduce him to thirty-something losers who still live with their parents.

GARY: They're actually his age...

CAROLINE: Enough, Libby. Just because you have no substance doesn't mean that everyone who isn't just like you is a loser.

LIBBY: That's exactly what it means. I'm cool. I've always been cool. I go to awesome parties with hot people. I'm going to marry an investment banker or a lawyer and have a huge house with a pool. And then I'll have kids who will be cool. And I'll be their hot mom who their friends daydream about. And you two will still be working in a dungeon fucking the same lame loser who broke down and finally married you, and your lives will be mediocre. So look down on me all you want, but for as "interesting" as you two pretend you are, you'll never really be anything. Hot and fun beats smart and interesting every time. Screw you two, I'm going out to smoke. *Exits*

A long pause. CAROLINE looks at GARY. HE shrugs and smiles. CAROLINE returns to her work. SHE turns to face him, but she has become RAVAUVIAL and he is now VICTOR.

RAVAUVIAL: The task is complete, Victor.

VICTOR: Our task is complete. These lands will now be safe knowing those two will wed.

RAVAUVIAL: I know how difficult it must have been to hand her off to another man. I admire your strength of will.

VICTOR: There was no willpower to fight. There will always be weak women in need; women not strong enough to care for themselves. They are enticing at first, but ultimately easy to resist. A real woman worth desiring is one who can see you blow for blow and come out on top.

RAVAUVIAL: So a simpering princess holds no desire for you?

VICTOR: None.

RAVAUVIAL: Victor Death, you are a man of substance. Your reputation does not do you justice.

VICTOR: Yours does. You are a brilliant warrior. A queen.

RAVAUVIAL: Victor...

VICTOR: Yes?

SHE kisses HIM. After their moment, CAROLINE and GARY return.

CAROLINE: Gary?

GARY: Huh? Oh, sorry.

CAROLINE: Are you ok? You looked a little lost there.

GARY: Oh, yeah, it's nothing. I just... I realized something.

CAROLINE: Hmm?

GARY: Libby's kind of a bitch.

CAROLINE: *(Laughing)* You just realized that now?

GARY: Yeah... I mean, I thought maybe she might just be putting on a show. Most of the time you can see she's really insecure, but truthfully, she's not a nice person. At all.

CAROLINE: No. She isn't. *(Pause)* You are though. You know that right? You really are a great guy.

GARY: Thanks.

CAROLINE: I mean it.

HE smiles at her and she reciprocates. GARY searches through his lunchbox for the other half of his sandwich. HE finds it, unwraps it, hesitates, and returns it to the lunchbox. HE looks at CAROLINE trying to decide something.

GARY: Hey, Caroline...

CAROLINE: Yeah?

GARY: Would you like to go out with me sometime?

BLACKOUT