

When guarding a high-max security villain goes wrong

By: SleepyDreamyLullay

... = listener is speaking or general pause

[*words*] = sound effects and sounds

(words) = tone/mood/voice direction

{words} = replace with desired pronouns, subject, alternative etc. or do away with it as you please

***Speaker carries themselves as a half-mad trickster bored out of their mind, starved for attention and amusement. Though there may be some truth to that characterization, they mainly utilize that persona as a means to manipulate.**

Script Start

Guard:

[*Rumble of an engine; a vehicle not yet in motion*]

[*Creaking sound of metal being rolled-up--- like the door to a U-Haul truck*]

[*Someone jumps down from the shipping container and makes their way toward Listener*]

...

(agitated; to themselves)

If I have to spend *one more second* with that guy I'm going to---

[*Deep steady inhale; Short, irritated exhale*]

(to Listener; gruffly) You the new guard we picked up from Summit City?

...

Then you're up, uh... (squints to read nameplate)

Falcon.

(Bewildered) Falcon? What the hell kind of name is *Falcon*?

...

Alright, yeah. Why not. Your last name could be Kennedy or Windsor for all I care and I'd *still* happily let you take my place.

You know the rules right? 15 feet away from the prisoner at all times. Do *not* speak to him, and even though it may be tempting, don't try to gag him either.

Trust me. It was already difficult enough getting the blindfold and restraints on him--- the fucker *bites*.

... But he also... lies. So don't believe a word he says.

Keep your gun trained on him, don't get too close, don't talk, and pray your shift passes quietly. We'll tap twice [*Tap Tap? As an example*] on the wall every now and then to check up on you. Tap twice back so that we know you're okay. Tap three times if you're starting to feel unsafe and we'll pull over to reassess--- but for God's sake don't overdo it or we'll have a whole 'boy who cried wolf' situation going on.

... And if he attacks before we can intervene? You're on your own. No chance in *hell* we're opening up that metal death trap until he's done. But don't worry, we'll uh...

We'll be sure to scrape you off the walls.

Clear?

...

[Clapping Listener on the back]

Good luck, Falcon. You're going to need it.

...

[Footsteps crunching as Listener makes their way to the shipping container]

...

[They step into the metal box, which creaks with their added weight; The rumbling of the engine is quieter now]

...

[Listener takes a few tentative steps forward; Their footsteps echo slightly in the space; Suddenly, the door to the container shuts like a death sentence, startling them]

[The car begins to move]

...

[The guard raps on the wall twice softly: Tap Tap?]

[Listener signals back, equally quietly: Tap Tap]

...

[Listener presses forward: Slowly the sounds of the prisoner become clearer]

...

Prisoner:

[Speaker is humming absentmindedly and happily to themself]

[Chains rattle as Speaker turns around abruptly, letting out a delighted gasp]

Well who's *this*?

...

... *[Listener remains silent; assessing]*

...

Hm. Another quiet one, huh?

That's okay. You're a bright and shiny new thing.

I *love* new things. They're so much fun to play with!

You almost don't *want* to break them.

[Somewhat uncontrolled giggle]

Almost.

[Speaker bursts out into cackling]

...

... *[Listener remains silent, uneasy]*

...

(using a silly voice to imitate what they think Listener might sound like) "How did you know I was new?"

(in answer to themself) *Excellent* question, plaything.

See: When one of your senses has been so cruelly ripped away from you and you've been trapped for days in a *metal box*, you start... *noticing* things.

That guard that came in just before you? I call him 'Bigfoot'. His footsteps are loud and heavy--- lumbering, indicating sizeable mass. He moves like he owns the place: seasoned, confident. Used to throwing around his weight. He also sweats like a big hairy *beast*, stinking up the stale air in here.

Then there's mouth breather. I *hate* mouth breather. She's an antsy one: Constantly shifting from foot to foot, flinching at the *tiniest* of sounds. Her breathing hitches when I so much as *sneeze*. Her breath also *reeks*. Allergies or something, I think, but the paranoid hypochondriac probably follows weird diet trends and takes odd supplements that mess with her breath.

(rant slowly picks up in pace; like in one long, harried breath) And then there's Tuna. Tuna has the grace in his gait of a fish out of water. Tuna's as slippery as a trout and has so much sweat on his hands that he has to wipe them off every few minutes or so or he'll lose his grip on his gun. Tuna has enough oil in his hair to make stir fry. Tuna always eats a goddamn *tuna fucking sandwich* before he comes in here and I'd say it drives me crazy (slightly unhinged) but we already know I'm *far* past that, don't we?

...

... [*Listener remains silent*]

...

[*Tap tap?*]

...

[*Tap tap*]

...

(Speaker continues their rant, moreso to themselves than the Listener; as if they just want to talk and don't really care if no one is paying attention)

They rotate on a consistent schedule. One sleeps, one guards, one drives. You can usually tell by the way they drag their feet when they've been woken up for a shift. And identifying the driver is easy--- One likes to speed, one brakes too abruptly, and one can't stay in a straight line for shit.

My stoic, silent sentinels: Transporting me. Watching me. Suffocating me in the collective soup of their *stench*.

(suddenly their attention fully zeroes in on Listener)

... But you? You're pretty light on your feet, considering how much sound bounces around here. Must be used to sneaking around a lot. And your boots and uniform--- squeaky. Crunchy. Nothing's broken in yet. You came in skittish--- and not mouth-breather-scared skittish. More... uncertain of your new environment.

Most importantly is the *smell*. You smell...

[Deep euphoric inhale; Deep euphoric exhale]

Like a breath of fresh air.

... But the biggest tell of all? The reason I know for *certain* you're new?

(voice dropping, leaning close)

You're standing too close.

And your gun isn't even pointed at me.

...

[Listener stumbles backward]

...

[Tap tap?]

...

[Listener hesitates, tense]

...

[Reluctant: Tap tap]

...

[Speaker laughs a little maniacally, like a tic--- less so out of happiness, moreso out of the pure shittiness of his situation]

Damn, I wish I could've seen your face when I said that. Would've been the first funny thing I've seen in such a long time.

(sharply; more acerbic than they've been thus far) Instead I'm stuck cataloguing *walking cycles* and *breathing patterns*. These are the things you notice when you're *bored out of your f u c k i n g mind*.

So what do you say, hmmm? Want to be my entertainment?

Amuse me.

[Another round of laughter; lighter this time]

...

[A pleased sigh]

There it is.

Ba-dump, ba-dump, ba-dump. You're nervous. That's cute.

Like music to my ears.

I had on headphones before, you know. A bit overkill, if you ask me, but your friends are nothing if not careful.

... Usually. But everyone has their breaking point.

They couldn't get the gag on me, so I was still able to speak--- and, you know, it is just so hard to regulate your volume when you don't know how loud you're being. They thought playing music might placate me, but aside from learning a new tune---

[Speaker hums a portion of what they were humming earlier]

I was *not* appeased. So, in the end they gave me back the gift of sound. I always get what I want in the end, you see.

But though I can be mollified, I can't ever be truly... sated.

...

... *[Silence]*

...

I *do* miss the music though. With effective mutes for company, I've been forced to come up with my own melodies, but I've just got no talent for composing.

[Attempts to hum something original; it's awful in a somewhat charming way]

[Speaker laughs at herself]

See?

It's only a matter of time before I get them to give me a speaker in here, though. Everyone has their limits, everyone has their price--- and I've found most things are

negotiable with the right incentive. I've always been *very* good at making myself worth trading with.

... What about you? Everyone wants *something*. The only barrier is willingness of the supplier.

Who knows? You might find me *very* willing. I'd even argue that, when getting something from *me*, you're the one with the better end of the deal ;)

...

[Tap tap?]

...

[Tap tap]

...

[A bored sigh]

You're really not going to talk to me?

I won't tell if you won't tell. Promise.

...

... *[Speaker remains silent]*

...

[A snap; Speaker has an idea]

I know! There's no rule against *singing*. You can sing to me!

...

... *[Speaker remains silent]*

...

(baiting) Are you smiling? I bet you're smiling right nowwwww

...

... *[Speaker remains silent]*

...

Oh, come *on*. Just a little tune. Your favorite, anything you want, anything you know at all.

I'm not picky. Yet, at least. Everything just sounds so different from my time that I haven't decided what I do and don't like yet.

I mean, really, it's been *centuries*.

...

... [*Speaker pauses, heart stuttering*]

...

Oh? What was *that*?

Ba-da-da-dump.

You're tense. You don't sound scared though. You sound... intrigued.

Is it something I did? Something I *said*?

...

Your heart's beating even faster now.

Ba-dumpBa-dumpBa-dumpBa-dump

What do you want, plaything? I'd be happy to oblige if it's within my current—

[Rattles chains for emphasis] constraints.

(sing-song; goading) All you have to do is ask.

...

[Tap tap?]

...

[Listener pauses, not sure if they want to indulge Speaker and break the rules]

...

[Tap tap]

...

[Dramatic gasp]

It speaks?!?!?

Now I'm wondering what *else* you can do when given the right motivation. My imagination is running *wild*.

...

Yes, yes, we'll get to your question in a minute--- but where are your manners?

No introduction? No pleasantries? You *can't* expect me to start a conversation with someone who insists on remaining a stranger.

...

Falcon? Mmmmmmmmmmm---

No. That's stupid 😊

Aside from the fact that it's *obviously* a fake name.

I'm going to call you... *Sweetheart*.

Because *you* are just so---

[Deep, euphoric inhale; Deep, euphoric, shaky exhale]

--- *damn* sweet.

...

Impatient too, evidently. And curious.

Brash.

I bet you break a lot of rules, don't you? It certainly didn't take much for you to cave and disregard the *very* straightforward instructions given to you. When you want something, you bulldoze right in, headless of consequences. A slave to your desires, are you now?

That makes two of us ;)

...

(stage whispered; goading) You can't tell, but I'm winking under my blindfold.

...

[Laugh]

Threats like that are only effective when you actually know how to *use* a gun. You're holding it wrong and standing weird, *Sweetheart*. I don't need to see it to know.

But I'll hold up my end of the bargain:

Yes. I said '*centuries*'. As in, I'm *centuries* old.

...

Is it really so impossible though? In a world where you have someone flying through your skies throwing rings of light--- and he's just one of *six*--- you think *I'm* the anomaly?

The explanation is simple: I've been... gifted. Same as your--- Heralds, do you call them?

Just with a different sort of ability.

...

Believe whatever you want. But ask yourself this:

Where did these people find me?

What are all these precautions for?

And what could I possibly gain from lying?

...

You know, this is starting to feel like a one-sided conversation. It has quite literally been *centuries* since I've spoken to someone. Am I not allowed to ask *you* something?

...

You clearly don't belong. Why are you here?

...

[Tap tap?]

...

[Tap tap]

...

Really?

I think I know about that newspaper... Reports frequently about that band of do-gooders in Summit City. The one that's under *HAVEN*?

So then, you're an associate of theirs? Good stories in exchange for hot press? Positive PR?

...

Ah. Of course. “For the *story*”. Independent and self-possessed. Passionate.

Even though I hate the org for [*Rattles chains for emphasis*] obvious reasons, I gotta say.

(leaning forward) I *like* that. I like *you*.

But from what tiny threads I’m able to pull on, I see that you mostly report on that... that...

Halo? Guy a lot?

...

You two close or something? The only whispers of stories I can conjure up emit a curious undertone of will-they-won’t-they. Even the mean ones.

Scratch that, *especially* the mean ones.

Is that why you’re here? Sick of Angel-boy, are you?

I *am* quite a bit better looking. Even considering the top half of my face is covered.

...

Chasing your story, eh?

... And have you found your answers?

(leaning closer; voice dropping) ... Or is the mystery just starting to get interesting?

...

Good. I’m happy to have made your investigation just a bit more colorful.

And handsome.

Oo! Oo! Oo! Okay okay. I have another one.

(both questions in a single breath)

Are you single?

(jingling chains; trying to pull a fast one) Aaaaaaand can you let me out of these?

...

[*Laugh*]

Worth a shot.

Your turn. Ask me anything.

...

I don't know how long, exactly. The years all mesh together. I experienced each passing age in a fugue state. Like a dream you couldn't wake up from.

Or a nightmare.

...

Oh no, Sweetheart. I was imprisoned the *entire* time. I've been in captivity for the majority of my long, long life, in a tiny, tiny box, buried far, *far* beneath the ground.

Can you *imagine* would that could do to a person?

[Somewhat mad giggle]

...

Why, thank you. I'm glad *somebody* noticed.

See, the other *idiots* that guarded me were too dumb to note that a man from a bygone era is able to understand modern speak. I'm eloquent as *hell*. They didn't even question the fact that I can communicate in a fairly normal way for this time period--- but they don't have your sharp observational skills, do they?

Even though I've been cut off for so long, I've been able to experience bits and pieces of our ever-changing world in glimpses. Call it passive learning.

...

Mmmm. That's technically *2 more* questions on top of the one you just asked--- but I'll let it slide.

Let's see... The things I know, the things I know... I know---

Oo! I know the relevant swears of today--- very colorful, very fun, very important information to have.

(with an odd cadence/intonation; as if tasting the words with no real idea of how to use them)

{Fuck dick shit ass?

... Bitch?

Still learning *how* to use them though}

Ummmmmm--- Oh!

Women's rights? Eh? *Eh?* That's pretty cool, *huge* win.

And uh... ummmm.

(affecting the Darth Vader voice) "*Luke. I am your father.*" Don't know what the hell it means, but I know it!

Again: random bits and pieces, often with very little context.

As for *how* I came across these gems of information?

Well. I have my ways.

...

Think of them as... familiars. People *just* like me--- or at least, close enough to it--- who walk through the world, living in my place. Connected to me, sharing memories and information amongst... other things.

...

Well that's quite a leap in logic. Who says that ability has anything to do with how long-lived I am?

...

(leaning closer; still playful, but with an edge) What, exactly, are you suggesting Sweetheart?

...

[Tap tap?]

...

[Tap tap]

...

[A soft chuckle]

[The chuckle turns into barks of laughter]

[The barks of laughter grow out of control]

You are just *too good*, aren't you?

How did you figure it out? How did you know?

...

(still laughing, but confused) A Vamp---? A *what?*

...

Never heard of it. I guess that term just slipped through the cracks of my admittedly spotty education.

But uh... You're technically not *entirely* correct. Whatever those things are, if they "eat people" like you just accused me of, then it doesn't apply.

I don't '*eat people*'--- but they *are* the source of my immortality. The same is true for my agents.

Don't worry though. When my agents are well fed, I, in turn, am well fed.

...

Oh, I kinda just let them do, you know, whatever they want. (listing off; blasé) Creating cults, toppling governments, sowing anarchy. Murder. The like.

(giggling at an inappropriate time) I mean, what was I going to do about it from under the *ground?*

...

mmmmmm. I like to think of it as "flexible morality". I only sanctioned that stuff for people who deserved it. Mostly. Same thing applies for drinking--- Pre-burying, I only drained people who had it coming.

Mostly.

...

(still lightly, but you can tell they're not joking; somewhat sinisterly)

Well, if I ever get out of this place--- which I *will*, make no mistake--- I don't really plan on changing my style.

Actually, no. That's a lie--- I'm going to live. It. *Up*. Make up for lost time, burn through the deficit, however you want to put it.

And I'll start my *glorious* comeback by getting back at those who put me in that hole in the first place.

It'll be alright for you though, of course. You, Sweetheart? You I'll be *sure* to keep safe.

...

... [Silence. Listener is reconsidering their interviewee]

...

(exasperated) Oh, what. Really? Are you really mad at me now?

...

(getting a little worried)

Sweetheart. I just told you I've been locked up for *centuries*. Cut me some slack.

...

(getting more worried)

Sweetheart? C'mon, be reasonable. I was--- I was just messing around. Do you think I have the strength to overpower you, even if I somehow got these chains off?

I'm weak, and I'm frankly just... tired.

I was *trapped*. In a *box*. In the *dark*. For *years*. Alone.

And now I'm here. Trapped. In a box. In the dark. Still alone.

[Small laugh]

... Unless this is all just another fucked up dream.

...

(like their heart just stopped)

You still there, Sweetheart?

...

(panicking)

Sweetheart?

...

(bargaining)

I didn't mean it, you know. I was just... Saying stuff. Talking.

I like to talk.

...

(bargaining; desperate)

If---

[Nervous swallow]

If you're staying quiet because you're mad at me, I promise I'll be good now. I'll answer any of your questions, however detailed you want.

Just--- don't stop talking. Don't leave me in the dark, in this silence. Don't leave me alone again.

Please.

...

[Sigh of relief]

You had me worried there, Sweetheart.

...

Yeah. Yeah, I'm fine. I instantly felt better at the sound of your voice. It's like a lifeline, a thread to follow back to sanity.

[Self-deprecating laugh, though it wavers a bit, almost like on the verge of tears]

I wonder what that says about me?

...

[Cautious laugh]

I knew you had a big heart.

--- and not just because of how *loud* it is, mind you.

... You're really willing to help? Even after what the guards told you, even after what... / told you?

...

(laughing) Right. Within reason.

Then... can you take this blindfold off for me?

...

It's just--- They tied it so tight and we're already in a completely enclosed space and I wouldn't even know where we are even if I *could* see and I just---

I just hate the dark.

...

[Listener moves forward cautiously to remove the blindfold]

...

[Sigh of relief]

Thanks, Sweetheart. You have *no* idea---

[Finally sees Listener for the first time; dumbstruck; a sharp intake of breath]

(shaking their head to clear their thoughts)

Um...

Uh...

Hi!

...

(awkward; too entranced to properly form a sentence)

Hello.

Yes.

Hi.

...

[Laugh]

No, it's just--- I was already imagining you as attractive because. You know. Why not? But I wasn't expecting...

Um.

...

[Tap tap?]

...

(voice dropping; abandoning their act completely) Well. That makes *this* a bit of a bitch, doesn't it?

(deep; layered; echoey; a timbre you can feel in your bones; hypnotic and alluring)

Look at me.

...

Look at me, Sweetheart.

...

That's it. That's right. Just listen to my voice.

Come here.

...

[Tap tap? More urgently this time]

...

I said---

(with more command)

Come.

Here.

...

[Listener steps forward; Speaker is very close now]

...

Sit.

...

[Listener sits]

...

Now lean in close

...

[Listener leans forward]

[Speaker takes a shaky deep breath inward, barely in control]

You really are just too sweet.

...

[Speaker takes a bite]

...

... *[Silence, save for the sound of a few frenzied swallows]*

...

[Speaker breaks away, panting; They take a moment to calm, to steady their breathing]

[Speaker chuckles]

(shakily) Can't completely drain you though, can I?

No, I have much bigger plans for you.

...

[Tap tap tap. Quiet. Subtle]

...

(Speaker goes on)

Oh, don't panic. You'll feel a bit woozy for a while, but that's just because of the blood loss. You'll regain your bearings soon enough.

...

[Tap tap tap. More urgent now]

...

(Speaker continues... still unaware? Or uncaring?)

Life will go completely back to normal for you.

That is, until the *craving* kicks in.

...

[Bang bang bang. Listener is desperate]

...

(Speaker starts of mocking, building to a frenzy, actively ignoring Listener's panicking)

First, it'll be an itch. Just something slightly off. A twinge of pain.

(closer; softer) Then, as time passes, it'll turn into a sting. Something missing, something deep within that you can't explain.

(even closer) Then, as you reach your limit, it'll turn into an *ache*. Gnawing at the edges of your mind, filling you with uncontrollable *need*.

You'll be faced with a choice: Indulge the hunger, embrace the change and say goodbye to your humanity forever--- or come to me.

(extremely close; a crooning whisper, almost sweet, despite the words) Until you make that choice, you'll *burn*. You'll do anything to satisfy it, to make it go away. You'll beg and crawl for any form of reprieve.

And I'll be there. Waiting.

...

[BANGBANGBANGBANGBANGBANGBANGBANG. Listener is frantic]

...

In all your questioning, did you never think to ask *why* I'm locked up?

[Laughing darkly; madly]

...

[The metal doors to the container fly open]

[Listener has a brief moment of hope]

...

(unconcerned; emotionless; conversationally to the other guards) Took you long enough. The poor thing here's been giving the signal for so long now.

Ugh. *God*. Can--- can someone---

[Snap snap]

Sunglasses. Now.

...

Better. Next time, don't open the door so much. If you fry my retinas again, I'll juice you like an orange.

...

Oh Sweetheart, try not to look so shocked. Or is that... concern? Don't worry--- your "peers" here make excellent covers for travelling. No harm will come to them.

As long as they're useful, of course.

(to the guards) Drag them out and leave them on the road.

...

(snapping) Yes, alive. You, Bigfoot, are too shortsighted. We need to *rebuild*, you clown. We need to plant *seeds*. This one here has potential, I can tell.

Someone knows a *Herald*. Knowing a Herald will bring us closer to HAVEN. And being closer to HAVEN will be so much...

Fun.

And that *someone* is smart enough to know that they can't say a *word* about this to anyone.

Someone is smart enough to know that if they blab, if they go to any hero for help--- that I will *never* help them overcome the Change.

Someone is smart enough to know that obedience is the only option.

(pointedly to Listener) Aren't you, Sweetheart?

...

[Listener is tossed unceremoniously out of the shipping container, landing with a thud on a dirt road]

...

I'll see you then, "*Falcon*". A lot sooner than you might think.

You'll know how to find me.

... And if you don't? I'm sure you can figure it out.

You'll have to.

[Speaker laughs one more time, fairly normal but with just a hint of madness]

[The door to the shipping container rolls shut]

[Speaker drives off]

****Script End****

The mystery villain will return...