

A villain pleads for you to rule by their side after you've been abandoned by your hero

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

Script Start

[Footsteps, dripping water noise]

Hero: We're almost out of here. Just hold on a little longer. That leg wound isn't as bad as it looks. Just keep your mind occupied and continue to lean on my shoulder to keep weight off it and--- watch it!

...

Hero: (panting) sorry. Lost my cool for a second. It's just--- that *sociopath* lays traps in the most *unexpected* of places.

[Relieved laugh]

That loose stone looks like a trigger.

[Snort]

Can you imagine? That bottom-feeding *loser* finally slithering out from his (sarcastic; mocking) *rat-king sewer lair*, bent over, crawling along the floor, covered in dirt, just *hoping* one of us will step on his trap? Twiddling his fingers, laughing like a maniac?

Only to be thwarted by common sense and us stepping an inch to the left.

Some "master plan" this is. "[Death Manor]" my ass. I can't wait to lock up that dramatic idiot.

...

[Creaking noise]

... Wait... Did you hear that too?

[Swinging metal noise gets louder]

Wait, I think--- hey, watch out!

...

[Hero "oofs", followed by a thud]

...

(horrified) Oh no... what did you *do*?

[Feedback, followed by crackling noise of a mic]

V: You absolute *fools*! You utter rabbits in the den of a--- (disappointed) oh.

The *Sidekick*??

H: Whatever this is, you won't get away with it.

V: Clearly, I've failed already. That trap was meant for *you*, hero. To think: I spent all those hours watching footage of your obnoxious, arrogant face. Every shallow interview, every civilian-recorded shot, every polished news clip--- studying your movements and habits--- only for this *Sidekick* to shove you away at the last minute.

H: Aw, you think of me that often? I'm flattered, but I'm sorry to say I'm not interested.

Now. Let. Them. Go.

V:

[Laugh]

You're hardly the one that's constantly on my mind, hero.

But, now, see: This? *All* of this? It's really up to *you*. This entire {manor} was created to present decisions to you. To evaluate you. And now, you've made it to the final test, albeit, a tad different from what I had originally planned.

Your *Sidekick* over here is standing on a landmine of sorts. A bit uninspired, I know, but that isn't the whole of it. See, a timer is counting down this *very* second. Once the timer runs out?

Kaboom.

...So the logical course of action would be to step off of it, correct?

...

Ah-ah-ah, Sidekick. I'm not done yet.

If you step off the mine, it'll trigger a switch. A wonderful, wonderful switch that will set off a series of bombs in that warehouse graveyard south of the bay. You know, the one you so cleverly thought you hid all your civilians in, safe from harm by my hand?

Choices, choices hero. A concept that comes in abundance to you yet was such a *luxury* to me.

H: You don't *deserve* choices. Not when we were at the academy, not now, and not after, when we finally lock you up. I swear I'll---

V: hmmm... I know you love to hear yourself talk, but do you think the Sidekick has time?

Tick tock, hero. Tick tock.

...

(to the listener) H: Switch with me.

...

H: No, it's fine. I'll be able to make it out of the blast zone for sure. *You* on the other hand will have to alert the people in charge of the shelter to be on guard as soon as possible. There's no way that screw-loose doesn't have anything else planned, and we can't risk all those people in the safe zone.

...

H: *Dammit*. You're right. Your leg. You'll never make it to them in time.

But--- But maybe you can still figure something out.

(affectionately but desperately) C'mon. Use that big brain of yours, you know-it-all. Maybe if we---

...

H: No. Stop. I'm not going to *leave* you here.

...

H: I don't care! I don't care if my powers are more suited to the plan. If I leave, and that... and that *killer* gets you, they win.

(trying for humor, can't) You know how much I *hate* losing.

...

H: (imploring) All those people are relying on me, but *I* rely on you.

I can't--- I can't go.

...

H: Ugh. Do you have to be right *all* the time?

(resigned; holding onto hope but knowing it's futile) ... I'll come back for you as soon as I'm done warning them. I swear it.

There's not a chance in hell I'm letting you go.

...

[*Swallow*]

But, uh.

But if I don't... I just wanted to let you know... You---

You've always been there for me. Every step of the way, and I---

...

[Laugh sadly]

You're right. Again.

Always.

I'll save it. For next time.

No goodbyes.

[Running footsteps]

...

V: Wait---no. Is he---

Did he *leave* you, Sidekick?

Dammit.

(agitated) This was *not* how it was supposed to go!

He was supposed to switch! That narcissistic, self-important *bastard* was supposed to switch!

That *idiot*. Does he really think he can have it all? Does he really believe he'll make it back in time? Is he really that unwilling to compromise his perfect image to the people?

Is he really that willing to sacrifice *you*?

[Semi-frantic panting]

(panicked) At this rate you'll---

Shit

[Running noises from the mic]

[Drawn out silence with just water dripping noises to show time passing/building panic]

[Either beep beep beep beep beeeeeeeeep, or like a 5,4,3,2,1 to show that time ran out]

(In the room now) GET DOWN!!

[Different beeps. Like a heart monitor or something]

V: (to someone else in the room) Abrasions and burns along the torso and right shoulder are healing nicely, but I'm worried the move last night might've agitated the wounds and introduced them to some nasty bacteria. Get me some antiseptic and some clean towels. Can we get an IV drip on them too? They've been stuck in the {manor} for a week straight, living off the meager provisions that Mr. Perfect couldn't even be bothered to pack.

Ugh. Speak of the devil--- that idiot hero doesn't know how to splint for shit. No wonder the Sidekick didn't think they'd be able to make it out. Their leg is practically a sack of skin with

bone shards rattling around having a free-for-all. And all he was able to do was wrap it around a broken 2 by 4 with some cloth.

...

(to listener) You can stop pretending to be asleep now. Don't think I didn't notice that shift in your breathing pattern. And your eyebrow has that annoying little habit of twitching whenever someone insults your *precious* hero.

...

[Laugh]

Well, where do you *think* we are?

...

(amused) You're right.

(sarcastic) Though, according to your expectations, "*Sewer lair*" is the more proper term, correct?

...

(confused) Hostage?

(hiding something; unconvincing) ... Sure. You're my... hostage.

...

(bitter but confident) Oh, he's not coming back for you.

...

(slightly taunting) Now, don't get all worked up, Sidekick. What did you expect? He *left* you. And when he made it to the warehouses and my experimental mutations attacked? He *chose* to stay and fight, along with all the other heroes.

He *chose* to abandon you.

...

(stern) Calm down.

--- Sidekick? Calm. Down.

Thrashing around is only going to---

(to Walter) Walter, get me a suture needle and some thread. I need to close up these gashes again. And while you're at it, get some bandages and painkillers for them too.

...

(to listener; stern) Hurting yourself isn't going to fix anything. It's not worth the energy.

He's not worth the energy.

...

Me? You're mad at *me*?

You should be *thanking* me! It's clear where that scumbag's loyalties lie, and it certainly isn't with you. If anything, I've *freed* you.

...

[Door opens]

(to Walter) God, Walter, couldn't come any faster? The Sidekick here is practically bleeding out.

No, no, I'm fine. You're dismissed. I don't need any more of your *incompetencies* compromising their health more than you already have. You were supposed to secure their limbs enough so they wouldn't be able to open up their wounds again, weren't you?

That's what I thought. Now go.

...

(to listener; amused, sarcastic) Walter? Oh, you know. He's just my *mutant rat servant*. You know, since I'm the *rat king*, and all.

Sit up. I'm going to start stitching up your arm.

...

No, I'm not going to tighten your bindings now. Making that decision while you're awake will just agitate you more.

Your improving health lies within our... (hiding something) mutual... interest... So for now, I'll *trust* that you won't do anything stupid.

Hold still.

...

[Small laugh; under their breath]

(testing; A little reluctant) I'm getting déjà vu with all of this.

...

(confusion, rising disappointment; agitation) You know... all of *this*.

...

[Dead laugh]

(hurt, but hiding it) I don't believe it. You really don't remember, do you?

God. I knew that bastard was selfish, but I never thought It'd rub off on *you* of all people.

...

(reminding listener) The academy? The medical wing?

... I was apprenticed to Dr. Hirsh?

...

(agitated) You know what? Forget it. Give me your other arm.

...

This one's going to scar pretty bad. But what's one more, right? What's one more in service to your *precious* hero.

I always told you to take it easy. Every time you came in with fresh wounds from some incident that he was too selfish to prevent, every time someone had to wheel you in because he was too inattentive to sense some sort of avoidable danger.

But I guess the only words that matter are the lies that come out of his mouth, right?

...

(trying to hold back, but can't) He never even visited you when you were admitted, you know.

...

How do *I* know? How do *you not*? I mean, I was there *every time*---

(bitter) --- whatever.

...

It doesn't matter. I don't want to talk about it.

Point is, he always trusted that you'd make it. That you'd come back to him, ever the *loyal dog*.

Even now, he isn't looking for you. You've been out for 3 days, and all he's done was go on a victory press tour, accepting praise from dotting civilians. Gloating.

4 years. You've been by his side for 4. Years. And he won't even bring up your name to the news for fear of dampening the mood. A little blemish in his spotless career. Seems like the only person *he's* willing to give up, willing to hurt, time and time again, is you.

And you'll still forgive him in the end and crawl back to him, won't you?

...

There. Done. Take these, they'll make the aching fade a bit.

...

I'm serious, Sidekick. Your injuries are nothing to sneeze at. You *do* want to be able to sleep right? To not be writhing in pain all night?

...

(frustrated) Can you, *for one second*, drop the act? Be like us “normal” people and not that false paragon of virtue? You’re not more noble just because you refuse a bit of comfort offered by your “*arch nemesis*”.

Take the pills. I *hate* seeing you---

...

(reining themselves in; holding back) ... I hate seeing you... grimace like that. It irritates me.

Could you just---

... Please?

...

Thank you. I’ll come by in a couple of hours to check your vitals and give you more.

You are *such* a resource drain, Sidekick. But I can’t stop healing you now, can I?

It’d make all those times I saved you feel like a waste.

...

(hiding something, again) Yeah, sure. At... the academy.

...

No, we weren’t... friends.

(bitter) Clearly, since you can’t even recall my position at the academy’s hospital. We spoke a couple of times though, and I had a few classes with you and {hero}.

(testing; hiding hurt) ... Of all the times we fought, did he really never talk to you about that?

...

[*Dead laugh*]

Typical. Once I was booted from the main hero track, I was no longer relevant to keep up with his circle.

...

(can’t help themselves; ranting) ... We were admitted at the same time, you know. Same hometown, same entrance exam, same goddam *scores*. But as soon as our powers manifested? All of that so called “friendship”--- gone. The old hound dropped off at the pound to be replaced by shiny, newer, *more* naïve, *more* loyal dogs.

--- That’s where you come in, isn’t it?

...

(on a roll) At first, I was *livid*. I wanted to *destroy* you. Wanted to *be* you.

... And then, somewhere along the line, I realized I wanted to be *him*.

I wanted what he had--- the power, the charisma, the influence.

I wanted---

I wanted *you*.

(ranting; semi-crazed) And once I realized *that?* I realized I actually hated him. Hated how he ignored all that you did for him. Hated how he prioritized his image and *strangers* over you. Hated that, even when you worked yourself to the *bone* trying to please him, he *couldn't even protect you*.

...

(realization, regret) I--- I'm interrupting your rest. Try to heal up fast. We move in 2 days to keep the association off our tail. Not that they're actually out there looking for you.

Afterall, why would they look for something the great {hero} *intentionally* chose to leave behind?

...

[*Small laugh*]

No. No, he actively chose to leave you.

To abandon you.

Twice.

And he chose wrong.

...

(angry, disbelieving) How can you still believe in him? How can you possibly still trust him?

...

(frustrated) Listen to me. *He* is someone who is accustomed to the world falling at his feet, so brazen as to expect everything will work out in his favor just because he wills it. Some of us are lucky enough to be thrown a mediocre path in life, a dirt trail littered with garbage concessions: broken dreams, failed aspirations.

(added on bitterly) ... unreturned sentiments...

But him? He has his power, his life, *you*. His path is *golden*.

Presented with so many choices, so many opportunities, and still. He. Chose. Wrong.

...

What *I* chose to do?? You have no idea what I choose on the *regular* to do. You clearly only know what they've told you--- a life they *forced* me to live.

...

You don't know me *or* what I would've done, Sidekick.

Because *I* would've stayed.

I would've switched places with you.

I would've found another way, *any* way for you to survive.

I would've *never* just left you to die, wounded and alone.

And after the fact? *I* would've hunted down the villain who *dared* put you in danger. Would've ripped the world apart and burned every golden, false effigy of heroism in retribution for your pain.

That's what *I* would've done.

(adding on guiltily; wretchedly; hoarsely)... The test was meant for him to confront failure--- the death of his lofty, self-righteous ideals. The goal was either for him or the civilians to die.

Not you. Never you.

...

(back to anger) *To hell* with the shelter! You gave your *entire life* to him, can't you see that? Are you so blind that you can't see all that you could've been without him?

...

Deluding yourself into thinking he really cares for you, are we now?

Tell me then, sidekick, how many times has he *truly* said thank you? When he *wasn't* in trouble? When you *weren't* about to die? It seems to me that your significance in life is dependent on the situation--- only apparent to him when he's about to face judgement, or when it's a convenient method to ease his conscience.

Ever since you joined him, he's taken everything from you. All the credit, all the fame, all the praise. He's even taken the title of *hero* from you, holding you back by anchoring you to his side.

He "needs you?". Don't make me laugh. He only *needs* to ensure that you'll never outshine him.

...

Oh, *I* care, *Sidekick*.

I care a great deal more than you'll ever know.

Why do you still put faith into the *idea* of him? When you, as you are right now, are so much better?

(laughing helplessly) You're *perfect*.

...

[*Dead laugh*]

There are a great deal many things that would be nothing without you.

I am nothing without you.

...

(trying to end the conversation; dismissive) No, I won't elaborate. I don't want to talk about this anymore. Not now, not ever again.

...

Why? Because you are *tired*. Because you are *hurt*. Because I fear that once it all comes out, I won't be able to take it back.

...

Not accepting those answers? Fine. Will you believe me if I said it's because of *him*? Because speaking of him and all his privilege makes me sick?

...

Sidekick, I'm getting tired of this circular argument.

...

(More and more frustrated)

Sidekick, stop.

I *said* stop. You're going to hurt---

I'm *telling* you the truth---

If you don't---

FINE!

(resentfully; wretchedly)... *Because it was me.*

(ranting)

It was me who always took the extra shifts at the academy hospital to look after you. Who always came in on days where I wasn't scheduled just so you wouldn't wake up all alone. And after the academy? All those times you disappeared during an encounter after taking a hit or a blow or a blast for him? It was *me* who dug you out of the rubble, fished you out of the water, caught your fall from the sky. That was the *bare minimum* he ever had to do, and still he never did.

I was always fine with it. Fine that what I did was never recognized. Fine that you never really *saw* me. Fine that, every time I took you back here to heal up, you were unconscious and would never remember by morning. Fine that when you *did* wake up, all that was ever on your mind was getting back to *him*. Fine because this was what you wanted. All your hard work was put toward these actions, and who was I to take that away from you? I was fine because you were happy. Safe. That's all I ever wanted. I was fine, fine, FINE--- satisfied that the only lot I had in

life was getting to see you once in a while, even though the circumstances were enough to break my heart.

It was an impossible situation— caught in between the decision to never see you and watch you die from afar, or to steal you away like this, broken and hurting, looking at me in disgust, *knowing* you'd never break away from him.

... Either way I was doomed to lose my mind.

And believe me, I never once expected any gratitude. It would've made me *sick* to feel like all I was doing was fueled by some narcissistic urge to be admired by you. It would've made me like *him*. All that I did, all that I was never recognized for under *my* own conditions was mine and mine alone.

But this is the last straw. The only shred of slack I ever gave to the bastard was rooted in the fact that I believed that he thought you'd make it. That somehow, he was aware enough to know that you'd be fine, and that you'd pull through.

But this time? He *sentenced* you. And *that* is unforgivable.

...

Still worried for him? Well, soon enough there won't be anything else to worry about.

I'll set you free, I swear it.

And unlike him, I actually *keep* my promises.

...

[Sad laugh]

Plans, sidekick. So very many plans...

... Don't you feel any anger? Resentment?

...

When you've been tossed to the side, eventually you see that the only way to ensure that you're given choices is to rip them away from those with too many. To forge your own golden path with the fires that you used to burn them down.

And I'll do it. I'll pave the path for you to walk, lay all that was taken from you and all that you deserve at your feet. *I'll* be the one to praise you, to support you, to bring any foe to their knees before you. I'll be everything you've ever wanted, *needed*, and more.

I want you to be complacent, to be my partner through all of this, but if you still don't agree, that's fine.

All I care about is that I have you here. By *my* side.

I'll reforge myself in this process. To no longer be someone who walks alone. I'll amend my ways habit by habit, action by action, thought by thought, to include you in them, always.

Though, it shouldn't be too hard since you're already on my mind so damn much.

My *entire being*, along with the world I'll tear apart in your name, will be re-made in *your* favor, as it should be, and all will finally be *right*.

...

(imploring) Tell me what to do.

Tell me how to convince you to accept me, to love me as you do him, and I'll do it.

Anything.

Just don't go back. Stay with me. Stay with me and watch as I rebuild the world for you. A world that will appreciate you. Adore you. Worship you.

As I do.

Just say yes.

...

(resigned; losing the fervor and passion; hurt) Disappointing. I can't say I'll ever be able to make you see things my way. I wouldn't *want* to *make* you see things my way. I'd be no better than him, taking away your voice and will for my own selfish ambitions.

I'll allow myself one thing though.

My one selfish concession that I'll share with him. The one thing that, like him, I can never seem to let go of: you.

Because I can't let you go back to him. I wouldn't be able to handle it.

I won't---

I won't do it. Ever again.

...

(gentle now, tired) Sleep. I didn't mean to burden you with so much to think about while you're still healing. I'm---

I'm sorry.

Rest up. Maybe...

(hopeful) Maybe even think about my offer a bit...?

...

(bitter; hiding sadness; scoffing) Of course. I'm a fool to expect anything else, aren't I?

... Still though. This changes nothing. Changes nothing about who you are, what I'll do, and...

... and what I feel.

... Good night.