

## VILLAINEX 2022 SCRIPT EXTRACT

SC 2

*The Lair*

**VO JINGLE:** The clothes make the man, they say, but that's no fun  
It's the gaff that really sells you when all's said and done!  
If your bungalow is boring and the drapes are square  
If your cottage is too kitch to have devilish flare  
If you need a place that's fit to scare  
Why not try... RENT-A-LAIR!

*Bing! Low lights flick on. Damp. Cold looking. Slow drip of moisture, a slight echo*

X: This'll do – this feels wicked.

Alright, step one! Find the look... no more flowing robes, no more whiter than white blouses and smocks... I can wear what I like!

I can be who I like... I can be – confident – bold – powerful – I can speak to who I like, I can SPEAK, I can finally wear this...

A relic. From when I was young. Drawn to a commotion as the guards chased a villain into the forest, and there on the ground... I'm still not sure what to call it. Not a waistcoat. Shaped like one. Waistcoats aren't made of leather, aren't tatty at the edges.

I shouldn't have picked it up. But... it was like recognising a long lost friend.

Bet you're finally pleased to be out of the back of the wardrobe. Jacket? No sleeves. Jerkin! Maybe.

*They put it on*

There's something about this that make you want to... strut. Do Villains strut? They are suave. Charming. Charming? No. Snakelike... Sssssss. Hmm. Intimidating.

I don't have to smile. Villains don't smile. Villains... narrow their eyes.

Does a sleeveless leather number say intimidating? Or does it say... I'm off to arm wrestle a centaur. It says... Physical strength to match inner solidity. Don't mess with me, I could kill a man with my thighs alone!

The ones I've see who wear sleeveless jackets have... ah... biceps that no sleeve could contain.

My physique isn't up to scratch, really... My arms look like twigs. I don't think this is quite right. No, it's not for me.

*They take the gilet off.*

Probably a bit more to it than just "make it black", anyway.

What do Villains wear... Purple, purple is good... I could try a...

Who do dresses feel so – unfamiliar? I've worn them all my life. This is definitely evil, I've seen some villains wear dresses like this, long, sleek, tight and even tighter at the waist. It should be right. It should feel right. I'll get used to it...

Poise, I can do poise. Elegance. This is a different kind of elegance and poise than before, this is poise-on-ous. I'll get the hang of it.

*Catches themselves*

No! No. It's not for me.

X: It probably shouldn't be this hard.

According to Hero society anyone who is sexy, sexless, ugly, too attractive, colourful, the wrong type of rich, too loud or too quiet is evil.

Am I not... Villainous enough to fit... something? I can't go back, being a Hero isn't for me.

*A thought occurs.*

Oh. What about Cousin Kyrus.

Gentle KYRUS drone

KYRUS:           What about me?

X:                I wonder where they are.

KYRUS:           You'll see.

X:                I wonder what they'd think of this

KYRUS:           I'd think this dungeon smells like...

X:                YES! They weren't polite, refined, or fair. They dressed up sharp and didn't care.

KYRUS:           I was refined, I'll have you know. I just... pushed back against the flow.

X:                They didn't choose! They took a stand!

KYRUS:           Well yes, and no. You'll understand.

X:                Once upon a time there was dark, dank lair on the edge of the forest – home to the wickedest villain the realm had ever known. You'd know them – firstly, obviously, by the cold dread that would sweep over you at their very presence, a chill in the air making the hairs on the back of your neck stand up.

A figure emerges from the dark... prowling towards you in... ah ha... in a midnight black waistcoat, moonlight reflected in their slicked back hair... not a villain or villainess... a Villainex!

*Music swells*

Their minion scurries alongside them...

*Sock on. Interaction with sock*

X: *(In Character!)* OHHH How I loath and abhor those princess types swanning about the kingdom in their tulle and lace. “Woe is me, daddy only gave me fifteen servants this week, it’s nooooot faaaaaair” They’re pathetic. Isn’t that right, minion?

SOCK: Awww, yes, your most glorious and wondrous excellency. Those whiny little brats really are the pits.

X: Tell me, minion, how do I look today?

*Sock looks them up and down.*

S: What a fine waistcoat you have! So refined, so stylish!

X: Thank you minion.

S: The way you stand, your strong shoulders and proud jaw, so imposing, I tremble at your very presence! ... The worst and wickedest Villains will flock to you!

X: Thank you minion!

*Sock considers.*

S: Something’s missing. What about... a cape?

X: No. Not a cape. Technically, a cape should only fall to your thighs which is isn’t enough. I need something I can fling, something that billows and ripples and swings, I need drama! Elegance! Mystery! I need... A cloak!

Ah yes, that’s better. Swoosh.

What do you say, my little friend... anything else I’m missing?

SOCK: A proper minion!

*They whip the sock off. Musical sting.*