

THE FINAL BATTLE (AS IT OCCURRED  
IN THE HOLY CITY OF GAME  
EMPORIUM AND EXCHANGE)

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A short comedy by  
Franky D. Gonzalez

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

JOE "MAGE-SLAYER" CRUMPET, male, teens to twenties, speaks with dramatic flourish.

TIM "LIGHTBRINGER" McCLUSKY, male, teens to twenties, speaks with dramatic flourish.

GAME SHOP EMPLOYEE #1, any gender, teenager, wants to go home.

GAME SHOP EMPLOYEE #2, any gender, teenager, wants to go home.

WOMAN, female, teens to twenties, looking for that thing her brother keeps screaming about wanting for his birthday.

## SETTING

The present day. Right before closing. The checkout desk of Game Emporium and Exchange.

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*(The present day. Checkout desk of Game Emporium and Exchange five minutes before closing time. At rise two very anxious EMPLOYEES who want to go home stand at the checkout desk fidgeting.)*

**EMPLOYEE 1:** Five minutes left.

**EMPLOYEE 2:** They're not coming... Oh my gosh this could really happen.

**EMPLOYEE 1:** Or they're running late. You remember last year?

**EMPLOYEE 2:** Shh...don't kill my hopes and dreams.

**EMPLOYEE 1:** I'm hoping for the same thing... Four minutes left.

**EMPLOYEE 2:** Gaaaawd why is it taking so long?

**EMPLOYEE 1:** I know.

**EMPLOYEE 2:** We can close early. C'mon. There's nobody left in here.

**EMPLOYEE 1:** Ehhh...

**EMPLOYEE 2:** All it takes is one turn of the lock. Then we can cash out, clean up and go.

*(Silence. Employee 1 considers it.)*

**EMPLOYEE 1:** Well...it looks like they're not coming...

**EMPLOYEE 2:** Yeah.

**EMPLOYEE 1:** And the general manager isn't going to freak over a few minutes, right?

**EMPLOYEE 2:** I mean, it's not even really a violation of policy.

**EMPLOYEE 1:** Alright. I'll lock up, you start cashing out.

**EMPLOYEE 2:** Way ahead of you.

*(They start to move.)*

**EMPLOYEE 1:** I can't believe it. We had a *Castles and Gorgons* release day without those two weirdos –

*(Suddenly the shop doorbell rings. They groan. JOE "MAGE-SLAYER" CRUMPET rushes in. He gasps like he just ran a marathon. He has jogged all of 30 feet. Joe goes to the checkout desk and flops over dramatically.)*

*(Disappointed:)* Oh. Hey, Joe. Tim with you?

**JOE:** *(Wheezing:)* No! Thank the heavens. Have I made it on time?

**EMPLOYEE 2:** Here for the *Castles and Gorgons: Final Battle Supplements* set?

**JOE:** Yes! Do you still have them?

**EMPLOYEE 1:** Yeah, I think so.

*(The shop doorbell ring as Joe says the following line but nobody notices.)*

**JOE:** Oh, happy day! Give it me!

**TIM:** *(Off:)* HALT, VILLAIN!!!!

**EMPLOYEE 2:** Oh, for the love of –

*(TIM "LIGHTBRINGER" MCCLUSKY enters, panting and wheezing.)*

**EMPLOYEE 1:** *(Exhausted:)* Oh. Hey, Tim.

**EMPLOYEE 2:** Here we go...

**JOE:** So, Lightbringer of the Promethean Quest Campaign League! You survived our previous confrontation on the Field of Asphalt and Sleeping Chariots! You recovered from your fall!

**TIM:** Yes, Mage-Slayer of the Raven's Eye Quest Campaign Guild! Your duplicity and feet-tripping tactics merely delayed

my pilgrimage to this holy city where I may lay claim to mine prize and return it to my League to continue our quest!

**JOE:** Not before mine Guild seizes this, our destined game supplements set to continue our hallowed quest!

**TIM:** What? And allow a villain who uses trickery in battle to go before me? I shan't allow it!

**JOE:** Nor shall I!

**TIM:** Then we shall do battle!

**JOE:** The battle to end all battles!!

*(Joe and Tim get into absurd fighting stances and circle each other making growling sounds like rabid dogs.)*

**TIM:** Prepare for thine vanquishing!

**EMPLOYEE 1:** Guys! Guys!

**JOE & TIM:** What?

**EMPLOYEE 2:** We have two registers open. Both of you can buy at the same time.

**EMPLOYEE 1:** We've been through this.

**JOE & TIM:** Oh!

**JOE:** Well then, yes.

**TIM:** Seems reasonable enough.

**JOE:** Quite.

*(Both Joe and Tim go up to the checkout counter together.)*

One copy of *Castles and Gorgons: Final Battle Supplements*.

**TIM:** One for each of us.

**EMPLOYEE 1:** Absolutely.

*(Employee 1 and Employee 2 reach below the counter and shuffle a bit. They both look down and then at each other, horrified. Slowly*

*they pull out a cereal box with "Castles and Gorgons: Final Battle Supplements" written crudely on a piece of paper taped to the box.)*

**EMPLOYEE 2:** (*Nervously:*) Man, it's like *Castles and Gorgons* aren't even trying to make decent packaging anymore, eh?

**TIM:** Where is the other box?

**EMPLOYEE 2:** Well...

**EMPLOYEE 1:** It's just that one box. It's not a two-box set like last year.

**JOE:** You misunderstand. There should be a box for each of us.

**EMPLOYEE 2:** Oh! You wanted one each?

**TIM:** End this dawdling. Yes. One for each of us.

**EMPLOYEE 1:** Well...you see...

**EMPLOYEE 2:** This is the last...one...

**JOE:** THEN WE RESUME OUR BATTLE!!

**TIM:** UNTO THE END!! HERE IN THE HOLY CITY OF GAME EMPORIUM AND EXCHANGE!!

**EMPLOYEE 1:** Guys...we can order another—

**TIM:** And delay my destiny?

**JOE:** Unacceptable!!

**TIM:** I propose that we submit to the Three Tests of Timonius!

**EMPLOYEE 2:** Guys, it's closing time. We gotta go home—

**JOE:** Very well, Lightbringer!! A game of chance and a game of mental quickness. Should we tie, then all will be determined in a game of physical strength.

**TIM:** So then, Mage-Slayer! Bring forth the medallion!

*(Joe pulls out a quarter.)*



Now I shall inspect the medallion to ensure that you've not treated it with your skullduggery, villain!

*(Tim examines the coin thoroughly.)*

**EMPLOYEE 1:** Guys speed this up, please.

**EMPLOYEE 2:** What the heck are they doing?

**EMPLOYEE 1:** Examining the coin for any dark magic or trickery.

**EMPLOYEE 2:** Why?

**EMPLOYEE 1:** They take their role-playing very seriously.

**TIM:** This medallion passes muster! I sense no dark magicks from it.

**JOE:** Then shall it be me or shall it be thee who flippeth the medallion?

**TIM:** It shall be I! HEADS!!

*(Tim flips the coin. It lands on the ground. They both get down to examine it. Joe jumps up in joy.)*

**JOE:** Fortune has favored my hand!!

**TIM:** I demand a repeat!

**JOE:** And besmirch the name of the Three Trials of Timonius?

**TIM:** Very well, Mage-Slayer!! Onto the next task! The task of the mind!

*(Both ball one of their hands into a fist and place it on the palm of their other hand.)*

**EMPLOYEE 2:** The heck are they doing?

**EMPLOYEE 1:** Honestly, I don't even know.

**JOE:** Art thou prepared?

**TIM:** Like never before...

**JOE & TIM:** ROCK! PAPER! SCISSORS!! SHOOT!!

*(Tim chooses paper, and Joe chooses rock.)*

**JOE:** NO!!!

**TIM:** It is clear now who is the superior mind!

**JOE:** Two out of three!!

**TIM:** And forever stain the name of these noble trials?

**JOE:** So it goes!! The third task!!!

**EMPLOYEE 1:** Guys, we have got to go home!!

**TIM:** Fear not, guardians of the holy city! We shall soon be finished with our competition!

**JOE:** Indeed! This shall not take long.

**TIM:** When was the last time we tied and were brought to use brute force?

**JOE:** At least a lifetime ago.

**TIM:** Prepare thyself, Mage-Slayer.

**JOE:** Gird your loins, Lightbringer.

*(The shop's doorbell rings but nobody notices.)*

**TIM:** Now!

**JOE:** The final task!!

**TIM:** I.

**JOE:** Declare.

**JOE & TIM:** THUMB WAR!!!

*(They begin a thumb wrestling match. Both employees groan. A WOMAN enters and watches Joe and Tim's epic thumb war as they yell out and battle with each other.)*

**EMPLOYEE 1:** We're never going home.

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*(Confused, the Woman walks up to the counter.)*

**WOMAN:** I'm sorry...umm...are you closed?

**EMPLOYEE 2:** Technically, yes.

**EMPLOYEE 1:** But until these two gnomeheads leave, we're open.

**TIM:** MY PINKIE HAS A CRAMP!!

**JOE:** I PRESS FORWARD WITH THE ADVANTAGE!! HAHA!!

**WOMAN:** Are they lost?

**EMPLOYEE 1:** Frequent customers. Our manager likes them because they buy everything here.

**EMPLOYEE 2:** So, whenever a new game comes out...they do these antics and we have to sit here.

**EMPLOYEE 1:** So we don't lose their business. Anyway. How can we help you?

**WOMAN:** Umm...I'm looking for a birthday gift for my little brother.

**EMPLOYEE 2:** Okay. Does he like video games? Card games?

**JOE:** YOU SCOUNDREL!!

**TIM:** YEARRRGH!!

**WOMAN:** No, no. He's looking for something very specific. Umm...

*(The Woman gets a paper from her pocket.)*

*Castles and Gorgons: Final Battle Supplements...* do you have that? It's sold out everywhere, and this is just about the last place I'm gonna look. He really wants it for his birthday.

*(The Employees exchange glances.)*

**EMPLOYEE 2:** As a matter of fact, we have exactly one box left.

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