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Over Realm'd
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*Dedicated to
the 2018 Chase High Theatre Troup "Over Realm'd" cast*

Over Realm'd

FARCE/FANTASY. When some friends gather to play their weekly role-playing game, Realm, a wish goes awry, a portal opens, and they find themselves falling through a void to the lush grasses of a distant, unfamiliar land. The gamers have entered the realm of Realm and are instantly transformed into a knight, a wizard, a barbarian warrior, a Dwarven Shield Sister, and "Steve the Party Elf." To return home, the gamers must travel to the Forbidden Temple, where the evil Lich resides, to retrieve a "wishy thingy." Along the way, the gamers insult a band of Orcs, imbibe potions from a wayward merchant, and outwit hungry necromancers. At the Lich's tomb, they discover the Lich is suffering from a bad case of burnout. He finds slaying adventurers, raising undead guardians, and plotting and scheming to plunge the world into eternal darkness rather tedious. There are nonstop laughs in this sidesplitting homage to geekdom!

Performance Time: Approximately 75-90 minutes.

Characters

(6 M, 7 F, 4 flexible, opt. extras)

DEE MATTHEWS: Geeky gamer who serve's as the Realm game master and overly dramatic narrator; male.

KRISTIN "KRIS" JACOBS: Geeky gamer who becomes "Sir Godfrey," a knight and the group's leader; wears medieval-looking knights garb and a knight's helmet with a visor; female.

CORI CHAMBERS: Geeky gamer who becomes "Vermilion the Blue," a wizard; wears a blue robe and carries a staff; male.

TERRI MCCORD: Geeky gamer who becomes "Lothak," a barbarian warrior; dressed in medieval furs and metal, carries a two-handed sword twice her size; female.

DALLAS JACOBS: Popular teen who is older than Kris who becomes "Primshield," a Dwarven Shield Sister; has a thick braided beard and wears medieval garb; carries a medieval shield and hammer; female.

BLAINE MCCORD: Popular teen who is older than Terri; becomes "Steve the Party Elf"; has elf ears and wears a medieval-looking soiled tunic; overall appearance is disheveled; male.

KEVIN: Well-spoken and well-read Orc character, leader of his tribe; male.

HAZ: Friendly and outgoing Orc who is easily stressed out; male.

ORC 1-4: Non-speaking Orcs; flexible.

NATALIE P. CABBELL: Mysterious, wayward merchant character in Realm who has ulterior motives; dressed in motley medieval-looking clothing; female.

NECROMANCERS 1, 2, 3: Blind sisters driven by smell; female.

THE LICH: Ancient, evil, skeletal arch-villain character in Realm; large and skeletal in appearance and dressed in a dusty, tattered robe; has red glowing eyes, opt.; male.

EXTRAS (opt.): As additional Orcs.

Setting

Basement in Kris and Dallas's home.

Sets

Basement. There is a gaming table.

Lush grassy area in Realm. A backdrop may be used.

Entrance to the Forbidden Temple. A backdrop of the Forbidden Temple's doors with spikes that thrust from the wall with impaled remains on them.

Necromancers' chamber. A low-lit chamber. Strange, arcane symbols adorn the walls. "Body parts" litter the floor.

Entrance to the Lich's Tomb/inside the throne room. There are two massive doors that can be slide to the side to reveal the throne room. The Lich's throne room has a large throne on a raised platform and a pillar with an ornate amulet on it off to one side.

Synopsis of Scenes

ACT I

Scene 1: Basement.

Scene 2: Basement, 4 hours and 33 minutes later.

ACT II

Scene 1: Lush grassy area, Realm.

Scene 2: Outside the entrance to the Forbidden Temple,
Realm.

Scene 3: Merchant realm, Realm.

Scene 4: Necromancers' chamber, Realm.

ACT III: Entrance to the Lich's Tomb, inside the Lich's throne
room, basement.

Props

Watch, for Dee	Giant two-handed sword or hammer, for Terri
Cell phone, for Dee	Medieval-looking shield and hammer, for Dallas
Cell phone, for Cori	Thick braided beard, for Dallas
Realm rulebook	Crocheted item
\$100 bill (fake)	Weapons, for Orcs
Hood, for Dee	Rubber hand
Game Master's Rulebook (very thick)	Cart of wares/curiosities, for Merchant
Realm character sheets	Gold coins
Pencil	Dagger (for Dagger of the Void)
Cell phone, for Dallas	Wand (for Wand of Hyper Elemental Mastery)
Miniature figures for Realm game	Assorted "potions"
Large ornate wishing amulet	Caldron
"20-sided" die	"Body parts" (for Necromancers' chamber)
"100-sided" die	Scary-looking weapon, for Lich
Medieval-looking sword and shield, for Kris	Amulet (Lich's tomb)
Knight's helmet with a visor, for Kris	
Medieval-looking staff, for Cori	

Special Effects

Ominous music	Chanting, for Necromancers
Lightning bolt	(opt.)
sound/lighting effect for	Magical special effect
Cori's staff	Ominous special effect
Strange swirling mists	Ominous music, for Lich's
Bubbling sound, for	tomb
cauldron	

*"I didn't know
there would be
so many 3-D shapes...
and so much gelatin."*

-Terri

ACT 2

Scene 1

(AT RISE: A basement. Kris, Cori, and Dee are sitting around a gaming table.)

DEE: (Checking his watch.) It's 6:22. What time did you tell them?

KRIS: I told everybody we were starting at six. (To Cori.) You heard six, right?

CORI: You said six. That's why I was here at 3:45.

DEE: Can't wait to tackle the Forbidden Temple, huh? It's going to be an awesome module.

CORI: No way I'm missing a shot at Wish Level Magic! That's the good stuff.

DEE: And I've got a really cool surprise for later.

KRIS: They knew this was a big night. Where are they? It's not like Andy and Ben to be late. (To Cori.) Have you heard from Terri at all?

CORI: (Checks his phone.) She just texted me. She had trouble getting a ride. She's almost here.

KRIS: Good, but she should have been here earlier since this is her first time.

DEE: It's going to take awhile to generate her character. We may not make it through tonight then.

CORI: (Whining.) But we have to get through the temple tonight! I'm... (Indicates with fingers.) ...this close to maxing out—maximum spell levels, epic gear stats, the works!

KRIS: You? With my wish, I'm finally going to get my own castle and a flying mount. Cha-ching! (To Dee.) Cori's right, we have to finish tonight.

DEE: (Holding out phone.) Well, you call Shirley and tell her that her only child will be out past curfew.

KRIS: What time is curfew?

DEE: 11:30.

KRIS: 11:30? That's it? You can't be serious.

DEE: I am serious.

CORI: And I'm so not calling Shirley. Your mom scares the crap out of me, dude.

(Cori, Kris, and Dee all nod in agreement.)

KRIS: *(Holding up her phone.)* Hold on, this is Andy right now. *(Into phone.)* Yo, brosef! What's happening, playa? Where you at?...What? Both of you? *(Alarmed.)* No! You can't do that! Not tonight!...I don't care what your temperature is! Flu-schmu. It's Realm night, man. The Forbidden Temple Module, my dude. Grab your brother and get your sick butts over here for some wish magic fulfilling. It's good for what ails ya! *(Crestfallen.)* Okay, well, if your mom's going to be all like that. Have fun at the hospital. Bye.

CORI: Please tell me I didn't just hear that. Please tell me I didn't just hear that.

KRIS: You heard it. Andy and Ben are sick.

DEE: Flu, huh?

CORI: *(To Kris.)* Their mom is taking them to the hospital?

(Kris nods dismissively.)

DEE: *(To Kris.)* What was their temperature?

KRIS: *(Scoffs.)* Like, I don't know...104.7 or something

DEE: What?

KRIS: Ben's might have been higher. Whatever. Losers.

DEE: Kris, that's pretty serious.

KRIS: No, what's serious is that we don't have our healer.

CORI: No, what's more serious than that is we don't have enough for a full party.

KRIS: *(Realizes.)* Crap, we don't.

(Blaine, Dallas, and Terri enter, descending the basement stairs.)

DALLAS: *(To Blaine and Terri.)* They're down here. Kris, did you not hear the doorbell?

KRIS: *(Snarky.)* I was dealing with a situation, Dallas.

TERRI: *(Waving.)* Hey, guys! *(Looks around.)* Cool set up! This actually looks like a dungeon.

KRIS: Thanks. It's one of the perks of having a stone basement.

CORI: *(Indicating Blaine.)* Who's this?

TERRI: *(Shyly.)* Um, guys, this is —

DALLAS: I know Blaine. *(To Blaine.)* What are you doing here?

BLAINE: *(Irritated.)* I'm the babysitter.

TERRI: Blaine has to stay with me while we play. Mom wants to make sure this is okay.

DALLAS: Awwww, you have to stay and watch them have their little dork parade?

BLAINE: Looks like it.

DALLAS: Sucks to be you.

BLAINE: Apparently.

TERRI: I can't wait to play! I'm going to be a barbarian. *(Makes ridiculous muscle poses.)*

KRIS: *(High-fiving Terri.)* Awesome. Always good to have another tank.

CORI: Except Andy and Ben canceled. We don't have enough players, and we need another healer.

TERRI: *(Worried.)* Wait. Is anybody else coming?

DEE: Not to my knowledge. We may just have to call it, roll Terri's character, and leave off early. That'd make Shirley happy.

CORI: No way! Do you have any idea how long I've waited to do the temple module?

DEE: I hear you, Cori, but rules are rules, and three is not a party.

KRIS: Dang it! Where could we possibly find a player at this hour? *(Looks at Dallas. Styly.)* Ohhhh, Dallas, dear...

DALLAS: What? (*Realizes.*) Oh, no, no, no, no. I'm hanging out with Becky tonight. I don't have time to be part of your little nerd gathering.

KRIS: (*Correcting.*) Geek.

DALLAS: What?

KRIS: We're *geeks*. Nerds are really good at math, science, and computer stuff. Geeks are into comic books, gaming, fantasy, and sci-fi.

DALLAS: And what do you call the little pests that live in the basement and have no life.

BLAINE: Dorks!

DALLAS: (*Laughing.*) Anyway, good luck with that. I'm outtie. (*Starts to move toward the stairs.*)

KRIS: Ohhhh, Sister, dear.

DALLAS: (*Annoyed.*) What?!

KRIS: Do you remember the thing that happened that one time when you swore that you'd kill me dead if I ever told anybody, especially Mom?

DALLAS: (*Blanching.*) Creep, you breathe a word, and I will murder you.

KRIS: Play, or I'll take my death as a noble sacrifice.

DALLAS: (*In her face.*) You wouldn't.

KRIS: (*Not backing down.*) Watch me. (*Into phone.*) Hey, Mom. Do you remember that week in April when you left Dallas and me by ourselves for spring break?

DALLAS: (*Panicking.*) All right, all right, I'll do it!

KRIS: (*In phone.*) Well, I think there's still some Cheez-Its down here from then. They've gone bad. I need to throw them away. I thought you'd want to know. Love you! (*Kisses in phone and hangs up.*)

DALLAS: That was low, even for you.

KRIS: (*Smiling.*) I do what I can.

DALLAS: (*Whining.*) But I don't even know how to play Whelm.

DEE: (*Correcting.*) Realm.

CORI: (*To Dallas.*) It's the best.

TERRI: I can't wait to try it.

DEE: *(To Dallas, excitedly.)* You can play any character you want. You can be anyone you want to be. *(Dramatic.)* Thou mightest be the mightiest mage, or a wandering wizard, a savage swordsman...

TERRI: Or barbarian.

DEE: *(Nodding.)* ...or a beastly barbarian. *(Jumps around and gestures excitedly.)* You will vanquish foes, raid dungeons, slay creatures from the foulest planes of existence—

BLAINE: And you wonder why you can never get dates.

DALLAS: Look, I said I'd do it. Spare me the overacting and alliteration.

DEE: *(Crestfallen.)* Oh, right. Anyway, it's cool and stuff.

BLAINE: Ha-ha, Dallas, welcome to Loserville. Population: you.

DALLAS: Be quiet, Blaine.

CORI: So, we're good, then? We can play?

DEE: Should be. *(Indicating Terri and Dallas.)* I can just give them stock characters so we can go ahead and play.

TERRI: But I've been waiting for days to roll up my character.

BLAINE: Just be quiet and take what you can get, whiney pants.

DEE: *(Reading rules.)* Huh-oh.

CORI: What?

KRIS: What do you mean, "huh-oh"? What else could go wrong tonight that would possibly warrant a "huh-oh"?

CORI: Don't tempt fate, dude.

KRIS: Right.

DEE: The Forbidden Temple is a T-level module.

KRIS: Yes, and...?

DEE: *(Flipping through the rules, reading.)* T-level modules require a minimum party count of five in order to complete.

TERRI: Really?

CORI: Maybe we could wing it with less?

DEE: *Not* a good idea.

DALLAS: So not enough to play? (*Sarcastic.*) Darn! I'm so broken up about this. (*Shrugs it off.*) Bye, guys.

KRIS: Wait! (*Pointing at Blaine.*) He could play.

BLAINE: What? Me? No, I don't do *nerd*.

KRIS: (*Correcting.*) Geek.

BLAINE: Be quiet, *nerd*. Look, it's bad enough that Mom's making me babysit the wee one, but I'm not about to take part in your dork olympics.

TERRI: (*Accusing.*) You play fantasy football?

BLAINE: (*Defensively.*) Yeah, well, that's different. That's based on real players and real stats, not somebody going... (*Mocking.*) ..."Look at me! Look at me! I'm an elf! I can do magicks! (*Makes mocking magic gestures.*) Pshhhhh. Pssssshhhaaa! It's pretend. It's make-believe. Grow up!

TERRI: You want to talk pretend...make-believe? Only in a world of complete fantasy are the [Cleveland Browns] ever going to make it to the playoffs. [*Or insert another team.*]

BLAINE: Hey! They're a good team! They're just going through a slump.

TERRI: For, like, the past [30 years]. Look, Blaine, these are my friends, and I really want to play this.

BLAINE: And I really want to go home.

DALLAS: And I really want to go hang with Becky.

BLAINE: (*Indicating Dallas.*) See, I'm doing everyone a favor.

DALLAS: And with that, later, taters! (*Starts toward the stairs.*)

CORI: (*To Blaine, desperate.*) I'll pay you a hundred dollars.

BLAINE: What?

KRIS: Not so fast, Dallas.

DALLAS: (*In frustration.*) Oh my gosh! You're kidding, right?

BLAINE: Where'd you get a hundred bucks?

CORI: Birthday money from my aunt. It's all yours if you play tonight.

BLAINE: You're going to give me a hundred dollars to play this stupid game?

DEE: Cori, I know you really want to do the temple, but I wouldn't—

BLAINE: *(To Dee.)* Be quiet! The nerd and I were negotiating.
(To Cori.) So, a hundred large if I agree to play this game?
CORI: *(Holds up \$100 bill.)* All yours if you get us through the module.

(Blaine snatches the bill from Cori.)

BLAINE: Cha-ching! Pleasure doing business with you, nerd.
(To Dee.) All right, Dork Lord of the Sith, roll me up...or whatever it is that you guys do.

DALLAS: *(Sighs.)* Does this mean I have to stay?

KRIS: *(Patting the seat beside her.)* Yup.

DALLAS: Noooooooo! *(Looks skyward.)* Why, universe?!
Why?! *(To Kris, indicating Blaine.)* If he's getting paid to play, I want a hundred dollars, too!

KRIS: And I would very much like to un-see what I saw during spring break, but some things simply cannot be unseen. Like when you and—

DALLAS: Okay! Okay! Okay! But, after tonight, we're done. We're even.

KRIS: Agreed.

DEE: *(Donning a hood.)* All right, we have our party. Are you ready to play... *(Melodramatically.)* ...Realm?!

DALLAS: *(Sighs, annoyed.)* Do you have to say it like that every time?

DEE: *(Pulls his hood back, defensively.)* That's on page five of the Game Master's Handbook.

BLAINE: So how do you play this stupid game?

KRIS: *(Handing over a large tome.)* Here's the handbook with all the rules.

BLAINE: You're kidding me, right? You learned all of this for a game? There must be a thousand pages.

KRIS: A thousand and twenty three, to be exact.

CORI: Gotta know the rules...

(Blaine hands the book to Dallas.)

DALLAS: (*Flipping through it with a disgusted look.*) Geez, this looks harder than my math homework. And you call this fun?

DEE: (*Handing out character sheets.*) Super fun. Okay, here are your characters. I had some stock characters lying around. Normally, you'd create your own, but— (*Shrugs. To Terri.*) I did happen to have a spare Barbarian, though, Terri. We'll roll you legit next time.

TERRI: No, this is awesome. I'm psyched to play. (*Looks at the name on the sheet.*) I'm Lothak! This is sooooo cool! Look at those stats!

CORI: (*Excited.*) I know, right?

KRIS: Welcome to the party, mighty Lothak! (*Bows.*)

TERRI: (*Bowing.*) Thank you, Sire!

BLAINE: And the nerd love fest begins. (*Looks at his own sheet.*) I'm an elf? (*To Dee, pointing at the sheet, deadpan.*) I'm an elf? Really? Really?

DEE: (*Shrugs, feigning innocence.*) Your character is a ranger from the ancient forest of—

BLAINE: (*Rudely.*) I don't care. (*Points to the sheet.*) I can't even pronounce this name. Ria...Ria...Riannnn—

DEE: (*Elitist tone.*) Rianthalasa Varellian Llewestrella Silverleaf.

BLAINE: Yeah, I'm not saying all that. (*Takes a pencil and erases something on the sheet.*) Let's go with something simpler. (*Writing in large block letters.*) Meet Steve, the elf.

KRIS: You can't name an elf "Steve."

BLAINE: Too late, nerdlinger. I like the name Steve, so Steve it is. "Steve the Party Elf."

DEE: There's no such thing as a party elf.

BLAINE: There is now, and his name is Steve.

CORI: (*Protesting.*) But I paid you—

BLAINE: To play, and I'm playing. You didn't, however, pay me to take this stuff seriously.

TERRI: Blaine, don't.

BLAINE: *(In a surfer voice.)* Steve doesn't like how you're constantly dissing on his name. Not cool, not cool. Also, Steve doesn't like the way you're always trying to crash the mood. Steve's about to change all of that.

KRIS: And Steve is now constantly referring to himself in the third-person. Great. Is this going to happen all night?

BLAINE: "Steve the Party Elf" cannot be stopped.

(Dallas raises her hand.)

DEE: What is it, Dallas?

DALLAS: I don't understand my character.

DEE: What don't you understand?

DALLAS: What's a "Gurki"?

DEE: You are. You're a Gurki. Gurki Primshield. It's your name.

DALLAS: *(Nonplussed.)* Ohhhhhh, that's a Gurki.

CORI: *(To Dee.)* What build did you give her?

DEE: Standard N-level Healer Class. Five wide column, four from the floor, with a concentration in mystic buffs.

CORI: *(Whistles.)* Nice.

DALLAS: *(To Dee.)* I honestly didn't understand a single word you just said.

KRIS: Just do what we tell you to do.

DALLAS: Am I supposed to roll these dice thingies? *(Rolls a die.)*

KRIS: Yes, but we're not supposed to be rolling anything yet.

CORI: *(To Terri.)* What did she roll?

TERRI: *(In awe.)* Natural 20.

(Dee, Cori, and Terri give a low appreciative whistle.)

KRIS: *(To Dallas.)* Don't waste those!

DALLAS: How can I *waste* a die roll?

KRIS: You can use up all of your good luck.

DALLAS: (*Dismissively.*) Geez, you're superstitious. (*Rolls die again.*)

TERRI: Another 20!

KRIS: (*To Dallas.*) Would you stop that?!

DALLAS: I think I'm going to be good at this game. What am I supposed to be?

DEE: You are Gurki Primshield, a Dwarven Shield Sister who can call forth the powers of the Dwarven Guardians of Maerneth and Baeloth to heal your companions.

DALLAS: So I call upon the powers of stuff and things to Band-Aid people?

CORI: And buff!

DALLAS: What does that mean?

CORI: Buffs are spells that help out the other players. Like if it's cold, you can cast a warm spell.

DALLAS: So you've made me the mom of the group.

KRIS: That's not true.

DALLAS: So if you're hurt, I patch your boo-boo. If you're cold, I make sure you stay warm. How is this not the mom?

KRIS/CORI: Um...well...I...uh...

DALLAS: Yeah, so I'm the mom. Well, this mom is going to be hanging out with Party Steve.

BLAINE: All right, all right, all right.

DEE: (*To Dallas.*) Dwarves and elves don't get along.

BLAINE: That's because there's never been a party elf before. Steve is an equal opportunity partier. All are welcome in the House of Steve.

(*Dallas sits beside Blaine.*)

DEE: (*To Kris and Cori.*) This could end up being a disaster. Maybe we should just postpone—

KRIS/CORI: No!

CORI: (*To Dee.*) He's already got my money. We're playing.

TERRI: I'm sorry.

CORI: It's okay, I offered.

TERRI: No, I'm sorry he's like this. I'm sorry that my mom made him come with me.

DALLAS: Yeah, why is that, by the way?

TERRI: Because he got detention for the whole week.

DALLAS: *(To Blaine.)* Really? What'd you do?

TERRI: We're not supposed to talk about it.

KRIS: It's okay, Terri. We're just glad that you're here. Sorry you have to start with a stock.

TERRI: It's all good. Lothak and I are ready to crack some skulls!

BLAINE: All right, nerdlings. We doing this?

DALLAS: I still don't know what I'm supposed to be doing. This is so dumb. *(Pulls out her phone.)*

KRIS: Just roll the dice when we tell you to, don't do anything stupid, and we'll all get through this without anybody dying.

DEE: *(Evil laugh.)* In the Forbidden Temple? Not likely. *(Evil laugh.)*

TERRI: *(To Cori.)* It's so creepy when he does that.

CORI: I know, right?

DEE: All right, players, welcome to... *(Puts his hood back on. Overly dramatic, gesturing wildly.)* ...Realm! *(Narrator voice.)* The party finds themselves at the foreboding entrance of the Forbidden Temple, where rumor has it, an evil Lich resides.

DALLAS: *(Looks up from her phone.)* What's a lick?

TERRI: *(Explaining as Dee looks at her phone.)* A "lich" is the result of a wizard seeking ultimate power. They give up their mortality in exchange for the darkest, most arcane secrets. They are the embodiment of pure evil.

CORI: *(Impressed.)* Look at you!

TERRI: *(Proudly.)* I've memorized the Book of Beasts.

BLAINE: Of course, you have.

DALLAS: *(Looks up from her phone.)* What's a "lick"?

KRIS: We just told you.

DALLAS: I wasn't paying attention.

KRIS: It's a bad guy...a really, really bad guy...evil skeleton-looking dude...very scary.

DALLAS: Ohhhhhh.

BLAINE: All Steve needs to know is...does it want to crash the party?

DEE: Yes, Party Steve, it very much wants to crash the party.

BLAINE: Bummer.

TERRI: Please don't encourage him.

DEE: Sorry. But you have to admit...Party Steve is better than Blaine. Not bad role-play for somebody who was trashing us literally minutes ago.

BLAINE: Liches be crazy, yo!

KRIS: *(To Dee.)* And this is better?

DEE: *(Shrugs. Narrator voice.)* Three figures are standing near the entrance of the temple as the mist rolls down from the mountains at dusk.

DALLAS: *(Cocking a thumb at Dee.)* Why is he explaining everything?

CORI: Dee's the Game Master. He describes what we see, like monsters and rooms and such. He's like the storyteller.

DEE: *(Narrator voice.)* You see some fresh faces interested in joining your adventuring group. A stalwart dwarven priestess... *(Nods to Dallas.)*

DALLAS: *(Crosses her arms, in a huff.)* Are you calling me fat?

DEE: *(Ignoring her. Narrator voice.)* An imposing Barbarian warrior...

TERRI: Lothak, smash!

DEE: *(Narrator voice.)* And...a...um...a rather disheveled elf.

BLAINE: *(Tipping his head.)* 'Sup!

CORI: Greetings, I am "Vermilion the Blue," master of magic.

KRIS: And I am Sir Godfrey, sworn knight of the realm.

BLAINE: *(To Kris.)* Wait, you're playing a dude?

KRIS: Yes. I wanted to play a male knight. Is that okay with you?

BLAINE: *(Holding up his hands.)* "Live and let live" is Steve's motto.

KRIS: Sir Godfrey addresses the newcomers. "Well met, travelers! Wouldst thou be interested—?"

BLAINE: Steve doesn't care. Steve's going in.

DALLAS: Me, too.

DEE: *(Taken aback.)* Wait, you're doing what?

CORI: *(Horrified.)* You can't just rush in there. You have to check for, like, monsters, traps, and things. If you just go barging in, you'll die.

BLAINE: Good, then it's game over. We can all go home.

DEE: You can't just go in the temple! I have a script to read and descriptions and—

BLAINE: Steve doesn't care.

DALLAS: Me, neither. I follow Steve.

TERRI: Wait!

BLAINE: Too late. We're in.

DEE: *(Throws papers.)* So much for setting the scene. *(Looks at Terri, Cori, and Kris. Sighs.)* What is the rest of the party doing?

KRIS: I guess we're going in. I don't trust Steve to keep our healer alive all by himself.

TERRI: Dang it, Blaine.

BLAINE: *(Correcting.)* Steve.

TERRI: Dang it, Steve.

DEE: *(Narrator voice.)* You enter the Forbidden Temple. The interior is dark, very dark...

(Blackout.)

Scene 2

(AT RISE: Stage is dark. Basement, four hours and 33 minutes later.)

DEE: (Narrator voice.) Four hours and 33 minutes later. (Lights up. Dee, Blaine, Kris, Terri, Dallas, and Cori are sitting or standing around the gaming table. The players are moving miniature character figurines.) You pass through the cursed antechamber into the heart of the Lich's throne room. A tall menacing skeletal figure is sitting on a throne upon a raised dais. The air itself feels heavy as if the Lich's ancient evil weighs upon your very soul.

KRIS: Now, this time wait before—

BLAINE: Steve thinks we need to finish this up. The party elf leads the way.

(Others groan and adlib, "Not again," "Somebody stop him," "Dude, no," etc.)

CORI: I'm not un-cursing you this time, I swear.

DEE: (Narrator voice.) The door of the antechamber begins to seal. What is the party doing?

KRIS: I guess we're going after him. Dang it, Steve!

(Blaine makes a finger gun and winks.)

DEE: (Narrator voice.) As you enter the presence of the Lich, without any preparation I might add, the very act of looking at his countenance causes you to be paralyzed with fear.

CORI: Wait. We never said we were looking at him.

DEE: You never specified that you were *not* looking at him. You just said, "I guess we're going after him." Save versus paralyzation at negative five. (Others groan and adlib, "Come on, " "You've got to be kidding me, " "This bites," etc.) On the

plus side, you see this... *(Pulls out a large ornate amulet.)*
...sitting on a pedestal.

TERRI: Ooooh, that's pretty.

DEE: I told you I had something special.

KRIS: Where did you get that?

DEE: From Abdul at the pawn shop. It's an authentic Egyptian wishing amulet. Abdul says it was a gift from his cousin in Egypt who apparently found it when looking through the tombs. It belonged to some king named Mentuhotep or something like that. Abdul's cousin found it next to a copy of the "Book of the Dead."

CORI/KRIS: Oooooooh!

TERRI: *(To Dee.)* That looks expensive.

DEE: *(Shrugs.)* Meh, set me back \$25 bucks. Apparently, Abdul doesn't like his cousin all that much.

TERRI: Does it work?

(Blaine and Dallas laugh.)

DEE: It's supposed to grant the wisher's dearest wish, but only if they truly want what they're wishing for. Apparently, I don't want a gazillion dollars. So, what did everybody roll?

KRIS: Failed.

CORI: Failed.

TERRI: Failed.

BLAINE: Steve did not pass go.

DEE: *(Clicking tongue.)* That's a real shame because—

DALLAS: Gurki passed.

DEE: *(In disbelief.)* You did not.

KRIS: Versus paralysis? At negative five?

DALLAS: *(Nods, points.)* See?

TERRI: The dice love her.

CORI: *Only* her.

DEE: (*Narrator voice.*) Gurki finds that she alone in the party can move. The Lich slowly rises from his throne. A red flame burns where his eyes should be. Dust falls from—

DALLAS: Yeah, yeah. He's evil. Wait, he's un-deady, isn't he?

DEE: (*Sighs.*) Yes. He's very, very, undead— (*Finger quotes.*) —“y.”

DALLAS: Oh, then I hit him with that wand of undead control we found.

(*Kris and Cori laugh derisively.*)

KRIS: (*Scoffs.*) That's never going to work, Dallas.

CORI: (*To Dallas.*) That only affects lesser undead, like skeletons or zombies. (*To Dee.*) She's not really doing that.

DEE: It's what she says she's doing.

DALLAS: Yup. Gurki's whipping out the wand.

KRIS: Bye, bye, healer. It was nice knowing you.

TERRI: (*Flipping through the book.*) Wait a minute. There's a chance it could work.

CORI: (*In disbelief.*) On a greater Lich? Ha! Like one in a million!

DEE: (*Evilly.*) Roll the dice, Dallas.

DALLAS: Which one.

TERRI: The 10-sided one.

DALLAS: Which one is that?

KRIS: The one with ten sides, hence the name...10-sided die.

DALLAS: I'm sorry I'm not as much of a nerd as you are.

KRIS: (*Correcting.*) Geek.

DALLAS: Whatever. Be quiet and tell me what not to roll.

TERRI: Okay, first, you need to roll either a one, two, or four.

DALLAS: No, tell me what numbers I *shouldn't* roll.

KRIS: Why?

DALLAS: I'm head-faking the die.

TERRI: Okay, *don't* roll the numbers eight, six, seven, five, three, zero, or nine.

DALLAS: Gotcha. *(Rolls.)* Got a one!

KRIS: That worked?

DALLAS: So do I control it yet?

TERRI: Not yet. Now you have to roll the 20-sided die to see if it can even effect greater undead.

DALLAS: The one I've been rolling all night?

KRIS/CORI: Yes.

TERRI: What does she need to roll?

DEE: Roll high.

(Dallas rolls die.)

TERRI: Natural 20!

KRIS/CORI: *(Disbelief.)* Again?

DALLAS: So now I control it?

DEE: *(Frustrated, desperate.)* Not yet. There's only a one in a hundred chance it would effect this specific Lich.

KRIS: Now you're just being difficult.

DEE: *(Shrugs.)* Meh, Game Master's privilege.

TERRI: Okay, you're going to want to take the 10-sided die again and roll two zeros.

DEE: No, she's going to want to roll this beauty. *(Holds up a die.)*

CORI/KRIS/TERRI: *(Low voice, in awe.)* The 100-sided die...

BLAINE: Steve doesn't see what the big deal is.

(Dallas takes the die from Dee.)

CORI: Dee, that's just cruel.

DEE: If you think that I'm going to make it easy for her to just skip past the greatest boss in the history of Realm then —

(Dallas rolls the die.)

TERRI: *(To others, excited.)* She did it! She rolled a hundred!

DEE: (*Throwing papers, frustrated.*) Of course, she did! Months of planning this encounter... (*Grumbles unintelligibly.*)

DALLAS: So I win?

TERRI: You don't exactly *win* Realm.

DALLAS: Then what's the point of playing this stupid game?

KRIS: You develop your character and grow.

CORI: (*To Dallas.*) You watch it attain more and more power until you achieve—

KRIS/CORI: (*Shout.*) Unlimited power!

DALLAS: You two seriously need to get a pair of lives.

BLAINE: Party Steve agrees with the bably healer.

DALLAS: All right, I'm outtie.

KRIS: Wait, we're not done.

DALLAS: But I beat the lick. We're done.

BLAINE: It's time for Steve to kick it to the curb.

CORI: You can't quit! We're all still paralyzed. Get us the wishing amulet, then you're done.

DALLAS: Oh my gosh! This never ends!

DEE: (*Emotionless.*) This Lich awaits your command.

KRIS: Command it to free us!

DALLAS: So, wait. You guys can't move?

KRIS: Not till you command the Lich to free us.

DALLAS: And the Lick has to do what I say?

DEE: (*Frustrated.*) Yes! Are you happy now?!

DALLAS: (*Mischievously.*) I tell the Lick to bring me the wishy thingy.

CORI: What are you doing? Command it to free us!

DALLAS: (*To Dee.*) Can they speak or move?

DEE: Nope.

DALLAS: I think I'm going to like this...

KRIS/CORI: (*Warning tone.*) Dallas...

DALLAS: You need to hush. You can't speak or move.

KRIS: (*Annoyed.*) What are you doing, dear Sister?

DALLAS: Making you sweat because I've had to blow off my whole night with Becky and be held hostage here in nerd

limbo for the last *four* hours and... (*Checks phone.*) ...40 minutes. It's all about the Dallas Show now.

CORI: (*To others.*) We've created a monster.

DALLAS: Dee, I believe the Lick was bringing me the wishy thingy...

DEE: Ohhhh-kay. (*To the rest of the group.*) I'm sorry, guys.

BLAINE: It's all good with Steve. (*Pretends to doze off.*)

DEE: (*Narrator voice.*) The Lich walks over to the amulet, speaking spells to disarm the death magic guarding it. (*Regular voice, upset.*) All of the traps and tricks...ruined!

DALLAS: Who's mua-ha-ha-ha-ha-ing now?

DEE: (*Weak narrator voice.*) The Lich brings the wishing amulet to Gurki. (*Sighs.*)

DALLAS: Good boy.

KRIS: Free us now, please.

DALLAS: (*Sing-songy.*) Par-a-lyzed. (*To Dee.*) So I have the wishy thingy?

DEE: Yes, you have the wishing— (*Sighs.*) Yes, the wishy thingy. You have it.

DALLAS: Okay, I wish—

KRIS: (*Alarmed.*) Wait! Wait! You can't make the wish.

DALLAS: Watch me. I wish—

CORI: (*Panicked.*) Dallas, don't! I have to remove a curse on it so your wish isn't tainted.

KRIS: And I have a duplicate scroll, so that we each get our own wish.

CORI: Maximum spell levels! Epic gear stats!

KRIS: Castles and flying mounts.

KRIS/CORI: (*Shout.*) Unlimited power!

DALLAS: Yeah? Well, my wish is better than all that. (*To Dee.*) I wish that everybody in the party had a pair of the hottest shoes in the realm!

KRIS/CORI/TERRI: Dallas, no!

BLAINE: Steve can be down with that.

DEE: (*Sadly.*) I'm sorry, guys.

DALLAS: Wasn't that awesome? Oh, wait. I should have said, "the cutest pairs of the hottest shoes." Dang it!

DEE: I'm so, so, so sorry, guys... (*Sad narrator voice.*) The Lich's corrupting influence was not removed from the artifact. Gurki's wish is granted, literally.

CORI: What are you saying?

DEE: (*Sad narrator voice.*) Your shoes and boots have been replaced with pools of white hot magma.

DALLAS: (*Unfazed.*) Magma? Is that a new brand?

(*Kris and Cori scream.*)

TERRI: Save versus death? (*Dee says nothing. Prompting.*) At negative...five? (*Dee says nothing.*) Ten?! (*Dee says nothing.*) Nineteen?! Come on, give us something!

DEE: (*Sadly.*) There is no save against wish magic. The party is dead.

(*Kris and Cori scream.*)

DALLAS: Really? Darn! Oh, well. Goodnight, all. I'm heading upstairs.

KRIS: (*Shaking with anger.*) You...freaking...moron!

DALLAS: Hey, I played your stupid game!

BLAINE: Steve says, "Lights out, party's over." I have to get the brat home.

CORI: (*Upset.*) You're not "Party Steve" anymore! "Party Steve" is dead!

BLAINE: Oh, right. Later, losers. Come on, Terri.

KRIS: (*Fiercely.*) No!

BLAINE: What?

KRIS: I said, *no!* We're running that whole thing again! And this time, we're doing it *my* way! We're going to play it until we hit the Lich, and this time, we're going to make the right wish.

CORI: Yeah! (*Realizes.*) Wait. What?

DEE: I can't, Kris. I'm going to be late even if I leave right now. Shirley is going to have my head as it is.

KRIS: No! Nobody is going anywhere until we do this right!

DALLAS: Do you know how late it is? Have you gone crazy?

KRIS: No, crazy was asking you two... *(Indicates Blaine and Dallas.)* ...to play. I should have known that you'd ruin it. *(To Dallas.)* You never take anything seriously. Realm means everything to me, and you ruined it!

DALLAS: It's a stupid game, and you need to grow up!

BLAINE: Come on, Terri, time to exit the drama stage left. Thank you, Cleveland. Goodnight!

TERRI: Night, guys.

CORI: Yeah, might as well.

DEE: I'm heading out too, night.

KRIS: *(Shouts.)* No! Nobody's going anywhere! *(Grabs Dee's wishing amulet and points it at the group menacingly.)*

BLAINE: *(To others, mockingly.)* Oh, no. She's pointing a piece of jewelry at us.

DALLAS: Now you're just making a fool of yourself, Kris.

KRIS: Oh, yeah? Watch this. *(Holds the amulet skyward.)* My dearest wish is that Realm was real and we were going through the Forbidden Temple again!

BLAINE: Riiiiight. Like I said, peace!

(All except Kris adlib, "Goodnight," "Catch ya," "See you later," etc. Lights flicker and ominous music is heard.)

DALLAS: Okay, that was weird.

CORI: You don't think—

(Blackout.)

DEE: *(Narrator voice, in the dark.)* A portal opens beneath the feet of everyone in the party. The familiar basement tumbles away, and the party finds themselves falling through the void. Falling, falling, falling.

(Group screams as if they are falling.)

ACT 00

Scene 1

(AT RISE: *The realm of Realm, a lush grassy area with mountains in the background. Kris and Cori are wearing medieval fantasy clothes and armor. Kris has a shield. Dee is dressed the same as before.*)

DEE: *(Narrator voice.)* The party finds itself upon the lush grasses of a distant and unfamiliar land. You have no memory of how you got here. Lightning crashes... *(Lightning.)* ...in the tall mountains to the west filling you all with a sense of dread, for this is the direction you know you must turn. *(Everyone looks at each other and screams. Panicking, they adlib, "What happened?" "What's going on?" "Why do I look like this?" etc. Narrator voice.)* You are confused and disoriented, but as you come to terms with the reality that you're experiencing, you realize that you have entered the realm of... *(Overly dramatic.)* ...Realm!

KRIS: Wait. We're in Realm?

CORI: Dude, you're wearing armor. You're a knight!

KRIS: Dude! I know! You've got blue robes and junk. Can you do magic?

CORI: Lightning bolt! *(From the tip of his staff, lightning bolt and/or sound effects. Happily.)* I can do magic!

KRIS: Dude, we're in Realm!

CORI: Dude, we're in Realm!

KRIS: Yes! *(Looks skyward.)* Thank you, thank you!

CORI: *(Looking at Dee.)* Wait, why aren't you wearing cool stuff?

DEE: *(Frightened.)* I don't know. I don't know what's going on.

KRIS: You've been talking nonstop since we got here.

DEE: No, I haven't.

CORI: You literally just said... *(Impersonating Dee.)*
...“You’ve entered the realm of *Realm!*”

DEE: I promise you, I’ve been doing nothing but freaking out.
(Narrator voice.) Approaching from the east, you spot a band
of fresh-faced adventurers looking to join your party.
Greeting you is a fearsome barbarian from the Savage
Lands.

KRIS: See?

DEE: *(Confused.)* See what?

*(Terri enters SR, dressed in furs and metal. She is carrying a two-
handed sword or hammer that is twice her size.)*

TERRI: Guys! Guys!

KRIS: Look at you, Lothak!

CORI: Lothak, ready to smash?

TERRI: *(Confused.)* Lothak? It’s Terri!

KRIS: I know, but here you’re Lothak. Isn’t that cool? We’re
in Realm.

TERRI: I don’t know. This is scary. I kind of just want to go
home.

DEE: *(Raising his hand.)* I second that.

KRIS: What?

CORI: No way! We just got here!

DEE: *(Narrator voice.)* A stalwart dwarven maiden hails you
from afar. The heraldry upon her shield identifies her as a
Shield Sister of the Dwarven Guardians.

TERRI: *(To Dee.)* You’re into this, too?

DEE: What? I said I was with you.

KRIS: No! You just said—

*(Dallas enters SR, wearing medieval garb and sporting a shield and a
hammer. She has a thick braided beard.)*

DALLAS: *(Screams.)* Aaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh!

KRIS/CORI/TERRI: (*Scream that turns into laughter.*)

Aahhhhhh...ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

DALLAS: (*Upset.*) I have a beard!

KRIS: (*Laughing, points.*) Ha! You have a beard!

DALLAS: Why do I have a beard? (*Pulls on her beard.*)

Owww!

TERRI: Female dwarves are known to have long flowing beards, sometimes longer than their male counterparts.

(*Sees that Dallas is looking at her.*) I read the race packet descriptions in the player's handbook.

DALLAS: Oh, no, no, no, nooooooo! I can't be seen looking like this!

DEE: (*Narrator voice.*) The female dwarf appears distraught.

DALLAS: Ya dang right, I'm distraught. I've got a flippin' beard!

[END OF FREEVIEW]