

*From The Bold, The Young, and The Murdered, by Don Zolidis ©2011*

### **From The Bold, The Young, and The Murdered**

VALENCIO, 60s, with a mysterious eastern European accent

*VALENCIO is the evil mastermind character on a long-running soap opera. He is quite sinister.*

VALENCIO

Do you know what to know? Sit. And I will explain it to you.

*(JESSICA sits very dramatically.)*

It began when I six. I was a little boy then. My family was poor, my father dressed us up like monkeys and made us dance in the streets. But on my sixth birthday he promised me something: he would take me to a place called the Magic Kingdom in Orlando, Floreeda. It sounded magical. Mostly because it had the word magic in its name. So we saved all of our coins, and I danced a little bit harder than ever before, and I made my squeaking noises more realistic than ever, and we saved, and we saved, and soon, we had enough money to begin our journey. On our travels my father made amusing sketches of tourists driving racecars and after only five months, we reached the magic land: Floreeda.

*(he takes a dramatic stroll)*

Oh how it glorious it looked to me then. The spires of the blue castle, the robot figures of the hall of presidents, the giant chipmunk in a dress. I was in heaven. And that's when I saw him: An enormous rodent the size of my great uncle Supka, an animal so powerful he looked like a god from mythology – made flesh, with saucers for ears and a smile that could swallow the world – he looked right at me, and I was made anew. I followed him – I would have followed that rodent to the edge of the universe, but when he thought no one was looking...

*(chokes up)*

When no one was looking... He. Removed. His. Own. Head.

*(he can barely continue)*

...his... Head! He was no god! He was a pimply-faced teenager! Right then and there, I dedicated my life to evil. Later that night, I gathered a small group of street urchins and we ambushed the rodent as he was returning to the castle – He was large, but clumsy, and we toppled him quickly, our tiny fists raining blows of rage upon his battered body – when he lost consciousness we tore off his head and held it aloft in triumph – my reign of terror had begun. I spent the next few days stealing purses from old ladies and used the profits to hire a gang of Albanian dock workers – we held Snow White captive for days before they gave in to our demands. Five hundred thousand U.S. Dollars and a plane ticket to Italy. I left my father there to draw sketches and dance his monkey dance.

From there it was easy to become overlord of an international crime syndicate. All because of the rodent.