Fantasy duet & multi-cast scripts

30 practice scripts from VO Journey Academy. Free to record, free to use in your reel. Download the PDF to mark up in the booth, or print it straight from here.

The Cursed Blade

Epic fantasy, cursed object · Adult (25-40) · Neutral American · 1 minute

Cast: MAN WOMAN

Mid-story — she finds him trying to rid himself of the cursed sword alone

MAN "You weren't supposed to find me here."

WOMAN "You weren't supposed to be here alone. How long has it been speaking to you?"

MAN "That's not — it doesn't speak."

WOMAN "Kael. How long."

MAN "Since the bridge. Since I used it on the soldier who was going to — it doesn't matter. The point is it's my problem to solve."

WOMAN "The point is you've been carrying a cursed weapon through my camp for three weeks and lying to my face every day."

MAN "I didn't want you to—"

WOMAN "What? Help you? What a terrible thing to do." She held out her hand. He looked at it for a long time.

MAN "It'll hurt you if you touch it."

WOMAN "Let me worry about that," she said. He gave her the blade. It didn't hurt her at all. Something moved across his face that she decided not to name yet.

Crown of Ash

Epic fantasy, enemies to allies · Adult (30-45) · Neutral British · 1 minute

Cast: WOMAN MAN

Opening — enemy general and queen, first meeting across a negotiation table

WOMAN "I expected someone older."

MAN "I expected someone less composed, given the circumstances."

WOMAN "My city is surrounded. Composure is the one thing I still control."

MAN "A fair point. I'll remember that." He set his sword on the table, hilt toward me. "I'm not here to accept your surrender."

WOMAN "Then why are you here?"

MAN "Because the Emperor is wrong about this war. And I need someone on the inside of these walls who knows it too."

WOMAN I looked at the sword. At him. "That's either the most dangerous thing anyone has said to me in ten years of war."

MAN "Or?"

WOMAN "Or the most useful." I did not touch the sword. I sat back and studied him with the particular attention of a woman who has survived this long by reading people correctly. "Talk," I said. "Quickly."

The Tide Caller

Elemental magic, romantic fantasy · Adult (25-40) · Irish · 1 minute

Cast: MAN WOMAN

Late in story — she's used her power to the point of collapse, he finds her on the shore

MAN "How much did you use?"

WOMAN "Enough."

MAN "Enough to sink the fleet or enough to kill you?"

WOMAN "Both felt equally important at the time."

MAN "Seren." He crouched beside her. She was half in the water, and the sea was still moving wrong — responding to her breathing. "Look at me. Are you still in it?"

WOMAN "In what?"

MAN "The tide. Are you still calling it?" (A pause.)

WOMAN "Mostly."

MAN He took both her hands. He'd been told not to touch a tide caller mid-pull. He did it anyway. "Come back," he said. Not a command. Something else. She looked at him for a long moment, and then, very slowly, the sea went flat.

WOMAN "You're not supposed to do that."

MAN "I know."

WOMAN "You could have been dragged in."

MAN "I know that too." She didn't let go of his hands. He didn't either.

The Fox and the Warden

Fae, nature magic · Adult (25-40) · Neutral American · 1 minute

Cast: MAN WOMAN

Midpoint — he's caught her poaching in the sacred wood for the third time

MAN "Third time."

WOMAN "I know how to count."

MAN "Third time I let you go."

WOMAN "Generous."

MAN "Idiotic, more like. Why do you keep coming back?"

WOMAN "The wood calls me. I don't expect you to understand that."

MAN "The wood calls you."

WOMAN "Mock me if you want."

MAN "I'm not mocking you."

WOMAN A pause. He looked into the dark between the trees.

MAN "It calls me too. Has since I was seven. That's why I became its warden."

WOMAN She stared at him. "Then why do you keep turning me out?"

MAN "Because you take from it rather than tending it."

WOMAN "I take what it offers."

MAN "That's not what offering looks like."

WOMAN He held the gate open.

MAN "Come back in daylight. I'll show you what it actually wants to give you."

WOMAN She looked at the gate. At him. "This feels like a trap."

MAN "Everything interesting does."

The Last Seer

Epic fantasy, prophecy · Adult (25-40) · Neutral American · 90 seconds

Cast: WOMAN MAN

She is the last oracle; he is the soldier sent to protect her — midpoint argument

WOMAN "I've seen how this ends."

MAN "Good. Tell me."

WOMAN "That's not how it works."

MAN "Then what exactly is the use of a seer who won't see?"

WOMAN "One of us lives. I know which one. And I am telling you — as clearly as I am able — that I am not interested in it being me." (Long silence.)

MAN "So you've already decided."

WOMAN "The vision doesn't ask my opinion."

MAN "Then neither do I."

WOMAN He moved to block the path.

MAN "You don't get to show me a future and expect me to walk into it like a good soldier."

WOMAN "You don't have a choice."

MAN "Neither do you. Because I'm not moving."

WOMAN She stared at him — this man who had been assigned to her like a problem to be managed — and felt the vision shift, just slightly, at the edges. She had not accounted for stubbornness this specific. "The fates won't like this," she said.

MAN "The fates can get in line."

Spellbound

Magical bond, rivals to lovers · Adult (25-40) · Neutral American · 1 minute

Cast: MAN WOMAN

Two rival mages forced to share a binding spell — late story, it's wearing off

MAN "It's fading."

WOMAN "I know. I can feel it." I pause. "You'll be free by morning."

MAN "We'll both be free."

WOMAN "Right. Yes." Another pause. "You can stop finishing my sentences after that. I know you've found it irritating."

MAN "I haven't found it irritating."

WOMAN "You've found it invasive, then."

MAN "I've found it—"

MAN He stopped.
"It hasn't been what I expected."

WOMAN "No. It hasn't." We were quiet. The binding had done strange things to both of us — we feel the shape of the other's thoughts, not the content, just the texture. I knew the weight he carried without knowing its name. He knew the loneliness of my practice without knowing its history.

WOMAN "I'll miss it," I said, very quietly.

MAN "We could cast it again, voluntarily."

WOMAN I looked at him. "That would be extraordinarily inadvisable."

MAN "Yes ... do you want to?"

A Thief In The God's Court

Mythic fantasy, heist · Adult (25-40) · Neutral American · 90 seconds

Cast: MAN WOMAN

Opening — she's been caught mid-theft inside a god's vault

MAN "You picked the lock on a divine vault."

WOMAN "Technically I picked three locks. The last one was impressive, I thought."

MAN "You're not afraid of me."

WOMAN "I'm terrified of you. I'm just better at talking when I'm terrified."

MAN "What were you sent to take?"

WOMAN "Who says I was sent?" He looked at her with eyes that were doing something unsettling with the light.

WOMAN "...The obsidian compass. Third shelf. I was told it was yours and that you wouldn't miss it."

MAN "Who told you that?"

WOMAN "Someone who clearly doesn't know you." She met his gaze. "Are you going to kill me?"

MAN "I'm going to make you a different offer."

WOMAN "I'm going to regret this."

MAN "Almost certainly." He sat down and folded his hands. "The person who sent you has something of mine that actually matters. Help me get it back and you may keep the compass."

WOMAN She looked at a god, sitting in his pillaged vault, watching her with patience that was clearly very old. "Fine," she said. "But I want it in writing."

Dragon's Debt

Dragon fantasy, revenge quest · Adult (30-45) · Neutral British · 90 seconds

Cast: MAN WOMAN

Mid-story — she returns to settle a debt from a year ago; he's been waiting

MAN "You came back."

WOMAN "I said I would."

MAN "Humans say many things."

WOMAN "I'm aware. I came anyway."

WOMAN She set the sealed case on the cave floor between them. "Your scale. I kept it safe, as agreed."

MAN "And in return you want the name."

WOMAN "I want the name."

MAN He was quiet for a long time. For something this large and this old, quiet had a weight to it. "The name of the man who burned your village is Tareth Vane. He serves the Second Court. He will be in Korrath by the next dark moon."

MAN She absorbed this.

WOMAN "That's enough time."

MAN "Enough time for what, exactly?"

WOMAN "To end it."

MAN "Alone?" She picked up her sword belt.

WOMAN "As planned."

MAN He looked at her for a long, considering moment. "Your plan is insufficient," he said.

WOMAN "I managed—"

MAN "I will come with you." She stopped.

WOMAN "You're a dragon."

MAN "Yes. That tends to help."

The Undying Wood

Fae, tragic romance · Adult (25-40) · Neutral American · 90 seconds

Cast: WOMAN MAN

Late in story — she must leave the wood or it will keep her; he's known this longer than she has

WOMAN "You knew. How long have you known?"

MAN "Since the third month. The wood started growing toward you."

WOMAN "And you didn't tell me."

MAN "I didn't want you to go."

WOMAN "That's not—"

MAN "I know what it is. I'm telling you anyway."

WOMAN He looked at the tree line. The old trees — the ones that had stood since before the word old had meaning — were bent toward her. Even now.

MAN "If you stay another season it won't matter what you want. It will keep you."

WOMAN "Maybe I'd be kept willingly."

MAN "Not after the first century."

WOMAN She looked at the trees. At him. The distance between those two things was everything. "Come with me." A silence so old it had its own texture.

MAN "I can't leave."

WOMAN "Can't or won't?"

MAN "In my case they've always been the same."

WOMAN "They don't have to be." He looked at her, and for one moment something moved through his face that was entirely, terribly human. Then:

MAN "Walk to the edge with me ... I want to see how far I get."

The Storm Breaker

Nautical fantasy, weather magic · Adult (25-40) · Neutral American · 1 minute

Cast: WOMAN MAN

Climax — mid-battle at sea, the storm is out of control

WOMAN "Can you stop it?"

MAN "I called it. I can't uncall it. I can only ride it."

WOMAN "That's not the same as stopping it."

MAN "No. It isn't." A wave hit the hull. Both of them grabbed the rail.

WOMAN "What do you need from me?"

MAN "Hold the heading north-northeast. Don't let anyone adjust it regardless of what the storm looks like. And—"

WOMAN "What?"

MAN "Don't let go of my hand." She looked at the hand he'd extended. Around them the sky was splitting.

WOMAN "Why?"

MAN "Because I'm going to go somewhere very loud and I need something quiet to come back to."
She took his hand. He closed his eyes. The storm above them screamed and then — very slowly, like something enormous being steered by something small but very certain — began to turn.

WOMAN "It's moving."

MAN "Don't let go."

WOMAN "I'm not letting go."

MAN "Good. Neither am I."

The Mirror Realm

Portal fantasy, forced honesty · Adult (25-40) · Neutral American · 90 seconds

Cast: WOMAN MAN

Midpoint — trapped together in a realm where lies are physically impossible

WOMAN "You should know — in this realm, you cannot say anything that isn't true."

MAN "I'm aware."

WOMAN "So everything you've said since we crossed the threshold—"

MAN "Has been true. Yes." A careful pause.

WOMAN "Including the part where you said you weren't angry with me about Velanthor."

MAN "Including that part."

WOMAN "And the part where you said—"

MAN "Let's not inventory it."

WOMAN "You said you trusted me more than anyone alive."

MAN "I'm aware of what I said."

WOMAN "You sounded surprised when you said it."

MAN "I was." Silence. The Mirror Realm reflected everything back without edit.

WOMAN "I'm not going to pretend I didn't hear any of it."

MAN "I'm not asking you to." He turned to look at her, and in this place where nothing false could live, his expression was entirely unguarded. "I'm asking you to wait until we're out before we talk about what it means."

WOMAN "Why?"

MAN "Because out there I can choose what I say. In here I can only tell the truth, and the truth—" He stopped.

WOMAN "The truth what?"

MAN "Is more than I'm ready to give you in a realm with no door to leave by."

The Hollow King

Dark fantasy, assassin and king · Adult (30-45) · Neutral British · 90 seconds

Cast: MAN WOMAN

She was sent to kill him; she didn't — now it's the night before the trial that will decide everything

MAN "You should leave. While there's still time."

WOMAN "I'm not leaving."

MAN "If you're in this city when the verdict comes—"

WOMAN "I know what happens."

MAN "Then you understand why I'm asking you to go."

WOMAN "I understand. I'm still not going." Silence. The candle between them was burning low.

MAN "Why did you spare me? At the beginning. I've never asked you directly."

WOMAN "Because you were reading to your daughter."

MAN He looked up.

WOMAN "I had a clear shot. You didn't know I was there. And you were sitting on the floor of the nursery, reading to a child who was already asleep, because—" She stopped.

MAN "Because I didn't want to stop."

WOMAN "Yes." Another silence. "A man who does that is not the man they told me you were." He stood and went to the window. "I've done things that deserve what's coming," he said. "I know."

WOMAN "Then why—"

MAN "Because some things deserve a fair account before they're judged. And no one has given you one." She picked up her cloak. Not to leave — to stay warmer through the night. "I'll be here," she said. "At the trial." He didn't argue again.

Ink & Exile

Magic system fantasy, scholar and outcast · Adult (25-40) · Neutral American · 90 seconds

Cast: MAN WOMAN

Midpoint — he reads the marks on her skin and understands what she is

MAN "Roll up your sleeve. The left one."

WOMAN "Why?"

MAN "Because I think I know what those marks are and I need to be wrong." She rolled up her sleeve. He looked at the marks for a long time without touching them.

MAN "You're Unwritten."

WOMAN "That's what they called it when they threw me out, yes."

MAN "Do you know what Unwritten actually means?"

WOMAN "That my marks don't exist in the registry. That I'm a mistake. That—"

MAN "It means you're writing a new language." She stared at him.

MAN "These marks aren't corrupted. They're original. I've spent fifteen years studying every ink system ever documented and I have never—" He stopped. He looked at her differently now. "You have no idea what you are."

WOMAN "They told me I was nothing."

MAN "They were afraid of what they couldn't read." He finally — carefully — touched the edge of one mark. It glowed faintly under his fingertip. He exhaled.

WOMAN "What does it say?"

MAN "I don't know yet. But I'm going to learn." He looked up. "If you'll let me." She had spent three years being told she was a mistake. This man was looking at her like she was a discovery. "Okay," she said. The word felt enormous. "But slowly."

The Dead God's Name

Mythic fantasy, quest · Adult (30-45) · Neutral British · 90 seconds

Cast: WOMAN MAN

Opening — he's come to her for access to something buried; she's been waiting for him

WOMAN "You're the scholar."

MAN "How did you—"

WOMAN "You're the seventh. The others gave up at the mountain pass. You didn't." She stepped aside from the gate. "Come in. It's cold and you've been travelling a long time."

MAN "You knew I was coming?"

WOMAN "The god told me. Which is unusual, since the god is dead."

MAN He stopped. "Which god?"

WOMAN "The one you're looking for. The one no one has said aloud in four hundred years."

MAN "That's not possible."

WOMAN "No. It's inconvenient, which is different."
She handed him tea without asking. He took it without thinking.

WOMAN "The god says you're the only person in four centuries to actually care about the truth rather than the power."

MAN "And that matters to a dead god?"

WOMAN "Apparently it's the one thing a dead god still has opinions about." She sat. "The name you're looking for is in the burial chamber below this house. The god says I may take you there."

MAN "Just like that?"

WOMAN "Just like that." She met his eyes. "Although the god also says you won't like what the name requires of you when you find it."

MAN A silence. "Did the god say whether I do it anyway?"

WOMAN "Yes," she said. "That's why you're the seventh and not the first."

The Apprentice's Twelfth Candle

Comic fantasy, wizard and apprentice · Any · Neutral British · 1 minute

Cast: ALDRIC WREN

Opening: an old wizard returns home to find his new apprentice has set his tower on fire

ALDRIC Wren.

WREN Master Aldric. You're back early.

ALDRIC The tower is on fire.

WREN Partly on fire. The library is mostly fine.

ALDRIC What did you do?

WREN You said to practise the lighting charm.

ALDRIC On a candle.

WREN I did it on a candle. The first eleven times.

ALDRIC And the twelfth?

WREN I wanted to see how big it would go.

ALDRIC ...

WREN Quite big, it turns out.

ALDRIC Do you know how many apprentices I have had in forty years?

WREN Is this the speech about how I'm the worst?

ALDRIC Nine. Not one of them could light a candle in their first month.

WREN So I'm not the worst.

ALDRIC You are by far the worst. Fetch a bucket. Then we start the extinguishing charm, before you find out how big that goes.

The Smith and the Knight

Epic fantasy, eve of battle · Adult (30-45) · Scottish · 90 seconds

Cast: MAIRI CALLUM

The night before battle: a knight brings his damaged sword to the smith who forged it for his father

MAIRI Put it on the anvil. Let me see what you've done to it.

CALLUM It's only notched.

MAIRI It's notched in four places and bent at the tip. You've been using it as a crowbar.

CALLUM There was a gate.

MAIRI There's always a gate with you.

CALLUM Can you fix it by morning?

MAIRI I can mend it by morning. I can't make it last. You need a new blade, and a new blade is three weeks.

CALLUM I haven't got three weeks.

MAIRI I know what you haven't got.

CALLUM Mairi.

MAIRI Hold the lamp. Closer. There.

CALLUM You're angry.

MAIRI I made this sword for your father. He brought it back to me twice in thirty years. You've brought it back three times since spring.

CALLUM He was a better fighter.

MAIRI He was a more careful man. It's not the same thing.

CALLUM Will it hold?

MAIRI It'll hold if you stop hitting gates with it.

CALLUM And if it doesn't?

MAIRI Then you come back here with the pieces. Do you hear me? Whatever's left. You bring it back to this anvil and I'll make you another.

CALLUM That's three weeks.

MAIRI Then you'd better be alive in three weeks.

Two Queens, One Throne

Court intrigue, sisters · Adult (30-45) · Neutral British · 90 seconds

Cast: ELISANDE ROWENA

Midnight: two sisters, each crowned by a rival faction, meet alone in the empty throne room

ELISANDE You came alone.

ROWENA You asked me to. I assumed it was a trap.

ELISANDE It isn't.

ROWENA I know. If it were a trap you'd have lit more candles. You always did like to see people's faces when things went wrong.

ELISANDE We were nine.

ROWENA People don't change, Elisande. They get crowns.

ELISANDE Sit down.

ROWENA On which chair? There is only the one, and we both seem to think it's ours.

ELISANDE Then sit on the steps. Like we used to.

ROWENA ...

ELISANDE The northern lords march on the fifth. Yours and mine. They don't care which of us wins. They only need one of us to lose, so they can be very sorry about it and take the regency.

ROWENA You're sure.

ELISANDE I read their letters. You taught me to open a seal with a hot knife, remember? You were eleven and very proud of yourself.

ROWENA I remember.

ELISANDE So. Two queens. Or no queens.

ROWENA Or one queen, and her sister, who is extremely good at opening letters.

ELISANDE Is that an offer?

ROWENA It's a negotiation. Light another candle. I want to see your face when I win it.

The Ferryman's Fare

Mythic, afterlife · Adult (40-55) · Irish · 1 minute

Cast: FERRYMAN NUALA

On the black river: a woman who has just died has no coin for the ferryman

FERRYMAN Fare.

NUALA I don't have it.

FERRYMAN Everyone has it. They put it under your tongue.

NUALA They were in a hurry. My sister did the arrangements. She forgets things.

FERRYMAN Then you wait on the bank. A hundred years. Those are the rules.

NUALA A hundred years.

FERRYMAN It passes.

NUALA For you, maybe. You've a boat. What do I get?

FERRYMAN The bank.

NUALA Could I pay you some other way?

FERRYMAN How?

NUALA I could row. You look tired.

FERRYMAN ...Nobody has ever said that.

NUALA Nobody's looked, I'd say. How long have you been at it?

FERRYMAN Since before your language.

NUALA Then sit down, for pity's sake. Give me the oar. You can tell me where to go.

FERRYMAN That is usually my line.

NUALA Well, it's mine now. Budge up.

A Tuesday at the Night Market

Fae, bargain · Adult (25-40) · Neutral American · 45 seconds

Cast: TESS VEYLIN

Midnight at a fae market stall: a woman is asked to pay in something other than coin

TESS How much for the lantern?

VEYLIN Your name.

TESS No.

VEYLIN Your laugh, then.

TESS I use my laugh.

VEYLIN A memory, then. Something small. A Tuesday.

TESS Which Tuesday?

VEYLIN Any Tuesday. You have thousands.

TESS That's what you said to my grandmother.

VEYLIN ...

TESS She sold you a Tuesday for a silver comb. It was the day she met my grandfather. She spent sixty years not remembering how.

VEYLIN Ah. You're that one's girl.

TESS I am. And I'm not buying a lantern. I'm here to buy back a Tuesday.

The Witch Across the Lane

Cosy fantasy, second chances · Mature (55+) · Neutral American · 1 minute

Cast: HENRY AGATHA

Cosy fantasy: a retired knight knocks on the door of the village witch he has avoided for thirty years

HENRY Evening, Agatha.

AGATHA Sir Henry. On my step. You usually cross the lane to avoid my step.

HENRY My knee's gone.

AGATHA The village doctor is a fool with a nice beard. Come in. Mind the cat, he bites knights.

HENRY Only knights?

AGATHA He has a very specific history.

HENRY I didn't come about the knee.

AGATHA No?

HENRY Thirty years ago I rode through here with the Duke's men. They wanted this cottage burned. I told them it was empty.

AGATHA I know. I was in the cellar.

HENRY You knew it was me?

AGATHA I knew your voice. It's why I never turned you into anything.

HENRY I've meant to say thank you for thirty years. And sorry.

AGATHA Sit down and say both properly, and I'll put the kettle on. The knee we'll do after.

Last Watch on the Wall

Epic fantasy, soldiers · Adult (30-45) · Neutral British · 1 minute

Cast: BRAM OSKAR

Midnight on a border wall: a veteran and a new recruit watch the treeline

BRAM Don't look straight at it.

OSKAR At what?

BRAM The treeline. Look straight at it and you see nothing. Look a bit to the left. Your eyes do better at the edges.

OSKAR How long have you been up here?

BRAM Nineteen winters.

OSKAR Has anything ever come out of the trees?

BRAM Twice.

OSKAR What happened?

BRAM The first time, we rang the bell and forty men came up those stairs.

OSKAR And the second time?

BRAM The second time I was on my own, and I didn't ring the bell, because I was frightened. I've been on this wall every night since, making up for it.

OSKAR ...

BRAM Don't look at me, lad. Look at the trees.

OSKAR Bram. Left of the dead oak.

BRAM I see it.

OSKAR Do I ring the bell?

BRAM You ring the bell.

The Dragon Who Refused Everyone

Dragon fantasy, coming of age · Young adult (18-25) · Neutral American · 90 seconds

Cast: ISLA OSSERA

A young rider has climbed to an old dragon's ledge to ask to be chosen

ISLA I've come to be chosen.

OSSERA Have you.

ISLA I passed the trials. I have the token. I climbed the whole cliff without the rope.

OSSERA I watched. You slipped twice.

ISLA I didn't fall.

OSSERA No. You did not. What is your name?

ISLA Isla Venn. Third daughter of the Venn farm. We keep goats.

OSSERA Goats.

ISLA I know it's not grand.

OSSERA I have eaten a great many goats. I have never once thought them grand. Why do you want to ride?

ISLA To serve the realm.

OSSERA That is what the token says. Why do you want to ride?

ISLA ...Because my brother rode. And he didn't come back. And I want to see what he saw.

OSSERA That is a better answer.

ISLA Is it good enough?

OSSERA I carried your brother for six years. He talked the entire time. Mostly about goats, now I think of it.

ISLA You were his dragon.

OSSERA I was. I have refused every rider since. They all came up that cliff with the rope.

ISLA So is that a yes?

OSSERA It is a get on, before I change my mind. And grip with your knees. Your brother never did.

The Wrong Grave

Dark comic fantasy, necromancy · Adult (25-40) · Neutral American · 1 minute

Cast: PIP LORD GRAVENHOLT

In a crypt: a nervous young necromancer has raised the wrong person

PIP Hello. Sorry. Hello.

LORD GRAVENHOLT Where am I?

PIP The crypt. Under the chapel. I'm Pip. I'm, er, the necromancer.

LORD GRAVENHOLT You are fourteen.

PIP Nineteen. I have a young face. I was trying to raise my aunt.

LORD GRAVENHOLT I am not your aunt.

PIP No. I can see that now. You're much taller.

LORD GRAVENHOLT I was buried with considerable ceremony three hundred years ago.

PIP Yes, the plaque was lovely.

LORD GRAVENHOLT And what, precisely, did you want with your aunt?

PIP She hid the family silver before she died, and nobody knows where.

LORD GRAVENHOLT ...Under the third stair of the east tower.

PIP How do you know that?

LORD GRAVENHOLT Because I hid it there first. Your family stole it from me.

PIP Oh.

LORD GRAVENHOLT Yes. Oh. Fetch a lamp, child. We are going to the east tower.

The Oathbreaker

Epic fantasy, betrayal · Adult (30-45) · Neutral British · 90 seconds

Cast: DAME ORLA TOBIAS

Late in the story: a knight confronts the squire she trained, who opened the castle gate to the enemy

DAME ORLA Get up.

TOBIAS I can't.

DAME ORLA You can. Your leg is bruised, not broken. I checked while you were out. Get up.

TOBIAS Are you going to kill me?

DAME ORLA I haven't decided. Tell me why.

TOBIAS You know why.

DAME ORLA I know the east gate was opened at midnight from the inside. I know you had the key. I would like the rest from the boy I taught to hold a sword.

TOBIAS They had my mother.

DAME ORLA ...

TOBIAS In the village. Open the gate and she lives, they said. They showed me her ring. I knew the ring.

DAME ORLA You should have come to me.

TOBIAS And you'd have done what? Ridden out for one old woman, with the castle under siege?

DAME ORLA Yes.

TOBIAS You wouldn't.

DAME ORLA I would have, Tobias. That's what an oath is. Not a promise to the king. A promise to the person standing next to you.

TOBIAS Then I broke it.

DAME ORLA You did. Is she alive?

TOBIAS I don't know.

DAME ORLA Then get up. We're going to find out. And when we've found her, you and I are going to have a very long conversation about gates.

The Healer's Price

Low fantasy, healer and mercenary · Adult (30-45) · Irish · 1 minute

Cast: BRONAGH DECLAN

A village healer stitches a mercenary who will not say who stabbed him

BRONAGH Hold still.

DECLAN I am.

BRONAGH You're holding still like a cat in a bath. Arm down.

DECLAN How bad is it?

BRONAGH An inch to the left and we wouldn't be talking. Who did it?

DECLAN Nobody.

BRONAGH Nobody's very good with a knife.

DECLAN What do I owe you?

BRONAGH A name.

DECLAN That's not a price.

BRONAGH It's my price. Every man who comes in with a hole in him, I ask who made it. That way I know who's coming in next.

DECLAN And if I don't tell you?

BRONAGH Then you pay in silver like an ordinary fool, and next time you can go to the butcher.

DECLAN ...It was my brother.

BRONAGH I know. He came in an hour before you. You broke his nose.

DECLAN Did you set it?

BRONAGH I did. Crooked. Now lie back. This bit hurts.

The Cartographer's Ghost

Gothic fantasy, ghost · Adult (40-55) · Neutral American · 1 minute

Cast: EDMUND CORDELIA

Night in an old map room: a mapmaker meets the ghost of the woman who drew the maps before him

EDMUND Who's there?

CORDELIA You've got the coastline wrong.

EDMUND I beg your pardon?

CORDELIA The bay at Harrow Point. You've drawn it round. It hasn't been round since the great storm.

EDMUND The great storm was two hundred years ago.

CORDELIA I'm aware. I drew it.

EDMUND You're Cordelia Marsh.

CORDELIA I was.

EDMUND Your maps are the reason I became a cartographer. I've copied every one of them.

CORDELIA I can see. You copied the mistake on the western islands.

EDMUND There's a mistake on the western islands?

CORDELIA I put it there on purpose. So I'd know who was copying me.

EDMUND ...

CORDELIA Don't look so wounded. You're the first in two centuries who copied it well.

EDMUND Will you show me the bay?

CORDELIA Fetch more candles. It's going to be a long night.

Rivals at the Mage Trials

Academy fantasy, rivals · Young adult (18-25) · Neutral American · 45 seconds

Cast: KIT SABLE

The final round of the mage trials: two rivals trapped in the same collapsing maze

KIT Of course it's you.

SABLE Don't look so pleased.

KIT I'm not pleased. I'm stuck in a maze with you, which is the same as being stuck in a maze, but louder.

SABLE The walls are closing.

KIT I noticed the walls.

SABLE I can hold them. For a minute. Not longer.

KIT And I can open the door. But not while I'm holding anything else.

SABLE So we need each other.

KIT Temporarily.

SABLE Until the door.

KIT Fine.

SABLE Fine. On three.

KIT Whose three?

SABLE Mine, obviously.

KIT One.

SABLE That's my count!

KIT Two.

The Prince Peels Potatoes

Comic fantasy, exile · Adult (30-45) · Neutral British · 1 minute

Cast: MARTEN ALARIC

A mountain inn: a cook informs the runaway prince hiding there that he will be peeling potatoes

MARTEN You'll be peeling.

ALARIC I beg your pardon?

MARTEN Potatoes. That sack. By supper.

ALARIC I am the heir to the Amber Throne.

MARTEN You're a lad hiding in my inn with a price on his head, and my potato boy quit on Tuesday.

ALARIC I have never peeled a potato.

MARTEN I can tell. You're holding the knife like it owes you money. Thumb here. Away from you. There.

ALARIC This is absurd.

MARTEN Most of life is. Keep going.

ALARIC Why are you helping me?

MARTEN The soldiers looking for you ate my stew last night and didn't pay.

ALARIC That's the reason?

MARTEN That, and your mother stayed here once, before she was queen. She peeled potatoes too. Badly. But she never complained.

ALARIC ...I'm not complaining.

MARTEN Good. Faster.

The Seventh Wish

Cosy fantasy, wishes · Mature (55+) · Neutral American · 90 seconds

Cast: ZEPHIRA MARTHA

A kitchen: an old woman who has spent six wishes over a lifetime summons the spirit of the lamp for the last one

ZEPHIRA Hello, Martha.

MARTHA You're late. I rubbed that lamp an hour ago.

ZEPHIRA I was admiring the kitchen. You've painted it.

MARTHA Yellow. Forty years ago. You were here.

ZEPHIRA Was I? Which wish was that?

MARTHA Number four. The rent.

ZEPHIRA Ah. I liked that one. Very practical. Number one was a pony.

MARTHA I was nine.

ZEPHIRA Two, the boy at the dance. Three, getting rid of the boy at the dance.

MARTHA Don't.

ZEPHIRA Five, your daughter's fever. Six, your husband's last winter being a kind one.

MARTHA It was kind. Thank you.

ZEPHIRA That's what I'm for. And now it's seven, Martha. After seven I go back in the lamp and wait for somebody new. So. Youth? Riches? Another pony?

MARTHA Sit down.

ZEPHIRA I don't sit. I'm a spirit.

MARTHA Sit down anyway. There's cake.

ZEPHIRA ...What's the wish?

MARTHA That's the wish. You sit down, have cake, tell me what you've been doing all these years between my wishes, and then you stay. I'm getting on. I'd like the company.

ZEPHIRA Nobody has ever wished for me.

MARTHA Well. Now somebody has. Lemon or chocolate?

Under the Frost Queen's Roof

Fairy tale, hostage · Adult (25-40) · Neutral American · 90 seconds

Cast: LIRA HALVARD

An ice palace: a hostage tries, again, to get the silent guard assigned to her to talk

LIRA You could talk to me, you know. It's allowed. I asked.

HALVARD It is allowed.

LIRA He speaks! Eleven days. I thought the queen had frozen your tongue.

HALVARD She has frozen other things.

LIRA ...What does that mean?

HALVARD I was a hostage too. Eight years ago. From the south, like you.

LIRA You're from the south?

HALVARD Brightwater. By the river.

LIRA I know Brightwater. My aunt sold eggs there.

HALVARD The woman with the blue cart.

LIRA That's her.

HALVARD She gave me an egg once, for carrying her basket. I was seven. I thought it was the most beautiful thing I had ever been given.

LIRA Why did you never go home?

HALVARD My family could not pay the ransom. After a while the queen offered me a uniform instead of a cell. It was warmer.

LIRA My family will pay.

HALVARD I know. That is why I have not spoken to you.

LIRA Because I'm leaving?

HALVARD Because I did not want to remember what it is like to talk to someone from home, and then watch them go.

LIRA ...Then come with me.

HALVARD I am a guard of the Frost Queen.

LIRA You were a boy from Brightwater first. Show me the way out, Halvard. And then walk it with me.

Practice with these, record them, post them as demos or reels, use them in auditions. Please do not resell them as scripts. © VO Journey Academy · avosjourney.com