

THE SECRET LIVES OF SUPERHEROES, VOL. 2

By Jon Jory

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

SETTING: A waiting room

SET

A waiting room. Modern furniture. Four chairs. A coffee table with flyers neatly arranged on it. One large plant. Either a carpet or a painted floor. One door.

DO NOT COPY

The Superheroes Waiting Room

AT START: *TOPEKA, wearing a blue skirt, blue blazer, tie and blue cap, brings in a tray of donuts. RATTLESNAKE MAN, wearing chinos, a tan t-shirt and a brown cape with a yellow "R" on the back, doesn't see her. TOPEKA stands for a moment watching him. He wears glasses and carries a pair of maracas. He shakes them and moves sinuously hissing like a snake.*

TOPEKA: Howdy doody.

RATTLESNAKE MAN is startled.

RATTLESNAKE MAN: Girl, you scared the venom right out of me.

TOPEKA: *(Cheerful.)* Well honey, I'm real sorry.

RATTLESNAKE MAN: I'm a little nervous.

TOPEKA: You will just do fine. I brought y'all some donuts.

RATTLESNAKE MAN: You said, "y'all" but there's just me.

TOPEKA: The others are down the hall watching the promotional video. They'll be right along.

RATTLESNAKE MAN: Who are you?

TOPEKA: My name is Topeka Kansas. I work in hospitality. Can I get you a cola?

RATTLESNAKE MAN: Do you have any freeze dried flies?

TOPEKA: Well, darn it, we are all out. We have a nice beetle walnut mix.

RATTLESNAKE MAN: I don't like walnuts.

TOPEKA: What is your specialty?

RATTLESNAKE MAN: You can't tell?

TOPEKA: Mariachi man?

RATTLESNAKE MAN: No, I am not Mariachi Man. What kind of superhero is that?

TOPEKA: I just took a little guess, sir.

RATTLESNAKE MAN: I am Rattlesnake Man.

TOPEKA: Yes, I see that now.

RATTLESNAKE MAN: I was born in the Mojave Desert, but tragically I was born without a tail which is a great drawback for a superhero of my description. So I use the maracas to simulate the rattle sound, but I think you will find I have a terribly authentic hiss. *(He demonstrates.)*

TOPEKA: Oh my goodness, yes. That is very authentic. My blood ran cold. I think you will do very well. Most superheroes I know are phobic about snakes.

RATTLESNAKE MAN: So you don't already have a Rattlesnake Man?

TOPEKA: Goodness no. We do have a Cobrawoman, but she bit herself during the audition and is currently recovering.

RATTLESNAKE MAN: Cobrawoman? *(Worried.)* That's not good.

THE SUPER DUPER COOPER TWINS enter wearing identical pink outfits. They speak together.

TWINS: Hi, hello, and how you doin'?

TOPEKA: Well, I am doin' real good.

TWINS: We are the Super Duper Cooper Twins.

TOPEKA: Well, you are on my list, for sure. Uh-huh! Oh-oh, they forgot to write down your superpower.

TWINS: They did? Well, shoot!

TOPEKA: Computer error. I do have to ask?

TWINS: Who are you exactly?

TOPEKA: I'm from over in hospitality. Without having your superpower I may not offer you our complimentary nut mix.

TWINS: Well, we definitely want the nut mix. Our superpower is "cute." We "cute" people to death. We are so cute people have heart attacks right on the spot.

TOPEKA: Well, that is just fascinatin'.

TWINS: We think so.

TOPEKA: I feel a little woozy right this minute.

TWINS: We have our superpower turned off at the moment.

TOPEKA: Oh good.

TWINS: What's your name?

TOPEKA: My name is Topeka, 'cause my last name is Kansas.

TWINS: So you were born in?

TOPEKA: Alabama.

TWINS: Sweet home Alabama!

TOPEKA: Sort of. We were run out of Alabama by an enraged mob.

TWINS: Goodness gracious!

TOPEKA: He was a serial arsonist.

TWINS: He's the mob?

TOPEKA: He had a nasty brother, so we call that a mob. We reported him.

FIRST TWIN: That is so sweet.

SECOND TWIN: That is sugar sweet.

TWINS: You are just sweet as pie!

RATTLESNAKE MAN: Lord have mercy.

TOPEKA: I just want to make sure y'all are comfortable as kittens.

RATTLESNAKE MAN: (*Interrupting.*) Well, I'm not comfortable. Do I look comfortable?

TOPEKA: Well...

RATTLESNAKE MAN: When you get called to audition at the Superhero National Office, do you know what that means?

TOPEKA: Well...

RATTLESNAKE MAN: That is the last chance saloon, baby. That means they are clearing out the brush. One final, desperate opportunity to be an official superhero, have your own comic book, film contract, television series, and bobblehead doll. You flop, they stick a black dot on your forehead, fly you coach to the Island of Forgotten Superheroes, and make you parachute out.

TOPEKA: Well...

RATTLESNAKE MAN: They say there are seven hundred second rate superheroes who couldn't make the grade sittin' around on the beach, barbecuin' wharf rats over open fires and playin' rock, paper, scissors for eternity.

TOPEKA: I hear it's a real nice island with a waterslide.

RATTLESNAKE MAN: Yeah, real nice if you like to talk to a volleyball. Everybody else is too depressed to talk.

TWINS: Oh fiddle-faddle.

RATTLESNAKE MAN: What?

TWINS: You are just a silly-billy

CHIHUAHUA MAN: (*Enters.*) Excuse me.

TWINS: (*Looking him over.*) You are excused.

CHIHUAHUA MAN: Is this the superhero waiting room?

TOPEKA: It is.

TWINS: *(Pointing to CHIHUAHUA MAN.)* We'll have one of those to go!

TOPEKA: And you are?

CHIHUAHUA MAN: Ummmm. Could I speak to you privately?

TOPEKA: Well, I suppose so.

CHIHUAHUA MAN and TOPEKA step slightly aside.

TWINS: You can speak to us privately.

TOPEKA: Never mind them.

CHIHUAHUA MAN: Ummmm. I prefer this not to be generally known.

TOPEKA: Well, all right.

CHIHUAHUA MAN: I am Chihuahua Man.

TOPEKA: That is very, very original.

CHIHUAHUA MAN: People laugh.

TOPEKA: In my experience, people are simply jealous of superpowers. I need to put down your superpowers to complete the form.

CHIHUAHUA MAN: I have to say?

TOPEKA: I'm afraid so.

CHIHUAHUA MAN: You'll laugh at me.

TOPEKA: I believe every single superhero deserves our respect.

CHIHUAHUA MAN: Well, okay then... I bark incessantly and lie in your lap.

There is a brief pause and then TOPEKA starts laughing.

TOPEKA: I am so sorry. *(Wipes her eyes.)* Oh dear. *(Another laugh escapes her.)* Oh dear forgive me. *(An involuntary chuckle.)* I don't know what's got into me.

CHIHUAHUA MAN puts his head in his hands.

TOPEKA: Please. *(Takes down CHIHUAHUA MAN'S hands.)* May I confide in you?

CHIHUAHUA MAN nods.

TOPEKA: I once had superhero dreams but you see, my power was flight. Unfortunately I could only fly two blocks, had no rudder control and would crash into buildings. So, I've gone into administration.

CHIHUAHUA MAN: I'm sorry.

TOPEKA: No, no, I love it. I get to work with very famous superheroes. Wonder Woman gave me a Christmas present.

CHIHUAHUA MAN: (*Intrigued.*) What was it?

TOPEKA: A small box of sand from Amazon Island.

CHIHUAHUA MAN: Sand?

TOPEKA: (*Proud and excited.*) But with the teeniest-tiniest piece of petrified Amazon poop!

CHIHUAHUA MAN: That's... remarkable.

TOPEKA: I know!

RATTLESNAKE MAN: What is going on over there?

TOPEKA: Not a single thing that needs your attention. (*To the room.*)

There, I believe that's everyone. (*Checks her list.*) Yes, yes, yes, and yes. Whoops. That is everyone except...

SUPER DUPER WONDROUS WOMAN in a vaguely "supermanesque" costume, except that her t-shirt reads SDWW, leaps into the room. She is a bundle of energy.

SUPER DUPER WONDROUS WOMAN: Except for me! I am Super Duper Wondrous Woman! Crime fighter, Olympic curling champion, high flyer, and the scourge of Wall Street. The first female superhero to be admitted into Harvard Law School and win the Victoria Secret lingerie beauty contest!

RATTLESNAKE MAN: (*Fist in air.*) You go, girl!

SUPER DUPER WONDROUS WOMAN: I have won the Boston Marathon walking on my hands, and have disarmed an angry mob with nothing but a glue stick.

TOPEKA: (*Writing it down.*) ...glue stick.

SUPER DUPER WONDROUS WOMAN: I have climbed the Empire State Building using only strands of spaghetti, swum the English channel underwater on two breaths, and have eaten twenty-seven medium pizzas at one sitting.

TWINS: Pepperoni?

SUPER DUPER WONDROUS WOMAN: I fight for the rights of all and can turn any vehicle into an electric car simply by sitting in it. My motto is *Audax at Fidelis*, though I have no idea what that means. Let's get this show on the road!!

Applause from ALL other superheroes.

TOPEKA: *(Still writing.)* Super Duper Woman.

SUPER DUPER WONDROUS WOMAN: All right would be, could be, should be superheroes, let's hear you represent! Boo-yah!

ALL other superheroes respond weakly.

SUPER DUPER WONDROUS WOMAN: Can't hear you.

ALL other superheroes respond a little better.

SUPER DUPER WONDROUS WOMAN: Are we superheroes or lab mice?

ALL other superheroes respond even better.

SUPER DUPER WONDROUS WOMAN: Sing it out!

ALL: Boo-yah!!

SUPER DUPER WONDROUS WOMAN: Word! Now, let's face some realities here. Only one will be chosen to join the League of Superheroes, to be celebrated in song, story, and graphic novels... to save the earth and lead humanity to the stars. And that one person will be me. Moi! Super Duper Wondrous Woman! The rest of you unfortunately will be condemned to a life of boredom, despair and bedbug bites on the Isle of the Forgotten unless...

ALL: Unless what?

SUPER DUPER WONDROUS WOMAN: Louder!

ALL: Unless what!?

SUPER DUPER WONDROUS WOMAN: Unless they let you be part of my posse. Otherwise...

ALL: Otherwise what?!

SUPER DUPER WONDROUS WOMAN: Only one thing will sustain through unbearable heat, lava flows, and tsunamis – that you have given up your hopes and dreams so that I... *(Points at them.)*

ALL: Super Duper Wondrous Woman!

SUPER DUPER WONDROUS WOMAN: ...may save the earth and make big money in action films and video games! *(Both fists in air.)*
Super Duper Wondrous Woman salutes you!

RATTLESNAKE MAN: *(Working those maracas.)* Baloney.

A moment's silence.

SUPER DUPER WONDROUS WOMAN: I'm sorry, I don't think I heard you correctly.

RATTLESNAKE MAN: *(Rising.)* I am Rattlesnake Man.

SUPER DUPER WONDROUS WOMAN: Big whoop.

RATTLESNAKE MAN: My fangs will teach you otherwise.

SUPER DUPER WONDROUS WOMAN: *(Throwing shadow punches.)* Bring it on, worm bait.

RATTLESNAKE MAN: *(They begin to circle each other.)* I strike like lightning.

SUPER DUPER WONDROUS WOMAN: I'll extract your fangs for cufflinks.

RATTLESNAKE MAN: My venom will shake you like a maraca.

SUPER DUPER WONDROUS WOMAN: I drink venom lattes for breakfast.

RATTLESNAKE MAN and SUPER DUPER WONDROUS WOMAN begin to wrestle. TOPEKA blows a whistle that hangs around her neck.

TOPEKA: Hold it!

RATTLESNAKE MAN and SUPER DUPER WONDROUS WOMAN stop.

TOPEKA: Now that is a real big no-no. *(To RATTLESNAKE MAN.)*
Back. Back! May I remind you that superheroes exist to bring peace to the planet and well-being to mankind. No fighting, no biting. Goodness gracious, you know better than that.

RATTLESNAKE MAN: She started it.

SUPER DUPER WONDROUS WOMAN: He started it.

TOPEKA blows her whistle.

TOPEKA: No, no, no. Superheroes cannot go rogue. You all know about Iron Man losing it and destroying Facebook headquarters in Menlo Park. That got terrible press and Iron Man had to do 7,000 one-handed pushups on his Facebook page as an apology. Now, Super Duper, you go stand in the corner.

SUPER DUPER WONDROUS WOMAN: (*Astounded.*) Stand in the corner?

TOPEKA: Yes ma'am, in the corner and say over to yourself, "If I can't say anything nice, I won't say anything at all."

SUPER DUPER WONDROUS WOMAN: That is ridiculous.

TOPEKA: Do it or hand over your union card.

SUPER DUPER WONDROUS WOMAN: (*Furious.*) Fine! (*Stands in the corner.*)

TOPEKA: Now, Mr. Rattlesnake Man...

RATTLESNAKE MAN: Hey, I'm not coiling in the corner! You try that with a diamond back, you be pickin' fangs outta yo kneecap.

TOPEKA: Don't talk smack to me, poison worm.

RATTLESNAKE MAN starts toward her.

TOPEKA: Isle of the Forgotten!

RATTLESNAKE MAN stops.

TOPEKA: Go to the blackboard and write twenty-five times, "I will play nice with others."

RATTLESNAKE MAN starts biting himself. PRUNE GIRL enters and stands watching.

TOPEKA: What are you doing?

RATTLESNAKE MAN: I'm biting myself, okay? It calms me down.

TOPEKA points and RATTLESNAKE MAN goes to the blackboard to do as she says.

TOPEKA: That's better.

RATTLESNAKE MAN: *(Turns back.)* I am the most dangerous superhero in the galaxy!

TOPEKA: That's real good, you put that in, write: I, Rattlesnake Man, most dangerous superhero, will play nice with others.

RATTLESNAKE MAN: Some of my homies be under your bed.

TOPEKA: Do it.

RATTLESNAKE MAN: Won't.

TOPEKA: Will.

RATTLESNAKE MAN: No way.

TOPEKA: If I write you up, you will be on the island with its famous snake-sucking baboons who will slurp you up and use your snakeskin to vape with.

RATTLESNAKE MAN turns to the blackboard.

TOPEKA: Y'all are just givin' me a sick headache. Now, The Interrogator, head of all superhero casting, will be here real soon. She will decide exactly who stays and who goes. So y'all better straighten up and do right. You are hanging by a thread. All right then, everybody take a little bathroom break, tidy up or whatever. Go on now. Shoo. Vaporize.

The room clears except for PRUNE GIRL and CHIHUAHUA MAN.

TOPEKA: You two all right?

CHIHUAHUA MAN: Yes, ma'am.

PRUNE GIRL: Yes, ma'am.

TOPEKA: I will put in a word for your good behavior. *(Exits.)*

PRUNE GIRL: I don't believe we have met.

CHIHUAHUA MAN: I don't believe we have.

CHIHUAHUA MAN and PRUNE GIRL shake hands and as they do the lights flicker and there is a loud electronic zap.

PRUNE GIRL: Whoa!

CHIHUAHUA MAN: Wow!

PRUNE GIRL: Was that what I think it was?

CHIHUAHUA MAN: What do you think it was?

PRUNE GIRL: When your entire chemical makeup fits another person's entire chemical makeup and your brain biologies are in complete sync. They say you will feel an electric zap.

CHIHUAHUA MAN: Well, that did have a sort of zap like feel.

PRUNE GIRL: It did.

CHIHUAHUA MAN: That would be kind of amazing and remarkable.

PRUNE GIRL: It would. I didn't hear exactly, who you are?

CHIHUAHUA MAN: Well, to be honest about it, it's a little embarrassing.

PRUNE GIRL: Oh, I know that feeling.

CHIHUAHUA MAN: You do?

PRUNE GIRL: I do. You don't want to talk about it, huh?

CHIHUAHUA MAN: Not so much.

PRUNE GIRL: I'm in the same boat. But given the "zap" and all...

CHIHUAHUA MAN: I know.

PRUNE GIRL and CHIHUAHUA MAN: You go first. *(They both laugh.)*

PRUNE GIRL: Well, I guess I could go.

CHIHUAHUA MAN: It would be a straight up honor to be taken into your confidence.

PRUNE GIRL: Well, oh my, I am Prune Girl.

CHIHUAHUA MAN: *(Careful.)* Well, think of that.

PRUNE GIRL: And the way it works is, if I spell the word prune – which I am not going to spell – I immediately become a prune.

CHIHUAHUA MAN: A prune?

PRUNE GIRL: Yes.

CHIHUAHUA MAN: A smallish prune or a... biggish prune?

PRUNE GIRL: A one hundred and thirty-two pound prune.

CHIHUAHUA MAN: That is a sizable prune.

PRUNE GIRL: It's a big mother prune.

CHIHUAHUA MAN: Ummmmm... in what situations would that be... helpful?

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SUPERHEROES GO BANANAS
AT THE BEACH

By Jon Jory

SYNOPSIS: Becky is looking forward to her relaxing day at the beach with her bestie, Linda. Only, Linda is late and now there’s a weird guy with a purple cape talking to her. Suddenly aliens invade and it is up to the beach goers to save the world from the Gingdan alien invasion. Becky quickly learns that there’s more than one superhero at the beach.

CAST OF CHARACTERS
(8 females, 2 males, 1-2 either)

BECKY (f)		(114 lines)
MOM (f)		(39 lines)
SONIC YOUTH (m)		(73 lines)
LINDA (f)		(31 lines)
D.L. (m)		(26 lines)
GING PONG (m/f)		(10 lines)
GREKALACA (f)		(17 lines)
FOUR GINGDANS (f)		(10 lines)
SUPER FREIGHTER VOICE (m/f)		Offstage voice over sound system or pre-recorded. (2 lines)

DURATION: 30 minutes
SETTING: The Beach.
TIME: Present.

SUPERHEROES GO BANANAS AT THE BEACH

AT START: *BECKY lies on her beach towel sunning. She looks up. She sits up, still looking. She stands up.*

BECKY: No. No, no, no, no, no. All right that's not possible, I didn't see that. But that was weird, right? That was truly stupendously weird. I must have dropped off, had an immediate stupid dream and then woken up without remembering I'd fallen asleep, so I thought the dream was real... or something. Weird though. Enough Becky, forget it, okay? Let's get back to the serious business of sunbathing here. Except that, where are the other people on the beach, and where is Linda, and why are my nerves standing on tip-toe? Down Becky. Lie down, Becky... (*Lies down.*) Good Becky. All is well, Becky. You wanted a quiet day at the beach and a nice talk with your old friend, Linda, and here you are and Linda's only ten minutes late and, oh look, coming out of the trees there's a guy in a mask and a cape which looks a lot like the guy wearing a mask and a cape who I totally imagined I just saw fly down out of the sky which, of course, is totally irrational and slightly to the left of crazy and uh, and uh, oh goody, here he comes and here I am and nobody else is here and naturally I'm going to scream and here it comes, 3-2-1...

BECKY screams. SONIC YOUTH, in a purple cape and purple mask and a t-shirt and jeans and purple boots, enters and walks over to BECKY.

SONIC YOUTH: Hi. Are you all right?

BECKY: No, not exactly, I'm more in the "oh guess what, I've gone insane" sort of mood.

SONIC YOUTH: Well hey, that happens sometimes, right? Life kind of serves up a curve ball sometimes and you just have to ride it bareback.

BECKY: I have to ride a curve ball bareback?

SONIC YOUTH: Kind of hit you with a mixed metaphor, huh?

BECKY: Uh-huh.

SONIC YOUTH: (*Politely.*) And you are?

BECKY: I would be “Becky”. Becky Thurston. I live in Malibu and, ummmm, I’m a black belt and ummm, my dad is a kind of cranky SWAT team guy who would spend the rest of his life searching out, with murderous intent, any guy wearing a weird cape who uh, well you know, did me any substantial badness.

SONIC YOUTH: Sounds like a guy I would, well, pretty much like, maybe.

BECKY: Oh good. And what is your name?

SONIC YOUTH: I am Sonic Youth the superhero, not the eighties rock band.

BECKY: So, I would kind of call you Sonic for short?

SONIC YOUTH: That would be pretty okay, but my cover name is Jack Quick, so you could call me Jack if that appealed to you, or not, or whatever.

BECKY: Hi Jack, very pleased to meet you, more or less. Could I, could I ask you, ummm, something?

SONIC YOUTH: You could, Becky.

BECKY: Did you just fly down out of the sky and land on this beach?

SONIC YOUTH: I did, yes.

BECKY: No, I mean, did you really?

SONIC YOUTH: Really, really. Really, really, really.

BECKY: Huh. Really, really. Wow. Okay. But see, human beings, at least up to this point and with maybe a scientific bias... *(A pause then yelling.)* Don’t fly.

SONIC YOUTH: *(Finger to his lips.)* Shhhhhh.

BECKY: Don’t shush me. Human beings don’t fly.

SONIC YOUTH: Well, I’m not a human being.

Pause.

BECKY: Could I poke you with my finger?

SONIC YOUTH: You don’t think that’s a little rude?

BECKY: In a situation like this, Jack, does rudeness matter?

SONIC YOUTH: Do it.

BECKY pokes SONIC YOUTH.

BECKY: You’re flesh and blood.

SONIC YOUTH: Or a pretty good imitation. I think we're kind of wasting time examining the wrong part of our relationship.

BECKY: We have a relationship?

SONIC YOUTH: We do. The earth, Becky, is in imminent danger of having a trailer hitch attached to it by a hostile life form called the Gingdans from the Magellan galaxy who will tow the earth to an entirely new location, outside this particular universe where it will become a parking lot for their gigantic sports cars and the human race will become parking lot attendants.

BECKY bursts out laughing.

SONIC YOUTH: You find the complete repurposing of earth and the enslavement of its population funny?

BECKY: *(Still laughing.)* It's hilarious.

SONIC YOUTH: You are, maybe, a little strange, Becky.

BECKY: Sonic, I'm on spring vacation, do you know what spring vacation is?

SONIC YOUTH: My guide book says it's a mating ritual.

BECKY: No, it's not! Well, some of the time, but mainly it's just the Popsicle of freedom, a few minutes of a new flavor. Spring vacation is the absence of vanilla.

SONIC YOUTH: You are the answer.

BECKY: The answer to what?

SONIC YOUTH: To the earth being towed into endless darkness.

BECKY: Can I just say something?

SONIC YOUTH: Well, maybe something.

BECKY: There are no superheroes okay? That started with Superman in 1938 and he was a comic book. Superheroes are TV, they are film, they are games, and the one thing they are not is real. So, just for your information, you are not a superhero, you are simply mildly disturbed in a generally charming, all-purpose madness.

SONIC YOUTH: *(Pointing out over the audience.)* See the super freighter out there, Becky?

BECKY: That big, flat boat thing?

SONIC YOUTH: The big flat boat thing. Now I'm going to lay some sonic power on it.

SONIC YOUTH points dramatically. There is a strong electrical sound.

BECKY: That's not possible.

SONIC YOUTH: Are you sure?

BECKY: It's flying.

SONIC YOUTH: Uh-huh.

BECKY: Now it's spinning.

SONIC YOUTH: Uh-huh.

BECKY: Now it's doing somersaults.

SONIC YOUTH: Uh-huh.

SUPER FREIGHTER VOICE: *(Deep voice over the sound system.)*

How ya doin', Becky?

BECKY: Now it's talking to me.

SONIC YOUTH: The big flat boat-thing is talking to you?

BECKY: Yes. Excuse me, I have to faint now. *(Faints.)*

SONIC YOUTH: I'll put the big flat boat-thing down now.

SONIC YOUTH gestures.

SUPER FREIGHTER VOICE: *(Deep voice over the sound system.)*

Thank you, Sonic.

SONIC YOUTH: No prob. Hey Becky?

BECKY: Yes.

SONIC YOUTH: Are you conscious?

BECKY: Unfortunately yes.

LINDA, a girl BECKY'S age, enters in full swim gear carrying a beach towel.

SONIC YOUTH: Your friend Linda is here.

BECKY: Linda! *(Gets up.)* Thank heaven you're here. I was catching a few rays while I waited for you and a superhero showed up and did super freighter choreography and explained the Gingdons are going to tow the earth and we're all going to be a parking lot! I mean, it's the best spring vacation you could possibly imagine!

LINDA: I know all that.

BECKY: You do?

LINDA: Yes.

BECKY: How do you know?

LINDA: Because I'm a superhero.

BECKY: Come on! Cut me a break! I'm having an episode or something here! You're Linda, my friend from third grade. We played princesses together. We had pajama parties and ate s'mores locked in the bathroom. You are not a superhero!

LINDA: I am. I'm Stormweather the superhero.

D.L., a boy their age, enters.

LINDA: You remember D.L.?

BECKY: The boy who superglued us to our chairs in study hall?

D.L.: How you doin', Becky?

BECKY: You were king of the dorks.

D.L.: I was undercover. I'm actually Death Ray, but I'm also poisonous to the touch.

SONIC YOUTH and LINDA: Welcome Death Ray!

BECKY: You kissed me on the playground and I had strep for six weeks.

D.L.: I was already venomous.

MOM, a middle-aged woman, appears.

BECKY: Mom!!

MOM: Hello dear.

BECKY: *(Hugging her.)* Oh, thank goodness, my sweet little mom. I'm so glad you're here! I'm in the middle of a terrible dream and I need you to wake me up. *(Suddenly. Steps back.)* Wait a minute. Wait one minute. I'm in Florida for spring vacation and you're home in Deep Trouble, Montana and you won't fly on a plane, how did you get here?

MOM: I flew.

BECKY: You actually flew in a plane?

MOM: No dear, I just flew on my own, I'm a superhero.

BECKY: No!! Don't tell me you're a superhero, you can't be a superhero! You're my darling little mother who's afraid of humming birds and can't use a cellphone, what could possibly be your super power?

MOM: I can throw a pancake so hard it will sever the head of a bank robber fifteen hundred miles away.

BECKY: Sever their head?

MOM: Yes, dear, I have a collection down in the basement. *(Holds out a bowl.)* I brought you some cherry Jell-O with orange pieces in it.

BECKY: Dad's not a superhero is he?

MOM: He is dear, but he's busy saving Bolivia at the moment. Plus the poor man has a headache.

BECKY: How could I possibly not have known this?

MOM: You were always locked in your bedroom listening to alternative rock.

BECKY: But why didn't you tell me?

MOM: Superpowers are too big a responsibility for children, Becky. Think how confusing it would be for an eight year old to extend his arms for eight miles.

BECKY: But when would I have known?

MOM: On your eighteenth birthday, dear.

BECKY: This is my eighteenth birthday.

MOM: Bingo!

MOM, LINDA, SONIC YOUTH, and D.L.: Happy superpowers to you
Happy superpowers to you
Happy superpowers dear Becky
Happy superpowers to you

There is a pause, ALL SUPERHEROES look at BECKY expectantly and she looks at them expectantly.

BECKY: Well, who am I?

SONIC YOUTH: So Becky, when a superhero comes of age, we receive a highly secret letter from Superheroes International which has beautifully designed headquarters right on the Google campus.

BECKY: Superheroes belong to Google?

ALL SUPERHEROES laugh gaily.

SONIC YOUTH: Now that's a good one. *(To the assembled SUPERHEROES.)* Isn't that a good one?

ALL SUPERHEROES: That's a really good one!

SONIC YOUTH: No, Becky, you silly-billy, the headquarters are on the Google campus, but it's invisible. Google employees walk right through it all the time, but don't have a clue!

ALL SUPERHEROES laugh gaily.

BECKY: So they sent me a letter.

SONIC YOUTH: Actually, Becky, they sent me a letter. I'm your sponsor.

BECKY: I've never even seen you before.

SONIC YOUTH: Every son or daughter of a superhero family, will of course, become a superhero, unless – and this is not generally known, unless they have eaten asparagus or played lacrosse.

LINDA: Asparagus, yuck.

ALL SUPERHEROES: Yuck, yuck, yuck.

MOM: We never served asparagus, did we dear?

BECKY: But I'm a vegetarian.

SONIC YOUTH: Which is why I always had to be with you when you ate out.

BECKY: You were there?

SONIC YOUTH: Every time. Invisibility is only a subsidiary power, most of us have it. So, I'd create a little distraction wherever you were eating – like tripping the waiter or creating a broken water pipe right over your table.

BECKY: I remember that happening.

SONIC YOUTH: So, then I'd grab your asparagus and make it invisible.

BECKY: I always wondered where my asparagus went! (*A sudden memory.*)

SONIC YOUTH: Ce mois!

BECKY: But I went out for lacrosse in my sophomore year.

SONIC YOUTH: I hated breaking your ankle.

BECKY: How did you break my ankle?

SONIC YOUTH: With a hammer.

BECKY: You broke my ankle with a hammer?

SONIC YOUTH: I couldn't take any chances.

MOM: He just had to, Becky-boo.

BECKY: (*Punching SONIC YOUTH in the shoulder.*) I hate that!

SONIC YOUTH: Ow.

BECKY: People made fun of me walking around school in that cast.
(*Punches SONIC YOUTH again.*)

SONIC YOUTH: A superhero has got to do what a superhero has got to do.

BECKY: My whole high school career people thought I was a klutz.

LINDA: Well, you were kind of a charming nuthatch.

BECKY: You thought I was a nuthatch?

ALL SUPERHEROES: Definitely a nuthatch.

BECKY: That was psychologically damaging.

MOM: Superheroes don't have a psychology, dear.

BECKY: Now I don't have a psychology?

MOM: I know it's a little drawback.

BECKY: All humans have a psychology.

MOM: We're not humans, dear.

LINDA: (*Cheerfully.*) We do pretend to have a psychology, if that helps?

BECKY: No, Linda, it doesn't.

LINDA: There's no need to get all furioso.

BECKY punches LINDA'S shoulder.

LINDA: You do that one more time, I'll turn you into a South American tree frog.

MOM: We have analytical minds, dear. No matter how complex the problem, we figure out how to do good.

BECKY: Breaking my ankle with a hammer was doing good?

SONIC YOUTH: Oh absolutely, if you had played lacrosse you would have ended up checking chicken parts for mold on a factory line for minimum wage.

BECKY: (*Crazed.*) How did I get into this?

MOM: Just lucky, dear.

BECKY: Don't tell me I'm lucky!

D.L.: Hey, Beck-Beck, listen up girl, I sucked in high school, okay? Talk about hostile, I was very possibly the worst natured dude in the universe, did time in juvie, my one sport was car-jacking, heisted a cement truck and filled up the principal's office with wet cement while he stood out front welcoming students and when he came inside his office was a cement block. Like I was on the super highway to a life of crime. But then ka-wham! Ca-crash! Ga-boom! I find out I'm a superhero, a freaking good guy, and I can beat people up on behalf of the good? Cool.

MOM: Isn't he just sweet as pie?

BECKY: This is very confusing.

MOM: (*Patting her.*) Of course it is honey-bunny. To go from Facebook to saving the world takes a little getting used to.

BECKY: Oh! What's my superpower?

MOM: Well, you know what, we should just talk about that later, dear.

BECKY: Later? We can't talk about it later, I'm supposed to save the world or something.

SONIC YOUTH: I know, one minute you're just another high school student screwing up her life—making her parents miserable, running up credit card debt, falling in love with complete losers, getting accepted to a really good college where you'll run up a hundred and thirty thousand in student loans, being forced to drive a used Subaru and take harp lessons—and then ka-pow, you're the one who has to save the earth.

BECKY: You're depressing me.

SONIC YOUTH: Superheroes don't get depressed it's probably just sunstroke.

D.L.: Hey Sonic, how long have we got before she has to save the earth?

SONIC YOUTH: Ummmm... (*Checks his cellphone.*) Looks like, uh, I don't know, maybe five minutes.

D.L.: Cool beans, let's catch some rays.

ALL SUPERHEROES, except BECKY, ad lib stuff like, "Let's do it," "Terrific idea" or "Who's got the sunscreen?" and whip out their colorful beach towels and lay out.

BECKY: (*Confounded.*) What are you doing?

SONIC YOUTH: Superheroes don't get to the beach too often and all that flying chaps your underarms.

LINDA: Did anyone bring M & M's? The sugar high really helps when you're fighting aliens.

D.L.: You always have to be doing stuff, Linda. Do, do, do! Hey, let go, kick back and let the good times roll!

MOM: I brought chocolate chip cookies.

D.L.: Let's all sing a Beach Boys set.

SONIC YOUTH: Ow! There's something under my beach towel. I think it's the horn of a sand rhino poking up.

LINDA: (*Putting on lotion.*) How big do those sand rhinos get?

SONIC YOUTH: Maybe thirty, forty feet tall, weigh about fifteen thousand pounds. (*Slaps his beach towel.*) Down, big fella.

LINDA: I was on the beach once when Poseidon showed up.

D.L.: Who's Poseidon?

LINDA: He's the Greek god of the sea.

SONIC YOUTH: Those Greek gods give me a pain in the tookus.

D.L.: I thought they were mythical?

LINDA: Don't I wish. I'm sitting there and whack! Or I guess I should say, "Whoosh," this three hundred foot tall guy draped in these really unattractive fishnets and carrying a gigantic trident, just pops out of the water.

D.L.: What's a trident?

LINDA: Kind of a three pronged fork thingy.

D.L.: Oh yeah, I seen those.

LINDA: And what does he want? He wants to take me to the prom.

D.L.: Well, we're all hound dogs.

LINDA: And I fix him with my, you know, "don't mess with me" look.

And I say, "Okay Poseidon, first of all, you're dripping water all over me and I'm tanning. Secondly, this is your idea of a prom-posal? You just bust out of the water dressed in fishnets, smelling like a catfish after two days in the sun? You are hundreds of years older than me and you don't bring me roses, you don't bring me assorted truffles, you don't have a backup band or a film crew, you don't give me a puppy or show me around under the sea or give me a map to a shipwreck treasure or a life-size marzipan octopus, and I'm supposed to care? Take the next tide outta here, buddy!

SONIC YOUTH: How'd he take it?

LINDA: Not well. He puffs up like a giant puffer fish, lets loose your classical tsunami which throws me up in the air, blows me all the way to New York City and I end up hanging from the rail of the observation deck of the Empire State Building.

D.L.: Sounds like a tough situation.

LINDA: I ended up being rescued by this really good looking fireman who was getting a PhD in female empowerment, so I took him to the prom.

SONIC YOUTH: I remember that guy. He did a really funny impression of a smoke alarm having an allergy attack.

D.L.: *(Suddenly leaping up.)* Hold it, hold it. *(Sniffs the air.)* I smell aliens.

ALL get up.

LINDA: Definite aliens.

MOM: About two hundred miles to the west and closing.

BECKY: What do they smell like?

SONIC YOUTH: Gingdans.

LINDA: Definite Gingdans.

D.L.: Gingdans beyond a shadow of a doubt.

BECKY: The Gingdans?

MOM: I'm afraid so.

BECKY: The Gingdans who are going to tow away the earth?

SONIC YOUTH: Those are the Gingdans of whom we speak.

BECKY: *(Highly nervous.)* Oh boyoboyoboyoboyoboy – what do I do? I know nothing about Gingdans. I mean how do I do whatever I'm supposed to do, that by doing it I would do it and it would be done? Wait a minute, wait a minute, wait a minute, wait a minute, you never told me my superpower?

SONIC YOUTH: Sure I did.

BECKY: No, you didn't.

SONIC YOUTH: Well, your mom told you.

BECKY: Did you tell me, mom?

MOM: Linda told you, honey.

LINDA: I don't even know what they are.

D.L.: Maybe I told you.

BECKY: What did you tell me?

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