



**Sample Pages from
The Super Non-Heroes**

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THE SUPER NON- HEROES

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT BY
Taryn Temple



The Super Non-Heroes

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The Characters

7W 3M 12 Any Gender + Other Students and Evil Sidekicks

- PRINCIPAL BOOM / FIREHANDS:** Any gender. Has the unenviable job of keeping a school full of superheroes under control. Takes on the role of a supervillain to help students practice.
- REFLECTOR:** Female. She can reflect any weapon used against her back onto her enemy.
- SMELLINATOR:** Any gender. Imagines things into existence using her sense of smell. Unfortunately she doesn't have much control over her power yet.
- TOXIC SLUDGE:** Any gender. Big-hearted, simple and slow-moving. No one can touch them because of their nuclear skin.
- GOLDEN BOY:** Male. He has both beauty and strength, plus the ego to match. Strength and charm are his superpowers and he uses them to get what he wants.
- SIDEKICK:** Male. He has attached himself to Golden Boy because he believes he can never be anything more than a sidekick.
- BIG WHOOP:** Male. Golden Boy's buddy and hype man, he's a super bro.
- SILVER TONGUE:** Female. Her powerful compliments are mostly for Golden Boy.
- MRS. TEACHER:** Female. An elderly educator who sometimes unwittingly falls victim to her students' powers.
- CACOPHONY:** Any gender. The voice of the school. Reads the daily announcements with flair.
- THE SHIELD:** Any gender. Has the power to protect those around him.
- WET BLANKET:** Any gender. The pessimist of the group. Always sees the negative side, but ultimately has a very useful power.
- SNEEZY MAGEE:** Any gender. His sneezes could move mountains but they are out of his control.
- GUILTY PLEASURE:** Female. Uses bribery to get what she wants by convincing people to indulge in their guilty pleasures.
- COMMANDER CHIPMUNK:** Any gender. A hero with super chipmunk powers.
- EMBER:** Female. She's the only superhero hot enough for Golden Boy.
- HOT MESS:** Female. She's a super hot mess.
- THE POET:** Female. Speaks in rhyme and commands lightning bolts to sizzle her enemies.
- SNAGGLETOOTH:** Any gender. Blinds his enemies by thumping all over them when he talks.
- HYSTERIA:** Any gender. Can cause mass chaos to disorient her enemies, but since she hasn't learned self-control, she mostly just causes a ruckus among her fellow students.
- CHARLIE:** Any gender. The only non-super attendee of the superhero school.
- THE VILLAIN:** Any gender. A non-super villain bent on revenge.

OTHER STUDENTS: Any gender. Other super students in the school.
They fawn over Golden Boy

EVIL SIDEKICKS: Any gender. Adore The Villain. They want to help
The Villain however they can.

A Note About Gender

Several characters are identified as “Any Gender” in the character list, but are referred to as a specific gender in the play for ease of description. If you change the gender of a character, you may change pronouns and other references in the script as needed.

Characters identified as “male or female” in the character list have more defined gender roles. However, if your cast and audience are open to varied gender pairings, you may adjust their genders accordingly. The only exception is Golden Boy.

Double Casting / Adding Extra Parts

If you are attentive to entrances and exits you can double-cast several roles in this play. For example, EMBER and THE POET were played by the same person by redistributing a few lines and adding extra exits for costume changes. See the original cast list for an idea of which roles can be double cast.

You can also combine and/or eliminate some of the smaller roles. For example, SILVER TONGUE and HYSTERIA did not exist in the original production. Their lines were taken by other characters. If you have a large cast, you may redistribute lines or add lines for other super students as long as they stay true to the spirit of the play.

Time

The present

Place

A school for superheroes

The Set

The play takes place in different locations in and around a super school. The set may be simple with a few tables and chairs, or more elaborate.

Changes

See the Competition Version of this script for a shorter run time. Any cultural references may be adapted to suit the time in which the play is being performed.

The Super Non-Heroes was first performed at Topeka Civic Theatre & Academy under the name *The Non-Super Hero* on July 8, 2016. The cast was as follows:

Emily Bearse: Charlie
Colton Cattoor: Cacophony, Sneezy Magee
Kiefer Halepeska: Sidekick
KayLynn Hall: Guilty Pleasure, Evil Sidekick
Sophia Harrison: Hot Mess, The Villain
Zoey Haugsness: Reflector
Aidan Kent: Toxic Sludge
Bry'Auna Mitchell: Ember, The Poet
Aaron Orozco: Chief Chipmunk, Snaggletooth
Griffin Ramos: Big Whoop
Finn Reilly: Smellinator
Thomas Schmidt: Golden Boy
Jordan Thompson: Wet Blanket, Mrs. Teacher
Tyler Tiede: The Shield

Taryn Temple: Director
Morgan Shipman: Assistant Director
Abby Price: Choreographer
Brenda Blackman: Lighting Design
Kerstin Schmitt: Lights
Jamie Ramos, Ethan Pettit: Spotlights
JC Rodriguez: Sound
Morgan Hottman: Crew

The stage is dark as dramatic music starts to play. Suddenly a spotlight comes up on FIREHANDS. She is standing on the edge of the stage in a dramatic pose, laughing evilly. REFLECTOR is “hanging” off the front of the stage as if hanging from a tall building.

FIREHANDS: You thought you had defeated me, Reflector, but you were wrong! I had one last trick up my sleeve. And unfortunately for you, Reflector, it's impossible for you to reflect my powers back at me while you are clinging to life with the tips of your fingers.

She leans down and cruelly taps each finger on one of REFLECTOR's hands. REFLECTOR reacts with hisses and screeches in pain, letting go of the stage with that hand and turning her body so her face is out toward the audience.

FIREHANDS: And after you're gone I will burn this city to the ground!

She lifts her fiery gloves into the air and cackles.

REFLECTOR: (*struggling to hang on*) Firehands, you coward! I'll get you yet!

FIREHANDS: I highly doubt that. You see, in this situation I hold all the power in my giant, fiery hands.

REFLECTOR: That's where you are wrong!

FIREHANDS: What do you mean?

REFLECTOR: You think I'm like you, don't you? That I work alone? Well, we have a surprise for you!

FIREHANDS: We?

REFLECTOR: Get her, supers! Now!

FIREHANDS: Who's we? (*She looks around curiously. Nothing happens.*)

REFLECTOR: (*Waits a beat. Louder.*) I said, get her, supers! Now!

FIREHANDS: Am I missing something? Is something supposed to be happening? (*She looks around again. Still nothing happens.*)

REFLECTOR: Oh for Pete's sake! I said, GET HER, SUPERS!!
NOOOOOW!

SMELLINATOR: *(running in from the back of the auditorium)* We're coming! We're coming! So sorry, Reflector! We couldn't hear you over Golden Boy's bragging.

GOLDEN BOY: *(running in after SMELLINATOR, trying to pass)* Hey, stay behind me! I'm supposed to go first!

SIDEKICK: *(chasing GOLDEN BOY)* Golden Boy, wait for me!

TOXIC SLUDGE: *(yelling and lumbering toward the stage)* Sludge help!

FIREHANDS: *(striking a defensive pose)* Who are these weaklings?

Lights come up enough so the audience can see what is happening, but low enough to indicate the characters are fighting in the evening.

SMELLINATOR: *(climbing up on stage a careful distance from FIREHANDS)* We're here! We'll save you, Reflector!

GOLDEN BOY climbs up on the stage and pushes past SMELLINATOR to face off against FIREHANDS.

SMELLINATOR: Ouch! Golden Boy!

GOLDEN BOY: *(facing FIREHANDS, striking a pose)* Just who are you calling a weakling?

SIDEKICK: *(struggles to get himself up onstage)* Yeah! *(unable to get up onstage)* Uh, can I get a little help here? Golden Boy? Some help, please?

TOXIC SLUDGE: Sidekick need help? *(lumpers toward SIDEKICK)*

SIDEKICK: No! Not you, Toxic Sludge!

TOXIC SLUDGE: Okay.

TOXIC SLUDGE shrugs and starts to climb up on stage. It takes a while. Meanwhile, REFLECTOR is still hanging off the front of the stage.

REFLECTOR: Anybody planning to help me?

GOLDEN BOY: In a minute!

SMELLINATOR: We're supposed to help Reflector first.

GOLDEN BOY: I'm going take down this bad guy first, if you all don't mind.

GOLDEN BOY and FIREHANDS prepare to do battle.

SMELLINATOR: But that's not how we're supposed to do it, Golden Boy! Follow the protocol! Save our fellow super first!

GOLDEN BOY: Protocol is for losers.

SIDEKICK: (*finally making it up onstage*) Um, Gold, I think Smellinator might be right.

GOLDEN BOY: Shut your trap. Whose sidekick are you, anyway?

SIDEKICK: Yours.

GOLDEN BOY: Exactly. Now stand back and watch how it's done.

GOLDEN BOY lets out a battle cry and runs toward FIREHANDS just as TOXIC SLUDGE trudges in front of him to help REFLECTOR. This forces GOLDEN BOY to dodge dramatically, throwing himself to the ground and rolling away to avoid colliding with TOXIC SLUDGE.

GOLDEN BOY: Ahhhh, Sludge! You idiot!

REFLECTOR: Sludge, behind you!

TOXIC SLUDGE turns around, confused, and sees FIREHANDS approaching, hands posed to strike.

SMELLINATOR: (*yelling*) Get her, Toxic Sludge!

TOXIC SLUDGE starts lumbering toward FIREHANDS.

FIREHANDS: Toxic sludge? So that's what you are made of. Well toxic sludge won't damage these hands! (*FIREHANDS starts to tickle TOXIC SLUDGE*) Tickle tickle tickle, little sludgy poo!

TOXIC SLUDGE begins to giggle until they fall on the ground laughing hysterically.

REFLECTOR: Smellinator, help Toxic Sludge! Smell something into existence that can put out Firehands' hands!

SMELLINATOR: Oh, right! Umm... (*Closes eyes, sniffs deeply, and begins drawing in the air. FIREHANDS stops tickling TOXIC SLUDGE and watches intently.*) I smell... I smell... fresh mountain streams and rushing waterfalls and big lakes and... WATER!

A papier-mâché rock flies out onstage.

SIDEKICK: A rock?! Really? How is that supposed to help?

SMELLINATOR: Darn it, not again!

SIDEKICK: Wait, maybe I can throw this rock at the villain! (*tries to lift the rock but can't*) Uuugh. Urrrrrr. MMffffpphhh.

GOLDEN BOY: (*standing up and glaring at FIREHANDS*) Stop it, everyone! I will save the day. Watch this. Aaaaaah!

GOLDEN BOY yells a heroic yell and charges at FIREHANDS at full speed. FIREHANDS easily dodges him, and his momentum carries him completely across the stage or even offstage.

FIREHANDS: This is pathetic. Is that all you've got?

SIDEKICK: (*collapses, exhausted from trying to pick up the rock*) Yeah. Pretty much.

FIREHANDS: Then it's time for this little lady to diiiiieeeee!

FIREHANDS grabs REFLECTOR's hand and "throws" her away from the stage. REFLECTOR screams as if she's dramatically falling several stories until she hits the ground with a final noise.

FIREHANDS: And now I will burn this city to the ground!

FIREHANDS gives an evil laugh and strikes a dramatic pose with her fire hands raised high. Then she sighs and drops her pose as the music stops and the lights come up full. As she says the next several lines, FIREHANDS removes her fiery gloves and eye mask and hands them to MRS. TEACHER, who enters and gives her a suit jacket to put on. FIREHANDS is, in fact, PRINCIPAL BOOM. Several STUDENTS [not including THE SHIELD and WET BLANKET] step forward and enter the scene as if they have been watching from the wings the whole time. The STUDENTS have backpacks and textbooks. They are holding notebooks and pencils as if they've been taking notes. REFLECTOR picks herself up off the ground and climbs onstage to join her group as they gather nervously in front of PRINCIPAL BOOM.

PRINCIPAL BOOM: That was complete chaos! I've never seen a more disorganized rescue! I expected more from all of you.

GOLDEN BOY: (*strikes his charming pose [optional sound effect]*) But Principal Boom, I'm sure you could tell that it was all their fault. I told them exactly what to do while we were waiting out in the hallway, but they didn't stick to the plan.

SMELLINATOR: No he didn't, Principal Boom! Golden Boy didn't say a word to us beforehand! He was too busy flirting with Ember on her way to the bathroom.

EMBER gives a cute wave and blows a kiss to GOLDEN BOY, which he ignores, to her dismay.

GOLDEN BOY: It's not like I need these losers to save the day. They ruined everything. I would have done better without them.

SMELLINATOR: Hey!

PRINCIPAL BOOM: From what I've seen today none of you have earned a passing grade.

GOLDEN BOY: *(strikes his charming pose [optional sound effect])* Not even moi?

PRINCIPAL BOOM: No. And don't try to use your powers on me, Gold. It's against the rules and you know it. *(GOLDEN BOY drops his pose as PRINCIPAL BOOM turns to the rest of the STUDENTS)* I hope the rest of you will be more prepared when it's your turn. *(the other STUDENTS nod and put their notebooks and pencils in their backpacks as the super school bell rings)* Mrs. Teacher, I'll come back tomorrow to work with another group but right now I'd better go. Cacophony cannot be trusted to do the announcements alone.

PRINCIPAL BOOM exits as the STUDENTS cluster in groups and pantomime gossiping.

BIG WHOOP: *(to SILVER TONGUE)* Duuuude, I did not expect Gold to crash that hard.

SILVER TONGUE: I know! He's usually the best. But even when Golden Boy is bad he's still the best, you know? Do you think there's still a chance he'd go to the dance with me tonight?

BIG WHOOP sighs and walks away as SILVER TONGUE gazes adoringly at GOLDEN BOY.

MRS. TEACHER: Oh dear, I had hoped you all would do a little better today.

GOLDEN BOY: *(saunters over to MRS. TEACHER and strikes his charming pose [optional sound effect])* Mrs. Teacher, you saw everything. You know it's not my fault. You have to get Principal Boom to reconsider.

MRS. TEACHER: (*charmed*) Oooohh, you're such a sweet boy. She must have gotten it wrong somehow. I'll go talk to her right away.
(*exits*)

GOLDEN BOY: (*to SMELLINATOR and TOXIC SLUDGE*) You can bet my father is going to hear about this!

REFLECTOR: Hear about what? That you couldn't defeat a fake supervillain?

GOLDEN BOY: No, that there are some complete frauds at this school. (*to SMELLINATOR and TOXIC SLUDGE*) You all shouldn't even be here.

REFLECTOR: That's not true!

SIDEKICK: Why are you defending Smellinator? You "fell to your death" because of her!

REFLECTOR: I fell to my death because Gold didn't follow protocol!

GOLDEN BOY: (*strikes his charming pose [optional sound effect]*) Me? Not follow protocol? That's ridiculous. Your safety was my top priority the entire time. (*turns it up a notch*) In fact, I bet if you pleaded my case to Principal Boom she would change my grade in a heartbeat.

REFLECTOR: (*not affected by his charm in the slightest*) Save it, Gold, your charm won't work on me. I know what you're really like. And I know whose fault this is.

GOLDEN BOY: (*drops the act*) Whatever. If Mrs. Teacher can't get Principal Boom to change my grade, I'm talking to my father. And then we'll see what grade I get. Come on, Sidekick, let's go. We don't want our powers weakened by being around these losers.

GOLDEN BOY walks away. SIDEKICK hesitates, glancing at REFLECTOR, who gives him a long look. After a moment of consideration, SIDEKICK scampers after GOLDEN BOY and they sit together on the other side of the stage. REFLECTOR sighs and looks disappointed.

SMELLINATOR: He's right, you know.

REFLECTOR: (*turning to her friend*) What? Don't listen to him!

SMELLINATOR: I can't control my powers. I'm less than worthless.

REFLECTOR: But that's why you're at school! To learn how to use them!

SMELLINATOR: I'm never going to get it.

TOXIC SLUDGE: Smellinator need hug?

SMELLINATOR: No! No hugs! No thanks, Sludge.

REFLECTOR: Don't let Gold get to you. Soon you'll learn to control your powers and then you'll show him. I'll be back in a minute. I need to turn in my fight sound effects to Mr. Pow before second hour. Check this out! (*dramatically punches and kicks with each sound*) Pow! Blam! Whamo! Screeetch! Kablooeey!

TOXIC SLUDGE: Wow. Sludge impressed.

REFLECTOR: Thanks, Sludge! (*exits*)

SMELLINATOR: Oh crud, I completely forgot to do my Villains 101 homework! (*sits down and starts scribbling frantically*)

TOXIC SLUDGE: Sludge did homework.

SMELLINATOR: Well whoop-dee-doo for you!

A spotlight goes up on CACOPHONY standing on one side of the stage holding a microphone or an intercom. PRINCIPAL BOOM is standing nearby, watching closely. CACOPHONY begins reading the daily announcements. The STUDENTS onstage are on a break between classes. Some enter and exit. The STUDENTS pantomime looking through backpacks, copying homework, eating snacks, gossiping, etc. They also listen and react to the following announcements.

CACOPHONY: Good morning, super students! This is Cacophony with your super daily announcements. Mr. Smasher would like to remind everyone in his third hour class to wear old clothing appropriate for crashing through walls. So I guess poor Golden Boy will actually have to wear an outfit for the second time. (*chuckles with the optional sound of a rim-shot as GOLDEN BOY reacts*) The meeting of the Dynamite and Explosives club after school today has been moved from the library to the farthest corner of the school grounds for obvious reasons. And to conclude these announcements I'd just like to say that Tiger Fire is by far the coolest cat in this school. If you don't agree then you're a super duper fool.

PRINCIPAL BOOM: (*taking a step closer*) Cacophony, what are you doing?

CACOPHONY: So Tiger Fire, if you can hear the sound of my voice right now I have a question for you. Would you like to go to the dance with me tonight?

PRINCIPAL BOOM: (*stepping right up*) Cacophony, cut that out! I warned you about using student announcements for personal business.

CACOPHONY: (*aside*) Sorry Principal Boom. (*back to the intercom*) Just kidding, what I meant to say was, goooooooo, Supers! And as always, have a super day, everybody!

THE SHIELD: (*entering with WET BLANKET and SNEEZY MAGEE*) Hey everyone. How was first hour? You did a villain simulation with Principal Boom, right?

SMELLINATOR: Terrible. Golden Boy completely messed up and then blamed everything on us.

WET BLANKET: You mean you successfully smelled something into existence today?

SMELLINATOR: Well, no, I didn't.

WET BLANKET: I didn't think so.

SMELLINATOR: It was water! How was I supposed to smell water into existence?? It doesn't smell like anything! Anyway, Golden Boy messed up just as much as we did and he still blamed everything on us!

WET BLANKET: Sounds like a normal day.

TOXIC SLUDGE: (*worried*) Sludge mess up?

SMELLINATOR: No, Sludge, you were great. Hey, Shield, did you get your homework done for Villains 101 class?

THE SHIELD: Yeah, I did.

SMELLINATOR: Lend it to me? Pleeeeease? I can't get afford another F in that class!

WET BLANKET: Smellinator, don't copy. If you get caught cheating, you could be expelled. You don't want to get sent to villain school instead, do you?

SMELLINATOR: Wet Blanket, don't be such a... wet blanket. Will somebody just let me copy their homework already?

SNEEZY MAGEE: (*searching through backpack*) Has anyone seen my inhaler?

TOXIC SLUDGE: (*offering SMELLINATOR a paper covered with toxic waste*) Here. Sludge have homework.

SMELLINATOR: Oh, thanks, Toxic Sludge, but I think I'll just take the F. I'd like to keep my radiation levels below deadly today.

TOXIC SLUDGE: (*sad*) Sorry.

SMELLINATOR: No, no, I'm sorry, Sludge. I'm just stressed out.

SNEEZY MAGEE: Does anyone have any extra tissues?

SMELLINATOR: I'm stressed out and I'm hungry. I skipped breakfast today.

TOXIC SLUDGE: Sludge always hungry.

THE SHIELD: Yeah, I'm hungry, too. (*to SMELLINATOR*) Why don't you sniff us up a snack?

WET BLANKET: Don't ask her to do that. She's going to mess it up.

SMELLINATOR: No, I can do this. I've been practicing.

WET BLANKET: And getting it wrong every time.

SMELLINATOR: Shh! I need to concentrate. (*closes eyes, sniffs deeply, and begins drawing in the air*) All right, I'm smelling... I'm smelling... syrup and pancakes and bacon sizzling on the griddle.

She waves her hands about and then freezes. A shower of plastic fruit flies in from offstage. SMELLINATOR opens her eyes expectantly, sees all the fruit, and lets out a wail.

SMELLINATOR: Not again! I'm never going to pass my competency exam!

WET BLANKET: Told you so.

THE SHIELD: (*picking up a piece of fruit*) I think she's improving. It's at least food this time.

TOXIC SLUDGE: Mmmm, apple. (*picks it up and takes a "bite"*)

SNEEZY MAGEE: Is that an apple? I'm allergic to apples! If I'm even within five feet of one I... I... Ah... ah... ah...

THE SHIELD: Hit the deck, everyone! Sneezy Magee's about to blow!

THE SHIELD and WET BLANKET use their bodies to shield their friends. Everybody else ducks for cover.

SNEEZY MAGEE: Ah... AH... AH-CHOO!

SNEEZY MAGEE sneezes and everyone onstage acts like there's been a small earthquake. When it's over, everyone grumbles in SNEEZY's direction.

GOLDEN BOY: Sneezy, cut it out! I'm right in the middle of combing my hair!

WET BLANKET and REFLECTOR pick up fruit and start "eating" while SMELLINATOR does homework.

GUILTY PLEASURE: Hey, Commander Chipmunk, what's up? (*COMMANDER CHIPMUNK turns to look at her and cocks her head like a chipmunk. She looks suspicious.*) It's me, Guilty Pleasure. I know we haven't talked in a while; I've been binge watching Grey's Anatomy [or change to a more timely cultural reference]. But today I was digging through my backpack and I happened to find this giant bag of yummy macadamia nuts. (*she pulls them out and COMMANDER CHIPMUNK squeaks and chatters excitedly*) Don't they look scrumptious? I'm going to give them to someone who can help out my friend Ember over there. (*EMBER waves*) You see, she keeps setting her pencils and books on fire so she can't do her homework. If I could just find someone to help her out, I'd give them this enormous bag of mouthwatering macadamia nuts as a thank you. (*she holds the bag aloft and COMMANDER CHIPMUNK reaches excitedly for it*) Oh, Commander, you're volunteering to help Ember with her homework? That's super nice! (*COMMANDER CHIPMUNK looks confused, that is not what she intended*) Here's Ember's pencils and books. Just write five pages on the history of super and non-super human relations during the 17th century. I'll hook you up with these delectable macadamia nuts when you're all done.

GUILTY PLEASURE saunters away toward EMBER, swinging the bag of macadamia nuts enticingly at COMMANDER CHIPMUNK. COMMANDER CHIPMUNK squeaks angrily to herself, but after a longing glance at the bag of macadamia nuts, she sighs and starts scribbling. GUILTY PLEASURE and EMBER

do a cool “high five” routine without actually touching each other because EMBER is so hot.

EMBER: That was so hot.

GUILTY PLEASURE: Easier than taking candy from a baby.

HOT MESS and SILVER TONGUE get up the courage to approach GOLDEN BOY.

HOT MESS: Hi, Golden Boy. Wow... you're so good looking.

SILVER TONGUE: Ooooo, Golden Boy, love your new outfit. And is that a new hairstyle? You look sooooo good today!

GOLDEN BOY: Owww, ouch, my ears are bleeding. Is someone talking or are there giant mosquitoes whining in my ear?

He laughs at his own joke as HOT MESS and SILVER TONGUE swoon—GOLDEN BOY is talking about them!

SIDEKICK: Good one! Or maybe a blender is having a fight with a garbage disposal!

HOT MESS and SILVER TONGUE are offended. They march off, glaring at SIDEKICK as he laughs at his joke.

GOLDEN BOY: Sidekick, what have I told you about telling jokes? I'm the hero, you're the sidekick. I tell jokes, you laugh supportively.

SIDEKICK: (*apologetic*) I know, Gold, I know.

GOLDEN BOY: We've been over this a million times. If you want to remain my sidekick you're going to have to get it right.

SIDEKICK: Sorry, Gold. I won't do it again.

GOLDEN BOY: You'd better not. It's enough of a burden to be so good-looking and strong. I need to save my energy for supervillains. I can't constantly be fighting my sidekick for attention. (*BIG WHOOP wanders over*) Big Whoop! (*they greet with cool handshakes and whatnot*) What's up, Whoop-man?

BIG WHOOP: Not much, Gold.

SIDEKICK: Yeah, what's up, Whoop-man?

SIDEKICK tries to do the cool handshake with BIG WHOOP and fails completely.

GOLDEN BOY: Did you see that fiasco first hour?

BIG WHOOP: Yeah, man. Tough luck being put in a group with those clowns.

GOLDEN BOY: Tell me about it.

BIG WHOOP: But that's all in the past, man. It's time to think about the future.

GOLDEN BOY: What do you mean?

BIG WHOOP: The dance tonight. I hear you're going with Ember?

GOLDEN BOY: Yep.

BIG WHOOP: That's fire! [or change to more current slang]

GOLDEN BOY: You're in luck, though. I hear Hot Mess still needs a date...

He points at HOT MESS, who is chewing on her own foot or doing extreme yoga poses or some other odd action. She notices the boys looking at her and tries to impress them somehow but fails utterly.

BIG WHOOP: (turning away from HOT MESS) Nope! No way! Never happening.

GOLDEN BOY: That's why I asked Ember last week. Not that she would have said no even if she had another date...

BIG WHOOP: Like she'd turn down my boy Gold here.

GOLDEN BOY: But why go to all the trouble of pounding another superhero into the ground over a silly school dance again?

BIG WHOOP: I forgot you did that! Poor Second Fiddle. It's a good thing he never tattled on you or you could have been expelled.

GOLDEN BOY: Me? Expelled?

SIDEKICK: Him? Expelled?

GOLDEN BOY: And over Second Fiddle? Ha! You forget who I am. And who my father is. He gives a lot of money to this school. They wouldn't dare throw me out.

BIG WHOOP: True, true.

GOLDEN BOY: (strikes his charming pose [optional sound effect]) Hey, Big Whoop, why don't you treat us all to dinner before the dance?

BIG WHOOP: (*eagerly*) Yeah, sure, I can do that!

SIDEKICK: But didn't he treat us last week? And the week before that?

GOLDEN BOY: Shut your mouth, Sidekick. (*to BIG WHOOP*) Hey, get this, poor Sidekick here doesn't have a date to the dance yet either.

SIDEKICK: Not yet. But I will. (*sees REFLECTOR enter*) In fact, I'll get myself a date right now. (*takes a few steps toward REFLECTOR*)

GOLDEN BOY: Ugh, really. Her? (*SIDEKICK stops, awaiting his approval*) Fine. Whatever.

SIDEKICK: (*approaches REFLECTOR with an exaggerated swagger*) What's up, Reflector.

REFLECTOR: Hi, Sidekick.

SIDEKICK: Look at you trying not to swoon. When are you going to drop the act and admit you have a thing for me?

REFLECTOR: When you stand up for yourself and stop following Gold around like a pathetic homeless puppy.

SIDEKICK: (*dropping the act, surprised*) Wait, you're saying you really do have a thing for me?

REFLECTOR: I'm not saying I don't.

SIDEKICK: So... do you want to go to the dance with me?

REFLECTOR: I'm sorry but I could never go to a dance with someone who spends every minute of his life in the presence of that buffoon.

SIDEKICK: (*lowering his voice so GOLDEN BOY doesn't hear him*) But what am I supposed to do? My powers aren't very strong. Who else can I be but a sidekick?

REFLECTOR: It's time to take a good, hard look at yourself. You chose the nickname "Sidekick." If you think that's all you're worth, I'm not going to argue with you. But you're going to have to find another date to the dance.

REFLECTOR turns on her heel and walks away, leaving SIDEKICK with his mouth gaping open. GOLDEN BOY and BIG WHOOP notice and start laughing at SIDEKICK.

BIG WHOOP: No dice, huh?

GOLDEN BOY: Rejected. I can't say I'm surprised. Who would say yes to Sidekick when they're in the presence of someone like moi?

THE POET: *(walks up to GOLDEN BOY and gazes at him)*

A boy of gold, here you stand,
How I wish to hold your hand.
The rest of life would be divine
If I could hold your hand in mine. *(grabs his hand)*

GOLDEN BOY: Wait, who is this? Why have I never seen her before?
And why is she holding my hand?

SIDEKICK: This is The Poet. She's somewhat of a recluse.

GOLDEN BOY: The Poet? Poetry? How lame. That's not even a superpower.

SIDEKICK: They do say the pen is mightier than the sword.

GOLDEN BOY: All right then, oh mighty Poet, how about we see if that's really true? *(moves into a fighting stance)* Do you really think you could beat someone like me?

Offended, THE POET dramatically raises her arms to the sky and with huge gestures summons lightning.

THE POET: You I shall smite
With a flash long and bright,
On the head of this clown
Let lightning rain down!

There is a flash of light and a crash of thunder during which GOLDEN BOY falls to the floor. The lights return to normal as THE POET glares at GOLDEN BOY. BIG WHOOP collapses into laughter.

GOLDEN BOY: Wha... what just happened?

SIDEKICK: *(rushing to help GOLDEN BOY up)* Oh, yeah, I forgot to tell you that The Poet can also command lightning strikes.

GOLDEN BOY: *(getting up off the ground and dusting himself off, begrudgingly)* Impressive.

The POET immediately stops glaring and swoons at GOLDEN BOY's compliment.

BIG WHOOP: *(laughing)* Duuude, that chick owned you.

GOLDEN BOY: Shut up.

SNAGGLETOOTH: (*running onstage*) Guyth, guyth, I have thome newth! (*running up to GOLDEN BOY*) Gold, lithten to thith!

GOLDEN BOY: Snaggletooth, you're blinding me with your spit.

SNAGGLETOOTH: Thorry, but I have newth!

GOLDEN BOY: Okay, if you quit spitting all over me you can tell me.

SIDEKICK: Yeah, quit "thpitting."

SNAGGLETOOTH: But it'th important.

*The other STUDENTS have noticed
SNAGGLETOOTH's dramatic entrance and move
closer to eavesdrop.*

GOLDEN BOY: What could "pothibly" be "thith" important?

SNAGGLETOOTH: We're getting a new thudent today!

The STUDENTS react with curiosity.

GOLDEN BOY: So what's it to me? Happens all the time. And not once has the new student been stronger or more handsome than me.
(*many STUDENTS agree*)

SIDEKICK: Exactly.

SNAGGLETOOTH: That'th jutht it. The thudent ithn't anything.

GOLDEN BOY: What? What do you mean? (*the other STUDENTS edge closer, listening intently*)

SNAGGLETOOTH: They have no thuperpowerth of any kind.

The other STUDENTS are appalled.

HYSTERIA: What?? No superpowers?! (*The STUDENTS near her are hysterically appalled, too*)

GOLDEN BOY: No superpowers? At all? And they're coming to school here with us? How is that possible?

BIG WHOOP: Oh man, I heard a rumor about this but I didn't think it was real.

GOLDEN BOY: What are you talking about?

BIG WHOOP: It's some sort of inclusion thing. Our school has to be accessible to everyone regardless of their super status or something dumb like that.

HYSTERIA: Oh no! We're all going to die! (*the STUDENTS near her agree hysterically*)

SNAGGLETOOTH: It's a big rithk. Thith perthon could learn our real nameth, reveal our identitieth, and put uth in danger.

GOLDEN BOY: How is this happening? You better believe I'll be talking to my father about this. Regular people coming to school with us superheroes... that's ridiculous!

CHARLIE enters. Everyone slowly turns to look at her. There is an awkward silence as everyone stares. CHARLIE doesn't know what to do. After a beat she walks up to GOLDEN BOY.

CHARLIE: Excuse me, could you help me find a class. It's called Villains 101.

GOLDEN BOY: Are you talking to me?

CHARLIE: Yeah, I'm just wondering if you could help me find Villains 101 taught by a Mrs. Teacher. Do you know where it is?

GOLDEN BOY: You're talking to me?

CHARLIE: Well, I... I thought... yes. Yes, I'm talking to you.

GOLDEN BOY: How dare you talk to me? Do you know who I am?

CHARLIE: No, I don't, but I was just hoping you could help me find—

GOLDEN BOY: (*interrupting*) I'm Golden Boy. I'm the strongest and the best-looking superhero at this school. Ask anyone.

SIDEKICK: He is.

GIRLS: (*swooning*) He really is!

CHARLIE: All I'm asking is if you could help me—

GOLDEN BOY: (*interrupting*) Look, new kid, here are a few school rules. First, don't talk to me. Second, don't breathe my air. Third, stay out of my way. (*pushes past CHARLIE and exits*)

BIG WHOOP: (*walks up to CHARLIE and looks her up and down*) Who are you, shrimp?

CHARLIE: Umm, I'm Charlie?

BIG WHOOP: Charlie? Is that your real name or something?

CHARLIE: Well, no, Charlie's short for Charlotte [or Charles].

BIG WHOOP: And that's your real name?

CHARLIE: Um, yes.

BIG WHOOP: No alias? No super nickname? Just Charlie?

CHARLIE: Yeah.

BIG WHOOP: And what powers do you have?

CHARLIE: I don't have any powers, I'm just here because my mom moved here from—

BIG WHOOP: (*interrupting*) That's what I thought. See, here's the thing, shrimp. You don't belong here. You won't be able to do the classwork, you can't play any sports, and no clubs will let you in. They should never have let you come to this school. I bet you won't even last a week. (*pushes past CHARLIE and exits*)

CHARLIE doesn't know what to do. She looks around but everyone averts their gaze. CHARLIE is totally, utterly alone. The super school bell rings. The STUDENTS collect their belongings and start to exit. CHARLIE tries to catch a few of them on their way out but everyone ignores her.

CHARLIE: Excuse me, could you help me? I'm trying to find Villains 101. (*she is ignored and tries someone else*) Hello? Do you know where I can find Room 207? (*she is ignored and tries someone else*) If you could just tell me where Mrs. Teacher's room is... (*She is ignored. Everyone is gone.*) Well, that's just great. This is going to be the worst year ever. (*she shoulders her backpack and exits*)

Blackout. A light comes up on CACOPHONY on one side of the stage holding a microphone or an intercom.

CACOPHONY: Attention, students, could I have your attention please? Could the owner of an invisible mini-jet please come to the office? We would read the license plate number but we can't see it. Anyway, please report to the office. Your lights are on. And as always, have a super day, everybody!

Lights come up on a classroom. STUDENTS are filing in, setting up chairs, finding their places, etc. TOXIC SLUDGE enters and stands by the teacher's desk, admiring her ray gun. SILVER TONGUE, HOT MESS, THE POET, GUILTY PLEASURE and EMBER all cluster around GOLDEN BOY, competing for his attention.

SILVER TONGUE: Golden Boy, how it is possible that you look even better than before?

GOLDEN BOY: (*flashing her a smile and a wink*) I guess anything's possible.

SILVER TONGUE swoons and nearly faints. SIDEKICK catches her.

HOT MESS: Gold, Gold, please sit by me!

GOLDEN BOY: (*disgusted*) No thank you.

THE POET: Fortune smiles upon your face so fair.
How about you accompany me to my chair?

GOLDEN BOY: Nope.

GUILTY PLEASURE: Golden Boy, if you sit by me I'll give you all the hair gel your heart desires.

GOLDEN BOY: Tempting...

EMBER: Gold, sit by me! After all, I am your date for the dance tonight.

All of the girls except EMBER grab GOLDEN BOY and try to pull him to sit next to them, ad libbing "Sit with me!" "He's mine!" etc. EMBER grabs HOT MESS's arm to pull her away from GOLDEN BOY, and HOT MESS screeches and acts like she's being burned.

GOLDEN BOY: Ladies, ladies... (*to SIDEKICK, enjoying the commotion*)
Sometimes it's a burden to be this good-looking.

MRS. TEACHER: (*entering*) All right, everyone, settle down and find a seat. (*The girls regretfully let go of GOLDEN BOY and go sit down with the rest of the STUDENTS. CHARLIE rushes in, looking lost.*) Are you our new student? Have a seat right there, dearie. (*notices TOXIC SLUDGE reaching for the ray gun*) Toxic Sludge, please don't touch my ray gun. I don't want to have to replace it again.

TOXIC SLUDGE: Okay. Teacher want apple?

TOXIC SLUDGE holds out the apple they were eating earlier, except now it has obviously come into contact with nuclear waste. TOXIC SLUDGE holds the apple right in SNEEZY's face.

SNEEZY MAGEE: An apple?! Not again! Ah-ah-AHH-CHOO!

Everyone shakes as if there's an earthquake and ad libs complaints to SNEEZY.

MRS. TEACHER: Oh, thank you for the apple, Sludge. Just put it on my... on the floor by my desk, please. *(to the class)* Good morning, everyone.

EVERYONE: Good morning, Mrs. Teacher.

MRS. TEACHER: For our first order of business I see that we have a new student. Why don't you come up here and introduce yourself?

CHARLIE: Umm, okay. *(she trudges up to the front)* Hi. My name is Charlie. I just moved here from Cincinnati.

GOLDEN BOY: *(standing)* And what are your powers?

CHARLIE: Umm, I don't have any powers.

GOLDEN BOY: So why are you coming to our school?

MRS. TEACHER: Golden Boy, please be nice and respectful toward our new— *(GOLDEN BOY strikes his charming pose [optional sound effect] and an immediate change comes over MRS. TEACHER)* Thank you, Golden Boy, for greeting our new student so warmly. You have always been an example to us all. *(CHARLIE rolls her eyes and walks back to her seat)*

SIDEKICK: Um, Gold, why is Mrs. Teacher saying such nice things about you? Are you using your powers?

GOLDEN BOY: I might be.

SIDEKICK: You know that's not allowed!

GOLDEN BOY: Don't act like Wet Blanket over there.

SIDEKICK: But you could be expelled!

GOLDEN BOY: Yeah, right, we all know who my father is. *(but he breaks his pose and sits down)*

MRS. TEACHER: *(changes back to her normal self as soon as GOLDEN BOY breaks the pose)* First I'm going to hand back your essays. Some of these were delightful, others were abysmal. *(as she hands back papers)* Reflector, I would have liked more original thoughts rather than so many quotations. Poet, not your best work. Your search for the perfect rhyme forced you to write some glaring inaccuracies.

THE POET: Doth mine eyes deceive me? An F? An F? (*stands up and gestures at the sky as if to summon her powers*) You I shall smite with a flash long and bright, on the head of this clown... (*realizes MRS. TEACHER is shooting her a "teacher look"*)

MRS. TEACHER: I wouldn't continue if I were you.

THE POET: (*sinking back into her seat and muttering loudly*)
Alas, revenge, today you are not mine,
But I will drink from your sweet chalice another time

MRS. TEACHER: (*after another glare at THE POET*) Sidekick, good work! (*SIDEKICK beams, then GOLDEN BOY strikes his charming pose [optional sound effect] and a change comes over MRS. TEACHER*) Golden Boy, your essay was moving beyond words. Sometimes I feel you should just take over the class and teach it instead of me.

GOLDEN BOY looks proud and drops his pose. MRS. TEACHER moves on, handing out the rest of the papers.

SIDEKICK: I can't believe you got a better grade than me. I spent hours on my paper and you dashed it off in ten minutes.

GOLDEN BOY: We've been over this again and again. I'm the superhero, you're the sidekick. I get the good grades, you merely pass. What would it look like if the sidekick knew more than the superhero?

SIDEKICK: (*deflated*) Right, I remember.

HOT MESS: I passed, I passed! Look at them apples, I actually passed!

SNEEZY MAGEE: Apples? Not more apples! Ah-ah-ah...

The class starts to dive for cover.

THE SHIELD: Simmer down. There are no real apples, Sneezy.

The sneeze is averted. The rest of the class gets up in relief.

HYSTERIA: (*looking at her assignment*) I'm ruined – ruined, I tell you!! (*the STUDENTS near her mirror her hysterics*)

SILVER TONGUE: Wow, Mrs. Teacher, you really nailed it. My grade is spot on.

MRS. TEACHER: Thank you, Silver Tongue. Now let's move on to today's lesson. Today we will be delving into villains and their monologuing. Can someone define monologuing?

SIDEKICK: I can, Teach! Call on me!

MRS. TEACHER: All right, Sidekick, what is monologuing?

SIDEKICK stands up eagerly, but GOLDEN BOY glares at him and shakes his head. He doesn't want SIDEKICK to appear smarter than him.

SIDEKICK: It's when... (*notices GOLDEN BOY*) Ummm... Well... Never mind, Mrs. Teacher. I forgot.

MRS. TEACHER: Anyone else? (*REFLECTOR raises her hand*) Yes, Reflector?

REFLECTOR: (*rolls her eyes at SIDEKICK, then answers*) It's when the villain gets carried away verbally explaining something. It could be their backstory, how wonderful they are, or even describing their evil plan.

MRS. TEACHER: Marvellous, Reflector. Now who can tell me why that might be useful?

SMELLINATOR: Well, that would give me time to generate some kind of weapon to fight them.

GOLDEN BOY: You have no control over your powers, noodle-brain, so what kind of weapon would you generate? A piece of toast? A rubber chicken?

BIG WHOOP: An old shoe? (*they crack up and high five*)

MRS. TEACHER: Smellinator is correct. If you can get your villain to monologue, you will have extra time to find a weapon or gain a strategic position. Often the villain will even reveal a secret that can help you defeat them.

GOLDEN BOY: That's dumb.

SIDEKICK: Yeah, so dumb.

MRS. TEACHER: Let's bring up an example group to illustrate what I'm talking about. Smellinator and Toxic Sludge, come on up. (*they do*) Smellinator, try to get Toxic Sludge to monologue.

TOXIC SLUDGE: Sludge not villain!

MRS. TEACHER: Yes, Toxic Sludge, I know you're not a villain. Right now you're just helping Smellinator practice her skills.

TOXIC SLUDGE: Okay.

SMELLINATOR: (*turning toward TOXIC SLUDGE*) So, um, what's your favorite color?

TOXIC SLUDGE: Green.

SMELLINATOR is out of ideas. Looks helplessly at MRS. TEACHER.

MRS. TEACHER: Try to get them talking about their upbringing or their motives.

SMELLINATOR: What was your childhood like?

TOXIC SLUDGE: Sludge visited Chernobyl! No pictures. Camera melted.

SMELLINATOR is out of ideas again.

MRS. TEACHER: Here, try asking this one. (*whispers in SMELLINATOR's ear, then steps back*)

SMELLINATOR: What is your biggest regret?

TOXIC SLUDGE: Sludge regret no hugs. (*on the verge of tears*) No hugs from Mom. No hugs from Dad. No hugs from friends. Sludge just want hug! (*bursts into tears*)

SMELLINATOR: (*taking advantage of TOXIC SLUDGE's distracted state, closes eyes, sniffs deeply, and begins drawing in the air*) I smell... I smell... Umm... Uhhh...

GOLDEN BOY: Time for revenge!

GOLDEN BOY catches BIG WHOOP's eye. BIG WHOOP laughs, takes off his shoe, and tosses it to GOLDEN BOY, who holds it underneath SMELLINATOR's nose.

SMELLINATOR: (*eyes still closed*) I've got it! I smell... I smell... a sodium bicarbonate solution!

GOLDEN BOY snatches the shoe away before SMELLINATOR opens her eyes. SMELLINATOR looks around hopefully until an old shoe flies in from offstage.

An old shoe?? Aahhhhh!

GOLDEN BOY high fives BIG WHOOP and returns the shoe as they burst into laughter.

MRS. TEACHER: Good try, Smellinator. Toxic Sludge, thank you for acting as our villain.

TOXIC SLUDGE: (*emphatically*) Sludge not villain.

MRS. TEACHER: Of course not, no one with a heart as big as yours could be a villain. Now everyone partner up. Try to get your partner to monologue.

There is a general scramble for partners. Many STUDENTS try to partner with GOLDEN BOY. CHARLIE is, of course, left with no partner.

GOLDEN BOY: (*stepping forward from the cluster of adoring STUDENTS*) This exercise is a waste of time for me though, right? I mean, look at my muscles. (*Flexes. Adoring STUDENTS swoon and sigh.*) There's no need for yammering when you've got these guns.

MRS. TEACHER: (*his powers affect her*) It's obvious you're already the best in the class.

GOLDEN BOY: (*strikes his charming pose [optional sound effect]*) That's because I have the best teacher.

MRS. TEACHER: Aww, shucks! You know what, you're so good I'm going to pair you with our new student Charlie so you can teach her what to do. Now, everyone get to work while I run some paperwork to the office. All the superpowers in this school at our disposal and we still have paperwork. I'll be back in a jiffy. (*exits*)

GOLDEN BOY: Dang it! I was too effective. I've got to recalibrate my pose.

GOLDEN BOY experiments by striking different heroic poses. Several STUDENTS watch, they swoon and sigh with each pose. The STUDENTS spread out around the stage and quietly pantomime trying to get their partner to monologue.

CHARLIE: (*reluctantly walks up to GOLDEN BOY, watches him pose for a few beats*) Hello.

GOLDEN BOY: (*dismissive, continues to try different poses*) Are you talking to me? I thought we discussed this.

CHARLIE: Mrs. Teacher said you're supposed to be my partner.

GOLDEN BOY: I refuse to waste my time on someone who doesn't have superpowers.

CHARLIE: Whatever. I'm just gonna do the exercise. What was your childhood like?

GOLDEN BOY: I can't hear you.

CHARLIE: When did you first find out you were super?

GOLDEN BOY: Is someone talking?

CHARLIE: What is your worst childhood memory?

GOLDEN BOY: *(stops posing, folds his arms, and looks directly at CHARLIE)* Today, meeting you.

CHARLIE: What's your biggest regret?

GOLDEN BOY: Having to be within three feet of you.

CHARLIE: *(finally losing patience, loudly)* Why are you being such a jerk!?

The STUDENTS gasp and turn to look at the two of them.

HYSTERIA: It's the end of the world! *(the STUDENTS near her shriek in agreement)*

GOLDEN BOY: *(steps slowly toward CHARLIE, threatening)* How dare you talk to me like that. You'd better believe my father is going to hear about this. And when he does, goodbye Charlie.

MRS. TEACHER enters.

MRS. TEACHER: I'm back, I'm back, how's it going? *(the STUDENTS quickly go back to what they were doing, pretending nothing happened)* Did we succeed in distracting our villains? *(there is half-hearted agreement)* Well, that doesn't sound very convincing. Sounds like we need some homework to keep practicing.

GUILTY PLEASURE: *(walking toward her, using her powers)* You don't want to give us homework.

MRS. TEACHER: I don't?

GUILTY PLEASURE: No, of course not. If you give us homework then you'll have to spend all weekend grading it.

MRS. TEACHER: Yes, that's true.

GUILTY PLEASURE: And you won't be able to soak in your bubble bath and eat bonbons all weekend like you'd planned.

MRS. TEACHER: All right, class, I've decided not to give you homework on this topic. *(the class cheers and congratulates GUILTY PLEASURE)* We'll come back next class and try it again. *(the super school bell rings)* There's the bell. Have a super day, everyone!

EMBER: That was so hot.

GUILTY PLEASURE: I know, right?

EMBER: You're so bad you oughta go to villain school!

The STUDENTS exit as the lights fade to a blackout. A light comes up on CACOPHONY on one side of the stage holding a microphone or an intercom. PRINCIPAL BOOM can be standing beside CACOPHONY looking angry, holding burned and broken pieces of a vending machine or mangled candy wrappers and chip bags, etc.

CACOPHONY: Students, could I have your attention, please? Principal Boom would like to remind everyone that if the vending machine eats your dollar, you can come up to the office and get another one. Please do not punch, kick, vaporize or use your super weapon on the vending machine. Principal Boom has already had to replace our vending machine three times this month and she is not happy. Thanks, and as always, have a super day, everybody!

Lights come up on the entire stage. STUDENTS are sitting in groups with lunchboxes talking and eating. THE SHIELD, WET BLANKET, TOXIC SLUDGE, REFLECTOR, SMELLINATOR, and SNEEZY MAGEE are sitting together. CHARLIE enters. She stops, looks around hesitantly, then walks towards them.

CHARLIE: Um, hi. Can I sit with you?

WET BLANKET, SMELLINATOR, and SNEEZY MAGEE shake their heads no and turn away from her. CHARLIE tentatively tries to sit with several more groups but no one will include her. CHARLIE and the other STUDENTS can ad lib lines as needed. Finally, CHARLIE sadly sits down by herself and starts eating.

THE SHIELD: I can't believe we didn't let the new student sit with us. That was so mean.

WET BLANKET: But if we let her sit here it would have ruined our reputation. We're big enough dorks already, we don't need to give people any more reasons to tease us.

THE SHIELD: But look over there. She's sitting all alone.

TOXIC SLUDGE: Charlie look sad.

REFLECTOR: Wouldn't you be sad if you had to come to a new school and no one was nice to you?

TOXIC SLUDGE: Yeah.

WET BLANKET: Golden Boy was right, though. She's not super. She doesn't belong here. Maybe the sooner she figures that out and leaves the better.

REFLECTOR: I don't think so, Wet Blanket. So what if she doesn't have any powers? It's not like we're perfect.

SMELLINATOR: Yeah, but at least we all have powers. She doesn't have any.

REFLECTOR: Oh, like our powers are so great? Remember the last time you tried to make something appear? You ended up with a smelly old shoe!

SMELLINATOR: Don't remind me.

REFLECTOR: And Sneezy Magee creates small earthquakes every time it's hay fever season!

SNEEZY MAGEE: I can't help it that I'm allergic to ragweed!

TOXIC SLUDGE: (*starts toward CHARLIE*) I'll go give hug.

REFLECTOR and THE SHIELD get in front of TOXIC SLUDGE.

REFLECTOR & THE SHIELD: No!

TOXIC SLUDGE looks disappointed.

REFLECTOR: No hugs, Sludge, but I think you've got the right idea. Let's go sit with her. (*TOXIC SLUDGE looks happy again*)

WET BLANKET: Are you guys sure? People will make fun of us.

REFLECTOR: They already make fun of us no matter what we do.

THE SHIELD: Might as well be nice to someone instead of being afraid.

WET BLANKET: All right, fine, let's go over there.

REFLECTOR: (*to CHARLIE*) Hi, can we sit with you?

CHARLIE: Um, are you sure you want to? This isn't the most popular place to be.

REFLECTOR: Don't worry about it. Your name is Charlie, right?

CHARLIE: Yep. (*as if she's been saying it all morning*) It's my real name.

REFLECTOR: Well, I'm Reflector.

REFLECTOR strikes a pose. Each one of the following superheroes strikes their own pose as they dramatically say their name.

THE SHIELD: The Shield.

SNEEZY MAGEE: Sneezy Magee!

SMELLINATOR: Smellinator!

WET BLANKET: I'm Wet Blanket.

TOXIC SLUDGE: Toxic Sludge.

CHARLIE: Cool!

REFLECTOR: Those are our super nicknames, of course. We can't reveal our real names or identities. That would be against school policy.

CHARLIE: No problem. Thanks for coming to sit with me.

They settle in around CHARLIE and start eating their lunch.

CHARLIE: (*at the same time as REFLECTOR*) So is Mrs. Teacher's name really...

REFLECTOR: (*at the same time as CHARLIE*) So you're originally from Cincinnati...

CHARLIE: Sorry, you go.

REFLECTOR: No, go ahead.

CHARLIE: So is Mrs. Teacher's name really Mrs. Teacher?

SMELLINATOR: Naw, that's her super nickname.

CHARLIE: So what's her superpower?

THE SHIELD: She's a teacher, and according to Mrs. Teacher (*the others chime in, too*) "It takes a superhero to be a teacher."

CHARLIE: Maybe she's right. She does have to put up with Golden Boy in class every day. *(they all snicker)*

REFLECTOR: So, you're from Cincinnati originally?

CHARLIE: Yeah. My mom and dad just split up so I moved here with my mom. Believe me, coming to this school wasn't my first choice but it's within walking distance of my mom's house. She leaves for work really early so she can't give me a ride. Meaning I have to come here.

THE SHIELD: Has your first day been that bad?

CHARLIE: Well, you all saw what happened with Golden Boy in Villains 101 class. The rest of the morning wasn't much better. I couldn't lift anything but a small pile of bricks in Strength class. And Ember scorched me during Lasers and Fire class, literally scorched me *(reveals a burn mark on her arm)*.

REFLECTOR: Don't let it get you down.

THE SHIELD: Yeah, we all struggled when we first got here.

WET BLANKET: *(indicating SMELLINATOR)* Some of us still do.

SMELLINATOR: Hey!

CHARLIE: No, seriously, these classes are going to kill me!

WET BLANKET: You think the classes here are dangerous? Try being friends with Sneezy Magee during allergy season.

SNEEZY MAGEE: Ugh. Pollen. Just the thought of it makes me... ah... ah... AHHHH-CHOOOO!

EVERYONE shakes as if there is an earthquake. A few people even get thrown to the ground. There are general complaints from all of the STUDENTS once it is over.

CHARLIE: Woah, that is one strong power!

SNEEZY MAGEE: Yeah, it's strong, but it's so lame.

CHARLIE: Look, this is all very nice of you, but I think Golden Boy and Big Whoop were right.

REFLECTOR: That would be the first time. Ever.

CHARLIE: What if I actually come face-to-face with a real villain? I have no way to defend myself! I don't have any special powers. I don't belong here.

TOXIC SLUDGE: You smart?

CHARLIE: I don't know. I used to get pretty good grades.

TOXIC SLUDGE: You work hard?

CHARLIE: Yeah, I have to. It's just me and my mom now. I've gotta pull my weight.

TOXIC SLUDGE: You have big heart? You nice to people?

CHARLIE: Uh-huh. What would I gain by being mean?

TOXIC SLUDGE: Then you belong.

CHARLIE: That's so sweet. I really wish I could hug you right now.

TOXIC SLUDGE: Hug! *(they reach out their arms for a hug)*

REFLECTOR & THE SHIELD: No!

REFLECTOR: Sorry, bud, not this time.

TOXIC SLUDGE: *(sadly)* Not ever.

CHARLIE: Can I ask an awkward question?

THE SHIELD: Shoot.

CHARLIE: Isn't Toxic Sludge more of, well, an evil power? Like something a villain would use?

TOXIC SLUDGE: *(indignant)* Sludge not villain!

REFLECTOR: *(to CHARLIE)* I can see why you would think that, but it all depends on how you use your powers.

THE SHIELD: You see, if you use your powers for the greater good, you come here to our school.

REFLECTOR: But if you're discovered using them for your own personal gain, well, you run the risk of getting expelled and sent to villain school.

CHARLIE: So how is Golden Boy still here at this school?

WET BLANKET: His father donates a bunch of money to keep our school running. Plus he's so sneaky about using his powers he never gets caught.

SMELLINATOR: You saw him with Mrs. Teacher. He has her wrapped around his little finger.

CHARLIE: Great. This is going to be a long year.

REFLECTOR: Maybe, but you're not alone now.

THE SHIELD: You have friends.

TOXIC SLUDGE: Sludge your friend.

SMELLINATOR: Here, I'll make a gift for you to show that we're friends now. *(closes eyes, sniffs deeply, and begins drawing in the air)* I smell... I smell... a bouquet of bright, happy daisies. *(a bouquet of fish flies onstage)* Darn it, I got a fish bouquet. *(presenting the bouquet to her)* It's the thought that counts?

CHARLIE: Thanks, Smellinator. Thanks Sludge. Thanks to all of you. My day is a million times better already.

REFLECTOR: We're glad to hear it.

GOLDEN BOY: *(sauntering toward their group)* Awww, look at that. Charlie found some friends as lame as she is.

REFLECTOR: We're not lame! We're just as powerful as you in our own way!

GOLDEN BOY: Oh, really. Can you do this? *(strikes his charming pose [optional sound effect] and several STUDENTS onstage swoon and faint)* Or how about this? *(he picks up some heavy-looking object [that is actually made out of foam or cardboard] and twirls it around easily)* The only one with any real strength in your group is Sneezy Magee over there, and he's a total nerd.

REFLECTOR: Super strength won't defeat every villain out there.

GOLDEN BOY: Nope, just the most important ones!

EMBER: Oooo, burn!

REFLECTOR: Just because our powers are different doesn't mean they're less valuable. Plus, we work together – something you know nothing about.

GOLDEN BOY: Teamwork? Really? Can you be any more pathetic? Who would want to be on a team with Smellinator, toxic sludge, a wet blanket and a non-super?

REFLECTOR: Yeah, well, someday we'll come face-to-face with a real villain and then we'll see who's actually got what it takes.

SNAGGLETOOTH: (*entering at full speed*) Ahhhhhh! Run for your liveth! There'th a thuper villain on the loothe in our thchooo!

HYSTERIA: A supervillain?! In our school?! It's the end of the world!!
(*the nearby STUDENTS also panic*)

EMBER: (*nervous*) Are you sure it's not just Principal Boom in disguise?

BIG WHOOP: It can't be. I saw Principal Boom rushing out of here fifteen minutes ago to take Fly Man to the hospital. Some sort of accident in Mr. Pow's class.

SNAGGLETOOTH: Guyth, ith's not Printhipal Boom! The thuper villain ith real! And thee's coming thith way!

REFLECTOR: A supervillain in our school today? (*to GOLDEN BOY*) What a coincidence.

WET BLANKET: Shouldn't we get a teacher or something?

GOLDEN BOY: Wet Blanket, you're no fun. As usual. But don't wet yourself in fear, I'll handle everything.

REFLECTOR: Oh really? You'll handle everything by yourself? I think this is the perfect chance to see what really defeats a villain – an overinflated ego or teamwork.

GOLDEN BOY: Bring it on.

REFLECTOR: You got it. (*to SNAGGLETOOTH*) So where is the "thuper" villain?

SNAGGLETOOTH: Thee could be anywhere!

We hear an evil laugh offstage.

Why ith everybody thanding around like thitting duckth? Let'th get outta here!

SNAGGLETOOTH turns and runs away, running straight into THE VILLAIN as she enters with her EVIL SIDEKICKS. SNAGGLETOOTH falls to the ground, then scrambles away in fear. THE VILLAIN is dressed in cartoony villain garb. Her EVIL SIDEKICKS drag in a large, ridiculous, cartoony machine. It needs to be large enough that a stagehand can hide behind it or an EVIL SIDEKICK can disappear behind it and "shoot" suit coats out of it during this scene. Neither THE VILLAIN nor the machine should look real or scary. The part of THE VILLAIN should be played over-the-top and

campy rather than genuinely evil. Nevertheless, all of the STUDENTS quickly retreat from her entrance, some of them fearfully, some of them cautiously.

SNAGGLETOOTH: Ahhhh! (gets up, scurries away and hides behind GOLDEN BOY)

THE VILLAIN: Was that yell for me? Marvellous! I've waited years to hear a screech of fear like that!

HYSTERIA: She's going to take over the world! (the nearby STUDENTS agree with her, panicked)

THE VILLAIN: Yes, eventually that is my goal, but today I'll start with this school.

REFLECTOR: Who are you?

THE VILLAIN: I am... The Villain!

EVERYONE ad libs things like, "Huh?" "What did she say?" "Did she say The Villain?" "What kind of a name is that?" etc.

REFLECTOR: Yes, we know you're the villain, but what is your name?

THE VILLAIN: I said, my name is The Villain!

More ad libs of confusion.

GOLDEN BOY: The Villain? What kind of a name is that?

REFLECTOR: You're saying your name is "The Villain?" Just "The Villain?" Nothing more?

THE VILLAIN: Yes, I'm The Villain. My name is universal. It's symbolic. I represent all villains everywhere. Why does no one ever get that?!

GOLDEN BOY: I don't get it.

THE VILLAIN: Be quiet! I've had enough of this. My moment of triumph has arrived. I'm going to freeze you! And you. And you. That's right, I'm going to freeze all of you! (cackles evilly as she turns to her machine)

Fearful and confused murmuring from the STUDENTS.

THE SHIELD: Freeze us? How?

THE VILLAIN: With this little baby right here. *(She pats her machine. Some STUDENTS are worried, some are skeptical.)* You'll all be as still as statues in three, two, one...

She presses a button. There is a laser beam sound. All of the STUDENTS freeze in place.

THE VILLAIN: Hahaha! It works! It works! Years of toil and sweat all for this beautiful moment right here!

CHARLIE: *(stepping forward)* But why are you here? Don't supervillains usually try to take over the world, not one little school?

THE VILLAIN: *(frantically pressing buttons on her machine, causing it to make strange sounds)* How are you moving? How are you talking?

CHARLIE: Oh, I'm not super. Your machine must only freeze supers.

THE VILLAIN: *(stops pressing buttons)* Well, what a coincidence.

CHARLIE: What do you mean?

THE VILLAIN: I'm not super, either. And once upon a time I was a student here, too. Surely by now you've discovered how rotten it is to go to this school without having any superpowers of your own.

CHARLIE thinks for a moment. Then she has an idea. She's got to get this villain to monologue!

CHARLIE: *(strategically)* Rotten? How was it rotten?

Throughout THE VILLAIN's monologues CHARLIE carefully sneaks closer and closer to the machine. THE VILLAIN doesn't notice because she is wandering through her statues admiring her handiwork. The EVIL SIDEKICKS don't notice either because they are following THE VILLAIN and/or hanging adoringly onto every word she says.

THE VILLAIN: The other kids mocked me constantly. They claimed that one day I would become just like my father, a stuffy, boring businessman shut up in an office all day. We'll just see who's a boring office worker after today!

CHARLIE: Didn't you have any friends here?

THE VILLAIN: No, and I didn't want any, either. Having friends made the others weak. Made them vulnerable. Distracted them and held them back from realizing their full potential.

CHARLIE: You must have felt so alone.

THE VILLAIN: It didn't matter. I read every book in the library and learned to make my own machines – machines stronger than any superhero. I even hired evil sidekicks to help me with my nefarious plans!

CHARLIE: (*carefully moving close enough to the machine to pat it as she says the next line*) This machine must have taken a lot of work.

CHARLIE carefully studies the machine to see how to disable it while keeping an eye on the oblivious VILLAIN.

THE VILLAIN: It did, it did. Years of design, long nights bent over a drawing board, hundreds of mistakes. Unfortunately, I lost several evil sidekicks in the process (*EVIL SIDEKICKS react*) but I did what I had to do to...

CHARLIE has figured out the machine! She presses a giant button and a noise sounds. The EVIL SIDEKICKS squeal in alarm as the STUDENTS unfreeze and fall to the ground, groaning and gasping for breath. THE VILLAIN and the EVIL SIDEKICKS rush back to the machine as CHARLIE goes to help her friends.

THE VILLAIN: Get away from that machine! How did you...? Oh, very clever, I see what you did. You're not the only one who took Mrs. Teacher's Villains 101 class. You got me to monologue, you little scamp. But freezing people isn't all this baby does. Let me show you its real superpower. Or should I say, its un-superpower.

SNAGGLETOOTH: (*making a break for it*) Run for your liveth!

THE VILLAIN points her machine at SNAGGLETOOTH and presses a button. A noise sounds and a suit coat flies out of the machine and onto SNAGGLETOOTH.

THE VILLAIN: Gotcha!

The EVIL SIDEKICKS run to put the suit coat on SNAGGLETOOTH. At first he flails and fights but eventually it conquers him. SNAGGLETOOTH's movements become very stiff and proper. He stands at attention and straightens his suit coat proudly.

SNAGGLETOOTH: Wilthon, come here immediately.

The EVIL SIDEKICKS cackle, delighted, and one bumbles up to SNAGGLETOOTH pretending to be Wilson.

The reportth, Wilthon, get me the reportth!

The EVIL SIDEKICK scampers off to get the “reports.”

REFLECTOR: What... what happened?

THE VILLAIN: I'm afraid his powers are gone. No more heroic deeds, no more saving the world. He will spend the rest of his days commuting and paying bills!

THE VILLAIN cackles evilly as the STUDENTS react with shock and horror. An EVIL SIDEKICK hands SNAGGLETOOTH a pile of folders. He thumbs through them.

SNAGGLETOOTH: Wilthon, thethe reportth are incomplete! Unacctheptable. I need thethe reportths immediately or I will thee you here on Thatursday!

THE VILLAIN and the EVIL SIDEKICKS celebrate and cackle with glee as SNAGGLETOOTH marches away, ignoring everyone as he flips through the contents of the folders.

REFLECTOR: How could you do this?

THE VILLAIN: Oh, very easily, my dear.

GOLDEN BOY: You think you're so clever, you just wait. I heard your monologue. You have no powers. You're a sitting duck!

SIDEKICK: Gold, not so fast. I have an idea!

GOLDEN BOY: Sidekick, shut your mouth! I'm the superhero. I am the one that has ideas. And right now my idea is to punch this villain into next week!

SIDEKICK: But the machine!

GOLDEN BOY: That machine will be a pile of garbage by the time I'm done.

THE VILLAIN: Will it? I dare you to break my machine.

REFLECTOR: Gold, wait, it's a trap.



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