



**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

(In order of appearance)

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

*Gender is flexible

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 onstage. If you have a large cast and you would like to add additional roles feel free to insert your own unique super students into the group scenes and redistribute lines as needed.

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, Sneezzy 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

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.

The play may be cut for time at the director's discretion. Any cultural references may be adapted to suit the time in which the play is being performed.

A Note About Gender

Gender is flexible for many characters in the play. If you change the gender feel free to change pronouns and other references in the script as needed. Gendered pronouns are used in the script because plural pronouns didn't work and unfortunately English doesn't have a singular neutral pronoun for situations like this. However, the beauty of super names is that they don't have an inherent gender—Toxic Sludge, Sneezy, Smellinator, Cacophony, etc. can easily be male or female.

The non-starred characters are less flexible with gender because the play explores male entitlement and school social structures that put certain “popular” boys in charge. Golden Boy uses his charm to schmooze people of both genders, students and teachers alike, so he can rule the roost and get what he wants. However, if your cast and audience would be open to same sex attractions and pairings in the show feel free to change the gender of the unstarred characters as well.

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” from the edge of the stage below her as if 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 of REFLECTOR’s hand. 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.

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 worriedly. 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 with TOXIC SLUDGE*) I’m so sorry, Reflector, we’re coming!

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

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

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

GOLDEN BOY: (*trying to pass TOXIC SLUDGE without touching him*) Move, Sludge! The most important person always runs in first.

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

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

SMELLINATOR: We'll save you, Reflector!

SMELLINATOR struggles to climb up onstage but instead of helping her up, GOLDEN BOY knocks her down as he pushes past and climbs up on the stage.

Ahhhh! Golden Boy!

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

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

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

SIDEKICK: No! Not you, Toxic Sludge!

REFLECTOR has been waiting patiently hanging off of the stage.

REFLECTOR: Anybody planning to help me?

GOLDEN BOY: In a minute!

SMELLINATOR: (*getting off the ground and trying to climb up on the stage again*) 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 start circling each other, preparing to 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 gives a battle cry and runs toward FIREHANDS just as TOXIC SLUDGE gets up onstage and trudges right into his path. This forces GOLDEN BOY to dodge dramatically, throwing himself to the ground and rolling away so he doesn't hit TOXIC SLUDGE.

REFLECTOR: Sludge, behind you!

TOXIC SLUDGE turns around, confused, and sees FIREHANDS with her 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 with her fiery hands. TOXIC SLUDGE begins to giggle and chuckle until he falls on the ground laughing.

REFLECTOR: Smellinator, help Toxic Sludge! Do something to put out Firehands' hands!

SMELLINATOR: Oh, right! I smell...I smell...fresh mountain streams and rushing waterfalls and big lakes and... WATER!

A papier-mâché rock or some other useless object flies out onstage.

SIDEKICK: A rock?! Really? How is that supposed to help? Wait, I know, I'll throw it at her! (*tries to pick up the rock but it's too heavy*)

SMELLINATOR: Oh no oh no oh no!

GOLDEN BOY: You all are useless, you know. (*picking himself up with a yell, he grabs FIREHANDS's arms from behind, immobilizing her hands*) Got ya!

GOLDEN BOY and FIREHANDS struggle backwards until they are standing by the side of the stage. GOLDEN BOY should be closer to the side than FIREHANDS.

REFLECTOR: Smellinator, try again!

SIDEKICK: (*grunting as he keeps trying to lift the rock*) Are you sure that's a good idea?

REFLECTOR: Do it, Smellinator!

FIREHANDS: (*to GOLDEN BOY*) Get off me, you brat!

SMELLINATOR: I smell, I smell...hot summer days and gardens and sprinklers and...WATER!

A bunch of leaves and flowers or other summer items are thrown in from offstage all over GOLDEN BOY and FIREHANDS.

GOLDEN BOY: (*lets go of FIREHANDS to check his hair*) Oh no, my hair!

SIDEKICK: Flowers?? Flowers?! How is that supposed to help!?

FIREHANDS: Ha ha!

FIREHANDS quickly moves away from GOLDEN BOY, holds out her hands threateningly in front of her and looks at all of them. She edges toward REFLECTOR on the edge of the stage. The others are driven back, scared of her hands.

Well I must say, this is pathetic. Is that all you've got?

SIDEKICK: (*defeated and out of breath from trying to lift 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 and pretends she's falling several stories until she hits the ground.

And now I will burn this city to the ground!

FIREHANDS gives a gigantic 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. FIREHANDS efficiently removes her gloves and eye mask, trades her cape for a jacket and reveals that she is, in fact, PRINCIPAL BOOM. MRS. TEACHER and other STUDENTS minus THE SHIELD and WET BLANKET step forward to join the scene as if they have been watching the whole time. The STUDENTS have backpacks and textbooks. Many 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 who clumps together nervously to await PRINCIPAL BOOM's verdict.

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

GOLDEN BOY: *(strikes a pose, tries to use his charming power)* 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 been better off without them.

SMELLINATOR: Hey!

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

GOLDEN BOY: *(strikes another pose, oozing charm)* 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. *(turns to the rest of the STUDENTS)* I hope the rest of you will put on a better display when it's your turn. *(the other STUDENTS nod as the super school bell rings)* Mrs. Teacher, I'll be back again 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 sit 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 a pose, charming her*) Mrs. Teacher, you saw everything. You know it's not my fault. You have to tell 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 take down a fake super villain?

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: (*turns his charm onto REFLECTOR*) Me? Not follow protocol? That's ridiculous. You know your safety was my 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 give me a passing grade I'm talking to my father. And then you all can say goodbye to this school. Come on, Sidekick, let's get out of here. We don't want our powers weakened by being around these creeps.

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 as far away as possible. 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! Kablooy!

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. By the end of CACOPHONY's monologue THE SHIELD, SMELLINATOR, WET BLANKET, TOXIC SLUDGE and SNEEZY MAGEE should all be in a group together on one side of the stage.

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. *(he 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 beside him)* 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: How was first hour?

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'll be expelled. You don't want to be sent to the 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: Has anyone seen my inhaler?

TOXIC SLUDGE: Here. Sludge have homework.

SMELLINATOR: Oh, thanks, Toxic Sludge, but I think I'll just take the F.

TOXIC SLUDGE: Smellinator not want Sludge's homework?

SMELLINATOR: It's not that I don't want your homework, it's that I would prefer to keep my radiation levels below deadly today. Remind me again why I'm friends with someone named Toxic Sludge!

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 make us all 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 her eyes 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.

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. (*takes a "bite"*) And this fruit is even ripe. Not bad.

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 sets to doing his homework last minute.

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 awhile. I got caught up rewatching the twelfth season of *The Bachelorette*. That JoJo keeps things entertaining [*or change to a different cultural reference*]. But today I was rooting through my bookbag 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 seven pages on the history of super and non-super human relations during the 19th 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 where GUILTY PLEASURE avoids touching EMBER's hands.

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 hot.

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 are excited—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 super villains. 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'm just scoping out the ladies, seeing which one will be lucky enough to be my date.

GOLDEN BOY: Anyone catch your eye?

BIG WHOOP: Maybe, maybe.

GOLDEN BOY: Well, you don't want to wait too long to ask someone to the dance. All the good ones will be taken.

SIDEKICK: Yeah, all the good ones will be taken.

GOLDEN BOY: Then you'll have to ask someone like Hot Mess!

They all look over 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: Speaking of the dance, I was thinking we could all go get something to eat beforehand. (*turning on the charm*) Big Whoop, why don't you treat our group to dinner? You know, flash a little cash, pick up the check, impress the ladies?

BIG WHOOP: Yeah, yeah, absolutely, I'll pick up the check this time.

SIDEKICK: Didn't he pick up the check last time? And the time before that?

BIG WHOOP: I did?

GOLDEN BOY: (*to SIDEKICK*) It's time for you to shut your mouth. (*to BIG WHOOP*) I mean, it won't be a ton of people because poor Sidekick here doesn't have a date yet.

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: Alright 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 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 lightening 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: (*slowly getting up off the ground*) Impressive. (*THE POET celebrates that GOLDEN BOY thinks she is powerful*) Though that would have been good to know ahead of time.

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'h important.

The others have noticed SNAGGLETOOTH's entrance and move closer to eavesdrop.

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

SNAGGLETOOTH: We're getting a new thudent today!

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 GIRLS agree)

SIDEKICK: Exactly.

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

GOLDEN BOY: What? What do you mean? (the other STUDENTS edge closer, still listening to this exchange)

SNAGGLETOOTH: They have no thuperpowerth of any kind.

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)

BIG WHOOP: Well, no, but there is a risk. This intruder could learn our real names, reveal our identities to the general population, and put us in danger from villains and civilians alike.

GOLDEN BOY: How is this happening? (looking at SMELLINATOR) We have enough losers in this school already. You better believe I'll be talking to my father about this. Regular people coming to school with us superheroes...that's ridiculous!

At that moment 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*) Now, I know you're not super but they didn't say you would be dumb. Take a look at me. 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!

GOLDEN BOY: I don't talk to just anyone. I've got to conserve my strength for fighting villains, so I'm not going to waste my breath or my superpowers on a nobody like you.

CHARLIE: I'm sorry, I didn't—

GOLDEN BOY: (*interrupting*) Look, nobody, here are a few rules for you. 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. The truth is you'll never fit in with us superheroes. 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, she tries someone else*) Hello? Do you know where I can find Room 207? (*she is ignored, she 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. The odds are high that this year is totally going to suck. (*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 up by the teacher's desk admiring her ray gun.

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

GOLDEN BOY: (*flashing her a smile*) I guess anything's possible. (*SILVER TONGUE swoons*)

HOT MESS: Gold, Gold, 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 come sit by me I'll give you all the hair gel your heart desires.

GOLDEN BOY: Tempting...

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

Several of the girls surround GOLDEN BOY and try pulling him to the seat next to them. EMBER cannot use her hands to pull him.

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

MRS. TEACHER: (entering) All right, everyone, settle down and find a seat. (The STUDENTS sit down. CHARLIE rushes in, looking lost.) Are you our new student? Have a seat right there, dearie. (notices TOXIC SLUDGE reaching for the ray gun on her desk) 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 he was 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: Not again! Ah-ah-AHH-CHOO!

Everyone shakes as if there's an earthquake and complains at SNEEZY.

MRS. TEACHER: Oh, thank you for the apple, Sludge. Just put it... 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: 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 a pose, uses his charm 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 a pose 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 and the rest of the class gets up in relief.

HYSTERIA: *(looking at her assignment)* I'm ruined, ruined I tell you!

SILVER TONGUE: This grade is spot on, Mrs. Teacher. You couldn't have given me a more accurate grade if you tried.

MRS. TEACHER: Thank you, Silver Tongue. Well, now that we've got the cheering and crying and gnashing of teeth out of the way 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.)* 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: *(rolling her eyes at SIDEKICK's hesitation)* It's when the villain gets carried away verbally explaining something. It could be his backstory, how wonderful he is, or even describing his 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 him.

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

BIG WHOOP: A dying grasshopper? (*they crack up*)

MRS. TEACHER: Are you boys making fun of another student?

GOLDEN BOY: (*striking a pose*) Of course not, Mrs. Teacher. We were complimenting Smellinator on her ever-increasing control over her powers.

MRS. TEACHER: (*affected by his pose*) How wonderful that you're so supportive of your fellow students. (*GOLDEN BOY drops the pose and MRS. TEACHER snaps out of her trance*) Right, 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. 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 him talking about his upbringing or his 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, closing her eyes and waving her arms*) I smell...I smell...umm...

GOLDEN BOY: Time for revenge! (*takes off his shoe and holds it underneath SMELLINATOR's nose*)

SMELLINATOR: (*eyes still closed*) I've got it! I smell...I smell...a radiation neutralizer gun! (*GOLDEN BOY snatches his shoe away as SMELLINATOR opens her eyes expectantly. An old shoe flies in from offstage.*) An old shoe?? Aahhhhh! (*GOLDEN BOY and his friends burst into laughter*)

MRS. TEACHER: Aside from the old shoe that was very good, Smellinator. Toxic Sludge, thank you for serving as our villain.

TOXIC SLUDGE: (*through his tears*) Sludge not villain.

MRS. TEACHER: Of course not, no one with a heart as big as yours could be a villain. But you were very helpful during this exercise. Now everyone partner up. Try to get your partner to monologue.

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

GOLDEN BOY: But this is a waste of time for me, right? I mean, look at my muscles. (*Flexes. The GIRLS 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 the already the best in the class.

GOLDEN BOY: I know, I know.

MRS. TEACHER: In fact, you're so good I'm going to pair you with our new student Charlie so you can teach her what to do.

GOLDEN BOY: Dang it! My pose was too effective. (*experiments with his pose, the GIRLS swoon and sigh as he does so*) I've got to recalibrate these things.

MRS. TEACHER: Now spread out and get to work while I run some paperwork to the office. All the superpowers in the school at our disposal and we still have paperwork. I'll be back in a jiffy. (*exits*)

The STUDENTS pair up and various hijinks occur as they practice their skills on one another.

CHARLIE: (*reluctantly walks up to GOLDEN BOY*) Hello.

GOLDEN BOY: Are you talking to me? I thought we discussed this.

CHARLIE: Mrs. Teacher said I'm supposed to be your 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: How has being super affected your life?

GOLDEN BOY: It's like a little mouse is squeaking in my ear.

CHARLIE: What is your worst childhood memory?

GOLDEN BOY: Today, meeting you.

CHARLIE: What's your biggest regret?

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

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

The whole class gasps and turns slowly to look at the two of them.

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

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

MRS. TEACHER *returns.*

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: (*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: Alright, 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 plays*) There's the bell. See you all next class.

EMBER: That was so hot.

GUILTY PLEASURE: I know, right?

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

SIDEKICK: (*to REFLECTOR*) Guess Gold isn't the only one who used his powers on a teacher today.

The STUDENTS file out 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 simply come up to the office and get another

one. Please do not punch, kick, vaporize or use your super weapons on the vending machine. Principal Boom has already had to replace our vending machine three times this week and she is not happy. Thanks, and as always, have a super day, everybody!

Lights come up on the whole stage as STUDENTS enter with lunch boxes and sit down in groups talking and eating. CHARLIE is the last to enter. She stops, looks at the scene, and walks toward a group.

CHARLIE: Um, can I sit with you guys?

The kids in the group shake their heads no and turn away from her to prevent her from sitting with them. CHARLIE tries to sit with several more groups but no one will include her. You can include ad libbed lines here to make the scene work. Finally CHARLIE sadly sits down all by herself and starts eating.

THE SHIELD: Guys, 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 Sneezzy 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 and stops him without touching him.

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: Alright, fine, let's go over there. Golden Boy needs something new to mock anyway.

SMELLINATOR: Yeah, why not throw him a bone. (*A bone flies in from offstage. SMELLINATOR runs over and picks it up.*) Guys, did you see that? A bone! I said "throw him a bone" and a bone actually appeared! My powers worked!

WET BLANKET: Huh, that's unusual. Probably a fluke.

SMELLINATOR: Thanks for the vote of confidence.

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

CHARLIE: Um, are you sure you want to?

WET BLANKET: We came over here, didn't we?

THE SHIELD: (*to WET BLANKET*) Shhh!

CHARLIE: I mean, this isn't exactly the most popular place to be.

REFLECTOR: Don't worry about it. (*awkward silence as everyone tries to think of something to say*) 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 strike their own pose as they say their name.

WET BLANKET: I'm Wet Blanket.

SNEEZY MAGEE: Sneezzy Magee!

THE SHIELD: The Shield.

SMELLINATOR: I'm Smellinator!

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. It's still nice to meet you guys. Thanks for coming to sit with me.

They settle in around CHARLIE and start eating their lunch. There is more awkward silence.

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 day wasn't much better. I couldn't lift anything but a small pile of bricks in Strength class, Ember scorched me during Lasers and Fire class, literally scorched me (*she shows them a burn mark on her arm*) and I couldn't even read a tiny baby cockroach's mind in Mindreading 101.

WET BLANKET: Consider yourself lucky, you don't really want to know what those little buggers are thinking.

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!

SNEEZY MAGEE: And not all of us have powers that are worth bragging about, either.

CHARLIE: But what if I actually come face to face with a real villain? I have no way to defend myself! Plus just the coursework alone might kill me!

WET BLANKET: You think the classes here are dangerous? Try being friends with Sneezzy Magee here 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. It's not like super strength or laser vision or flying or anything cool. Seriously, I have the least sexy power at this school.

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: 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! (*he reaches out his arms for a hug*)

REFLECTOR and THE SHIELD: No!

REFLECTOR: Sorry, bud, not this time.

TOXIC SLUDGE: (*sadly*) Not ever.

CHARLIE: (*affectionately*) I can see why you guys keep him around. But 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: I can see why you'd 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 her eyes and sniffs deeply, waving her hands)* I smell... I smell... a bouquet of bright, happy daisies. *(a bouquet of fish or some other strange object 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: Awww, look at that. "Super" Charlie found some friends that are her equals.

EMBER: Huh? I don't get it.

BIG WHOOP: He means everybody in that group has worthless superpowers.

BIG WHOOP laughs and EMBER joins in. SIDEKICK does not.

REFLECTOR: That's not true! We're just as powerful as you in our own way!

GOLDEN BOY: Oh, really. Can you do this? *(he strikes a pose and other GIRLS 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 just lame.

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, 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 lives! There's a thuper villain on the loose in our thchool!

HYSTERIA: A super villain?! On the loose?! In the school?! The universe as we know it ends today!! (*the STUDENTS near her catch her 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, it's not Printhipal Boom! The thuper villain it's real! And thee's coming thith way!

REFLECTOR: A super villain 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 takes down a villain, an over inflated 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.

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

SNAGGLETOOTH turns and runs away, running straight into THE VILLAIN as she enters with her EVIL SIDEKICK. SNAGGLETOOTH falls to the ground helpless. THE VILLAIN is dressed in cartoony villain garb. Her EVIL SIDEKICK drags in a large, ridiculous, cartoony machine. It needs to be large enough that a stagehand can hide 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 cartoony 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? Marvelous! I've waited years to hear a screech of fear like that!

HYSTERIA: She's going to take over the world! (*the STUDENTS near her 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?

THE VILLAIN: I wouldn't expect a puffed up pup like yourself to understand.

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, you! I've had about enough of your stupidity. I'm going to freeze you! In fact, I'm going to freeze *all* of you! (*she turns to her machine*)

HYSTERIA: I feel an ice age approaching! (*the STUDENTS around her cower and shiver and huddle together in a panic*)

REFLECTOR: Freeze us? How?

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

She presses a button, there is a goofy sound, and all of the STUDENTS freeze in place.

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

CHARLIE: (*breaking through the crowd*) 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*) How are you moving? How are you talking?

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

THE VILLAIN: 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. EVIL SIDEKICK does not notice because she is scrambling along behind her master and 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 true 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 went through several evil sidekicks in the process (*EVIL SIDEKICK reacts*) but I did what I had to do to...

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

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!



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