

WAIT! WAIT! SUPERHERO!

by Ken Bradbury

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SYNOPSIS: When Superheroes gather, anything can happen. But what about those that are not quite so Super. These two performers won't hesitate to bring a laugh as they show us what a superhero can be.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 either)

HEATH (m/f)..... (68 lines)

SMITH (m/f)..... (66 lines)

NOTE: Although male pronouns are used in the script, performers of either gender may play the roles.

PROPS/SET

- Desk
- Chair
- Papers
- Phone

SOUND EFFECTS

- Phone rings

AT START: *HEATH sits at his desk shuffling papers. SMITH enters and approaches Heath's desk and after some moments of not being noticed, clears his throat.*

HEATH: Oh. Sorry. I didn't see you come in. Are you here to register?

SMITH: Yes. Uh ... register.

HEATH: Sorry, but it's been quite a morning. This is the biggest crowd we've ever had for our Superhero convention. (*SFX: phone rings.*) Just a moment. I need to take this. (*Into the phone.*) Yes? You can park it anywhere. No, really. They what? Look, the Batmobile takes up three parking spaces, I know that, but he's a star, okay? No, don't charge him triple for parking. (*Off the phone.*) I'm really sorry. This dealing with superheroes for a solid week ... I mean, this is tricky. Now, what were you ... (*SFX: the phone rings again.*) Sorry. (*Into the phone.*) Hello. He's what? No, no, let him go. Let him do it. I know that most of the guests are entering the front door, but if Spiderman insists on climbing up the side of the building then just deal with it, okay? (*Off the phone.*) I apologize. This place is a madhouse. Okay, now which of the Superhero events will you be attending?

SMITH: Is this the ...

HEATH: The International Convention of Superheroes, yes. Now which one did you come to see?

SMITH: Uh ... well. None, really. I am a superhero.

HEATH: (*A long stare, then.*) You? A superhero? I mean, I'm sorry, but you know, you don't exactly ... you know ...

SMITH: I don't exactly look like a superhero.

HEATH: Yeah. Please don't take offense.

SMITH: No. That's okay. I get that a lot.

HEATH: So uh ... I mean ... just exactly who are you?

SMITH: I'm ... Hesitate Man.

HEATH: You're what?

SMITH: Hesitate Man.

HEATH: That's what I thought you said. Hesitate ...

SMITH: ... Man. Hesitate Man.

HEATH: And your superpower is ... ?

SMITH: I ... uh ... you know ... I hesitate.

HEATH: You hesitate.

SMITH: I hesitate.

HEATH: I don't, uh ... I don't have you registered anywhere in my records.

SMITH: That's because I ...

HEATH: ... you hesitated too long.

SMITH: Yes. I hesitated. That happens a lot.

HEATH: And your costume?

SMITH: Well, I hesitate to tell you.

HEATH: I'm sure you do.

SMITH: ... but I don't really have a costume. I mean ... this is my costume.

HEATH: *(A long pause, then.)* The Joker put you up to this, didn't he?

SMITH: Huh?

HEATH: The Joker. He's always pulling things like this. Batman's Joker came up with this, right?

SMITH: Uh ... no. I'm for real. This is me.

HEATH: Hesitate Man.

SMITH: Hesitate Man.

HEATH: Look ... *(SFX: but his phone rings again.) (Into the phone.)* Yeah? Well shut it off! Just shut it off for a minute and let him through. *(Off the phone.)* Iron Man can't make it through the metal detector. This place is driving me crazy. Okay, Mr. ...

SMITH: Hesitate Man. You can call me Mister Hesitation for short.

HEATH: Actually, that's longer. Okay, now why are you... I mean, how do you ... uh ... Hesitating is a super power?

SMITH: I think so. My parents think so. They're superheroes, too.

HEATH: Your parents are superheroes?

SMITH: Yes. Distracted Man and Confused Woman.

HEATH: Distracted Man and Confused Woman.

SMITH: You've heard of them.

HEATH: No.

SMITH: Well, we're a family of rather minor superheroes ... maybe not exactly super, but at least okay. Maybe you've heard of my uncle ... Lost Man?

HEATH: Lost Man? Where's he?

SMITH: I don't know. He's lost. We're all heroes in my family.

HEATH: "Okay" heroes.

SMITH: I guess that would be right.

HEATH: So listen, Mr. ... uh ... Hesitate Man, I mean how exactly is that a super power? What exactly do you do?

SMITH: Do?

HEATH: Do. I mean, how can you save people or keep a meteor from crashing into the planet or stop aliens from taking over the Earth?

SMITH: Well ... I hesitate to say.

HEATH: I'm sure you do.

SMITH: No, no ... it's just that ... well, just last week the city of Chicago was about to be eaten by a large amphibian that had morphed into a monster due to a radiation spill in Canada and so I zipped up to Chicago.

HEATH: You flew?

SMITH: Amtrak. I hesitate to fly.

HEATH: Oh. Go on. Then what?

SMITH: Well, I hesitated until the Hulk and Superman showed up and saved the town.

HEATH: You're kidding me.

SMITH: Not at all. It worked. I hesitated and Chicago was saved. The Cubs even won that day.

HEATH: Look, I think maybe you'd better ... (*SFX: phone rings.*) I've got to take this. (*Into phone.*) Now what? He what? Well check it as he goes by. Look fast. (*Off the phone.*) It's the Flash. He's going so fast they can't check his nametag. Look, Mr. Hesitate, I don't think you qualify. I've never vetoed a superhero before, but this just doesn't make sense.

SMITH: Can I explain?

HEATH: Don't hesitate. (*He laughs. SMITH doesn't.*) Sorry.

SMITH: It's just that so many people make mistakes by rushing into things ... hurrying too much, leaping before they look. I consider the art of hesitation a very powerful thing. In fact, a superpower.

HEATH: Okay, okay. Let's get this over with, shall we? I've still got a couple hundred people to check in and the line's getting long behind you. You say you're a superhero? Okay, let's prove it.

SMITH: What do you mean?

HEATH: (*Jumping up and stretching out on the ground in front of SMITH.*) Look! I'm a damsel in distress!

SMITH: A what?

HEATH: A damsel! A beautiful young girl! Some dastardly villain wants my daddy's farm but Daddy won't give it him so the bad, mean man has tied me to the railroad tracks to make Daddy give it up. I'm tied up! The train is coming! "Oh! Oh! Oh! What I need is a superhero to save me! Woe is me! Woe is me!" Well? What are you doing just standing there? Save me! Save me!

SMITH: You know, I think it's best not to rush into these things.

HEATH: What? What? Are you out of your mind? Can you hear that train? Choo! Choo! Choo! Squeal! Squash! Dead Damsel! Do something!

SMITH: Could you give me just a moment?

HEATH: No! No, I can't give you a moment! I'm about to be cut in half by 400 tons of locomotive! "Oh help me, Hesitate Man! Help me! Help me!"

SMITH: I was just wondering ...

HEATH: What?? What?? You were wondering what??

SMITH: Perhaps the train will stop before it gets here.

HEATH: Stop? A freight train is going to stop for no reason? Are you crazy?

SMITH: Look, I think we still have time. Amtrak is always late.

HEATH: Not this one, baby! It's coming closer and closer and ...
(Screams and "dies")

SMITH: (A long pause as he looks at the lifeless HEATH.) Uh ... excuse me. Are you dead? Did I hesitate too long?

HEATH: (Opening one eye.) Yes, I'm dead, and yes, you waited too long. (Getting up.) You know, this isn't much of a super power, fella. It doesn't do much good to rescue people after they've been cut in half.

SMITH: Maybe I could do a little something for each half after the train has gone by.

HEATH: What? Bury them?

SMITH: Please, just let me in to the convention. I know I can prove myself.

HEATH: One more test. (Standing on his chair or at least pretending to be standing on a high spot.) I'm a beautiful girl. King Kong has me in his clutches and we're on top of the Empire State Building with hundreds of planes flying around trying to shoot the ape. "Help!

Help! If you kill Kong then I shall fall to my death!" (*Looking at HEATH.*) Well? Do something!

SMITH: How tall is the building?

HEATH: What does it matter!?

SMITH: Are there steps or can I take an elevator?

HEATH: You can take a flying leap for all I care! Just save me!

SMITH: You know, if you wait long enough maybe you can catch a plane. The Empire State Building is right on the flight path to Kennedy Airport.

HEATH: What are you waiting for?

SMITH: A better idea. Perhaps something safer.

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