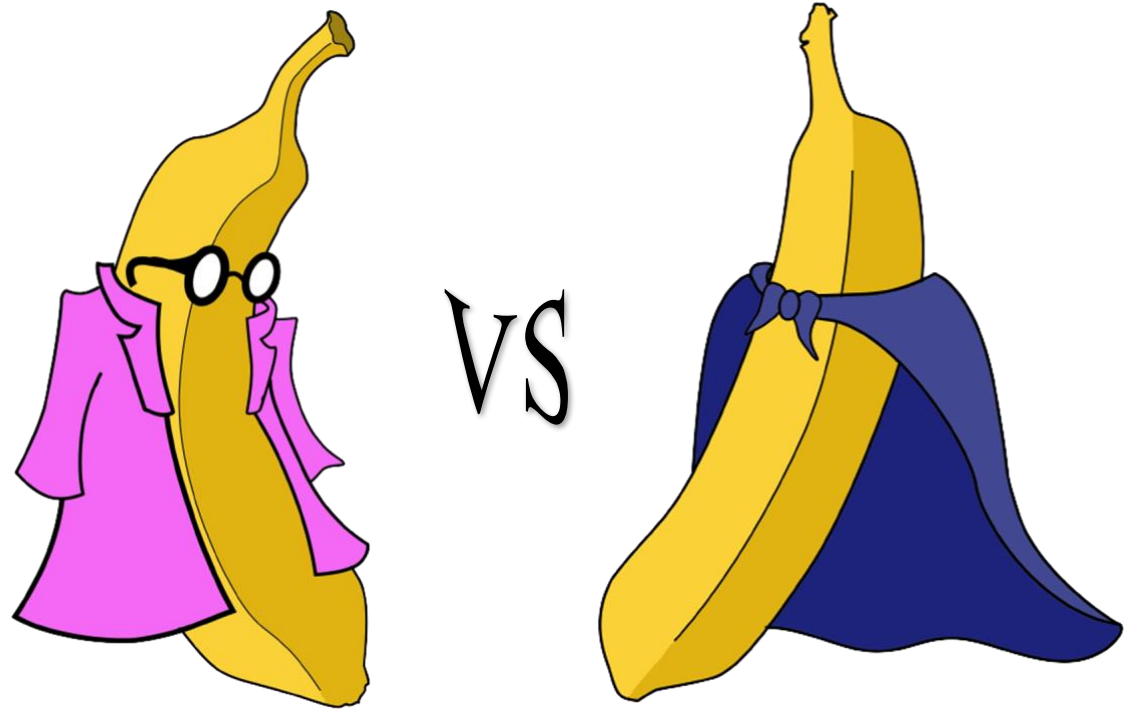


CAPTAIN COBALT



THE SINISTER SCIENTIST

by Sawyer Quinn Brown

CAPTAIN COBALT VS THE SINISTER SCIENTIST

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CAPTAIN COBALT VS THE SINISTER SCIENTIST

Dedicated to Hannah (which rhymes with banana), a real superhero

CAPTAIN COBALT VS THE SINISTER SCIENTIST

Captain Cobalt vs. the Sinister Scientist was produced by Big Sweater Productions at the Playhouse Theatre in New York, NY in April, 2019, and subsequently at Chelsea Theatre Works in Chelsea, MA in September, 2019.

CAST

CAPTAIN COBALT/ETC. – Hannah Elizabeth Brown

DR. KILLINGTON/ETC. – Sawyer Quinn Brown

PRODUCTION CREW

DIRECTOR – Liz Adams

COSTUME DESIGNER – Amy Ellis

SOUND DESIGN – Sawyer Q Brown & Hannah E Brown

STAGE MANAGER (NY) – Jess Ronzo

STAGE MANAGER (MA) – Cassandra Murkison

LIGHTING DESIGN (MA) – Paul Lewkowicz

SOUND OPERATOR (MA) – Miguel Lugo

STAGEHAND (MA) – Mike Sullivan

CAPTAIN COBALT VS THE SINISTER SCIENTIST

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Actress 1

Captain Cobalt/Cyanna Conda (F)
Patty (F)
Billy (M)
Alex Arm'n'Hammer (F)
Jenny (F)
Jim (M)
Maggie (F)

Actress 2

Mr. Mushman (M)
Taylor the Tailor (M)
Dr. Jane Killington (F)
Leslie (F)
Josh (M)
The Cheesemeister (M)
Claudette (F)
Belinda Barnstormer (F)
Chester (M)
Bob (M)
Jo-Jo (F)

To be included in the program:

[Due to budgetary constraints, all props in tonight's performance will be replaced by bananas.]

[Fun fact of the day: Alligators can run at 20 miles an hour.]

CAPTAIN COBALT VS THE SINISTER SCIENTIST

ACT I

Scene 1 – Monologue/Pet Store

Lights come up on CAPTAIN COBALT, who is gazing heroically into the distance.

CAPTAIN. You know what they never tell you about being a superhero? They never tell you about the *violence*. Oh, sure, I've seen the movies. Superheroes fight evil-doers, we all know that. But what you don't know until you've seen it in real life is that there is blood, and there are guts, and sometimes—sometimes there are even teeth. On one memorable occasion, there were tonsils. But the violence is *necessary* violence, as sometimes violence is. If superheroes didn't battle threats to the public, then there would be chaos. And I won't stand for that. My name...is Captain Cobalt. (*Heroic music plays. A stagehand billows her cape.*) A totally self-made superhero. With years of hard work I have gained my super-strength! Through the power of PHYSICS—I have learned flight! I have no need of weapons: I use my bare hands to take down foes! (*The stagehand starts helping Captain Cobalt change her costume to her alter-ego's, and runs offstage with her Captain Cobalt costume.*) I have no shortage of enemies; the world just keeps producing a seemingly-endless supply of supervillains, all of them superlatively villainous. I'll not let them defeat me, nor keep me from my ultimate goal: world peace. It sounds impossible, I know. But that is the job of all superheroes. To dream the impossible. To will it into existence. If I just...will...hard enough... (*She squints really hard, as if she's going to use the force to create world peace. The lights are slowly*

CAPTAIN COBALT VS THE SINISTER SCIENTIST

coming up revealing a Pet Store set. At this point, Captain Cobalt has morphed into CYANNA CONDA, a lowly pet store shop clerk, who wears a pet store uniform, a ponytail, and glasses. To one side of the stage is a projector and screen. The screen is currently blank. MR. MUSHMAN, Cyanna's boss, has entered and is glaring at Cyanna with folded arms. He has a small mustache and is wearing a pet store uniform shirt.)

MUSHMAN. Miss Conda!

CYANNA. *(Still in Captain Cobalt mode.)* I can make it happen...I know I can make it happen...I have the power—

MUSHMAN. Cyanna!

CYANNA. What? *(She sees him and startles. The projector suddenly shows a slide reading "PET STORE".)* Oh! Sorry, Mr. Mushman! I was just—

MUSHMAN. Just *when* do you plan to count the parakeets?

CYANNA. Oh, I'm sorry, sir, I tried that, but they were like— *(She does an impression of parakeets flapping their wings frantically and moving around.)* They move really fast.

MUSHMAN. So take a picture! Use your brain for once, Conda! Hunh. Did you at least buff the turtles?

CYANNA. I'm sorry, sir, but I did buff them last week.

MUSHMAN. So buff them again! It's on the schedule! *(He pulls out the schedule, which is a banana, and gestures to it.)* Once a week: buff the turtles! I have a machine for it, even!

CYANNA. The thing is, Mr. Mushman, about the machine—it's a floor buffer. But they're not floors, sir. They're turtles. And I just thought—

MUSHMAN. I don't pay you to think! Well, what about the cats, did you exorcise them?

CYANNA. I just don't think that cats like to go for walks—all I do is put them on leashes and drag them around—

MUSHMAN. No, not "exercise," "exorcise." Can't you read? *(He indicates the schedule/banana again.)* A priest was supposed to call yesterday.

CYANNA. You think the cats are possessed?

MUSHMAN. They're cats!

CAPTAIN COBALT VS THE SINISTER SCIENTIST

CYANNA. A priest did call yesterday, but I thought he had the wrong number.

MUSHMAN. *Cyanna!* How many times do I have to tell you, you need to put some thought into your work!

CYANNA. Sorry, Mr. Mushman.

MUSHMAN. Well, get on with it, already! I'm going into the basement and see about the snail farm. I just can't seem to convince them to pull a plow or even seed a field. Lazy!

(He grumbles offstage. Cyanna makes eye contact with the audience and sighs. Suddenly, there's the sound of crashing offstage and a mysterious noise that sounds vaguely squidlike.)

CYANNA. *(Back to her Captain persona.)* What's that?! *(She runs to the door to look out.)* It's a giant...there are tentacles...yes, it is a giant squid-monster. Just as I suspected. Where did I leave my cape? *(She heads for the counter, then remembers herself.)* No, I'm at work. I need to mind the shop, or someone might run off with the hamsters. *(To the audience)* What should I do? Should I stay here and buff turtles, or should I save the city? *(When the audience says 'Save the city!', she calls offstage.)* Mr. Mushman! *(Mr. Mushman grunts from offstage.)* I'm taking my lunch!

MUSHMAN. *(Offstage.)* Oh no you're not!

CYANNA. I'll see you in— *(She looks out at the squid again. More squid noises from offstage.)* —half an hour!

MUSHMAN. *(Offstage, enraged.)* Conda!!

CYANNA. *(To audience.)* I'd better get out there fast, in case I'm needed to heroically rescue one—or maybe seven people! *(Blackout.)*

Scene 2 – A City Street

Projector screen reads "A CITY STREET." LESLIE, a bystander, talks on a cell phone/banana. She wears a stylish hat and looks like someone who would complain to the manager about a latte—but in a nice way.

CAPTAIN COBALT VS THE SINISTER SCIENTIST

LESLIE. But what I'm saying, and I think you'll agree, is that he has really nice buns. They're really round and well-formed and, like, yeasty. Ugh, no, he's a baker, what did you think I was talking about? Wait, what were *we* talking about? How you have such a hard time connecting with your father. You're from different generations, you have different beliefs. It's like, he hated Windows 95, you hated Windows Vista, but I think we can all agree that we hate Windows 10. I know, it's garbage. But you're just gonna have to move past this disagreement with your dad, I mean, I know it seems impossible right now, but if you can make peace he can at least come to your son's Bar Mitzvah. Listen, I'm really sorry to cut you off, but I do need you to at some point connect me to Dr. Lindstrom, 'cause I have a urinary tract infection. Yeah, like a river of fire when I pee, it's the worst. If you could connect me? Oh, I know, though, it's been great meeting you! It's Caroline, right? And feel free to call me if you need any help repairing that tea cozy— *(Suddenly, Captain Cobalt appears, heroically recovering from a vicious blow of the giant squid she's fighting offstage.)* Oh, sorry, hold on, babe, there's some kind of superhero fight going on. *(Leslie looks offstage.)* Oh, it's like some kind of a giant squid. No, I don't recognize the superhero, she's— oh! *(Captain Cobalt seizes Leslie's cell phone/banana and hurls it offstage.)*

CAPTAIN. Take *that*, you monstrous cephalopod! *(She dashes off to fight more. There is the sound of exaggerated fighting, including the sounds of various blows hitting the enemy, such as "Biff! Wham! Pow!". As the sound effects play, Leslie pulls out another cell phone/banana and dials.)*

LESLIE. *(Into phone.)* Hello, Caroline, you still there? Yeah, some lady in a blue suit just threw my phone at the squid I was telling you about. I *know*, it's always happening to me! I don't know what it is. No, I don't know who she is, she's one of the blue ones, I guess. The Denim Damsel? God, I have no idea. Anyway— *(As Leslie says "The Denim Damsel," Captain Cobalt comes flying back onto the stage and hits the floor. She fights her way back to her feet, brushing the dust off her uniform.)*

CAPTAIN COBALT VS THE SINISTER SCIENTIST

CAPTAIN. (*To Leslie.*) It's Captain Cobalt, ma'am. And be sure to stay well back of the fighting—don't want you getting hurt.

LESLIE. Oh, well that is just so sweet of you, I'll stand right over here, is this good? (*Captain Cobalt gives her a thumbs up.*) Great, thanks.

CAPTAIN. (*Yelling offstage.*) Fie on you, you tentacled nightmare beast! (*She charges off again.*)

LESLIE. (*Into phone.*) Caroline, she's called Captain Cobalt, write it down, okay? I'm gonna tweet later about how polite she was. It's so hard to find people who are courteous when giant squid monsters are attacking the city. (*Watching the fight.*) Oh, wow, she is super ripped. Yeah, me too, I gotta start doing more cardio. (*Captain Cobalt runs across the stage and picks up a banana from the ground, acting like she's lifting something really heavy over her head as she crosses back and runs offstage again. While the above is happening.*) Ugh, and ab work. She's lifting an entire car over her head right now and I'm standing here thinking how heavy my backup cell phone is.

CAPTAIN. (*Offstage.*) How does it feel to have only *three* tentacles, you flailing behemoth?!

LESLIE. You really can't see this on like, the internet in your office? You'd think a giant squid monster would be news. Don't worry, I'll paint you a picture. Captain—what is it? *Cobalt*, thanks—Captain Cobalt just found the woman who was operating the squid-beast-thingie—I think it's Unbearable Ursula? Yeah. I follow her on Youtube, too, she's hilarious. There are just tentacles *everywhere*, this whole area's blocked off, I don't know how they're gonna clear this out. I know, I hope you and your husband make it to see *La Boheme* on time tonight! Oh, Captain Cobalt—oh, she's—oh, that's very...violent. Well, it looks like it's over, I'd better beat the rush back to the office— (*Captain Cobalt enters, panting and triumphant.*) oh, hold on a sec, Caroline, I gotta talk to somebody. (*To Captain Cobalt.*) Um, excuse me? (*Once she has her attention.*) Hey, girl. Listen, you're kind of, I don't know how to say this, covered in squid guts?

CAPTAIN. Oh? Where?

CAPTAIN COBALT VS THE SINISTER SCIENTIST

LESLIE. Turn around. Yeah, it's mostly on your cape. Here's what you're gonna do: you're gonna go to the dry cleaner's—there's a good one a few streets over from here—and you're gonna tell them Leslie sent you and they're gonna give you a discount.

CAPTAIN. Thank you! Why is it you get a discount at the dry cleaner's? (*Leslie gestures to herself or does a hair flip, as if to say 'Duh, I'm adorable.'*) Right. And where did you say the shop was?

LESLIE. Three blocks over. You'll know it's the right one 'cause of the really cute owner, I think his name is Tyler. You know, last time I was there, he *said* he was looking to meet some superhero.

CAPTAIN. Which one?

LESLIE. Something to do with a color. It could have been you. Anyway, good job with the squid and everything, but I gotta go, ciao! (*Into the phone.*) Caroline, thanks so much for holding, but could you transfer me to Dr. Lindstrom now? Thanks...Dr.

Lindstrom, hi, it's Leslie, I need to talk to you about a urinary tract infection, but first I wanted to ask how little Sally's recital went... (*Leslie exits.*)

CAPTAIN. (*To audience, proudly posing.*) I beat the squid. (*Encourages applause. 'Hears' something offstage.*) What's that, officer? Hmm, well, you're going to have to call the highway department to remove these squid tentacles, and we don't want this supervillain, Unbearable Ursula's, blood staining the pavement. We want our city streets to remain as spotless as our crime statistics. (*Out to the audience.*) I remember the good old days when a squid was merely a squid. Now, horrific villains can genetically modify and mind-control poor helpless sea creatures to make them enormous and conducive to evil. Who *knows* what Unbearable Ursula was planning to do by controlling that tentacled nightmare? Now we'll never know. Thanks to me.

It's a shame that the police force does not have the freedom I do when it comes to seeking out evildoers. And, of course, though the military could help in keeping the peace, they are not permitted to assist. So it is up to me to track down those who would do harm to the populace. For the good of humanity. I must keep fighting the good fight. I am determined to make things right. Right for all of

CAPTAIN COBALT VS THE SINISTER SCIENTIST

us. So that peace may envelope the globe. Epic peace. (*JOSH, an Obnoxious Little Kid, comes onstage, playing a handheld video game/banana.*)

JOSH. What are you, some kind of a stupid superhero?

CAPTAIN. No, I am an intelligent superhero. Captain Cobalt! What is your name, young...child?

JOSH. Josh.

CAPTAIN. So...how old are you?

JOSH. Old enough to know you're a stupidhead. My mom says—

CAPTAIN. Doesn't your mother tell you not to be rude? Or not to talk to strangers?

JOSH. MY MOM SAYS that superheroes destroy too much stuff in the city.

CAPTAIN. Any damage that I might incur is caused in the name of justice and righting wrongs!

JOSH. There's a kid at my school named Justice.

CAPTAIN. (*Thrown.*) Really?

JOSH. Yeah. (*They stare at each other.*) Are you...are you fightin' an' stuff for him?

CAPTAIN. I...yes. In a general sense. I'm fighting for *everyone*, so I suppose, while I fight for justice for *all*, I am also, yes, somewhat fighting for a small child named 'Justice.' Since he is part of 'all,' and thus, under my purview. (*Josh is clearly confused.*) Umbrella. Under my...yes, under my umbrella. The umbrella that encompasses all of this city, and eventually, all of the world. With my magnificent powers, I can defend all those who need defending! The older gentleman selling newspapers on the street-corner! The women waiting in line at a bank! Janitorial staff! Socialites! Troglodytes! Optometrists! Soccer moms drinking smoothies in minivans! From the nonagenarians in retirement homes...all the way to the tiny children asking rude questions of superheroes in the street. (*She gestures to Josh.*) All are under my metaphorical umbrella...of *justice!* (*She poses.*)

JOSH. You took Justice's umbrella?

CAPTAIN. No, I—

CAPTAIN COBALT VS THE SINISTER SCIENTIST

JOSH. I don't think it's very nice of you to take Justice's umbrella.

CAPTAIN. It's not a real umbrella.

JOSH. Did you break it?

CAPTAIN. What? How dare you—

JOSH. Did you break the umbrella. *My mom says that it's not nice to take other people's things—*

CAPTAIN. I don't even know this 'Justice' person!

JOSH. You took his umbrella.

CAPTAIN. I didn't.

JOSH. Yes, you did.

CAPTAIN. No! I didn't!

JOSH. *Yes, you did! (He blows a raspberry, turns to go, then turns back.) Oh, and also? You smell like dead fish. (Turns to go, turns back.) Oh, and also? You look like a dead fish. (Turns to go, turns back.) Oh, and also? (He pauses. Captain Cobalt waits expectantly. Finally.) I forgot what I was going to say. (He finally leaves.) Always wonderful to meet an adoring fan. He was right about one thing, though: I do smell like dead fish. I'd better get to the dry cleaners, pronto! (Blackout.)*

Scene 3 – Dry Cleaners

Projector screen reads "DRY CLEANERS." A man, TAYLOR, who wears a newsie hat and a vest, stands at the counter using one banana to 'write' on another banana.

CAPTAIN. Hello, citizen. *(When Taylor turns, Captain Cobalt falls in love instantly. She swoons a little.)*

TAYLOR. Hello, I—oh! You're Captain Cobalt!

CAPTAIN. *(Recovering herself.)* Yes. Yes, I am.

TAYLOR. That's gr—I mean, hi, wow, great to meet you. *(He comes out from behind the counter to shake her hand.)* My name is Taylor, I run this clothing repair and dry-cleaning shop.

CAPTAIN. You already know my name.

CAPTAIN COBALT VS THE SINISTER SCIENTIST

TAYLOR. I have to say, I was hoping to run into you. When I heard someone had spotted you in this neighborhood, I knew I'd picked the right location for my new shop.

CAPTAIN. How fortuitous.

TAYLOR. Very. I saw that thing you did last week, where you tied Gerald the Malevolent around a lamppost. (*Acting impressed.*) It was really brutal. And only slightly terrifying.

CAPTAIN. You're too kind.

TAYLOR. What an honor to have you in my shop. What brings you here?

CAPTAIN. Well, I know you've just been too polite to say anything about the smell, but I recently had an encounter with a giant squid, and my cape is a little...

TAYLOR. Covered in squid guts? (*Captain Cobalt nods.*) I'm sure it's happened to everyone at some point. Here, I have a printout of what to do in case of mollusk stains. (*He retrieves a banana from the counter and presents it to her.*)

CAPTAIN. You're not going to charge me?

TAYLOR. You? No. I'll just hope you'll come back. (*Realizing how that sounds.*) I mean, having you around could help drive up business, when people find out a superhero's been to my store!

CAPTAIN. (*Flirty and shy.*) I'll have to come back soon, then. And see you. (*Back to Captain.*) Ahem. I'm sure I'll need to have clothing repaired at some point or another. Being a superhero and all, you run into a lot of 'snags,' if you will.

TAYLOR. (*Laughing too loudly.*) Oh, I know all about snags! I've always been somewhat of an expert on clothing repair. People used to make fun of me at school, you know, "Taylor the tailor."

CAPTAIN. I would never make fun of you, Taylor. It takes a strong man to darn a sock.

TAYLOR. I'm glad you think so. My brother always said that to me.

CAPTAIN. Your brother? Is he a tailor, too?

TAYLOR. No, he...well, he died. It's...it's recent, sorry, I...

CAPTAIN. No, I am sorry, Taylor the tailor. (*She puts a hand on his shoulder and he turns. Their eyes meet, and they gaze at each*

CAPTAIN COBALT VS THE SINISTER SCIENTIST

other for a moment. Finally, Captain Cobalt lifts the banana Taylor handed her.) Thank you. For this.

TAYLOR. Yeah, um...good luck with the squid guts...chum.

CAPTAIN. Yes, I...yes. Farewell, Taylor! Until we meet again!

(She exits. Blackout.)

Scene 4 – Secret Underground Volcano Lair

DR. KILLINGTON is discovered onstage. She appears every inch a supervillain, with pink spiky hair, a pink lab coat, and giant eyeglasses. When the lights come up, the projector screen reads “SECRET UNDERGROUND VOLCANO LAIR.” Dr. Killington is pointing her giant ray gun/plantain at a banana on her lab bench. When she spots the audience she does a double-take and drops her plantain on the lab bench to speak to the crowd.

DR. K. *(In a Scottish accent.)* Hello, group of easily-led people. I bet you’re all thinking how wonderful that Captain Cobalt is, well I am here to tell you that she is a big nincompoop and you should all totally despise her! Mostly because she pales in comparison to me. *(Dr. Killington dons pink latex gloves as she speaks.)* I have an IQ of 178, a PhD from Buff Orpington University, and I’ve never thrown shade at someone just for liking science better than going to the mall. I am Dr. Jane Killington, I am the hero of this story, and at the end of the play I am going to kill Captain Cobalt and you will thank me for it. That’s all right, you can save your applause until the end. Feel free to have a look round my laboratory. This is my secret lair! All heroes have one. You’ll notice there’s a sign indicating what it is right over there. *(She indicates the projector screen.)* Plus, look at all this science stuff! Beakers, test tubes, Bunsen burners. *(These are all bananas.)* I even have a giant ray gun! *(She brandishes her plantain at the audience.)* Just kidding. I’d never actually shoot you. I’m the good guy! And good guys, or women, in my case, don’t shoot innocent people. The only person *I* would be shooting is Captain Cobalt.

CAPTAIN COBALT VS THE SINISTER SCIENTIST

I've just got to capture her, first. Now, let me tell you a little more about my nemesis. She may have won you over to her side because her name is in the title of the play, but don't let her fool you! She is, and always has been, a nasty, nasty person. I've known her since we were wee lasses, and she has never been any better. Why, I'll never forget the time she *ruined* my sixteenth birthday party, with the shaving cream and the MC Hammer pants and...for Einstein's sake, she wasn't even invited! That, among other reasons, is why I'm going to take down Captain Cobalt by utterly annihilating her in every conceivable way! Down to the molecular level! Normally, people would boo me for something like that, but I'm so heroic that I would murder Captain Cobalt by throwing her in a shark tank. You wouldn't boo someone like that, would you? (*The audience boos. Dr. Killington boos back.*) I'll get her, and then...I might decide to rip her spine out of her still-breathing body using an elaborate crane mechanism. I could submerge her in a giant vat of pudding until it's *death by chocolate*. Or...or I could just use my GIANT RAY GUN and blow her into tiny, tiny pieces while all of you watch, and I *laugh!* (*PATTY enters as Dr. Killington begins laughing evilly. Patty wears a t-shirt with Dr. Killington on it, and she is barely restraining her excitement at seeing her idol: Dr. K. As Dr. Killington's laughter crescendos, Patty finally speaks.*)

PATTY. Omigod, it's your evil laugh, it's the best evil laugh I've ever heard and I get to hear it in *person!!* (*She jumps up and down.*)

DR. K. (*Startled.*) What the dickens?! Who are you?!

PATTY. (*Getting right into Dr. K's face.*) I'm Patty. Omigod. Omigod, it is just so super cool to meet you. (*She grabs Dr. Killington's hand and shakes it for an uncomfortably long time.*)

DR. K. Patty? I've never heard of a "Patty." (*She yanks her hand away. Patty keeps Dr. Killington's glove.*) And how in the name of Copernicus did you get into my *secret underground volcano* lair? Emphasis on "secret."

PATTY. Hunh, well, that's easy. I know all about you.

CAPTAIN COBALT VS THE SINISTER SCIENTIST

DR. K. Because you're a...creepy stalker wearing a t-shirt with my face on it?

PATTY. No, because I'm your biggest fan, duh! You're my absolute favorite supervillain ever! Can I try on your glasses? (*She lunges for them.*)

DR. K. Whoa, no, hey! (*Patty succeeds in stealing the glasses and examines them, finally trying them on. Dr. Killington blinks and squints, unable to see without them.*) Hey hey hey! Didn't your parents teach you not to touch other people's things?! (*She points sternly at where she thinks Patty is, which is several feet away from Patty's actual location.*) And I am *not* a supervillain! I'm a hero!

PATTY. I've always wondered if you had special vision enhancers in these things.

DR. K. That's...that's literally the point of glasses.

PATTY. Wow!

DR. K. Give those back! (*Patty returns the glasses and starts pulling on Dr. Killington's other glove.*) Now, come on—ugh! (*Dr. Killington rips her hand away, and the glove stays with Patty.*) —how did you get in here?

PATTY. (*Still poking at Dr. K.*) Billy let me in.

DR. K. Billy! I should have known.

PATTY. It was so outrageously cool to meet your sidekick.

DR. K. Billy is *not* my sidekick! And why would he let some random stranger into my secret lair?

PATTY. (*Finally backing off.*) I'm just answering the Craigslist ad.

DR. K. What Craigslist ad?

PATTY. The one your sidekick posted. "Hero looking for assistant." But there was a picture of you, and, since you're my absolute favorite supervillain, I knew I had to come. So I'm here! Your new assistant! (*She salutes.*) And I swear I'll do the best job, 'cause I know everything about you, your birthday, your favorite food—

DR. K. What's my favorite food?

PATTY. Haggis and boiled potatoes.

CAPTAIN COBALT VS THE SINISTER SCIENTIST

DR. K. How could you possibly know that?

PATTY. It's on your fansite!

DR. K. What fansite?!

PATTY. The one I created! Speaking of, can I get a selfie with you? *(She whips out her phone/a banana and takes a selfie with Dr. Killington before she can object.)* Omigod, you look amazing in this picture. *(She shows her.)*

DR. K. I look like a boiled potato.

PATTY. Okay! I'm so ready to do assistant-ing! What's my first assignment?

DR. K. I haven't said I'll hire you. *(Patty is vibrating with excitement. Dr. Killington takes pity on her.)* Oh, gods, okay. Um, I'll have you, uh, polish the death ray.

PATTY. Ooh ooh ooh! I have an even better idea! I'll go find someone for you to death ray!

DR. K. *(Taking her gloves back, gently.)* No, that's, I admire your enthusiasm, but why don't you leave that to me.

PATTY. Yes, ma'am, Dr. Killington! You're the supervillain—you know best!

DR. K. No, I've told you, I'm not a supervillain, I'm a *hero*. *(Guiding Patty out.)* Just go, go polish the death ray, and send Billy in when you've a chance, I need to have a talk with him.

PATTY. I'll send in your sidekick right away, Dr. Killington! *(She salutes again and exits.)*

DR. K. *(Yelling after her.)* He's not my sidekick! *(To the audience, embarrassed.)* So. I've a number of heroic plans and I think it's time to act on another of them. While I wait for some other schemes of mine to come to fruition, I'm going to send Captain Cobalt a taunt so that she knows I'm still here and still planning to DESTROY HER. *(She picks up a banana from her lab bench and shows it to the audience. BILLY enters. He is the guy you'd buy weed from in college, and then when you picked up he'd want to hang out for way too long afterwards. He wears a backwards baseball cap.)*

BILLY. Hey, Big K.

DR. K. Billy.

CAPTAIN COBALT VS THE SINISTER SCIENTIST

BILLY. It's Bill the Chill. That's my sidekick name.

DR. K. Billy. Why did you let a strange woman into my secret lair?

BILLY. Oh yeah! That's Patty. She's like, the most chill. She brought me quesadillas. I posted this ad on Craigslist 'cause I know you were like, looking for some extra help—

DR. K. Yes, I was looking for some *decent* help, like someone who would actually do the things I ask them to do. You know, like *you're* supposed to.

BILLY. I could help you with things! Listen, Big K—

DR. K. I've *told* you not to call me Big K. Billy, I give you a lot of leeway because you're my nephew—

BILLY. Hey, what's that envelope, boss?

DR. K. Something of great import.

BILLY. Can I see? (*Billy reaches toward the envelope/banana. Dr. Killington hunches around it protectively.*)

DR. K. No. You'll get your greasy fingerprints all over it.

BILLY. I just washed my hands.

DR. K. I don't believe you've *ever* washed your hands.

BILLY. I have, I swear, every time I use the bathroom.

DR. K. Before or after?

BILLY. What, like that's important? Big K—

DR. K. Billy!

BILLY. Lemme just see what's inside the envelope!

DR. K. It's not for you!

BILLY. Who's it for?

DR. K. If you *must* know, it's for Captain Cobalt.

BILLY. Ohhhh, I get it. You're giving her a present to throw her off her game.

DR. K. It's not a *present*. (*Billy reaches for it.*) Billy. I have had enough people in my personal bubble today. If you do not get out of my personal bubble then I will pull your lower lip over the top of your head.

BILLY. Wow, that might be kinda cool! I could find out what the top of my head tastes like.

DR. K. I said your lip, not your tongue!

CAPTAIN COBALT VS THE SINISTER SCIENTIST

BILLY. You can't taste with your lower lip?

DR. K. (*Losing her cool.*) Can you PLEASE—I just— (*She regains control.*) Billy. How would you like an assignment?

BILLY. Do you need me to deliver that to Captain Cobalt for you? (*He grabs the banana/envelope from Dr. Killington.*) That's the assignment, right? I'm ready for it! I'll just drop it off where you tell me, and then poof! Vanish into the mists like I was never there. I'll even go in disguise.

DR. K. Let's see the disguise.

BILLY. Here. (*He turns around and shifts his hat. When he turns back to the audience, the hat's brim is on the side of his head, instead of behind.*) You can't even recognize me, I bet.

MYSTERIOUS. Poof!

DR. K. Poof! (*Shooing him out.*) Poof! I don't want to see you anymore! Poof! Get out of my laboratory! Get! Scat! Begone!

BILLY. (*Being forced out the door.*) 'Bye, Big K!

DR. K. (*To audience.*) I imagine I've just banished that envelope to the floor of his car. Think he'll actually deliver it? (*If the answers are 'yes'.*) Och, you're a bunch of gimlet-eyed optimists, you are! (*If the answers are 'no'.*) Right, that's what I thought. (*Blackout.*)

Scene 5 – Pet Store

Projector screen reads "PET STORE." Mr. Mushman stands onstage with a slightly larger mustache than before, tapping his foot impatiently. Cyanna enters.

MUSHMAN. *Where* have you been?!

CYANNA. I had a, um, a personal emergency. Sorry, Mr. Mushman.

MUSHMAN. You're sorry. Humph. Consider this your last chance, Conda, before you're out and I hire some actually competent help. These chinchillas aren't going to dust themselves, you know!

CYANNA. (*Meekly.*) Chinchillas actually *do* dust themselves, sir.

CAPTAIN COBALT VS THE SINISTER SCIENTIST

MUSHMAN. And I need to talk to you about the capybaras. They're clad in Captain Kirk costumes. When I *specifically said* that I wanted them dressed as cavemen. And am I hallucinating or did I tell you to dress the dart frogs as Dracula?

CYANNA. Sir? At what point are we going to address that most of these animals are illegal to sell in a pet store?

MUSHMAN. And another thing! I noticed you've replaced the ferrets' bedding.

CYANNA. Yes, I just thought that recycled paper bedding might be softer than wood chips. I mean, would you want to sit around on chunks of wood all day?

MUSHMAN. I do sit around on chunks of wood all day—they're called chairs!

CYANNA. Look, all I'm saying is—

MUSHMAN. Enough! Miss Conda. I'm going into the back and change my jock strap. But before I do, I wanted to be sure to reprimand you—

CYANNA. You've been reprimanding me this entire time, sir!

MUSHMAN. (*Revealing the envelope/banana from Dr. Killington's lab.*) This envelope came for you in the mail. Don't have anything else delivered here. I don't want your personal life intruding on my store any more than it already has. Because I don't care! (*He shoves the envelope/banana at her and storms off the stage. Cyanna's left alone with the envelope/banana. She peels it and starts to read.*)

CYANNA. (*Out to audience.*) My gosh! No return address. Oh. It's a haiku. (*Reading it out.*) "Sharpening the blade/of my big circular saw/can't wait to kill you." And then it's just a bunch of evil laughter, "Mwa-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha" etc. "No love, Dr. Killington." This is very bad. Danger is imminent. I know Dr. Killington of old. She's never liked me, even when we were children, and I was always perfectly nice to her! Who could have guessed that she would turn so malevolent as she grew up? But she knows me all too well. She knows that I don't like receiving envelopes in the mail, and she knows that I can't stand her evil, evil laughter, esPECIALLY when it's written out. (*She hurls the*

CAPTAIN COBALT VS THE SINISTER SCIENTIST

banana away from her.) How did she find me here, in the workplace of my secret identity?! I changed my name on Facebook! *(A stagehand comes out to pick up the squashed banana, and looks accusingly at Cyanna. To stagehand.)* Sorry. *(As stagehand exits.)* You're doing a wonderful job! *(To audience.)* Can you do me a big favor? When Dr. Killington says or does something evil, you should boo her. She's my archnemesis and a terrible villain and we need to remind her of that fact. Will you do that for me? *(Waits for audience to say yes.)* And what about this letter? Should I answer Dr. Killington? Send her some sort of message? No. I won't send her anything. I shouldn't play her silly games. I'm above that sort of claptrap. I'll just...I'll just post something passive-aggressive on Twitter. *(She pulls out her phone/banana and taps a tweet into it. Mr. Mushman enters. He is wearing a slightly larger mustache.)*

MUSHMAN. Conda! The only tweeting in my pet store is done by the *birds!*

CYANNA. Sorry, Mr. Mushman! *(Pause.)* Wait, how did you know? *(Sound of a crash offstage.)*

MUSHMAN. *(Hustling to see offstage.)* Oh no! The tarantulas are loose again! They'll be after the dogs!

CYANNA. Why would tarantulas want dogs?

MUSHMAN. These tarantulas are radioactive. Last time I saw the tarantulas get out it was the winter of '78. Have you ever seen a radioactive tarantula swallow a dog?

CYANNA. Those tarantulas are radioactive?!

MUSHMAN. Those poor dachshunds. It's something you'll never forget. *(Choking up.)* Nothing left but the tail. Conda, get the broom, and I'll get the tranquilizer gun! You herd, I'll shoot! *(He charges offstage. Cyanna sighs and shrugs at the audience, then exits. Blackout.)*

CAPTAIN COBALT VS THE SINISTER SCIENTIST

Scene 6 – A Nearby Park

Projector screen reads “A NEARBY PARK.” Captain Cobalt soliloquizes. She is holding a sandwich/banana.

CAPTAIN. Finally out of there! Ugh. That man doesn't know how to run a pet shop. That pet shop needs a *real* leader. Like *me*. I'm too good for that job, anyway. I'm Captain Cobalt! When I beat supervillains, people cheer for me! True, they don't necessarily know my name—*yet*—but when they do, and they *will*, everyone will look up to me. They'll make flags with my face on them! If I didn't need the money, I'd leave that job today! Me, Captain Cobalt, working as a lowly pet store clerk—how bland, how dull, how *not me*. It's absurd. (*Looking about.*) At least it's a lovely day. I packed a sandwich so that I can lunch in the park. You know, being a hero is rather like making a sandwich. You have the meat of the matter: saving the world from evil. Then you add on other ingredients, like tomatoes: the fiery red of rescuing people from burning buildings. Lettuce: the crunchy green of stopping bank robberies. Sprouts: because I love sprouts. Wrap it all up in two big slices of heroism, and— (*She looks up. The sky is turning suddenly dark.*) My gosh. The sky is turning suddenly dark. How ominous. (*There's a lightning flash and a crack of thunder.*) Even more ominous. What could it be omin-ning? Something to do with the various supervillains (or ordinary villains) roaming this poor, beleaguered city? I've heard that General Chipmunkerstein is back, gathering his chipmunk army. Or perhaps Professor Wigglesonian was released from the hospital after that walloping I gave her a few weeks ago! Or it might even be that most nefarious of villains...the Moist Pants Man. But supposing this storm is omin-ning some outrageously cruel whim of nature? I'll have to use my self-trained superpowers to battle the ferocity of the environment itself! (*A man wearing a large cheese cowboy hat and a cheese tie enters. This is THE CHEESEMEISTER.*)

CM. (*In a loud, Southern-accented voice.*) I am the Cheesemeister!

CAPTAIN COBALT VS THE SINISTER SCIENTIST

CAPTAIN. *(To audience, sotto voce.) This is what it was ominous?!*

CM. All tremble before my cheese-osity! You'd cheddar get ready, because I'm feta up with the lack of cheese in this town. I can't camembert it any longer! *(Spotting the Captain.)* Well, well, well. If it isn't the Cerulean Avenger.

CAPTAIN. Captain Cobalt.

CM. What? Oh. I thought.

CAPTAIN. I am Captain Cobalt! And I'm here to smoke your gruyere, Cheesemeister!

CM. Ha-ha-ha! Watch out, you gorgon-zola! You'll never stop me! I'm here to smother the populace in Cheez-with-a-Z.

CAPTAIN. Not in my city, you muenster. *(Goofy fight ensues. Cheesemeister takes off laughing.)* Cheesemeister, you're ricotta time! *(She takes her time getting ready and then charges off after him. Sounds of a fight are heard, with more exaggerated Batman-esque fight noises. This continues as CLAUDETTE, a French tourist, enters, carrying a banana/cell phone.)*

CLAUDETTE. *(Trying to position her phone/banana to capture both her and the fight happening offstage. She turns on the 'record' function and speaks into the camera in a French accent.)* 'Allo, followers! Welcome to my video blog! I am 'ere in America, so I will speak American for you! In America, they have fights on the street all the time, it is tres degoutant, very gauche. I suppose it is what is in fashion, though, so I will tell you all about it. *(She fixes her camera on the battle offstage. A 'bash' sound is heard.)* The only man of sense in the whole country, The Cheesemeister, is trying to save the city from a lack of cheese, while the selfish woman in blue tries to stop 'im.

CAPTAIN. *(Offstage.)* Unhand that cheese wheel!

CLAUDETTE. I should tell you about what everyone is wearing, I think, non? The gentleman putting the cheese on people's sandwiches and laughing is very well-dressed in a cheese tie and a cheese cowboy hat, while the blue woman is in an ill-advised jumpsuit. I like the way The Cheesemeister is spraying the building behind me in brie. It is very artistic. Mon dieu! *(An*

CAPTAIN COBALT VS THE SINISTER SCIENTIST

explosion offstage.) Poor Cheesemeister! There is not very much of him left! Just a small portion of a *(She kisses her fingers.)* mwah! Very fragrant limberger. *(A banana comes tumbling onto the stage.)* Oh, non! There is The Cheesemeister's corpse. I'll just turn the camera away from that. *(Captain Cobalt enters, brushing off her hands.)* Excusez-moi? Mademoiselle Bleu?

CAPTAIN. Yes?

CLAUDETTE. Please can you look into the camera? *(She arranges the Captain as she wants her.)* Is for my followers, I run the fashion vlog 'Le Chic of the Week', you have 'eard of it?

CAPTAIN. Uh...

CLAUDETTE. Tell me, why 'ave you killed The Cheesemeister.

CAPTAIN. He was a threat to the city. I have saved the city from certain cheesiness. You're welcome, foreigner.

CLAUDETTE. Oui, and what 'ave you against cheese?

CAPTAIN. Well, if you want the truth...

CLAUDETTE. Oui?

CAPTAIN. I'm lactose intolerant.

CLAUDETTE. Oh, non. That is...I am sorry. That is a tragedy for you.

CAPTAIN. Thank you.

CLAUDETTE. Almost as big of a tragedy as your outfit.

CAPTAIN. What?

CLAUDETTE. Okay, selfie! *(She forces the Captain to pose, then kisses the Captain on both cheeks in the French fashion, and flounces off the stage.)*

CAPTAIN. *(Out to the audience.)* Tourists. *(She struts off the stage, calling as she exits.)* Officers! Do you need any assistance scraping the cheese off of those buildings? I know it can get all gross when it cools off... *(Dr. Killington comes storming onstage as soon as Captain Cobalt is off. She's holding several bananas taped together: a freeze-ray gun.)*

DR. K. Drat! Where'd she go? *(To audience.)* I'm ready for her this time! This is my freeze-ray. Doesn't it look awesome? I'm going to freeze her and then bring her back to my secret lair to

CAPTAIN COBALT VS THE SINISTER SCIENTIST

interrogate and kill her. I'm so heroic I can't even stand myself sometimes. (*Billy enters at a jog then stops and gasps for breath.*)

BILLY. Boss, I don't think all this exercise is good for me. My doctor says that I shouldn't let myself get winded, 'cause it takes all the taste out of my blood.

DR. K. What kind of a quack doctor says something like that? Who's your doctor, anyway?

BILLY. Dr. Acula.

DR. K. (*Out to audience.*) There you have it, folks. The worst joke we'll tell in this ridiculous play.

BILLY. Remember, Big K, I'm Bill the Chill. I'm your sidekick now, remember? That's why you brought me out with you.

DR. K. I don't have a sidekick, I have assistants. And I brought Patty, too. Now go do your job and find Captain Cobalt so I can capture her.

BILLY. Sure thing, Dr. Killington. I'll be the best sidekick ever, you'll see! (*He takes off. Offstage, to Captain Cobalt.*) Oh, whoa! Dude! You should definitely go over there, lady—there's like, a superhero convention happening. (*He pokes his head back onstage.*) I gotcha covered, boss, she's coming this way. (*He exits again.*)

DR. K. Oh! It's happening. (*She does a little shake down to prepare herself, then stretches a little bit. To the audience.*) I hope you won't boo me over this, but I look pretty heroic, right? Don't boo me! (*Audience boos.*) Whatever, I look great. (*Captain Cobalt enters.*)

CAPTAIN. Dr. Killington! I should have known. You always were the type to hold a grudge.

DR. K. I've got you this time, Captain. And I'm going to make you pay for what you did to me on September 15th, 1986.

CAPTAIN. I don't remember doing anything to you—

DR. K. My teddy bear! You know what you did.

CAPTAIN. That was a long time ago, Janey. And it's no excuse for being the menace to society you've become. (*She steps forward to attack Dr. Killington.*)

CAPTAIN COBALT VS THE SINISTER SCIENTIST

DR. K. Not so fast, Captain! *(She aims her giant banana gun and tries to shoot it. There's the sound of the gun failing to fire. Dr. Killington hits it a couple of times and then tosses it aside, growling in frustration. She charges at Captain Cobalt, ready to strangle her, and Captain Cobalt puts out a hand and places it on Dr. Killington's head. Dr. Killington flails uselessly at Captain Cobalt.)*

CAPTAIN. *(Laughing.)* I forgot how tiny you were. *(She shoves Dr. Killington away and then punches her upside the jaw. Dr. Killington goes flying and is knocked to the ground. Captain Cobalt advances on Dr. Killington when an alarm starts to go off on Cobalt's phone/banana. She pulls it out.)* Jiminy crickets! I'll be late to my underwater boxing class! *(She dashes off the stage.)*

DR. K. *(From the floor.)* Oh nooooooooooo... *(She weakly flops around a bit, and then a bit more in increasingly silly ways. To audience.)* You're laughing at me? Sadists. *(Patty enters, wearing a cheerleader skirt and holding two pom-poms/bananas. She doesn't notice that Dr. Killington is on the floor, and instead launches into a cheer routine. As she cheers, Dr. Killington slowly drags herself up off the floor.)*

PATTY. Ready?! Okay!

Who's the best in every way,
Who'll take down Captain C today?!
Her laughter is man-i-acal,
To surrender is ad-vis-able!
1 - 2 - 3 - 4
5 - 6 - 7 - kick!
She's the one who has no chill-ington,
And her name is Dr. Kill-ington!
Dr. K.! Dr. K.! Goooooo Dr. K.!

(Patty bounces around a bit until she notices Dr. Killington glaring at her.)

DR. K. Give me those pom-poms. *(She seizes the pom-poms/bananas and chucks them offstage one at a time. A stagehand leans out and catches them then gives a thumbs-up to*

CAPTAIN COBALT VS THE SINISTER SCIENTIST

the audience.) Wait, where did she go?! Where did Captain Cobalt go?!

PATTY. I'm not sure, but I think she left.

DR. K. Arrrrgh! (*Picks up freeze gun.*) And this useless thing.

UGH. I'll get her! I will, just you wait! Because I'm the hero, and murdering Captain Cobalt is the best thing a hero can do! (*She runs off the stage. Patty watches her go then notices the corpse/banana lying on the stage.*)

PATTY. Oh—someone's left this bloody, cheesy corpse just lying here on the ground! I should...probably clean that up. (*She lifts the banana as though she is dragging a corpse by its armpits, and shuffles awkwardly off the stage. Blackout.*)

Scene 7 – Dry Cleaners

Projector screen reads "DRY CLEANERS." Taylor is talking on the phone, which is, unsurprisingly, a banana.

TAYLOR. No, I'm not sure I understand. You're saying the entire three-piece suit is made out of denim? And what do you want me to do with it? *Acid-wash* it? No, I don't think it's advisable to wear it with flip-flops. Are you—oh, you're from Florida, that makes a lot more sense. (*Cyanna enters and stands awkwardly, holding an article of clothing/banana.*) Hold on, I—sorry, I'm going to have to call you back. (*To Cyanna.*) Hello, welcome to—say, you look familiar.

CYANNA. Me? I...

TAYLOR. You work at the pet store, right? (*Cyanna is confused.*) Your uniform.

CYANNA. Oh. Yes. I have this...article of clothing...to repair? There. That burn mark.

TAYLOR. Sure, go ahead and write your name here. (*Cyanna does, using a banana to 'write.'*) That'll be ready by next Thursday. You really do look so familiar. Have I met you somewhere before?

CAPTAIN COBALT VS THE SINISTER SCIENTIST

CYANNA. (*Laughing nervously.*) I, uh, I don't know. I take an underwater boxing class?

TAYLOR. No, that's not it...

CYANNA. Did you...did you see the fight on the news?

TAYLOR. Which fight on the news?

CYANNA. With Captain Cobalt. She's so heroic.

TAYLOR. Oh. Yeah. That was...really something.

CYANNA. (*Dreamily, watching Taylor.*) Yeah, really something. Something gorgeous.

TAYLOR. Pardon me?

CYANNA. Uh, never mind! Just...back to the daily rind, I guess. Glad that cheese guy left us provolone. (*Taylor is smiling politely at her. He doesn't get the joke.*) I...I guess I'll see you Thursday.

TAYLOR. See you then! (*Cyanna leaves, and Taylor looks thoughtful. Then the penny drops.*) Ohhh. Provolone. I get it. Hah. (*Captain Cobalt enters.*)

CAPTAIN. Good afternoon, citizen.

TAYLOR. Oh! Hello! It's you. You'll never believe this—I just saw this woman, she could have been your doppelganger. You know how there are supposed to be six other people in the world who, through some confluence of genetics, look exactly like you?

CAPTAIN. Oh?

TAYLOR. Yeah, it must be something like that. Unless it was your twin. You don't have a twin, do you?

CAPTAIN. (*Laughing.*) No.

TAYLOR. It's not as uncommon as you'd think. I mean, *I* have a—I mean, I *had* a...never mind. It's good to see you.

CAPTAIN. It is good to see me. And it's good to see you, Taylor the Tailor. I've brought you a garment that needs repair.

TAYLOR. Is that your spare supersuit? Wow.

CAPTAIN. Yes, well it would be a lot more “wow” if it didn't have this large hole in it.

TAYLOR. (*Holding up Captain Cobalt's and Cyanna's garments.*) These...burn marks are in the same place.

CAPTAIN. What an interesting coincidence! But I bet you see things like that all the time.

CAPTAIN COBALT VS THE SINISTER SCIENTIST

TAYLOR. I am in the business. Maybe your doppelganger was standing behind you when you were burned? (*He shakes himself.*) Sorry, I'm a little distracted. I'm not used to being in such...dazzling...company.

CAPTAIN. Do you think I'm dazzling, Mr. the Tailor?

TAYLOR. Maybe I was talking about your suit.

CAPTAIN. Oh?

TAYLOR. Or maybe I was talking about you in it.

CAPTAIN. Oh...

TAYLOR. Though maybe some time I'd like to see you out of it.

CAPTAIN. Oh!

TAYLOR. What I'm saying is that I'd (*Flirty.*) like to alter your garment. If you know what I mean.

CAPTAIN. I'm not sure I *do* know what you mean.

TAYLOR. (*Leaning in closer.*) I can show you what I mean. Privately. If you're interested.

CAPTAIN. Mr. the Tailor...are you...innuendo-ing?

TAYLOR. If it's not too forward, I'd like to take you out sometime. Or we could just stay in. I'd like to get to know you a little better.

CAPTAIN. Understandable. (*Shy and flirty.*) Yeah, I'd like that. (*Back to Captain-y.*) Of course, there are villains who need to be punished for their crimes and kittens stuck in trees and, but (*Flirty.*) I might be able to pencil you in between kittens.

TAYLOR. Tomorrow night?

CAPTAIN. If destiny doesn't intervene.

TAYLOR. Maybe destiny involves something other than battling.

CAPTAIN. (*Distracted, staring at him.*) Our tongues could maybe battle.

TAYLOR. Huh?

CAPTAIN. I, uh, I was saying, tomorrow night sounds good. (*An alarm begins to go off offstage. Captain Cobalt runs dramatically to look out the "door."*) Great gravy! That sinister man is robbing a bank! Who is it? (*She peers closer.*) It's...gasp! The Orange Egotist! If he's up to his old tricks, he's probably telling everyone that he has a degree in bank robberology.

CAPTAIN COBALT VS THE SINISTER SCIENTIST

TAYLOR. And that he's the best at robbing banks, probably ever.

CAPTAIN. Exactly!

TAYLOR. I guess you have to go, then.

CAPTAIN. I am in the business.

TAYLOR. Here, um (*He holds out his card, which is a banana.*), here's my business card. Call me? (*Captain Cobalt searches in vain for a pocket in her uniform, and finally settles on tucking the card/banana into her boobs.*)

CAPTAIN. I'll keep this close to my heart. (*Captain Cobalt gazes at him, then snaps herself out of it.*) I should...probably go save some lives, Taylor.

TAYLOR. Probably.

CAPTAIN. I'll see you tomorrow night. Farewell, Taylor! (*She takes off flying. As soon as she's gone a hard look comes over Taylor's face. He pulls out a phone/banana and dials. Into the phone.*) I've arranged to meet her tomorrow night, privately. If I can't knock her out then, maybe with a second date. When I get her, where should I bring her? Right. I'll be in touch...Dr.

Killington. (*Sound effect: Dun dun dunnnnnnnnn. Blackout as the sound effect plays. End Act I.*)

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS—
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