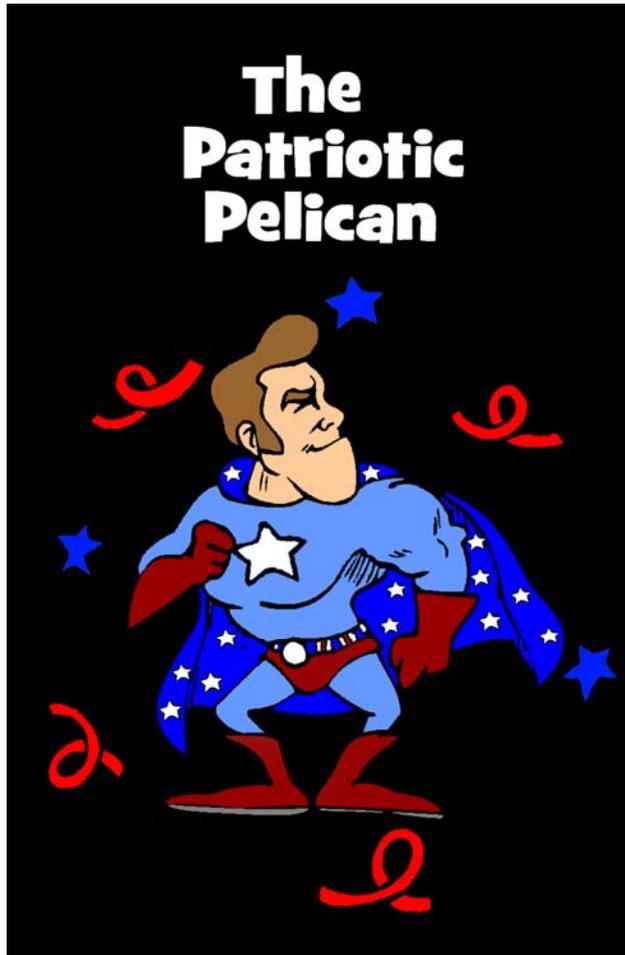


The Patriotic Pelican



Seth Bowden
Donna Van Oss

BIG DOG PUBLISHING

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Rapid City, SD 57709

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The Patriotic Pelican was first produced April 5, 2019, Denham Springs High School, Denham Springs, LA: Donna Van Oss, director; Michelle Freneau Chassaing, technical director.

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: Seth Bowden, Nevaeh Grimes
CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: Lane Graves, Jason Nguyen
DAMIEN DONTE: Michael Hofler, Troy Hollomon
ZIPPLOPO PRIEST: Dean Diaz, Gavin Simoneaux
SANDRA: Jessica Knight, A'mya Heggins
SAM: Summer Lindsay, Casey Gibson, Brennan Averette
LAYNE: Jasmine Mooney, Kennedi Head
VERONICA: Candace Rickett, Mikayla Harrell
GRIMES: Nick Norton, Cameron Beall
TERROR: Tristan Oudit, Levi Marcantel
ALEX: Josh Chiasson, Tristan Oudit
CANE: Sammy White, Nick Norton
REN: Casey Gibson, Eden Haymon
RONNY: Talia McDonald, Malorie Gautreau
PSYCHO: Erin Stringfellow, Caleb Venable
POLICE CHIEF: Amber Hodges, Austin Palmintier
OFFICER WARREN: Kale Tanner, Ethan Cullen
WISE HOBO: Eden Haymon, Noah Luce
BLAIR: Hannah Harris, Madison Simcoe
CLAIRE: Ashton Persick, Kierston Wasden
TIFFANY: Christal Lawrence, Shelby Cromwell
KELSEY: Cora Bonewitz, Kierston Wasden
GRACE STEVENS: Kaylyn Riley, Angel Crowder
MAYOR: Elizabeth Verrett, Josh Braud
REPORTER 1: Angel Lawrence, Delilah Dorrah
REPORTER 2: Heidi Howard, Lauren Price
REPORTER 3: Shelby Prest, Aidin Swick
DISCIPLE 1: Angel Lawrence, Aiden Swick
DISCIPLE 2: Heidi Howard, Madison Simcoe
DISCIPLE 3: Shelby Prest, Kierston Wasden
DAMSEL: Lauren Price, Hannah Enamorado
DANCER 1: Shelby Prest, Lauren Price
DANCER 2: Heidi Howard, Shelby Cromwell
STANLEY MARVEL: Josh Chiasson, Austin Palmintier
WAITRESS: Jordan Wroblewski, Delilah Dorrah
OLIVIA: Cora Bonewitz, Lilly Cupit

The Patriotic Pelican

FARCE WITH SONG. Crime that once ran rampant in the streets has been all but eliminated by the city's freedom-fighting superhero—the Patriotic Pelican. When criminals see his star-spangled cape, they crumble, knowing justice will be served. But there is one villain who doesn't fear the Patriotic Pelican and is determined to bring doom to the city: the power-loving mastermind Damien Donte. To save the city, the Patriotic Pelican and his partner, Captain Constitution, must contend with a spoon-wielding cannibal, a lizard-worshipping cult, a wise hobo who loves peanut butter, and some overzealous fans. But in the end, the Patriotic Pelican must face off against Damien Donte in a final, epic battle to determine the fate of the city. An outrageous *cult* classic! Includes the original song, "Zipploppo."

Performance Time: Approximately 120 minutes.

Characters

(5 M, 12 F, 19 flexible)

(Doubling: 4 M, 9 F, 16 flexible)

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: Star-spangled superhero; wears star-spangled spandex, an American shirt, shorts, cape, red gloves, red boots, and a red superhero mask; male.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: Patriotic Pelican's partner who doesn't appreciate being called a "sidekick"; wears blue camouflage pants, a long red colonial-style jacket, a blue superhero mask, and black combat boots; male.

PSYCHO (aka "Scooping Psycho"): Cannibal who has escaped from a psych ward; wears street clothes, an unfastened straitjacket, and wields a huge spoon; flexible.

ZIPPLOPPO PRIEST/PRIESTESS (aka Dane Davis): The Grand Archduke Prophet of Zipploppo, the Lizard Lord; wears a green monk robe and a crown that looks like the Lizard Lord's frill; flexible. [*Dana Davis if female.*]

DISCIPLES 1, 2, 3: Devout disciples of Zipploppo; wear green monk robes and carry candles; flexible.

WISE HOBO (aka Jeremiah Findlay Worthington, III): Sage of the streets; loves to eat peanut butter and lives in a large box; wears dirty, ratty clothes; flexible. [*If female, Jennifer Findlay Worthington, III.*]

DAMSEL: Charlotte Sylvest, a show-biz damsel in distress who can sing and dance; wears a red sequined dress; female.

DANCER 1, 2: Backup dancers for Damsel; wear blue-and-white sequined dresses; female.

KELSEY: Overzealous fan of the Patriotic Pelican; wears a Patriotic Pelican t-shirt; female.

TIFFANY: Overzealous fan of the Patriotic Pelican; wears a Patriotic Pelican t-shirt; female.

LAYNE: Femme fatale; wears black clothes and heavy makeup; female.

DAMIEN DONTÉ: Criminal mastermind billionaire; wears a sleek black suit with a red shirt; male.

VERONICA: Damien Donte's trophy wife who is in love with Grimes; wears expensive, stylish clothes and jewelry; female.

GRIMES: Donte's best friend who is in love with Veronica; wears black pants with a black dress shirt; male.

TERROR: Damien Donte's mute, muscular henchman; wears a black morph suit; nonspeaking; flexible.

ALEX/HENCHMAN 1: Damien Donte's henchman; wears all black and a ski mask; flexible.

CANE/HENCHMAN 2: Damien Donte's henchman; wears all black and a ski mask; flexible.

RONNY: Damien Donte's henchman; wears all black; flexible.

REN: Donte's henchman; wears all black; flexible.

OLIVIA: Donte's perky secretary; wears brightly colored business clothes; female.

DETECTIVE SANDRA: Detective searching for Damien Donte; wears office clothes with a khaki trench coat; female.

SAM: Police intern assigned to work with Detective Sandra; daughter of the Police Chief; female.

POLICE CHIEF: City police chief who loves donuts; wears a uniform and a badge; flexible.

OFFICER WARREN: Patriotic Pelican's contact at the police station; wears a police uniform and a badge; flexible.

MAYOR: Mayor of the city; wears business attire; flexible.

GRACE STEVENS: TV reporter for "Big Time News"; wears business clothes with a blazer; female.

REPORTER 1, 2, 3: Reporters; wear business clothes; flexible.

BLAIR: Newscaster at "Big Time News"; wears business attire and a blazer; flexible.

CLAIR: Newscaster at "Big Time News"; wears business attire and a blazer; flexible.

STANLEY MARVEL: Homage to Stan Lee, American comic book writer; wears a suit; male.

WAITRESS: Coffee shop waitress uniform and apron; female.

EXTRAS: As Club-Goers, Party-Goers, Stanley Marvel's Entourage, and Café Customers.

NOTE: Primary colors may be used for the costumes to add to the comic book feel of the play. For Henchmen, females may be dressed as males. For flexible roles, change the script accordingly.

Options for Doubling

STANLEY MARVEL/GRIMES (male)

OLIVIA/WAITRESS (female)

REPORTER 1/DISCIPL 1 (flexible)

REPORTER 2/DISCIPL 2 (flexible)

REPORTER 3/DISCIPL 3 (flexible)

DANCER 1/VERONICA (female)

DANCER 2/LAYNE (female)

Setting

An American city.

Sets

Sets may be as simple or elaborate as your budget allows. The sets may be represented by simple set pieces. Primary colors may be used for the sets to add to the comic book feel of the play.

Street scene. A backdrop of a street scene may be used.

Dark alley. A backdrop of an alley may be used.

Prism Palace nightclub. The exterior of the Prism Palace.

There is a door that opens. A backdrop of a cityscape may be used.

Damien Donte's penthouse apartment. A backdrop may be used. Miscellaneous set pieces indicate different rooms in the penthouse. There is a window.

Police station. There are a few tables/desks with computer equipment and folders on them. At UCS there is an easel with a bulletin board covered in clues related to the Patriotic Pelican.

"Big Time News" newsroom. There are two chairs behind a news desk at DSL.

Coffee shop. There are three tables with two chairs each, or stools may be set up across downstage. Two or three additional tables, each with two chairs or stools, are upstage.

City street scene. There is a cityscape backdrop and streetlamps.

Synopsis of Scenes

ACT I

Scene 1: Street scene.

Scene 2: Street scene.

Scene 3: Street scene.

Scene 4: Dark alley.

Scene 5: Outside the Prism Palace.

Scene 6: Damien Donte's penthouse.

Scene 7: Police station.

Scene 8: Damien Donte's penthouse.

Intermission, opt.

ACT II

Scene 1: Big Time newsroom.

Scene 2: Coffee shop.

Scene 3: Cityscape street scene.

Scene 4: Damien Donte's penthouse.

Scene 5: Cityscape street scene.

Scene 6: Damien Donte's penthouse.

Scene 7: Street scene.

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Props

2 Ski masks, for Henchman 1, 2	enough to wear over his superhero costume)
Large cardboard box (large enough for Wise Hobo to get into)	Patriotic necktie, for Patriotic Pelican
Large spoon, for Psycho	Patriotic hat, for Patriotic Pelican
Shrine for Zipploppo, the Frisled Lizard God	Coffee cups
Gag, for Mayor	Cell phone, for Kelsey
Cell phone, for Patriotic Pelican	Cell phone, for Tiffany
5 Sets of handcuffs	3 Police badges
3 Microphones	Rope
4 Shackles	Chains
Hood, for Captain Constitution	Cell phone, for Olivia
Suitcase of cash (play money)	Battery-operated candles, for the Zipploppo Disciples
Gag, for Captain Constitution	Checkbook
Video camera	Check
Box of donuts	Pen
Files and papers for desks in police station	Large jar of peanut butter
Note card	Pens and small notebooks
Red, white, and blue jacket, for Patriotic Pelican (large	Cell phone, for Officer Warren
	Cell phone, for Sam
	Police nightstick
	Podium
	Large jar of peanut butter "Detonator"

Special Effects

Music for Damsel's musical dance number

Background music for party scene

Loud noise

Music for dance battle

Cell phone ringing

Rousing patriotic music

Zippolpo song (vocal score), see pg. 89

Zippolpo music may be heard at:

<https://www.noteflight.com/scores/view/a51052d4c31973ac90789df4fbe5e1024943de5d>

Freeze frames may be used in the Psycho and Captain Constitution fight scene.

Music may be added for the fight scenes and for curtain call.

**“Evildoers beware,
for I will bring you despair!
Should you choose to fight,
you will crumble before my American might!
So surrender, if you please.
Hands on your head and down on your knees.”**

—The Patriotic Pelican

ACT I

Scene I

(AT RISE: Street scene. Wise Hobo enters SR and goes CS. Note: Halfway through the speech, Kelsey and Tiffany enter SL and stand near the entrance as they watch on.)

WISE HOBO: (To audience.) Welcome, welcome! Please take a seat and get comfortable. I feel obliged to offer a little southern hospitality being that we are in [New Orleans]. I am the sage of the streets, counsel to lost souls, and a guru to the greats. Crime that once ran rampant in the streets has fallen nearly silent thanks to this city's freedom-fighting superhero...the Patriotic Pelican. When criminals see that star-spangled cape, they crumble, knowing that justice will be served. But there is one villain, Damien Donte, who does not fear the city's star-spangled hero. He is a mastermind who works from the shadows. He craves power and control. I believe tonight is the night Damien Donte will finally reveal himself and bring doom to the city. There is only one hero who can stop him, and he is the defender of freedom, deliver of justice— [Or insert another city.]

TIFFANY: Who are you talking to?

WISE HOBO: Why, anyone who wants to listen, I suppose.

KELSEY: All righty, then.

(Kelsey and Tiffany exit SL.)

WISE HOBO: (To audience.) Well, you get the gist of it, I suppose. Now, if you'll excuse me, I could use a sandwich right about now...mmm, yes, a peanut butter sandwich. (Starts to exit SR, shouts.) Hey, kid! (Exits.)

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(Damsel, wearing a fancy red show dress, is chased on SR by Henchman 1, 2, who are dressed in black and wearing ski masks. Henchman 1, 2 grab Damsel.)

DAMSEL: *(Shouts.)* Help! Anyone! Please!

(Patriotic Pelican and Captain Constitution rush on SL.)

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: *(Strikes hero pose.)* Never fear, Patriotic Pelican is here...defender of freedom, deliverer of justice, destroyer of evil!

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: Enough with the grand entrances. Let's just help the lady out. C'mon, man, we'd save so much time that way.

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: I guess you're right. Let's liberate her of this struggle!

(Captain Constitution shakes his head. Henchman 1, 2 charge them. Pelican and Captain defeat Henchman 1, 2 with ease, and the Henchmen fall to the ground on the outside edges of the stage and stay there. Damsel rushes to Patriotic Pelican and hugs him.)

DAMSEL: Thank you sooo much, Patriotic Pelican! I don't know what I would have done without you!

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: *(Chuckles.)* Just doing my job, ma'am.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: *(To Damsel, annoyed.)* What about his faithful companion, Captain Constitution?

DAMSEL: *(Emotionless.)* Oh, yeah, thanks.

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: Why were those men terrorizing you ma'am?

DAMSEL: Well, you see, honey, I'm an entertainer.

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: Oh, really?

DAMSEL: Oh, yes, darling. I've been in show biz for quite awhile now. I sing, dance, act...the whole shebang.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: Ahhh! It makes sense that a pretty face like yours would attract trouble.

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DAMSEL: Was that your attempt at flirting with me?

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: Well...

DAMSEL: Keep trying, honey. Maybe you'll figure it out sometime.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: Ouch.

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: *(To Damsel.)* So how did you find yourself in this situation?

DAMSEL: Actually, the trouble found me. My girls and I had the stage at the Prism Palace to ourselves when we started our act. It went a little something like this...

(In blue-and-white sequined dresses, Dancer 1, 2 enter from each side. Music is heard. Dancer 1, 2, and Damsel perform a fancy musical dance number. Dancers 1, 2 exit when the music stops.)

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: Wow, that was amazing!

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: *(To Damsel.)* Right, yeah, amazing, but where's the part where, you know, you get attacked?

DAMSEL: I was just getting to that. After our act, I was ready to leave when these men told me I *had* to do another show. I said that I was booked somewhere else and that I was sorry. Then these henchmen tried to grab me, so I ran until I got here and... *(To Patriotic Pelican, dreamily.)* ...you saved me.

(Damsel falls into Pelican's arms.)

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: Not a problem, ma'am.

DAMSEL: It's Charlotte Sylvest, but you can call me Charlotte. *(Flirtatiously.)* You can call me anytime.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: I'm trying to piece this all together. You said you performed at the Prism Palace?

DAMSEL: That's right.

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: That wouldn't happen to be the same club owned by Damien Donte?

DAMSEL: Yes! That's the one! A Mr. Donte hired me. He was really hush-hush about it, too. Once I got there, a whole lot of scary-looking men were sitting around the table smoking cigars and talking about how everything was going according to their plan. And here's the doozy: They said after they *killed* the right people, they'd be rich.

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: *(To Captain Constitution.)* Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: I think so. Damien Donte could be the criminal mastermind we've been searching for.

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: The bank robberies, people disappearing, the break-ins at the cell phone towers...they all seem linked to this one man. But I'm not completely convinced. Maybe this is all just a huge coincidence.

HENCHMAN 1: *(Leaps up, shouts.)* You fools! You bugs will be squashed! Damien Donte will have his revenge!

(Henchman 1 charges aggressively at Patriotic Pelican. Pelican dodges and barely taps Henchman 1, who falls to the ground.)

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: Okay, now I'm convinced. Here's the plan, Captain. I'll explore that warehouse we talked about last night, and you make your way to Damien's night club.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: All right, sounds like a plan.

(Patriotic Pelican and Captain Constitution execute an awesome hero handgrip. They hold the handgrip and stare into each other's eyes until Damsel clears her throat. They come back to their senses, mutter some phrases like "right," "Yeah, okay," and then exit in opposite directions. Damsel begins to exit SL. Detective Sandra and Sam, a police intern, enter SL.)

SANDRA: *(To Damsel.)* Excuse me, ma'am, I'm Detective Sandra. Is everything all right?

DAMSEL: Oh, I'm fine now all thanks to the... *(Dreamily.)*
...Patriotic Pelican.

SAM: Wow, what a guy! (*Examines Henchmen's bodies.*) He overpowered these men?

DAMSEL: You bet he did.

SAM: Gosh, that's incredible.

SANDRA: There is nothing incredible about taking the law into your own hands, Sam.

DAMSEL: Well, you certainly weren't here, Detective.

SANDRA: That doesn't give Freedom Boy the right to prance around the city in his star-spangled yoga pants.

SAM: I walk around the city in my yoga pants.

SANDRA: And that's why you're still an intern.

SAM: (*Glares at Sandra, clears throat.*) Well, my daddy... (*With emphasis.*) ...Chief Boudreaux, thought it would be a good idea for a capable detective to show me the ropes now that I have finished college. But if you think my fashion sense is the biggest thing I need to work on, I'll be sure to tell him.

DAMSEL: Excuse me...

SANDRA: Wait a sec. C'mon, Sam, let's just forget about what I said.

SAM: That's what I thought. Besides, I think you kind of like the Pelican.

(Damsel gives Sandra a jealous look.)

SANDRA: A guy like that? Don't be ridiculous!

SAM: I've seen the way you look at those pictures at the precinct.

DAMSEL: Excuse me...

(Sandra waves Damsel off.)

SANDRA: (*To Sam.*) I don't know what you're talking about. Listen, Sam, we need to get a statement from this lady.

SAM: Okay, okay.

SANDRA: (*To Damsel.*) So what exactly happened here?

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DAMSEL: Well, you see, I'm a performer. I do all kinds of show-biz acts.

SANDRA: Is that right?

DAMSEL: That's right, Detective, and our latest act went a little something like this. *(Calls.)* Hit it, girls.

(Dancer 1, 2 enter from each side. Music. Dancer 1, 2, and Damsel start to perform their musical dance number.)

SANDRA: *(Shouts.)* Okay, stop! *(Louder.)* Stop! *(Louder.)* Enough!

(Music stops. Damsel and Dancer 1, 2 stop dancing.)

DAMSEL: *(Annoyed.)* Everyone's a critic. *(To Sandra.)* Anyway, they chased me because they wanted me to keep performing.

SANDRA: They wanted you to keep doing *that*?

DAMSEL: Jealous?

(Dancer 1, 2 snap their fingers and exit SR.)

SANDRA: Not at all. All right, ma'am, it's getting late. I need you to come down to the precinct to give an official statement tomorrow morning.

DAMSEL: Whatever you say.

(Sandra, Sam, and Damsel exit SL. Groggy, Henchman 1, 2 get up and stumble off. Blackout.)

Scene 2

(AT RISE: Street scene. There is a large cardboard box CS. Wise Hobo enters SR and gets into a cardboard box. Kelsey and Tiffany enter SL and go DCS. Captain Constitution enters SR.)

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: (To Kelsey and Tiffany.) Say, you two lovely ladies wouldn't happen to know where the Prism Palace is?

KELSEY: Oh, my gosh! Are you the Patriotic Pelican's sidekick?

TIFFANY: No way, Kelsey! It's really him!

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: Listen, I'm no sidekick. We are actually partners, believe it or not. I just do a lot more work behind the scenes.

TIFFANY: Wow! So you like let him do all the dangerous work?

KELSEY: What a loser.

TIFFANY: And to think I thought he was kind of hot.

KELSEY: Let's go, Tiffany.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: You can't be serious! C'mon! (Tiffany and Kelsey exit SL. Wise Hobo wakes up, gets out of the box, stands, and stretches. Then he quietly walks up behind Captain Constitution.) Who needs them? You'd think an eccentric nightclub would stand out.

WISE HOBO: Even the brightest stars are left undiscovered if you don't know where to point the telescope.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: (Startled, jumps.) You scared me half to death!

WISE HOBO: Funny, that's what that family said to me when I asked that cute little kid if he was going to finish his peanut butter sandwich. Of course, there was screaming involved and a lot more colorful language. And they threatened to call the police—

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: Okay, then. You have a nice night, sir.

WISE HOBO: I gotta ask...what's the big idea there, dude?
What's with the getup?

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: Oh, c'mon, I'm a superhero.
(Pause.) I'm Captain Constitution...

(Pause, silence.)

WISE HOBO: (Realizes, snaps his fingers.) Ohhh! I know you.
You're that Patriotic Pelican feller's sidekick.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: (Annoyed.) No, no, no! We're
partners. I watch his back, and he watches mine. We've
been in the hero business for pretty much the same amount
of time. I hate that everyone thinks I'm his sidekick. I'm
older than him, for Lincoln's sake. Have a nice night.

WISE HOBO: Now, wait just a minute, sonny. Didn't you just
say you were looking for something?

(Layne enters SL and casually eavesdrops.)

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: Yes, I'm looking for a nightclub
called the Prism Palace. Do you know where it is?

WISE HOBO: Of course. So here's what you want to do.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: I'm listening...

WISE HOBO: You're gonna wanna take a left.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: Mmm-hmm.

WISE HOBO: Then you're gonna wanna take another left.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: Okay.

WISE HOBO: Then you're gonna wanna take two more lefts.
Then you have what I like to call...a square. (Wheezing laugh
that turns into a cough.)

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: Listen, buddy, I don't have time
for this.

WISE HOBO: Wait, wait, I was just yanking your chain. I'm
actually heading down to that club to meet an old friend
later tonight.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: Okay, so where is it?

WISE HOBO: (*Pointing SL.*) Two blocks straight that way, then turn right on [Maple Wood Avenue], and then hook a left at [Marty Street]. You can't miss it. [*Or insert the names of local streets.*]

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: I really hope you're telling the truth.

WISE HOBO: Do I look like I would lie? Okay, yeah. Back to the box.

(*Wise Hobo goes back to the box. Captain Constitution goes SL. Layne purposely walks in his path and they awkwardly try to get around each other saying, "Excuse me," "Pardon me," etc.*)

LAYNE: (*To Captain Constitution.*) Sorry about that.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: No problem. Say, what's a pretty girl like you doing in a place like this?

LAYNE: Excuse me, I go where I like, when I like.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: Ah, independence. I like it.

LAYNE: Aren't you the Patriotic Pelican's sidekick?

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: (*Annoyed.*) Dang it! I'm his *partner*, not his sidekick. I hate the stupid media putting that ridiculous idea out there. He's the one who wears those stupid tights, and I'm the sidekick?!

LAYNE: Someone's sensitive. Sorry, I guess I struck a nerve.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: No, I'm not sensitive.

LAYNE: Well, I don't know, man. You just got really upset.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: No, it wasn't like that.

LAYNE: Right, 'cause you're a tough guy.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: Right! Well, no. I mean, I don't know.

LAYNE: Chill out, man! I'm just messin' with you!

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: (*Covering.*) Oh, yeah. I knew that.

LAYNE: No, you didn't, and that's why it's cute.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: Well...I...um...

LAYNE: I like you. You said you were going to the Prism Palace. I'll be there at 10:45.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: Well, I have hero work to do so I'll—

LAYNE: I'll see you there.

(Captain Constitution watches Layne as she starts to exit SR.)

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: *(Calls.)* Wait, where are you going?

(Layne stops and turns.)

LAYNE: *(Flirtatiously.)* Wouldn't you like to know. *(Blows him a kiss and exits SR.)*

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: All right! Woo-hoo! Maybe tonight won't be so bad, after all!

(Captain exits SL. Hobo exits SR. Blackout.)

Scene 3

(AT RISE: Street scene. Patriotic Pelican enters SR. Wearing an unfastened straitjacket and holding a large spoon, Psycho runs on SL and jumps in front of the Patriotic Pelican DCS. Note: While this is going on, the shrine of Zippolpo is being set up UCS.)

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: (To Psycho.) By the flag! You scared the daylights out of me! Maybe you could be of some assistance.

PSYCHO: (Shouts.) I will assist you to your grave, Pelican! I have been waiting, and waiting, and *waiting* for this perfect moment! I'm going to rip into your stomach and let the blood and guts and bile spill out onto the floor!

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: (Heroic chuckle.) Well, aren't you just a ray of sunshine.

PSYCHO: Sunshine? *Sunshine?! There is no sunshine, Patriotic Pelican, only darkness! The darkness c-c-covers the surface of my soul. The only thing that lights my way is blood!*

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: Well, you make just as much sense as an old babbling communist.

PSYCHO: Aghhhh! You'll face the wrath of Scooping Psycho!

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: Scooping Psycho? (Laughs heroically.)

PSYCHO: You couldn't *possibly* understand the *power* of the s-spoon. It all started so long ago. I was but a child. I was always left to fend for myself. I ran away...far, far, far away. One day, a large, disgusting, pig-face, scum-sucking, bottom-feeder found me! His name...well...well...I can't remember – the name escapes me – but that's not important! The point is...he could make a mean pot of gumbo, and he'd feed me if I ran a few errands which were *very* important to him, mind you. We had this perfect little deal squared away, and I was fine sleeping in alleys as long as I got food. That is, until he thought he could double-cross me. (Starts cracking up.) So I cut him up in his sleep and threw the

pieces into his pot...and I ate him with this spoon! And now I understand. I understand that Pelican would go well in my next recipe!

(Psycho charges the Patriotic Pelican with his spoon. Pelican dodges with ease. When Psycho goes to hit Pelican with his spoon, he trips, and Pelican grabs his hand and takes the spoon. Pelican bops the Psycho on the head with the spoon, knocking him out.)

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: There's a spoonful of justice for you, Psycho. *(Tosses the spoon on top of Psycho, and Psycho starts moving, groggily.)* Best you stay down, scumbag. *(Patriotic Pelican exits SL. Psycho gets up slowly and exits SR. Disciples 1, 2, 3 enter SR, holding candles and gather around the shrine. They bow before it. Patriotic Pelican enters SL. Shocked at seeing the shrine.)* Lady Liberty! It's some kind of cult!

DISCIPLE 1: *(To other Disciples.)* Praise the all-powerful Zipploppo!

DISCIPLE 2: All hail the Frilled God!

DISCIPLE 3: The Reptilian Deity shall light the path to our prosperity!

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: *(Dramatically.)* Evildoers beware, for I will bring you despair!

"Should you choose to fight,

You will crumble before my American might!

So surrender, if you please,

Hands on your head and down on your knees." *(Disciples assume an ultra-fighting team pose.)* I guess we're doing this the hard way...

(Patriotic Pelican assumes his own fighting pose and motions for the Disciples to start the fight. Disciples shout and rush the Pelican. Zipploppo Priest enters SR.)

ZIPPLOPPO PRIEST: *(Shouts.)* What is going on here?!

(Disciples fall to their knees and face the Priest.)

DISCIPLES: Hail the prophet!

ZIPPLOPPO PRIEST: Fools! All of you stop this at once!

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: Nothing will stop me from putting an
end to this evil cult.

ZIPPLOPPO PRIEST: Cult? *(Priest and Disciples laugh really
hard until Priest raises his hand.)* We're not a cult.

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: Then what are you?

ZIPPLOPPO PRIEST: Let me explain. Hit it, guys.
*(Zipploppo song. Disciples dance and sing backup. Note: May
be recited if desired. Sings or recites.)*

"An ancient deity that echoes throughout time,
His power cannot be expressed through rhyme,
Glimpses of his frill are nothing less than blinding,
But to understand, we must do some rewinding...

Zipploppo—
The Lizard God, Lord of Earthy Dream,
Zipploppo—
His majesty more epic than may seem,
Zipploppo—
He ruled the world of dinosaurs of old,
You'll find another as powerful or bold!

(Spoken.) But long ago, a meteor had struck,
And every living thing was out of luck,
Zipploppo bared his frills to everyone,
And turned the ashen clouds back into sun.

(Sings.) Praised be the Frilled God,
He has saved us from our doom.
The threat of our demise
Will always linger, always loom.

But when we need him most, Zipploppo will return,
As long as he is with us, we will never, ever burn.

Zipploppo –
The Lizard God, the Lord of Earthly Dream
Zipploppo –
His majesty more epic than may seem
Zipploppo –
He ruled the world of dinosaurs of old
You'll find another as powerful or bold!

Praise the sacred scales!
Hail the Lord of Lizards!
Salvation waits for all who hear his name –
Zipploppo!

Zipploppo –
The Lizard God, the Lord of Earthly Dream
Zipploppo –
His majesty more epic than may seem
Zipploppo –
He ruled the world of dinosaurs of old
You'll find another as powerful or bold!

Praise the Sacred Scales!
Hail the Lord of Lizards!
Salvation waits for all who hear his name...
Zipploppo!"

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: I see. It's so much clearer now.

ZIPPLOPPO PRIEST: I'm glad I could wipe the fog from your
eyes...to illuminate the true light of this world.

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: I really do see it now. I see
that...you're all completely insane.

ZIPPLOPPO PRIEST: Says the one dressed like a B-movie
superhero.

(Priest and Disciples laugh.)

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: How dare you?! Though I find your beliefs extremely strange, I do respect your freedom. I can't imagine why you would use your freedom to dress like madmen and run around at night, dedicating your lives to a single cause.

ZIPPLOPPO PRIEST: *(Exchanging looks with the Disciples.)*
Says the star-spangled simpleton.

(Priest and Disciples laugh.)

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: Right. This warehouse is said to be rented to a Damien Donte. You wouldn't happen to know anything about that?

ZIPPLOPPO PRIEST: Ah, yes, a true villain. He rented out this entire block just to never use it. We saw his evildoings and decided to fight back for society. We began using this warehouse instead to fight oppression!

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: So you're trespassing.

ZIPPLOPPO PRIEST: I prefer to call it, "taking back the city, one warehouse at a time." But, yeah, sure, we're trespassing, I guess.

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: Do you happen to know where I can find Donte?

(Disciples approach shrine.)

ZIPPLOPPO PRIEST: You know that enormous, ebony-black, downright evil-looking tower that people go into and are said to never return?

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: *(Nods.)* Of course! That makes so much sense! I thought it was too obvious, but that was what he wanted us to think!

ZIPPLOPPO PRIEST: Right, so once you pass that, you're going to want to take a left. Walk another four blocks down

on [Old Oak Street] and find the fancy-looking mansion that has the fountain in front of it. That's where he lives. [*Or insert the name of a local street.*]

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: Oh, okay. I'll head there now. Thanks.

ZIPPLOPPO PRIEST: Don't mention it. Good luck. Just do us both a favor and fight for freedom of belief no matter how much it opposes yours because true freedom is more blind than justice.

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: You got it. (*Exits SL.*)

ZIPPLOPPO PRIEST: (*To Disciples.*) Now that that loser is gone, let us continue, brethren.

(*Priest starts to lead a chant. Sandra and Sam enter SR.*)

SANDRA: (*To Sam.*) According to my sources, the Pelican was last sighted around this warehouse. (*Sees the shrine.*) Holy crap! It's a cult! Get behind me, Sam!

ZIPPLOPPO PRIEST: Leaping lizards! (*Irritated.*) Listen, lady, we're not a cult.

SAM: Then what are you?

ZIPPLOPPO PRIEST: Oh, I'll tell you. Hit it! (*Note: Start Zipploppop song at the chorus.*)

SANDRA: (*Over the music.*) Okay, okay, okay! (*Shouts.*) Stop the music!

(*Music stops. Disciples return to shrine.*)

ZIPPLOPPO PRIEST: Okay, lady, what do you want?

SANDRA: I'm looking for a "man" who's been prancing around in a really loud and unnecessary costume. He goes by the name of Patriotic Pelican. Did you happen to see where he went?

ZIPPLOPPO PRIEST: Ah, yes. He, too, denied Zipploppo. He just left.

SANDRA: Where did he go?

ZIPPLOPPO PRIEST: He's heading to the financial district, and that's all I can say. (*Approaches shrine.*)

SAM: Can I ask you something, Detective?

SANDRA: Go ahead.

SAM: I don't understand why we're chasing the Pelican when there are actual dangerous criminals running the streets.

SANDRA: The Pelican tracks down and finds criminals himself, so if we find the Pelican, we find an abundance of criminals along with him, or at least the ones he's left in his path.

SAM: That's brilliant!

SANDRA: (*Proudly.*) It's just good detective work.

SAM: Why solve actual cases when the Patriotic Pelican can do all the work for you?

SANDRA: (*Irritated.*) It's not like that! He needs to be brought to a stop, too. Speaking of things that need to be brought to a stop... (*To Zipploppo Priest and Disciples.*) ...you're all trespassing!

ZIPPLOPPO PRIEST: Trespassing? Who? Us? (*Dramatically, points off.*) What's that?

(*Priest and Disciples run off in all directions.*)

SANDRA: Quick, Sam let's get them!

(*Sam and Sandra chase Priest and Disciples off. Blackout.*)

Scene 4

(AT RISE: Dark alley. Mayor enters SR. Note: As the Mayor speaks, Alex, Cane, Ronny, Ren, and Grimes enter SL. Note: Alex and Cane may wear ski masks, if desired. All slowly circle the Mayor. Terror enters SL and stands near the entrance.)

MAYOR: *(To himself.)* Wow, what a long day of work! I'm completely exhausted. If someone were to attack me from the shadows right now, I'd be totally defenseless. Good thing I'm completely alone in this dark alley, where I'm almost certain no one would hear me scream or care enough to help me. Yes, indeed, I'm all alone now. *(Ronny and Ren grab the Mayor. Damien Donte enters SL.)* Unhand me at once, you hooligans!

DONTE: Mr. Mayor, what a surprise!

MAYOR: Damien, what is the meaning of this?

DONTE: It's "Mr. Donte" to you. And I guess you could say that, quite shortly, the city will be under new management. *(Evil laugh.)*

MAYOR: You are hardly qualified to run this city.

DONTE: I'm not qualified? I started with nothing, and now I have a billion-dollar empire! I have earned the respect of this entire city! Don't lecture me about qualifications. You've had a silver spoon in your mouth since the moment you were born.

(Psycho runs on SL, holding his spoon high and yelling psychotically.)

PSYCHO: Did someone say "spoon"?!

(Psycho lunges at Terror, who grabs Psycho's wrist and forces him off SL. Terror re-enters SL.)

DONTE: Thank you for handling that, Terror. *(To Mayor.)* As I was saying, you haven't earned any respect. This office was given to you!

MAYOR: Well... *(Mockingly.)* ...*Mr. Donte*, I did not cheat the system and break the laws. I was elected to this position despite my advantages.

DONTE: The system is broken. The election was either rigged, or you were elected by fools. Nevertheless, they will soon see the light.

MAYOR: What are you planning?

DONTE: Oh, don't worry. You'll have front row seats.

GRIMES: What's our next move, boss man?

(Donte and Grimes execute a fancy handshake that ends with their fingers pointing toward the audience like guns.)

DONTE: Well, my friend, we need to secure this political puppet somewhere safe.

GRIMES: What about one of the warehouses near, uhhh...?
(Weird hand gesture.)

DONTE: That'll be perfect.

MAYOR: I don't understand.

GRIMES: *(To Donte.)* Wow! *(Indicating Mayor.)* Einstein over here didn't catch on!

DONTE: It's almost like we were talking in code so he wouldn't know what happens next.

MAYOR: Don't you mock me! I am the mayor! I deserve respect. I'm running this city better than you could possibly imagine, you pompous, arrogant criminal!

DONTE: I've had just about enough of you. Shut him up, Grimes.

GRIMES: *(To Ren and Ronny.)* You heard the man...gag this fool! *(Ren and Ronny gag the Mayor. To Mayor.)* I'll tell you what, brother, we've made more money than I could ever dream of. We've got the clubs, the restaurants, and the loyalty of our men. *(Pulls Donte to extreme DCS.)* Are you

sure you want to take over the whole city? It could go south.

DONTE: Are you doubting me, Grimes?

GRIMES: Not at all. I was just saying we got a whole lot already, and this move is risky no matter how you look at it. I'm saying that as your friend, not just somebody who's looking out for his cash flow.

DONTE: Don't worry, Grimes. Everything is going to be just fine. Besides, the Mayor has already seen us. We've gone past the point of no return.

GRIMES: Nonsense. We could just shoot him and throw him in a ditch somewhere. *(Mayor screams through his gag. To Mayor, annoyed.)* Would you be quiet?! No one's dying right now.

DONTE: We stay on the current track. I've worked too hard on this plan.

GRIMES: All right then, Damien. If it's chill with you, I'll take "God's gift to public service" away now.

DONTE: Sounds good to me.

(Donte and Grimes execute the same fancy handshake.)

GRIMES: All right, Ren, Ronny, let's roll out.

(Grimes, Ren, and Ronny escort the Mayor off SR.)

DONTE: *(To Terror.)* You should take note of Grimes. He does his job well and without hesitation, but I should expect nothing less from my oldest, most-trusted friend. *(Layne enters SL.)* Layne, what a surprise!

LAYNE: Hello, Mr. Donte, sir.

DONTE: Any news?

LAYNE: I made contact with the target, and everything went smoothly. He will be heading for your club shortly.

DONTE: Brilliant! I'll set up a squad to intercept him.

LAYNE: So does this mean I get paid now?

DONTE: No, you will get paid *after*, as we discussed. And I assure you, if he is alive, you will be handsomely compensated.

LAYNE: Yes, sir.

DONTE: Take Terror with you just in case. Terror, if a successful capture is not an option, I want you to squash him like a bug, is that understood? (*Terror nods.*) We can't afford to fail, not now. Oh, and, Terror, if you fail, I will make you hurt. Do you understand me?

(*Terror nods.*)

LAYNE: I'll have him delivered to you within the hour, sir.

DONTE: Very good. Time is more valuable than any amount of cash I could ever give you, so move out.

LAYNE: Yes, sir.

(*Layne and Terror exit SR.*)

DONTE: (*To Alex and Cane.*) You two!

ALEX/CANE: Yes, sir!

DONTE: I will not dirty my hands with filthy grunt work. I'll go back to my mansion to celebrate this success with Veronica over a few glasses of imported champagne. I need you to remain here and make sure no one comes snooping around this alleyway. I'll send men to relieve you later. Goodnight.

ALEX/CANE: Goodnight, sir!

(*Damien Donte exits SL. Alex and Cane move toward the back of the stage and stand with their arms crossed. Patriotic Pelican wanders on SR and doesn't look in the direction of Alex and Cane.*)

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: (*To himself.*) Well, this place looks totally safe and non-threatening. I think I'll take a minute to fill Officer Warren in on all the details. (*Pulls out his cell*

phone. Into phone.) Hey, Warren, I'm at the corner of [Louisville] and [Braxtonberg]. I got a lead. *[Or insert other street names.]*

(Pelican hangs up. Alex and Cane approach Pelican.)

ALEX: *(To Cane, mockingly.)* Hey, look! It's Bird Boy!

CANE: Let's pummel this clown!

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: So instead of trying to attack my body, you attack my feelings. Ha! You really are running out of tricks. Do your worst, evildoers!

(Alex and Cane attack Pelican and get a few good licks in. Officer Warren enters SR and helps Patriotic Pelican apprehend Alex and Cane and put them in handcuffs. Note: Alex and Cane try to escape during the following.)

OFFICER WARREN: I just happened to be patrolling the neighborhood when you called me, and one thing led to another.

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: How oddly convenient.

OFFICER WARREN: That's what I'm saying, man. What were you trying to tell me on the phone?

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: Remember that Damien Donte character I was telling you about?

OFFICER WARREN: How could I forget? If what you said is true, he could be the biggest criminal mastermind of our time.

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: Well, I know where to find him.

(Alex and Cane exchange looks.)

OFFICER WARREN: Tell me you're joking.

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: I'm afraid not. My point is...be ready.

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OFFICER WARREN: Well, you know if you need me, I'm here. I owe you that much, but you know as well as I do that without hard evidence, we can't do anything with a guy like that.

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: I know. Next time we see each other, I'll have evidence.

OFFICER WARREN: I sure hope so.

PATRIOTIC PELICAN: All right, Officer Warren, stay safe and tell Marcy I said hi. May the flag guide us.

OFFICER WARREN: Will do. Goodnight, Patriotic Pelican.

(Officer Warren grabs Alex and Cane and pushes them off SL. Pelican exits SR. Blackout.)

Scene 5

(AT RISE: Cityscape. Façade of Prism Palace nightclub is SR. Henchman 1 enters SR, stands at the nightclub door, and acts as a bouncer. Club-Goers gather around the nightclub. Blair and Claire enter SL and stand near the exit.)

BLAIR: *(To Claire.)* It's a lovely night here in downtown [New Orleans]! Everybody who is anybody is flocked outside of the most prominent nightclub in the entire city: the Prism Palace, built by this city's very own *billionaire*, Damien Donte. *[Or insert another city.]*

CLAIRE: That's right, Blair! It's been speculated that at some point tonight, that philanthropist, entrepreneur, and comic creator Stanley Marvel is scheduled to make an appearance.

BLAIR: That's terrific, Claire, because everyone is dying to know what that story-writing genius has planned next for us after that real cliffhanger ending in his last movie. Everyone wants to ask the big question –

(Club-Goer runs on SL and whispers something in Claire's ear.)

CLAIRE: Blair! This just in! Stanley Marvel has been sighted a few blocks from Prism Palace! All right, folks, we are going to hand the broadcast over to the capable hands of reporter Grace Stevens.

(Grace Stevens enters SR and stands near the nightclub. Claire and Blair exit SL.)

REPORTER GRACE: Hi, everybody, I'm Grace Stevens, reporting for "Big Time News," and we've heard that Stanley Marvel is scheduled to arrive any second!

(Stanley Marvel enters SR with his Entourage. Reporters 1, 2, and 3 enter crowd around Stanley Marvel with their microphones in his

face. Note: For the following, they talk over each other in a massive wave of excitement.)

REPORTER 1: *(To Stanley Marvel.)* Everyone is dying to ask why—

REPORTER 2: Mr. Marvel, INN News wants the latest on your—

REPORTER 3: *(To Stanley Marvel.)* When's the release date scheduled for—?

REPORTER GRACE: *(Shouts over the other Reporters.)* Everyone wants to know what happens next!

STANLEY MARVEL: *(Upbeat.)* Look, I can't give away any spoilers, but I can assure you that what's coming next will be excelsior!

(Wise Hobo stumbles out of the nightclub and bumps into Stanley.)

WISE HOBO: Excuse me, sir, I didn't mean to mess up your nice outfit. *(Licks his hand and then tries to fix Stanley Marvel's suit.)*

STANLEY MARVEL: It's okay, pal, 'nuff said.

(Stanley Marvel and his Entourage enter the nightclub. Henchman 1 lets them in but is more selective as other Club-Goers try to enter the club. Reporters look at the Wise Hobo with disgust.)

REPORTER GRACE: *(To Wise Hobo.)* You should watch where you're going, bum. Besides, a street rat like you shouldn't get within a mile of this club.

WISE HOBO: *(Angry.)* Now, you all listen to me! Just 'cause I'm down on my luck and dressed in this filth doesn't mean it makes me filth! I happen to know the manager of that there club. Sure, I may be on the streets. Sure, I may not know where my next meal is coming from. Sure, I don't know whether I'm sleeping on a bench or under a bridge! But lemme tell you something: "Not all who wander are

lost!" I've come to terms with who I am. At least, I'm living my own life and not chasing someone else's! (*Reporters shrug and exit snobbishly SR.*) Fine! Not responding to what I have to say just proves I'm right!

(Captain Constitution enters SR and looks around.)

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: Hello, sir. I believe I met you earlier. How's your night going?

WISE HOBO: Finally, some respect! My night could be going better. That manager and I used to be good friends, but he tossed me out like yesterday's newspaper!

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: So you were just in there?

WISE HOBO: Indeed, I was.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: Maybe you could help me out. Do you happen to know if the owner, Damien Donte, is in there?

WISE HOBO: I happen to know that he is not currently, but you never know when he might show up.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: Okay, thank you so much. I owe you one.

WISE HOBO: Nah, you're a good man. Be safe. Word on the street is that guy you're looking for runs with a dangerous crowd. But you didn't hear it from me.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: Okay, take care of yourself. It's a rough world out there.

WISE HOBO: (*Chuckles.*) You're telling me! See you, friend.

(Wise Hobo exits SL. Captain Constitution casually looks around.)

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: (*To himself.*) Looks completely clear. I'd venture to say I'm safe. I think my work here is done. (*Laughing maniacally, Psycho enters SR. Note: Freeze frames may be inserted throughout the following dialogue.*) And here we go...

PSYCHO: *(To himself, hysterically laughing as he speaks.)* I've had a loooooong night, and, frankly, I'm soooo hungry. H-h-h-hungry for blood! *(Brandishes his spoon and inhales deeply. To Captain Constitution.)* You-you smell tasty! I just want to...I want to...I'm going to...consume you!

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: Okay, so, no, you're not. You're going to calm down, drop that disgusting spoon, and walk away like this never happened.

PSYCHO: *(Shouts.)* Blood!

(Psycho attempts to attack Captain Constitution, but Captain fights him off easily while saying the first part of the next line.)

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: "Be a superhero," they said. "It would be fulfilling," they said. "Who cares if some idiot with a spoon chases you around," they said. *(Psycho runs insanely toward Captain and "tackles" him to the ground. Psycho holds the Captain down with one hand and holds the spoon high in the air.)* Well, I guess this isn't the worst way to go...

(Layne enters SR, grabs the spoon, and "bops" Psycho on the head. Psycho falls to the ground, unconscious. Note: Psycho stays there until the end of the scene.)

LAYNE: What happened, here?

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: Oh, you know, the whole being awake for 72 hours and subsisting solely on caffeinated beverages to rip me from the soothing hands of sleep.

(Tiffany and Kelsey enter SR and try to get into the club. Ren stalls them until Layne leaves. While they wait, Tiffany and Kelsey point at Captain Constitution excitedly.)

LAYNE: Oh, well, you still need to be more careful. You could have died.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: Trust me, lady, I had it handled.

By the way, I never got your name.

LAYNE: My name is Layne. I'm a friend.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: Most of my friends don't blow me kisses.

LAYNE: (*Flirtatiously.*) Maybe you don't have the right friends...

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: If we are being real, my whole crusade to save humanity from collapsing in on itself makes it hard for me to make friends. So, with the exception of the Star-Spangled Spandex prancing around out there, friends are in short supply.

LAYNE: (*Flirtatiously.*) What about when you take off that mask of yours?

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: Listen, I'm not going lie. You're hot—like, really hot—but you gotta be crazy if you think I'm going tell you anything about who I am when I take off the mask.

LAYNE: Fair enough. Can't blame a girl for trying.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: I can blame whatever I want on you. It's a little thing I like to call...“freedom.”

(Tiffany and Kelsey exit SR.)

LAYNE: Oh, my gosh. Stop.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: C'mon, that was funny 'cause I'm, like, a patriotic superhero.

LAYNE: No, I got the joke. It was just kind of lame.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: How the heck does Pelican get the ladies with lines like that?

LAYNE: Beats me. I don't get why you *can't* get the girls *without* cheesy lines.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: That's what I've been thinking!

LAYNE: Mind if we walk around a bit?

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: Actually, I really need to stay here and wait for this guy.

LAYNE: (*Flirty.*) C'mon, it'll only take a second.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: Okay, Layne, lead the way.
(*They walk toward the Prism Palace. Layne babbles on as Terror, Cane, Alex, and Ronny enter SR behind Layne and the Captain. Cane and Alex grab the Captain. To Cane and Alex.*) Let go of me, you scoundrels! (*Captain shoves them off and everyone stands still.*) C'mon, I'll take you all at once! I'm a black belt in—! (*Realizes.*) Well, the point is I'm going to kick the crap of you! Let's do this, Layne! (*Together, Captain and Layne start fighting off Terror, Cane, Alex, and Ronny together. Suddenly, Layne hits the Captain, and Terror holds him tight. To Layne, sadly.*) Et tu, Brute?

LAYNE: What? I don't speak Spanish.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: Never mind. So a pretty lady comes up to me and starts being nice...of course, it's a trap!

LAYNE: Now you're just making me feel bad.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: You're not the one who just got backstabbed.

LAYNE: It's not personal—

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: Just business. Yeah, yeah, spare me the clichés. Go ahead and kill me.

LAYNE: Geez, we're not going to kill you...not yet. Mr. Donte has plans for you.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: Well, that's just great! I can't wait. I haven't had plans with anyone in weeks!

LAYNE: You're pathetic.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: And you wear too much makeup! Just take me away. The suspense is killing me...or maybe it's the 14 [Red Bulls]— [*Or insert another energy drink.*]

LAYNE: (*To Terror, Cane, Alex, and Ronny.*) You heard him! Let's move out!

(*Layne, Terror, Cane, Alex, and Ronny exit SL, dragging the Captain off. Detective Sandra and Sam enter SR. Detective Sandra rushes over to Psycho to see if he is alive.*)

DETECTIVE SANDRA: *(To Sam.)* Something definitely happened here.

SAM: *(Indicating Psycho.)* Could it be the bloody, incapacitated person that clued you in?

DETECTIVE SANDRA: You know what? I really don't care who your daddy is. I am sick and tired of your attitude, young lady. I'm a professional. I've been doing this for a while and I'm trying to teach you.

SAM: Yes, ma'am. I'm sorry...

DETECTIVE SANDRA: It's okay. Now, if you notice, there are scuff marks from at least four different kinds of shoes on the ground.

SAM: Which means this was a group effort.

DETECTIVE SANDRA: Exactly. Plus, do you see these drag marks? *(Points.)*

SAM: Yeah.

DETECTIVE SANDRA: That means these people took someone against their will. They were probably poor and defenseless. One thing's for sure: whoever was taken definitely hasn't seen combat.

SAM: So what do we do now?

DETECTIVE SANDRA: Now, we wait.

SAM: *(Indicating Psycho.)* What about him?

DETECTIVE SANDRA: *(Indicating Psycho.)* Let's get him out of here.

(Detective Sandra and Sam help Psycho up and help him off SL. Blackout.)

Scene 6

(AT RISE: Damien Donte's penthouse. Damien Donte and Veronica enter SR. Donte is standing boldly, looking out a window.)

DONTE: What a beautiful night! The air is crisp, the city is vibrant, and I am exhilarated! (*Grabs Veronica.*) Look at the horizon, my dear. Soon it will all be mine!

VERONICA: (*Uninterested.*) You've worked so hard for this, Damien.

DONTE: Indeed, I have. Indeed, I have. Ever since I was a boy, I have dreamed of this very moment, and nothing will ruin it for me, not some political figurehead, not some vigilante, not anyone.

VERONICA: I'm just worried. What if things don't go the way you've planned? If things don't work out, what happens to the money, the house, the cars, the yachts?

DONTE: Do you doubt me, Veronica?

VERONICA: Not at all, my love.

DONTE: Then there is no need to worry. I assure you, as long as I am in complete control, everything will fall perfectly into place.

VERONICA: Right. I just wish I could spend more time with you. You've been so busy lately.

DONTE: I'm sorry, my love, but I have to focus on my work at the moment.

VERONICA: But what about us?

DONTE: What about us?

VERONICA: Aren't you forgetting something about tonight?

DONTE: I don't believe so.

VERONICA: It's our anniversary, Damien.

DONTE: No, no, no, it can't be.

VERONICA: It is, Damien. I've only been talking about it for weeks.

DONTE: I guess I just wasn't paying attention. (*Angry face. Defending himself.*) But that's only because I've been working so hard.

(*Olivia enters SR.*)

VERONICA: That's the point, Damien, you don't give us enough attention.

OLIVIA: Mr. Donte, you have a phone call from an important investor on line one.

DONTE: (*To Veronica.*) I have to take this call. I'll make it up to you, my love.

(*Donte and Olivia exit SR.*)

VERONICA: (*To herself.*) Right. Can't he see that I have needs?

GRIMES: (*Sticks his head in from SL.*) Is it safe?

VERONICA: (*Passionately.*) Oh, Grimes! I've missed you!

(*Veronica rushes to Grimes and they embrace.*)

GRIMES: I missed you, too. I wish we didn't have to keep meeting like this in secret. I love you too much for this.

VERONICA: I love you, too. You care about me and actually want to spend time with me. (*Passionately.*) Hold me! Kiss me!

(*Veronica puts her hands on Grimes's face and goes in for a kiss, but Grimes pulls away.*)

GRIMES: Not now. It's too risky. I can't stay long. Damien is expecting me.

VERONICA: I have a crazy idea: Maybe we don't have to hide.

GRIMES: What are you talking about, Veronica?

VERONICA: Later this evening, Damien has set up a party.
Everyone will be there.

GRIMES: I don't understand.

VERONICA: All those men working under Damien...they are
more loyal to you than they are to him.

GRIMES: They are, but—

VERONICA: So if we tell him there, and things get bad, I'm
sure they would help you.

GRIMES: Are you suggesting I try to overthrow him?

VERONICA: Well, I didn't say that.

GRIMES: It is true that the men respect me, and I've heard
that a lot of them don't like this hostile-takeover plan.

VERONICA: Exactly.

GRIMES: Well, I guess we will see what happens, gorgeous. I
gotta go for now.

(Grimes and Veronica hug. Veronica watches as Grimes exits SL.)

VERONICA: *(Calls.)* Goodbye, my love. *(To herself.)* Why
can't I be with the man I love?

(Donte enters SR. Veronica turns to face him.)

DONTE: I'm back. You won't believe what I just heard.

VERONICA: I bet I won't.

DONTE: He said that if I sold him the restaurant on Mel's
Square that he'd pay me double what I paid for it.

VERONICA: *(Sarcastic.)* Oh, wow, that's wonderful.

*(Veronica exits SL. Distracted with his good fortune, Donte doesn't
notice.)*

DONTE: I do love a good deal.

(Layne, Captain Constitution, Cane, and Alex enter SR. Captain Constitution is in shackles and has a hood over his head. Alex and Cane are holding the Captain's arms.)

DONTE: Layne, you're back. Excellent! I trust everything went well.

LAYNE: Yes, sir, there is just one last matter.

DONTE: Ah, yes. Your payment.

(Donte claps his hands. Terror enters SL, carrying a suitcase of cash and holds it out to Layne. Layne opens up the suitcase.)

LAYNE: *(Wide-eyed, grinning.)* I...wow...it's—

DONTE: The agreed upon amount. This concludes our business. I trust I'll be able to reach you if I need your services again?

LAYNE: *(Closes the suitcase.)* Absolutely, sir. I'll be around.

(Layne exits SR. Donte approaches Captain Constitution and removes the hood from his head.)

DONTE: Captain Constitution, welcome. I've been expecting you. Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Damien Vladimir Donte.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: *(“Spits.”)* Look, you're going to let me walk out of here right now, and then I'm going to get every last one of you thrown in prison!

DONTE: I think not, Captain. You're going to stay right here...in chains.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: *(Picking up the chains.)* You see these chains? Stupid chains!

(Captain Constitution breaks free but is quickly “thrown” to the ground.)

DONTE: *(Waving his finger, smiling.)* Well, that was stupid.
Terror, show him how we handle disobedience!

(Terror "kicks" Captain Constitution in the gut.)

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: *("Spits," coughs hard.)* I don't know how yet, but I'm gonna knock those annoying, pearly white teeth out of your mouth.

DONTE: You either think you're funny or you're just plain stupid.

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: It's called, "things can't get much worse, so why not?" *(Mayor enters SR accompanied by Grimes, Ren, and Ronny. Ren and Ronny push the Mayor down next to Captain Constitution.)* Me and my big mouth.

DONTE: Mr. Mayor, welcome. I trust your escorts were gentle?

GRIMES: He practically had a first-class ticket. Well, except for Ren and Ronny, here, roughing him up a bit, am I right?

(Grimes high-fives Ren and Ronny.)

DONTE: Excellent work, my friend.

GRIMES: Not a problem, boss.

(Donte and Grimes perform a fancy handshake.)

REN: *(To Donte.)* We really got his Mayorship good!

RONNY: *(To Donte.)* He wasn't ready for us!

DONTE: I don't pay you for your stupid remarks. Get out of my face! Grimes, take those grunts and finish the plan!

GRIMES: *(To Ren and Ronny.)* Let's go.

(Grimes, Ren, and Ronny exit SR.)

MAYOR: *(Shouts.)* You won't get away with this!

DONTE: *(Evil laugh.)* I already have. This plan has been years in the making, and at long last, my time has come. I've spent my entire life watching this city rot. The people here are disgusting, putrid swine who won't do anything to clean up the filth of this city, especially you, Mr. Mayor. Who better to overthrow the corrupt politicians than a self-made billionaire? I had to claw my way to the top! My ambition won me my fortune, and now it will win me this city!

CAPTAIN CONSTITUTION: *(Sarcastic.)* Oh my, you're one of those—

DONTE: Why are you still talking? Somebody shut this guy up! *(Alex puts a gag over Captain Constitution's mouth.)* Terror, bring that camera here, would you? It's time for the world to know my plans. *(Terror steps off SL, gets the camera, and sets it up in front of Donte. To camera.)* "People of [New Orleans], fear not, for I have come to bring class and order back to this city. I have captured the corrupt, lying dog you call your mayor and a dangerous, loudmouth vigilante. You're welcome. Now, you will either bow before me and pledge your allegiance, or suffer the consequences. I am order, I am serenity, I am strength...I *am* Damien Donte!" *[Or insert another city.]*

(Lights fade to black as everyone exits SL.)

[END OF FREEVIEW]