



Kory Howard

BIG DOG PUBLISHING

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**BIG DOG PUBLISHING
P.O. Box 1401
Rapid City, SD 57709**

*To all those
who just need a good laugh!*

Misadventures of Taking Over the World Through Time

FARCE WITH SONG. Commander Omega, an evil supervillain with an impressive mustache, has traveled to Earth to find the secret to taking over the world, the universe, and everything in between! With time running out, Omega enlists the help of Agent Y and time-travels to different eras in Earth's history including the Pleistocene, the Middle Ages, the Wild West, World War II, the Raging '20s, the 1960s, and the present. Along the way, Omega and Agent Y encounter a rock-loving Neanderthal, King Arthur and his legendary sword, a Wild West gunslinger who loves chocolate chips, Al Capone and his secret stash, hugging hippies, and modern-day people who blankly stare at their cell phones like zombies. However, despite Omega's awesome mustache and dastardly plan, he still needs a super-cool theme song before he can become the Supreme Overlord of the entire universe. Mwah-ha-ha-ha! Audiences will love the madcap characters in this otherworldly farce. Perfect for teen actors. Can be performed with a bare stage and simple props.

Performance Time: Approximately 60 minutes.

NOTE: For more adventures with Commander Omega and Agent Y, check out *Spark Adams* by Kory Howard.

Characters

(7 M, 4 F, 17 flexible, opt. extras)

(With doubling/tripling: 4 M, 2 F, 9 flexible)

COMMANDER OMEGA: Evil villain from another planet who thinks he's the Supreme Overlord of the entire universe; has a bad Scottish accent; wears a wig, a kilt, a vest, and has a huge fake mustache; male.

AGENT Y: Commander Omega's henchman; wears all-black clothing, a Scottish hat, and glasses; male.

NEANDERTHAL: A rock-loving Neanderthal; flexible.

ARTHUR: King Arthur as a boy; male.

KING UTHUR PENDRAGON: Arthur's father; male.

SALLY: Wild West saloon girl who becomes Omega's right-hand woman and Y's girlfriend; has a frilly voice; female.

TOMMY/TAMMY: Sally's nephew/niece; flexible.

SHERIFF: Fastest cap gun shooter around; flexible.

SINISTER SAM HILL (aka "Semi-Sweet Sam"): Wily Wild West bandit; eats semi-sweet chocolate chips after he kills someone; male.

AL CAPONE (aka "Scarface"): Mob boss; male.

HARLEY (aka "Half-Faced Harley"): Gangster; flexible.

TEDDY: (aka "Big Teddy"): Gangster; flexible.

MALONE (aka "Mug Shot Malone"): Gangster; flexible.

MCGEE (aka "Smiley McGee"): Gangster; flexible.

PEARL (aka "Pretty Toes Pearl"): Gangster; female.

LUCKY (aka "Lucky Luck"): Gangster; flexible.

JOE (aka "We Just Call Him Joe"): Gangster, a quiet type; nonspeaking; flexible. [*If female, "We Just Call Her Jo"*]

GRANDMAMA: Old lady gangster; has a cane; female.

SOLDIER: Nazi soldier; wears Nazi uniform; flexible.

HITLER: Has a Hitler mustache; nonspeaking; male.

JANICE: Head hippie who loves to give hugs; female.

GUITAR HIPPIE: Hippie who carries a guitar; flexible.

HIPPIE 1, 2, 3: Hippies; flexible.

MODERN PERSON 1, 2, 3: Wear modern clothing and stare at their cell phones like zombies; flexible.

EXTRAS (OPT.): As additional Hippies and Modern People.

NOTE: For flexible roles, change the script accordingly. All characters may be played by either male or female actors. For example, if a female wants to dress up as a male character or vice-versa, some parts could be even funnier.

Options for Doubling/tripling

GRANDMAMA/JANICE/PEARL(female)

AL CAPONE/HITLER (male)

HARLEY/HIPPIE 1 (flexible)

TEDDY/HIPPIE 2 (flexible)

MALONE/HIPPIE 3 (flexible)

MCGEE/MODERN PERSON 1(flexible)

LUCKY/MODERN PERSON 2 (flexible)

JOE/MODERN PERSON 3 (flexible)

SINISTER SAM HILL/UTHER PENDRAGON (male)

ARTHUR/TOMMY (male)

NEANDERTHAL/SHERIFF (flexible)

NAZI SOLDIER/GUITAR HIPPIE (flexible)

Author's Note

This play is meant to be high energy and silly! Please play up the characters and let actors adlib as they see fit. Improv moments are encouraged as long as they are not forced or too long.

Setting

The world.

Set/set pieces

A bare stage with two coat racks at CSL and CSR. The coat racks contain a variety of costume pieces (see below) that will be used during the show.

Prehistoric times. A backdrop may be used.

Middle Ages. A backdrop of a forest may be used.

Wild West. A western backdrop/set may be used.

Gangster hideout, 1920s. There is a desk, a group of chairs SR and SL, flanking the desk in a semi-circle. There are boxes and crates for Omega, Y, and Sally to hide behind. There is a crate CS.

WW II era. A backdrop may be used.

1960s. A backdrop may be used.

Modern day. A backdrop may be used.

Costumes

NOTE: Several costume changes occur during the show. Below are suggested costume pieces that can be quickly and easily removed.

Prehistoric era. Furry vests, wigs, and clubs.

Middle Ages. Tunics, armor, helmets.

Wild West. Cowboy hats, chaps, toy guns.

World War II era. Jackets and military helmets.

Raging '20s. Fedoras, pinstripe jackets.

1960s. Tie-dyed shirts, long hair wigs, John Lennon eyeglasses.

Modern day. Modern attire and old cell phones.

Props

Juice box
Plastic dagger
Baby doll
Fake mustache (for baby doll)
Letter
Envelope
Wristband device (for time-traveling device)
Fake rock
Plastic sword stuck in a large fake rock
2 Bags of popcorn
2 Sodas
Bag of semi-sweet chocolate chips
2 Toy revolvers, for Wild West
Toy machine gun (opt.)
Toy pistols, for Gangsters
Map for robbery
Cane, for Grandmama
Rubber ducky (or another silly object)
Notebook
Assorted anti-war signs for Hippies
Guitar, for Guitar Hippie
Cell phones, for Modern People

Special Effects

Dramatic music
Sad music
Alien spaceship cutout with single beam of light
Music for Commander Omega's transformation
Music with flickering lights (for time-traveling)
Angry Neanderthal grunts
Gunslinger music
Gunshots--
Dramatic music (removing crate lid)

"Commander Omega is my name
Kicking evil's bootay is my game!
I'm so evil, it's not even funny,
I'm as cute as a furry bunny!"

--Commander Omega

Misadventures of Taking Over the World Through Time

(AT RISE: Dramatic music is heard. Lights flicker and then fade out. Spotlights up SL and SR. Commander Omega and Agent Y step into the spotlights. Omega is drinking a juice box. Y is cleaning under his nails with a knife.)

OMEGA: *(To audience.)* Hello, everyone. I'd like to personally welcome you to our wee little show tonight...

Y: *(To audience.)* "Misadventures of Taking Over the World Through Time." Starring...

OMEGA: Commander Omega, that's me! And...

Y: Agent Y.

OMEGA: That's him!

Y: Have you ever wondered how the most evil villain in the world—

OMEGA: Oooh! That's me again! *(Takes a long sip from his juice box and crushes it.)* Ahh! I'm so evil!

Y: How he managed to become the most evil villain to take over the world—

OMEGA: The universe.

Y: And everything in between?!

OMEGA: Oh, it's a fabulous, exciting story! There I was traveling through time, searching—

Y: *(Clears throat.)* Eh-hem. Boss, we really should start from the very beginning.

OMEGA: True. That might be very helpful...and entertaining.

Y: Then let's begin!

OMEGA: *(Calls.)* Cue sad music!

(Spotlights down. Sad music is heard. Omega exits. Y is sitting on the floor CS, crying. Lights up.)

Y: *(Crying.)* Boo-hoo! No evil boss wants me to work for him.
Why?! Why?! *(Looks up.)* Send me a sign of what to do!

(Alien spaceship and a single beam of light appears. Suddenly, a baby doll with a large mustache drops from above with a letter and a juice box. Y reads the letter. [Note: For the following, as Y silently reads the letter, Omega, in a baby voice, is heard offstage.]

OMEGA: *(In a baby voice, offstage.)* "Hello, stupid human. I am Commander Omega and have traveled to your galaxy to take over the world, the universe, and everything in between. Your planet is the last!" *(Evil laugh.)* Mwah-ha-ha-ha!

Y: But you're only a baby. *(Continues reading the letter.)*

OMEGA: *(In a baby voice, offstage.)* "I know I am a baby. It's the only way I can travel through the galaxy. To transform me into a superhuman villain, please feed me the juice box. If you do, you will be my right-hand man in finding the secret to taking over your world!"

Y: *(Looks up.)* That was some sign.

(Y gives the baby doll the juice box. Dramatic music and flickering lights as the baby humorously transforms into Commander Omega. Commander Omega is found lying on his back not moving. [Note: Omega does not have a mustache yet.] Y tentatively approaches Omega. Suddenly, Omega coughs, sits up, and checks his hands and feet.)

OMEGA: Ha-ha-ha! The phoenix has risen from the ashes!

Y: *(Disappointed.)* Ummm...you're the super-villain?

OMEGA: Aye!

Y: Really? You don't look that super.

OMEGA: *(Feeling his face, upset.)* Oh, no! What happened to the 'stache?

Y: What 'stache?

OMEGA: Did an envelope come with me?

Y: Yes.

OMEGA: Check it.

(Y looks in the envelope and pulls out a large fake mustache.)

Y: *(Indicating mustache.)* This?

OMEGA: Yes! *(Puts on the fake mustache.)* Ah-ha-ha!

Y: Whoa! You are super!

OMEGA: And you are my right-hand man. Now you need a cool name!

Y: Why?

OMEGA: Agent Y! I like it!

Y: Sounds cool to me!

OMEGA: Agent Y, my time-traveling device should be here.

(Pulls out the device from his pocket [Note: Device is a wristband of sorts.] Time is running out. We need to find the secret for taking over the world!

Y: Just tell me what to do, Boss.

OMEGA: Take my wrist, and we will travel through time to find the secret of taking over the world. *(Pause.)* Well, aren't you going to finish it?

Y: Finish what?

OMEGA: You're supposed to say "the universe" after I say "the world." Ready?

Y: Okay.

OMEGA: We're going to find—

Y: The world!

OMEGA: No, you say "the universe" *after* I say "taking over the world."

Y: Got it!

OMEGA: We're going to find the secret of taking over the world...

Y: The universe...

OMEGA: Yes! And everything in between! Now, grab my wrist, and let's travel through time!

(Y grabs Omega's wrist. As they are transported back in time, music is heard and lights flicker. Y and Omega arrive in the prehistoric Pleistocene epoch. Y and Omega pick up clubs and put on furry vests, wigs, or other Neanderthal costume pieces.)

Y: What exactly are we looking for, Boss?

OMEGA: Duh! The secret to taking over the world!

Y: The universe!

OMEGA: No, don't say that now.

Y: But I thought I was supposed to say "the universe" after you say "taking over the world."

OMEGA: Yes, but only at intense, dramatic moments.

Y: Oh, I see!

OMEGA: Don't let it happen again.

Y: Got it, Boss. But what is the secret to taking over the world?

OMEGA: Um...I'll know it when I see it. Now, let's get moving.

Y: To where?

OMEGA: Well, uh, where are we, and what's happening on your planet in this time period?

(A Neanderthal enters, carrying a large fake rock.)

NEANDERTHAL: Ooga-booga-loo!

OMEGA: *(To Y.)* Ew! What is that hideous thing?

Y: That would be a Neanderthal.

OMEGA: What is that?

Y: An early descendant of homo sapiens, but I don't think there's any way I came from that.

(Omega approaches the Neanderthal.)

OMEGA: *(To Neanderthal, speaking slowly.)* Greetings, ugly human thingy.

NEANDERTHAL: *(Defensively.)* Uggga buggana backyacka.

OMEGA: *(To Y, stage whisper over his shoulder.)* What's it saying?

Y: I have no clue.

OMEGA: Agent Y! If you're going to be my right-hand man, you need to have answers for everything I ask.

Y: Got it, Boss.

NEANDERTHAL: Ugg a buggana backyacka.

OMEGA: *(To Y.)* What's it saying?

Y: He either wants you to give him a banana or for you to back away.

OMEGA: Neither of those work. *(Notices the rock.)* Ooh, look at what he's holding!

Y: It looks like a rock.

OMEGA: It looks like the secret to taking over the world.

(Long pause.) Y!

Y: Why what?

OMEGA: No, Y!

Y: No, why what?

OMEGA: Y!

Y: Why?

OMEGA: Yes, Y. You!

Y: Oh, me! Right, that's my name! What is it?

OMEGA: I've forgotten now. But let's get that rock!

(Omega goes to take the rock from the Neanderthal, but the Neanderthal gets defensive.)

NEANDERTHAL: Nooya takeeya meeya roooka!

OMEGA: Hand it over!

NEANDERTHAL: Nooya!

(Omega tries to get the rock from the Neanderthal and a humorous skirmish breaks out.)

OMEGA: Agent Y! What do you think that rock does, anyway?

Y: Well, it could be used for hunting, making fire, throwing competitions, juggling, art shows, building houses, music...
[Add more things, if desired.]

OMEGA: Sounds like the perfect secret I'm looking for.

Y: Um, Commander, I don't think a rock will—

OMEGA: Just get it, and then we can see what else it can do!

Y: Yes, Boss.

(Agent Y approaches the Neanderthal and tries to take the rock. The Neanderthal "hits" Y over the head with the rock and knocks him out.)

OMEGA: *(Indicating rock.)* Ooooh! That could come in handy!
(To Neanderthal.) Come on, hand it over. *(Neanderthal backs away, protecting his rock.)* Be a good boy...

NEANDERTHAL: Oogoogoo.

OMEGA: *(Coaxing.)* That's it...give Commander Omega the rock.

NEANDERTHAL: *(Calming down.)* Aa ooda.

OMEGA: *(Coaxing.)* I'll be careful with it. Hand it to Papa Omega.

NEANDERTHAL: Ocake-a.

(Neanderthal hands Omega the rock. Omega instantly "hits" the Neanderthal over the head with it and knocks him out.)

OMEGA: Aha! Dumb oaf! Let's go, Agent Y. *(Turns and sees that Y is still lying on the ground.)* Stop lying around! *(Angry Neanderthal grunts are heard offstage.)* We really need to get going! *(Shakes, "slaps" Agent Y.)* Take my wrist! *(Omega tries to put Y's hand on his wrist, but it keeps falling off.)* You leave me no choice. *(Omega sits on Y and activates his time-traveling device. To device.)* Get us out of here!

(Music is heard, lights flash. Omega and Y are transported to the Middle Ages. Omega and Y change into medieval attire like tunics,

armor, a knight's helmet, etc. A sword inside a stone is rolled on. Omega and Y now have bad British accents.)

OMEGA: *(To Y.)* This place looks a little naff.
Y: I think I'll sack off and take a little nap. I'm completely knackered from traveling through time.
OMEGA: Mate, stop being such a melt.
Y: It's just a bit of banter. Where's the loo?

(Omega breaks his British accent and goes back to Scottish. Y continues with his bad British accent.)

OMEGA: What is going on here? Why are we talking like this?
Y: *(Looks around.)* Based on our accents and attire, it seems as though we have been transported to medieval times.
OMEGA: Oooh, evil! I like it already!
Y: Not that kind of evil.
OMEGA: Then what kind of evil?
Y: Um...I suppose a mid-level evil.
OMEGA: Good enough for me. Now, to use our rock and take over the world!
Y: I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but I don't think the rock is the secret to taking over the world.
OMEGA: And why is that?
Y: It's just a rock.
OMEGA: *(Sighs.)* You may be right, Y, but it will help us.
Y: If you say so.
OMEGA: Let's go! *(Turns and sees the sword stuck in a stone.)*
Look at that! Is that a sword in a stone?
Y: Yes.
OMEGA: Go get it.
Y: Why me?
OMEGA: Exactly. Y is you. Stop speaking Neanderthal and go!
Y: Why do I have to?

OMEGA: Because this is the mid-level evil period. It could be booby-trapped or cursed!

Y: I'm scared.

OMEGA: Don't be such a party-poopers pants. Go!

(Omega pushes Y closer to the sword. Y is trembling and his legs are shaking so badly that he can hardly walk. Terrified, Y slowly stretches out his arm to touch the sword.)

Y: I don't want to die!

OMEGA: You're not going to die.

Y: I'm gonna die!

OMEGA: You are not going to die!

(Y closes his eyes and grabs the sword.)

Y: Ahhhhhh! *(Opens one eye.)* Am I dead?

OMEGA: You're not dead. Take the sword from the stone.

Y: You got it. *(Pulls and yanks at the sword. He uses other comedic tactics to try to get the sword out but fails.)*

OMEGA: Come on, Y!

Y: I can't get it. It's stuck.

OMEGA: What good is a right-hand man if I have to do everything? I had to get the rock from that Neanderthal, and now I have to get the sword. *(Approaches the sword.)*

Y: Good luck, mate. It's being dodgy.

OMEGA: Stop with the accent. You sound ridiculous.

Y: Of course, Boss.

OMEGA: Now, step aside. *(Dramatically steps up to the sword.)*

Y: Woo-hoo! *(Chants.)* Omega, Omega, he's our man! If he can't do it, no one can!

OMEGA: *(Evil laugh.)* Mwa-ha-ha-ha! *(Yanks on the sword but fails to remove it.)*

Y: Uh-oh!

(Omega continues to pull. He uses other comedic tactics to try to get the sword out but fails.)

OMEGA: *(To sword.)* Curse you! No one can pull you from this stone!

(Arthur, a young boy, enters.)

ARTHUR: Ooh, look! A sword! *(Crosses to the sword, grabs it, pulls it out, and starts to exit.)*

Y: Who? What? Why? When? How?

OMEGA: That sword must be the secret to taking over the world!

Y: The universe!

OMEGA: *(Annoyed.)* Now is not the time, Y!

Y: Sorry.

OMEGA: *(To Arthur, calls.)* Young boy, halt a moment.

ARTHUR: You can't tell me what to do.

OMEGA: Of course, I can. I am Commander Omega.

ARTHUR: So? My father is King Uther Pendragon.

Y: Whoa! You're the famous King Arthur!

ARTHUR: I am Arthur, but I'm not a king yet. But with this sword, I will be!

OMEGA: Doesn't matter because I'll be taking over the entire world— *(Waits. Y doesn't say anything. Annoyed.)* Y, now is the time.

Y: Sorry, Boss.

OMEGA: *(To Arthur.)* I'll be taking over the world...

Y: *(To Arthur.)* The universe...

OMEGA: *(To Arthur.)* And everything in between!

ARTHUR: Then you must die, evil villain. En garde! *(Raises the sword, swings it a few times, and stands ready for battle.)*

OMEGA: *(High-pitched scream.)* Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh! *(Jumps into Y's arms.)*

ARTHUR: Die!

OMEGA: Oh, yeah? Take that! *(Throws the fake rock at Arthur and misses badly.)*

ARTHUR: *(Shaking his head.)* Pathetic. Completely pathetic.

OMEGA: Y, fight him and get that sword!

Y: Why does it always have to be me?

OMEGA: Because that's what right-hand men do!

Y: Die for their leader?

OMEGA: If need be, yes.

ARTHUR: Fight like men, or die like dogs!

Y: I like puppies!

OMEGA: Go!

Y: Boss, if I don't get a chance to say it later, it was nice working with you for the last few minutes. Best job of my life!

OMEGA: Just go!

Y: Okay. *(Musters up courage, turns to Arthur, and assumes a silly karate stance.)*

ARTHUR: Ha-ha-ha! You are daft, aren't you?

Y: Since I don't know what that is, I will just say yes.

ARTHUR: I thought so.

(Arthur and Y circle each other. Arthur takes a few swipes at Y, who dodges him. A silly fight breaks out. Omega adlibs reactions during the fight.)

Y: *(Spies something offstage, points.)* Oh my! What is that?!
(Terrified, screams.) Ahhhhh!

ARTHUR: *(Screams.)* Ahhhhhh! What?

(Arthur turns to look. When he does, Y "karate chops" Arthur on the neck, knocking him out.)

Y: Aha! I did it! I really did it!

OMEGA: Good work, Y! Although, I did just lose a hundred bucks.

Y: How?

OMEGA: I bet against myself that you would die.

Y: Thanks for the confidence in me, Boss.

OMEGA: Let's see what this sword can do! (*Grabs the sword and swings it around.*)

Y: It doesn't look like much. I don't know if that's what we're looking for.

OMEGA: Perhaps. Perhaps not.

UTHER: (*Offstage, calls.*) Arthur? Arthur, where are you?

Y: Uh-oh!

OMEGA: Who is that?

Y: Probably the King. We can't be found here with Arthur's body lying there.

OMEGA: Let's get out of here! Grab the rock!

Y: Why the rock?

OMEGA: Because it's pretty, and I like to keep souvenirs.

Y: (*Admiring rock.*) It is pretty...

OMEGA: Quickly!

(*King Uther enters.*)

UTHER: (*Calls.*) Arthur, where are you?

(*Omega and Y try to play it cool and hide Arthur's body.*)

OMEGA: Hello.

Y: (*To Uther.*) How do you do?

UTHER: Who are you two?

OMEGA: Just passing through.

UTHER: Have you seen my son?

OMEGA: Your son? Uh...

Y: (*To Uther.*) No, I don't think so. No son here.

UTHER: (*Sees Arthur on the ground.*) Is that Arthur?!

OMEGA: (*Playing dumb.*) Oh, what? Where did he come from?

UTHER: (*Angry.*) What did you do to my son?!

OMEGA: It's a pretty long story, actually. See, there was this stone with a sword in it, so I told Y, here, to—
UTHER: Is that the sword from the stone?
OMEGA: It is. *(Like a child.)* It's mine, and you can't have it, and I won't give it to you, and you can't make me!
UTHER: *(Kneels on one knee.)* My King.
OMEGA: Even though I appreciate you groveling at my feet, I am not a king, but ruler of the world!
Y: The universe!
OMEGA: *(Annoyed.)* Not now!
UTHER: That sword only makes you king over a portion of England, not ruler of the whole world.
OMEGA: What?!
UTHER: Whoever pulls the sword from the stone becomes king of this kingdom.
OMEGA: Not the entire world?
Y: *(To Uther.)* Or universe?
UTHER: Uh...no.
OMEGA: *(Indicating sword.)* Well, I don't want this, then. It can't be the secret of taking over the world.
UTHER: I'm afraid not.
OMEGA: Take it, then. It was your son who pulled it out, anyway.
UTHER: Arthur?
OMEGA: Yes.

(Arthur stirs.)

ARTHUR: Dad?
UTHER: Son, are you all right?
ARTHUR: Yes.
UTHER: Did you pull the sword from the stone?
ARTHUR: Yes.
UTHER: *(Kneeling on one knee.)* My King.
ARTHUR: But, Dad, you're *my* king.
OMEGA: *(To Y.)* Well, this is awkward...

Y: Totally awkward.

UTHER: *(To Arthur.)* I was your king, but now you are King.

ARTHUR: But how will that work?

OMEGA: Y, there is nothing left for us to do. The secret is not here.

Y: Let us move forward in time.

OMEGA: Grab my wrist, and let's leave this father and son to figure out the major family problems they're about to have.

(Y grabs Omega's wrist and Omega activates the time-traveling device. Music is heard, lights flicker. Omega and Y are transported to the Wild West. Omega and Y put on cowboy hats, chaps, and each has a toy pistol. Gunslinger-type music is heard. Sheriff and Sam enter, stare at each other, and assume a duel stance. Distraught, Sally enters and stands in the center between the two. Omega and Y look on.)

SALLY: Shoot that wily Semi-Sweet Sam, Sheriff!

SAM: Don't call me that! It's "Sinister Sam."

SALLY: *(To Sheriff.)* He's done bandited our town for too long!

SHERIFF: Don't worry, Sally. I'm the fastest cap gun shooter in this here theatre.

SALLY: You're my hero!

SHERIFF: You just stand there lookin' pretty and blonde while I dispose of this here varmint once and for all.

SAM: That's a lot of talk for a sheriff who's never shot nobody.

SHERIFF: I bet you feel lucky to be the first, then.

SALLY: I love it when you talk tough.

SAM: *(To Sheriff.)* Enough yappin'! It's time to die!

SHERIFF: For you.

SAM: On the count of three, we draw and shoot.

SHERIFF: You want to play by them rules, eh?

SAM: Giddy-up!

SHERIFF: Sally, if you'll do the honors of counting down...

SALLY: I'd be glad to. One...

SAM: So long, Sheriff!

SALLY: Two...

SHERIFF: *(To Sam.)* It was nice knowing you!

SALLY: Thr—

OMEGA: Ummm, wait! Excuse me!

SHERIFF: Who in the Sam Hill are you?

SAM: *(Admonishingly.)* Don't you be using my full name now!

OMEGA: *(To Sheriff.)* I am Commander Omega, future ruler
of this world and the universe.

Y: Don't forget "everything in between"!

SHERIFF: *(To Omega.)* What do you want?

OMEGA: This is exciting and all, but it's missing something.

SHERIFF: What?

OMEGA: I could really do with some popcorn.

Y: *(To Sheriff.)* And a nice sarsaparilla soda!

SALLY: I can help with that. *(To offstage, calls.)* Tommy, bring
some popcorn and two sarsaparilla sodas!

TOMMY: *(Offstage, calls.)* Yes, Aunt Sally!

SALLY: What a good kid. Just sits there in the wings waiting
for me to need something.

(Tommy enters with popcorn and two sodas.)

TOMMY: Here ya go.

SALLY: Thank you. Give it to these two strange-looking
gentlemen here.

(Tommy hands Omega and Y the popcorn and sodas.)

OMEGA: Thank you, sonny.

TOMMY: My pleasure, partner. *(Exits.)*

OMEGA: *(To Sam and Sheriff.)* Okay, you can now kill each
other.

SAM: It's about time.

SHERIFF: Sally, count us down again.

SALLY: One...

OMEGA: *(To Y.)* Who do you think's gonna die?

SALLY: Two...

Y: *(To Omega.)* I'm thinking the Sheriff's gonna die.

SHERIFF: *(Insulted.)* Wow.

SALLY: Thr—

Y: *(To Omega.)* But I'm really hoping it's Semi-Sweet Sam.

SALLY: Thr—

SAM: *(To Y, correcting.)* It's "Sinister Sam."

SALLY: Thr—

OMEGA: *(To Sam.)* You're still ugly.

(Sally and Sheriff speak simultaneously.)

SHERIFF: Quiet down!

SALLY: Three!

(Sam "shoots" the Sheriff because the Sheriff was distracted. [For the following, the Sheriff melodramatically and in slow-motion falls down.]

SHERIFF: Ugh! I can see the light!

OMEGA: Don't look into the light! It's so final!

SHERIFF: But it's so beautiful and peaceful. Birds are singing...angels are playing the harp...

SAM: *(Annoyed.)* Come on!

SHERIFF: There's my momma! I'm comin', Momma!

OMEGA/Y/SALLY/SAM: Die already!

SHERIFF: Fine. With a sigh, I die. *(Sighs.)* Ugh!

Y: *(Crying uncontrollably.)* Noooooooo! He was too young to die! Boo-hoo-hoo!

(Still alive, Sheriff sits up one final time.)

SHERIFF: I don't want to go! They're sending me down instead of up! *(Lays down. Finally dies.)*

SALLY: He was a good man...

Y: Apparently, he wasn't. They're sending him to "H-E-double-hockey-sticks."

SALLY: Where's that?

Y: Where the devil lives.

SALLY: Oh, I've heard of [New Jersey] before. *[Insert the name of the location where the play is being performed.]*

OMEGA: I heard the people there are real [jerks]. *[Change to fit location, if desired.]*

SAM: What are you two foreigners doing in my city?

OMEGA: We have come for the secret of taking over the world, the universe—

Y: That's my line!

OMEGA: Go ahead.

Y: *(To Sam.)* The universe!

OMEGA: *(To Sam.)* And everything in between!

SAM: Sounds like you're pretty important, then.

OMEGA: Um, hello! You can't get more important than the Supreme Overlord of the entire universe!

SAM: I guess there's only one thing to do, then.

(Sam grabs Omega and points his gun at him.)

Y: What are you doing?

SAM: I am kidnapping this rascal and holding him for a very large ransom.

Y: You can't do that to the Commander!

SAM: Watch me.

Y: No!

SAM: If you want your commander back, I need \$100!

SALLY: No one has that kind of money!

Y: Ummm...I hate to break this intense moment here, but \$100 isn't very much, at least not from where I come from.

SAM: Not enough for you? Then how about \$200!

Y: Eh. Still not a lot.

SAM: Two hundred dollars would set me up for the rest of my life.
Y: You can do better than that.
SAM: One thousand dollars?
Y: Keep going...
SAM: Ten thousand?
Y: You're getting there. I'd ask for a whole lot more, though.
He is the future ruler of the universe, after all.
OMEGA: Y, I think you've been enough help.
Y: Hold on, I want to see how high he can raise the stakes.
SAM: You want me to go higher? Then...one million dollars!
SALLY: Oh, my! *(Faints and falls to the ground.)*
Y: *(To Sam.)* That's more like it!
OMEGA: Y, no!
SAM: Why, yes!
OMEGA: *(To Sam.)* Let me go!
SAM: Not until I get my million dollars.
OMEGA: Y, stop him!
SAM: There's no reason to stop me.
OMEGA: No, I was telling Y to stop you.
SAM: And I'm telling you that there's no reason to stop me.
OMEGA: No, "Y" is his name.
SAM: Is this a riddle?
OMEGA: Well, it's not a question.
SAM: Enough of this yackin'! You're comin' with me!
OMEGA: Noooooo!

(Sam exits with Omega kicking and screaming.)

Y: *(To himself.)* Once again, it's up to me to be the hero. I don't get paid enough for this. *(Realizes.)* Wait a second. Am I actually getting paid? I don't recall that conversation with Omega. I definitely should be getting paid. I mean, look at all I've done. I—

(Sally wakes up.)

SALLY: Will you stop monologue-ing already and figure out what to do?!

Y: What to do? What to do?

SALLY: I'm scared. No one has ever bested Semi-Sweet Sam.

Y: Why do they call him that, anyway?

SALLY: Rumor has it that after he kills someone, he eats a bag of semi-sweet chocolate chips.

Y: Good choice. I'd prefer milk chocolate, but any chocolate will do, really.

(With chocolate all over his face, Sam enters eating from a bag of semi-sweet chocolate chips.)

[END OF FREEVIEW]