

LIPSTICK AND HEROICS

A one-act comedy by
Evan Baughfman

This script is for evaluation only. It may not be printed, photocopied or distributed digitally under any circumstances. Possession of this file does not grant the right to perform this play or any portion of it, or to use it for classroom study.

www.youthplays.com
info@youthplays.com
424-703-5315

Lipstick and Heroics © 2014 Evan Baughman
All rights reserved. ISBN 978-1-62088-312-9.

Caution: This play is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, Canada, the British Commonwealth and all other countries of the copyright union and is subject to royalty for all performances including but not limited to professional, amateur, charity and classroom whether admission is charged or presented free of charge.

Reservation of Rights: This play is the property of the author and all rights for its use are strictly reserved and must be licensed by his representative, YouthPLAYS. This prohibition of unauthorized professional and amateur stage presentations extends also to motion pictures, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video and the rights of adaptation or translation into non-English languages.

Performance Licensing and Royalty Payments: Amateur and stock performance rights are administered exclusively by YouthPLAYS. No amateur, stock or educational theatre groups or individuals may perform this play without securing authorization and royalty arrangements in advance from YouthPLAYS. Required royalty fees for performing this play are available online at www.YouthPLAYS.com. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Required royalties must be paid each time this play is performed and may not be transferred to any other performance entity. All licensing requests and inquiries should be addressed to YouthPLAYS.

Author Credit: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisements and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line with no other accompanying written matter. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s) and the name of the author(s) may not be abbreviated or otherwise altered from the form in which it appears in this Play.

Publisher Attribution: All programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with YouthPLAYS (www.youthplays.com).

Prohibition of Unauthorized Copying: Any unauthorized copying of this book or excerpts from this book, whether by photocopying, scanning, video recording or any other means, is strictly prohibited by law. This book may only be copied by licensed productions with the purchase of a photocopy license, or with explicit permission from YouthPLAYS.

Trade Marks, Public Figures & Musical Works: This play may contain references to brand names or public figures. All references are intended only as parody or other legal means of expression. This play may also contain suggestions for the performance of a musical work (either in part or in whole). YouthPLAYS has not obtained performing rights of these works unless explicitly noted. The direction of such works is only a playwright's suggestion, and the play producer should obtain such permissions on their own. The website for the U.S. copyright office is <http://www.copyright.gov>.

COPYRIGHT RULES TO REMEMBER

1. To produce this play, you must receive prior written permission from YouthPLAYS and pay the required royalty.
2. You must pay a royalty each time the play is performed in the presence of audience members outside of the cast and crew. Royalties are due whether or not admission is charged, whether or not the play is presented for profit, for charity or for educational purposes, or whether or not anyone associated with the production is being paid.
3. No changes, including cuts or additions, are permitted to the script without written prior permission from YouthPLAYS.
4. Do not copy this book or any part of it without written permission from YouthPLAYS.
5. Credit to the author and YouthPLAYS is required on all programs and other promotional items associated with this play's performance.

When you pay royalties, you are recognizing the hard work that went into creating the play and making a statement that a play is something of value. We think this is important, and we hope that everyone will do the right thing, thus allowing playwrights to generate income and continue to create wonderful new works for the stage.

Plays are owned by the playwrights who wrote them. Violating a playwright's copyright is a very serious matter and violates both United States and international copyright law. Infringement is punishable by actual damages and attorneys' fees, statutory damages of up to \$150,000 per incident, and even possible criminal sanctions. **Infringement is theft. Don't do it.**

Have a question about copyright? Please contact us by email at info@youthplays.com or by phone at 424-703-5315. When in doubt, please ask.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

HEATHER, female, a superheroine hopeful; in her teens or twenties.

HOPE, female, Heather's BFF; in her teens or twenties.

KATHLEEN, female, an applicant with strong opinions; in her teens or twenties.

BELLE, female, an invisible young woman; in her teens or twenties.

MAGGIE, female, outspoken, with a sharp tongue; in her teens or twenties.

VICTORY, female, leader of superwoman group, A.W.S.U.M.; in her thirties or forties.

(Hanging above stage left is a sparkly, glittery sign that reads, "ARE YOU A.W.S.U.M.?" Below this sign is a table with two empty chairs behind it. Two stacks of papers are in the center of the table. Center-stage is a row of five chairs side-by-side. Four of the five chairs are occupied by women in their teens and twenties. In the most stage left seat is BELLE, a woman in a makeshift superhero costume. She wears a mask that covers her eyes, a cape, tights, and sneakers. A distinguishing feature of her costume is that it is covered in tiny bells sewn into and/or Velcroed over her T-shirt, cape, and tights. Belle quietly reads a book in her seat. In the seat next to Belle is KATHLEEN. While Belle is dressed in an over-the-top fashion, Kathleen's dress is rather conservative: T-shirt, jeans, sneakers. Kathleen looks bored, and she is slumped low in her seat as if ready for a nap. On the other side of Kathleen is HOPE, a woman dressed in a vibrant hot-pink outfit. Everything about her costume is hot pink, from the headband down to her shoes. She giggles as she flips through an issue of a popular women's magazine. A pink purse is under her seat. Next to Hope is HEATHER, who is dressed almost identically to Hope—but her costume is completely purple, not hot pink. Heather flips through a different issue of a women's magazine. A purple purse is under her seat. This leaves the most stage right seat empty. Hope's eyes grow wide as she sees something in her magazine. She laughs loudly. She leans over to Heather and points to the page.)

HOPE: OMG! You gotta look at this!

(Heather looks where Hope points.)

HEATHER: LOL! That is hilarious!

HOPE: I know, right? Her butt is so huge! Like, what did she eat?

HEATHER: Everything.

HOPE: You are so bad! I heart you!

© Evan Baughfman

This is a perusal copy only.

Absolutely no printing, copying or performance permitted.

HEATHER: I totally heart you more! You know that really old song, "Baby Got Back"?

HOPE: That song is ancient. A fossil.

(It's impossible for Belle and Kathleen to ignore this loud conversation next to them. Belle attempts to focus on her reading, but her eyes continue to dart back over to the chatty women. Kathleen seems annoyed as she slowly rises in her seat.)

HEATHER: When I look at this, I don't think, "Baby Got Back"... I think, "Baby Got Back...in the Buffet Line"!

HOPE: Did she go in for seconds on cottage cheese? 'Cause. Look. At. Her. Thighs. Nasty!

(Heather and Hope laugh for a few seconds together. Heather stops laughing, but Hope's laughter continues. It gets louder...and louder...and LOUDER... She begins to snort as she laughs. Heather's face is suddenly serious.)

HEATHER: Hope, baby, not the snort. We know when you go all "little piggy" bad things happen.

(Hope laughs and snorts louder than before.)

Hope, you gotta stop, honey. It's not even that funny.

KATHLEEN: You've got that right.

HEATHER: Please, you don't understand.

KATHLEEN: You two are exactly what's wrong with the world today. Making fun of another woman's physical appearance! You should be ashamed of yourselves.

HEATHER: Huh? No, be quiet, you...fathead! And, Hope, this is getting dangerous, dear!

(Hope laughs and snorts, laughs and snorts.)

KATHLEEN: "Fathead"? My head's not fat! It's fine just the way it is!

HEATHER: Cover your ears!

KATHLEEN: What?

HEATHER: COVER YOUR EARS!

(Belle watches and covers her ears with her hands, never letting go of the book. Kathleen remains confused as Hope laughs and snorts.)

KATHLEEN: Can't you shut your friend up? She's like a supersonic warthog! I think my ears are bleeding!

HEATHER: Exactly! If you don't want your eardrums to explode and your brain to melt, cover your ears! NOW!

(Kathleen is still confused, but she slowly raises her hands over her ears. Hope now laughs so loudly that she falls out of her seat.)

HOPE: HEATHER...! HELP ME...! I...CAN'T...STOP...!

HEATHER: Are you sure? It's gonna hurt, baby! It's gonna really make you angry!

HOPE: PLEASE...JUST...MAKE...IT...STOP!

HEATHER: Fine. I'm sorry for this. Just remember, you said it was okay.

(Heather leans over in her seat and yanks back on a fistful of Hope's hair. Hard. Hope's laughing and snorting immediately stop. Heather lets go of Hope's hair.)

HOPE: Ow!

(Hope moans and falls back against the legs of her seat. She rubs the part of her head where her hair was yanked. Kathleen and Belle slowly remove their hands from their ears.)

Heather, you jerk! That hurt.

(She slaps Heather on the leg.)

HEATHER: Sorry, but you said to do it. And, come on, I've definitely done it harder before.

HOPE: But, still... Be forceful *and* delicate, okay? Watch how hard you pull. You have superhuman strength. I'm not trying to look like Lex Luthor.

HEATHER: Calm down. You don't even have a bald spot this time.

HOPE: I guess so. Thanks. You're, like, the best!

HEATHER: Not "like" the best! I *am* the best! We both are! BFF, right?

HOPE: Yes! Of course! BFF!

(Heather and Hope hug each other tightly.)

HEATHER: Oh, I forgot! You have to see my horoscope.

HOPE: Oooo, I'm excited!

(Heather flips through her magazine, looking for the horoscope as Hope looks over her shoulder. Kathleen and Belle just stare at the other two women.)

KATHLEEN: Those magazines are months old. The horoscopes are out of date.

HOPE: But what if we get sucked into another portal that fractures the time-space continuum?

HEATHER: Yeah, then the horoscopes might be totally relevant again.

KATHLEEN: You've gone back in time?

HEATHER: Once we had to fight Diablo del Tiempo when he threatened to transport all of Cancun back to the Jurassic period.

HOPE: Gross. But where we ended up was way worse.

KATHLEEN: Where was that?

(Heather and Hope lock eyes.)

HEATHER/HOPE: The nineties. Eww.

HEATHER: If you can help it, never go back there.

HOPE: Never again. Don't even think about it.

KATHLEEN: You two fought Diablo del Tiempo? The Maestro of Minutes?

HEATHER: Only once.

HOPE: Yeah, only once.

HEATHER: Here it is. Read that. It's freaky, Hope. Like it knows me.

(Heather passes the magazine over to Hope, who begins to read it.)

We kicked his butt.

KATHLEEN: If you battled Diablo del Tiempo, you two must be big time already.

HEATHER: Not big enough. We want our faces on all the superhero mags. That's why we're here.

KATHLEEN: Have I ever heard of you two before?

HEATHER: Maybe.

HOPE: OMG, your horoscope is so you. But mine is so me. Scary!

HEATHER: Lemme see.

(Hope passes the magazine back to Heather, who reads it.)

HOPE: The two of us are the kick-butt superwoman duo, BFF!

HEATHER: Best Friends Forever!

HOPE: Longer than forever.

HEATHER: An eternity!

HOPE: Is an eternity longer than forever?

HEATHER: I don't know... And, you're right, your horoscope is so you! But it's kinda a little bit me, too.

HOPE: Yeah, I can see that...

KATHLEEN: You call yourselves "BFF"...? You're a team. A pair? Like Batman and Robin?

HEATHER: But we're so much cuter than they are.

HOPE: And we see ourselves as equals, thank you very much.

HEATHER: Her super-name is "LOL," short for "Laugh Out Loud."

HOPE: Her super-name is "OMG," short for "Oh, My Goddess."

KATHLEEN: "Laugh Out Loud"...? "Oh, My Goddess"...?

HEATHER: If she laughs or screams super-loud, it breaks things. Glass. Wood. Electronic equipment.

HOPE: Brains. Heads. A diamond once, I think.

HEATHER: No, not a diamond once... But that's why I made you cover your ears. For your protection. Get it?

KATHLEEN: I guess...

HOPE: And my BFF, OMG, over here... She's super-strong and she can run super-fast like some sorta powerful goddess. Get it?

(Kathleen nods slowly. She still seems skeptical. Even though Belle hasn't said anything, she has been paying attention the whole time and is incredibly engrossed by what's been said.)

KATHLEEN: And you think your abilities will make you a valuable addition to A.W.S.U.M.?

HEATHER: Yes. We're applying today so we can be part of a high-profile group that does some good.

HOPE: You mean, "does some great"! A.W.S.U.M. is so totally awesome!

KATHLEEN: Not awesome enough. I mean, eight of their members were just killed in that battle with—

HOPE: We know. Sad, right?

HEATHER: So totally super-sad. But we're all here 'cause we think we can help make A.W.S.U.M. even awesomer than it was before.

HOPE: What will you add to Amazing Women Saving Untold Millions?

KATHLEEN: I... Well, that's something I don't know if I'm really comfortable sharing with strangers.

HOPE: "Strangers"? We're probably gonna be teammates. Friends.

HEATHER: Not "BFFs," 'cause each of us already has one of those.

HOPE: No, not "BFFs," but we'll be good acquaintances. Almost like sisters.

HEATHER: You don't like your sister.

HOPE: Why should I? She's evil.

HEATHER: She literally is evil. You ever heard of her?

(Kathleen and Belle both shake their heads.)

"Eve-III" is the name she goes by when she's with her gang of villainesses.

HOPE: But it's "Kimberly" at Thanksgiving and Christmas. No wonder I got into so many fights with her when we were kids. That super-brat.

HEATHER: What's your super-name? Can you at least tell us that?

(Kathleen hesitates.)

HOPE: Well...?

KATHLEEN: It's...Kathleen.

HEATHER: "Kathleen"? Is that German for something? What's a "Kathleen"?

HOPE: No. She's, like, as quick as a *cat* and is *lean*.

HEATHER: Oh, I get it. "Cat"... "Lean"... Clever. I like it.

HOPE: Me, too. You are lean. Like, almost as skinny as we are. Do you yoga?

KATHLEEN: Uh... No.

HEATHER: That's okay. Start coming with us.

KATHLEEN: My name is Kathleen.

HOPE: We already got that...

KATHLEEN: No, it's my first name. It's the name my parents gave me. Like your sister is "Kimberly"...

HEATHER: And she's "Hope"...

HOPE: And she's "Heather"... Sorry, Kathleen, we're just so airheaded sometimes.

HEATHER: But "Kathleen" isn't a good super-name.

HOPE: It's hardly a good unsuper-name. Haven't you thought of something else?

HEATHER: Don't you have an imagination?

KATHLEEN: Well... I was...thinking... Thinking that...

HEATHER: Okay. Good. Thoughts are good.

KATHLEEN: ...Maybe I could go by...

HOPE: Yes...?

KATHLEEN: ..."Super-Person."

(Heather and Hope stare at each other in silence for a few moments. Belle silently smiles.)

That's better, isn't it?

HOPE: Well, no, I don't think it is.

HEATHER: Definitely not.

HOPE: It's not very creative.

HEATHER: It's, like, the antonym of "creative."

HOPE: Wow! You used "antonym" in a sentence!

HEATHER: I know. Correctly, too, right?

HOPE: Yep. Kathleen, whenever we find a word in one of our magazines we don't know, we look it up in a dictionary, and then we try to use it in everyday conversations.

HEATHER: LOL, terrific "elucidation"!

HOPE: OMG, you're on fire!

HEATHER: I'm a vocabulary "conflagration"!

HOPE: Another one. Great job!

KATHLEEN: Alright, alright. I get it... I'm gonna go by "Super-Person" anyway, okay?

HOPE: But where's the fun in that name?

HEATHER: It's not even sexy.

(From stage left enters MAGGIE, another twentysomething-year-old woman. She wears green tights, a white shirt with a giant chile pepper on its center, and a red cape. In one hand, she holds a plastic bowl with its top wrapped in tin foil. In the other hand, she holds a bag of tortilla chips.)

MAGGIE: Excuse me? Hi.

(All eyes lock on her as she comes to a stop a few feet from Heather's seat.)

This is where we apply to be a part of A.W.S.U.M., isn't it?

HOPE: Yes, it is. "Salutations." OMG, I've been waiting to use that one for a week!

HEATHER: Yay!

MAGGIE: Am I supposed to fill out something...?

(Kathleen points to the table.)

KATHLEEN: There are applications on the table over there.

MAGGIE: Thank you... I'm Maggie.

KATHLEEN: Oh. I'm Kathleen.

HOPE: Don't get confused, Maggie. That's her real name, not her super-name. It doesn't mean she's a skinny kitty.

MAGGIE: O...kay...

HEATHER: I'm Heather, but you can call me "OMG."

HOPE: I'm Hope, but you can call me "LOL."

KATHLEEN: I guess you can call me "Super-Person."

HOPE: No, don't call her that.

HEATHER: Absolutely not.

(Maggie walks over to the table. She places the bowl and chips down. She picks up a piece of paper from one of the stacks.)

MAGGIE: Oh, this one is already filled out...

HEATHER: The other stack has blank ones.

(Maggie reads the application in her hand for a few seconds.)

MAGGIE: Hope... Or..."LOL," I should say. It says here that you have "the ability to blow up bad guys and bad things with laughter and screams." That's interesting.

KATHLEEN: Hey, should you be reading that?

HEATHER: It's okay.

HOPE: Yeah, it's not a prob, Kathleen.

(Maggie reads a bit more of Hope's application.)

MAGGIE: Wait a second. "LOL" and "OMG"? I've heard of you guys. You're "BFF"!

(Heather and Hope smile at each other.)

HEATHER: Best!

HOPE: Friends!

HEATHER/HOPE: FOREVER!

(The two friends hug.)

MAGGIE: Yeah, I definitely read something about you two somewhere. This is cool. It's like being in a room with mini-celebrities.

HEATHER: And, when we all become a part of A.W.S.U.M., we'll all be super-celebrities!

(Maggie places Hope's application back onto the correct stack.)

MAGGIE: However, I've never heard of you, uh...Super-Person.

KATHLEEN: You wouldn't have. I've never really fought crime before.

MAGGIE: Is that so? You thought you'd just give this a shot?

KATHLEEN: Sure. I could help.

MAGGIE: In which capacity? What's your ability?

(Maggie looks back at the filled-out stack of applications. Kathleen jumps up in her seat.)

KATHLEEN: Don't you *dare* read my application. I will break you.

MAGGIE: Huh. It must be super-strength. Or maybe...super-PMS?

KATHLEEN: Who are you with your bowl-of-whatever and chips? I didn't know we could bring in snacks as bribery.

(Maggie picks her bowl up from the table. She thrusts it toward Kathleen.)

MAGGIE: My scrumptious salsa is no bribe, Super-Person.

HOPE: Ooooo, salsa! We're having a party!

HEATHER: Fiesta, fiesta!

MAGGIE: No, I can cook my cheeks off, ladies. That's my ability, my power. My specialties are super delicious sauces and dips. They make your mouth water...and put you under a hypnotic spell.

(Heather and Hope look at each other.)

HEATHER/HOPE: Oooooooooooooo.

(Kathleen rolls her eyes and sits back down. Belle smiles.)

MAGGIE: If you're lucky, maybe you'll get a taste later.

KATHLEEN: I'll pass.

(Maggie places the bowl back onto the table. She picks up an empty application.)

MAGGIE: Anyone have a pen I could borrow?

(Maggie then sits on Belle's lap – but she immediately leaps up. Belle is surprised and horrified.)

WHAT THE – ?!

(Maggie looks at her own rear-end and then at Belle's seat. Maggie points at Kathleen.)

What did you put on my seat?

KATHLEEN: What're you talking about?

(Kathleen looks down into Belle's lap.)

See? There's nothing there!

MAGGIE: You liar!

(Heather and Hope get out of their seats. They seem to be staring at Belle, but they don't seem to see her.)

HEATHER: Nothing's there, Maggie.

HOPE: Maybe a bug bit you on the tush.

MAGGIE: That was some big bug...

(Maggie prepares to sit back down on Belle. Belle tries to scoot over in the seat, but it's to no avail. Maggie sits on Belle's lap again. Maggie yelps as she jumps off Belle once more.)

HEY!

(She points at Kathleen again. Stop it!)

Now!

HOPE: She didn't do anything.

HEATHER: We watched her.

MAGGIE: But I felt something! I'm not imagining it!

(Both Heather and Hope slowly creep up to Belle. They stare at the area around her lap and waist.)

HEATHER: Um... There's nothing there.

HOPE: Totally nothing.

(Belle throws her arms up in defeat.)

BELLE: I'M HERE! HAPPY?!

(Hope jumps back from Belle and shrieks loudly. Everyone else screams too, but they also crouch over in pain and cover their ears. Belle still clutches the book over her ear.)

HOPE: OMG! She cowers behind Heather and points at Belle. A ghost!

(Heather slowly takes her hands off her ears. Frustrated, she looks at Hope.)

HEATHER: Okay, yeah, I heard it, too! Don't scream directly into my ear next time, please!

HOPE: Sorry, it's just so scary!

(Slowly, the other three remove their hands from their ears.)

MAGGIE: I think I'm partially deaf.

KATHLEEN: But not partially mute?

(Belle moans.)

BELLE: I *knew* I should've spoken up sooner... I always do this.

(With her hand, Heather stifles another one of Hope's screams. Hope points toward Belle.)

HOPE: *(muffled:)* Ghost! Ghost!

BELLE: I'm not a ghost, okay?

MAGGIE: I can't decide. Am I deaf, or am I hearing things?

KATHLEEN: Neither... Hello?

(Kathleen waves her hand in Belle's face.)

BELLE: Please, stop doing that.

KATHLEEN: You're...invisible... How long have you been sitting here?

BELLE: I was the first one to arrive. I showed up an hour ago.

KATHLEEN: And you never said anything to anyone.

BELLE: I was reading a very good book.

KATHLEEN: Reading what? I don't understand. I don't see *anything* on this seat next to me. Not a book. Nothing.

(Belle tosses the book across the stage. Everyone jumps back and gasps, as if the book has appeared out of thin air. Beneath her hand, Heather stifles another of Hope's screams.)

HEATHER: The ghost has possessed the book! It's flying at us! It wants our blood! **THE BOOK WANTS OUR BLOOOOOOD!**

(Heather and Hope both collapse to the floor in terror, as if ducking another attack from the "flying" book. Hope's screams are still muffled beneath Heather's hand.)

It's okay, Hope. I know what to do!

(Heather lets go of Hope, races over to the book on the floor, and stomps down on it.)

You're not going anywhere!

(She kneels down and carefully picks the book up from beneath her shoe.)

HOPE: OMG, WATCH OUT!

(Heather begins to furiously tear pages out of the book.)

BELLE: WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

HEATHER: This is what happens when you meet the strength of a goddess, you demonic page-turner!

(Hope smiles and claps her hands together.)

HOPE: Yeah! You go, girl!

(Heather cries out like the Hulk as she tears the book apart page by page by page... Belle jumps up to her feet.)

BELLE: THAT BOOK'S NOT EVEN MINE! IT BELONGS TO THE LIBRARY!

(Belle sits back down in the chair.)

I mean, I had to steal it from the library, but still... I *was* going to return it...

MAGGIE: Invisible Woman...?

BELLE: I'm not Invisible Woman. My name is Belle.

MAGGIE: Then, Belle, why did it look like that book just appeared out of thin air...?

BELLE: I know that's what it looked like, but the book's been here the whole time with *me*, in my hand. How it all works is, whatever I wear is invisible until I take it off. Whatever I hold in my hands is invisible until I let it go. I didn't make these rules.

(Heather pumps her fist and roars in victory. She raises the remnants of the book high above her head.)

HEATHER: I sent it back to Book Hell!

HOPE: Isn't that where you sent *The Scarlet Letter*, too?

(Kathleen holds out her hands and stares at them.)

KATHLEEN: I thought for a second I made that book soar across the room...

MAGGIE: What? How could you have done that?

(Kathleen puts her hands back down in her lap.)

KATHLEEN: Never mind. Belle...?

BELLE: What?

KATHLEEN: Why don't you show yourself?

BELLE: I can't control the invisibility. It's like it controls *me*. I am invisible all of the time. Every second of every day. It's been this way for years. A curse. Sure, I can go to the movies for free, but I have to steal food and other necessities. It kills me to do that. Plus, you wouldn't *believe* how many times I've almost been run down by strollers at the mall!

(Hope stands.)

HOPE: Oh, it really is just an invisible woman. We're safe.

BELLE: If you want, you can call me Invisi-Belle. I know how much you're interested in the names we want to use.

KATHLEEN: Right, 'cause you've been sitting there the whole time, listening. Is that another one of your abilities? You're really, really good at eavesdropping?

BELLE: Well, now that I think about it... I *am* really, really good at eavesdropping. That could be useful on a super-team like this, right? I could infiltrate villainous meetings and report back my findings. I didn't specifically put "eavesdropping" on my application, though. Should I add it...?

MAGGIE: Why didn't you speak up when I was gonna sit on you?

BELLE: I don't know. I'm awkward. I'm not a people person. I never have been. A lot of times I just like to see how long I can be in a room until someone notices me.

MAGGIE: That could actually be pretty useful in certain circumstances.

KATHLEEN: Unlike magic salsa.

MAGGIE: Uh, huh. Fine, then. Tell us what you can do, Super-Jerk.

KATHLEEN: I'll wait for the actual superheroines to arrive before I divulge any more important info.

MAGGIE: You don't like me.

KATHLEEN: You can tell. Good.

MAGGIE: I think the feeling might be mutual.

KATHLEEN: I hope it is.

(Maggie shakes her head, walks over to, and sits down in, the empty most stage right seat with her application. Heather and Hope go to sit back down in their respective seats.)

MAGGIE: Anyone have a pen I could borrow?

(Heather and Hope both raise their hands.)

HEATHER/HOPE: I do!

HEATHER: Would you like a purple pen?

HOPE: Or a pink pen?

MAGGIE: Purple could work, I guess...

HOPE: Aww...

HEATHER: Don't be sad! Pink would've been her second choice, right, Maggie?

MAGGIE: Right...

(Heather pulls her purple purse out from under her seat. She places the purse on her lap and fishes a purple pen out of it. She hands the pen over to Maggie.)

Thanks.

(Maggie places the application on her lap and begins to write on the page. Hope flips open her magazine again. Kathleen sits quietly, a stern look upon her face. Belle stares off into space. Heather can't help herself from looking over at Maggie's application.)

HEATHER: Maggie, you want to go by "Mole"?

HOPE: What's a mole?

KATHLEEN: An ugly, blind, rat-like thing.

HOPE: Gross. Why would you wanna be called that?

MAGGIE: It's spelled like "mole," but it's pronounced "moe-lay." Moe-lay is a luscious sauce used in Mexican cuisine. One of my specialty dishes. Almost as tasty as my spinach-artichoke dip or fettuccine Alfredo.

HEATHER: Oh, that's a cute name, then.

KATHLEEN: Yeah, that is cute. *Mole.*

MAGGIE: Don't pronounce it that way.

KATHLEEN: Whatever.

(Maggie continues with the application. Belle stands and moves across the stage to where the torn pages of her book lie. The bells on her costume jingle while she moves.)

HEATHER: What's that jingling?

HOPE: Don't get excited. Santa doesn't exist, Heather.

KATHLEEN: Belle, is that you?

(Belle jingles while she is on her knees collecting all the torn pages.)

BELLE: Yeah. Sorry. I attached bells to this costume I'm wearing.

KATHLEEN: Why would you do that?

BELLE: So people know I'm around.

KATHLEEN: I thought you were shy? You didn't want people to know you were around?

BELLE: Correct... But, if I'm part of A.W.S.U.M., my teammates need to know where I'm at all times, right? It's for the team's benefit.

KATHLEEN: Right... But... Doesn't that defeat the purpose of your invisibility? If you jingle whenever you move, you'll never be able to sneak around and spy effectively.

(Belle pauses in the middle of her page collecting.)

BELLE: You're right. Then, how would you guys know I'm around?

MAGGIE: Paint yourself. The paint would show your outline.

HOPE: Yes!

HEATHER: Oh, goody! A painting party!

HOPE: You'll look cute in pink.

HEATHER: We should paint you purple.

BELLE: No one's painting me!

HEATHER: Why not?

HOPE: It could be, like, a real bonding experience. We can tell stories about guys, just like we do when we paint our nails.

HEATHER: Yeah, that's fun!

BELLE: No, you don't understand. If the paint touches my skin, it will immediately go invisible. *Anything* that touches my skin goes invisible to everyone but me. It's why I don't go walking around barefoot or usually open doors without gloves on. People tend to freak out when the floor and doors suddenly disappear.

HOPE: Oh.

BELLE: Besides, yellow is my favorite color.

HEATHER: There's the real reason...

KATHLEEN: Don't worry about it, Belle. I'm sure A.W.S.U.M. has really advanced technology to help us figure out when you're around.

HEATHER: Like GPA.

HOPE: GPS, dummy.

MAGGIE: Maybe some infrared stuff to read your body-heat signature.

(Belle smiles and begins collecting pages again, off the floor.)

© Evan Baughfman

This is a perusal copy only.

Absolutely no printing, copying or performance permitted.

BELLE: Yeah, you're probably right. What was I thinking? Bells? How dumb. They'll always know when I'm around.

(Just then, VICTORY enters from stage right. She is older than the rest of the women and dressed in an over-the-top, tacky warrior-princess type outfit. She is angry and storms across the stage toward the table.)

HOPE: Look! It's Victory!

HEATHER: She's so pretty in person!

(Victory holds a cell phone to her ear and speaks into it.)

VICTORY: Mystery! This is the hundredth message I've left you in the last three hours! Where the *heck* are you? I'm about to start seeing some applicants, and —

(Of course, Victory can't see Belle on the floor. She trips right over the invisible woman and slams against the ground. Her phone skids across the stage. Everyone gasps and/or shouts out.)

BELLE: Oh, no! I'm sorry!

(The other four women are out of their seats ready to help the fallen Victory, who rolls around moaning on the floor. She holds her ankle.)

VICTORY: TELL ME WHEN THERE'S AN INVISIBLE PERSON IN THE ROOM! IT'S JUST GOOD ETIQUETTE!

BELLE: I didn't mean to do it. I didn't see you!

KATHLEEN: The irony...

HOPE: It was an accident!

(Victory brushes all the women off her.)

VICTORY: Fine, fine! Back off! I'm Victory. A superheroine. I don't need your help to get off the floor. Just go to your seats.

(The others return to their seats. Before she sits, Maggie hands Victory back her phone. Belle hurriedly collects the rest of the pages from her destroyed book as Victory rises to her feet. Victory attempts to take a couple steps, but she wobbles on a twisted ankle.)

Great...I can survive an atomic blast, but I trip and I'm crippled.

(Belle hurries to her seat, but on the way she gets in Victory's way. Victory hobbles face-first into Belle's shoulder. Victory shouts out and holds her face.)

WHO PUT UP A FORCE FIELD? TAKE IT DOWN NOW!

(Belle finally sits down.)

BELLE: Uh... Okay. The force field is down.

(Still holding her face, Victory stumbles around the table and collapses in one of the chairs behind it.)

VICTORY: This has started out well...

(Taking her hand off her face, Victory picks up the applications in front of her. She frowns and then looks at the other women.)

This is it? This is all who showed up? Four girls?

KATHLEEN: There are five of us.

(Victory flips through the applications again.)

VICTORY: I only have four applications, and there are four of you sitting here.

MAGGIE: I didn't finish my application yet.

BELLE: And I'm invisible.

VICTORY: Ah, that's right. Can't forget you, the immovable object.

(Victory just stares at the women for a painfully long, awkward, silent amount of time.)

HOPE: Victory, I really love your hair.

VICTORY: Huh. Your pink makes me want to vomit. So does her purple.

(Heather and Hope both frown. Victory zeroes in on Kathleen.)

Jeans and a T-shirt? Could you be any more lazy?

BELLE: I know you probably can't see it, but I spent a lot of time on my costume. I have a cape and a mask and everything.

VICTORY: Why would you go through all that trouble? You're invisible. No, the only one with a costume worth anything is that one.

(She points to Maggie.)

Who are you? I like you. What's with the symbol? Are you sponsored by Chili's? That might conflict with our partnership deal with TGI Friday's...

(Maggie smiles and stands.)

MAGGIE: I'm Mole, named after the sauce.

VICTORY: Ooooo, that sounds interesting.

(Victory picks up the bowl in front of her and examines it. She looks at the bag of chips.)

What's this?

MAGGIE: That's my homemade salsa. Watch out, though.

(Victory immediately puts the bowl back down on the table.)

VICTORY: What? Why? It doesn't have flecks of Kryptonite in it, does it?

MAGGIE: No. It's just spicy. And dangerously delicious. I made it just for you.

VICTORY: Oh, a gift. Very nice.

KATHLEEN: Maggie, you said it wasn't a—

VICTORY: I did miss lunch. Very thoughtful, Mole. You may sit down, thank you.

(Kathleen glares at Maggie as she sits. Victory leans forward.)

Very disappointing. Four...er... Five show up. I mean, I advertised this all over the world for weeks. Why such a poor turnout?

(No one says anything, but Belle does raise a hand.)

Nothing, huh? Just blank stares? Fantastic.

BELLE: I... I was...um...raising my hand.

VICTORY: Again, why would you do that? You're invisible.

BELLE: Oh, yeah... I was just gonna say that I love A.W.S.U.M. —that we all probably love A.W.S.U.M. —but—

HOPE: I heart A.W.S.U.M.!

HEATHER: I totally heart it just as much!

BELLE: We all do, and we wouldn't be here if we didn't wanna be a part of it, but...

VICTORY: Yes...?

BELLE: Other people must be apprehensive about joining the group.

VICTORY: Why would people be apprehensive about joining Amazing Women Saving Untold Millions? It's a great honor to be a part of this great organization! We accomplish great

things! We're the sixth most popular superheroine group on the planet!

HEATHER: I heard it was seventh.

HOPE: Or eighth.

VICTORY: No matter! We are celebrities! Humanitarians! ...Even though some of us might not be human...

KATHLEEN: Poodle-Punch and Clawdette were the only ones not of human descent. And now they're...well...you know...

BELLE: Dead.

(Victory glares.)

Uh... Not that there's anything wrong with being...dead. It's just that, it's no secret that A.W.S.U.M.'s arch-villainess, Suprema, sent out her death squad and massacred eight of the team's ten original members. She has a personal vendetta against you, Victory, and anyone associated with you. Maybe that's why more people aren't here today. They're afraid of being murdered like the old group. That's all I'm saying.

MAGGIE: But we're here.

HEATHER: Because we're brave.

VICTORY: Or stupid.

(Victory looks at her cell phone.)

This is odd. Where's Mystery? I can't get a hold of her. She should really be here for this. I mean, I can make these decisions on my own, sure, but she's a part of the super-team, and she should be a part of the process.

(Victory puts her cell phone down on the table and sighs. She looks down at the applications in front of her. Suddenly, she swipes all the pieces of paper off the table.)

Obviously, A.W.S.U.M. is hurting more than I care to admit. But you're here. I appreciate that. I really do. My dearest friends and allies may have all been dismembered, disemboweled, and decapitated, but I need to open my heart again. Time to think outside the box! I will give each of you a fair shot. Right here, right now. Prove to me that you can make your mark as a part of my team of powerful women. I don't need to look at any piece of paper to determine if you're a good fit. Show me your stuff.

(Victory points to Kathleen.)

You. The one too cool to dress up. I'm curious about you.

KATHLEEN: Oh. Um... What do you want me to do?

VICTORY: Tell me about yourself. Show me any abilities you might have. Wow me.

KATHLEEN: Here? In front of all them?

VICTORY: Yes. If you can't show your true self in front of these three women—

BELLE: Four women.

VICTORY: —then you're not right for this. Being in the spotlight is part of the A.W.S.U.M. experience.

(Kathleen stands. She looks nervous. She doesn't say anything, and just stands there, silent.)

MAGGIE: Let's go. We're all dying to see this.

HEATHER: You can do it!

BELLE: Don't be shy...like me...

HOPE: C'mon, Kathleen! You go, girl!

(Kathleen closes her eyes. She points to Hope.)

KATHLEEN: That. *That* I don't really like.

© Evan Baughfman

This is a perusal copy only.

Absolutely no printing, copying or performance permitted.

HOPE: Me? I'm not a "that."

KATHLEEN: No, the whole "you go, girl" thing. I'm not comfortable with that. I don't wanna be defined by my gender, you know? Why do I have to be labeled "girl" or "woman"? I'm a *person*.

MAGGIE: You have something against women?

KATHLEEN: No. I love women. Love that I'm a woman.

VICTORY: Then, what're you saying?

KATHLEEN: I just don't get why this group has to flaunt its "woman-ness."

MAGGIE: It's an all-female super-team. Duh.

KATHLEEN: I know that. But why can't we be more subtle in our approach? No offense, Victory, but your costume—it's all, what-if-Wonder-Woman-had-a-garage-sale. It's tacky and it gives off this message that in order to be powerful you have to be some flying cheerleader who can punch through walls. We don't have to be dressed like this to be respected or taken seriously. Actually, the exact opposite is happening. We female super-people *aren't* respected or taken seriously.

VICTORY: First off, you're not a superheroine until I say so. Secondly, it's not about respect or being taken seriously. It's about getting the job done, protecting the universe from evil—*no matter what*. And doing that does earn us respect from the people who matter most, thank you very much.

KATHLEEN: I just don't get the costumes. They say the wrong thing. What's wrong with a T-shirt and jeans?

VICTORY: Think about it. When you're running at the speed of light, beating the life out of a giant mutant, and flying to Barcelona all in the span of twenty minutes, you want to be

aerodynamic. Jeans and a T-shirt don't help when it comes to wind resistance. Yeah, an outfit like mine might be skimpy, but it's efficient for what I do. Plus, it gets me in the magazines and comics. Those pay the bills. Whether it's fair or not, this job is about what we look like as much as it is about what we do. Lipstick *and* heroics.

KATHLEEN: I don't care about being famous.

(Victory pauses for a few moments.)

VICTORY: I misjudged you. I thought you were treating this like a joke, coming in here dressed like that, but I can see you're here for the right reasons. I can see that you want to improve this team. Your voice might be something we need as we venture into a new era.

KATHLEEN: Really?

VICTORY: Kathleen, was it?

MAGGIE: No, she wants to be called "Super-Person"! Dumb, right?

VICTORY: "Super-Person." I can learn to like that. It won't hurt to have a feminist on the team again.

KATHLEEN: Who was the last one? Doctor Nurse? She was my favorite.

VICTORY: No. It was Blondozilla. She had a pretty good head under all that hair.

KATHLEEN: Oh, that's cool...

(She attempts to sit down, but Victory stops her.)

VICTORY: Don't sit down yet. What's your superpower, Super-Person? What can you add to this team other than an opinion?

(Kathleen looks around at the others.)

KATHLEEN: I... I have psychic powers.

MAGGIE: Ha! *Psycho* powers is more like it.

VICTORY: Hot Sauce, zip it. The mind is a very powerful tool. It has secret pockets full of incredible energies. Tell me, Super-Person, what can you do with that brain of yours?

KATHLEEN: I can move things to where I want them to go.

VICTORY: Telekinesis. How long have you had this ability?

KATHLEEN: As long as I can remember. I've been an all-star softball pitcher my whole life. I hold the strikeout records for both my high school and college. Everyone thought I had this incredible talent, but I just kinda...

MAGGIE: Cheated.

VICTORY: No. Super-Person, what you have *is* a talent. Would you care to demonstrate it?

KATHLEEN: I guess, yeah.

VICTORY: I'll make this easy for you.

(Victory balls up one of the applications and tosses it to Kathleen. Kathleen catches the paper ball.)

Move this across the room.

(Kathleen holds the ball out in the palm of her hand. She gulps and wipes sweat from her brow.)

Want to read the entire script? Order a perusal copy today!