

Four Heroes & a U.F.O.

A SHORT PLAY

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Four Heroes & a U.F.O.

Cast:

- SHILOH:** A self assured elderly lady (65+yrs) wearing a long dress, tatty jumper and sports shoes. Shiloh is a “super hero”.
- CHEERIO:** An outgoing 25 yr old Japanese male dressed in sporty clothes with track shoes. Cheerio speaks with a strong Japanese accent. Cheerio is a “super hero”.
- PARKER:** A confident 30 yr old male dressed as a security guard. Parker is a “super hero”.
- THE NICKSTER:** A 26 yr old female; sporty looking; dressed in track suit. The Nickster is a “super hero”.
- RICHARD:** A 45 yr old male electoral roll official dressed in suit. He is a man who likes order and routine.
- SWIMSUIT GIRL:** An attractive young woman wearing a swimsuit. She doesn't speak, but just smiles and parades from one side of the stage to the other with a large *Subtitle* signboard.

Setting:

A conference room furnished with some comfortable chairs. A few of the chairs are arranged in a rough circle in centre stage.
Other optional props could include a coffee table with water and glasses; a white (or black) board; a second medium sized table.

Time:

Present day. Daytime.

Four Heroes & a U.F.O.

(CHEERIO is holding both hands up and moving and flicking his fingers around quickly as if doing some unusual type of finger exercises. He seems pleased with himself.

PARKER is sitting near CHEERIO. He is studying a book – “Italian Made Easy”.

THE NICKSTER is working on a Sudoku number puzzle and having some difficulty.

SHILOH is sitting a little away from the others. She seems to be exercising her right arm – raising her elbow and stretching her arm out from time to time.

RICHARD enters the room purposefully. He holds a clipboard.)

RICHARD: Okay, good morning everyone. I’m Richard Walker. Can I have your attention please!

(He looks around expectantly. The group is not particularly interested. PARKER glances up then focuses back on his book. The others seem disinterested and continue with their other activities.)

RICHARD: Come on people!

(He CLAPS his hand against the clipboard a couple of times.

The group pays a little more attention. SHILOH gives a lazy look in his direction.)

RICHARD: We are all here for a reason. There is a task to be done. I know that all of you share the same DNA!

(PARKER lowers his book. CHEERIO stops his finger exercises. They turn to one another.)

PARKER: Hey Bro!

(They give each other a high five.)

CHEERIO: My family! I love you all!

(He looks around and opens his arms in a welcoming manner.)

RICHARD: No, no, no! Don't get too excited. When I say *DNA* - I mean *DNA* as in *Did Not Attend*. That is, *did not attend* to vote in the last election.

PARKER: Oh! *(slightly dejected)*

CHEERIO: Spoil sport!

RICHARD: You do all share something else in common. You will be interested to know that you all gave the same reason.... Or should I say, the same *excuse* for not voting.

(THE NICKSTER looks up from her Sudoku puzzle.)

THE NICKSTER: And *that* reason, I can assure you, is the complete truth!

RICHARD: Really, and what *truth* would that be?

THE NICKSTER: That *truth* is – we are all super heroes.

CHEERIO: That's it Dicky!

PARKER: All right!

SHILOH: We most surely are.

RICHARD: Okay, let's just pretend for a moment that this, for some peculiar reason, is in fact the case...

CHEERIO: No pretend Dicky! This fair dinkum!

RICHARD: Be that the case or not, you are still required to vote. You are all adult citizens of this country and as such you all have a duty to vote in all state and federal elections.

SHILOH: As super heroes we can no longer be considered citizens of this country. We have to consider ourselves citizens of the world! Our names are no longer as they appear on your electoral roll.

(RICHARD sighs and looks at the floor.)

RICHARD: *(more to himself than anyone else)* I work hard. I've paid my dues. Why do I always get to deal with the odd balls?

CHEERIO: We all ridgey didgey Mister Dicky.

(He smiles and nods to PARKER, who smiles and nods back in affirmation.)

RICHARD: Oh really? Well, if that's the case I will be happy to forgo the forthcoming lecture...

(He tosses his folder to one side.)

...And I can forget about issuing any fines to you lot and the others like you that have failed to show up here today. So let's explore this little matter shall we? Just indulge me for a moment if you will...

(He walks forward towards THE NICKSTER)

...Well, Wonder Woman what is your *special* ability?

(He takes her book and holds it up.)

"Simple Sudoku Puzzles for Beginners" - Are you trying to be a Sudoku genius or something?

THE NICKSTER: Not really, but I am learning. My super hero name is *The Nickster*. I have the ability to calculate mathematical problems with extreme speed and accuracy.

(The others nod in agreement.)

RICHARD: So you are lousy at Sudoku but great at mathematical problems?

THE NICKSTER: Correct. Just give me two four digit numbers and I'll multiply them for you.

RICHARD: Okay, so you are *The Nickster*?

THE NICKSTER: Correct again.

RICHARD: Try this then, what is 3,169 multiplied by 8,621?

(THE NICKSTERS hand dives into the pocket of her tracksuit pants and pulls out a calculator. She taps away quickly at the numbers. RICHARD points at the calculator and looks on in disbelief.)

THE NICKSTER: 27,319,949!!

(PARKER, CHEERIO and SHILOH applaud excitedly. RICHARD shakes his head in disbelief and moves over towards PARKER.

SHILOH stretches her arms behind her head.

There is a loud sharp FARTING noise.)

RICHARD: Oh please. Who was that?...

(They all look about. No one owns up.)

...Oh that is disgusting! Someone open a window a door or something.

(THE NICKSTER does so. RICHARD coughs and gags. CHEERIO, PARKER and THE NICKSTER cover their mouths and screw up their faces. SHILOH smiles.)

RICHARD: I knew you people were troubled but I think one of you has a serious health problem. Now, where were we? This is unbelievable.

(He moves to PARKER, while still fanning the air in front of his face with his hand. PARKER stands.)

RICHARD: Ah, yes I think you were next in line. Are you a mathematical super hero too?

PARKER: No I'm a little different and my name is Parker. It's quite simple really. I can read peoples thoughts by a simple process of focusing and concentrating.

RICHARD: Well, that's terrific. So concentrate away, Parker, because it just so happens that I'm thinking of something right now!

PARKER: Hold that thought, I'm concentrating.

*(He furrows his forehead and stares at **RICHARD** for a moment.)*

PARKER: Got it!

RICHARD: And...

PARKER: Voi siete completamente scoppiati!

*(**CHEERIO**, **THE NICKSTER** and **SHILOH** clap.)*

*The cast pause in "freeze frame" for a moment while the **SWIMSUIT GIRL** parades across the stage (pausing mid-stage) smiling and holding a large sign that reads:*

SUBTITLES:

"You people are completely fucked in the head"

RICHARD: Is that Italian?

PARKER: Yes it is. Very good!

RICHARD: And what does it mean?

PARKER: How would I know? I don't understand Italian! But I am learning...

(He holds up his book.)

...See, "Italian Made Easy!"

RICHARD: You read people's thoughts in Italian?

PARKER: Oui oui!

***PARKER** nods and grins with satisfaction. **RICHARD** rubs his temples and shakes his head.*

*(**RICHARD** moves to **CHEERIO**. He displays his open hands and invites **CHEERIO** to perform.)*

RICHARD: Okay, give it your best shot.

CHEERIO: Yes sir, I am Cheerio. Hello.

RICHARD: Cheerio? So would that be *Cheerio* as in a friendly “*see you later*”, or as in the “*little red sausage*?”

CHEERIO: Just Cheerio. That is my name.

RICHARD: And what impressive feats can you show me?

CHEERIO: Yes sir, Mister Dicky Wanker. I will show....

RICHARD: (*interrupting*) Whoa! Hold it right there my cheerful Oriental friend. The name is Richard Walker. Got it! Not Dicky. And definitely *not* Wanker... thank you. Now please continue.

CHEERIO: I tie up shoelaces very very fast.

THE NICKSTER: He is really good!

PARKER: A real expert!

RICHARD: (*sarcastically*) Well, I’m sure he is.

(*CHEERIO undoes one of his shoe laces.*)

CHEERIO: You watch, Witchard!

(*CHEERIO does it up again and very quickly. RICHARD looks at CHEERIO with a tilt of his head.*)

RICHARD: That is it then?

CHEERIO: Yes. One more time?

RICHARD: Oh no please. Rest your fingers.

(*CHEERIO smiles, nods and does a few of his finger exercises. RICHARD moves over to SHILOH.*)

RICHARD: The stage is yours Mrs.....?

SHILOH: Shiloh

RICHARD: Mrs Shiloh?

SHILOH: No, just Shiloh.

RICHARD: Ah a Neil Diamond fan! Maybe our senior citizen is a phantom dog whisperer?

SHILOH: I do know others with that ability, but not me as yet. But I can control people around me via utilizing a U...F...O...

RICHARD: Well bugger me! A U.F.O. That is truly amazing! Unfortunately though, as I look around....

(RICHARD gazes around the room.)

RICHARD: *(sarcastically)* ...I do see a serious lack of UFOs at this particular moment. How dreadfully sad.

SHILOH: I have other abilities.

RICHARD: Multi-talented! I like that in a super hero.

SHILOH: I can hijack powers from others by pulling on their ears.

RICHARD: Astounding! ...Well, you guys have really excelled! I've heard hundreds of excuses for not voting but this really takes the cake. Shoelaces, Italian mind reading, a calculator maths expert, UFOs and tugging ears! You lot are just priceless! And as special treat for all of you I will show you one of my super powers!

CHEERIO: Oh yes please Mister Dicky!

PARKER: That will be neat

THE NICKSTER: I can't wait. What is your power?

(RICHARD retrieves his clipboard. He removes some forms.)

RICHARD: These are pieces of paper that I can turn into money!

THE NICKSTER: Cool!

CHEERIO: Please show.

RICHARD: You can all have one. I like to call them fines!

*(At this moment **SHILOH** raises her arm. We hear a long spluttering farting **NOISE**, that blurts out in synchronized way with her arm raising and lowering. **RICHARD** slowly turns to **SHILOH**. He is stunned – almost paralysed.)*

*(**SHILOH** stands and raises her arm once again. We hear one more **FARTING** sound. She wafts her hand across her raised underarm.)*

SHILOH: My arm pits have been transformed and I have become more powerful than you can possibly imagine! U.F.O. just as I told you. That is of course U.F.O for *Unusual Farting Orifice!*

*(**RICHARD** is frozen in position with a look of horror on his face. The other three are frozen in their current position. That is choking, gagging, trembling etc.)*

***SHILOH** moves to **PARKER**, **CHEERIO** and **THE NICKSTER** in turn and pulls on their ears. She takes **THE NICKSTER**'s calculator from her pocket.)*

***SHILOH** places her foot on a chair. She undoes and then ties one of her shoelaces super fast! She admires her handiwork.)*

SHILOH: Perfect!

*(**SHILOH** removes the calculator and taps super fast at the keys.)*

SHILOH: Oh! I am so good!

*(She takes a closer look at the “frozen and stunned” **RICHARD**.)*

SHILOH: A penny for your thoughts!

(She concentrates briefly.)

SHILOH: Stronza fuori di testa: Aiutami! Liberami da questo inferno!

*The cast pause in “freeze frame” while the **SWIMSUIT GIRL** parades across the stage (pausing mid-stage) smiling and holding a large sign that reads:*

SUBTITLES:

“Help me! Release me from this hell you stinking demented bitch!”

SHILOH: Now I’m guessing that was not a very nice thought of yours. You are a very naughty man Mister Dicky Wanker. Goodbye...

(She begins to walk off stage.)

...and ah.. yes, I nearly forgot - see you next election!!

THE END