

HANGING UP THE CAPE

By Michael Soetaert

Copyright © 2018 by Michael Soetaert, All rights reserved.

ISBN: 978-1-60003-985-0

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this Work must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this Work. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this Work is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: ***Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers LLC.***

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers LLC.

BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS LLC
P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406
TOLL FREE (888) 473-8521 • FAX (319) 368-8011

HANGING UP THE CAPE

A Comedy Duet

by **Michael Soetaert**

SYNOPSIS: Maybe... just maybe... it's time to be *Hanging Up the Cape*. Even Superheroes need to know when to retire.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 either; gender flexible)

MASKED CRIME FIGHTER GUY/GAL (m/f) An aging not-so-super hero. (57 lines)

THE PIRATE (m/f)..... An aging villain. (57 lines)

TIME: Present day.

SETTING: The lobby of a small bank.

SET

The teller's window is to the rear. The bank's entrance is to the Right. There is a check writing station Up Left. A wall with a switch. The whole thing really should resemble exactly what it is: A set. Nothing need be practical.

PROPS

- Triangle (to ring for the alarm)
- Super-Soaker (water gun)
- Rock (anti-crime fighting hunk of something)

COSTUMES

MASKED CRIME FIGHTER GUY – Wears a cape, tights and a simple mask that just covers the eyes. On chest is a small "shield" with the initials "MCFG."

THE PIRATE – The only thing this person has on that even remotely suggests that she or he may be a pirate is a puffy shirt.

AT RISE: *THE PIRATE* is ringing a triangle while hiding behind the check writing station Up Left. **MASKED CRIME FIGHTER GUY** enters from Right with a flourish.

MASKED CRIME FIGHTER GUY: There is no need for alarm! For I am here! Masked Crime Fighter Guy!

THE PIRATE stops ringing the triangle.

MASKED CRIME FIGHTER GUY: Hark! A crime in progress! Fear not, for I shall save the day!

THE PIRATE: *(Standing.)* Guess again, Masked Crime Fighter Guy!

THE PIRATE will spray **MASKED CRIME FIGHTER GUY** with a Super Soaker.

MASKED CRIME FIGHTER GUY: *(Sputtering; while wiping the water from his eyes.)* Egad! It's my Arch Fiend, Super Soaker Man!

THE PIRATE: Guess again, Masked Crime Fighter Guy! For it is none other than your Arch Nemesis, The Pirate!

MASKED CRIME FIGHTER GUY: You're not my Arch Nemesis. I have no Arch Nemesis.

THE PIRATE: Guess again, Masked Crime Fighter Guy! You now have an Arch Nemesis, and it is I!

MASKED CRIME FIGHTER GUY: You can't just say you're my Arch Nemesis and that makes you one.

THE PIRATE: Yes, it does. And you shall come to rue the day when you crossed paths with The Pirate! Arrrrr!

MASKED CRIME FIGHTER GUY: Rue the day? What does that even mean? And The Pirate? How can you call yourself a pirate?

THE PIRATE: I can call myself anything I want.

MASKED CRIME FIGHTER GUY: Yeah, but that doesn't keep it from sounding stupid. Look at you! You're not even dressed like a pirate.

THE PIRATE: I am, too. I have on a puffy shirt.

MASKED CRIME FIGHTER GUY: That doesn't make you a pirate. Where's your peg leg?

THE PIRATE: I don't need a peg leg.

MASKED CRIME FIGHTER GUY: Yet. OK, then. Where's your hook?

THE PIRATE: My hands are just fine.

MASKED CRIME FIGHTER GUY: Then how about an eyepatch?

THE PIRATE: I tried wearing an eyepatch once, but I kept running into things. It's hard to be an Arch Nemesis without any depth perception.

MASKED CRIME FIGHTER GUY: What about a parrot?

THE PIRATE: I'm allergic to feathers.

MASKED CRIME FIGHTER GUY: Oh, good grief. At least you could wear a pirate hat.

THE PIRATE: You ever try running with a hat on? I'd have to tie it on my head. And that would look... well... silly.

MASKED CRIME FIGHTER GUY: What? And you don't look silly with a puffy shirt on?

THE PIRATE: I don't if I'm really a pirate. Arrrr!

MASKED CRIME FIGHTER GUY: Oh, comon! Saying "Arrrr!" does *not* make you a pirate.

THE PIRATE: I know other pirate words, too.

MASKED CRIME FIGHTER GUY: Well, so do I, and you don't see me calling myself a pirate. You don't even have a boat. You're just... lame.

THE PIRATE: Hey! Like you can talk? Masked Crime Fighter Guy...what kind of a name is that?

MASKED CRIME FIGHTER GUY: Do you have any idea how hard it is to come up with an original name for a crimefighter?

THE PIRATE: What? Do you think it's any easier for a villain?

MASKED CRIME FIGHTER GUY: At least I've got a mask.

THE PIRATE: That doesn't make your name any less lame.

MASKED CRIME FIGHTER GUY: You know as well as I do. All the good names have already been taken. The Joker. The Riddler.

THE PIRATE and MASKED CRIME FIGHTER GUY: Catwoman!

THE PIRATE: Now those were good names.

MASKED CRIME FIGHTER GUY: Superman! How are you going to do better than that? But enough of the small talk. No matter how lame your name might be, Mr. The Pirate, I've caught you red handed!

THE PIRATE: Red handed? Why don't you just change your name to Masked Cliché Guy? What does that even mean?

MASKED CRIME FIGHTER GUY: Who cares! You're going to jail!

THE PIRATE: *(Moving over to the wall, where there is a switch.)*

Guess again! Look at your feet. You're standing on an electrical grid...in a puddle of water. And all I need to do is pull this switch and a million volts of electricity will surge through your body!

MASKED CRIME FIGHTER GUY: A million volts? Where did you get a million volts?

THE PIRATE: OK. 110. But it's still going to hurt.

MASKED CRIME FIGHTER GUY: And what stops me from hitting you with my Anti-Crime Fighting Hunk of Something?

THE PIRATE: It's a rock. Just call it a rock. And that doesn't even make sense. If it is anti-crime fighting, then it is opposed to fighting crime.

MASKED CRIME FIGHTER GUY: It might make more sense when you're whacked aside the head.

THE PIRATE: You wouldn't dare!

MASKED CRIME FIGHTER GUY: I wouldn't?

THE PIRATE: You shouldn't. For I have super-glued my hand to the switch. *(Takes his hand off the switch for emphasis, then puts it back on.)* If I fall down, the switch is thrown, and you become the Masked Fryer.

MASKED CRIME FIGHTER GUY: There already is a Masked Friar.

THE PIRATE: Not that kind of Friar. Like a chicken.

MASKED CRIME FIGHTER GUY: There already is a Super Chicken.

THE PIRATE: You'll be dead, OK?

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from HANGING UP THE CAPE by Michael Soetaert. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:

Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011

www.brookpub.com