

# STAR TRACKS: THE EXPOSITION MENACE

By David LeMaster

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## CHARACTERS

Captain J. T. Smirk (either)  
Barf Vapor (m)  
Luke Nightrider (m)  
Dr. Bones (either)  
Mr. Spot (m)  
Hans Suloo (m)  
Princess Laura (f)  
Counselor Joy (f)  
R-2 Tattoo (either)  
Patty (either)  
Chewing Tobacco (either)  
Yogi (either)  
Navigator (either)  
Troopers (either)  
Extra soldiers on bridge (either, any number)  
Energizer Bunny (either)

## SCENE

A short time ago, in a galaxy not so far away. . .

The bridge of the Starship Secondprize. The set may be sparse as needed. If the company has money, try to imitate the Star Trek bridge. The Captain's chair is center stage. There may be a screen somewhere on stage that allows the cast to "see" the approaching ship, Barf Vapor's image, etc. If the screen is not available, Vapor and company may be on a raised platform.

## PROPS

Luke: Light Dagger  
Barf – light dagger  
R-2 – trashcan with lid, GPS device, I-pod, blackberry  
Smirk – wallet with money  
Energizer Bunny – sunglasses, bunny costume or rabbit ears, drum with drumsticks  
Laura – handcuffs  
Hans – Raiders of the Lost Ark hat, whip, and cartoon gloves and shoes if possible; walkie-talkie  
Spot – a large piece of Velcro  
Chewing Tobacco – a monkey suit if one is available. If not, it will be just as much fun just to act like a monkey without a costume.

## STAR TRACKS: THE EXPOSITION MENACE

by  
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**SETTING:** All of the action takes place on the bridge of the United Independent Ship Secondprize. It looks like the bridge of a certain TV space ship. The Captain's chair is center stage. Other various workstations are scattered across the stage.

**AT RISE:** *Lights go up, Captain SMIRK is seated in the Captain's chair, while LUKE is stage right.*

SMIRK: Captain's log, Stardate 20621. This is Captain J. T. Smirk of the United Independent Ship Secondprize. We've entered a new galaxy and beamed aboard our ship a strange young man named Luke Nightrider, who keeps threatening us with his light dagger.

LUKE: If you don't help me here, I'll cut all your arms off.

SPOT: That's illogical. If you cut our arms off, we couldn't help you, even if we wanted to do so.

SMIRK: Good point, Dr. Spot.

LUKE: Oh, yeah? Then cancel that. I'm going to kill one of you as a warning to everyone else. Who wants to get cut in half?

SPOT: That also is illogical. No one could possibly *want* to be cut in half.

SMIRK: Another good point, Spot.

SPOT: Thank you, Captain.

LUKE: Oh, yeah? Well, look here. If you don't help me, a lot of good people are going to be hurt, here, okay, and it will all be on your head.

SPOT: An excellent point. The logic of--

LUKE: Will you just shut up?

SPOT: That's illogical. By attacking your ally in a debate--

SMIRK: Cool it for a minute, Dr. Spot.

SPOT: Cool it, Captain?

SMIRK: You know. Hold your horses. Hang loose. Chill.

SPOT: Fascinating.

SMIRK: I'll give you one more chance to explain yourself.

LUKE: Look, man. My father's the most evil dude in the universe, right?

SMIRK: Most kids think that. I remember my own father--

LUKE: Dude. My father chokes people to death if they don't put the right sweetener in his coffee, okay? I mean, this guy's bad.

SMIRK: I see. (*turns to Counselor*) What do you think, Counselor Boy?

JOY: That's Joy.

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SMIRK: Joy, right. What do you think of this strange intruder, Counselor Joy?

JOY: The young man is enraged, Captain.

SMIRK: Go on.

JOY: Furious with anger. Hatred. Pure rage.

SPOT: Fascinating. They pay you to make these observations?

JOY: Of course. I'm a counselor. **(pause)** That'll be fifty dollars, Captain.

SPOT: How illogical.

SMIRK: **(takes out wallet)** Thank you, Counselor. **(to BONES)** What did I ever do without her?

LUKE: Anyway, dude, my old man's kidnapped my sister, Princess Laura.

SMIRK: Luke, and Laura. I see. Go on.

LUKE: And if I don't rescue her soon, man, he's gonna use truth serum on her or something.

SMIRK: And?

LUKE: Dude, don't you understand? She knows all the hidden secrets of the rebellion.

SMIRK: Rebellion against what?

LUKE: Rebellion against my dad and all his evil forces.

SMIRK: And they're evil because--

LUKE: They just are, man. They're the Evil Empire.

SMIRK: Counselor Roy?

JOY: Joy.

SMIRK: Joy, right.

JOY: He really thinks his father is evil, Captain.

SMIRK: Really?

JOY: Evil enough to kick puppies. To toss kittens out of windows. To read boring novels out loud until people scream. He thinks his father is evil enough to send fruitcake at Christmas, Captain.

SMIRK: Thank you, Counselor.

JOY: Of course, sir. **(pause)** That's another fifty bucks.

SMIRK: Oh, right. **(takes out wallet and pays JOY)** Well, I guess I should consult my physician as well. What do you think, Dr. Bones?

BONES: I don't know, J. T. **(to LUKE)** Stick out your tongue.

LUKE: Hey, I--

BONES: Don't argue with me, I'm a doctor, not a debate coach. Stick out your tongue. **(LUKE sticks out tongue)** Give me your wrist. **(HE does)** Now, hum itsy-bitsy spider.

LUKE: What?

BONES: Little joke there. **(to SMIRK)** He appears quite healthy, J.T.

SPOT: Captain. It's illogical to embark on rescuing beautiful princesses from an evil tyrant. This boy could be lying.

JOY: He might be lying, but he feels tremendous emotion. **(holds out hand for more money. SMIRK rolls eyes and pays)** And apprehension. **(holds out hand for money. SMIRK pays)** And enthu--

SMIRK: That'll do for now, Counselor. **(to LUKE)** So, son. Why should we trust you?

LUKE: All right. All right. I didn't want to tell you this, but . . . one of your former officers is dating my sister.

SMIRK: What's that? Impossible.

LUKE: No, it's true. He left the Secondprize and bought his own ship.

SMIRK: Which man is it?

LUKE: Hans Suloo.

SMIRK: Mr. Suloo!

LUKE: My old man caught him kissing my sister. Now he's in suspended animation.

SMIRK: Well, that changes everything.

BONES: What will we do, J. T.?

SMIRK: That fiend has one of our own men in-- what did you call it? Suspension bridge agitation?

LUKE: Dude, get your hearing checked.

JOY: You've frustrated him, Captain. He wants to kick your shin.

**(Holds out hand for money. SMIRK rolls eyes and pays.)**

LUKE: When you knew him, Hans Suloo was flesh and blood. Now, thanks to my father's evil power, Hans is a new cartoon character. He's been reanimated.

SMIRK: That does it! We'll kick your father's boohonkus and rescue your kid sister! **(pause)** Is she cute?

JOY: He's feeling both frustration and adulation, Captain. He feels--

SMIRK: We're having budget cuts, Counselor.

JOY: Oh. **(pause)** I'll bill you for that last one.

SMIRK: Right.

BONE: What do we do next, J.T.?

SMIRK: We improvise. Navigator, set the course for -- where are we going?

LUKE: See that giant battle station that's the size of a planet and is armed to the teeth?

SMIRK: Yes.

LUKE: That's where we're going. It's called the DumpStar.

SMIRK: Navigator, set coordinates for the DumpStar.

NAVIGATOR: Aye, aye, sir.

SMIRK: Batten down the hatches. Buckle your seatbelts. Prepare for wormhole speed.

NAVIGATOR: Wormhole speed, Captain.

SPOT: Captain? May I pose a question?

SMIRK: What is it, Spot?

SPOT: Just what is it you propose we do there, sir?

SMIRK: We bombard the DumpStar with phasar fire, lambaste it with torpedoes, bamboozle it with bombs, and blow the whole thing sky high! They'll be shocked, and awed.

BONES: Brilliant, J. T.!

SPOT: One problem, Captain. What about the Princess?

SMIRK: Oh, drat. I forgot about her.

LUKE: What's with you, man?

SMIRK: I'll rescue your sister first, and then I'll blow up the DumpStar!

SPOT: And what about Mr. Suloo?

SMIRK: Oh, him. I forgot about him too. You don't suppose it would hurt him to be blown up in a state of perpetuation, do you?

LUKE: Perpetual animation.

SMIRK: Yeah, that.

SPOT: Captain. I suggest the three of us beam down to the DumpStar and battle young Luke's father with his light dagger.

SMIRK: What? You mean we actually have to fight hand-to hand? I don't want to get my uniform dirty. . .

SPOT: It is the logical thing to do, Captain. After all, you've got to find the Princess to rescue her.

SMIRK: **(to LUKE)** Will she kiss me if I do?

LUKE: Hey, man. You put one hand on her--

NAVIGATOR: Message from the engine room.

SMIRK: What is it, Patty?

***(PATTY is in the engine room. You can either use a spotlight on PATTY, or just have PATTY from offstage.)***

PATTY: ***(Irish accent)*** Captain. We're picking up a signal from an approaching robot.

SMIRK: What's it say?

PATTY: Beep, whistle. Beep, whistle. Beep. Beep.

SMIRK: Well, I did ask.

PATTY: Boss, boss.

SMIRK: Yes, Patty, what is it?

PATTY: No, Captain, not me. The robot. It keeps saying, beep, whistle, beep, whistle, beep, beep-- boss. Boss. Boss.

SMIRK: Boss, boss? Is that Morse code?

LUKE: No! It's R-2!

SMIRK: It's your robot?

LUKE: My robot and best friend. You've got to save him.

SMIRK: All right, Patty, beam it aboard.

PATTY: Aye, Captain.

LUKE: He must have escaped Daddyskin's evil clutches.

SMIRK: There. You see? He'll get me a date with this hottie yet. **(pause)**  
I mean-- he'll lead us right to rescuing the Princess.

**(BONES sneaks up on LUKE and takes his light dagger.)**

BONES: Ha! **(sing-song)** I got your weapon! I got your weapon! Na na na na, na, na! **(to SMIRK)** Quick, J.T. Reverse course and go the other way.

SMIRK: Why?

BONES: Because I've got his weapon. He's not a threat now. I can cut him in half. He's defenseless. . . He's unarmed. . . I can. . . well? Isn't somebody going to say, "Good job, Dr. Bones?"

SPOT: Logically, he wasn't much threat.

BONES: He had a deadly weapon!

SPOT: Weapons are only deadly when used by the wrong people.

BONES: Will you can the philosophy lessons, you Socratic simpleton? You lump-brained literati. You pompous popinjay. You bulbous bullfinch, you meandering mumble bum, you obfuscating obliterator, you dissimilating dunderhead, you sockdologizing simpleton, you hypocritical hippopotamus, you gasper ghoul, you boring blowhard, you bombastic, bitter, biting, bumbling, big ball of stupid!

SPOT: **(pause)** Illogical. I am not stupid.

JOY: Dr. Bones feels rage, Captain. He feels fury. He feels--

SMIRK: I can make that diagnosis myself, Counselor.

JOY: Yes, Captain.

SMIRK: So, Bones. We've got a situation here. You've disabled Luke and want to send him to the brig.

BONES: Exactly.

SMIRK: And my current orders are to attack the DumpStar.

BONES: Right.

SMIRK: So I have to make a decision. **(pause)** Tell me, Luke. Is your sister cute?

LUKE: The cutest.

SMIRK: Then we're going to get her.

BONES: But J. T.!

SMIRK: Come on, Bones! What better things do we have to do?

BONES: Patrol the galaxy for the Federation.

SMIRK: Yes, but there's no girls involved in that.

BONES: Well. **(to LUKE)** At least I have your weapon.

LUKE: I can get it back.

BONES: No you can't.

LUKE: Yes, I can.

BONES: No, you can't.

LUKE: Yes, I can.

BONES: Take your best shot.

LUKE: **(pause)** Give me the dagger.

BONES: **(gives)** Okay. Here. **(pause. Furious)** Oh, why did I do that?

LUKE: Because I used-- the Farce.

SMIRK: What? Did you say-- the Farce?

BONES: What's-- the Farce?

SMIRK: Some say it's only a folk tale.

LUKE: No. It's real.

SMIRK: If you're a master of the Farce, you must be a--

LUKE: Yes. I'm a New York Jet.

SMIRK: I should have known!

BONES: A Jet?

SMIRK: Many years ago, the New York Jets were an unbeatable force.

But then, something happened.

BONES: What, J. T?

SMIRK: No one knows. For some unknown reason-- they began to stink.

They stank on ice. They stank out loud. They stank up the whole joint. And then, they simply disappeared.

LUKE: But now we're back.

***(Cargo doors open, and enter a man/woman in a trashcan. When he moves, HE's either on rollers, or we can actually see his feet and watch him walk baby steps.)***

LUKE: R-2 Tattoo!

R-2: Boss! Boss!

LUKE: Thank goodness you're okay!

SPOT: Fascinating. A man in a garbage can.

LUKE: He's not a man. He's robot.

R-2: Yeah, man. I'm a robot.

SPOT: Illogical. You have arms and legs.

R-2: So?

SPOT: Do you have a computer?

R-2: ***(withdraws objects)*** Ever hear of a Blackberry?

NAVIGATOR: Captain--I'm losing control of the ship!

SMIRK: What's wrong?

NAVIGATOR: We're being pulled toward the DumpStar.

LUKE: Daddyskins caught us in his traction beam.

R-2: Uh oh. According to my calculator, we'll crash into the DumpStar in ten minutes.

SPOT: According to my calculations, we'll get there in just under eight.

R-2: (**works calculator**) You're way off. Did you carry the second three?

BONES: What will we do?

SMIRK: We prepare to beam down and fight. Come on Spot. Bones. To the engine room.

LUKE: Come on, R-2.

R-2: Okay, boss.

**(R-2 picks up trashcan and tries to walk.)**

SMIRK: Oh, no you don't. You're staying here.

LUKE: You can't make me.

SMIRK: I can.

LUKE: No you can't!

SMIRK: Want to bet?

LUKE: I'll use the Farce on you, too.

SMIRK: Try it.

LUKE: (**using Farce**) Luke, you must go.

SMIRK: Luke, you must not go.

LUKE: (**trying harder**) Luke. Come with us.

SMIRK: (**fighting it**) Luke. Stay here.

LUKE: Go.

SMIRK: Stay.

LUKE: Go.

SMIRK: Stay.

LUKE: Go!

SMIRK: Stay!

LUKE: You're strong in the Farce, too. Are you a Jet?

SMIRK: No, but I learned the ways of the Jets from a Jet Master.

LUKE: Who?

**(A puppet appears from behind a counter.)**

YOGI: Yogi.

LUKE: The last of the great Jet coaches. How did you get in here?

YOGI: Much to learn you have.

LUKE: But I heard you were dead.

YOGI: Dead am I not. Rescue your sister we will.

LUKE: Yes, Yogi. All of us must go there to fight Daddyskins.

YOGI: Go there not. Here they come.

LUKE: Here?

YOGI: Here they come. (**Pause. Waits for it to take**) Here they come.

SMIRK: We're waiting for more instructions, Great One.

YOGI: Instruction it is not. Warning it is. Here they come. (**Points to screen**)

BONES: Oh, my word, J. T.! Here they come!

NAVIGATOR: Enemy fighters approaching, Captain.

R-2: Boss! Boss! A plane! A plane!

LUKE: It's my father's squadron.

SMIRK: Raise shields. Red Alert.

***(Sirens go off. Explosion. The cast is rocked back and forth about the stage.)***

SMIRK: Patty, damage report.

PATTY: We're hit pretty bad, Captain. I'll have to repair the engine thrusters and the overdrive. And they've knocked out the brake lights and the catalytic converter.

SMIRK: Those villains!

SPOT: They're circling back to fire again.

SMIRK: Raise shields.

NAVIGATOR: Shields are raised.

***(Another explosion. They are rocked back and forth again.)***

SMIRK: I thought the shields were raised!

NAVIGATOR: They are, Captain.

SMIRK: What's happening here?

LUKE: It's the power of the Farce. Daddyskins has power over the Purple Side.

SMIRK: It disabled our shields?

LUKE: The Purple Side of the Farce can wreck anything.

BONES: Great galloping galoshes, J.T.! What shall we do?

SMIRK: Patty. Do we have enough power to fire back?

PATTY: Negative, Captain.

SMIRK: What about thrusters to hit hyper-sensitive drive?

PATTY: It'll take a half hour to repair them.

SMIRK: Then we'll outrun them.

NAVIGATOR: Negative, Captain. We've been caught in a traction beam. It's drawing us directly toward them.

SMIRK: Great heavens, Yogi! We're in deep doo-doo. What can we do?

YOGI: Use the Farce, you will.

SMIRK: How?

YOGI: Hither you come. ***(SMIRK approaches)*** Out your hand put.

SMIRK: Huh?

LUKE: Stick out your hand.

SMIRK: Oh. ***(HE does so)*** Now what?

YOGI: In the head smack young Nightrider.

LUKE: Yogi--

YOGI: Argue with me, not. **(to SMIRK)** Hit him, you will.

**(SMIRK hits LUKE in the head. There is a 3-Stooges sound effect.)**

SMIRK: Hey, that was pretty cool.

YOGI: It is the power of the Farce.

**(SMIRK does another 3-Stooges move, and we hear another sound effect.)**

SMIRK: Yes. I like using the Farce.

**(LUKE catches his arm.)**

LUKE: Two can play at this game.

**(They do a number of 3-Stooges moves, with sound effects each time. Both grow angrier as they go. Finally, YOGI stops them.)**

YOGI: Stop! At once this bickering you must cease.

SMIRK: Sorry, Master Yogi.

LUKE: He started it.

SMIRK: No, I didn't.

YOGI: Silence! **(pause)** This lesson, remember, you will.

SMIRK: But why? What's the lesson for?

YOGI: Inside you must look.

LUKE: Inside?

SMIRK: I don't get it yet. **(to LUKE)** Let me hit you again.

LUKE: Back off, Rocky.

YOGI: To me, listen, you will. When darkest things appear. The Farce you use.

SMIRK: You speak in riddles.

YOGI: Riddle it is not. Riddle is this. Why did chicken cross the road?

SMIRK: Why?

YOGI: Because it felt like it. **(wild laughter)** Riddle, that was.

SMIRK: But I--

YOGI: Riddle this is. What is black and white and red all over?

SMIRK: Yogi, I--

YOGI: A newspaper. **(wild laughter. Then, shifting tone)** Be here all week, I will.

NAVIGATOR: Captain, the enemy is attempting contact.

YOGI: Ah, yes. Fight, you must.

SMIRK: Right. Navigator, put them on screen.

***(We see the enemy, BARF Vapor and two Snoop Troopers. They can be on a video screen if the company has such capability, or on a separate platform from the ship's deck. BARF, of course, breathes heavily.)***

BONES: My word, J. T. That's the most horrifying creature I've ever seen.

SMIRK: What. . . is. . . that?

LUKE: It's my father.

YOGI: Evil, he is. Barf Vapor.

SMIRK: This is Captain-- what's with the breathing thing?

LUKE: He has sleep apnea.

SMIRK: Oh, right. Release us from your beams at once, you fiend.

BARF: Silence, you buffoon. Where is my son, young Nightrider?

LUKE: I'm no son of yours, you clunky old bag of bolts.

BARF: Luke. Come back to me, Luke. Together we'll rule the universe as father and son.

LUKE: I'd rather eat dried snails.

BONES: Hey, dried snails are good. If you put a little sauce--

SMIRK: Bones.

BONES: Sorry.

BARF: Who are these insolent dogs?

SMIRK: This is Captain J. T. Smirk, of the Starship--

BARF: Silence, you amateur thespian! Go back to bad TV commercials.

SMIRK: See here!

BARF: Luke, I command you to come home.

LUKE: And if I don't?

BARF: I'll dress your sister in clothing from--common department stores!

LAURA: Help, Luke! Help!

LUKE: Laura!

LAURA: Luke!

BARF: Get back, you hussy!

LUKE: I'll make you pay for that, Daddyskins.

BARF: Oh, shut up, you teenaged delinquent. Where did I go wrong? I taught you the Purple Side; purple magic, filled you with purple thoughts, took you to a Minnesota Vikings game to see the Purple People Eaters. I even sent you to Purple wizard school. You remember, with that Potters kid.

LAURA: You'll never make me evil, Father. Never, never, never.

LUKE: Laura, wait-- what's that you're wearing?

LAURA: Oh, Luke, I'm so ashamed. It's .99-cent Walmart eye shadow.

LUKE: Oh, the horror!

LAURA: He made me wear it, big brother.

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BARF: That's right, sonny boy. And if you don't surrender, I'll dress her in Toughskin blue jeans.

LUKE: You wouldn't dare.

BARF: Hey, Snoop Troopers. . . Get the Sears credit card.

LUKE: Dear heaven above!

BARF: You've got five minutes, Luke. Or else-- it's a Nasty Girl Makeover time.

LAURA: Nooooo!

***(Lights out/video off BARF and his group.)***

LUKE: ***(to SMIRK)*** You've got to do something!

SMIRK: Suggestions, Dr. Spot?

SPOT: Hide under a table and pray for deliverance?

SMIRK: Not helpful, Spot.

SPOT: Yes, but highly logical, Captain.

JOY: Captain. You're feeling rage. Bitter anger. You want to reach out and--

SMIRK: Thanks, Counselor. That's enough.

JOY: But I--

SMIRK: ***(gives money)*** Here. Why don't you just take an early retirement?

JOY: Thank you, Captain.

YOGI: Beam them, you should.

SMIRK: What's that?

YOGI: Use the transporter, you will.

SMIRK: Ingenious! Smirk to engine room.

PATTY: We're giving her all she's got, Captain.

SMIRK: Never mind that. Patty. Can you get coordinates on the enemy?

PATTY: Where are they?

SMIRK: Well, they're. . . uh. That is to say. . .

BONES: Great Jumping Jehoshaphat! We don't even know where they're transmitting.

YOGI: Use the Farce, Luke.

LUKE: Huh?

YOGI: Directions you get if Farce you use.

LUKE: But how? I mean, the Farce is really cool to lift stuff and all that, but. . . directions?

R2: Hey, boss. Maybe he means this.

LUKE: What's that?

R2: A new navigation system that comes in all GM automobiles.

SMIRK: How did you get that?

R2: Uh. . . I just found it. . . in this abandoned Chevrolet.

SMIRK: Arrest that man-- that, er. Trashcan. That. . . thing.

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SPOT: Not a logical move, Captain. He has the power to help us.

SMIRK: Oh. Right.

R2: Anyway, according to this, Barf Vapor's coordinates are 3 Across, 5 Down, 2 from the right, and a half a league onward.

SMIRK: Let me see that. **(takes machine)** Patty. Did you hear the coordinates?

PATTY: Aye, Captain.

SMIRK: Is there anything there?

PATTY: Looks to me like there's one girl. . .

SMIRK: Yes?

PATTY: One evil, death defying villain. . .

SMIRK: Yes?

PATTY: A whole bunch of mindless troops. . .

SMIRK: Yes?

PATTY: And an animated character with a giant monkey.

LUKE: Hans Suloo!

SMIRK: He's a monkey?

LUKE: No, he found a monkey. They were at a circus, and the monkey followed him home. Something about a bag of peanuts in his pocket. I don't know. You'll have to ask him.

SMIRK: All right, Patty. Beam aboard group, but ignore the mindless troopers.

PATTY: Aye, Captain.

SMIRK: Oh, boy. We're in for a fight.

JOY: Fear. Anguish. Apprehension.

SMIRK: I thought I retired you.

JOY: You did. But I'm telling you-- / feel fear. Anguish. Apprehension.

SMIRK: What are you afraid of?

JOY: This Barf Vapor is a strong fighter. I sense it. You're in over your head, Captain.

SMIRK: Nonsense. Patty? All ready?

PATTY: Aye, Captain.

SMIRK: Energize!

***(Lights go crazy. A giant rabbit walks across the stage beating a drum. Pause.)***

***(Suddenly, BARF Vapor, Princess LAURA, HANS Suloo and a monkey, Chewing Tobacco, appear. HANS is wearing an Indiana Jones hat and outfit and carries a whip. If possible, HE has big cartoon gloves and shoes. Chewing Tobacco is a monkey-- HE can either be in a monkey suit, or the actor can improvise monkey movements.)***

BARF: What the devil!?

SMIRK: Aha! Caught you off-guard, didn't I?

BARF: Where are my Snoop Troopers?

SMIRK: Ha! We've beamed you onto the starship, and there's no troopers to back you up!

BARF: Impossible!

LAURA: Ha! They've got you now, Father.

BARF: Wrong, you goody-two shoes bimbet. Hans.

HANS: (*hypnotized*) Yes, my master.

BARF: Kill that insolent scoundrel.

HANS: As you wish, my master.

SMIRK: Hans Suloo, it's great to see you old buddy. I-- (*HE grabs hold of SMIRK. They go back and forth with choke holds*) !! Get him off me!

LUKE: What are you doing?

BARF: He's under my control!

YOGI: The Purple Side he has used.

BARF: Yogi? I should've known you were part of this.

YOGI: Evil you are, Barf.

BARF: (*mimic*) Evil you are, Barf. You moron!

YOGI: Angry, you make me.

BARF: Will you cut that out?

YOGI: Out that cut, I won't.

BARF: Stop it, stop it, stop it! If you can't get the syntax right, don't even speak.

YOGI: For that, pay you will.

BARF: That does it! Chewing Tobacco! (*the monkey steps forward*) Crush the muppet!

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