

# TEENAGE SUPERHERO

by Jerry Rabushka

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# TEENAGE SUPERHERO

*A Comedy Monologue*

**by Jerry Rabushka**

**SYNOPSIS:** Shari, a reluctant superhero, longs to be a normal teenager. But how can she when she's got the superpower to save her planet from evil? Can she be bothered? Shari's petty friends provide an actress with an opportunity for some quick repartee.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(1 female)*

SHARI (f)..... Teenage superhero.

**TIME:** In the future.

**SETTING:** A distant planet.

**SET:** Bare stage.

## COSTUMES

SHARI – Everyday teen attire or a superhero outfit.

## AUTHOR'S NOTE

Shari is a superhero, but she doesn't want anyone to know, and she doesn't really act like it. She'd be happier if none of this happened at all and she could go on with life as it was, but she's got a planet to save, so she doesn't really have a choice. One place for the performer to shine is in the rapid changes of character, when various speakers trade one liners, and it's important to make sure the audience understands who is speaking and when speakers change. Doing this successfully, with pronounced characterization, will add a lot to the performance.

**SHARI:** So you've all heard the story of the superhero who doesn't want to do what she's supposed to but destiny intervenes and she makes the world a better place? That would be me. And I'm sure you've heard about how "Oh wow there's a teenage superhero and this is what the world needs more of." In the world I come from, there are far too many of us.

Follow me here: a fast food restaurant imported some vegetable oil from another planet – at a discount – they used it to fry some okra, and it produced some very interesting reactions. Everyone who had some got either really sick or – in cases like me – developed superpowers along with our resulting immunity. (*Like she's very used to this.*) Some super-people used their power for good, some for bad, and we've been at war ever since. As someone who used her power for good, I was saddled with responsibilities well beyond my age.

Okra isn't that popular – big news, right – but once word got out, people were eating it like it was going out of style, which it couldn't because it was never in style to begin with. People were getting two, three, four helpings hoping it would give them some prime power or other, but it was too late – they exported the import and went back to locally grown.

I ate it on a dare.

As various teenage "friends."

Eewww it's grimy slimy okra. I bet Shari won't eat it.

She hasn't had a vegetable since she was five and that was ketchup.

Well she's only six now.

(*To her friends.*) Not true! I had lettuce on a sandwich just last week.

Ha, it was iceberg.

*(As a friend, chanting.)* You're only six and it sticks. Shari's a baby!  
Shari's a baby!

*(To audience, sighing.)* All this over a plate of fried okra.

*(To her friends.)* I'll have two. I'll have mine and yours.

*As various friends again, as she pantomimes eating some.*

Eeewww I can't believe she's eating it.

Let's take a picture and post it on interplanetary social media.

*(A sing-song rhyme.)* SHARI ATE OKRA.

IT MAKES ME WANT TO CHOKE-RA.

Do you know it's fried in oil? Do you know how fat you'll get?

You mean fatter. How much fatter she'll get?

So I turned the tables on them. Literally, because I picked up the table, the booth, and everyone at it, spun it around, and flung it halfway across the restaurant, landing them in the ketchup station – so while no one was hurt, it looked like a bloody catastrophe. The staff was afraid to ask me to leave so I ordered a milkshake and suggested to my friends that they find someone else to pick on. *(Not pleased.)* Which, by the way, they did.

It turned out there was a lot I could do since I had a superhuman strength thanks to the okra, and my friends didn't because they couldn't be bothered eating any when they had the chance. Suddenly, everyone who was ostracized and bullied for liking fried okra had either a case of the pox or a bizarre superpower. Someone even had the superpower to cure the pox, and what a hero he was, but the pox people were jealous because all they got was pox, and we got power. You can imagine the resentment festering throughout

this entire civilization over okra and oil and people who made fun of eating your vegetables.

It was exactly this resentment that I was called on to fix, me at my age wanting to do teenage things like procrastinate, obsess over boy bands, and get out of household chores.

See, it didn't take long before some super-powered people realized they could better their lives a lot faster by making demands and fabricating some alarming consequences if they didn't get their way. They quickly got out of control and there didn't seem to be much anyone could do.

But there was something I could do, me and the rest of us who tried to ignore our powers and just live like normal people. Because after a while, it gets old. I mean sure, I could pick up a table of kids and fling them across a room, but you never know who could fight you on your own terms and who couldn't, or who would get blamed for overreaching. And soon there were signs on restaurants, theaters, and especially fitness centers saying that if you did have superpowers, you weren't welcome to use them inside.

Everyone was afraid of everyone else, except for the enterprising and dictatorial few who were turning our world into a nightmare. So it was up to me to do something and as mentioned, I loved to procrastinate.

*(Looking up and talking to someone else.)* Me?

*(As an authority figure, very deep and serious.)* Yes, Shari, you. Everyone else has failed.

Is this because I didn't take out the trash? I didn't have to because I tossed it from here to the city dump five miles away.

You need to overthrow the evil...

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