

Superheroes

From Collaborative Writing

Loaded Gun Theory presents: A Special Live Taping of The Freddy Argyle Show!

SET: One desk with a chair and two additional chairs.

GERI: (Banging out an awful tune and howling) It's the Freddy Argyle Show! He tells you everything you need to know! The Freddy Argyle Show! He's got the answers that you need to know! The Freddy Argyle Showwwwwww! Yeahhhhhhhhh!

(FREDDY comes on the stage, obviously pleased with the song)

FREDDY: Right on man! That sounded great!

GERI: Thanks man.

FREDDY: That sounded different from the last time you played it though.

GERI: Yeah man, I make up all my songs off the top of my head - it's totally organic.

FREDDY: Really? You made that up just now?

GERI: Damn straight.

FREDDY: I would not have guessed. Seriously.

GERI: Well, right on.

FREDDY: (Turns to the audience) Welcome to the Freddy Argyle Show. My name's Freddy Argyle. This is my show. My guest tonight has made a living of inspiring and fascinating people the world over with his dedication to helping the unfortunate as well as saving countless lives. He recently published an autobiography which he's here to talk about. Please welcome to the stage, tonight's guest, Wingman! Take it away!

GERI: (Again with the bad guitar playing and howling as WINGMAN makes a grand entrance, flapping his arms in a suave manner before striking a pose with one leg up on a chair) Wiiiiingmaaaan, Wiiiiingmaaaan - flyin' flyin' flyin' as fast as you caaaaaaaan, Wiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiingmaaaaaaaan! Yeahhhhhhhhh!

FREDDY: Thanks for coming on the show, please take a seat.

WINGMAN: It's great to be here Freddy. (Turns to GERI) I really liked that song! I might need to use it some time!

FREDDY: I know, it's great right? It's catchy! Anyway - are you feeling alright? You look a little down.

WINGMAN: Yeah, I've had a pretty busy schedule. I just flew in from Detroit this morning.

FREDDY: So I bet your arms are tired eh? HA HA HA!

WINGMAN: Uh - yeah, that's my superpower. I use my arms to fly.

FREDDY: Right. Well as I understand it, you've been pretty busy lately promoting your new autobiography "Just Wingin' It: A super-hero's Story." (FREDDY holds up the book, upside-down)

WINGMAN: Yeah, that's right - it just came out a couple of weeks ago. (WINGMAN turns the book rightside-up)

FREDDY: Great. I got my hands on a copy the other day and had a chance to read some of the stuff on the jacket and as I understand it, you're from Indiana?

WINGMAN: Yeah... that's right.

FREDDY: I'm from Indiana too! Where in Indiana are you from?

WINGMAN: Oh really? I grew up in Jasper. What about you?

FREDDY: Fort Wayne.

WINGMAN: Huh. That's actually really far from Jasper.

FREDDY: Yeah, I know. (Turns to GERI) What about you Geri, where did you come from?

GERI: Man, I just came here from the... from Lucy's Bar.

FREDDY: No, I meant where are you from originally?

GERI: Where...? What?

FREDDY: Forget about it. (Turns to WINGMAN) Tell us a little more about yourself. You're from Indiana - did you always know that you were going to be a super-hero growing up?

WINGMAN: No, not at all - I never really gave any thought to becoming a super-hero. I originally planned on becoming a Nutritionist.

FREDDY: Really? What made you change your mind?

WINGMAN: Well, college was kind of a weird time for me - at first I had it in my head that I'd be an English major but after hearing that it doesn't pay I switched to the Nutrition program and that's where I met Lenny.

FREDDY: Lenny? Is he a super-hero?

WINGMAN: Lenny was one of my classmates - we ended up becoming roommates and he introduced me to Jenny, who was my first - well my only girlfriend in college. Anyway, things got weird with Lenny because he was really into Jenny...

FREDDY: Wait a minute, were you already a super-hero?

WINGMAN: I'm getting there - so after a couple of months I moved out of the apartment with Lenny and moved in with Jenny but I was broke since my parents wouldn't lend me a penny so I started working at Denny's which is where I met Benny.

FREDDY: Benny?

WINGMAN: Right, and it was around this time that I saw a classified ad for people with superpowers and I figured, "why the hell not?" And that's when I joined "The Parakeets" which was a local super-hero troupe at the time. It's all in the book...

FREDDY: Okay! So when did you become Liberty Woman's sidekick?

WINGMAN: ...excuse me?

FREDDY: Aren't you Liberty Woman's sidekick?

WINGMAN: I have WORKED with Liberty Woman in the past, if that's what you're asking, but I believe our partnership has always been on an equal footing.

FREDDY: Oh yeah? How so?

WINGMAN: Well - we always shared our crime-fighting responsibilities and as you probably already know we have different styles and superpowers that complement each other...

FREDDY: Let's talk about that for a minute. As everyone knows, Liberty Woman possesses the powers of flight, super-speed, super-strength, super-vision, and super-breath, right? What are your powers?

WINGMAN: As I mentioned earlier, I use my arms to fly - not a lot of people can do that.

FREDDY: Right, right, but Liberty Woman can also fly and you said that the two of you have different superpowers.

WINGMAN: Yeah, okay - well, I also mentioned my background in nutrition and, you know, nutrition is very important to maintaining a crime-fighting team. I mean, flying after the bad guys day-in and day-out is a very physically demanding job, even for a super-hero physique. Not a lot of people can understand that - it's a very behind-the-scenes kind of thing and, you know, there are other things that go into it. I've always been the voice of reason in our partnership. Liberty Woman has always been the more emotional one -

FREDDY: Yeah I bet - at least once a month! HA HA HA! (suddenly gets serious) But those aren't really super-powers, are they?

WINGMAN: Well, it depends on how you look at it now, doesn't it? I mean, sure - to the layperson it may sound like things that normal people do everyday, but do they deal with super-heroes? Try being practical or level-headed with a super-hero.

FREDDY: So what you're saying is that one of your powers is super-level-headedness?

WINGMAN: Yeah, let's go with that.

FREDDY: N'kay... Well, let me ask you this.

WINGMAN: Go for it.

FREDDY: Doesn't it bother you being a woman's sidekick?

WINGMAN: What?

FREDDY: I mean, it must be kind of immasculating. She's the one out there beating the crap out of villains while you just kind of help out. It's a lot like being her secretary, isn't it?

WINGMAN: (stands up) Now wait just a minute, I resent that!

FREDDY: (stands up) Okay! Now it's time to bring out our next guest who is also a super-hero-

WINGMAN: (stands up) What? We're supposed to be promoting my book -

FREDDY: Sit down! (WINGMAN doesn't sit down)

WINGMAN: No way! You can't talk to me like that!

FREDDY: Shut up and sit down! (WINGMAN reluctantly sits down) Now as I was saying, please put your hands together for our next guest, Liberty Woman!

WINGMAN: (stands up) What???

FREDDY: Sit down! (WINGMAN sits down. FREDDY then motions to GERI) Hit it!

GERI: (Playing the guitar and howling) Liberty Woman, she's so fine! She's blowin' up, blowin' up, a-blowin' up my mind! Liberty Womaaaaaaan! Yeeeeeeeeahhhhhh!!!

(LIBERTY WOMAN comes out carrying a briefcase and dressed in a business suit with shoulder pads, white tennis-shoes, and a cape. FREDDY stands up and shakes LIBERTY WOMAN's hand. There is an awkward moment as LIBERTY WOMAN stands in front of FREDDY's desk.)

FREDDY: (glaring at WINGMAN) Well???

WINGMAN: Well what?

FREDDY: Man, move your feathered ass over!

(WINGMAN grudgingly gives up his seat and everyone sits down.)

FREDDY: Welcome to the show Liberty Woman.

LIBERTY: Thank you, Freddy.

FREDDY: Now, let's set the record straight - is Wingman your sidekick or not?

LIBERTY: Oh no, I wouldn't say that.

WINGMAN: Ha! See? I told you!

FREDDY: Now wait a minute... you mean to tell me that you're incapable of fighting crime without him?

LIBERTY: Well, I don't know about that.

FREDDY: That's basically what he's saying though, isn't it? I mean, if he's your partner then he must be doing just as much work as you - and if you're fighting crime together then wouldn't it be fair to say that you can't fight crime without his help?

LIBERTY: Oh that's certainly not true. I suppose you could say that he's been helpful in the past but as far as fighting crime goes- no that's not true at all.

FREDDY: Interesting. Care to elaborate?

LIBERTY: Well, at first I hired him as a nutrition consultant a few years ago and that seemed to be working fine, but after a while he kept mentioning how he could use his arms to fly and how he was a part of some super-hero troupe a long time ago. Then he started bugging me to let him tag along on my crime-fighting trips. I eventually agreed because I thought that it might be nice to have a personal assistant. I mean, I'm a very busy woman as I'm sure you know - I can't be everywhere at once. That's not one of my superpowers, I'm afraid.

(FREDDY and LIBERTY share a corny laugh)

FREDDY: That's a good one. So how did things go once he started to help you fight crime?

LIBERTY: That's just it - he hardly helped at all. In fact, I was saving him more times than I'd ever saved anybody before. He was either getting caught by villains or messing things up somehow. Eventually, I had to give him simpler tasks - like house-sit my fortress while I was away or feed my fish when I was working late but he couldn't even do that right. One day I came home and my entire tank of African Cichlids was dead.

WINGMAN: Hey, that wasn't my fault! I fed the fish like you told me to!

LIBERTY: A pinch Larry, a pinch! Not the whole bottle!

WINGMAN: It was an honest mistake! How was I supposed to know?

LIBERTY: Aren't you a nutritionist?

WINGMAN: What does that have to do with anything?

FREDDY: What do you make of Wingman's new autobiography? He's written some pretty salacious things in there.

LIBERTY: To be honest, I haven't read it - I've been extremely busy saving the world. As a matter of fact, I was just barely able to squeeze in any time for this interview- (LIBERTY looks at her watch)

FREDDY: So, what do you make of the claim in his book that the two of you had sex? And often?

WINGMAN: What? I never said that! Have you even read my book?

LIBERTY: Well Freddy, I wasn't aware of that, but it certainly doesn't surprise me - that is so typical. Once a man identifies a strong, independent, successful woman they try to tear her down by using sex as a weapon. You would think super-heroes would not need to be bothered with that sort of a thing but sadly, it's the struggle of every woman.

GERI: Right on sister! Fight the power! (Laughs)

WINGMAN: But, I never-

FREDDY: Can it, jerk. So, Mrs. Liberty...

LIBERTY: It's MIZZ, thank you very much.

FREDDY: Excuse me - MIZZ Liberty. What IS that anyway? Does that mean you're divorced?

LIBERTY: It MEANS it's none of your business.

FREDDY: (Sarcastically) Whoa. Alright, let's get to it. In his book, your sidekick calls you a "menstrual lesbian bitch." Care to explain?

WINGMAN: What? That's a lie! I never-

FREDDY: Please! One person at a time!

LIBERTY: (turns to look sternly at WINGMAN) Well, this certainly is the first time that I'm hearing about this. But I can't say that it surprises me. I think it is quite clear that Larry's latent sexist views become especially apparent when he feels that his status as the dominant male is being compromised, which I may add, is all the time.

WINGMAN: Oh what the fuck!

FREDDY: Hey! Watch your mouth, asshole - there are kids in the audience! Alright, you obviously have a problem discussing this issue as a mature adult so let's change gears.

WINGMAN: Thank God!

FREDDY: I'm warning you! (turns to LIBERTY WOMAN) You and your sidekick have done battle against numerous super-villains over the years-

LIBERTY: Let's be accurate here, I did all of the battling.

FREDDY: Ho ho - good point! As I was saying, you've taken on some pretty big names in the super-villain scene but there is one that many see as your arch-enemy which I understand that you, MIZZ Liberty, recently caught and apprehended after thwarting her latest attempt to blow up the world, is that correct?

WINGMAN: I also had a part in that.

LIBERTY: Oh please, you just signed the papers when we turned her in.

(GERI laughs loudly)

FREDDY: (Laughing) Oh snap! And how long ago was that?

LIBERTY: Hmm... that was quite a while ago. I'd say three, maybe four years ago?

FREDDY: And the world has been safe ever since!

LIBERTY: Relatively, yes.

FREDDY: Well, I've got a surprise for you! We were able to track her down and secure a temporary release for this show!

LIBERTY & WINGMAN: You WHAT???

LIBERTY: Are you crazy? Do you realize what you have done???

WINGMAN: You just released the most dangerous psychopath in the world!

FREDDY: Oh stop being so melodramatic. Ladies and gentlemen please welcome my next guest, all the way from the Sector 8 Maximum Security Prison for Super Villains, Naked Molerat Lady!

GERI: (Playing and screaming) Naked Molerat Lady! She's naked! She's a molerat! She's a laaaaaady! Yeeeeahhhhhh!!!

(NAKED MOLERAT LADY is a wrinkly naked and blind villain wearing blind-glasses and a bathrobe covered in poop and pee stains. She fumbles her way onto the stage very slowly.)

FREDDY: (looks at LIBERTY and WINGMAN) You guys wanna move over?

WINGMAN: There's no where else to sit!

FREDDY: Just sit on the floor!

WINGMAN: Why should I have to sit on the floor? She's the villain!

FREDDY: She's blind!

(WINGMAN reluctantly gives up his seat and sits down on the floor.)

WINGMAN: (Under his breath) Why don't YOU sit on the floor... we were supposed to be promoting my book...

LIBERTY: Oh, what's wrong? Does the floor bruise your frail little man-ego?

(GERI laughs out loud)

LIBERTY: Shut up you.

(GERI shuts up)

FREDDY: (turns to MOLERAT) Sorry about that - thanks for coming on the show - oh my God, what's that smell?

MOLERAT: What smell? *sniff-sniff* Oh my, now there's an awful stench! Hello Libby.

LIBERTY: Hello Deborah. I think he was talking about you - you ARE the one covered in poop and pee.

MOLERAT: Pardon me, I KNOW I smell good. *sniff-sniff* And who's this little boy you have with you?

LIBERTY: Just an old side-kick.

WINGMAN: Hey!

MOLERAT: Interesting... I don't recognize his scent.

WINGMAN: Well that's weird because with such an acute sense of smell I'd think that you would have - I mean I can't see how you couldn't have considering I helped put you behind bars!

MOLERAT: Hmm... I must have missed you. Oh hold on... *sniff, sniff* Wait a minute... YOU'RE the fellow who shat himself when I tried to blow up the world!

WINGMAN: (Sputters) That's ridiculous! I never -

MOLERAT: Trust me darling, I'm NEVER wrong about these things.

FREDDY: Alright, Naked Molerat Lady... over here, I'm over here... How long have you and Liberty Woman known each other?

MOLERAT: Hmm... I'd say about 17... no maybe 18 years?

FREDDY: That's a long time to be arch-enemies.

MOLERAT: Well, that's just how long we've known each other.

LIBERTY: Right, it's not like we were enemies that whole time.

MOLERAT: That's right. We actually used to work together.

FREDDY: Really? Where did the two of you work?

MOLERAT: We were both scientists studying radioactive soil samples from an underground lab in Chrenobyl.

LIBERTY: We were sent there by the government to analyze the nuclear threat to wildlife.

MOLERAT: Incidentally, we were the only two female scientists on the team... and really good friends.

LIBERTY: We used to do everything together. We'd eat lunch together, analyze data together, extrapolate theories together...

MOLERAT: Look at boys together! *giggle*

LIBERTY: *giggle* We used to work with the hottest guys! Do you remember Dr. Kimball? Oh my God, he was SO hot! He could extrapolate my theory ANY day!

MOLERAT: I bet he did!

LIBERTY: Oh you're so BAD! *giggle*

MOLERAT: I know! *giggle*

FREDDY: Yeah, I'm sure that's all very interesting or whatever. So tell me what happened between the two of you?

LIBERTY: Well... there was an accident. No one is quite sure what happened, but one day, while I was out doing a routine check above-ground, the safety of the lab was compromised.

MOLERAT: There was an explosion.. the radiation levels suddenly grew and everyone in the lab became contaminated.

LIBERTY: Unfortunately, there was nothing that we could do. The lab had to be closed off and sealed with everyone inside to prevent the radiation from spreading to rest of the town.

MOLERAT: And so, for five years I was forced to live in that underground lab with the rest of the team. The radiation began to have an effect on us - we began to go blind and lose our hair... but eventually we were able to dig our way out of the lab.

FREDDY: Yikes. That's pretty heavy. So lemme guess, that's when Liberty Woman became your sworn enemy?

MOLERAT: No, I understood why it had to be done - we were all warned of the dangers that came with the assignment.

FREDDY: Then why did you become enemies?

MOLERAT: To be honest, I don't really know what it was that made things between us so bad.

FREDDY: Mizz Liberty, think you can help us out here?

LIBERTY: Well Freddy, when I took an oath as a super-hero I pledged my entire existence on fighting evil in all of its forms. Sometimes evil is a fire-breathing lizard. Sometimes it's a horde of flesh-eating zombies. Other times evil comes in droves, disguised as girl scouts that descend upon our homes plundering our savings while forcing us to eat boxes upon boxes of hi-calorie and hi-carb shortbread and thin mint cookies in an elaborate scheme to fatten us up for the slaughter. Now this may come as a surprise to you but these types of evil are easy to combat - a pleasure to destroy. But what do you do when evil arises from the smelly, dirty, radioactive rubble in the form of your best friend? I had to make a choice. I understood that the woman who dug her way out of the ground with her bare teeth was not the same woman that I had known before...

MOLERAT: Actually Libby, I'm pretty much the same person, I've just -

LIBERTY: Gone were the laughs... the memories... the humanity! The woman I had known as Deborah was no more! In her place is a smelly, buck-toothed, maniacal supervillain that I have vowed to put away.

MOLERAT: But Libby, that's what I'm trying to tell you! Sure, I may be covered in shit and piss, blind, and insane, but I assure you I'm still the same person on the inside.

WINGMAN: But you tried to blow up the world!

FREDDY: God - shut up! Don't make me get out of this chair! (turns to MOLERAT) But you tried to blow up the world.

MOLERAT: Oh whatever - everyone makes mistakes.

- Everyone except for WINGMAN mumbles in agreement*

MOLERAT: Look, we may have had our squabbles and disagreements in the past, but at the end of the day, I never considered Libby anything less than a sister!

LIBERTY: Do you really mean that?

MOLERAT: Of course, I do.

- MOLERAT and LIBERTY hug*

(After a brief pause GERI busts out laughing)

FREDDY: C'mon man, that's not cool.

GERI: Sorry - I just think it's hilarious.

FREDDY: You can be a real jerk sometimes, you know that?

GERI: Hey man, now you're hurting my feelings.

FREDDY: (Turns to MOLERAT) So tell me Naked Molerat Lady, did you ever think that maybe the accident at the lab wasn't an accident at all?

MOLERAT: What? No, not really.

FREDDY: So you never wondered why Liberty Woman was the only person that escaped the lab unscathed? It never struck you as strange that she left to collect samples just minutes before the explosion?

MOLERAT: Well no, I...

LIBERTY: What exactly are you getting at Freddy?

FREDDY: I'm just asking because somewhere in here Wingman says Liberty Woman confessed to him that she purposely sabotaged the lab, causing the explosion and sealing everyone to their doom.

WINGMAN: That's absolutely untrue! I never wrote that! Have any of you even read the book?

EVERYONE: NO!

MOLERAT: Libby, is this true? Did you really cause that explosion?

LIBERTY: Absolutely not! That's ridiculous! I would never -

FREDDY: Why do you think that she would purposely sabotage the facility, forcing you to live underground for five years while you mutated into a hideous and vile naked molerat lady?

MOLERAT: Well, I suppose there could be any number of reasons - she was always a very jealous person. I was the lead scientist of the team, I always came up with new scientific breakthroughs, I was always being published in the top science journals of the time. I was also immensely popular with the men in our team, on account of me being the more attractive one, hands-down.

LIBERTY: You know, there's a difference between being attractive and spreading your legs.

MOLERAT: What's that supposed to mean?

LIBERTY: It's supposed to mean that YOU are a filthy slut!

MOLERAT: Oh I'm so sorry Mizz High-and-mighty-look-at-me-I'm-a-super-hero! We all know that the only reason you became a super-hero is because you couldn't hack it as a scientist!

LIBERTY: What's that supposed to mean?

MOLERAT: It's supposed to mean that my naked molerat droppings are smarter than you! My biggest regret is that I covered your stupid ass all those times you were fucking things up in the lab!

LIBERTY: You bitch! My biggest regret is that the explosion didn't kill you!

GERI: Awesome!

MOLERAT: I knew it! I knew it was you all along! How could I be so blind? And after everything I've done for you!

LIBERTY: Bitch you didn't do anything for me! I'm a self-made woman!

MOLERAT (over LIBERTY): Oh you want to go? I'll take you on!

LIBERTY (over LIBERTY): Whenever, wherever bitch! It's go time!

WINGMAN: Stop it! Stop it! STOP! Now look here! I don't appreciate this! This is not right! Shame on you! Shame on you! (pause as everyone looks down in shame) Now we are supposed to be promoting my new book which is currently available in some bookstores around the country...

FREDDY and LIBERTY: Oh shut up!

(MOLERAT jumps over the chair and starts digging her way out)

LIBERTY: Nobody cares about your shitty little book!

FREDDY: Look! She's escaping!

LIBERTY: Oh shit, we'll never catch her - she's probably halfway to China by now.

WINGMAN: What should we do?

LIBERTY: What do you mean "we?" This is all your fault you little bastard! Wait 'til I get my hands on you! (chases WINGMAN around the stage while he flaps around - eventually LIBBY chases WINGMAN off the stage)

(GERI makes awful guitar noise and wails incoherently until the end of the show)

FREDDY: That's all the show we have for you tonight! Join us next week for our undercover special: "Clowns: Who's laughing now?" (Looks up at the lights) What? - we're not on next week? Then when are we back on? What do you mean "never?" Is that a joke? What's that supposed to mean? (walks off the stage)

(GERI keeps playing until everyone leaves and then ends the show singing "YEEEEAAAHHHHH!!!")

(Lights)

END.

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