

## **Characters**

### **Actress 1**

Captain Cobalt/Cyanna Conda (F)

Patty (F)

Billy (M)

Alex Arm'n'Hammer (F)

Jenny (F)

Jim (M)

Maggie (F)

### **Actress 2**

Mr. Mushman (M)

Taylor the Tailor (M)

Dr. Jane Killington (F)

Leslie (F)

Josh (M)

The Cheesemeister (M)

Claudette (F)

Belinda Barnstormer (F)

Chester (M)

Bob (M)

Jo-Jo (F)

## ACT 1

### Scene 1 – Monologue/Pet Store

**(Lights come up on Captain Cobalt, who is gazing heroically into the distance.)**

**Captain:** You know what they never tell you about being a superhero? They never tell you about the *violence*. Oh, sure, I've seen the movies. Superheroes fight evil-doers, we all know that. But what you don't know until you've seen it in real life is that there is blood, and there are guts, and sometimes – sometimes there are even teeth. On one memorable occasion, there were tonsils. But the violence is *necessary* violence, as sometimes violence is. If superheroes didn't battle threats to the public, then there would be chaos. And I won't stand for that. My name...is Captain Cobalt. **(Heroic music plays. A stagehand billows her cape.)** A totally self-made superhero. With years of hard work I have gained my super-strength! Through the power of *physics* – I have learned flight! I have no need of weapons: I use my bare hands to take down foes! –

**(The stagehand starts helping Captain Cobalt change her costume to her alter-egos, and runs offstage with her Captain Cobalt costume.)**

**Captain:** I have no shortage of enemies; the world just keeps producing a seemingly endless supply of super villains, all of them superlatively villainous. I'll not let them defeat me, nor keep me from my ultimate goal: world peace. It sounds impossible, I know. But that is the job of all superheroes. To dream the impossible. To will it into existence. If I just...will...hard enough...

**(She squints really hard, as if she's going to use the force to create world peace. The lights are slowly coming up revealing a Pet Store set. At this point, Captain Cobalt has morphed into Cyanna Conda, a lowly pet store shop clerk, who wears a pet store uniform, a ponytail, and glasses. To one side of the stage is a projector and screen. The screen is currently blank. Mr. Mushman, Cyanna's boss, has entered and is glaring at Cyanna with folded arms. He has a small mustache and is wearing a pet store uniform shirt.)**

**Mushman:** Miss Conda!

**© Scripts for Stage**

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage.*

*Copying and performance licences can be obtained from*

<https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/captain-cobalt-performance/>

**Cyanna:** **(still in Captain Cobalt mode).** I can make it happen...I *know* I can make it happen...I have the power –

**Mushman:** Cyanna!

**Cyanna:** What? **(She sees him and startles.)**

**(The projector suddenly shows a slide reading “PET STORE”).**

**Cyanna:** Oh! Sorry, Mr. Mushman! I was just –

**Mushman:** Just *when* do you plan to count the parakeets?

**Cyanna:** Oh, I’m sorry, sir, I tried that, but they were like – **(She does an impression of parakeets flapping their wings frantically and moving around.)** They move really fast.

**Mushman:** So take a picture! Use your brain for once, Conda! Hunh. Did you at least buff the turtles?

**Cyanna:** I’m sorry, sir, but I did buff them last week.

**Mushman:** So buff them again! It’s on the schedule! **(He pulls out the schedule, which is a banana, and gestures to it.)** Once a week: buff the turtles! I have a machine for it, even!

**Cyanna:** The thing is, Mr. Mushman, about the machine – it’s a floor buffer. But they’re not floors, sir. They’re turtles. And I just thought –

**Mushman:** I don’t pay you to think! Well, what about the cats, did you exorcise them?

**Cyanna:** I just don’t think that cats like to go for walks – all I do is put them on leashes and drag them around –

**Mushman:** No, not “exercise,” “exorcise.” Can’t you read? **(He indicates the schedule/banana again.)** A priest was supposed to call yesterday.

**Cyanna:** You think the cats are possessed?

**Mushman:** They’re cats!

**Cyanna:** A priest did call yesterday, but I thought he had the wrong number.

**Mushman:** *Cyanna!* How many times do I have to tell you, you need to put some thought into your work!

**Cyanna:** Sorry, Mr. Mushman.

**Mushman:** Well, get on with it, already! I’m going into the basement and see about the snail farm. I just can’t seem to convince them to pull a plow or even seed a field. Lazy!

**(He grumbles offstage. Cyanna makes eye contact with the audience and sighs. Suddenly, there’s the sound of crashing offstage and a mysterious noise that sounds vaguely squidlike.)**

**Cyanna:** **(back to her Captain persona).** What’s that?! **(She runs to the door to look out.)** It’s a giant...there are tentacles...yes, it is a giant squid-monster. Just as I suspected. Where did I leave my cape? **(She heads for the counter, then remembers herself.)** No, I’m at work. I need to mind the shop, or someone might run off with the hamsters. **(To the audience)** What should I do?

Should I stay here and buff turtles, or should I save the city? **(When the audience says ‘Save the city!’, she calls offstage)** Mr. Mushman!

**(Mr. Mushman grunts from offstage.)**

**Cyanna:** I’m taking my lunch!

**Mushman:** **(offstage)**. Oh no you’re not!

**Cyanna:** I’ll see you in – **(she looks out at the squid again. More squid noises from offstage)** – half an hour!

**Mushman:** **(offstage, enraged)**. Conda!!

**Cyanna:** **(to audience)**. I’d better get out there fast, in case I’m needed to heroically rescue one – or maybe seven people!

**(Blackout)**

**© Scripts for Stage**

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage.*

*Copying and performance licences can be obtained from*

*<https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/captain-cobalt-performance/>*

## Scene 2 – A City Street

**(Projector screen reads “A CITY STREET.” Leslie, a bystander, talks on a cell phone/banana. She wears a stylish hat and looks like someone who would complain to the manager about a latte - but in a nice way.)**

**Leslie:** But what I’m saying, and I think you’ll agree, is that he has really nice buns. They’re really round and well-formed and, like, yeasty. Ugh, no, he’s a baker, what did you think I was talking about? Wait, what were *we* talking about? How you have such a hard time connecting with your father. You’re from different generations, you have different beliefs. It’s like, he hated Windows 95, you hated Windows Vista, but I think we can all agree that we hate Windows 10. I know, it’s garbage. But you’re just gonna have to move past this disagreement with your dad, I mean, I know it seems impossible right now, but if you can make peace he can at least come to your son’s Bar Mitzvah. Listen, I’m really sorry to cut you off, but I do need you to at some point connect me to Dr. Lindstrom, ‘cause I have a urinary tract infection. Yeah, like a river of fire when I pee, it’s the worst. If you could connect me? Oh, I know, though, it’s been great meeting you! It’s Caroline, right? And feel free to call me if you need any help repairing that tea cozy –

**(Suddenly, Captain Cobalt appears, heroically recovering from a vicious blow of the giant squid she’s fighting offstage.)**

**Leslie:** Oh, sorry, hold on, babe, there’s some kind of superhero fight going on. **(Leslie looks offstage.)** Oh, it’s like some kind of a giant squid. No, I don’t recognize the superhero, she’s – oh!

**(Captain Cobalt seizes Leslie’s cell phone/banana and hurls it offstage.)**

**Captain:** Take *that*, you monstrous cephalopod! **(She dashes off to fight more.)**

**(SFX. There is the sound of exaggerated fighting, including the sounds of various blows hitting the enemy. As the sound effects play, Leslie pulls out another cell phone/banana and dials.)**

**Leslie:** **(into phone).** Hello, Caroline, you still there? Yeah, some lady in a blue suit just threw my phone at the squid I was telling you about. I *know*, it’s always happening to me! I don’t know what it is. No, I don’t know who she is, she’s one of the blue ones, I guess. The Denim Damsel? God, I have no idea. Anyway –

**(Captain Cobalt comes flying back onto the stage and hits the floor. She fights her way back to her feet, brushing the dust off her uniform.)**

**Captain:** **(to Leslie).** It’s Captain Cobalt, ma’am. And be sure to stay well back of the fighting - don’t want you getting hurt.

**Leslie:** Oh, well that is just so sweet of you, I’ll stand right over here, is this good? **(Captain Cobalt gives her a thumbs up.)** Great, thanks.

**Captain:** **(yelling offstage).** Fie on you, you tentacled nightmare beast! **(She charges off again.)**

**Leslie:** **(into phone).** Caroline, she's called Captain Cobalt, write it down, okay? I'm gonna tweet later about how polite she was. It's so hard to find people who are courteous when giant squid monsters are attacking the city. **(Watching the fight)** Oh, wow, she is super ripped. Yeah, me too, I gotta start doing more cardio.

© **Scripts for Stage**

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from <https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/captain-cobalt-performance/>*

**(Captain Cobalt runs across the stage and picks up a banana from the ground, acting like she's lifting something really heavy over her head as she crosses back and runs offstage again.)**

**Leslie:** **(while the above is happening).** Ugh, and ab work. She's lifting an entire car over her head right now and I'm standing here thinking how heavy my backup cell phone is.

**Captain:** **(offstage).** How does it feel to have only *three* tentacles, you flailing behemoth?!

**Leslie:** You really can't see this on like, the internet in your office? You'd think a giant squid monster would be news. Don't worry, I'll paint you a picture. Captain— what is it? *Cobalt*, thanks – Captain Cobalt just found the woman who was operating the squid-beast-thingie – I think it's Unbearable Ursula? Yeah. I follow her on Youtube, too, she's hilarious. There are just tentacles *everywhere*, this whole area's blocked off, I don't know how they're gonna clear this out. I know, I hope you and your husband make it to see *La Boheme* on time tonight! Oh, Captain Cobalt—oh, she's—oh, that's very...violent. Well, it looks like it's over, I'd better beat the rush back to the office –

**(Captain Cobalt enters, panting and triumphant.)**

**Leslie:** oh, hold on a sec, Caroline, I gotta talk to somebody. **(To Captain Cobalt)** Um, excuse me? **(Once she has her attention)** Hey, girl. Listen, you're kind of, I don't know how to say this, covered in squid guts?

**Captain:** Oh? Where?

**Leslie:** Turn around. Yeah, it's mostly on your cape. Here's what you're gonna do: you're gonna go to the dry cleaner's – there's a good one a few streets over from here – and you're gonna tell them Leslie sent you and they're gonna give you a discount.

**Captain:** Thank you! Why is it you get a discount at the dry cleaner's?

**(Leslie gestures to herself or does a hair flip, as if to say 'Duh, I'm adorable.')**

**Captain:** **(continued).** Right. And where did you say the shop was?

**Leslie:** Three blocks over. You'll know it's the right one 'cause of the really cute owner, I think his name is Tyler. You know, last time I was there, he *said* he was looking to meet some superhero.

**Captain:** Which one?

**Leslie:** Something to do with a colour. It could have been you. Anyway, good job with the squid and everything, but I gotta go, ciao! **(Into the phone)** Caroline, thanks so much for holding, but could you transfer me to Dr. Lindstrom now? Thanks...Dr. Lindstrom, hi, it's Leslie, I need to talk to you about a urinary tract infection, but first I wanted to ask how little Sally's recital went...

**(Leslie exits.)**

**Captain:** **(to audience, proudly posing).** I beat the squid. **(Encourages applause. 'Hears' something offstage)** What's that, officer? Hmm, well, you're going to have to call the highway department to remove these squid tentacles, and we don't want this supervillain, Unbearable Ursula's, blood staining the pavement. We want our city streets to remain as spotless as our crime statistics. **(Out to the audience)** I remember the good old days when a squid was merely a squid. Now, horrific villains can genetically modify and mind-control poor helpless sea creatures to make them enormous and conducive to evil. Who *knows* what Unbearable Ursula was planning to do by controlling that tentacled nightmare? Now we'll never know. Thanks to me. It's a shame that the police force does not have the freedom I do when it comes to seeking out evildoers. And, of course, though the military could help in keeping the peace, they are not permitted to assist. So it is up to me to track down those who would do harm to the populace. For the good of humanity. I must keep fighting the good fight. I am determined to make things right. Right for all of us. So that peace may envelope the globe. Epic peace.

**© Scripts for Stage**

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage.  
Copying and performance licences can be obtained from  
<https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/captain-cobalt-performance/>*

**(Josh, an obnoxious little kid, comes onstage, playing a handheld video game/banana.)**

**Josh:** What are you, some kind of a stupid superhero?

**Captain:** No, I am an intelligent superhero. Captain Cobalt! What is your name, young...child?

**Josh:** Josh.

**Captain:** So...how old are you?

**Josh:** Old enough to know you're a stupid-head. My mom says—

**Captain:** Doesn't your mother tell you not to be rude? Or not to talk to strangers?

**Josh:** *My mom says* that superheroes destroy too much stuff in the city.

**Captain:** Any damage that I might incur is caused in the name of justice and righting wrongs!

**Josh:** There's a kid at my school named Justice.

**Captain:** **(thrown).** Really?

**Josh:** Yeah. **(They stare at each other.)** Are you...are you fightin' an' stuff for him?

**Captain:** I...yes. In a general sense. I'm fighting for *everyone*, so I suppose, while I fight for justice for *all*, I am also, yes, somewhat fighting for a small child named 'Justice.' Since he is part of 'all,' and thus, under my purview.

**(Josh is clearly confused.)**

**Captain:** Umbrella. Under my...yes, under my umbrella. The umbrella that encompasses all of this city, and eventually, all of the world. With my magnificent powers, I can defend all those who need defending! The older gentleman selling newspapers on the street-corner! The women waiting in line at a bank! Janitorial staff! Socialites! Troglodytes! Optometrists! Soccer moms drinking smoothies in minivans! From the nonagenarians in retirement homes...all the way to the tiny children asking rude questions of superheroes in the street. **(She gestures to Josh.)** All are under my metaphorical umbrella...of *justice!* **(She poses.)**

**Josh:** You took Justice's umbrella?

**Captain:** No, I—

**Josh:** I don't think it's very nice of you to take Justice's umbrella.

**Captain:** It's not a real umbrella.

**Josh:** Did you break it?

**Captain:** What? How dare you —

**Josh:** Did you break the umbrella. *My mom says* that it's not nice to take other people's things—

**Captain:** I don't even know this 'Justice' person!

**Josh:** You took his umbrella.

**Captain:** I didn't.

**Josh:** Yes, you did.

**Captain:** No! I didn't!



**Josh:** *Yes, you did! (He blows a raspberry, turns to go, then turns back.)* Oh, and also? You smell like dead fish. *(Turns to go, turns back.)* Oh, and also? You *look* like a dead fish. *(Turns to go, turns back.)* Oh, and *also?* **(He pauses. Captain Cobalt waits expectantly. Finally)** I forgot what I was going to say. **(He finally leaves.)**

**Captain:** Always wonderful to meet an adoring fan. He was right about one thing, though: I do smell like dead fish. I'd better get to the dry cleaners, pronto!

**(Blackout.)**

**© Scripts for Stage**

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage.*

*Copying and performance licences can be obtained from*

*<https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/captain-cobalt-performance/>*

### Scene 3 – Dry Cleaners

(Projector screen reads “DRY CLEANERS.” A man, Taylor, who wears a newsboy hat and a vest, stands at the counter using one banana to ‘write’ on another banana.)

**Captain:** Hello, citizen. (When Taylor turns, Captain Cobalt falls in love instantly. She swoons a little.)

**Taylor:** Hello, I – oh! You’re Captain Cobalt!

**Captain:** (recovering herself). Yes. Yes, I am.

**Taylor:** That’s gr– I mean, hi, wow, great to meet you. (He comes out from behind the counter to shake her hand.) My name is Taylor, I run this clothing repair and dry-cleaning shop.

**Captain:** You already know my name.

**Taylor:** I have to say, I was hoping to run into you. When I heard someone had spotted you in this neighborhood, I knew I’d picked the right location for my new shop.

**Captain:** How fortuitous.

**Taylor:** Very. I saw that thing you did last week, where you tied Gerald the Malevolent around a lamppost. (Acting impressed) It was really brutal. And only slightly terrifying.

**Captain:** You’re too kind.

**Taylor:** What an honor to have you in my shop. What brings you here?

**Captain:** Well, I know you’ve just been too polite to say anything about the smell, but I recently had an encounter with a giant squid, and my cape is a little...

**Taylor:** Covered in squid guts? (Captain Cobalt nods.) I’m sure it’s happened to everyone at some point. Here, I have a printout of what to do in case of mollusk stains. (He retrieves a banana from the counter and presents it to her.)

**Captain:** You’re not going to charge me?

**Taylor:** You? No. I’ll just hope you’ll come back. (Realizing how that sounds) I mean, having you around could help drive up business, when people find out a superhero’s been to my store!

**Captain:** (flirty and shy). I’ll have to come back soon, then. And see you. (back to Captain) Ahem. I’m sure I’ll need to have clothing repaired at some point or another. Being a superhero and all, you run into a lot of ‘snags,’ if you will.

**Taylor:** (laughing too loudly). Oh, I know all about snags! I’ve always been somewhat of an expert on clothing repair. People used to make fun of me at school, you know, “Taylor the tailor.”

**Captain:** I would never make fun of you, Taylor. It takes a strong man to darn a sock.

**Taylor:** I'm glad you think so. My brother always said that to me.

**Captain:** Your brother? Is he a tailor, too?

**Taylor:** No, he...well, he died. It's...it's recent, sorry, I...

**Captain:** No, I am sorry, Taylor the tailor.

**(Captain puts a hand on Taylor's shoulder and he turns. Their eyes meet, and they gaze at each other for a moment. Finally, Captain Cobalt lifts the banana Taylor handed her.)**

**Captain:** Thank you. For this.

**Taylor:** Yeah, um...good luck with the squid guts...chum.

**Captain:** Yes, I...yes. Farewell, Taylor! Until we meet again!

**(She exits. Blackout.)**

**© Scripts for Stage**

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage.*

*Copying and performance licences can be obtained from*

*<https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/captain-cobalt-performance/>*

## Scene 4 – Secret Underground Volcano Lair

**(Dr. Killington is discovered onstage. She appears every inch a supervillain, with pink spiky hair, a pink lab coat, and giant eyeglasses. When the lights come up, the projector screen reads “SECRET UNDERGROUND VOLCANO LAIR.” Dr. Killington is pointing her giant ray gun/plantain at a banana on her lab bench. When she spots the audience she does a double-take and drops her plantain on the lab bench to speak to the crowd.)**

**Dr. K:** **(in a Scottish accent).** Hello, group of easily-led people. I bet you’re all thinking how wonderful that Captain Cobalt is, well I am here to tell you that she is a big nincompoop and you should all totally despise her! Mostly because she pales in comparison to me. **(Dr. Killington dons pink latex gloves as she speaks.)** I have an IQ of 178, a PhD from Buff Orpington University, and I’ve never thrown shade at someone just for liking science better than going to the mall. I am Dr. Jane Killington, I am the hero of this story, and at the end of the play I am going to kill Captain Cobalt and you will thank me for it. That’s all right, you can save your applause until the end. Feel free to have a look round my laboratory. This is my secret lair! All heroes have one. You’ll notice there’s a sign indicating what it is right over there. **(She indicates the projector screen.)** Plus, look at all this science stuff! Beakers, test tubes, Bunsen burners. **(These are all bananas.)** I even have a giant ray gun! **(She brandishes her plantain at the audience.)** Just kidding. I’d never actually shoot you. I’m the good guy! And good guys, or women, in my case, don’t shoot innocent people. The only person I would be shooting is Captain Cobalt. I’ve just got to capture her, first. Now, let me tell you a little more about my nemesis. She may have won you over to her side because her name is in the title of the play, but don’t let her fool you! She is, and always has been, a nasty, nasty person. I’ve known her since we were wee lasses, and she has never been any better. Why, I’ll never forget the time she *ruined* my sixteenth birthday party, with the shaving cream and the MC Hammer pants and...for Einstein’s sake, she wasn’t even invited! That, among other reasons, is why I’m going to take down Captain Cobalt by utterly annihilating her in every conceivable way! Down to the molecular level! Normally, people would boo me for something like that, but I’m so heroic that I would murder Captain Cobalt by throwing her in a shark tank. You wouldn’t boo someone like that, would you? **(The audience might boo. Dr. Killington boos back.)** I’ll get her, and then...I might decide to rip her spine out of her still-breathing body using an elaborate crane mechanism. I could submerge her in a giant vat of pudding until it’s *death by chocolate*. Or...or I could just use my *giant ray gun* and blow her into tiny, tiny pieces while all of you watch, and I *laugh!*

**(Patty enters as Dr. Killington begins laughing evilly. Patty wears a t-shirt with Dr. Killington on it, and she is barely restraining her excitement at seeing her idol: Dr. K. As Dr. Killington’s laughter crescendos, Patty finally speaks.)**

**Patty:** Omigod, it’s your evil laugh, it’s the best evil laugh I’ve ever heard and I get to hear it in *person!!* **(She jumps up and down.)**

**Dr. K:** **(startled).** What the dickens?! Who are you?!

**Patty:** (getting right into Dr. K's face) I'm Patty. Omigod. Omigod, it is just so super cool to meet you.

(She grabs Dr. Killington's hand and shakes it for an uncomfortably long time.)

**Dr. K.:** Patty? I've never heard of a "Patty." (She yanks her hand away. **Patty keeps Dr. Killington's glove.**) And how in the name of Copernicus did you get into my *secret underground volcano* lair? Emphasis on "secret."

**Patty:** Hunh, well, that's easy. I know all about you.

### © Scripts for Stage

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage. Copying and performance licences can be obtained from <https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/captain-cobalt-performance/>*

**Dr. K.:** Because you're a...creepy stalker wearing a t-shirt with my face on it?

**Patty:** No, because I'm your biggest fan, duh! You're my absolute favorite supervillain ever! Can I try on your glasses? (She lunges for them.)

**Dr. K.:** Whoa, no, hey! (Patty succeeds in stealing the glasses and examines them, finally trying them on. Dr. Killington blinks and squints, unable to see without them.) Hey hey hey! Didn't your parents teach you not to touch other people's things?! (She points sternly at where she thinks Patty is, which is several feet away from Patty's actual location.) And I am *not* a supervillain! I'm a hero!

**Patty:** I've always wondered if you had special vision enhancers in these things.

**Dr. K.:** That's...that's literally the point of glasses.

**Patty:** Wow!

**Dr. K.:** Give those back! (Patty returns the glasses and starts pulling on Dr. Killington's other glove.) Now, come on – ugh! (Dr. Killington rips her hand away, and the glove stays with Patty.) – how did you get in here?

**Patty:** (still poking at Dr. K.) Billy let me in.

**Dr. K.:** Billy! I should have known.

**Patty:** It was so outrageously cool to meet your sidekick.

**Dr. K.:** Billy is *not* my sidekick! And why would he let some random stranger into my secret lair?

**Patty:** (finally backing off). I'm just answering the Craigslist ad.

**Dr. K.:** What Craigslist ad?

**Patty:** The one your sidekick posted. “Hero looking for assistant.” But there was a picture of you, and, since you’re my absolute favourite super villain, I knew I had to come. So I’m here! Your new assistant! **(She salutes.)** And I swear I’ll do the best job, ‘cause I know everything about you, your birthday, your favourite food –

**Dr. K.:** What’s my favourite food?

**Patty:** Haggis and boiled potatoes.

**Dr. K.:** How could you possibly know that?

**Patty:** It’s on your fansite!

**Dr. K.:** What fansite?!

**© Scripts for Stage**

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage.*

*Copying and performance licences can be obtained from*

*<https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/captain-cobalt-performance/>*

**Patty:** The one I created! Speaking of, can I get a selfie with you? **(She whips out her phone/a banana and takes a selfie with Dr. Killington before she can object.)** Omigod, you look amazing in this picture. **(She shows her.)**

**Dr. K.:** I look like a boiled potato.

**Patty:** Okay! I’m so ready to do assistant-ing! What’s my first assignment?

**Dr. K.:** I haven’t said I’ll hire you.

**(Patty is vibrating with excitement. Dr. Killington takes pity on her.)**

**Dr. K.:** Oh, gods, okay. Um, I’ll have you, uh, polish the death ray.

**Patty:** Ooh ooh ooh! I have an even better idea! I’ll go find someone for you to death ray!

**Dr. K.:** **(taking her gloves back, gently).** No, that’s, I admire your enthusiasm, but why don’t you leave that to me.

**Patty:** Yes, ma’am, Dr. Killington! You’re the super villain - you know best!

**Dr. K.:** No, I’ve told you, I’m not a supervillain, I’m a *hero*. **(Guiding Patty out.)** Just go, go polish the death ray, and send Billy in when you’ve a chance, I need to have a talk with him.

**Patty:** I’ll send in your sidekick right away, Dr. Killington! **(She salutes again and exits.)**

**Dr. K.:** **(yelling after her).** He’s not my sidekick! **(To the audience, embarrassed)** So. I’ve a number of heroic plans and I think it’s time to act on another of them. While I wait for some other schemes of mine to come to fruition, I’m

going to send Captain Cobalt a taunt so that she knows I'm still here and still planning to DESTROY HER. **(She picks up a banana from her lab bench and shows it to the audience.)**

**(Billy enters. He wears a backwards baseball cap.)**

**Billy:** Hey, Big K.

**Dr. K.:** Billy.

**Billy:** It's Bill the Chill. That's my sidekick name.

**Dr. K.:** Billy. Why did you let a strange woman into my secret lair?

**Billy:** Oh yeah! That's Patty. She's like, the most chill. She brought me quesadillas. I posted this ad on Craigslist 'cause I know you were like, looking for some extra help –

**Dr. K.:** Yes, I was looking for some *decent* help, like someone who would actually do the things I ask them to do. You know, like *you're* supposed to.

**Billy:** I could help you with things! Listen, Big K –

**Dr. K.:** I've *told* you not to call me Big K. Billy, I give you a lot of leeway because you're my nephew–

**Billy:** Hey, what's that envelope, boss?

**Dr. K.:** Something of great import.

**Billy:** Can I see?

**(Billy reaches toward the envelope/banana. Dr. Killington hunches around it protectively.)**

**Dr. K.:** No. You'll get your greasy fingerprints all over it.

**Billy:** I just washed my hands.

**Dr. K.:** I don't believe you've *ever* washed your hands.

**Billy:** I have, I swear, every time I use the bathroom.

**Dr. K.:** Before or after?

**Billy:** What, like that's important? Big K –

**Dr. K.:** Billy!

**Billy:** Lemme just see what's inside the envelope!

**Dr. K.:** It's not for you!

**Billy:** Who's it for?

**Dr. K.:** If you *must* know, it's for Captain Cobalt.

**Billy:** Ohhhh, I get it. You're giving her a present to throw her off her game.

**Dr. K.:** It's not a *present*. **(Billy reaches for it.)** Billy. I have had enough people in my personal bubble today. If you do not get out of my personal bubble then I will pull your lower lip over the top of your head.

**Billy:** Wow, that might be kinda cool! I could find out what the top of my head tastes like.

**Dr. K.:** I said your lip, not your tongue!

**Billy:** You can't taste with your lower lip?

**Dr. K.:** **(Losing her cool)**. Can you PLEASE – I just – **(she regains control)** Billy. How would you like an assignment?

**Billy:** Do you need me to deliver that to Captain Cobalt for you? **(He grabs the banana/envelope from Dr. Killington.)** That's the assignment, right? I'm ready for it! I'll just drop it off where you tell me, and then poof! Vanish into the mists like I was never there. I'll even go in disguise.

**Dr. K.:** Let's see the disguise.

© Scripts for Stage

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage.*

*Copying and performance licences can be obtained from*

<https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/captain-cobalt-performance/>

**Billy:** Here. **(He turns around and shifts his hat. When he turns back to the audience, the hat's brim is on the side of his head, instead of behind.)** You can't even recognize me, I bet. *Mysterious*. Poof!

**Dr. K.:** Poof! **(Shooing him out.)** Poof! I don't want to see you anymore! Poof! Get out of my laboratory! Get! Scat! Begone!

**Billy:** **(being forced out the door)**. 'Bye, Big K!

**Dr. K.:** **(to audience)**. I imagine I've just banished that envelope to the floor of his car. Think he'll actually deliver it? **(If the answers are 'yes')** Och, you're a bunch of gimlet-eyed optimists, you are! **(If the answers are 'no')** Right, that's what I thought.

**(Blackout.)**



## Scene 5 – Pet Store

(Projector screen reads “PET STORE.” Mr. Mushman stands onstage with a slightly larger moustache than before, tapping his foot impatiently. Cyanna enters.)

**Mushman:** Where have you been?!

**Cyanna:** I had a, um, a personal emergency. Sorry, Mr. Mushman.

**Mushman:** You’re sorry. Humph. Consider this your last chance, Conda, before you’re out and I hire some actually competent help. These chinchillas aren’t going to dust themselves, you know!

**Cyanna:** (meekly). Chinchillas actually *do* dust themselves, sir.

**Mushman:** And I need to talk to you about the capybaras. They’re clad in Captain Kirk costumes. When I *specifically said* that I wanted them dressed as cavemen. And am I hallucinating or did I tell you to dress the dart frogs as Dracula?

**Cyanna:** Sir? At what point are we going to address that most of these animals are illegal to sell in a pet store?

**Mushman:** And another thing! I noticed you’ve replaced the ferrets’ bedding.

**Cyanna:** Yes, I just thought that recycled paper bedding might be softer than wood chips. I mean, would you want to sit around on chunks of wood all day?

**Mushman:** I do sit around on chunks of wood all day – they’re called chairs!

**Cyanna:** Look, all I’m saying is –

**Mushman:** Enough! Miss Conda. I’m going into the back and change my jock strap. But before I do, I wanted to be sure to reprimand you –

**Cyanna:** You’ve been reprimanding me this entire time, sir!

**Mushman:** (revealing the envelope/banana from Dr. Killington’s lab). This envelope came for you in the mail. Don’t have anything else delivered here. I don’t want your personal life intruding on my store any more than it already has. Because I don’t care! (He shoves the envelope/banana at her and storms off the stage.)

(Cyanna’s left alone with the envelope/banana. She peels it and starts to read.)

**Cyanna:** (out to audience). My gosh! No return address. Oh. It’s a haiku. (Reading it out) “Sharpening the blade/of my big circular saw/can’t wait to kill you.” And then it’s just a bunch of evil laughter, “Mwa-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha” etc. “No love, Dr. Killington.” This is very bad. Danger is imminent. I know Dr. Killington of old. She’s never liked me, even when we were children, and I was always perfectly nice to her! Who could have guessed that she would turn so malevolent as she grew up? But she knows me all too well. She knows that I don’t like receiving envelopes in the mail, and she knows that I can’t stand her evil, evil laughter, *especially* when it’s written out. (She hurls

**the banana away from her.)** How did she find me here, in the workplace of my secret identity?! I changed my name on Facebook!

**(A stagehand comes out to pick up the squashed banana, and looks accusingly at Cyanna.)**

**Captain:** **(continued, to stagehand)**. Sorry. **(As stagehand exits)** You're doing a wonderful job! **(To audience)** Can you do me a big favor? When Dr. Killington says or does something evil, you should boo her. She's my archnemesis and a terrible villain and we need to remind her of that fact. Will you do that for me? **(Wait for audience to say yes.)** And what about this letter? Should I answer Dr. Killington? Send her some sort of message? No. I won't send her anything. I shouldn't play her silly games. I'm above that sort of claptrap. I'll just...I'll just post something passive-aggressive on Twitter. **(She pulls out her phone/banana and taps a tweet into it. Mr. Mushman enters. He is wearing a different kind of mustache.)**

© **Scripts for Stage**

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage.*

*Copying and performance licences can be obtained from*

*<https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/captain-cobalt-performance/>*

**Mushman:** Conda! The only tweeting in my pet store is done by the *birds!*

**Cyanna:** Sorry, Mr. Mushman! **(Pause.)** Wait, how did you know?

**(SFX. Sound of a crash offstage.)**

**Mushman:** **(hustling to see offstage)**. Oh no! The tarantulas are loose again! They'll be after the dogs!

**Cyanna:** Why would tarantulas want dogs?

**Mushman:** These tarantulas are radioactive. Last time I saw the tarantulas get out it was the winter of '78. Have you ever seen a radioactive tarantula swallow a dog?

**Cyanna:** Those tarantulas are radioactive?!

**Mushman:** Those poor dachshunds. It's something you'll never forget. **(Choking up)** Nothing left but the tail. Conda, get the broom, and I'll get the tranquilizer gun! You herd, I'll shoot! **(He charges offstage.)**

**(Cyanna sighs and shrugs at the audience, then exits.)**

**(Blackout.)**

## Scene 6 – A Nearby Park

**(Projector screen reads “A NEARBY PARK.” Captain Cobalt soliloquizes. She is holding a sandwich/banana.)**

**Captain:** Finally out of there! Ugh. That man doesn't know how to run a pet shop. That pet shop needs a *real* leader. Like *me*. I'm too good for that job, anyway. I'm Captain Cobalt! When I beat supervillains, people cheer for me! True, they don't necessarily know my name – *yet* – but when they do, and they *will*, everyone will look up to me. They'll make flags with my face on them! If I didn't need the money, I'd leave that job today! Me, Captain Cobalt, working as a lowly pet store clerk – how bland, how dull, how *not me*. It's absurd. **(Looking about.)** At least it's a lovely day. I packed a sandwich so that I can lunch in the park. You know, being a hero is rather like making a sandwich. You have the meat of the matter: saving the world from evil. Then you add on other ingredients, like tomatoes: the fiery red of rescuing people from burning buildings. Lettuce: the crunchy green of stopping bank robberies. Sprouts: because I love sprouts. Wrap it all up in two big slices of heroism, and– **(She looks up. The sky is turning suddenly dark.)** My gosh. The sky is turning suddenly dark. How ominous. **(There's a lightning flash and a crack of thunder.)** Even more ominous. What could it be omin-ning? Something to do with the various supervillains **(or ordinary villains)** roaming this poor, beleaguered city? I've heard that General Chipmunkenstein is back, gathering his chipmunk army. Or perhaps Professor Wigglestonian was released from the hospital after that walloping I gave her a few weeks ago! Or it might even be that most nefarious of villains...the Moist Pants Man. But supposing this storm is omin-ning some outrageously cruel whim of nature? I'll have to use my self-trained superpowers to battle the ferocity of the environment itself!

**(A man wearing a large cheese cowboy hat and a cheese tie enters. This is the Cheesemeister.)**

**Cheesemeister:** **(in a loud, Southern-USA-accented voice).** I am the Cheesemeister!

**Cyanna:** **(to audience, sotto voce).** *This* is what it was omin-ning?!

**Cheesemeister:** All tremble before my cheese-osity! You'd cheddar get ready, because I'm feta up with the lack of cheese in this town. I can't camembert it any longer! **(Spotting the Captain)** Well, well, well. If it isn't the Cerulean Avenger.

**Captain:** Captain Cobalt.

**Cheesemeister:** What? Oh. I thought.

**Captain:** I am Captain Cobalt! And I'm here to smoke your gruyere, Cheesemeister!

**Cheesemeister:** Ha-ha-ha! Watch out, you gorgon-zola! You'll never stop me! I'm here to smother the populace in Cheez-with-a-Z.

**Captain:** Not in my city, you muenster. **(Goofy fight ensues. Cheesemeister takes off laughing.)** Cheesemeister, you're ricotta time!

**(She takes her time getting ready and then charges off after him. SFX. Sounds of a fight are heard, with more exaggerated Batman-esque fight**

noises. This continues as Claudette, a French tourist, enters, carrying a banana/cell phone.)

**Claudette:** (trying to position her phone/banana to capture both her and the fight happening offstage. She turns on the 'record' function and speaks into the camera) 'Allo, followers! Welcome to my video blog! I am 'ere in America, so I will speak American for you! In America, they have fights on the street all the time, it is tres degoutant, very gauche. I suppose it is what is in fashion, though, so I will tell you all about it. (She fixes her camera on the battle offstage. A 'bash' sound is heard.) The only man of sense in the whole country, The Cheesemeister, is trying to save the city from a lack of cheese, while the selfish woman in blue tries to stop 'im.

**Captain:** (offstage) Unhand that cheese wheel!

© Scripts for Stage

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage.*

*Copying and performance licences can be obtained from*

*<https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/captain-cobalt-performance/>*

**Claudette:** I should tell you about what everyone is wearing, I think, non? The gentleman putting the cheese on people's sandwiches and laughing is very well-dressed in a cheese tie and a cheese cowboy hat, while the blue woman is in an ill-advised jumpsuit. I like the way The Cheesemeister is spraying the building behind me in brie. It is very artistic. Mon dieu!

(SFX. An explosion offstage.)

**Claudette:** Poor Cheesemeister! There is not very much of him left! Just a small portion of a (she kisses her fingers) mwah! Very fragrant limberger.

(A banana comes tumbling onto the stage.)

**Claudette:** Oh, non! There is The Cheesemeister's corpse. I'll just turn the camera away from that.

(Captain Cobalt enters, brushing off her hands.)

**Claudette:** Excusez-moi? Mademoiselle Bleu?

**Captain:** Yes?

**Claudette:** Please can you look into the camera?

(She arranges the Captain as she wants her.)

**Claudette:** Is for my followers, I run the fashion vlog 'Le Chic of the Week', you have 'eard of it?

**Captain:** Uh...

**Claudette:** Tell me, why 'ave you killed The Cheesemeister.

**Captain:** He was a threat to the city. I have saved the city from certain cheesiness. You're welcome, foreigner.

**Claudette:** Oui, and what 'ave you against cheese?

**Captain:** Well, if you want the truth...

**Claudette:** Oui?

**Captain:** I'm lactose intolerant.

**Claudette:** Oh, non. That is...I am sorry. That is a tragedy for you.

**Captain:** Thank you.

**Claudette:** Almost as big of a tragedy as your outfit.

**Captain:** What?

**Claudette:** Okay, selfie! **(She forces the Captain to pose, then kisses the Captain on both cheeks in the French fashion, and flounces off the stage.)**

**Captain:** **(out to the audience).** Tourists. **(She struts off the stage, calling as she exits)** Officers! Do you need any assistance scraping the cheese off of those buildings? I know it can get all gross when it cools off...

**(Dr. Killington comes storming onstage as soon as Captain Cobalt is off. She's holding several bananas taped together: a freeze-ray gun.)**

**Dr. K.:** Drat! Where'd she go? **(To audience)** I'm ready for her this time! This is my freeze-ray. Doesn't it look awesome? I'm going to freeze her and then bring her back to my secret lair to interrogate and kill her. I'm so heroic I can't even stand myself sometimes.

**(Billy enters at a jog then stops and gasps for breath.)**

**Billy:** Boss, I don't think all this exercise is good for me. My doctor says that I shouldn't let myself get winded, 'cause it takes all the taste out of my blood.

**Dr. K.:** What kind of a quack doctor says something like that? Who's your doctor, anyway?

**Billy:** Dr. Acula.

**Dr. K.:** **(out to audience).** There you have it, folks. The worst joke we'll tell in this ridiculous play.

**Billy:** Remember, Big K, I'm Bill the Chill. I'm your sidekick now, remember? That's why you brought me out with you.

**Dr. K.:** I don't have a sidekick, I have assistants. And I brought Patty, too. Now go do your job and find Captain Cobalt so I can capture her.

**Billy:** Sure thing, Dr. Killington. I'll be the best sidekick ever, you'll see! **(He exits. Offstage, to Captain Cobalt)** Oh, whoa! Dude! You should definitely go

over there, lady – there’s like, a superhero convention happening. **(He pokes his head back onstage.)** I gotcha covered, boss, she’s coming this way. **(He exits again.)**

**Dr. K.:** Oh! It’s happening. **(She does a little shake down to prepare herself, then stretches a little bit. To the audience)** I hope you won’t boo me over this, but I look pretty heroic, right? Don’t boo me! **(Audience boos.)** Whatever, I look great.

**(Captain Cobalt enters.)**

**© Scripts for Stage**

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage.  
Copying and performance licences can be obtained from  
<https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/captain-cobalt-performance/>*

**Captain:** Dr. Killington! I should have known. You always were the type to hold a grudge.

**Dr. K.:** I’ve got you this time, **Captain:** And I’m going to make you pay for what you did to me on September 15th, 1986.

**Captain:** I don’t remember doing anything to you –

**Dr. K.:** My teddy bear! You know what you did.

**Captain:** That was a long time ago, Janey. And it’s no excuse for being the menace to society you’ve become. **(She steps forward to attack Dr. Killington.)**

**Dr. K.:** Not so fast, Captain!

**(She aims her giant banana gun and tries to shoot it. SFX. sound of the gun failing to fire. Dr. Killington hits it a couple of times and then tosses it aside, growling in frustration. She charges at Captain Cobalt, ready to strangle her, and Captain Cobalt puts out a hand and places it on Dr. Killington’s head. Dr. Killington flails uselessly at Captain Cobalt.)**

**Captain:** **(laughing).** I forgot how tiny you were.

**(Cobalt shoves Dr. Killington away and then punches her upside the jaw. Dr. Killington goes flying and is knocked to the ground. Captain Cobalt advances on Dr. Killington when an alarm starts to go off on Cobalt’s phone/banana. Cobalt pulls it out.)**

**Captain:** Jiminy crickets! I’ll be late to my underwater boxing class! **(She dashes off the stage.)**

**Dr. K.:** **(from the floor).** Oh noooooooooo... **(She weakly flops around a bit, and then a bit more in increasingly silly ways. To audience)** You’re laughing at me? Sadists.

**(Patty enters, wearing a cheerleader skirt and holding two pom-poms/bananas. She doesn’t notice that Dr. Killington is on the floor, and**

**instead launches into a cheer routine. As she cheers, Dr. Killington slowly drags herself up off the floor.)**

**Patty:** Ready?! Okay!  
Who's the best in every way,  
Who'll take down Captain C today?!  
Her laughter is man-i-acal,  
To surrender is ad-vis-able!  
1 - 2 - 3 - 4  
5 - 6 - 7 - *kick!*  
She's the one who has no chill-ington,  
And her name is Dr. Kill-ington!  
Dr. K.! Dr. K.! Goooooo Dr. K.!

**(Patty bounces around a bit until she notices Dr. Killington glaring at her.)**

**Dr. K.:** Give me those pom-poms.

**(Dr. K. seizes the pom-poms/bananas and chucks them offstage one at a time. A stagehand leans out and catches them then gives a thumbs-up to the audience.)**

**Dr. K.:** Wait, where did she go?! Where did Captain Cobalt go?!

**Patty:** I'm not sure, but I think she left.

**Dr. K.:** Arrrrgh! **(Picks up freeze gun.)** And this useless thing. Ugh! I'll get her! I will, just you wait! Because I'm the hero, and murdering Captain Cobalt is the best thing a hero can do! **(She runs off the stage.)**

**(Patty watches her go then notices the corpse/banana lying on the stage.)**

**Patty:** Oh – someone's left this bloody, cheesy corpse just lying here on the ground! I should...probably clean that up. **(She lifts the banana as though she is dragging a corpse by its armpits, and shuffles awkwardly off the stage.)**

**(Blackout.)**

## Scene 7 – Dry Cleaners

**(Projector screen reads “DRY CLEANERS.” Taylor is talking on the phone, which is a banana.)**

**Taylor:** No, I’m not sure I understand. You’re saying the entire three-piece suit is made out of denim? And what do you want me to do with it? *Acid-wash* it? No, I don’t think it’s advisable to wear it with flip-flops. Are you—oh, you’re from Florida, that makes a lot more sense.

**(Cyanna enters and stands awkwardly, holding an article of clothing/banana.)**

**Taylor:** Hold on, I—sorry, I’m going to have to call you back. **(To Cyanna)** Hello, welcome to – say, you look familiar.

**Cyanna:** Me? I...

**Taylor:** You work at the pet store, right? **(Cyanna is confused.)** Your uniform.

**Cyanna:** Oh. Yes. I have this...article of clothing...to repair? There. That burn mark.

**Taylor:** Sure, go ahead and write your name here.

**(Cyanna does, using a banana to ‘write.’)**

**Taylor:** That’ll be ready by next Thursday. You really do look so familiar. Have I met you somewhere before?

### © Scripts for Stage

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage.*

*Copying and performance licences can be obtained from*

<https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/captain-cobalt-performance/>

**Cyanna:** **(laughing nervously)** I, uh, I don’t know. I take an underwater boxing class?

**Taylor:** No, that’s not it...

**Cyanna:** Did you...did you see the fight on the news?

**Taylor:** Which fight on the news?

**Cyanna:** With Captain Cobalt. She’s so heroic.

**Taylor:** Oh. Yeah. That was...really something.

**Cyanna:** **(dreamily, watching Taylor)** Yeah, really something. Something gorgeous.

**Taylor:** Pardon me?

**Cyanna:** Uh, never mind! Just...back to the daily rind, I guess. Glad that cheese guy left us provolone.



**(Taylor is smiling politely at her. He doesn't get the joke.)**

**Cyanna:** I...I guess I'll see you Thursday.

**Taylor:** See you then!

**(Cyanna leaves, and Taylor looks thoughtful. Then the penny drops.)**

**Taylor:** *Ohhh. Provolone.* I get it. Hah.

**(Captain Cobalt enters.)**

**Captain:** Good afternoon, citizen.

**Taylor:** Oh! Hello! It's you. You'll never believe this – I just saw this woman, she could have been your doppelganger. You know how there are supposed to be six other people in the world who, through some confluence of genetics, look exactly like you?

**Captain:** Oh?

**Taylor:** Yeah, it must be something like that. Unless it was your twin. You don't have a twin, do you?

**Captain:** **(laughing).** No.

**Taylor:** It's not as uncommon as you'd think. I mean, *I* have a – I mean, *I had* a...never mind. It's good to see you.

**Captain:** It is good to see me. And it's good to see you, Taylor the Tailor. I've brought you a garment that needs repair.

**Taylor:** Is that your spare supersuit? Wow.

**Captain:** Yes, well it would be a lot more "wow" if it didn't have this large hole in it.

**Taylor:** **(holding up Captain Cobalt's and Cyanna's garments).** These...burn marks are in the same place.

**Captain:** What an interesting coincidence! But I bet you see things like that all the time.

**Taylor:** I am in the business. Maybe your doppelganger was standing behind you when you were burned? **(He shakes himself.)** Sorry, I'm a little distracted. I'm not used to being in such...dazzling...company.

**Captain:** Do you think I'm dazzling, Mr. the Tailor?

**Taylor:** Maybe I was talking about your suit.

**Captain:** Oh?

**Taylor:** Or maybe I was talking about you in it.

**Captain:** Oh...

**Taylor:** Though maybe some time I'd like to see you out of it.

**Captain:** Oh!

**Taylor:** What I'm saying is that I'd (**flirty**) like to alter your garment. If you know what I mean.

**Captain:** I'm not sure I *do* know what you mean.

**Taylor:** (**leaning in closer**). I can show you what I mean. Privately. If you're interested.

**Captain:** Mr. the Tailor...are you...innuendo-ing?

**Taylor:** If it's not too forward, I'd like to take you out sometime. Or we could just stay in. I'd like to get to know you a little better.

**Captain:** Understandable. (**Shy and flirty**) Yeah, I'd like that. (**Back to Captain-y**) Of course, there are villains who need to be punished for their crimes and kittens stuck in trees and, but (**flirty**) I might be able to pencil you in between kittens.

**Taylor:** Tomorrow night?

© **Scripts for Stage**

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage.*

*Copying and performance licences can be obtained from*

*<https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/captain-cobalt-performance/>*

**Captain:** If destiny doesn't intervene.

**Taylor:** Maybe destiny involves something other than battling.

**Captain:** (**distracted, staring at him**). Our tongues could maybe battle.

**Taylor:** Huh?

**Captain:** I, uh, I was saying, tomorrow night sounds good.

(**SFX. An alarm begins to go off offstage. Captain Cobalt runs dramatically to look out the "door."**)

**Captain:** (**continued**). Great gravy! That sinister man is robbing a bank! Who is it? (**She peers closer.**) It's...gasp! The Orange Egotist! If he's up to his old tricks, he's probably telling everyone that he has a degree in bank robberology.

**Taylor:** And that he's the best at robbing banks, probably ever.

**Captain:** Exactly!

**Taylor:** I guess you have to go, then.

**Captain:** I am in the business.

**Taylor:** Here, um **(he holds out his card, which is a banana)**, here's my business card. Call me?

**(Captain Cobalt searches in vain for a pocket in her uniform, and finally settles on tucking the card/banana into her cleavage.)**

**Captain:** I'll keep this close to my heart. **(Captain Cobalt gazes at him, then snaps herself out of it.)** I should...probably go save some lives, Taylor.

**Taylor:** Probably.

**Captain:** I'll see you tomorrow night. Farewell, Taylor!

**(She takes off flying. As soon as she's gone a hard look comes over Taylor's face. He pulls out a phone/banana and dials.)**

**Taylor:** **(into the phone)**. I've arranged to meet her tomorrow night, privately. If I can't knock her out then, maybe with a second date. When I get her, where should I bring her? Right. I'll be in touch...Dr. Killington.

**(SFX. Sinister foreboding music. Blackout as the sound effect plays. End Act 1.)**

## #Act 2

### Scene 1 – News Studio/Outside the Old Treacle Factory

**(SFX. News music plays. Lights up on a News Anchor, Belinda at a desk in a studio. Projector screen has a logo with a spinning globe.)**

**Belinda:** Good morning. This is Action News 59 ½, and I'm Belinda Barnstormer. Breaking news at the old treacle factory downtown this afternoon, where an enormous ball of taffy has been hurled out of a window, crushing several bystanders. An unknown superhero is apparently locked in battle with Sweets McGee, the notorious candy-themed villain. On the scene is Alex Arm'n'Hammer, with more information.

**(Lights up on Alex and a bystander, Chester. Actor 2 should scramble into her Chester costume and go running across the stage panting.)**

**Alex:** Thanks, Belinda. I'm here live on the scene with an eyewitness. What's your name?

**Chester:** Chester.

**Alex:** And how are you feeling, friend?

**Chester:** Sticky.

**Alex:** Yes, I noticed that you're covered in strawberry syrup.

**Chester:** Yeah, it's, um. In my shoes. And...everywhere.

**Alex:** I think our viewing audience is more interested in hearing about this new superhero's clash with this candy-coated criminal. What is it that you saw? Did you see Sweets McGee?

**Chester:** I think so. I saw someone wearing a lot of pink. He was laughing a lot and waving a giant candy cane. There was some kind of machine throwing gumdrops at people. Have you ever had a gumdrop whipped at your face really fast?

**Alex:** No, I can't say that I have.

**© Scripts for Stage**

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage.*

*Copying and performance licences can be obtained from*

*<https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/captain-cobalt-performance/>*

**Chester:** All I'm saying is that I'm giving this place the worst Yelp review.

**Alex:** I'm sorry to hear that. Did you happen to catch a glimpse of our hero, and can you venture a guess as to who she might be?

**Chester:** The one wearing the blue jumpsuit? Uh, they were kind of far away. Could it be General Chipmunkerstein?

**Alex:** Perhaps, although as far as I'm aware General Chipmunkerstein doesn't wear a cape, is a villain, and has a large army of chipmunks. One last question: I understand that you're visiting from out of town?

**Chester:** Yes. I'm an opera singer, I'm on tour with the Transylvanian Orchestra. I actually have a performance tonight.

**Alex:** Well, I know you've got to go and clean off the rest of the strawberry sauce before your show, but we have time for a preview performance. Take it away!

**(There's just enough time for Chester to panic before the News Anchor in the studio cuts back in. This is achieved by the lights changing and Actor 2 scrambling back into her Belinda costume as she moves and delivers her line.)**

**Belinda:** I'm sorry, Alex, I'm going to have to cut that short, as I've received some new information here in the studio. According to our sources, Sweets McGee has been apprehended by the local police department and this new superhero – who says her name is “Captain Cobalt.” Sweets McGee has been encased in solid treacle, but doctors say it's favorable that he should eventually be removed from the tasty treat and regain the use of most of his toes. Many thanks to newcomer Captain Cobalt for saving the city from, doubtlessly, a great number of cavities. We'll have more after this short commercial break.

**(Blackout.)**

## Interlude

*[Pet store commercial plays. The contents of this are up to the production team but could go something like this:*

**Mushman:** (standing behind a table that has bananas on it). Which way do I look? Uh, come to Mr. Mushman's pet store, where we have **(he holds up a banana)** chinchillas! And they're very soft. And then we have puppies **(another banana)**, or you could have this puppy **(banana)**, or you could have *this* puppy **(banana)**—no, wait, this one is a cat.

**(Cut scene, still Mr. Mushman.)**

**Mushman:** Stop the camera, I'm having a jock strap problem. **(He waves a hand at the camera and starts to exit.)**

**(Cut scene, still Mr. Mushman. He waves for Cyanna to enter the frame.)**

**Mushman:** Conda, get in here, get in here. Where are the parakeets, I told you to get the parakeets.

**Cyanna:** **(searching on the table)**. Uh, I don't know...is this it? **(She holds up a banana.)**

**Mushman:** No, that's a capybara, get outta here. **(He shoves her out of frame.)**

**(Cut scene, still Mr. Mushman. He pets a banana as if it is a hamster and speaks to it.)**

**Mushman:** Herman, you're a good-looking hamster, and I think not enough people tell you that. You should really take more heart to yourself, and—

**Cyanna:** **(offscreen)**. Sir? We're still filming the commercial.

**Mushman:** **(to Cyanna)**. What? **(He holds the banana/hamster out toward the camera.)** You should buy this!

**(Cut scene, still Mr. Mushman. He waves for Cyanna to enter again.)**

**Mushman:** Conda, get in here. Say the line.

**Cyanna:** Um...

**Mushman:** The line, say the line!

**Cyanna:** Uh, come to Mr. Mushman's pet store. Where everyone's always smiling!

**(The pair freeze, staring at the camera. "Mr. Mushman's Pet Store" text appears over the frame, which holds for an uncomfortably long time.)**

**(End.)]**

## Scene 2 – Pet Store

(Projector screen reads “PET STORE.” Mr. Mushman, wearing a larger moustache than before, this one improbably large, is haranguing a snake/banana.)

**Mushman:** Seymour, you may supposed to be some sort of snake, but seriously, your slithering is not up to snuff! It’s more of a saunter than a slither, and I don’t accept any slacking from the snakes in this establishment! Some snakes certainly seek to secure slithering services of their own, snakes that seem superior to you in their sincerity. So you will *slither*, or so help me –

(Cyanna comes rushing in, pulling on her uniform top.)

**Cyanna:** I’m sorry, Mr. Mushman! There was a traffic jam near the old treacle factory –

**Mushman:** The treacle factory? Isn’t that all the way downtown? (**Suspiciously**) What were you doing downtown?

© Scripts for Stage

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage.*

*Copying and performance licences can be obtained from*

<https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/captain-cobalt-performance/>

**Cyanna:** I was – um. Buying you one of those fancy bagels you like.

**Mushman:** The ones with the pop rocks in ‘em?

**Cyanna:** (**clearly grossed out**). Yes.

**Mushman:** Well, where is it?

**Cyanna:** I couldn’t get it. Because of the traffic. (**Pause.**) Sorry.

**Mushman:** If you had to be late, at least you had a good excuse. I saw that fight at the old treacle factory on the news. “Captain Cobalt,” huh? I’m no superhero groupie, but she seems all right to me. Plus, some guy named Chester from the Transylvanian opera was there. Thought I might go catch the opera tonight. (**He straightens his moustache.**) He was kind of cute. Do you think if I showed off my gerbil juggling trick it would impress him?

**Cyanna:** How could anyone not be impressed by gerbil juggling?

**Mushman:** *Exactly!* That’s my motto.

**Cyanna:** I know, Mr. Mushman, you have it on your desk.

**Mushman:** Your uniform is looking very tidy, for once.

**Cyanna:** Thanks. (**Clearly thinking about Taylor**) I got it cleaned at this great new dry cleaning shop...such handsome...um...dry cleaning.

**Mushman:** Hunh. I'm going back to finish scolding this snake. See that you set up the display stands satisfactorily, and spray some of that sandalwood scent around, it stinks in here.

**Cyanna:** Have the guinea pigs been nervous again?

**Mushman:** You know they live in a constant state of anxiety. Just do your job! **(To the snake, on his way out)** You do your job, too! **(He exits.)**

**Cyanna:** **(to herself)**. That was a close call! My cover story gets harder and harder to maintain. Oh, the struggle of clinging to whatever normal life I can muster for myself! Life as a superhero remains forever and ever more challenging. **(Touching her uniform shirt.)** He noticed the quality of cleanliness of Taylor's work. Of course he did! Taylor is a very...talented man. But he calls into question, once more, my capabilities of balancing my two identities. Taylor has flirted with Captain Cobalt, but what does he think about Cyanna Conda? But that makes me wonder... Which is the real me? The lowly pet store shop clerk? Or the courageous Captain of superheroism? I suppose the better question is: who is going to meet Taylor for a date tonight? **(As Cyanna)** Me? Or... **(as Captain Cobalt)** Me?! ...Or...both? Is there room in this hero's life...for *love*?

**(Leslie, the bystander from the first act, runs into the shop and stops in front of Cyanna, gasping for breath.)**

**Leslie:** Oh my God. Oh my God, you would not believe.

**Cyanna:** Are you all right? Take a deep breath.

**Leslie:** **(still gasping)**. Wow. You seem so nice!

**Cyanna:** I do?

**Leslie:** We're friends now.

**Cyanna:** **(pleased)**. Okay. New friend. What's going on?

**(Leslie takes a deep breath and immediately launches full-speed into a monologue.)**

**Leslie:** I was just coming from Pilates, I take this Tuesday class with my pal Trisha, and we were talking about maybe having a coconut water or maybe, like, a Long Island iced tea - like, I know it's only 11:30 but it's *just been that kind of a day*, like there was this guy at the gym, right?, and he was giving me this *look* as if to say 'I see you, Leslie. I see you with your firm abs and your ponytail and your sweatband.' Like he was looking *through* me but in a good way. And anyway, he finally comes over and says 'You have sports drink all over your butt,' it was *mortifying*, so anyway, Long Island iced tea, but then me and Trisha were walking and *wham* it came out of nowhere! And separated us!

**Cyanna:** What came out of nowhere?

**Leslie:** And I needed to get out of its way, it could smash up the city and, you know, what if it smushed my hat? I mean, I love this hat. Don't you love this hat?



**Cyanna:** It's a very nice hat. What is it that came out of nowhere?

**Leslie:** Oh, right. So I'm looking at Trisha and then it was right between us and I was up against a wall, thinking, I cannot even *believe* that something like that would just appear in this city, like, you think, you're just ready for anything, you walk out the door so confident in the morning thinking that you know what life's about. It's obviously about eggs.

**Cyanna:** Eggs?

**Leslie:** Yes, eggs. Are they good for you? Are they bad for you? They could be baby chickens someday, or they could be like a faboo omelette. I think that's the meaning of life, you know? Like...am I a baby chicken? Or am I a quiche?

**Cyanna:** You said that something separated you from your friend.

**Leslie:** Yes! Trisha. Now there is a girl who has life figured out. She used to work in business management but then one day she threw it all away because she just *knew* that she needed to be selling bacon fat body butter.

**Cyanna:** (**disgusted**). Why bacon fat?

**Leslie:** *Exactly*. Only Trisha knows. I hope she's okay after that giant robot got in between us.

**Cyanna:** (**dramatic glasses removal**). A giant robot?!

© **Scripts for Stage**

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage.  
Copying and performance licences can be obtained from  
<https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/captain-cobalt-performance/>*

**Leslie:** (**peering suspiciously at Cyanna**). Hey, you look, like, super familiar...

**Cyanna:** (**hastily putting her glasses back on**). Haha, I can't see a thing without those. (**Back to business.**) Who's controlling this giant robot?

**Leslie:** I think it's controlling itself. It has a name printed on the side, though. Dr. Killingsworth?

**Cyanna:** Dr. Killington!

**Leslie:** Yeah, and it said over its loudspeaker that it was looking for some superhero, I met her a few days ago, really nice lady in a blue suit.

**Cyanna:** Captain Cobalt!

**Leslie:** Yeah, that's her! It was right by that great dry-cleaning place, the one with the cute clerk. Tyler?

**Cyanna:** (**with a gasp**). Taylor?

**Leslie:** Hey, listen, do you have somewhere to hide here? I have this thing about giant robots, after what happened to my uncle Jimmy, so I don't really want to be, you know, out there? Right now?

**Cyanna:** Yes, we have somewhere you can—wait, what happened to your uncle Jimmy?

**Leslie:** I don't mean to be rude?, but this is kind of not the time for small-talk.

**Cyanna:** How do you feel about alligators? There's one in the basement.

**Leslie:** I *love* them, like wow! That was my uncle Jimmy's favorite animal before the Incident, and you know my new pal Caroline says—

**Cyanna:** **(hurriedly pushing Leslie offstage).** Okay, yes, good, great, you can hide back there, 'bye!

**Leslie:** 'Bye, new friend! **(She exits.)**

**Cyanna:** **(resuming her monologue to the audience).** More quandaries! Here I am faced with a choice: retain my ill-suited employment, or save the city from the throes of robotic peril? The shop doesn't yet smell of sandalwood - and the streets don't yet smell of justice! **(To audience)** What should I do? **(Listens to responses from audience and ad-libs a little. Finally, clutching her head)** This identity crisis has seized me at the worst time, for while *I* am in crisis, so is the metropolis!

**(Mushman enters again, wearing a huge moustache that is basically the entire lower half of his face.)**

**Mushman:** Conda! Why is there a woman in my basement talking about how fast alligators can run?

**Cyanna:** Mr. Mushman – sir – there's a threat to the city and I need some time –

**Mushman:** Another one? That's old news.

**Cyanna:** It's just that I'm worried about my poor granny –

**Mushman:** You told me your granny was dead.

**Cyanna:** I have another one.

**Mushman:** I'm sure she'll be fine. Meantime, I don't smell any sandalwood! I'm paying you for something, Conda, and I'm fairly sure it's not to stand around whining about your poor old granny and the threat to the city, and I'm *more* than fairly sure that I don't pay you to send random strangers into my basement, and I'm *more* than more than –

**Cyanna:** **(under the previous).** Sir. Sir? *Sir. Mr. Mushman.* **(He finally stops.)** I'm going on a leave of absence. Here's your sandalwood scent! **(She picks up the sandalwood spray and sprays it everywhere, going “pshhhhhh” to simulate the spray.)** Someone's gotta keep the grannies safe. **(She charges out.)**

**(Mushman stands alone, staring after her. His moustache starts twitching, and then he sneezes, loudly, his mustache flying off. As he gapes at his former moustache, angry, we go to blackout.)**

### Scene 3 – A City Street

(Projector screen reads “A CITY STREET.” Dr. Killington stands downstage and talks to the audience.)

**Dr. K.:** Ha! You thought you’d seen the last of me. Well, I’m glad I don’t have to disappoint you – I’m back! And I am on my way to watch my GIANT ROBOT kill Captain Cobalt. Because she’s...terrible. Why I remember one time when we were in swim class and she utterly *humiliated* me – and I don’t even *know* why there was a tootsie roll in the pool. I’ve got to take her down, once and for all. That’s why I’m the hero. You know, I’ve found that being a hero like me comes with challenges. For instance, I’m currently having a Snapchat argument with another quasi-public figure. He goes by ‘Florida Man.’ At first I wasn’t too impressed with him ‘cause he goes ‘round wearing backwards visors and fanny packs, but then I found out that he wears a live alligator strapped to each foot. You. Right there. Do you know how fast alligators can run? **(Waits for response.)** Well, guess for me.

**[To be used in the event that someone didn’t read the program: (If they guess lower than 20 miles an hour:)]** You don’t think much of alligators, do you? I’m talking about a live alligator, not someone’s purse. They can run 20 miles an hour, you fool.

**(If they guess higher than 20 miles an hour:)** Was an alligator your valedictorian in high school or something? Class president? You think rather highly of them, don’t you? They can run 20 miles an hour, you fool.]

**(If they say 20 miles an hour, which they will if they’ve read their program:)** What? 20 miles an hour? Wow, you either guessed it right, or you’re well up on your alligator facts. We’ve never had someone give the right answer before. Hold on a tick. **(She calls out for the director, stage manager, or a stagehand.)** *[Name! Name!]* Get out here! **(The director, stage manager, or stagehand comes out.)** This is our director/stage manager/stagehand, *[Name. Name]*, I think we should give this person – what’s your name, friend-o? **(She waits for a response from audience member, then pulls them up on the stage. To audience)** Round of applause for *[Audience member]*, please! *[Director/Stagehand]*, do we have something to give to *[Audience member]* as a prize? Well, come up with something, damn you!

**Stagehand:** I have an unlocked Apple iPhone 10. Would that work?

© Scripts for Stage

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage.*

*Copying and performance licences can be obtained from*

<https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/captain-cobalt-performance/>

**Dr. K.:** Ooh, lucky you, *[Audience member]*. **(To audience)** See, we’re fancy here, anything could happen in this show, you could even win a new phone!

**(Stagehand exits and returns carrying a banana.)**

**Stagehand:** Here you go, congratulations! Still in the box.

**Dr. K.:** All right, off with you! **(She sends the audience member back to their seat with another round of applause.)** Right, where were we? Florida Man! Backwards visors, fanny packs, live alligator on each foot running at 20 miles an hour. How'd you like two rows of sharp teeth coming straight at you that fast topped by a man yelling "Hold my beer, this is gonna get me on the news!"

**(A small child, Jenny, approaches during the above. She is bouncing an invisible ball.)**

**Jenny:** Hey! **(Dr. Killington turns. Jenny bounces the ball off Dr. Killington's face.)** Aren't you that supervillain?

**Dr. K.:** Och! No! I'm *not* a supervillain. I'm a – **(Jenny bounces the ball off her face again.)** I'm a *hero*, thank you very – and anyway, who wants to know?

**Jenny:** Me.

**(Jenny throws the ball again and Dr. Killington catches it.)**

**Dr. K.:** Didn't your mum teach you about stranger danger?

**Jenny:** Give me back my ball.

**Dr. K.:** No.

**Jenny:** I'm gonna tell my older brother Josh that I saw a supervillain and that'll show him, 'cause he saw some crummy superhero and he's been bragging about it as if it's actually cool or something, and a supervillain's even better to meet, so nyah.

**Dr. K.:** Which crummy superhero?

**Jenny:** Some new lady. Blue lady.

**Dr. K.:** Captain Cobalt?

**Jenny:** Yeah, she was on the news! Can I have my ball back?

**Dr. K.:** Are you going to bounce it off my face?

**Jenny:** Yes.

**Dr. K.:** Then still no. What's your name?

**Jenny:** Jenny. You know how I know you're a bad supervillain? You haven't killed me yet.

**Dr. K.:** You are taking your life in your hands, Jenny. Even though I am not – NOT – a supervillain.

**Jenny:** Yes, you are!

**Dr. K.:** No, I'm not!

**Jenny:** Yes, you ARE!

**Dr. K.:** No, I'm NOT!

**Jenny:** Yes you are times infinity!

**(Dr. Killington is about to say something but stops short and makes a face at Jenny. Jenny makes a face back. Several further ridiculous faces are made.)**

**Jenny:** **(continued)**. You're kind of cool, you know.

**Dr. K.:** Yes, I am. The coolest. And it's about time someone realized that. **(She tosses Jenny the ball.)** Run along home, you little terror.

**(Jenny bounces her ball off of Dr. Killington's face one more time, then skips off the stage laughing.)**

**Dr. K:** **(continued, to audience)**. Ha! Enough time wasted – I'm off to murder Captain Cobalt via giant robot. Wish me luck! And no booing. **(If the audience wishes her luck)** Well, there's a first. **(If they boo or say 'no.')** Oh, God, *whatever*.

**(She charges off.)**

## Interlude

(Sound cue: a radio news program. SFX. Music plays. Projector screen has a picture of a radio microphone. Bob and Jim lean out from the sides of the backdrop to deliver their lines.)

- Bob:** Thanks for listening in, folks, this is News on the Hour on 107.7 FM: The Pond. News helicopters have spotted what appears to be an enormous, house-sized robot stomping its way through City Centre Park.
- Jim:** Sounds like it's holding a grudge, Bob.
- Bob:** That's right, Jim. It's blasting a message for all to hear that it wants to fight the magnificent –
- Jim:** – the fabulous –
- Bob:** – that caped wonder –
- Both:** Captain Cobalt!
- Bob:** She is just fantastic, Jim. Did you see her on 59 ½ this morning? Such style!
- Jim:** I was honestly a little overcome, Bob.
- Bob:** By what?
- Jim:** By – **(he laughs)** by how amazing she is! What do you mean, by what? You weren't overcome?
- Bob:** All right, I was, a little.
- Jim:** A lot.
- Bob:** All right, a lot. Well, let's hope Captain Cobalt will come flying to our rescue once again!
- Jim:** She's so heroic.
- Bob:** I know, Jim. We take you back now to the ska/dubstep power hour on –
- Both:** 107.7: The Pond!

## Scene 4 – Jo-Jo’s Living Room

(Lights up on a bench or similar. Projector screen reads “JO-JO’S LIVING ROOM.” SFX. There is the sound of distant explosions. An old woman, Maggie, who is wearing enormous glasses, enters slowly, squinting at the 4th wall. She fumbles her way into sitting down. She sits there, smacking her lips and squinting, finally turning to call offstage.)

**Maggie:** Jo-Jo! There’s something going on down on the street!

**Jo-Jo:** (calling from backstage). So?!

**Maggie:** So get out here and tell me what the heckfire it is! You know how ineffective my peepers are!

**Jo-Jo:** (entering slowly). Hold onto your underpants!

(SFX. Another distant explosion is heard.)

### © Scripts for Stage

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage.*

*Copying and performance licences can be obtained from*

<https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/captain-cobalt-performance/>

**Maggie:** I think there are explosions. I can hear explosions. (**Jo-Jo finally sits.**) Where have you been?

**Jo-Jo:** Getting a tattoo. (**Maggie scoffs.**) I got a tattoo of your disapproving face.

**Maggie:** Where? Let me see it.

**Jo-Jo:** None of your business. I’ll just say that it’s uncomfortable to sit down right now.

**Maggie:** Lies! (**There’s another sound of an explosion.**) Ooh! What’s happening, Jo-Jo?

**Jo-Jo:** (**looking out at the 4th wall**). Wait until the smoke clears...why, it’s an enormous robot.

**Maggie:** You’re pullin’ my leg!

**Jo-Jo:** I’m not! It’s wearing a giant lab coat and giant glasses.

**Maggie:** No!

**Jo-Jo:** Yes! (**She gasps.**)

**Maggie:** Why does it need the glasses?

**Jo-Jo:** There’s someone fighting it. The robot’s shooting something at them – oh. The robot just shot its entire hand at whoever’s fighting it!



**Maggie:** Who's fighting it?

**Jo-Jo:** Someone wearing blue.

**Maggie:** What colour blue?

**Jo-Jo:** Does it *matter*?

**Maggie:** It could be the Cerulean Avenger! Ooh, he's a looker!

**Jo-Jo:** It's not cerulean...more of a royal...no, I know. It's a cobalt blue.

**Maggie:** Captain Cobalt! She was on the radio this morning!

**(SFX. An enormous crash.)**

**Maggie:** What? What's happened?!

**Jo-Jo:** Captain Cobalt just picked up one of the robot's feet and it fell over. It's crushed a hot dog cart!

**Maggie:** I hope everyone's okay.

**Jo-Jo:** What, the hot dogs?

**Maggie:** No, the person running the cart!

**Jo-Jo:** The robot's getting back up! Look at that!

**Maggie:** You know very well I can't look.

**Jo-Jo:** The robot's picking Captain Cobalt up! Now it's spinning her – well, it's spinning its whole top half. Smashing a bunch of buildings, too. Glad this robot's not near us.

**Maggie:** You know, if someone were to try to stage this in a play, it would probably cost a fortune in special effects.

**Jo-Jo:** Sure would. **(Back to the scene outside.)** The robot's stopped spinning...it's looking at its hand, but – the Captain's not in there anymore!

**Maggie:** Oh no! Did it fling her somewhere?

**Jo-Jo:** No. No! I see her! The Captain's climbing up the robot's back. It's like that time, you remember, when we were at your aunt's house –

**Maggie:** Right. With Aunt Millie spinning around saying –

**Both:** “My heart! The spiders have got me!”

**(They both laugh.)**

**Maggie:** Wonderful times.

**Jo-Jo:** Some of the best. Did she ever recover?

**Maggie:** No.

**Jo-Jo:** Oh, it's a shame. **(Back to the fight.)** Captain Cobalt's up on the robot's neck, now, and she's punching it. **(She squints.)** It's hard to see at this distance...I think she's got a little access panel opened, like a fusebox or something. The Captain's punching inside of *that*, now.

**Maggie:** Couldn't she just flip the fuses?

**Jo-Jo:** Well, I don't know, Maggie. I can't exactly see what it looks like inside the fusebox from here.

**(SFX. There's an enormous crash.)**

**Maggie:** What was that? What was that?!

**Jo-Jo:** That was the robot.

**Maggie:** Is the Captain okay?

**Jo-Jo:** The Captain fell...she's getting back up...now she's screaming in carnal rage and ripping a signpost out of the concrete...and she's hitting the robot's head with it over and over again and shouting.

**Maggie:** What's she shouting?

**Jo-Jo:** Gosh, Maggie, I've fallen behind on my lip-reading classes.

**Maggie:** Don't get sarcastic with me, Jo. You know how my pericarditis responds to sarcasm.

**Jo-Jo:** I still think you're making that up. **(Maggie clutches her chest.)** All right, all right! **(About the scene outside)** I think it's all over now. Captain Cobalt looks to be giving a lecture to the police. She's *covered* in motor oil.

**Maggie:** Oh dear. That'll stain.

© **Scripts for Stage**

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage.*

*Copying and performance licences can be obtained from*

<https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/captain-cobalt-performance/>

**Jo-Jo:** It will. I wonder who does her laundry.

**Maggie:** What's the time, Jo-Jo?

**Jo-Jo:** **(she checks her watch)**. Oh criminy! We're going to be late for our Megadeth concert!

**(They lever themselves up.)**

**Maggie:** **(as they walk out)**. Jo?

**Jo-Jo:** Hmm?

**Maggie:** You didn't really get a tattoo of my face on your bottom, did you?

**Jo-Jo:** You'll never know.

**(They exit. Blackout.)**

## Scene 5 – Secret Underground Volcano Lair

**(Dr. Killington’s lab. Projector screen reads, “SECRET UNDERGROUND VOLCANO LAIR.” Dr. Killington paces.)**

**Dr. K.:** It should have worked, it should have worked! I designed that robot specifically to crush Captain Cobalt, and she crushed it instead! Now it’s back to the drawing board. *Again.* Unless my other plan works. Which it will, okay?, it *has* to. It should. It can. It *must*. **(She paces again, then stops and looks out at the audience.)** Listen, can we talk? Me and you? Doctor to...audience? I know you look at me and think: “She’s got everything. Brains, beauty, great hair, a giant death laser.” You’d think “Oh, she’s on top of the world, she’s tenacious,” but. I work so hard, you know? And all my efforts seem to come to nothing. And it really gets me to wondering if I should just throw in the towel, once and for all. After all these years, am I really going to catch Captain Cobalt? The answer seems to be “no.” It’s just that everything seems to go wrong! None of my heroic plans ever work out, and Captain Cobalt always laughs at me and breaks my stuff, and Billy never listens to me, and Patty is – well, Patty – and everyone thinks I’m a *supervillain*, and...and when I was twelve, my parents sat me down and said “Janey. We have something to tell you. We’re not really Scottish. We just wanted you to have the accent, so we faked it all these years.” So now I’m *stuck* with this *terrible* Scottish accent forever, and *God*. **(She removes her glasses and pinches the bridge of her nose, trying not to cry.)**

**(Billy enters. Dr. Killington turns her back to the audience and leans against her lab bench.)**

**Billy:** Hey, Big K, I’m going on a burrito run, do you want anything? **(No response.)** Big K? Is something wrong?

**(Dr. Killington hurriedly wipes her eyes and puts her glasses back on, sniffing.)**

**Dr. K.:** No, no, of course not. Everything’s fine. **(Pause.)** How are you?

**Billy:** Is this about your giant robot? Sucks how Captain Cobalt broke it and stuff. But you can make another one, like, an even bigger one I bet. That’s what I like about you, Big K. You never stop building death machines. It’s *awesome*.

**Dr. K.:** **(turning away).** You should go, Billy. I want to be alone.

**Billy:** **(gently).** Big K?

**Dr. K.:** *Go!*

**Billy:** **(starts to exit, then turns back).** I know you’re gonna get Captain Cobalt, Big K. ‘Cause with me as your sidekick, you can’t lose. **(Pause.)** See ya.

**Dr. K.:** **(to audience).** Am I hallucinating, or did Billy actually say something right? This is unprecedented.

**(Patty enters in her cheerleader skirt, with her pom-poms/bananas.)**

**Patty:** Ready?! Okay!

**Dr. K:** (**rushing over to her**). No, no, no, no, no! No, Patty, that won't be necessary, thank you.

**Patty:** Billy said you needed a pick-me-up. And I know the *best* way to do that! (**She puts down her pom-poms/bananas and approaches Dr. Killington cautiously, as if walking up to a wild animal, then suddenly grabs her in a hug.**)

**Dr. K:** (**panicking and flailing**). Agh!

© **Scripts for Stage**

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage.  
Copying and performance licences can be obtained from  
<https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/captain-cobalt-performance/>*

(**Patty hugs her harder. Eventually Dr. Killington relents and drops her arms to her sides, submitting to the hug.**)

**Patty:** Doesn't that feel better?

**Dr. K:** (**mashed into Patty's shoulder**). Mmmph! (**Patty releases her and Dr. Killington gasps for air.**)

**Patty:** Do you need another hug?

**Dr. K.:** No, no, thank you, Patty, you just stay over there for now.

**Patty:** I'm the best at pep talks. We can't have a sad supervillain, now can we?

**Dr. K.:** For the last time, Patty! I'm not a supervillain! I'm a hero! And an...an unsuccessful one. Let's face it. I'm a failure. I can't even kill one measly superhero.

**Patty:** Hey, it's okay...

**Dr. K.:** No, it's not!

**Patty:** No, it is! Because...because I think I understand now.

**Dr. K.:** You do?

**Patty:** I do. (**She steps in close and puts a hand on Dr. Killington's shoulder.**) You're a hero. Because every villain is a hero in their own story. (**Dr. Killington scoffs.**) No, but you know what? I know you can kill Captain Cobalt. I've been your fan since forever. I think you're awesome - and not just because I love your aesthetic, which I *do*, okay, it's the *best* - but because you never give up. You get smacked down again and again and *again* and *again* --

**Dr. K.:** Hey.

**Patty:** – but you've never let it stop you. That's so *brave*. And that's why you're my favourite.

**Dr. K.:** Really?

**Patty:** Yeah! And I bet you're gonna go out there tomorrow and catch Captain Cobalt!

**Dr. K.:** Yes!

**Patty:** You're gonna tear her to pieces!

**Dr. K.:** Yes!

**Patty:** You're gonna cut out her heart and *feast* on it in front of *everyone* so that other superheroes will know you're out for their *blood!*

**Dr. K.:** Yes! Wait, what?! No! Patty, listen. I like your enthusiasm, though I'm...unsure how I feel about your bloodthirstiness. But I truly appreciate your faith in me.

**Patty:** You can do it, Dr. Killington! You can murder her!

**Dr. K.:** You know what? **(To audience)** Yes, I can! **(She starts laughing evilly while Patty claps in the background. The evil laughter crescendos, and then --)**

**(Blackout.)**

## Scene 6 – Outside the Dry Cleaners

(Projector screen reads “**OUTSIDE THE DRY CLEANERS.**” Taylor waits outside his shop, periodically checking his watch. He is visibly nervous. After a moment, Cyanna comes running on.)

**Cyanna:** Sorry, I’m late, I...

**Taylor:** Oh, it’s you. I’m sorry, the shop’s closed, you’ll have to come back in the morning.

**Cyanna:** Oh. Oh, I forgot, I didn’t mean to – can I show you something?

**Taylor:** Well, I’m kind of waiting for someone very important.

**Cyanna:** (Beckoning him closer). Can you come here for a second?

**Taylor:** This isn’t creepy at all. (He looks away.)

(Cyanna dramatically removes her glasses and lets down her hair, then she pulls off the rest of the costume she’s wearing over her Captain Cobalt uniform. A stagehand runs up behind her and billows her cape. Another stagehand crouches in front of her and uses a small hand-held fan to simulate her hair blowing in the breeze. Captain Cobalt clears her throat.)

**Taylor:** (continued). Wow, it’s you! I am entirely surprised by this! What an ingenious disguise.

**Cyanna:** I know. (Pause.) And now you know my secret identity.

**Taylor:** I can’t believe you’re trusting me with this.

**Cyanna:** You seem a trustworthy fellow.

**Taylor:** I do seem like that, don’t I.

**Captain:** So where shall we be dining this evening?

**Taylor:** It’s a special place.

**Captain:** Because you think I’m a special lady?

**Taylor:** Something like that.

**Captain:** What kind of establishment is it?

**Taylor:** Special. Like I said. It starts the meal with something sweet.

**Captain:** Interesting.

**Taylor:** Something to lull you into a false sense of security. Then the entree arrives cold. And at the end, everyone gets their just desserts.

**Captain:** (chuckling a bit). I don’t understand.

**Taylor:** There's a lot you don't understand, sweetheart. Like why the entree is served cold. It's a dish that's best served cold, you see. *Revenge!* **(He suddenly lunges at her, and she dodges, shocked.)** Get back here!

**Captain:** Taylor, what are you doing?!

**Taylor:** You're coming with me!

© **Scripts for Stage**

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage.*

*Copying and performance licences can be obtained from*

<https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/captain-cobalt-performance/>

**Captain:** Yes, on a date!

**Taylor:** No...I'm taking you to Dr. Killington!

**Captain:** Gasp! You know Dr. Killington?!

**Taylor:** You really thought I didn't see through your disguise?

**Captain:** I – I thought you – liked me.

**Taylor:** Guess I have to disappoint you. Sorry not sorry. Time to get you all ready to see Dr. Killington!

**Captain:** Taylor, no!

**Taylor:** Taylor, yes!

**(A wacky battle ensues. It ends up with Taylor trapping Captain Cobalt's arms against her body. Taylor pulls a rag/banana out of his pocket.)**

**Captain:** Taylor, what is that smell? Something smells strange.

**Taylor:** What, you mean this? **(He waves the banana, then brings it closer to the Captain's face.)** Oh, that's just a chloroform-soaked rag.

**Captain:** Chloroform!

**(She tries to get away, but Taylor presses the rag/banana over her nose and mouth. There's a brief struggle, and then she passes out into his arms. Taylor drags her off the stage, then comes back on, pulling out his cell phone and looking around to make sure he wasn't seen. He dials, and we hear it ringing over the speakers. A beep, then we hear the following sound cue:)**

**Dr. K's voice:** **(over)** You've reached the voicemail of Dr. Jane Killington. If this is that telemarketer, for the millionth time, I don't want to hear about the retractable awnings! Leave me alone! If this is Patty or Billy, stop mucking about, just come and find me in the lair. If this is Mum or Dad, I don't want to talk to



you, because you spent twelve years lying to me about being from Scotland. If this is Captain Cobalt, then feel free to leave a message with your *terms of surrender*. If this is – oh, crumbs, I’ve run out of ti–

**(SFX. A beep sounds. Taylor scoffs and hangs up, then redials. This time it rings and someone picks up. Billy enters at the other side of the stage, holding a pink phone/banana.)**

**Billy:** Dr. Killington’s phone, this is Bill the Chill, what can I do for you?

**Taylor:** Hello? Is Dr. Killington there?

**Billy:** Naw, I spilled some chemical something on her and now she’s all purple and angry. Listen, if you’re that awning salesman, we live in an underground volcano lair, bro, we don’t need any awnings –

**Taylor:** No, I’m not a salesman. This is Taylor. You know, the tailor?

**Billy:** Who?

**Taylor:** Listen, I need to talk to Dr. Killington. It’s really important.

**Billy:** **(looking offstage).** I don’t know, man, she’s kinda scary when she’s all purple. Hold on. **(He presses the phone to his chest and shouts offstage.)** What?! No, I drank all the grapefruit juice! You want me to get some more?

**(SFX. Sound of a crash offstage.)**

### © Scripts for Stage

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage.*

*Copying and performance licences can be obtained from*

<https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/captain-cobalt-performance/>

**Billy:** **(talks into the phone again.)** I gotta go, I gotta get Big K some more grapefruit juice so she can be normal-coloured again.

**Taylor:** Hey, no, wait! Don’t hang up! I have – I’d made – plans with her. With Dr. Killington.

**Billy:** Whoa, wait a second. You’ve done a collab with Big K?

**Taylor:** In a manner of speaking. Tell her that I used the chloroform –

**Billy:** Okay, no, hang on. She’s been doing some kind of special project with you? What are you, her sidekick? ‘Cause I got some news for you, pal: *I’m* her sidekick.

**Taylor:** Uh...okay. Great. So, if you’re her sidekick, can you...help me with this?

**Billy:** ‘Cause she thinks I’m the best. I’m Bill the Chill. I’m gonna get her to give me that ray gun that freezes people.

**Taylor:** That's...that's really cool, but, uh. Listen, I'm worried that **(lowers voice)** Captain Cobalt **(normal voice)** is going to wake up soon, since I, you know, captured her, so I really, *really* need to talk to –

**Billy:** You captured Captain Cobalt?! Oh man, that is totally slick, like, good job, bro! I tried to capture Captain Cobalt once, but she punched me, like, really hard in the junk.

**Taylor:** That's unfortunate, but –

**Billy:** Yeah, I thought that my junk was gonna, like, come out the back of my body or something. She hits *hard*. And ever since then I can only smell out of one nostril.

**Taylor:** Maybe you should see a doctor about that, but listen, I really need to talk to –

**Billy:** I *did* see a doctor. Doc high-fived me, 'cause I lived through getting punched by a superhero. Wait. You said you *captured* Captain Cobalt?

**Taylor:** **(at the end of his rope).** *Yes.*

**Billy:** I'll get the boss. **(Puts phone to his chest, calls offstage.)** Hey Big K, before I run and get you some grapefruit juice, some guy called for you, I think you're gonna wanna take this!

**(Blackout.)**

## Scene 7 – Secret Underground Volcano Lair

(Projector screen reads “SECRET UNDERGROUND VOLCANO LAIR.” There is a chair on the stage that wasn’t there before. Dr. Killington is wearing a pair of goggles. Patty stands nearby.)

**Dr. K.:** Is all the purple gone?

**Patty:** Yup! And you only smell a little bit like grapefruit juice.

**Dr. K:** (moving the goggles to her head). Why would Billy drink all the grapefruit juice? I keep it in the fridge specifically for chemical emergencies. It even has a sign on it that says that.

**Patty:** Maybe he was thirsty.

**Dr. K:** (disgusted). For grapefruit juice? (She plays around with the chair, trying to find the perfect position.) There. All right, Patty, now bring the camera in and get out so I can start recording.

(Patty exits and returns carrying a banana on a tripod. Dr. Killington takes this from her and starts setting it up pointed at the chair.)

**Patty:** I just checked with Billy and he’s got the circular saw all ready for you, you just say the word and we’ll turn it on!

**Dr. K.:** Okay, Patty.

**Patty:** You sure you don’t want me to do another cheer?

**Dr. K.:** Very sure.

### © Scripts for Stage

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage.*

*Copying and performance licences can be obtained from*

<https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/captain-cobalt-performance/>

**Patty:** Everything is perfect and you look perfect, and omigod, I can’t believe I get to *be* here for this! (She grabs Dr. Killington’s arms and starts bouncing. Dr. Killington bounces with her, laughing at her enthusiasm.) I’m so excited, I’m so excited!

**Dr. K.:** Okay, Patty!

**Patty:** Good luck!!

(Patty exits. Dr. Killington turns to the audience.)

**Dr. K.:** Tonight’s the night! In just a moment, I’m going to bring Captain Cobalt in here and take care of her once and for all! And you’ll all get to see what she’s really like, what I’ve been telling you all along. It’s time!

**(Dr. Killington runs off the stage and returns dragging Captain Cobalt, who is only semi-conscious and mumbling to herself.)**

**Dr. K:** **(continued).** All right, here, got the special super-strength handcuffs. **(It's a banana.)**

**Captain:** **(accepting the banana).** Hunh...? Whuh...?

**(Dr. Killington gleefully runs over to the 'camera' and switches it on.)**

**Dr. K:** **(to the camera).** Good evening, citizens. You should already know who I am, since I'm one of the smartest people on this rock, but in case you don't know: my name is Dr. Jane Killington. I am broadcasting to you today to show you all the true character of this charlatan: Captain Cobalt! **(She gestures at Captain Cobalt, who is now fully awake.)**

**Captain:** Gasp! You've hacked into live television?! And now you're broadcasting my defeat on every channel!

**Dr. K.:** Well, not every channel. PBS. That was the one I could get. But rest assured, all those PBS viewers are *glued* to their televisions right now!

**Captain:** What horrible plan are you enacting, villain? Why have you brought me here?

**Dr. K.:** Okay, first of all, I'm not a villain. I just want to get that straight. **(She points to the camera)** Got that? **(Back to Captain Cobalt)** And second of all, I've brought you here to kill you, of course. And I've got a circular saw with your name on it.

**Captain:** You wrote my name on a saw?

**Dr. K.:** No, why in Edison would I – you have to be so *literal* about everything. **(To the audience)** She's always been like this, it's insufferable.

**Captain:** Stop this now, Dr. Killington!

**Dr. K.:** **(To the camera)** I suppose the question on everyone's mind now is: why am I even watching this? Well, I'm going to take us back to reminisce-land for a moment. Tell me, *Cyanna Conda* --

**Captain:** My secret identity! No!

**Dr. K.:** Do you remember when we were kids and you would be such an obnoxious -

**Captain:** **(as if she feels sorry for her).** Yes, Janey. I remember. I remember befriending a lonely little girl who none of the other children would play with.

**Dr. K.:** You didn't *befriend* me, I –

**Captain:** Little Janey, who would cry because the other kids would make fun of her accent –

**Dr. K:** **(clutching her head)**. Stop it, stop it! Heavens to Darwin, the one time that I want you to talk about yourself and you're not doing it!

**Captain:** **(with exaggerated pity)**. We've all felt lonely before, Janey –

**Dr. K.:** Shut yer gob, I'm talking. **(To the camera)** When we were little kids, she was a bully. I'm talking a true bully - the kind who liked to tie up the neighbor's dog and throw rocks at it.

**Captain:** I never did that!

**Dr. K.:** Threw rocks at me, didn't you!

**Captain:** **(to the camera)**. She's lying!

**Dr. K.:** Oh, that is it!

**(She pulls a banana from her pocket and shoves it in Captain Cobalt's mouth as a gag.)**

**Dr. K:** As I was saying. Cyanna was the worst kind of bully when we were kids. And it kept going as she got older. She formed a network in middle school, that only grew in high school, until she was the top of the pyramid by senior year. Class president because no one was brave enough to stand against her. And half the school her cronies, who she'd readily command to beat up the weak at her whim. If she thought they were –

**(Captain Cobalt chews through her gag and spits it out.)**

**Dr. K:** **(To Captain Cobalt, disgusted)** You chewed through the gag?! That's just – okay, I'm a little impressed.

**Captain:** Are you done telling made-up stories about me, Dr. Killington?

**Dr. K.:** Not quite done telling *true* stories about you. But I don't imagine you'll want me to finish, because after that – well, that's when you get bisected by a saw. And anyway, before you meet the great beyond, I want to show the WORLD – or, well...PBS – why *you* need to go!

**Captain:** What is there to explain, fiend?! I'm a superhero – you're a super villain.

**Dr. K.:** I'm not a – do you never *listen?*, you've never *listened--*

**Captain:** **(over previous)**. We try to kill each other! That's our reason for existing!

**Dr. K.:** WRONG. You're wrong in so many ways that I don't even have time to explain to you right n–will you just– look.

**(Dr. K hits a button on an imaginary remote control, and a slide comes up. It's a picture that looks like Taylor, but in a slightly different outfit.)**

**Captain:** Taylor!

**Dr. K.:** You're wrong again! This isn't your little would-be boyfriend – this is his twin brother, Tinker. You know, I would have thought you'd recognize him, since he's one of your *victims*.

**Captain:** I don't have victims. I rescue people!

**Dr. K.:** Tell that to Tinker! Or to any of these other people you've slaughtered! In fact, I think I'll bring out someone who'll explain it a little better than I can. **(She calls offstage)** Taylor! Come on out! **(No response.)** Billy, go get Taylor! **(Still no response.)** Unbelievable, I have to do everything myself. **(She storms offstage.)**

**Captain:** **(to camera)**. Citizens, look in your hearts. You know that I don't want to hurt you. I love all of you, just as much as I love this city, its buildings, its trees, its public restrooms. I love it and you, almost as much as I love –  
  
**(Taylor enters. Captain Cobalt gasps.)**

### © Scripts for Stage

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage.  
Copying and performance licences can be obtained from  
<https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/captain-cobalt-performance/>*

**Captain:** **(continued)**. Taylor! I didn't want to believe it of you – but it's true, isn't it. You've been working with Dr. Killington! The ultimate betrayal.

**Taylor:** You got me. And I'm going to show you –and the public **(he gestures to the camera)** – why.

**(He starts showing various photos of super villains, all pictures of Actor 2 in various costumes. Taylor directs his attention to the camera.)**

**Taylor:** Sidney Jenkins. Captain Cobalt pummelled Sidney's alter-ego, Unbearable Ursula, to death, after *murdering* Ursula's pet giant squid.

**(Another picture, this one of the Cheesemeister.)**

**Taylor:** Arnie Perks, also known as the Cheesemeister. Captain Cobalt literally bent him in half, when all he wanted was to share cheese with the city.

**(Another picture.)**

**Taylor:** Leonard Richards. Otherwise known as the Orange Egotist. He was running a bank robbery simulation with full cooperation from the bank, and Captain Cobalt tied him to a wrecking ball and destroyed a perfectly good apartment building with it.

**(Another picture, and it's a bunch of chipmunks with army helmets on.)**

**Taylor:** This is General Chipmunkerstein's chipmunk army –

**Captain:** They were all trying to harm the city! I had to kill them!

**Taylor:** Or you could have had them *arrested*, you amoral monster! But your bloodthirstiness has ultimately led to your undoing. Because the hundreds of people you've *murdered* had *thousands* of friends and family members. Which brings us back to my twin brother, Tinker.

**(He brings up the first photo.)**

**Taylor:** Crushed to death when Captain Cobalt tipped the Titanic Terror off the top of the tallest tower in the city. Lots of people would have blamed the Titanic Terror – but I'm smarter than that. I blame the actual perpetrator: you. So I turned to Dr. Killington to seek my revenge. That's why I wooed you: to lure you into a trap. I knew who you were all along; Dr. Killington told me about your secret identity. So I set up my new dry-cleaning shop in the right neighborhood, and name-dropped Captain Cobalt, knowing that you wouldn't be able to resist an "adoring fan."

**Captain:** Taylor...you've wounded me more deeply than a super villain ever could with all of their outrageous weaponry.

**Taylor:** *Good.* Now if you'll excuse me, I'm off to get some popcorn. I'll be watching you when the time comes, so I'll be the last thing you see before you die. 'Bye-'bye.

**Captain:** **(as he exits).** Taylor! If you'll just let me explain! Taylor, I'm sorry! I didn't know about Tinker, I – **(Ad-libbing to cover quick change.)**

**(Dr. Killington enters.)**

**Dr. K.:** Soooo, how are we feeling?

**Captain:** Taylor, come back!

**Dr. K.:** **(mocking).** "Taylor, come back!" Enough of this. Back to business. **(Performing for the camera again)** Captain Cobalt's gone on record any number of times as saying she wants 'World Peace.' But she hasn't told anyone what she wants that peace to look like, has she? Well, you've got at least a portion of the world's attention, Cyanna – why don't you tell them?

**Captain:** I'm not playing your games, Dr. Killington.

**Dr. K.:** Tell me, Captain – when you've defeated *every* supervillain, and saved *everyone* from evil – because *that's* an accomplishable goal – who would rule in this brave new world of yours?

**Captain:** Well. Me, obviously.

**© Scripts for Stage**

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage.*

*Copying and performance licences can be obtained from*

<https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/captain-cobalt-performance/>

**Dr. K.:** **(leading her).** Oh?

**Captain:** Of course. I plan to do what no one else has ever done: I'm going to sweep this earth clean of super villain *scum*— clean of those *cockroaches* who hound the common folk! And once I've *killed* every villain, and cleansed the world of that muck, peace must remain! Who will keep it? *Me!* Only *I* know how to set people on track! I'm better than those weak leaders, like my ridiculous boss at the pet store! Society without *my guidance* is a society of *children!* Rather, it will be a factory; everyone cogs in a beautiful machine that *I control!* Once I've control over the military, over the police, and over what gets said in the media. Once every flag has a picture of my face, and the whole world cheers my name. The world will be...*pure.*

**Dr. K:** **(slow clapping and laughing).** Brava, Captain. You've dug your own grave. Because now the entire viewership of the Public Broadcasting Service knows exactly how much you love fascism.

**Captain:** No, they know exactly how much I love and care about them and want them to lead their happy, little lives with someone to tell them what to do –

**Dr. K:** All right, we're done, the world knows how awful you are, time to die. **(She pulls the tied Captain Cobalt off the stage. She returns and says to the audience)** I'm not showing it on-screen, don't be ridiculous. It's on *PBS.* No blood on *PBS.* **(Putting her goggles back on and yelling offstage.)** Billy, let 'er rip!

**(SFX. There's the sound of a saw blade spinning very fast, and then a really gross, meaty sound. Dr. Killington reacts, looking mildly sickened, then a bit shell-shocked.)**

**Billy:** **(Offstage)** Woah!

**(Dr. Killington drifts downstage.)**

**Dr. K:** **(to the camera).** That's, um. That's it. **(She giggles, and turns off the camera. To audience).** Wow. I. It actually happened. I've. I've been planning it for so long that I...I'm not entirely sure what to do now. Except to say...*I told you so!* Didn't I tell you?! Huh? I told you! I'm the hero! Me! She's the fascist! And now she's dead, and you're all glad! What did I say?! I'll take my applause, now, thank you.

**(Audience should applaud.)**

**Dr. K:** Let me just breathe it in. So what now? What is there for me? The only reason I was a hero in the first place was to stop Captain Cobalt, and...now she's dead. I wonder if I should pursue my childhood dream of being a microscope slide populator for the lung disease pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis. When I was a kid, I'd stay up late at night pretending to move lung tissue with pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis from one petri dish to another. Of course, it was only imaginary pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis. Can't let a little child play with *actual* pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis. But, you know, perhaps it's time to fulfill those childhood wishes.

**(A reporter, Alex Arm'n'Hammer, peeks in from upstage.)**



**Alex:** Excuse me. Am I in the right place?

**Dr. K.:** Um, excuse yourself, random stranger in my secret underground lair. How did you – even – get *in*?

**Alex:** **(entering)**. There was a nice lady with some pom-poms.

**Dr. K.:** **(to herself)**. Ugh, Patty!

**Alex:** Where’s your camera?

**Dr. K.:** I – what? Uh, there. **(She points at the banana on the tripod.)**

**Alex:** **(turns on camera, presses a few buttons on her microphone, then turns to the camera as if to deliver a report)**. I’m Alex Arm’n’Hammer, and I’m live on the scene where – sorry, what was your name?

**Dr. K.:** **(mugging for the camera)**. Doctor...Killington. Dr. Jane Killington.

**Alex:** Live on the scene where Dr. Jane Killington has just defeated the dreadful supervillain Captain Cobalt –

© Scripts for Stage

*This script must not be copied, printed or performed without the permission of Scripts for Stage.*

*Copying and performance licences can be obtained from*

<https://scriptsforstage.co.uk/wp/product/captain-cobalt-performance/>

**Dr. K.:** **(pleased)**. Ooh, this is new and delightful. “Captain Cobalt: Supervillain.”

**Alex:** – saving us all from servitude to a fascist dictator. Captain Cobalt, the brutal murderer, has finally been stopped by this courageous woman. Who knew that a super villain like Dr. Killington could decide to turn good for a day to help save a frightened populace? Unless this is some sort of super villain rivalry –

**Dr. K.:** Hang on, hang on, if *she’s* the super villain, that would make *me* the –

**Alex:** I understand that you’ve just undergone a great ordeal, so you might be a bit muddled. When did you first decide to save us from the menace, Captain Cobalt?

**Dr. K.:** Oh. Uh. Ever since she started killing people. But, listen, why did you call me?

**Alex:** I’m sure everyone is glad to see this super villain take a break from her evil deeds. Dr. Killington, do you have a comment to offer on this occasion?

**Dr. K.:** **(boiling over)**. *I. Am not. A supervill--*

**(Blackout. SFX. Loud, cheerful music plays as though a TV station is having technical difficulties. Projector screen has a “Technical Difficulties” screen.)**

**(Projector screen flashes with biopic-style slides of each character.)**

**[SLIDE 1:** **(Picture of Patty)** Since Dr. Killington's retirement, Patty has found herself a new favourite super villain...

**SLIDE 2:** **(Picture of Taylor laughing evilly)** ...Taylor the Dread Tailor.

**SLIDE 3:** **(Picture of Mr. Mushman's last, enormous moustache)** Mr. Mushman's moustache formed a ska/dubstep band called 'Stache McDermot and the Chin-Straps.' They're playing here next week.

**SLIDE 4:** **(Picture of Dr. Killington posing with bananas as if they were beakers)** Dr. Killington's off studying lung diseases with absurdly long names...

**SLIDE 5:** **(Picture of Billy)** ...with her sidekick, Bill the Chill.

**SLIDE 6:** **THE END.]**